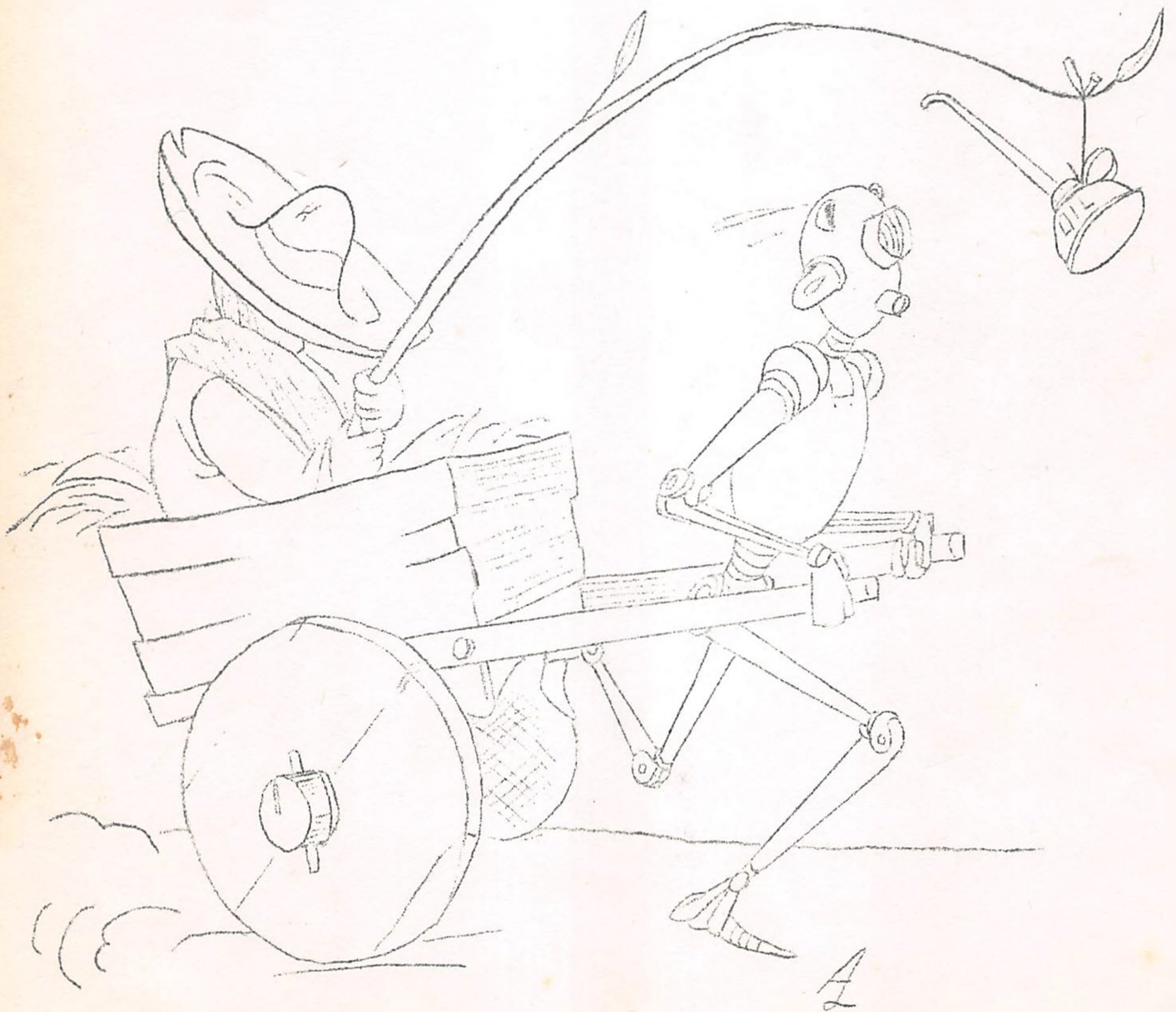


# DISCIPLINE



T H E   W S F A   J O U R N A L

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## MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY

May FANTASTIC -- The one new story this issue is Peter Tate's "The Thinking Seat". It's an example of the British "new school" of sf with a hero named Dulles, a girl named Rada and two post-impressionist painters inexplicably reincarnated as beach-bums of the future. It's hippy-surrealist free association, but it didn't push many buttons in my subconscious. ##### The rest are reprints: a serial by Bob Olsen, novelets by Sturgeon and Wellman, and shorts by Bloch, Sheckley, and Williamson.

June GALAXY -- Poul Anderson is most familiar as a writer of action stories based on good sociology. Only rarely does he draw on his background in physics for his fiction, but when he does the results are likely to be spectacular, as in "We Have Fed Our Sea" in 1958. His new serial, "To Outlive Eternity", is in this vein. It is the story of an interstellar ship unable to slow down until it has sped out of our galaxy at a speed so close to that of light that its passengers in a few ship-years have left Earth millions of years in the past. It may well be one of this year's most important stories; don't miss it. ##### The two novelets are both good. C. C. MacApp's "Spare That Tree" is another of his humorous missions for Inspector Kruger, and Larry Niven's "The Adults" is good idea-sf. ##### Of the five short stories, the best are "Polity and Custom of the Camiroi" by R. A. Lafferty and "The Man Who Loved the Faioli" by Roger Zelazny. The other three, by Gary Wright, Jim Harmon, and Charles V. DeVet, are all readable. ##### A good issue.

June IF -- Andre Norton and Samuel R. Delany are novelists who rarely write for the magazines, but both have stories in this issue. Andre Norton's "Wizard World" features primitive weapons and esper-sorcery and manages to pack a novel's worth of action into a novelet. Unfortunately this means she must stint somewhat on the atmosphere and background, but the story is still recommended. Delany's novelet "Driftglass" may well be a Hugo nominee next year; it has his quality of making the most exotic events seem as immediate as today's breakfast. It is a powerful story. ##### The third novelet, Howard L. Morris's "All True Believers", is really historical fiction about England in the Napoleonic era, with history altered to include a Stuart pretender at that time. By changing the names slightly, it purports to be an alternate world story, but I doubt if it's really sf. It's good, though. ##### Keith Lawmer's serial "Spaceman!" continues to be rousing space opera, with the heroine captured by ~~pirates~~ aliens, the hero meanwhile bumming around on tramp ~~steamer's~~ spacers, being ~~ship~~ spacewrecked, trekking across ~~the Arctic~~ an ice planet, going on a spy mission and being captured by the ~~Russians~~ Rish, and other derring-do. ##### Fred Saberhagen has a berserker story, a short one called "Berserker's Prey" that is good but is essentially a one-puncher. The other two shorts are readable yarns by Jack B. Lawson and Stan Elliott. ##### Issues like this show you why IF won a Hugo.

June AMAZING -- Frank Herbert's two-part serial "The Heaven Makers" ends. I think it's his best thing since DUNE; of course I don't know how authentic his psychological jargon is, but it convinced me. ##### The other new story is Winston K. Marks's short story "Cold Comfort", a slight piece about a man in deep-freeze who is thawed out into a future that contains everything he dislikes, no matter how far-fetched. ##### The rest are reprints by Robert Bloch, Philip K. Dick, Raymond Z. Gallun and Robert A. Heinlein.

FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION #3 -- The only new fiction is "A Single Rose", a brief story by Jon DeCles, which may have been inspired by (and may even have been submitted to) the Univac-unicorn contest in F & SF. It has a good idea but is spoiled by being cast mainly in the form of a sermon. DeCles has done much better. ##### The rest are reprints by Victor Eidersby, Laurence Manning, J. A. Mitchell, and Klar Kashton Smith.

Banks H. Mebane

## THE PIONEERS OF SCIENCE FICTION

By Oswald Train

When one speaks of the "pioneers" of science fiction, the names of certain great ones naturally come to mind, and justly so. Poe, Wells, Verne -- these are the three names which are most outstanding, for it is their books which form the real base of modern science fiction. They were all originators in the real sense of the word, setting patterns which are still being followed today. Wells, for example, probably did more to advance science fiction than any other writer, and is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, originators among science-fiction writers (all time-machine stories, e.g., can be traced back to his great novel, *THE TIME MACHINE*). But their story has been told so many times, that to go into it again would take too much time. There were many others who turned out stories by the hundreds, and who helped a great deal in keeping science fiction alive and popular, in those days before it even had a name. And these authors are the ones who eventually made it possible for Gernsback to publish the first science-fiction magazine, *AMAZING STORIES*, in 1926.

I will not try to bring the names of these authors out in chronological order, but will mention them in a way which jumps back and forth, spanning decades at a time.

At the end of the nineteenth, and the beginning of the twentieth centuries, several scientists were writing science fiction. One of these was the famous astronomer, Garrett P. Serviss. His first novel, "Edison's Conquest of Mars", was serialized in 1898, just after the amazing success of H. G. Well's *WAR OF THE WORLDS*, and was actually a sequel to that story. At that time the world's greatest inventor was Thomas Alva Edison, and in his story, Serviss has him as one of the characters. In the novel, the people want revenge against the Martians for their attack on Earth, so Edison builds a fleet of space ships and leads a punitive force to Mars. (By the way, this story was lost for many years, until A. Langley Searles of New York unearthed it in an old newspaper file in the late 1940's. It was finally published as a book by Carcosa House of Los Angeles in 1947, in a limited edition.)

Serviss later wrote other popular science-fiction stories, among them "The Sky Pirate", published in *SCRAP BOOK MAGAZINE*, in 1908 (but never published in book form), and *THE SECOND DELUGE*, which many consider his finest book (indeed, it is one of the very best of its type). In the latter work, the earth passes through a watery nebula, which causes a flood surpassing that of the Bible. The author's descriptions of the flood are very realistic -- so much so, in fact, that when the story was serialized many years later in *AMAZING STORIES*, someone wrote to the editor asking for plans to build a small ark so that he could prepare for the coming flood.

Another popular novel by Serviss was "A Columbus of Space", a story in which a space ship is built and used to travel to Venus. This appeared in *ALL STORY*, in 1909, and in book form later. It is interesting to note that the magazine and book versions differ -- in the magazine version, the real hero of the story is killed on Venus; however, when Serviss rewrote the story for book publication, he must have done so with a possible sequel in mind, for the story was changed so that the hero comes back to Earth, and suddenly disappears -- off on another trip to Venus.

Still another Serviss story, *THE MOON METAL*, was a very clever little book, but was not nearly as good as the others. And his "The Moon Maiden", published in *ALL STORY* in 1916, was never published in book form; it is considered by many to be his worst story.

While Serviss was writing these stories, as well as his many books and articles on astronomy, a young man from Luxembourg was beginning to make his mark in this country. His name was Hugo Gernsback -- an inventor and magazine publisher, and a man of amazing foresight -- publishing magazines on radio while Marconi was still carrying on his experiments. In one of these magazines, MODERN ELECTRONICS, Gernsback published a serial he had written himself, entitled "Ralph 124 C 41 Plus". (published as a book 16 years later, in 1926). Well, as science fiction (or even as fiction), the story has many shortcomings, to say the least -- but it is so full of science, that no less than 500 of the predictions Gernsback made in it have since come about (in it he even describes radar, which was not in actual use until the days of World War II) -- and it may be considered one of the real cornerstones of science fiction. In the story, Ralph is one of a mere handful of people who are so brilliant that they are entitled to sport the plus sign after their names. His lady-love is kid-napped and taken off into space by the villain, with Ralph in hot pursuit. During Ralph's ensuing travels, the little science lectures are numerous indeed!

Gernsback also wrote other stories, none worth mentioning save, perhaps, "Baron Mun-chausen's Scientific Adventures".

A young college graduate named George Allan England, who had studied for the bar, decided to try his hand at writing stories while waiting for clients to appear. To his great surprise, his first story was bought by COLLIERS. He wrote more, and sold them all, so he decided to become a writer rather than a lawyer. He turned out many stories of all types -- short stories, novels, fantasy, science fiction, adventures, sea stories -- name them, and England wrote them. His first science-fiction story of any consequence was a serial in ALL STORY, in 1910, "Beyond White Seas", which was about a hidden race of people with rather peculiar characteristics, who lived in the far north in a land where there was no chlorophyll. This story was never published elsewhere.

In 1912, England wrote the story which was to make him famous -- "Darkness and Dawn" (a four-part serial). In it, two people wake up centuries in the future and find New York in ruins around them. Their fights with a strange race of beast-men, and their subsequent escape from New York in a plane, comprise the action of the story. This serial was so popular that England was obliged to write two sequels to it -- "Beyond the Great Oblivion" and "The Afterglow". In these, the hero discovers some survivors, and eventually rebuilds civilization. They are marked by a melodramatic style of writing, but read very well even today (if one overlooks the writing style and remembers when they were written). The three stories were published together in a very thick book, which went into about five editions.

England also wrote other popular science fiction, probably the best of which was "The Flying Legion" (published in 1918), about a huge super-plane, manned by a crew of veterans of World War I, who undertake an invasion of Mecca to obtain a fabulous jewel -- all for the sake of adventure. "The Flying Legion" is quite well-written, and full of high adventure. (England became interested in socialism, it should be noted, and some of his later science fiction shows this influence.)

The story of Edgar Rice Burroughs has been told many times, so, while he is really one of the authors represented by these pioneers, we will skip him -- except to state that he started something with his method of having John Carter transported to Mars (if you will remember, there was a sudden snap, like a steel spring breaking, and John Carter was standing naked, looking down on his own body -- then all at once he was whisked off to Mars). Well, another author, J. U. Giesy (a dentist in Cleveland, Ohio, who died several years ago), wrote three very popular novels, in which his character is transported off to a strange world some light years distant: "Palos of the Dog Star Pack", "The Mouthpiece of Zitu", and "Jason, Son of Jason". (These

stories appeared in 1918, 1919, and 1921, respectively.) In this trilogy, the hero takes over the body of a prince on the planet Palos, and has quite a time of it setting things up properly. The stories are written quite well, and are full of battles and the sort of action so well-liked in the old pulp magazines. They were reprinted in FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES in the forties, and more recently, two were published in book form by Avalon of New York -- so badly cut up it would have been better if they had not been published at all.

An Englishman, George Griffith (who was one of the most popular and prolific writers of his time), turned out a good many science-fiction books, most of which are today known only to the collector. His HONEYMOON IN SPACE is one of the earliest books on space-travel among the planets of the solar system, and consists of what is actually a series of six short stories with a connecting thread. His ideas of life on the planets are very interesting (for his time), but have been used so many times since that they seem rather ordinary today. VALDA THE OFT-BORN is a fantasy of a man who has many incarnations over the centuries (Griffith most likely got his idea for this from Edwin Lester Arnold's PHRA THE PHOENICIAN).

THE ANGEL OF THE REVOLUTION was probably Griffith's best-known story, and went into many editions. Written in 1893, it hits the year of the invention of a heavier-than-air flying-machine right on the nose (1903), with the opening of the story. The hero has based his flying-machine on that described by Jules Verne, and realizes that possession of this machine means power. Rather than allow any nation to use it, he joins a group of terrorists, who build a fleet of airplanes in the heart of Africa. Meanwhile, war has broken out between the Anglo-Teutonic Alliance and the Franco-Slavonian League. The Anglo-Slavonians, led by Russia, overrun all of Europe, and finally England is standing alone. While this is taking place, the Terrorists have overthrown the United States government. England is invaded, and the Terrorists form an alliance with England. After some terrific battles the Franco-Slavonians are defeated, the Tsar is sent to Siberia, and all ends with the Terrorists imposing peace on the entire world.

OLGA ROMANOFF, written in 1894, is a sequel to ANGEL OF THE REVOLUTION. It skips a century, and we find Olga, a descendent of the Tsar, plotting to retake the Russian throne. By trickery she obtains the secret of building the airplanes and other powerful weapons. She builds a fleet of planes and submarines near the South Pole, and, with the aid of the Turks, tries to secure world dominion. Battles rage, with colossal destruction, in the air and under the surface of the ocean. The Terrorists learn from their colleagues on Mars that a fiery comet is headed towards Earth; they stop fighting, and dig a refuge under a granite mountain. The passing comet strikes the earth and destroys all life on the surface. After it has gone, the remaining Terrorists emerge from their cavern and start to rebuild civilization.

Among Griffith's many other science-fiction books are THE OUTLAWS OF THE AIR, THE LAKE OF GOLD, THE LORD OF LABOUR, and THE GREAT PIRATE SYNDICATE. Griffith has written so much science fiction and other types of fiction, that an entire article could be devoted to him alone.

Edwin Lester Arnold is another Englishman who wrote some very popular books of his day. He was most famous for PHRA, THE PHOENICIAN, which went into many editions in both England and the United States, and was probably translated into several other languages. There are those who think that Edgar Rice Burroughs may have gotten the idea for his character of John Carter from this book (but, personally, I think it unlikely). Anyway, Phra's lifetime covered many centuries, although he was not active all of this time. After some time in one period, he would lapse into a death-like sleep which would last for as much as four hundred years; then

he would awake, have more adventures, and finally go off into another long nap. Unlike John Carter, Phra finally does die, having lived more than a thousand years from the time of Sidon and Tyre of ancient times, to about the sixteenth century). To quote Phra's words: "Since then [from his birth], what have I not done? I have travelled to the corners of the world, and forgotten my own land in the love of another. I have sat here in Britain at the tables of Roman Centurions, and the last of her Saxon kings died in my arms. I have sworn hatred of foreign tyrants in the wassail bowls of serfs, and bestrode Norman chargers in tiltyards and battlefields. The kingdoms of the misty western isles which it was my wonderful fortune to see submerged by alternate tides of conquest, I have seen emerge triumphant, with all their conquerors welded into one. I have seen more battles than I can easily recall, and war in every shape; I have enjoyed all sorts of peace, from the rudest to the most cultivated. I have lived, in fact, more than one thousand years in this sea-girt isle of yours." PHRA THE PHOENICIAN is a book well worth reading, and is by far the best of the mere handful of works in the field written by Arnold.

Two other books by Arnold are worth passing mention here: LIEUTENANT GULLIVER JONES, about a trip to Mars, and LEPIDUS THE CENTURION, which tells about a Roman Centurion who is brought to life in modern times.

Another Englishman who made his mark in the field of science fiction was Matthew Phipps Shiel. Of Irish descent, he was the son of a Methodist minister. Born in 1865, he had a very long and active life. While he did not produce a great many books (there were about thirty), he was still quite prolific during the times he was an active writer, for there were two long periods of many years during his life when he did not produce a single book. While much has been written about Shiel, his work is not as well known as that of Wells, Haggard, and some others. Shiel's writings have always been the subject of controversy, and the critics have either praised his novels as among the greatest in English literature, or ridiculed them for Shiel's longwindedness, and for the far too-lengthy sentences which ramble on and on.

Shiel's first book of interest to us was PRINCE ZALESKI (published in 1895), a book of only 164 pages which contains three short stories about a sort of psychic detective, somewhat on the order of Blackwood's John Silence. As his first book, it is not typical of his general writing. His third book, and second book of fantasy, was SHAPES IN THE FIRE, another volume of short stories which contains some of Shiel's best work. Both of these books are quite rare today.

THE YELLOW DANGER, published in 1898, was on the Oriental Conquest of the World theme so prevalent in those days. Shiel himself came back to this subject several times. This book appeared in at least four editions, and in the late thirties Shiel revised it and retitled it "China in Arms" for a new edition which never appeared.

THE LORD OF THE SEA appeared in 1901, and is probably one of Shiel's most ambitious science-fiction novels. While it may not be his best-known book, it is certainly the one which has been reprinted the most. The hero of this book, Richard Hogarth, finds a meteorite full of diamonds, and with this wealth builds huge steel forts, which are placed strategically at the crossroads of the sea. Then he proceeds to claim the oceans for his mammoth steel islands. This book is quite long, nearly 500 pages, but is full of action, and the story itself moves along rapidly. It was later revised (in 1924), and shortened to about 300 pages.

The year 1901 also saw the appearance of his most famous book, and possibly his best -- THE PURPLE CLOUD. The hero of this story, Adam Jeffson, is on an expedition to the North Pole (and the first fifty or so pages read more like the travels

of Peary, Cook, or Amundsen). Then he becomes separated from his companions, is lost for a time, and, when he finally gets back to his ship, discovers that all on board are dead. As he travels southward, he finds that no one is alive -- that all have been killed by a huge cloud of cyanogen gas which seemed to have come from the Pacific. For seventeen years he wanders over the earth, alone, burning city after city to the ground. Finally, he does find one other person alive -- a girl -- in Constantinople. This story is really quite different than the usual Last Man on Earth story, and ranks among the very best.

In 1905, THE YELLOW WAVE was published -- a story about a future (about 1947) war in Asia between Russia and Japan. Another volume of short stories, THE PALE APE, saw print in 1911; some of these stories are fantasies, and some are the famous Cummings King Monk stories. (This is one of the scarcest of Shiel's books.) Then, in 1913, came another of his novels of the Yellow Peril, and also one of his best books -- THE DRAGON. In this one, the Oriental hordes invading England are struck down by a ray. It sounds trite, putting it that way, but it is impossible to describe this story (or any of Shiel's others) in only a few words. THE DRAGON was revised and republished in 1929 as THE YELLOW PERIL, which causes no end of confusion with the similar titles of THE YELLOW DANGER and THE YELLOW WAVE.

Shiel did not write another book until 1923 -- a lapse of ten years -- and, while after this he wrote a few fantastic novels such as DR. KRASINSKI'S SECRET (in 1930), THIS ABOVE ALL (in 1933), and a supernatural story, "The Young Men Are Coming" (in 1937), there was really nothing of the same caliber as his earlier stories. (Oh, yes -- a volume of short stories he wrote in 1935, THE INVISIBLE VOICES, does contain a story of the future entitled, "In 2073 A.D.")

M. P. Shiel died February 17, 1947, at the age of 81 -- and only 13 mourners were present at his funeral service.

There were many pioneers of science fiction before the advent of the first magazine to be devoted exclusively to this form of literature. Some were rather obscure writers who wrote some pretty good stories, with a great deal of originality. Some were famous authors who wrote science fiction once in a while, and turned out some very good ones, indeed. Jack London wrote several novels, as well as a number of short stories. We all know that A. Conan Doyle created some very good short stories, as well as the famous Professor Challenger stories. William Le Queux wrote many novels of mystery and adventure, and among them about a dozen which fit the label.

A few writers of the period of ALL STORY and ARGOSY fame kept on writing science fiction after the development of the science-fiction magazines. Ray Cummings' first story, "The Girl in the Golden Atom", was something quite new when it first appeared, and the fact that Cummings had once been as assistant to Thomas Edison gave his work a stamp of respectability. Cummings turned out hundreds of stories, continuing right on through the forties. Murray Leinster had his first stories published in 1918, and is still turning out science fiction today -- his work gets better through the years, and if anyone deserves the name "Dean of Science-Fiction Writers", it most certainly is he.

Victor Rousseau was another who began writing science fiction about the time of World War I. "Draft of Eternity" tells of a man who took a rare drug, and remembered a life centuries in the future, when civilization is in a feudal state after America has been overrun by Oriental invaders. "The Messiah of the Cylinder" tells of a man in a cylinder who is in a state of suspended animation, who is awakened in the future to find he is hailed as a new Messiah. "The Eye of Balamok" is about a lost race in the Great Australian Desert, and "Eric of the Strong Heart" is also of the Lost Race type, about descendents of Englishmen of the time of Alfred the Great



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and the Vikings, who are living on an unknown island in the Arctic region. Rousseau's stories were well-written adventure stories, filled with action, intrigue, great battles, and the like. He continued writing for the science-fiction magazines well into the forties. He died practically unknown in New York, in 1960, at the age of 81.

After the advent of the science-fiction magazines, there were still some pioneers. Edward E. Smith, known to all of us as "Doc", certainly started something new with his "Skylark of Space". The story has been told many times about how he wrote the novel in 1918, in collaboration with Lee Hawkins Garby, but was unable to sell it to ARGOSY or ALL STORY, as the editor thought it was much too scientific for the readers. It was finally published in 1928, in AMAZING STORIES, where it was a big hit. A sequel followed ("Skylark Three"), which is generally considered the best of the Skylark stories. Doc went on to write many more stories, most notably the Lensman series. It is curious that his career began and ended with Skylark, for at the time of his death, in 1965, the fourth and last Skylark story ("Skylark Duquesne") was being serialized.

John W. Campbell, Jr., was another pioneer with his early stories, and in the space of only a couple of years he became one of the three or four most popular writers in the field. But John made a much greater impact after he took over the editorship of ASTOUNDING (now ANALOG). A. Merritt was primarily a fantasy writer, but the science-fiction readers of a generation ago considered him as the top science-fiction writer. He did not write many books, as he was much too busy editing THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, but who can forget THE MOON POOL, THE SHIP OF ISHTAR, or THE DWELLERS IN THE MIRAGE? Jack Williamson has had a long career since the publication of his first story in 1928, with many ups and downs, but he has turned out many fine stories.

Stanley G. Weinbaum had his first story published in 1934, "A Martian Odyssey", and for the brief period of about a year was the sensation of the science-fiction world. He died in 1935 at the age of thirty-three, but who can deny that he had made his mark? He changed science fiction for good; it has never been quite the same since.

There were many, many writers who turned out stories for the insatiable maw of the pulp magazine, and many of them wrote science fiction -- at first, when it did not even have a name -- and later, when the first science-fiction magazines began to appear. There were many who were extremely popular, but almost unheard of today -- such as A. Hyatt Verrill, Miles J. Breuer, L. Taylor Hansen, Bob Olson, Walter Kately, and Ed Earl Repp. And there were a lot more who wrote one or two good stories, and then just wrote stuff which filled the pages of a magazine.

Admittedly, some of the writers mentioned would not seem to be great shakes as such if they were around today. A few things should be remembered, however. Science fiction was still in its formative stage, and practically everything was not yet trite or hackneyed -- that came about through the efforts of later writers. Scientific knowledge itself has made great strides since the early years of the 20th century, and modern scientific ideas have presumably kept up with that scientific progress. In those days there were no writers who wrote science fiction exclusively; most of them dabbled in it from time to time. But, these are the men who helped to popularize science fiction. Without them, Hugo Gernsback could not have begun publication (in 1926) of AMAZING STORIES, the first magazine devoted exclusively to science fiction. An audience was necessary -- buyers for this new type of magazine. These writers had built up a following -- developed that audience. How well they succeeded can be seen in the fact that, by 1927 or 1928, Gernsback had a print order of 150,000 for AMAZING (and it must be assumed that a large percentage of these were sold). No science-fiction magazine today has a print order of 150,000 copies -- and

this is more than 40 years later, when science fiction is far more popular and respectable than it has ever been in the past.

Some of these men could write very well indeed; some of them could not. Some would be able to compete with today's better writers -- indeed, some of them do. Some would have a difficult time selling today. But so what? They are the boys who kept the ball rolling during those early days.



BABY, IT'S COLD INSIDE  
By Harriett Kolchak

Does the title sound ridiculous? Well, it won't after my talk is finished. It concerns Cryonics -- the only subject I know of which could even remotely concern such a statement as that given in the title.

My definition of Cryonics as "the process of freezing a body after death, so it may be revived in the future", was challenged by someone who wanted to substitute the words "just before death". Well, to freeze the body before death would be against the law -- even if the dying person signed a paper okaying this, in which case it would be suicide, and also illegal. And to those who would say, "Suicide is against the law only if you don't succeed", let me state that this is not so. If you do succeed, insurance companies won't pay off -- hence you are guilty not only of your own murder, but also of robbery -- you forfeit your insurance money as your "fine", thus robbing your heirs of what is theirs.

There may be other legal difficulties for Cryonics, too. The law states you must have a death certificate, signed by an attending physician, or an autopsy report to prove the cause of death. It would take more than the allowed four minutes before brain damage sets in just to get the certificate; in case of an autopsy, Cryonics would be out.

Of course, if you disappear and are not found in seven years, the courts would declare you legally dead. You could go underground for this, but where would the money come from for the process and upkeep over the necessary period?

As I see it, money would have to be placed in an account, with the interest paying for the freezing and upkeep over a period of years. The Cryonics people claim \$30,000 would be sufficient; Fred Pohl says it would be more like three trillion for the time it is believed would be necessary for the world to reach a point where all human ills, including old age, can be cured.

The Cryonics people at first claimed Cryonics would be obtainable by anyone; later they said they were thinking mainly of preserving the economic and inventive brains to help the future. If this is so, they would have to freeze them before any sign of decay to either the brain or the body has set in -- thus robbing us of much of the good we would get from these men.

During hibernation of animals, the heartbeat and metabolism slow to a minimum. There was a case in Chicago a few years ago of a girl freezing while waiting for a bus; she revived but lost her toes due to cell-damage. Another case involved two men in Canada, on a hunting trip, who froze to death; they were revived, but both died later from cell-damage (one had both his legs and arms removed in an effort to save him, but to no avail). I am told they have not been too successful in the freezing of certain sections of the body to preserve parts during operations, and that cellular breakdown occurs even in the freezing of blood cells. They have not even had much success in the unfreezing of small animals.

Yet they have already frozen some human bodies (who, of course, had nothing to say about it). I believe a great deal of research still needs to be done before they try freezing any other humans. Maybe by the time this is done they will have found the answer to old age and disease, and will not even need the freezing!

## ODDS AND ENDS

In case any of you are not yet aware of it, overseas postage rates went up May 1. Surface mail to Canada and Mexico for letters and letter packages is 5¢ per ounce or fraction thereof; to all other countries, it is 13¢ for the first ounce, and 8¢ each additional ounce or fraction thereof. Air mail to Canada and Mexico for letters and letter packages is 8¢ per ounce or fraction thereof; for Central and South America and the Caribbean it is 15¢ per half-ounce; for Europe and North Africa it is 20¢ per half-ounce; for the rest of Africa, all of Asia, Australasia, and the majority of the Pacific islands it is 25¢ per half-ounce. Single post cards are 4¢ each surface rate to Canada and Mexico, 8¢ each to all other countries; air-mail post-card rates are 6¢ to Canada and Mexico, 13¢ to all other countries. The surface rates for printed matter are, to Canada and Mexico, 4¢ for the first two ounces and 2¢ for each additional ounce or fraction thereof; to all other countries, the rates are 6¢ for the first two ounces and 4¢ for each additional two ounces or fraction thereof. Book rate (for permanently bound books having at least 22 printed pages and containing no advertising, etc., and printed sheet music) via surface mail is 3¢ for the first two ounces and 1¢ for each additional 2 ounces or fraction thereof to Canada and most of the Central and South American countries, and 4¢ for the first 2 ounces and 1½¢ each additional 2 ounces or fraction thereof to all other countries. (Single unsealed greeting cards fall under printed matter rate.) For more complete information, write to the POD for a copy of their free publication, "International Mail" (POD Publication 51, dated May 1, 1967).

Dannie Plachta reports that Roger Zelazny will be GoH at OZARKON II, to be held in St. Louis 28, 29, and 30 July. He also furnishes information on the Triple Fan Fair, which appears in the May/June Calendar on page 50 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

Tom Purdom writes: "The Philadelphia Science Fiction Conference will be November 11 and 12 (plus, of course, the meeting the evening of November 10) and we'll be at the Sylvania again since Jay Kay Klein seemed to like it. This year we're going to have another theme conference. The theme will be the future of space travel and the title for the Con will be "Two Years Before the Moon". The idea being that we're on the eve of the first landing on the moon, so what could be more appropriate than a bull session about space travel? We don't have any speakers or panelists lined up yet, but we hope to have panels on the future of interplanetary travel, the future of interstellar travel, life on other worlds, and a nostalgia panel on the Good Old Days when everybody thought we were all nuts."

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MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY ANNEX --

June F & SF -- Tanner's effective wraparound cover is intended to symbolize Roger Zelazny's "Death and the Executioner". This novelet is another in the Lord of Light series; in fact it includes the portion Zelazny read aloud at last year's Disclave. It continues the rich, incantatory language and powerful mythos of this series. ##### The issue also has a Charles Beaumont memorial section with a Beaumont story reprinted from RCGUE and a tribute to Beaumont by William F. Nolan. ##### Gerald Jonas's novelet "The First Postulate" is moving but is rather awkwardly told in letter form. Robert M. Green, Jr. has a **short** that starts with a perfect picture of turnpike anonymity but turns into another bit of wistful longing for the horse and buggy. Gilbert Thomas's short would have struck me harder if I hadn't remembered an oldie by Don Wollheim on the same subject. The last short story is a reprint by Graham Greene (yes, that one). ##### I would say that "this issue is better than usual", but I have realized that I've been saying that a lot lately. I believe that there has been a marked improvement in F & SF, so I will only say that this issue is up to the mark.

Banks H. Mebane

## VIEWS, REVIEWS, AND ARCHIMEDEAN SPIRALS

Book Review -- QUOTATIONS FROM CHAIRMAN MAO TSE-TUNG (Bantam Books, FG 7688, 179 pp; 95¢).

Who would have thought that the works of Chairman Mao would qualify as science fiction? He didn't write them as such, certainly, and yet if we define science fiction as that field of writing in which we extrapolate from what we know to what we do not know, and then proceed to raise a logical structure of some sort upon the extrapolated foundation...Mao has written the world's best-selling book of science fiction!

The QUOTATIONS is divided into 33 chapters ranging from I (The Communist Party) and V (War and Peace) to XXXI (Women) and XXXIII (Study). The quotes range from 1927 to 1964, but the majority are during the war years, 1934 to 1949, and just prior to the Great Leap Forward in 1957.

There is a very large kernel of hard common sense in the book, but underneath the stern puritanical surface, and beyond the platitudes and nagging (of which there is also a great deal), there is a dreamer hurling his web of gossamer thought at the moon.

Mao's particular moon is a modern industrialized China in which everybody is a worker or soldier or both, dedicated wholly, completely, totally, and without reservation to the common good.

Fighting the Japanese and the Kuomintang he is on firm ground; he knows it, you feel it. As he turns to build China's version of the Great Society, however, he moves very subtly out of touch with reality, and he himself is aware of the fact, as his warnings against "metaphysics" clearly indicate. The chapter on contradictions (IV -- The Correct Handling of Contradictions Among the People), which was largely written in 1957, shows most clearly the rock which has ripped the bottom out of the bark of theory. On page 30 he says, "...In a socialist country (contradictions are) usually only a localized and temporary phenomenon. The reason is that the system of exploitation of man by man has been abolished, and the interests of the people are basically the same...." This was written on the eve of the Great Leap Forward, one of the most truly heroic attempts at exploitation in recorded history.

There is also the little matter of definition...the People on one hand, and the Enemy on the other. Mao admits: "What is needed is scientific analysis and convincing argument". The turmoil in China today is due to the inability to tell the People from the Enemy, and Mao himself must bear much of the blame. The "convincing argument" most in use is force. The "scientific analysis" is the quantitative measure of force. "Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun", says Mao, and blithely proceeds to arm the People on an unprecedented scale. Would you believe that some of the Snarks were Boojums?

The trouble with science fiction is that once you have built your theoretical construct, something you want to be science may turn out to be fiction. And this can be unfortunate, particularly if you are relying, say, on becoming a dianetic clear before the end of the semester so you can pass geometry.

Mao has extrapolated the wartime dedication and self-sacrifice of his people into the economic sphere, and asserted that the battle for production can be won in this manner. That is, everyone will be a rate-buster, and no overtime pay. And upon this rock solid theoretical foundation he has built.

How can anyone deny that this is science fiction? If it weren't so dry and humorless, I should nominate the QUOTATIONS for a Hugo!

Alexis A. Gilliland

Book Review -- SLEEPING PLANET, by William R. Burkett, Jr. (Paperback Library, 54-445, 285 pp; 75¢).

This is from ANALOG, back about 1964, and has been somewhat changed by the author. I don't have my back ANALOG's handy, so I can't make a detailed comparison, but my impression is that the story has been extensively expanded, and a few things dropped out. All-in-all, it doesn't run as smoothly as did the original. Too bad.

This, of course, is the story of the alien invasion which puts everybody in the world to sleep with a mysterious Dust -- everybody, that is, except ten individuals. The plot deals with the attempts of two of these individuals, Brad Donovan and James Rierson, to repel the invasion with the aid of a handful of ghosts, spirits, and robots.

To my mind, James Rierson is the hero of this book, and thereby hangs my gripe. After singlehandedly getting the aliens ready to run for home by playing on their ancestor-worshipping religion, and releasing all the others from alien captivity, Rierson is related to the background by a pat on the head and a "Well done, little boy". The others then carry out the rest of the plan, with Donovan running the show.

Other than that and the rather sickening epilogue which shows all of the participants drifting back to their old lives with nothing to show for their experience but a little inconvenience, this book is good, light reading. A "new" idea, reasonably well-handled, but no classic.

Worth reading.

Brian L. Burley

Book Review -- AGENT OF T.E.R.R.A. #2: THE GOLDEN GODDESS GAMBIT, by Larry Maddock (Ace Book, G-620, 152 pp; 50¢).

Larry Maddock, whoever he (or they) may be, has come up with an extremely palatable format, which, combined with competent writing and plotting, has given the reader a first-rate piece of light entertainment.

To review. The Temporal Entropy Restructure and Repair Agency was set up to fight the machinations of Empire, a collection of villains with time travel. Hannibal Fortune, top agent for T.E.R.R.A., possesses the coveted licence to tamper, and with Webley, his 15-pound shape-changing sidecreature, goes forth to do battle with the minions of evil, rescue fair ladies, make out, bungle, and generally proceed in a logical manner through all the stock situations encountered in this sort of book. A streak of farcy humor runs through the plot, and is overlain with a wash of straight humor, somewhat on the dry side.

In short, the author is writing a gentle parody of the Bond-type novel, and doing a much better job than THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. #9. (The latter seems to be a novelization of a TV script; the writing is pretty bad.)

Anyway, the present story is done on two levels. One is slam-bang action, intrigue, and hokey swordplay. Fortune rescues an old lady from a mob. "Your bravery continues to astonish me", remarked the symbiote. "You realize, of course, that you forgot to turn your protective force field on?" He also walks through the mandatory fight in a tavern against, naturally, overwhelming odds. He was only trying to be friendly, but inadequate knowledge of the local mores did him in. The riot scene,

which Webley started by posing as the sea-god Nodiesop, is splendidly written and quite convincing. The symbiote wanted to spring Fortune from jail; by the time the mob gets there, guess who has already escaped? Et cetera.

The second level is far less in evidence, but a culture has been sketched in, loose plot ends tidied up, and characters have been drawn. On the second level, the humor intrudes itself as dry wit in the writing. "I have built a great society", the God-King rumbled,..." The God-King Kronos is about the best character development I have seen in any recent science fiction. Probably this is due to the fact that the society you are shown is what he has done, and his internal monologue, picked up by Webley, suggests why it was done. Ultimately, he comes across as a maverick rather than a villain, and at the end he is caught on the horns of a genuinely tragic dilemma. This, of course, is on the second level. You don't have to pay attention to it, for villains in light entertainment should be villains; the suffering of a complex and honorable man is distressing if it is perceived as such; it spoils the fun.

Finally, the plot has the virtue on both levels that it is not so tightly drawn as to eliminate a certain spontaneity.

Three cheers for AGENT OF T.E.R.R.A. #2. Sergio Leone has a pretty good cover, too.

Alexis A. Gilliland

#### Fact Article --

Remember Buck Rogers blasting out a tunnel far under the earth with a ray gun which must have had more shots than any cowboy's pistol? Or the miners digging around with their laser drills in THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS? Great stuff, those old yarns. Who ever heard of digging with light...?

Well, here we are again, smack dab in the future. Two undergraduate students at MIT, sophomores Bob Gladstone and Tony Kettanek, conned -- whups -- talked Dr. D. R. Whitehouse at Raytheon Research Labs into letting them use his big beam -- a 1,120-watt CO<sub>2</sub> gas laser, at the time the most powerful in the world.

Using this twenty-meter monster without focusing, the students got a 2,900° C. beam temperature, which crumbled limestone and marble into a powder in about 30 seconds.

Four reasons were cited for using an unfocused beam:

1. The beam would cut a larger area, 1½-inch diameter vs 1/8-inch diameter.
2. Focusing would require delicate adjustment of special mirrors which might be impractical on a construction job.
3. Fused rock from the focused beam would reflect some radiation and be less economical.
4. What do you want for a lousy term paper?

Applications of this new toy -- er -- device are already arousing widespread interest, such as the possibility of replacing freeways with tunnels, zapping missiles, and the like. Work on lasers goes on pell-mell, and quite possibly you will read some morning that a laser drill was used to break into a bank vault somewhere. They're here, mind you, but until that happens they haven't arrived.

Alexis A. Gilliland

Book Review -- THE GENETIC GENERAL, by Gordon R. Dickson (Ace Book, F-426, 155 pp; 40¢).

This book has a lot of petty little faults. Mediocre dialogue, generally wooden characters (still, wood is superior to cardboard), banal philosophy, and an utterly unworkable (albeit consistent) notion of what a government is, will, or should be.

It has one tremendous virtue which overrides everything else. There is a hell of a lot of fast-paced action, and the action is more than enough to hold you. The story ran in ASTOUNDING in 1959 as "Dorsai!", and appears unchanged in paperback. The irksome (to me) philosophy is probably Campbell's, but it never holds the action up long enough to bother.

Essentially TGG is the tale of Donal Graeme, intuitive superman, and how he rose in the world via the route of the mercenary soldier. Here and there the author smooths out his path a little, but so what? Napoleon got breaks, and so did Genghis Khan. Nobody makes it to Lord of All unless somebody (or Somebody) up there likes them. Dickson's help is unobtrusive.

The idea for the intuitive superman is really good, but unfortunately rather hard to write about. Basically, it requires the hero to act fast and accurately without logical reason, and since this is commonplace among s-f heroes, Donal's uniqueness is not at once apparent. Another drawback is that the logical explanation of an intuition is always a rationalization, especially in fiction.

I do not choose to nit-pick at TGG's ideas of government. The book is fine entertainment, and most fans wouldn't care a hoot if the ideas were a lot worse. The symbolic cover is very attractive, but no credit is given. This one you should read.

Alexis A. Gilliland

#### Featurette --

(Reprinted from the international archaeological journal UND SO WEITER, vol. CXVII, no. 26 (August, 1964))

THE CARIBBEAN SEA SCROLLS: A Preliminary Note on a New Archaeological Discovery, by Professor Doctor Heinz H. L. Einzelheiten

#### 1. Introduction

Latterly, and even previously, mention has been made of the almost legendary BOOKS OF BOKONONE, or "Bokonon", as it is sometimes spelled.<sup>1</sup>

This writer has, in collaboration with Dr. Merkwuerdichliebe of the Prussische Institut, and under a generous grant by that august body, scoured the Caribbean area in search of possible MSS or fair copies of the BOOKS. It is with great pleasure that we are able to report that the BOOKS have been found, in good condition, although unfortunately in English, not in the more precise German tongue.

#### 2. The Einzelheiten-Merkwuerdlichliebe Text of the BOOKS OF BOKONONE

The text is hand-written and apparently hand-bound (or poorly machine-bound), and measures 10 x 8.6 cm. The paper is of 20-lb weight, and either was originally brown, or has become brown with age. It was found in a niche in the tower of an abandoned sugar-mill on the island of St. John, to which we had been led by a native<sup>2</sup>, who said he was descended from Bokonone Himself. As a child, he claimed to remember his grandmother's repeated reference to a "book-bok" at the old sugar-mill. We were almost stymied at the last minute by the native's refusal to accept a pocketful of brightly-colored beads in payment for his services. He finally

agreed on condition that he be mentioned in our scholarly articles<sup>3</sup>, and be paid a rather high fee (which the Institut generously refunded to us).

We found, after arduous study, that the fragments found in Vonnegut (q.v.) are substantially correct, with minor exceptions. Furthermore, research indicated that the tantalisingly short Einzelheiten-Merkwuerdlichliebe text (one page, in toto) was the complete text of the BOOKS OF BOKONONE, and all of it was reproduced by Vonnegut (q.v.) with one exception: at the end of the single page of the book was found, in a barely-decipherable scrawl, the inscription "out of paiper (sic); end of the BOOKS OF BOKONONE".<sup>4</sup>

### 3. Conclusion

The evidence of the BOOKS indicates that there was at one time, indeed, a great civilization in the Caribbean: a civilization which had as its goal the production of a single copy of a one-page book, carelessly written, and carelessly bound. When that production was complete, and hidden where none but the present researchers could find it, the civilization vanished without a trace, except for the BOOKS and the influence it had (by Furz's Time-Inverse Law) on the society of the Essenes and the Mayas. We hope to publish soon the results of our research on "Bokononeism, the Essenes, and the Origins of German Christianity". Since Furz's discovery, the possibilities for such archaeological research were never greater. May others follow in our path.

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<sup>1</sup>Kurt Vonnegut Jr., CAT'S CRADLE (New York, 1963); "Bokonone" is a corruption of the English name "Johnson" according to Vonnegut. The present scholar feels that this derivation is dubious at best, and prefers to find its source in the Gothic boka (s., letter; pl., letters or book), which would render the title "Book of Books", which, by analogy to "Song of Songs", "Light of Lights", etc., links Bokononism to the Christian tradition.

<sup>2</sup>Before our discovery, no reputable scholar had found a function for the towers, common to abandoned Caribbean sugar-mills; we believe that the sole purpose of these was as a repository for holy books; thus we have named the towers Einzelheiten-Merkwuerdlichliebe Towers, and have appealed to the National Institute of Archaeology (unsuccessfully, we must admit) for their assistance in perpetuating the name. Nonetheless, in this paper we will refer to these strange cylindrical constructions as "Einzelheiten-Merkwuerdlichliebe Towers".

<sup>3</sup>Grudging acknowledgement is hereby given to Mr. Lionel Johnson the 5th of Cruz Bay, U.S.V.I.

<sup>4</sup>The suggestion, given by Vonnegut (q.v.) that several volumes were actually in existence, is false. If any texts of more than one page are found in the future, they must be forgeries.

(Translated from the German  
by T.D.C. Kuch, Ph.D.)

Book Review -- OUT OF MY MIND, by John Brunner (Ballantine Books, U5064, 211 pp; 60¢).

This is a collection of thirteen short stories by one of the more prolific s-f authors, the copyright being held by Brunner Fact and Fiction Ltd., which is evidently a legal fiction of sorts.

The stories are good to excellent, and present a problem to the reviewer: what level should I pick to review them on? Taking them as literature, or even Litera-



ture, there is a good deal to criticise. Taking them as entertainment, there is a lot to praise. As a whole, the stories don't fall neatly into either category, and, because they were written -- and sold -- as entertainment, and because reviewing literature is tedious (reviewing lit and trying to be witty at the same time is work), I shall treat OoMM as entertainment.

So. My principal criticism is that Brunner's twist of plot is consistently down-beat. His ideas, characters, atmosphere and the rest are all very good, but as you work your way through the book you get a kind of feel as to where the stories are going. And read all at once, the feel is rather depressing. This is eased a little by the short introduction which Brunner has written for each story. He is aware of the problem, at least, and makes soothing noises toward it. If you take your time, say a week or three, it probably won't hit you -- because taken individually, the stories have a lot going for them.

Another problem -- summarizing the plots of a collection of shorts. Oh, well....

"Fair Warning" is a gag story about atomic testing. With hallucinating and (in that order) drunken scientists attempting to enforce the test ban.

"Nail in the Middle of the Hand" is a character study of the Roman soldier who nailed Christ to the cross.

"See What I Mean" is gimmicky and trivial. Also, the day when Russia and China stood shoulder-to-shoulder against America and England is long-gone. Besides, all due respect to Brunner, but England is out of her weight class.

"The Eye of the Beholder" sets forth the dubious notion that Great Art is Universal, and that BEM's will at least share a common view of a mutually alien landscape with humans. A lot happens, however, and the story is one of the best in the book.

"Orpheus's Brother" is a dark mood piece about a martyred pop singer, his punk kid brother, and his kinky agent. John Lennon said, "The Beatles are more popular than Christ". What if they were done in by a mob of screaming fans on Nationwide TV and had a chance to prove it?

"Prerogative" is Mad Scientist Creates Life and is Struck Down by a jealous God. But low-key, man. Note the small "j" in jealous.

"Such Stuff" generates a nice chilling mood. The legitimate "What if..." question applied to the scientists studying dreams.

"The Totally Rich" is, for my money, the best in the book. The woman who wants her dead husband back, the scientist who is induced to study the problem, the problem, and even how he was induced, all weave together to produce a really first-rate yarn.

"The Fourth Power" is a botched execution of a good idea. The protagonist is presented as a cipher, and I watched unmoved as he went to a gruesome fate.

"Single Minded" is a rather obvious gimmick story, but the situation and people sustain your interest.

Ditto "A Better Mousetrap", in which alien trappers are perceived by their works.

"Round Trip" has a delightfully flattering concept of humanity's place in the Scheme of Things. Some will like it better than "The Totally Rich".

All in all, a fine collection, and well worth the price.

Alexis A. Gilliland

Book Review -- FOUR FOR TOMORROW, by Roger Zelazny (Ace Book, M-155; 45¢; 185 pp).

Roger Zelazny's virtues are too well known to rehearse; emphatically, you should go out and buy a copy of FFT. Buy extra copies and send them to your friends in Vietnam and the Peace Corps.

There is an introduction by Theodore Sturgeon, some six pages-worth, which gives one of the best evaluations of Zelazny I have yet seen. For personal reasons Sturgeon thinks "A Rose for Ecclesiastes" is the best thing Zelazny has ever written. For different reasons, I think so too. It also happens to be the first thing he ever had published.

An artist, as he develops, moves on a trajectory whose logic may not be evident to outsiders. Why did Rembrandt move from commercial success to commercial failure? What moved Beethoven to shift from the great symphonic works to the "unintelligible" string quartets? After a crowd-pleaser like "Macbeth", why did Shakespeare go to "King Lear"?

The answer lies inside the artist. Zelazny is developing, make no mistake, but not in the direction I, for one, would like to see. In this, he is entirely correct. He is the artist, and he must grab his muse by the tail and follow where she leads.

Thus, plotting is treated with an almost cavalier disdain, and his complex, beautiful writing becomes more complex, more beautiful...and intermittently unintelligible. I have a very good vocabulary, some knowledge of German, a smattering of Latin and a few odd phrases in other languages, but with Zelazny I have to go to the dictionary or try to puzzle matters out from context. And not just once or twice, either. At a guess, I would say that Zelazny is striving to express his concepts, feelings, or whatever as perfectly as possible, without any concern for the groundlings save as his editors get worried. To some degree his language is becoming a barrier to communication, because he is using it more and more for other purposes.

One final thought. Entertainment is all things to all people. Rock and Roll bores me, except when it is being played very loud, when I am turned off completely. But a lot of people are entertained by R&R. They would be bored by what I enjoy. A writer of fiction should try to entertain somebody besides himself, which means the discipline of keeping one's audience in mind. Of course, at some point Beethoven wrote his string quartets, and Rembrandt sat in his shabby studio painting his neighbors because no customers came.

Oh, the book. "The Graveyard Heart" had the best characterizations, "The Furies" had the best action, "TDoHF, TLoHM" had the biggest fish and the best symbolism, and "A Rose for Ecclesiastes" was, as suggested before, the best story. Jack Gaughan has a symbolic cover for "The Furies" and four black and whites for story headings. Good, but not his best work.

Be sure to buy a copy. Buy two copies and send the extra to your rich uncle. Or hold one in each hand for stereo. Zelazny in stereo -- wow!

Alexis A. Gilliland

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N3F Games Bureau forms Tolkien Division -- to deal with any sub-world creation which was chronicled in a series of works, a trilogy or such-like, or any major literary creation. Write Capt. Rod Walker, TUSLOG Det. 183, APO N.Y., N.Y., 90254, for info.

## TIDBITS

From DEGLER! 180 comes word that the 1967 LUNACON drew 275 persons, but that the con was marred by trouble with the hotel management. We hope to have a detailed LUNACON report, by Jay Kay Klein, in issue #43 of the JOURNAL.

From DEGLER! 177 we note that FANTASTIC VOYAGE (the film, that is) received three Oscars -- Best Editing, Best Set Decoration, and Best Special Visual Effects.

From DEGLER! 176 we note that WORLDS OF TOMORROW has officially folded, and that Fred Pohl's new magazine, INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION, which will feature science fiction from countries other than the United States, will come out this summer. There is also word that GALAXY may move to monthly publication.

Jim Latimer has been too busy to send us his promised report on BOSKONE IV (April 1 and 2, at the Statler-Hilton, in Boston), so again we turn to DEGLER! 176 to find that the attendance was 67, with the Skylark Award going to Isaac Asimov. Program included a panel with Charlie Brown, Fred Pohl, Alex Panshin, and Jim Groves, on "How SF Conventions have Changed"; a NASA film; a talk by an MIT researcher, Marvin Minsky, on research into artificial intelligence; a Saturday night party; a talk by Damon Knight on the problems of finding adequate distribution for sf; presentation of the Skylark Award (by Fred Pohl); and tapes of the British BristolCon.

Before leaving DEGLER!, we'd like to pass on to you, from DEGLER! 177, news of the 1967 British National Convention, the "Bristolcon", held over Easter weekend in Bristol, England. Primary program items were the "Brian Aldiss Show"; a professional panel (Aldiss, Moorcock, James White, Thomas Disch, Ken Bulmer, Ted Tubb); a film show (experimental productions by Ed Emshwiller and a French film); John Brunner's talk (he was GoH) on "Unexplored These of Use in Science Fiction"; a fanzine editor's panel (Peter Weston, Darrell Pardoe, Mary Read); and many other events, such as the presentation of the British Fantasy Award to Philip K. Dick, for his THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH, the ceremony of The Order of St. Fanthony, etc. Before moving on, we should note that Brian Aldiss announced at the con that NEW WORLDS would be able to continue publication, as it received a grant from the British Arts Council.

Oh, by the way, RALLY! editors -- could either of you furnish us with the current address of Hank Reinhardt? We'd like to send him a ~~copy~~ issue of THE GAMESLETTER.

RALLY! 19 reports a Comic Con at the Ramada Inn, 2121 Allen Parkway, Houston, Texas, on June 16-18, with movies, serials, panel discussion, etc. Tickets \$2.50 for three days. Write to HOUSTON COMIC COLLECTOR'S ASSOCIATION, 7536 South Park Blvd., Houston, Texas, 77033.

Persons interested in Computer Science and the like will be interested in purchasing a copy of FAITH, HOPE AND PARITY, edited by Jack Moshman, and obtainable from the Thompson Book Company, 383 National Press Building, Washington, D.C., 20004, at \$5.50. The book is 192 pages in length, cloth-bound, and is based upon numerous articles which have appeared in DATAMATION MAGAZINE -- a "spooof of the computer world by professionals in the field". Major sections (each containing several articles) are: "The Kludge Kapers", "The Professional's Corner", "Pastiches and Parodies", and "Science -- Pure and Artificial". The last-named section will be of particular interest to s-f fans, numbering among the nine articles contained therein such titles as "Crime in Real-Time", by Phineas Flackmire, Jr.; "Bon Voyage -- 1984 Style", by Ascher Ooler; "The Flight to Tokyo -- 1984 Style", by Lt. Dorian De Wind; and two by T.D.C. Kuch: "From Programmed Instruction: A Programmed Text", and "The T-Formation".

((Refer to pages 32 and 38 for addresses, etc. for DEGLER! and RALLY! --ed.))

TALES TO WAG YOUR DOG BY  
(Fiction, et al)

WINE IN TIME, by Joe W. Haldeman

The inventor's workshop was an unholy mess, resembling nothing so much as the bastard offspring between an abandoned junk yard and an alchemist's den. It boasted the indelible, sulphurous smell that any lab eventually accumulates, but this was overlaid with a number of smells not usually associated with such a place: grease, ozone from arc welding, fresh paint, and the astringent tickling smell of concrete dust, just to name a few.

About the only sign of life was a big retort filled with an evil-looking black liquid, which boiled and belched viscously, producing a large amount of steaming distillate in a glass beaker.

A black-bearded man in a white smock picked up the steaming beaker with a pair of forceps and decanted it evenly into two porcelain crucibles. With a sinister smile he picked one up and lifted it to eye-level.

"A good batch, Kindle." He looked at the man trying to make himself comfortable on a used acid carboy. "Cream and sugar?"

"No thanks, Dr. Mordecai. Just black, please." Bravery oozed out of every pore.

Sensing his visitor's anxiety, "Doctor" (a title he'd assumed to keep people from learning his first name) Mordecai poured the contents of one crucible into a china cup. He carried it over to the little man and balanced it carefully on the edge of a packing crate to his right.

Kindle coughed nervously. "Well, Doctor, you say you have something that might interest my firm. A . . .a . . .'time stasis device'?"

"Yes!" He loped across the room in big strides, ending at a humming box the size of a wall safe. He caressed the box absently and continued: "This invention of mine will revolutionize the wine-making industry. I ask a mere two million francs."

"Impossible. Nothing could improve our modernized techniques, certainly not two million francs worth."

The inventor smiled a little smile as he fooled with the combination lock on the machine's door. "You will pay, and gladly. This is the biggest thing to hit wine-making since feet."

He opened the door and pulled out a bottle, carried it over and wordlessly presented it to the wine cartel's representative.

"Pinot Noir, 1992." Kindle brushed a tear from his eye. "But thirty years old; all vinegar now." He set the bottle down reverently. "1992 -- truly the Year of the Century. But so delicate and fragile. What little was left to ring in the new century was already going sour."

Mordecai rummaged through a drawer and produced a corkscrew and two reasonably clean wine glasses. He attacked the bottle with a vengeance. Finally getting it open, he poured.

"Drink," he said, handing one to Kindle.

Kindle looked startled, but accepted. "Well, for old times' sake. . ."

"Drink!"

The little man took a sip. "Zut!" he cried, leaping from the carboy. "Alors! What sort of hoax is this? It tastes exactly...exactly as I remember it. Ambrosia. How?"

"Well, you postulate a space of n dimensions and analyze the properties of an affine... ."

"Layman's language, please. I'm but a merchant, ignorant of such things."

"Essentially, all the box -- it could easily be made the size of a warehouse -- all it does is lift its contents 'out' of the time stream. Time ceases to exist for

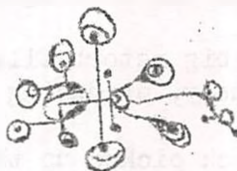
the contents until you take them back out of the field generated by the box. You might say. . ."

"Go on!"

"No; I couldn't."

"Say it!"

Mordecai cradled the bottle in his hands and smiled. "A niche in time saves wine."



### EXPLOSION ON MARS, by David Lewis

Wheezing from exerting himself in the smog-filled New York air, Al Roberts burst through the door of his friend's apartment, waving a yellowed paper in his hand.

"Look, Dick! I found this article in one of my old magazines. Read it and see if you aren't convinced that I'm right about the existence of contra-terrene matter."

With a sigh, Dick took the page from Al and resignedly started to read:

Another possible explanation of the terrific explosion in the Shannon Forest is advanced by Dr. Johnson in his paper entitled "Inside-Out Matter -- It Does Exist". He states that the explosion might have been caused by a meteor composed of "inside-out" or "contra-terrene" matter -- matter with a negative nucleus surrounded by positive positrons, as opposed to our "terrene" matter -- which has a positive nucleus surrounded by negative electrons. He goes on to say that an ordinary terrene particle and a contraterrene particle would instantly destroy each other upon collision, in the same way electrons and positrons are known to do, and that even a meteor the size of a basketball would cause an explosion as great as that of the atomic bomb were such a meteor composed of contraterrene matter to strike the terrene earth.

To conclude his article, Dr. Johnson states that the idea of contra-terrene matter originated with three of the most important men in atomic physics (all three of whom are Nobel prize winners) -- R. E. Forbes, N. A. Duras, and E. F. Schroeder -- who based their conclusion on certain symmetry relations in the quantum theory of the electron.

Putting down the paper, Dick asked, "In what magazine did you find this, Al?"

"In UNKNOWN FRONTIERS."

"I thought so! One of those trashy science-fiction pulps."

"You're wrong there, Dick! UNKNOWN is the leader in the science-fiction field. It's written 'by scientists for scientists'. Besides, this was a fact-article written by one of the leading astrophysicists of the country, Dr. Rollins of Hanson University."

"Nuts!"

\* \* \* \* \*

In the semi-darkness of their underground classroom, the Martian third-level class was studying the history of their star-system. Forced by the gradual loss of their surface atmosphere to move underground, where they could seal themselves

in and maintain an artificially-created atmosphere, most Martians had long forgotten what a star looked like. Only a very few were allowed to travel to the hostile surface -- scientists on special projects sanctioned by the government, a handful of citizens with sufficient wealth and influence to get the government to issue them a "sight-seeing" permit, and, of course, the security forces who manned the one open portal and scattered observation posts around the planet.

Bored by the history of something which meant absolutely nothing to him, Zork impishly twisted the right antenna of Maa, who immediately sent a vibration of pain to Teacher Kraa.

"Zork! Rise and recite today's chapter in Mank's INTERPLANETARY CHRONICLE," sternly vibrated Kraa.

Immediately sorry for his childish prank, Zork rose up on his four hindmost limbs and began to recite:

"Planet III".

"Many eons ago, when our forefathers dwelt on the surface, we were planet III, and another planet existed between us and planet V. This other planet, which was about the size of our world, occupied the same position the planetoid stream does today. It is recorded that, one rev long ago, a huge foreign body entered our system from outer space. This body began an ever-tightening spiral revolution about our sun. Only one time did it come close to a planet -- when it passed planet IV -- but this passage was so close that the smaller planet was burst into many pieces by the gravitational attraction of the invader. Some of the larger pieces fell into our sun, but most of them remained in the same orbit the old planet had previously occupied, where they now make up the planetoid with which we are familiar.

"The encounter caused the invader to slow down a great deal and slightly changed its course, causing it to assume a more circular orbit. Gradually, under the strong influence of planet V, as opposed to the pull of our sun, it assumed the orbit which it occupies even today, between us and planet II.

"Planet III has a very dense atmosphere, composed chiefly of elements 7 and 8, and partially filled with huge masses of vaporized 1-1-8. The existence of life on this planet is improbable, because there is not enough 20-1<sup>4</sup> in the atmosphere. However, the elders do not rule out the possibility of some sort of life, however primitive, as there is an appreciable amount of 7-1<sup>3</sup> present.

"Only one satellite has been discovered -- probably one of the larger fragments from the unfortunate planet IV, which fragment was captured as it plunged towards our sun. However, the pitted surface of satellite III-1 indicates the possibility of another origin -- it may be the head of a long-dead comet, captured by planet III on its final plunge into our sun. The recent observation of just such a comet-head plunging into our sun offers further support for this hypothesis."

"Very good, Zork. You may recline."

\* \* \* \* \*

Disgusted after the Giants' tenth loss in a row -- this time 52-0 to the lowly Pittsburgh Steelers -- Dick thought it best to talk about something other than football on their trip home from the stadium. His thoughts still on the article from UNKNOWN FRONTIERS, he quickly turned the conversation back to their morning's discussion.

"You know, Al, I'd really like to be along on the first trip to another world."

"I don't know -- it would be a pretty dangerous venture."

"Not anymore. You forget, Al, scientists say they can now protect a ship from all possible dangers."

"All except one -- contra-terrene matter!"

"Are you back on that subject again?"

"Look, suppose the planet on which you were going to land were composed of contra-terrene matter? You know that a terrific explosion would result if the terrene matter of the ship came into contact with contra-terrene matter?"

"Now you're being ridiculous! In the first place, neither our moon nor any of the planets in the Solar System could possibly be composed of your blasted 'contra-terrene' matter, as they all had a common origin in the same 'terrene' dust cloud. In the second place. . ."

"Yes, but what if some of the oddly behaving moons of the other planets were captured bodies from outside our system? What about meteors? What about. . ."

"Oh, nuts!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Maa, who had been unable to repress a giggle at Zork's martyred expression when he arose to recite, was called upon by Teacher Kraa to read from the next chapter in Manik's CHRONICLE.

"In the Space Era," Maa began, several expeditions were sent to planet III. None of them ever returned, and planet III was declared forbidden territory for space voyagers. Many explanations for the disappearances were offered, but none wholly explained the mystery. Consequently, planet III was never visited again.

"The elders now have what they believe is the answer to the puzzle. Recently, a group of them working on the structure of matter reported the discovery of the method of propulsion used by our forefathers in the Space Era. This method involved 'antimatter'. Antimatter is matter in which the positrons are moving backwards in time, together with the procleons, thus becoming what we know as 'anti-positrons' (electrons) and 'anti-procleons' (neucleons). Thus the atoms are 'anti-atoms', and the molecules 'anti-molecules'. If any of this 'antimatter' is brought into direct contact with ordinary matter, a terrific explosion will result. It was by these explosions that the ships of the ancients were powered.

"In connection with planet III, the elders believe that the whole planet may be composed of antimatter, and our ships were disintegrated completely by the reaction which took place when they plunged into the 'anti-atmosphere' of the invader planet. Our forefathers failed to solve the mystery because the antimatter they used as fuel was produced artificially by cosmic ray bombardment, and was hence unstable, soon breaking down into ordinary matter. They couldn't visualize antimatter existing without soon breaking down."

"Hmmm," thought Maa as she slipped the spool back into its container, "a strange and most interesting concept. . ."

\* \* \* \* \*

Marshal Siton, of the Eurasian Combine, was furious. "You say the Western Federation has established a base on the moon?" he raged at the cowering informant. "We were ready to send a ship there ourselves within a week. Now we can't even attack the Federation. To do so would be sheer suicide, with it in control of the moon. Those accursed Yankee imperialists. . . Major, take this blundering idiot out of my sight."

After the protesting informant had been dragged away, Siton's aide, Molitski, timidly approached his commander.

"Marshal, I think I have a solution. Why not send the ship to Mars, instead? The increased expenditure of time and fuel would be negligible, and the Combine

would occupy an even more strategic position than on the moon -- controlling both the earth and the moon from Mars!"

"An excellent idea, Molitski. See to it that preparations are started at once."

\* \* \* \* \*

Four months later, the approaching ship was sighted from the space dome. An immediate planet-wide alarm was sounded. All with outside permits were sent below, and the planet Mars braced itself for the landing of the first ship to come from another world.

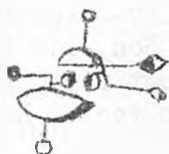
As the huge vessel entered the extremely rarified atmosphere, it began to collide with the contra-terrene molecules, and the whole outside of the ship seemed to be alive with "sparks". These "sparks" increased in number as the atmosphere became denser, and the entire ship soon appeared to be one glowing mass.

The ship settled slowly. Mars tensed. The crew of the ship let out a terrific whoop of joy as the ship touched. . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

No one paid any attention to the tiny insert which appeared a few days later at the bottom of page 62 of the NEW YORK TIMES:

Yumatsi Shuma, noted Japanese astronomer, reports observation of a tremendous explosion on Mars. No explanation of the explosion has been offered.



#### HERO VERSUS BEM

The BEM stood on the burning deck,  
Whence all but he had fled.  
"Pray, take me off, most gentle sir!"  
The fair young maiden said,  
As meteors went whizzing past  
The alien's scaly head.

"Aha! Me proudest beauty!" sneered  
The BEM as fair she scorched.  
"I mean to have you-heh-for lunch  
When you have been well-torched,  
For I will keep serenely cool,  
As you, my dear, make porridge."

And now the noble hero, true,  
Blue and gallant brave,  
In space suit and with scimitar  
The pretty lass will save!  
With cut and thrust and chop and hack,  
Hero gets girl while BEM gets grave.

-- The Mad Scanner





THE ADVENTURES OF ST. PHILIP, DARING DISCIPLE OF THE DIVINE, by T.D.C. Kuch

(Author's note: this tale is an adaptation of "The Acts of Philip", a Christian story current before the year 500.)

Prologue

When all matter was wrought and spread out through the system of heaven, the works of God entreated Him that they might see His glory: and when they saw it, their desire became gall and bitterness, and the world became a storehouse for that which went astray, and the result and the superfluity of the creation was gathered together and became like an egg; and the serpent was born.

I. Philip Converts a Savage Beast

It came to pass that, after He was raised from death, Our Lord appointed the apostles to go unto all the world. Thomas he sent to India and its anthropophagi; Matthew journeyed to the land of the savage troglodytes. The other apostles were likewise employed, and Philip, at last, was commanded to convert the Greeks, after which time he should join John and Bartholomew in the land of the serpents, and face this most difficult of all tasks, and die there.

Philip set out on his journey alone. But the Lord, mindful of Philip's rash temper and violent nature, planned for him companionship. This is how Philip acquired friends on his mission:

After calming the seas for the perennially-frightened sailors, and baptising them all in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit, Philip landed on the shores of Greece. No sooner had he set foot, when a great leopard bounded out of the wood and cast himself at Philip's feet. He spoke with difficulty, growling sounds and gesturing, but Philip understood him: "Apostle, servant of the Only Lord, I worship you. Command me to speak perfectly."

This Philip did. The leopard continued: "Last night I stalked a flock of goats, as I am accustomed to do, and captured a young kid. After carrying it into the forest, I laid it down and prepared to eat it. But before I could bite into its throat, it cried like a child and begged me, in a human voice, to put off the old Adam and repent of my ways, for the apostle to the serpents, Philip, was at hand and would pass by the next morning. I became perplexed at this creature, for surely no goat spake as she did before. Gradually, to the relief of the kid, I pondered and reflected, then vowed to eat no meat any more, and search out the apostle, that I might learn how to perfect myself in the ways of grace and holiness. So, seeing you alight from the ship, I made haste to greet you in this fashion. O Philip, apostle of wrath, have mercy on a poor leopard and show me how to reform my beast-like nature, and become meek and gentle." With this the leopard groveled farther into the dirt, and wagged its tail.

And Philip said, "Where is the kid?" The leopard led him to the spot in the forest, and they found the kid, frightened but unharmed, praising God. Then did Philip pray:

"O Lord Jesu Christ, come and grant salvation and a sure footing in faith for these creatures; prevent them, Lord, from any more eating flesh or grass; give them the gift of human speech, that they may go where I go, and eat the food I eat, and minister to Thy Kingdom come."

Philip baptised the leopard and the kid in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, and they fell down and worshipped Philip, who lifted them up and exhorted them to go with him and preach the gospel. All set out together, the leopard, the kid, and St. Philip, praising God in the highest, climbing mountains, fording rivers, and singing with joy.

## II. Philip Meets the Philosophers

The apostle and his companions entered Athens. He preached to great multitudes, cast out devils, and prophesied. He came to the attention of the Philosophers.

The Philosophers took counsel together and said, "Let us go and see this man, and ask his wisdom, for it is said that those philosophers of Asia are great in knowledge." They supposed Philip to be a philosopher because he wore only a cloak and an undergarment.

They gathered together at Philip's lodging, three hundred strong, bearing their books with them (lest he should get the better of them with sophistical arguments). They called to Philip to come out, and he came out.

The elder of the Philosophers, he who claimed descent from Plato, came forward and questioned the apostle:

"Philip, wise man of the East, tell us, if you can, some new thing: for we spend our lives in searching for new ideas."

Philip took heart at this, and said, "I am glad you asked that question; for you desire something new, and my Lord's teaching is new."

They marveled and said, "Who is your Lord?"

Philip said, "Jesus Christ".

The Philosophers murmured among themselves and said, "You bring us great delight, Philip, for indeed he is new to us, when we had thought we knew everything under the sun. Give us three days to enquire into your Lord, and we will render our decision."

They summoned the high priest of Jerusalem, Ananias, and asked him of Jesus.

"A heretic and a troublemaker", Ananias said, for a devil possessed him, "whom we killed for his impiety and brashness."

He went straightway to Athens, and asked the Philosophers to accompany him to Philip's house.

They appeared, and Ananias called out, "Thou sorcerer and wizard, you whom Jesus called Son of Thunder, are you not content to spread your poison in Judea that you must come to Athens to pollute the Philosophers with your pernicious teachings?"

Philip came out before Ananias and the three hundred. He replied, "Believe, Ananias, and see who is the sorcerer, you or I."

Ananias spoke much of theology, and how Jesus had perverted the truth, how he had died, and how his body had been stolen by the disciples and the false rumor of resurrection had spread. The Philosophers grumbled, and wished to kill Philip for his outrage, and also the leopard and the kid, for good measure.

Philip, however, called down the spirit of the Lord and blinded the three hundred. Then Ananias ran to him to smite him, but Philip withered his hand and blinded him, too, with a word, and prayed to God:

O weak nature, blind and deformed,  
That does not see Thee or feel  
Thy presence, awake to Grace.  
O bitter sea that brought me to  
Greece, bring also the wind of  
Faith that these may truly see.

Ananias said to Philip: "You can wither my hand that offered wine to God in the temple, and you can blind these eyes that have read the Law, but I will believe only the God that gave us manna in the wilderness."

"Behold, then", said Philip, "for I shall call forth a wonder." And he raised his hands, and Christ appeared in glory, His face seven times brighter than the sun, and His raiment whiter than snow. All the temples of Athens fell down, and demons ran out of the statues, crying for mercy.

"Do you now believe?" thundered Philip.

"You may break the temples and crush ten thousand monuments of the stone that embodied the toil and suffering of multitudes for beauty, but I believe only the God of Abraham and the God of Jacob. Besides: I cannot see."

"Very well", said Philip, "Lord Jesu, open the eyes of this man." And Ananias' eyes were opened, and his hand healed as well.

Ananias marveled. "Surely your magic is excellent, but it has nothing to do with God. I cannot be convinced by witchcraft, and I do not believe."

The Philosophers, having deduced that Ananias was the cause of their loss of the temples and their eyesight, prayed Philip to give them sight, that they might slay Ananias. Philip said, "Render not evil for evil", and refused.

Then to the high priest: "Surely you cannot demand another proof of Christ's power! Very well!" And he called upon Jesus again, saying, "Zabarthan, Sabathabat, Bramanouch, come quickly". And the ground opened up and swallowed Ananias to the knees.

"This is magic indeed", said Ananias, "I am up to my knees in the ground, and there are hooks pulling at my legs; but I will not believe."

Then Philip said to the earth, "Take him to the middle", and Ananias sank further and said, "One foot is frozen and the other hot. But as my people have been cast into furnaces, buried in ice, and given to the lions and have yet kept faith, I shall keep faith and will not believe you, sorcerer; your wonders are evil. We endured the lashes of the Egyptians and the magic of their priests, and still believed in God. You may kill us and sell our teeth for trinkets, but force will never convince us. I will not believe."

Philip said to the earth, "Open and swallow him to the neck". This was accomplished, but Ananias laughed at him.

Then Philip tried the last and greatest miracle of all to make the high priest believe. In a moment, a man of the city ran up to Philip, and said, "My only son has died just now, babbling of you, Philip, who has done many wonders; bring my son back."

Philip bade the boy be brought to him, then turned to Ananias: "You have the power to raise this worthy from the dead; confess Jesu Christ as Lord and Saviour, and I will restore his life to him. Refuse again, and the boy will stay dead, and you will be dragged down to hell."

The man returned with the body of his son, who was 12 years old, and whose face shone with beauty through pale cheeks.

"Speak, Ananias, save the boy."

"Philip, son of thunder, apostle of wrath, hear this:

Hear my prayer, O Lord,  
Give ear to my supplications:  
In thy faithfulness answer me,  
And in thy righteousness.  
For the enemy hath persecuted my soul;  
He hath smitten my life down to the ground;  
He hath made me to dwell in darkness,  
As those that have been long dead.  
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,  
Let my right hand forget her cunning.  
If I do not remember thee  
Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth;  
If I prefer not Jerusalem."

"I know you can raise the boy, Philip, by your magic, but I will not believe."

Philip grew angry at the priest's impudence and ordered the earth to swallow him up. It did.

The three hundred, when told of this, rejoiced; for certainly Philip had brought them a new thing, and many new ideas. All were baptised in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, and groped their way home singing.

Philip, the leopard, and the kid set off for the land of the serpents, and many were their exploits there, for the serpents refused to believe.

Epilogue

When that which went astray was found gathered together in His name, the works of God shouted one eternal Gloria, the serpent died, and the earth became one thing in His image-hewing hands.



UNBELIEVER, by Jan Michele Slavin

"Hell, I'm trapped," thought Nick despondently. He could hear the police sirens wailing outside. He knew he should have cleared out instead of collecting the loot; now he had fifty gees which would do him no good in jail. Jail! He'd get the chair for shooting the bank guard.

"You know you're surrounded," barked the police loudspeaker. "Come out with your hands up."

Nick was desperately raking his brains to find an escape. "I guess I'll have to shoot my way out," he thought.

"We'll give you five minutes, then we're coming in," the loudspeaker rasped.

Nick burst out, spraying bullets as he came. He winged two policemen before he crumpled with a lead slug in his chest.

The doctor in the ambulance told him, "You'd better ask God to forgive you for all the pain you've caused. It'll be too late pretty soon."

"Why should I? He's never done anything for me -- no one has." It was getting dark. "Anyway, God is for the dumb guys," Nick gasped, "and I'm one of the smart ones." A black curtain descended. The lights were out.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then the lights were on again. Nick found himself being congratulated for his wonderful performance. People were pumping his hand and slapping his back. A girl handed him a glass of champagne and smiled at him.

"I'm sure the critics will love it," exclaimed one man.

Another gushed, "It was the most magnificent play I have even seen."

"Such drama, such realism," oozed a nearby woman.

A dark man with regal bearing strode up and congratulated Nick: "Best one I've seen in a long time. I'll bet it runs a thousand times; maybe more!"

"Oh, no!" thought Nick. Going through that again, and again. True, he'd caused pain, but he had gotten a lot of it back. That bullet, for instance. All that, a thousand times over. He wanted to scream. It would be hell!

"Yes," chuckled the dark prince, "Exactly!"



## THE PHILADELPHIA SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY

The next meeting of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society (PSFS) will be held on Friday, May 12, at the Central Philadelphia YMCA, Broad and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, Penna., at 8 p.m. Program: "How Much is a Ticket to Mars?", by Tom Purdom.

Minutes of the PSFS Meeting, April 14, 1967 --

Acting Secretary read her report and the treasurer's report for the March meeting. Both were accepted unanimously.

Steve Ford moved to accept Magee and Dwight as members. It was seconded by Harriett Kolchak, and passed unanimously.

Two members stated they had heard the announcement of the meeting on WFIL radio at 2 a.m.

Herb Schofield moved that the club visit the main library at Logan Square. His motion was shelved until the next meeting.

Requests for membership were made by four visitors: Paul Smolen (244C Lippincot St., University of Penna.); Richard Heins. (245C Lippincot St., U. of P.); Michelle Malkin (2200 Knorr St., Phila., Pa.); Deborah Kogan (1222 Longshore Ave., Phila., Pa.). Their applications will be voted on at the next meeting.

The Program was called for at 9:15 p.m., and Ozzie Train, who had called the formal meeting to order, got his signals crossed and called on Allen Hoffman to lead it off. I conceded and gave him my notes so he could use them for reference. The first question not in the notes was, "What good would a person of that age be in the future world?" The answer was the only one they could think of: "He could be a historian in a museum, school, or other place of historical references." ((The subject of the program, by the way, was Cryonics. --ed.))

Economics took the line of comparing today's cost of living with that of, say, 50 years ago. We wondered how a person would support himself if he did come back. If he invested money in stocks or business, what was there to guarantee he would not be bankrupt by then? Even a bank account was no sure thing. A bank account would not have incurred an interest high enough for living for any length of time, anyway.

Someone brought up the Psychic angle, and it came to a place where the questions got out of hand when one asked, "What about the soul? What happens if the soul is supposed to leave the body at the time of death?" We took it for five minutes, and came up with the reply that this was a purely academic point, anyway.

The questions of the effects of heat and cold on the body, and of radioactivity, came up. Radioactivity today would give us a life span of 700 years, if continued at its present rate of consumption -- that is, if every other disease were cured. No matter how the capsule were kept, the radioactivity would continue to penetrate the body and soften the bones.

The meeting was adjourned at 10:15 p.m., and was carried on at H&H on Market St., at 16th (our regular H&H was closed for repairs). Several other aspects were discussed there, such as, "What effect would Strontium 90 have on the frozen body?", and "What reaction would there be from the Floride or Flourine intakes of today?"

Another thought which occurred to me later was that not one material known to man today is non-porous. This means that some air would reach the body in spite of all the precautions they could take. Even if the body were surrounded by a liquid, there would still be some oxygen seeping in.

Tom Purdom's talk for the May meeting will involve the economics of space travel. Also, at the next meeting, the new charter must be read and voted in.

My Cryonics talk, "Baby! It's Cold Inside." will be passed on for use in THE WSFA JOURNAL or TNFF. Jack McKnight furnished me a copy of his speech of last month, "Sailing the Star Ways", for the JOURNAL [scheduled for TWJ #43 --ed.]. Ozzie is writing up the history of the PSFS to be given as a speech at a meeting, after which he will turn it over to me for the JOURNAL.

## DOLL'S HOUSE

Let's face it. This is firming up as a fanzine commentary. (Don't know if this is quite what you had in mind, Don, but it's what you have in hand.)

STARLING #9 (Hank Luttrell, Box 625, Thomas Jefferson Residence Hall, 202 W. 18th St., Rolla, Mo., 65401. 25¢, loc's, contribs.) An editorial on censorship, good book reviews by Joe Sanders, interesting loc's -- including a fine discussion of Finlay and Stevens as illustrators by Jack Gaughan, and many people commenting on an earlier Pickering something or other; also, fiction and poetic fragments.

Here's one for those interested in SF art. PASTELL #22, the art show mag. (John & Bjo Trimble, eds. The International Science Fantasy Art Exhibition, 243 Santa Rosa Avenue, Oakland, Calif. 94610. 5/\$1; contribs.) A feature column by Jack Gaughan on the subject of illustration, wherein he will answer the questions and try to solve the problems of fan artists. In this issue Jack discusses his early days as an aspiring artist, illo terms, the kind of paint he uses, etc. Gaughan's writing is entertaining as well as informative. Also, info on coming cons and art shows, a plug for the Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund and Takumi Shibano, and a Pan Pacificon (LA and Tokyo simultaneously), and loc's, including one from Hiroshi Aramata, 6-26 Nishiki-2-chome, Nerima-Ku, Tokyo, Japan -- a 19-year-old student who is starting a club and fanzine, and would like to know the contents of the first or last issue of WEIRD TALES. He likes Lovecraft, Bradbury, and Howard's Conan stories, etc., and is looking for people of similar age and interests with whom to correspond.

TESSERACT #3 (clubzine of FMSA -- Future Mad Scientists of America -- the Walt Whitman High School SF Club, Bethesda, Md.; 5¢) Editorial report on AAAS Convention and speech by Asimov on communication within science. A surprisingly good story by Barry Rubin, a student at Wilson High, entitled "Of Bread...Of Circuses", and a lesser tale by another student. Also, a request for the rules of 3-D Chess and/or Go. Five pages -- it's little, but cute.

THE BURROUGHS BULLETIN #16 -- "the Original and Authorized Edgar Rice Burroughs Fanzine and Official Publication of the Burroughs Bibliophiles". (Vernell Coriell, 6657 Locust, Kansas City, Mo., 64131.) Hmmm, yes. Superb art work, an article on lions by ERB, poetry, an incredibly serious 6½-columned article of closely-spaced tiny type on mapping Barsoom, a really magnificent extended discourse, "Korak, Son of Tarzan", by H. W. Starr and John Harwood on the dates for the Tarzan series. (Do you realize that, should we take Burroughs literally, Korak went off to fight in World War I at the ripe old age of two? The way the authors get around this is delightfully ingenious, at least to me.) A complete cartoon strip entitled "Tarzan and the Fox", a glimpse of a prominent bibliophile, an illustrated story, loc's, etc. For the Burroughs enthusiast, this zine has a lot going for it. Its physical makeup is excellent, the contents diverse, it's entertaining in its own way. Also included a couple of pamphlets -- flyers, I guess, would be the more suitable term:

BARSOOMIAN BAZAAR (House of Greystoke, 6657 Locust, K.C., Mo. 64131.) A list of ERB books in print and available at local book stores, the publishers, or the House of Greystoke. Also, products of the House of Greystoke, including books on Tarzan films, Tarzan Sunday Page Folios, "The Martian" (a picture serial in 31 episodes adapted from A PRINCESS OF MARS), bibliophiles T-shirts and membership pins, stills (action scenes from films), etc.

THE GRIDLEY WAVE #20 (a House of Greystoke "friendzine".) News concerning the death of Frank Merrill, who played the screen's fifth Tarzan, and Jesse Marsh, who illustrated Dell's Tarzan magazine, etc., present doings of former Tarzans and Janes, book reviews, TV news, etc.

INFINITE FANAC #8 (Michael Ward, 116 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass., 02142.) Must admit the cover broke me up. I am a crossword puzzle addict (as is Harry Warner, fan extraordinaire, evidently), and Ward has a crossword puzzle on the cover. Unfortunately, the definitions are in Egyptian. Articles, poetry, Balticon report, loc's, songs, etc. Some clever material -- "What this Country Needs", a glimpse of a computer programmed as an artificial psychiatrist (aptly illustrated). Mike Ward has a breezy entertaining style, as does his fanzine.

HECKMECK #12 (Mario Kwait and Manfred Kage, Dahlweg 33, 4400 Munster, Germany.) Warmly witty editorial page; American, Spanish, Italian, French, and Norwegian fanzine reviews. (Wish the editor would list the addresses of the fanzine editors. That Norwegian zine sounds especially interesting.) A plug for Mannheim-Heidelberg as a con site in 1970, accompanied by a description of the area's attractions and a history of Mannheim (more info to come). "Splinter in Neighbour's Eye" contains editors' comments on news items; e.g., "The 80-year-old American judge Jonah J. Goldstein recently demanded in a newspaper: One who suffers from morbid appetite for narcotics shall get these free of charge in every hospital. Comment: And we still have editors who want to sell their Fanzines!" Well done, and the language well handled, all things considered.

Ah, that Jack Gaughan -- first he impresses me with the cover, then charms me with the bacover of LIGHTHOUSE #14 (Terry Carr, 35 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11201.. A FAPA publication; also available to non-FAPA'ns for 25¢, but he prefers loc's.), not to mention his illos and article within. Actually, the whole publication charms me -- 89 pages of fine writing and art work. Pat Lupoff's erudite discussion, "The Western Outlaw from Cave in the Rock to Hole in the Wall" (hey, what about Kid Sheleen and Cat Ballou?), illustrated handsomely by Steve Stiles; "Around the World with Thomas M. Disch" -- don't know which is more fascinating, the writer or his travelogue; Philip Dick's LSD ramblings; Banford's comments on humor and SF: Walt Willis's column reveals a touch of the poet. I like him, and after reading Pete Graham's description of Walter Willis's homestead, have definitely added him to my growing list of people I'd like to know.

Add a wee bit of blushy fiction by Edmundson, George Metzger's post-discharge diary and illos -- intriguing, entertaining, and enlightening; stir in Carol Carr's insightful tidbit which starts "Hugh Hefner and Helen Gurley Brown are both sexually confused"; Alexei Panshin's discussion of Zelazny's writings and writing; Gina Clarke's superb "The Cultural Deprivation of the White Anglo-Saxon Protestant", and on and on...even to the loc's, which contain a brief debate between Phil Dick and Vic Ryan on hallucinatory drugs, Jungian psychology, etc. The editor's introduction to the authors is a nice touch, most apt, especially since the quality of the writing is so laudable. This is one I strongly recommend.

BOROGOVES #1 (B. Phillip Walker, 809 Romney Lane, Virginia Beach, Va. 23455. 20¢, trades, material, loc's, reviews, etc.) For a ditto publication, the readability is good (multi-colored ditto, yet). Pretty fair fiction, poetry, and art work, a very straight article on ERBurroughs (why he, of all people, should inspire such seriousness escapes me), and, oh yes, an incredible essay on "Role/Status Theory in Science Fiction" by Stephen E. Pickering (incredible in the sense that I find his writing unbelievable, in the sense that I cannot believe what I cannot comprehend -- and altho at times I think I grasp what he is trying to say, he sure ain't saying it -- but he does it in a most grandiloquent circumlocutory manner. Ye gads, Pickering, relax!). I found the zine's plugs illuminating -- even includes a list of European fans looking for correspondents. The ed's hopes are ambitious, building on fan fiction -- but he may make it.

Whoops, almost overlooked MINAC-MANIA #1, which wouldn't be difficult, it measuring slightly over one inch. Contains an editorial and a story. Unfortunately, I was-

n't able to finish the story since this minizine is stapled inversely to BOROGOVES (and if I detached it to finish my reading, I might lose it, whereupon I undoubtedly incur the wrath of TWJ's ed, to whom said fanzine belongs).

Ah, a triple editorship for DOUBLE:BILL #16 (with their indulgence will list only one: Bill Mallardi, 369 Wildwood Ave., Akron, Ohio, 44320. 30¢; 4/\$1, printed loc's, arranged trades, art and articles, etc.) Good art work (clever cover by Dave Prosser, but I especially liked Mickey Rhodes' bacover and Alex Eisenstein's BEM). Novel approach to poetry (not good, necessarily, but novel), as is the somewhat witty Letterhack primer by Keiser and Glass. An excellent article by Harry Warner on the collapse of civilization after an atomic war. (Altho I have read countless loc's by the gentleman, this is the first extended piece I've seen by him, and altho not recently written, it is still remarkably current.) Editorials by Earl Evers on fandom, Bill Bowers on his visits with St. Louis fandom, and Bill Mallardi on the "Pong" fanzine award, among other things. (From what I've seen in innumerable editorials, articles, and loc's, I would judge the NYCON 3 committee must be aware of the strong adverse sentiment.) A very noble article on war by Derek Nelson, a well-thought-out discussion of SF by Ben Solon, fanzine reviews by Buck Coulson, and a fine loc column. (The illustrated discourse by Mae Strelkov of Ascochinga, Cordoba, Argentina, on Carro Colorado really rates being an article.) After reading Pickering's "A Reply to the Dynamic Young Fogie; Rebel from the Right", would hate to have him for a teacher. (How can one person expostulate so verbosely and say so little so confusedly? Now if he were running for office, I could understand it, but....) I commend the editor's decision to stop printing Pickering.

DYNATRON #31 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd., N.W., Albuquerque, N. Mex. 87107.) Ah, this Roy Tackett really scores. The cover for this issue was donated by the PanPacificon in return for including their plea for support in bringing Takumi Shibano, a Japanese fan, to the U.S. for the 1968 Worldcon. Not only is the editor contributing receipts of long-term subscriptions (5/\$1), but his associate editor for this issue is Takumi Shibano, and the contents include fiction by Shibano and his translation of an article on early Japanese SF by Mitsuaki Shimamoto. Also, TV reviews, mag review (would you believe WEIRD TALES, Vol. 21, No. 4, April 1933), and book reviews, followed by Buck Coulson's TRICON panel speech on SF critics and criticism. Poetry, loc's, and Roytac's entertaining "Writings in the Sand", including partial minutes of meeting wherein Ed Cox is recognized as the official ghod of the Albuquerque SF group, and boosted for TAFF.

Maneki-Neko (Pan-Pacificon Committee, P.O. Box 422, Tarzana, Calif. 91356. Free for contribs. to Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund; make checks payable to David G. Hulan.) A group of LA fans out to get the '68 Worldcon, planning a simultaneous convention (LA and Tokyo as a Pan-Pacificon), want to bring a Japanese fan to the U.S. for the '68 Worldcon. They figure the projected trip will cost a kilobuck, so they are starting fund-raising, contributing custom-designed covers to anyone who will accept them with Pan/Pacificon or Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund propaganda on the reverse side. Also contributing this fanzine in return for donations (4/\$1; lifetime of the fanzine for \$5). This issue introduces Takumi Shibano (see DYNATRON #31). "Takumi wished to establish fan-club and fan magazine for the first time in Japan, but it was impossible since fandom did not exist. Necessarily, Takumi had to have as SF field to be a fan of, so in order to establish a fandom, he first created the professional SF field in Japan." (Now, that's what I call a real fan!) Issue also contains a most informative article by Ed Cox on the distractions fans might encounter in LA and vicinity -- like book stores, the Anheuser-Busch Brewery and Busch Gardens, "topless" waitresses, etc.

Doll Gilliland

((Send fanzines for review to Doll at 2126 Penna. Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C. 20037; to Larry Smith, 216 E. Tibet Rd., Columbus, Ohio 43202; or to the TWJ editor. --ed.))



## THE NEWSZINES

There are undoubtedly lots of little newszines floating around of which we are unaware -- if anyone out there knows of any newszines not on the list below, please let us know about them. Of the ones with which we are familiar, we rate DEGLER! as tops. DEGLER! is generally one sheet (two pages) in length, with occasional flyers and the like, published weekly, by Andrew Porter, 24 East 82nd St., New York, N.Y., 10028; it is available for news, 3/25¢, or 15/\$1 in the U.S., and 10/8 shillings in the United Kingdom (from Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, England). We understand there will be a separate Australian edition, details of which are to be announced later.

DEGLER! has three advantages over the other newszines (four, if you consider its hustling editor): 1. By coming out weekly, it can keep right on top of events as they occur -- it can give you the news while it's still news, and not grown stale after one or two months lying in the editor's in-box waiting for the next scheduled issue of his "news" magazine. 2. It's small size means not only that it can be gotten out quickly -- a couple of hours, perhaps, after the editor starts working on it -- but also that it's highly flexible -- it could be expanded up to five times its normal size, at no additional cost in postage to its editor, to get out lengthy news items, or to give complete coverage to an unusual amount of news coming in at one time; it can also be used quite economically as a "vehicle" for the dissemination of flyers, questionnaires, ballots, and the like to its readers. Its small size also means it costs very little to its subscribers, who pay mostly for the postage when they subscribe -- thus increasing its attractiveness for the low-budget fan. 3. It originates in the New York area, which is where most of the major sf news in the USA is occurring; the advantages of this should be obvious, and so will not be enumerated here.

Our one gripe concerning DEGLER! is that we don't seem to be getting all the issues, even though we are subscribing to it. The latest issue we have received is #180 (#181 will probably arrive in tomorrow's mail), but we have missed, among the recent issues, #'s 178, 174, 165, 162, and 161 (which makes 5 out of the last 20 issues, or  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the last 20). This seems rather strange -- particularly when Andy has been mailing it first-class mail. What's wrong with the N.Y. mails, Andy? Gripping aside, though -- if you're any kind of a s-f fan, DEGLER! is a must for you!

Of the other newszines, SCIENCE FICTION TIMES would seem to be the best (editor: James Ashe, R.D. #1, Freeville, N.Y., 13068; publisher: Frank Prieto, Jr., P.O. Box 216, Syracuse, N.Y., 13209; subscriptions are 30¢ a copy, \$3.00 per year, from Frank, with checks to be made payable to "Science Fiction Times, Inc."). It comes out monthly, and is gradually building itself back up to the place it used to be under the editorship of James Taurasi. It has a lot more emphasis on fannish news than the old SFT, and for this we are thankful. But we are still curious about SFT's subscription policies, and wish the editor would explain them to us -- we has a 12-issue sub, starting with issue #430, under Taurasi -- which meant our sub expired with issue #441. We received issues 430-434 under Taurasi, and then, 13 months later, issues 438-441 under Ashe/Prieto. This makes 9 issues of our 12-issue sub -- so shouldn't we either get issues 435-437, or have our subscription extended to 444? And even if our sub does expire with #441, where is WSFA's copy of #442, for which we have been trading you the JOURNAL? Oh, bother -- get SFT!

• RATATOSK (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024; news or 3/25¢), when it comes out, is very, very good. It used to be the best -- and if it can get back on and stay on its biweekly schedule, it may well be the best again. It, like DEGLER!, is a one-sheet (two-page) zine, with frequent attachments -- but it carries quite a bit more news than DEGLER! (smaller type and tighter format), and has better balance and a more comprehensive coverage than D!.

(Continued on Page 38)

## REALM OF THE SPACEMEN

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, by Theodore Sturgeon, based upon the screenplay by Charles Bennett and Irwin Allen, from an original story by Irwin Allen (New York: Pyramid Books, 1961, 1963; 159 pp, paperbound; #R-1068; 50¢). (As a movie was a 20th-Century Fox Picture in Color and CinemaScope, produced and directed by Irwin Allen. Leading players: Walter Pidgeon, Joan Fontaine, Peter Lorre, Barbara Eden, Robert Sterling, Michael Ansara, and Frankie Avalon.)

CITY UNDER THE SEA, by Paul W. Fairman, an original novel based upon the characters in the 20th-Century Fox television series, "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea", produced by Irwin Allen for ABC-TV (leading players: Richard Basehart and David Hedison) (New York: Pyramid Books, 1963; 141 pp, paperbound; #R-1162; 50¢).

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, by Raymond F. Jones, an original novel based upon the characters in the television series (Saalfield, Wisconsin: Whitman Publishing Company, 1966; 212 pp, hardbound in boards, illustrated; #1517; 59¢).

Irwin Allen is a writer, producer, and director of science-fiction movies and television series, which have achieved a considerable amount of popularity and success with the general public, but are appreciated much less by the science-fiction fans who are mostly inclined to be more critical, more discriminating, and more difficult to please than the masses. Among his previous movies were such films as JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH, FIVE WEEKS IN A BALLOON, and THE LOST WORLD -- which did please the readers of novels by Jules Verne and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle -- and greatly dissatisfied the filmgoers who remembered earlier productions of THE LOST WORLD and 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA, which were done by other companies and done much better by them. But Allen's pictures generally did succeed in making money at the box-office and on TV, so he's kept on making them.

Allen's more recent efforts include a feature movie and a TV series called VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, which are being considered here in book form, and two other TV series, "The Time Tunnel", which I've discussed in another article <sup>to</sup> be published in a future issue of the JOURNAL -- ed., and "Lost in Space", about which I can say little that's good (after two years on the air, with a renewal for a third year already approved by the network). "Voyage" is usually somewhat better than most of Allen's other shows, and it does not tamper with historical facts and literary classics, as do some of his other works -- even though he obviously borrowed some ideas from Jules Verne and others as a basis for it, and then "modernized" and "updated" this material. Allen's main faults are sloppy writing, carelessness about scientific and historical accuracy, excessive reliance on obviously fake monsters and exaggeratedly melodramatic characters and situations, too much slapstick comedy and sentimental romance, and over-reliance on "popular teen-age idols" as performers on his shows -- for example, Pat Boone, Frankie Avalon, and Fabian -- even though they can't act very well. The main virtues of Allen's shows are that they are colorful, spectacular, full of action, often exciting, and the photography and special effects are usually quite above average -- except for the fake monsters just mentioned.

Theodore Sturgeon, one of the very finest of present-day science-fiction writers, and himself a U.S. Navy veteran, wrote a novel based on the script of the feature movie of "Voyage". After reading the book and seeing the picture, I can definitely state that he greatly improved the raw material from which he worked. The time is a few years from now. Joint efforts by the Nelson Foundation and the U.S. government, together with tax funds, private donations, and public subscriptions, have resulted in the establishment of the government's new agency, the Bureau of Marine Exploration, and the building of a huge nuclear submarine more powerful and ad-

vanced and futuristic than any previously conceived or constructed. It is called the U.S. Observation Submarine Seaview, and it is a powerful missile-launching warship, a weapons-testing centre, an undersea scientific laboratory, a vehicle for peaceful research and exploration -- and for naval intelligence and reconnaissance.

The officers and crewmen are all young or middle-aged veterans of previous service in peace or in war with the regular Navy submarine service, but they are now uniformed government civilian specialists operating under naval discipline, under the authority of the President of the United States and an act of Congress. In peacetime, the Bureau and its submarine and personnel are not a part of the Navy, and function independently of it; in wartime, they form a unit in the reserves. (Eventually, sister-vessels to the original supersub were built and added to the organization, but this happened much later.) The mastermind behind this project and leader of the enterprise is the Bureau's director, a superscience genius and naval hero who has inherited industrial empires and wealth from his family; his name is Admiral Harriman Nelson, and he's the head of the Nelson Foundation. Skipper of the Seaview is his protege, the brilliant and adventurous young Captain Lee Crane, who is the secondary hero and main "viewpoint" character for most of the stories about the Seaview. His executive officer is Commander "Chip" Morton, his Annapolis classmate and longtime friend and associate. Nelson and Crane have a relationship which is closer than friendship and professionalism; after years of working together in the Navy and with the Bureau, they are almost like father and son, so well do they know and understand each other, and so greatly do they respect and admire each other. Morton, in turn, is almost like a brother to Crane. The rest of the officers and crew are similarly close, functioning as they do in their own private miniature environment under the ocean -- shut off for much of the time from close contact with the world outside.

The subject of the movie and of this novel are the events of the Seaview's maiden voyage, which produced and solidified this relationship between these men under conditions of stress and crisis, with the fate of the earth and its entire population at stake. (During its third year on the air (1965-1966), the TV series included a "rehash" of this particular story as a two-part television episode, with a cast of players who were mostly different from those originally used /entitled "Sky on Fire" -- ed.7; this year the feature film itself was released to television for the first time -- having been shown in theatres in 1961 and reissued in 1963; the TV version of the series based on the movie started appearing in 1963 and is still on the air.) In this first adventure together, the officers and crew of the U.S.O.S. Seaview save the world and its people from a most dreadful calamity. In each and every succeeding episode, they perform similar feats of prodigious courage, skill, and sagacity, on a regular basis, once a week, 35 weeks per year, every year, not counting re-runs and pre-emptions -- thus saving our planet and its inhabitants over a hundred times from the most incredible dangers and menaces -- and they're still going strong, despite frequently deficient script-writing and ridiculous monsters.

Well, anyway, in this particular yarn, the inner portion of the Van Allen radiation belt at the edge of the earth's atmosphere is drenched with dust from a meteor shower; the dust contains too many positively-charged particles of electricity; this causes the Van Allen belt to act like a great lens focusing the sun's rays to an even greater intensity of heat and severely scorching our planet; the heat and radioactivity are immensely increased and get hotter and hotter, day after day; forest fires break out and cannot be stopped; the rivers run dry, the polar ice-caps begin melting away, the sea-level rises to flood the coastal areas, then the earth's waters start evaporating, the vegetation is parched, people are dying of thirst, angry crowds are rioting and looting; radio and television communications function poorly due to electrical disturbances; and the U.N. Security Council and

General Assembly are in emergency sessions, while world-wide mass-hysteria spreads among the population of the earth. What can be done about it? Noted scientists are consulted, and various contradictory theories are proposed. A European scientist named Dr. Zucco carries the day at the U.N. He insists that we should do nothing at all but wait and hope for the best; he argues eloquently and persuasively that the heat and radiation will reach maximum intensity in a few weeks, and he predicts that the emergency will then disappear and pass away, leaving the people who survive quite safe. Opposing him and most of the rest of the world's scientists are Admiral Nelson ("that mad genius of superscience!") and his handful of adherents. Nelson knows that the build-up of heat and radiation will not yield to a corresponding decrease of intensity afterwards, as Zucco wrongly predicts. Nelson therefore proposes to reverse it by taking direct action -- firing one of his guided missiles up into the Van Allen belt.

In the film, this is very badly explained; Walter Pidgeon as Admiral Nelson says that a nuclear explosion at the right height will cause the Van Allen belt to burn itself out temporarily and disperse, thus saving the earth, and his dialogue justifying this step is a lot of pseudoscience gibberish and hogwash. In the book, Sturgeon has Nelson say that his missile will carry up a payload of negatively-charged dust particles, made from common lamp-black, to reverse the polarity of the electricity in the Van Allen belt and normalize the situation, thus saving the earth; this sounds improbable, but it makes more sense than the film-script did. In both the book and the film, Nelson explains that it can only be done successfully at a particular time on a certain date at one particular spot on Earth -- which, by coincidence, happens to be the Mariannas Trench, one of the deepest parts of the Pacific Ocean, and very far from the world's population-centers. As suggested, Nelson fails to persuade the U.N. that he's right, when Zucco outargues him. So Nelson puts out to sea for the emergency trip to the Mariannas without authorization and in defiance of the U.N., and all the world's navies are seemingly chasing him and the Seaview, because Zucco claims Nelson's planned missile-launching will incinerate the Earth.

There are even more complications and improbabilities involved in the plot, and Sturgeon tries hard to make them more plausible and reasonable than they were in the original screenplay. For example, at the beginning of the book and the film, Nelson and the Seaview are sailing peacefully from California underwater to the Arctic Ocean for scientific research under the ice-cap. Arriving at their destination, they find the ice is mostly gone, melted away in the unexpected disaster. But submerged ice-bergs are rising up from the ocean-bottom and crashing into the submarine! In the picture it isn't explained, and it seems very unlikely and scientifically impossible. But Sturgeon does give us a reasonable and convincing scientific explanation for the phenomenon in the book.

Passengers on board the ship at the start of the tale include a skeptical, penny-pinching U.S. Congressman (whom Nelson must convince and convert from an opponent into a supporter, so that he won't hinder the financing of the Bureau and its submarine), a vice-admiral who is in charge of the Bureau ashore when Nelson is at sea on other trips, a beautiful blonde lady psychiatrist, who is there to observe the reactions of men in perilous situations and conditions of stress, and another beautiful blonde, named Cathy Connors, who is Nelson's secretary and Crane's fiancee. In the Arctic Ocean, they rescue from an ice-floe a scientist named Alvarez (who is a religious zealot). Then they go to New York at full speed to argue for Nelson's theory and plans at the U.N. Building, as explained above. They depart in haste, leaving the Congressman and the vice-admiral ashore, and taking the two women and Alvarez along for the second portion of their trip -- to the Mariannas Trench. They don't have an opportunity to set these three ashore, because their sub is being pursued by opposition forces. So it turns into a race against time,

with Seaview trying to reach its destination despite tremendous obstacles, and the opposition trying to stop them. There are fights with other subs and destroyers, and with sharks, swordfish, giant squid, and a giant octopus. They must go through the Straits of Magellan, even though a minefield has been placed there to stop them. The lady psychiatrist turns out to be an admirer of Zucco; she tries to sabotage the expedition with damage to the ship and with hypnotism and oratory to the officers and crew; later she attempts to persuade Crane to arrest Nelson, turn back, and give up, and she nearly succeeds. There are numerous other odd characters, complications, and perils, before it's all straightened out -- including dissension, insubordination, mutinous behavior, and desertions among the crew.

In the film, Alvarez turns out to be a dangerous, crazy fanatic, but in the book he turns out to be an invaluable helper to the men of the Seaview -- again Sturgeon made an obvious improvement here. In the picture, there is a lot of material about a green-as-grass lieutenant, played by Frankie Avalon, but Sturgeon wisely eliminated this character from his book. Sturgeon devotes a large portion of his novel to probing, analyzing, and dissecting the characters and personalities of Nelson, Crane, and Morton, and (to a lesser extent) their shipmates, and he succeeds to a remarkable extent in making them come to life on the printed page, as he takes us inside their heads and shows us their mental processes, telling us even more than we really want to know about "what makes them tick".

CITY UNDER THE SEA by Paul W. Fairman is a much simpler and faster-moving story, with much less character-analysis and very little scientific explanation, but with similar hair-raising situations involving some of the same characters. Off the Atlantic coast of the United States, the Seaview arrives at the undersea ruins of a city built ages ago by the people of Atlantis; before the submariners can explore it, they are recalled to the mainland by an emergency signal from the U.S. President. Nelson and Crane must save the earth again! We were invaded and infiltrated by alien spacemen from another star system two centuries ago, and the invaders (with the help of a "collaborationist" family of U.S. big-business tycoons named Camberwell) are nearly ready to strike against us and our world. Their plan is to remove all the water-vapor and liquid water from the earth by changing it all to gas and siphoning it across the void of space from our planet to theirs through the action of a mysterious ray-projector. It further develops that the invaders and the Camberwells are using the Atlantean city as their main base for operations on Earth. They try to protect themselves by kidnapping the U.S. President and holding him prisoner there with them. To make matters worse, a young lieutenant from the Seaview is beguiled by one of the Camberwell women and persuaded to join the conspirators. There is a great deal of action and excitement; the writing is about average in quality for pulp-magazine SF -- adequate but undistinguished. I would say that Sturgeon's book is definitely much better than I could reasonably expect, and Fairman's is merely fair-to-middling-good. Sturgeon's book was originally published as a "tie-in" with the movie and later reprinted as a "tie-in" with the television series. Fairman's book is a "tie-in" with the TV show.

Also using some of the characters from the TV show and feature-film is a juvenile hardback novel called VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, an entirely new and different story by Raymond F. Jones, author of the famous and excellent science-fiction novel (for adults) titled THIS ISLAND EARTH, which formed the basis for a good and profitable movie some years ago before Irwin Allen! This new story starts a few years later than the events of the first two books. The modern nations of Earth have established undersea cities of their own to obtain minerals, petroleum, and food supplies from the resources of the ocean bottom. Unfortunately, they meet unexpected hostility from a nation out of ancient history -- a "lost race" of undersea cavern-dwellers descended from the Sea-Kings of the bygone era of Minoan Crete, whose reign on dry land above ground ended in the 14th Century B.C.! These people

have a super submarine of their own called the Theseus, and it's even bigger and stranger than Seaview. Their technology includes anti-matter, anti-gravity, force-fields, magnetic energy, and supersonic propulsion systems, but they do not have nuclear fission. Led by a dangerous military dictator, they are using their sub to raid the undersea cities mentioned above. When Nelson, Crane, and the men of the Seaview, accompanied again by the girl Cathy, chase the Theseus, the American submariners are taken prisoner by the Minoans and have to fight their way out of a Labyrinth. Fortunately, the rightful king of the Minoans (deposed by the power-mad dictator) is on hand to take the side of the Yanks, rally a counter-revolutionary loyalist group to support them, and take action against the regime in power to make peace with the outside world. However, the dictator has already left in his own sub to raid Miami with his futuristic superweapons, and the Seaview must chase and fight the Theseus, which is vastly superior in most respects to the U.S. sub. It turns out to be a dandy yarn for young people.

In the movie and the TV series of "Voyage", there are many scenes which are beautifully filmed in color, with special effects and scale-model work of excellent quality. I think the excellent acting of the players who have portrayed the roles of Admiral Nelson (Walter Pidgeon in the movie, Richard Basehart on TV) and Captain Crane (Robert Sterling in the movie, David Hedison on TV), plus good supporting players, together with the submarine itself (which is the real star of the show), and the good production values, are the main reasons why the shows succeed despite wildly unlikely and improbable stories, characters, and situations, and scripts which are often badly or indifferently written. Somehow, the cast and technicians who make these shows manage to rise above the level of the material given them by the producer and the writers. As regards these books, Sturgeon's is best, Jones's is very good on its own level, and Fairman's is passable and will get by; if one doesn't expect too much from them, one is likely to enjoy this entire series rather well.

Albert E. Gechter

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Science-Fantasy Paperback Releases -- May, 1967 (Source: PAPERBOUND BOOKS IN PRINT, May, 1967).

ACE -- Neil R. Jones: SUNLESS WORLD (50¢); Poul Anderson: WAR OF THE WING MEN (50¢); Mack Reynolds: RIVAL RIGELIANS and A. Bertram Chandler: NEBULA ALERT (50¢); Andre Norton: WARLOCK OF THE WITCH WORLD (50¢); Jeff Sutton: H-BOMB OVER AMERICA (60¢); Bernhardt Hurwood: STRANGE TALENTS (50¢); AVON -- Irwin Lewis: DAY NEW YORK TREMBLED (50¢); BALLANTINE -- Robert Silverberg: TO OPEN THE SKY (75¢); BANTAM -- Kenneth Robeson: REDSKULL (50¢); Roger Goodman (ed.): THE WORLD'S BEST SHORT SHORT STORIES (50¢); Richard Matheson: THE BEARDLESS WARRIORS (60¢); John Pearson: ALIAS JAMES BOND -- THE LIFE OF IAN FLEMING (95¢); BELMONT -- Lin Carter: FLAME OF IRIDAR and Krl's Neville: PERIL OF THE STARMEN (50¢); BERKLEY -- A.E. Van Vogt and E. Mayne Hull: THE WINGED MAN (60¢); John Garforth: THE AVENGERS #1: THE FLOATING GAME (50¢); John Garforth: THE AVENGERS #2: THE LAUGH WAS ON LAZARUS (50¢); Karel Kapek: WAR WITH THE NEWTS (75¢); H.G. Wells: THE FOOD OF THE GODS (60¢); DELL -- Margaret St. Clair: THE DOLPHINS OF ALTAIR (50¢); Immanuel Velikovsky: WORLDS IN COLLISION (95¢); Don Ward (ed.): BLACK MAGIC: 13 CHILLING TALES (60¢); DOVER -- E.T.A. Hoffman: BEST TALES OF HOFFMAN (\$2.00); M. Frere: HINDOO FAIRY LEGENDS: OLD DECCAN DAYS (\$1.50); Joseph Jacobs (ed.): ENGLISH FAIRY TALES (\$1.50); GOLD MEDAL -- John D. MacDonald: THE GIRL, THE GOLD WATCH, AND EVERYTHING (50¢); GROVE PRESS -- Eugene Ionesco: COLONEL'S PHOTO, AND OTHER STORIES; NORTON -- Nathaniel Hawthorne: THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES (\$1.95); PAPERBACK LIBRARY -- Charles Birkin (ed.): THE WITCH-BAITER (50¢); Alan E. Nourse: UNIVERSE BETWEEN (50¢); PENGUIN -- Jonathan Swift: GULLIVER'S TRAVELS (95¢); POCKET BOOKS -- Harry Gregory: THE MAN FROM M.O.T.H.E.R. (75¢).

Albert E. Gechter

THE NEWSZINES (Cont. from page 32)

Being published on the West Coast, it, of course, gives much more coverage to West Coast doings than any of the other eastern-oriented newszines, and, because of this, is a "must" for the West Coast s-f fan -- and is recommended to the East Coast fan whose interests extend beyond his own immediate surroundings.

RALLY! (Al Andrews, 1659 Lakewood Drive, Birmingham, Alabama, 35804, and Lon Atkins, Box 1131, Canoga Park, Calif., 91304; news to Al, subs, at 3/25¢, to Lon). Once a bi-weekly zine, and now (since Lon has moved to the West Coast), monthly. This one has been predominately news of southern fandom, with occasional coverage of fannish activities in the rest of the country. It has just started, with issue #19, prozine reviews (Banks, you started something!). Before issue #19, it was usually a two-pager, with occasional extra pages (issue #19 was five pages). This one is also recommended to persons with a yen for news of fannish happenings.

THE WSFA JOURNAL started to become a newszine, but the focus seems to be shifting towards that of a genzine -- when it was a 10-page, bi-weekly, 1st-class magazine, it was much more efficient at timely dissemination of news than it now is in its current bloated, occasionally-bi-weekly-but-more-often-monthly, 3rd-class format. Would the readers like it to revert back to more of a newszine format, or to become fixed as a genzine?

We hear an occasional rumor that the Mike McInerney-Rich Brown FOCAL POINT may re-appear, but we have been hearing these ever since it disappeared from the scene a long time ago (over a year ago, or at least it seems...). Also, it would appear that Ron Bennett's British newszine, SKYRACK, is gone (or at least our sub money is); we sent Buck Coulson (the American agent) money for an air-mail sub last October (which was cashed shortly afterwards), but have yet to see an issue of SKYRACK. Does anyone out there (Buck?) know whether or not SKYRACK has, in fact, folded?

One more note before closing this brief survey of the shrinking newszine field -- on rereading what we wrote on page 32 about SCIENCE FICTION TIMES, we see we came on a bit stronger than intended. Actually, we are not blaming the current editor for our not receiving the three missing issues -- what we are curious about is why our sub is ending with the same number it would have ended with under Taurasi -- is this because Taurasi gave the new editor the old subscription list, plus an amount of funds equivalent to the remaining number of issues on our sub (minus the three issues), or because Taurasi gave the new editor a sub list which showed our sub ended at #441 (but no funds), and the new editor decided to honor the sub through the issue shown on the list, paying for these issues out of his own pocket, in the expectation we would renew after that? We would like to know this so we will know the whole story when we write to Taurasi to complain about the missing issues -- and we imagine a lot of other former SFT subbers would, too.

Don Miller

A Matter of Definition --

Terra -- This is the Latin word for earth, dirt, soil, from which comes a term used in science fiction as a name for the earth. This is unsuitable for a name, as it is not the name of a Roman god or goddess, paralleling the names of all the other planets. A suitable name is Tellus, after the Roman goddess of the earth. Tellus and Tellurian should be used instead of Terra and Terran.

Comprise -- This is often misused in the opposite sense to what is intended, as in "a state is comprised of several counties." Actually, a whole comprises its parts, so the sentence should be, "the state comprises (is composed of) several counties."

Philip N. Bridges

ESFA OPEN MEETING, 1967  
by Jay Kay Klein

The flight from Syracuse to New York City took little more than a half-hour on Saturday. The trip Sunday, March 5th from Brooklyn to Newark took over an hour-and-a-half. It was raining, and I was hungry, so I ducked into the only available restaurant. This was Child's, near the ESFA meeting hall in the YMCA. A waitress grandly informed me that orders for lunch weren't taken until 12 noon. "Good," I said, "that's just ten minutes away." My cheerfulness didn't upset her, since she was able to inform me triumphantly, "Fifteen!" as she pointed to the wall clock, which was five minutes slow.

The lunch I eventually received really wasn't worth waiting for. I only mention the incident to point out that ESFA needs a better restaurant for its after-meeting dinners.

I'd been at many of the annual ESFA "one-day cons", beginning with the first one in 1946. This was the first one at which I was to speak, though. Chris Moskowitz had kindly brought her slide projector and screen. We rustled up some stacked chairs and arranged them to hold the projector, which Chris operated.

Chairman Mike Deckinger started the program quite late, a little after 2:00 p.m. And there I was, with nothing between me and outraged fandom except 38 black-and-white slides. I informed the audience I had attended the first such meeting as a small boy in the arms of Bob Madle. Also, I said I realized everyone was wondering what I was doing here. After all, even Ann Ashe had called me and asked, "What are you doing on the program?"

I requested a darkened auditorium, explaining this wasn't so much for the slides but as a means of making my escape if necessary. Knowing that Isaac Asimov not only was guest of honor, but also would receive the first "Isaac" award for science writing, I built my presentation largely around Isaac. "Besides," as I explained to the audience, "the constant mention of his name and presentation of his picture will keep his eyes from glazing over."

The first picture showed Isaac in 1950, at the Hydracon on July 4th weekend in New York. He was with Lester del Rey, Evelyn del Rey, Harry Harrison, Judy Merrill, Fred Pohl, Poul Anderson, Sprague de Camp, and P. Schuyler Miller. I pointed out that 17 years later, Isaac still looked the same. "I guess he can't help it," I said.

A second picture showed Isaac at the Tricon, talking to Betty Ballantine, with Lester del Rey seated alongside and reaching into his jacket pocket. I alleged that Isaac was telling Betty about his many books, numerous awards, motion pictures, etc. ad nauseum. "What Les is reaching for is open to a number of interpretations. Isaac is undoubtedly thinking, 'Good Old Les --he's reaching for a pen to ask me for my autograph.' Others in the audience are sure he's reaching for the means to implement the final solution to the Isaac Asimov problem. Actually, he's just simply reaching for a lighter to light a cigarette -- to while away the boredom."

I pointed out that this gesture was very common with Les, but Isaac had a whole series of unique gestures. The next slide showed Isaac in a reaching gesture that can only be explained politely in print as groping for melons on an unusual vine. The audience choked and chortled at this slide. "A reflex action," I explained, "occurring in the vicinity of girl fans of the opposite sex." Hal Clement was in the picture, with his hands firmly in his pockets.



And so it went -- many pictures of Isaac in unique and revealing poses, completely unretouched. From time to time Isaac made some devastating comments from the audience. Isaac was obviously enjoying the presentation. I was relieved at this, even though earlier I had said I was sure Isaac wouldn't mind and "besides, Isaac hates physical violence."

One picture showed Isaac giving Harlan Ellison a special award at the Tricon -- a bag of jelly beans. Other photos showed Isaac giving Hugos to such personalities as Fred Pohl. Each time he was caught by the camera lens apparently snarling at the recipient and wrestling with him for the trophy. "Isaac always looks as if he feels the award was rightfully his and the recipient should be ashamed of himself."

In one slide, Isaac had his back to the camera and was clasping P. Schuyler Miller on the back while presenting him with a Hugo at the Chicon III. I commented that this view of Isaac was from his most photogenic angle. Isaac added, "And Schuyler Miller never knew where the knife wound came from."

Not all the slides were of Isaac. After all, I had to break the comic relief. Some showed recent shots of persons in the first slide. I alleged that these persons had at last become famous. One young fan later asked me how I knew all these (such as Sprague de Camp) would become famous and how I had the foresight to photograph them back in 1950!

I showed some slides of girl fans at the Masquerade Balls and told how, at later meetings, I had failed to recognize them with their clothes on. And I presented a particular favorite of mine: Jim Blish on hands and knees butting heads with Randy Garrett. Jim is shown entirely from the rear; as I delicately put it, "Here we come face to face with Jim Blish."

Another picture showed Barbara Silverberg in a very scanty costume at the Tricon Fashion Show. "The reason I'm showing this slide is -- does there have to be a reason?" Barbara, now wildly pregnant, called from the back of the auditorium, "Because you're a rat!" Not wishing to argue with motherhood-to-be, I countered with, "Actually, I did it to cheer up Bob Silverberg."

The presentation took about 40 minutes, and seemed quite successful. Mike Deckinger came over and said, "It was great -- nobody thought you were going to be any good!" I'm glad he didn't try to cheer me up before the show. Karina Boardman looked at me in the light and asked, "Are you the man who was making all those jokes?" Isaac said he enjoyed the show, but lamented that my style of humor was so much like his, because he had to follow me. He needn't have worried.

A panel on Cryonics followed. No program had been printed up, so it lacked a "formal" name. On the panel: Kurt Henderson and Sol Kent (officials of the Cryonics Society of New York), Lester del Rey, Fred Pohl, and Mike Deckinger (moderator). Les said he saw nothing wrong with the death of the individual, and insisted this was necessary for the race. Sol said that the future always pays for the past, and that a freezing project for everyone would cost less than the space project.

Fred said, "You're all wrong!" He pointed out that freezing would require 30 trillion dollars per generation and would worsen the present overpopulation problem.

Kurt said, "Freezing is the second worse thing that can happen to a person." Sol added, "If you're the one dying, you don't make intellectual discussions."

Les continued with his argument, that the race is more important than the individual, and you can't clutter up the world with frozen corpses or thawed-out, out-of-date persons.

The argument between Les and the Cryonics team raged on, while Fred kept out of it. His restraint and moderation was unexpected, since he had been championing Cryonics in his magazines. The thought humerously occurred to me that Cryonics is Fred's editorial response in competition with John Campbell's Psionics.

Chris Moskowitz was called on for her medical opinion of Cryonics. "Unnecessary diversion of funds", she said. She explained that it would be better to start at the cellular level and work upward, doing fundamental biological research on freezing. Also, it would be very difficult to cure a revived person suffering from the last stages of a fatal illness. Medicine of the future will be more concerned with preventing sickness than in curing it after it had a headstart.

From the audience, Harold Pallatz asked, "What if they brought back Jesus Christ..." He was interrupted by Les, who said, "There's no corpse of Jesus Christ!" Amid laughter, Harold sat down, his point hopelessly lost.

Another question: "What would the Cryonics Society do in case of imperfect restoration? Fred Pohl answered that one: "You get your money back!"

In response to another question, Kurt said there were seven Cryonics groups. Cryonics of New York has 60 members, and both Kurt and Sol have signed up for freezing. Les said, "I've booked cremation -- I want to go out in a blaze." The Cryonics team looked as if they were sure that no matter what the manner of Les's death, he was sure to wind up amid flames.

An intermission followed. Just before the continuation of the program, Dave Van Arnam announced the worldcon second Progress Report would be out soon. I announced a dinner for s-f fans attending the IEEE Convention in New York City on March 21.

Terry Carr was next on the program. "I'm filling in for Bob Lowndes -- an impossibility." Terry said that he spoke at ESFA two years ago, shortly after starting at ACE Books. He learned a lot in the meantime, such as the necessity for considering the color of book covers. For instance, you can't use black because people know it comes off on the hands, and so won't buy a black-covered book.

Terry announced the start of the ACE Science-Fiction Specials -- a new adult science-fiction novel every month. With a smile, he said that "adult" science fiction is what he, Don Wollheim, and A.A. Wyn consider it to be. However, he pointed out that there is a new generation of readers now, more sophisticated than previous groups. For instance, they dote on STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND. Literary values are coming to the fore, and the average age of readers is going up. (Terry pretty obviously meant that the old "Captain Future teenagers" are disappearing.)

In fact, Terry even said that the "old" writing was generally pretty bad. Unfortunately, when fans try to write, they write like their favorite "old" authors, and turn out inferior material. The best new science-fiction writers come into the field from outside (like Alfred Bestor), without preconceived, dated ideas.

A question from the floor: "Will the new ACE series fall apart as quickly as the other novels?" Terry laughed and admitted this was a sore point with ACE.

Mike Deckinger followed with an announcement of a new award -- the "Isaac", a plaque for excellence in science writing. Called on to present the honor, Isaac said, "At last I'm going to give an award I feel is justified!" Learning that he himself was the winner, he said, "I accept this justified tribute!"

Actually, after his address, he said to Mike Deckinger that he thinks the name of the award ought to be changed. He said he didn't think he was so great that other

writers in succeeding years should be stuck with an "Isaac". He suggested that each award be named after the recipient. Thus, Arthur C. Clarke would receive an "Arthur", and Willy Ley a "Willy". (I suggest the name be retained, and everyone be informed it's coined from Isaac Newton.)

Isaac's address startled me. I had opened my slide presentation with a photo taken at the 1950 Hydracon. Isaac began, "I got drunk at the 1950 convention. When my wife is with me (our 25th anniversary is coming up), she takes drinks from me. My wife, though, had taken to a handsome MIT student named Rudolph Preisendorfer and wasn't at hand."

Isaac's mention of Rudy Preisendorfer really startled me, since I had introduced him to fandom, and was responsible for his being at the Hydracon. Rudy lived just around the corner from me in New York City. I haven't seen him in years -- anybody knowing his whereabouts, please let me know. You'll recognize him because he's six-foot-six and built like an Olympic athlete. (He does not look like Isaac Asimov.)

Isaac continued, "I had just published my first book. The publishers offered me two drinks and I hesitated to offend them by declining. By the time the banquet came up, I was dead drunk. I saw Sprague de Camp and went to give him a big kiss. I went staggering to him, but he disappeared. When the banquet picture was taken I was visably drunk. Gittel (Isaac's wife) was half-hidden behind Rudy Preisendorfer."

This picture was published as a double-page spread by LIFE in 1951 (July 20?). Isaac lamented that the only time he ever appeared in LIFE, he looked drunk. As he was staggering after Sprague, someone told him the picture was about to be taken. He said, "Where?", and turned around with his mouth open, tie askew, and was caught for posterity in that pose.

I remember that banquet very well. Drunk or not, Isaac was a tremendous toastmaster -- his first assignment in that role. I'm sure Isaac had just told an unprepared story, brought out by the photo I showed, because he then proceeded to tell how he first got started in science writing, a topic more to be expected on this occasion.

Isaac was starting his Ph.D. thesis. His professor had urged him to write on an interesting substance that dissolved instantly. Knowing Isaac was clumsy in a laboratory, the professor said he would have someone else do the lab work, with Isaac taking care of recording the results. While working with this chemical, Isaac's sense of humor got the better of him, and he wrote a spoof on the thesis, called "The Endochronic Properties of Resublimated Thiotimoline" (ASTOUNDING; March, 1948).

He took it to John Campbell, who liked it. Isaac requested it be put under a pseudonym because the examining professors may lack a sense of humor. "You know me!" said Campbell. "Six months later, I was going to my Orals. Right behind another candidate who had just failed. Someone greeted me, 'That was a very funny article you wrote.' I immediately called Campbell and asked him why didn't he use a pseudonym like I requested. Campbell said, 'I forgot!'"

Isaac explained to the ESFA audience that at an Orals Examination there are two types; those who go dumb and can't say a word, and those who grow hysterical and laugh at everything. "I answered as best I could. I was hysterical. No matter what they asked me, I laughed." Isaac said that later on he found that the examiners had already made up their minds about the worth of a paper, and the Orals were more a formality than anything else. At the time, though, he felt his entire existence was at stake.

"One of the professors said, 'As our last question, please tell us, Mr. Asimov, some of the physical properties of Thiotimeline.' I laughed and laughed...."

Isaac concluded his talk: "Everything I own, I owe to science fiction." And he meant it, too. At dinner he pointed out that he asks \$1500 to speak at an out-of-town affair, but he appears at science-fiction conventions simply for the asking.

The meeting broke up about 5:30 p.m. I'm not sure of the exact time because my debut as a public speaker had unset me. I even forgot to make a headcount, as I usually do for these reports. Sam Moskowitz informs me that about 140 fans were present. I noticed that a tape recorder was operating, though I don't know whose it was. I'd like to hear the tape some time, and find out what I said. I was too nervous during my presentation to listen.

The fans left for the usual dinner at the usual Child's. There just has to be a better place! As a matter of fact, someone recalled that the Robert Treat Hotel had a good restaurant, and most of the speakers wound up there, along with a few others. We were at one table: Lester del Rey, Evelyn del Rey, Isaac Asimov, Bob Silverberg, Barbara Silverberg, Alexei Panshin, Fred Pohl, Carol Pohl, Terry Carr, Carol Carr, and Jock Root.

As customary, the waitress asked each person for his drink order. When she came to Isaac, all conversation ceased and everyone stared to find out what he would do. After some hesitation, with a devil-take-the-hindmost shrug, he ordered a vodka sour. Later, in the midst of some hilarious conversation, Bob Silverberg's retort to a sally by Isaac: "See, he's drunk already!"

Bob had received a Hugo in 1956 as the most promising new author. Commenting on this, Isaac asked, "When are you going to deliver on your promises!" With the strange appetite of advanced pregnancy, Barbara Silverberg ate a half-dozen oysters on the half-shell, smothered by horseradish. Suffering sympathetic pains, Bob did likewise. Besides Barbara, Bob has three pregnant cats at home: I rather imagine he must become hysterical when meeting a "no littering" sign.

The food was excellent, though twice as expensive as Child's. We finished in time for me to catch a 9:00 p.m. plane from Newark airport. The ESFA affair had been a lot of fun for me, and I was particularly relieved to have escaped without any permanent scars. You generally meet old friends and celebrities you haven't seen in years. In affairs of the recent past I think of Harry Harrison and Virgil Finlay. At the first one, I particularly remember F. Orlin Tremaine and Manly Wade Wellman. This year, Walter Kubielius made an appearance. All-in-all, a fine get-together.

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A Few More Science-Fantasy Paperbacks for May, 1967 Release (Source: PAPERBOUND BOOKS IN PRINT, May, 1967).

POPULAR LIBRARY -- John Tiger: MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE (60¢); PYRAMID -- Howard Menger: FROM OUTER SPACE (75¢); L. Sprague de Camp (ed.): THE FANTASTIC SWORDSMAN (50¢); SCHOCKEN -- Joseph Jacobs (ed.): ENGLISH FAIRY TALES (\$1.95); Joseph Jacobs (ed.): REYNARD THE FOX (\$1.95); SCHOLASTIC -- Andrew Lang: TALES FROM THE RED FAIRY BOOK (35¢); SHERBOURNE -- Susy Smith: HAUNTED HOUSES FOR THE MILLIONS (\$1.75); Howard V. Chambers: UFO'S FOR THE MILLIONS (\$1.75); SIGNET -- James Dark: THRONE OF SATAN (60¢); TEMPO -- Carol Rylie Brink: ANDY BUCKRAM'S TIN MEN (50¢).

Albert E. Gechter

## THE BRITISH SCENE

The following information is extracted from the excellent monthly catalogues published by Ken Slater (Fantast (Medway) Ltd., 75 Norfolk St., Wisbech, Cambs., England). Reviews are by Ken, and are reprinted with his permission:

New Hard-Bound Books --

THE REVOLVING BOY, by Gertrude Friedberg (Gollancz, 1967, 191pp, 18/-); Derv is a most unusual child -- he was born in orbit! Subsequently interest in space exploration has declined, and Derv's mother and father have done their best to keep Derv's singularity a secret. But Derv developing as he grows has some unusual characteristics -- he tries to keep himself settled on a certain spatial line...which leads him into "unwinding" when he reaches the top of a spiral staircase, and even more unlikely gymnastics as his need grows. The reason behind this becomes obvious to the s-f enthusiasts fairly early in the book; although the logic of the process has some pretty wide gaps and doesn't really bear too close an examination the story is well told and carries you over the gaps.

TIME PROBE, edited by Arthur C. Clarke (Gollancz, 1967, 242pp, 21/-); A very short introduction by Mr. Clarke precedes the following selections: "...And He Built a Crooked House" (Robert A. Heinlein); "The Wabblers" (Murray Leinster); "The Weather Man" (Theodore L. Thomas); "The Artifact Business" (Robert Silverberg); "Grandpa" (James H. Schmitz); "The Little Black Bag" (C. M. Kornbluth); "The Blindness" (Philip Latham); "Take a Deep Breath" (Arthur C. Clarke); "The Potters of Firsk" (Jack Vance); "The Tissue-Culture King" (Julian Huxley).

THE X FACTOR, by Andre Norton (Gollancz, 1967, 191pp, 15/-); Diskan Fentress is out of place and clumsy compared to the majority of people he has to live among, and finally he gets fed up and steals a spaceship; he crashes on a world and loses everything -- including the spaceship -- in a swamp but after that things start to improve for him. Well, they couldn't get much worse. There are some overtones of magic or time-travel (I'm not sure which, and I don't think Miss Norton is either) in certain of the scenes when Diskan is helping the canine-type inhabitants of the world recapture some of their lost glory (a sort of Mowgli to them, that is what Diskan becomes), and finally he leaves the girl to go to the dogs. Sorry, I've not mentioned the girl -- she is part of an exploration party which is on the world and being done down by pirates, who are all seeking the treasure. And the treasure is all in the mind, you know... I usually like Miss Norton's output (okay, so my standard is low) but this one has a sort of shaggy, unfinished, and patchy feel to it.

THE WORM RETURNS, by James V. McConnell (Allen & Unwin, 1967, 182pp, 21/-); This is the collection of humorous articles from THE WORM RUNNER'S DIGEST (of which you may have heard). Subjects discussed include how the marital status of a secretary can affect the productivity of a research lab...the possible growth of hydroanalysis amongst egg-heads... .

WHY CALL THEM BACK FROM HEAVEN?, by Clifford Simak (Gollancz, 1967, 160pp, 18/-); . . . a novel of the "Forever Centre", when freezing for future revival has gone past the point where the sleeper is waiting for medical science to reach the solution to his ailment -- the sleepers are waiting for immortality! Civilization is geared to freezing, and investment of funds for revival day when immortality is available to all.... or so it would seem on the surface...

DAVY, by Edgar Pangborn (Dobson, 1967, 267pp, 25/-); you should all know this one!

THE OTHER FOOT, by Damon Knight (Ronald Whiting & Wheaton, 1966, 159pp, 18/-); a shorter version of this novel appeared in GALAXY, 1963 April, under the title "Mind Switch". The story of the biped Fritz, from Brecht's Planet, at the Hamburg Zoo -- who is transferred to the Berlin Zoo.....

((All of the above are available from Ken; prices stated are for new copies, in dust-wrappers, but excluding postage. Ken will accept dollar-checks, but inquire first if you want any of these books. Conversion rates are 14¢ = 1/-; \$2.80 = 20/-. Postage would probably be about 25¢ extra per book, at a guess. --ed.))

FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK

Bill Donaho, P.O. Box 1284, Berkeley, Calif., 94701 (April 18, 1967)

Got THE WSFA JOURNAL #40 today. I enjoyed it very much. I assume I got this one because HABAKKUK was reviewed therein. But how do I go about getting it regularly? By becoming a Corresponding Member? But how do I go about that?

Fritz

Muhlhauser is really quite amusing. He comes through as bright and sharp and fast on his feet. Of course such statements as "My premise is that a man has the obligation to himself to seek the highest form of entertainment possible; otherwise, in both absolute and relative terms, he is not being entertained," are of course the essence of an intellectual Puritanism. And I note that Muhlhauser doesn't repudiate this; he just says it's irrelevant.

I assume he's serious in making this statement -- and in any case people with such attitudes do exist. But I do wonder whether he's consistently carrying through a policy or rationalizing a non-liking for the genre science fiction. It doesn't matter of course, except in the latter case he's likely to prove more interesting in the long run. The first alternative doesn't really offer much scope.

And really, even leaving aside the possible hours of discussion on just what is "the highest form of entertainment possible," a man who sought only this might well be compared to a man who ate only those foods which had the highest form of nutrition possible, disregarding the taste. This is not an exact analogy of course, but it is not inappropriate either.

For that matter, while it can also be said that while a man who has no appreciation, or even little appreciation, of the highest form of entertainment possible is a clod, it can also be said that the man who appreciates only that is one-sided and unbalanced. And a bit of a snob.

To use Muhlhauser's own analogy, a voyage on an Indiaman is a fine and splendid thing. But the coastal waters can be soothing and relaxing occasionally. And actually Muhlhauser shouldn't have used that analogy: as portrayed by Holbrook, and in the text too, by gum, Mark Twain's sympathies were with the schooner captain.

((You can get the JOURNAL by subscribing, Bill -- 5 issues for \$1, 12 issues for \$2, and 20 issues for \$3.25. If you also desire WSFA Corresponding membership, it is free if you subscribe at the \$2 or \$3.25 rates, 50¢ otherwise; if you want it, please say so if and when you subscribe. As for Fritz -- well, for the time being we'll leave the questions you raise for him to answer. Suffice it to say here that we believe he is sincere when he says he doesn't like science fiction (although he has sampled so little of the field -- and what he has sampled he has read with a prejudiced eye -- that for him to condemn the entire genre would seem to be somewhat premature), and we have seen many times that he delights in playing the role of the "rebel" -- but whether he does so out of conviction or just for the "fun" of it is something he would have to answer (we expect it is the latter). --ed.))

Jay Kay Klein, 302 Sandra Drive, North Syracuse, N.Y., 13212 (April 23, 1967)

I'm glad to see Bill Berg's report on the IEEECON Fan Dinner. Let me add that I plan to continue these dinners at all future IEEECON's as long as I continue to go. At this first dinner, I inaugurated the "Charlie", named in honor of Charlie Brown. The first Plaque, naturally enough, went to Charlie Brown. It was inscribed:

"Testimonial to Charlie Brown for meritorious eating at many science fiction banquets."

Other well-known eaters will be recipients in the future.

((Bill's report on the IEEECON Fan Dinner appeared in TWJ #40. --ed.))

Brian Burley, 6 Palm St., Dover, N.J., 07801

(Undated)

...The main reason for this letter is a message I wish to get to the fans. I, in collaboration with another fan, am starting a Robert A. Heinlein fan club, and the main effort of said club will be directed towards publishing a fanzine, to be called NFHQ ("National Future History Quarterly") -- for which we need material.

Basically, what we want are articles, book and story reviews, satire, poetry, essays, etc. Anything related to Heinlein, pro or con. (Anyone who submits anything con is going to stir up a good fight in the letter column, I hope. Banks?) Also, there will be a department, tentatively titled "The Heinlein Philosophy", which will deal with all of the various social, political, and economic ideas which Mr. Heinlein has suggested in various stories, and any related or outgrowing social, etc. ideas which anyone wants to bring up. Just stay within the bounds of good taste. Sorry, no fiction accepted (unless you're RAH).

Contributions should be sent to me, at the above address, or to J. Matt Venable, 915 W. Hazelhurst, Fearn-dale, Mich., 48220. Submission deadline is tentatively June 1, and we hope to publish in time for the Midwestcon, June 24.

The zine can be had for loc's on the proposed club, and ideas for other activities, published material, trades, or 20¢ (3/50¢ if you're foolish) in stamps or coins. We hope to have 16 pages or more the first issue.

((Good luck on your venture, Brian -- and please send us a copy of your first issue, for review. --ed.))

Jay Kay Klein, 302 Sandra Drive, North Syracuse, N.Y., 13212

(April 23, 1967)

Banks Mebane said exactly what I would have written myself about Muhlhauser's comments on Isaac Asimov. Dick Labonte's question was also something that arose in my mind: "What is a Fritz Muhlhauser III?"

Considering this object's inanity of thought, verbosity of expression, and effrontery of face, coupled with its admission to use of a penname, I suspect it is none other than STEPHEN PICKERING!

((When did Fritz ever admit to using a penname? And speaking of Stephen Pickering, we would like to thank Vern Bennett for his postcard addressed to Doll Gilliland and concerning Stephen Pickering, which we are passing on to Doll.. --ed.))

Henry Gross, 65-10 99th St., Rego Park, N.Y., 11374

(April 26, 1967)

Please don't misunderstand my position. To compare me to Fritz Muhlhauser, is to say I don't like science fiction. Fortunately, I do like science fiction. I just don't like Gilliland's reviews. If I didn't like sf, I wouldn't bother complaining. Come to think of it, if Muhlhauser doesn't like science fiction, why the hell does he waste his time and mine writing some inane comments about it?

Muhlhauser states he has read little sf; does he think that by stating so he has any more of a right to criticize it? I certainly am not going to criticize the authors he mentions, because I have not read enough of their works to feel competent enough to do so. So I shall confine my own comments to his complaints and criticisms of sf.

In his original review, Muhlhauser attempts to show us the faults in Asimov's reasoning concerning his future universe. For example, Muhlhauser says that it is impossible for Man to forget what planet he evolved from, and that he will still be interested in atomic energy and the benefits derived from it. Along with this Muhlhauser says that telepathy will be taught in grade school and Man's

understanding of himself will have progressed far enough so that any empire that would form would not collapse. What Muhlhauser doesn't know is what came before the time of Hari Seldon. Man might have been using telepathy, atomic energy and other things long before the Galactic Empire that Asimov writes about. Asimov never tells specifically what came before the Empire; he might hint at it in certain places but he never gives us a detailed description of the past.

Anyone with any type of imagination can speculate on what came before the time of the "Foundation Series", but Muhlhauser, with a fantastic lack of same, will not permit Asimov or anyone else to extrapolate on things that are or things that might be unless these extrapolations agree with Muhlhauser's own view of our future. Muhlhauser can't say that his view of the future is the only one possible. If Asimov's ideas of what will or will not be aren't agreeable to Mr. Muhlhauser, let him write his own, but he can't say that Asimov's aren't true because he doesn't know what events will lead up to Asimov's future universe. Asimov is not saying that his are true, he is only saying what might happen; but since Muhlhauser doesn't know the future, he has no possible way of disproving Asimov's. Mr. Muhlhauser's stagnant imagination is the only thing that kept him from enjoying the "Foundation Trilogy".

Muhlhauser's criticisms of sf overall fail miserably, as does his review of Asimov's books. After a long-winded tirade of insults against the science fiction fan (intended, obviously, to infuriate the reader, who Muhlhauser hopes, is as feeble-minded as he is), Muhlhauser tells us why we should read the authors he names, and why we shouldn't read science fiction. He states, about Dickens, "the thing that made him great was not his 'message', but his ability to paint a vivid portrait of his time". Most s-f writers don't have a message either, but what they do have is an ability to paint a picture, vivid or not, of the future. This is why I read sf: to get the picture of possible future societies. Mr. Muhlhauser can stay behind and read about past or present societies; I prefer to read about worlds that might be; there is much more room for speculation in the future than there is in the past.

Mr. Muhlhauser also states that Dickens is read for the "messages" people wish to procure from his books themselves. Science fiction does not profess to offer any messages, warnings, or anything else (openly), but things can be read into sf as well as into any other kind of writing. One example is GLADIATOR-AT-LAW, by Pohl and Kornbluth. Taken simply and openly, we find that it is nothing more than a very good story about a savage future society. (Personally, I think it's one of the best s-f novels of all time, but that's inconsequential.) But if one cares to read deeper, it becomes a book with all sorts of messages and warnings to the members of present-day society. It is not necessary to do anything more than enjoy the story (or, in Fritz's case, hate it), but if you like to speculate deeper than the author has done openly, you can get some sort of message from almost any good sf story, if you try.

But why do you bother to read this letter? Since I am an sf fan, you know what that makes me, don't you? A stupid, illiterate person who likes insipid, unimaginative trash -- i.e., science fiction.

((Henry also volunteered to review fanzines for the JOURNAL. We welcome any reviews -- fanzines, books, magazines, TV shows, movies, plays, etc. -- you or anyone else out there would like to send us, Henry. We invite any and all of our readers to write down their sf-related experiences and send them to the JOURNAL for publication, so they may be shared by all. --ed.))

George Fergus, B-113 Armstrong, MSU, East Lansing, Mich., 48823 (May 1, 1967)

Mr. Muhlhauser's rebuttal article in TWJ #40 was fortunately not as bad as his first. In fact, when he is talking about "mainstream" literature, he even seems fairly perceptive. Unfortunately, he still manages to irritate me with every word



that ~~At the top of his range~~ he utters about science fiction. This is primarily because, completely disdainful of such trivialities as experimental evidence, he keeps asserting his dogma that all SF is bad. "I can find more imagination in Ambrose Bierce than in Heinlein (and that's quite a statement, since I've never read any Heinlein)." Shades of Aristotle! Nor is this the only example of Mr. Muhlhauser's astounding logical processes.

Unknown to him, many SF-writers (such as Cordwainer Smith, Theodore Sturgeon, Roger Zelazny, etc.) satisfy his own criteria for "complete entertainment". GREAT EXPECTATIONS does not. Are we then to conclude that SF is great, but mainstream literature is uniformly awful? According to Mr. Muhlhauser (making the reverse conclusion from Shakespeare, Miller, Dylan, and the "Foundation" Trilogy), yes, it is just "that simple" to conclude that all SF "lays there like soggy cereal". He does not know that science-fiction writers in the forties were still only beginning to learn how best to treat their ideas, and the "Foundation" series was one more step of development along the road to today's SF. Asimov himself declares that it is hardly among his best work, but fans remember with nostalgia and admiration how great an impact it had twenty years ago. Mr. Muhlhauser is again betrayed by his ignorance of SF's short history. In its continuing exploration of the consequences of new ideas, science fiction makes fewer mistakes each successive decade, and it's still evolving.

Mainstream fiction must be judged by the standards of all fiction, and as such the great bulk of it fails to provide the interest that even a hack-thriller writer can generate. Mainstream authors all too often disdain any semblance of plot, and try to pass off a tediously extended "slice of life" as a novel. An astonishing number of mainstream writers, lacking the most elementary knowledge of pace, suspense, humor, mystery, and art, can apparently do little more than describe something they know well in dreary and sometimes nauseating detail. Endless repetitions of the same problems of psychotics, homosexuals, alcoholics, Negroes, etc., no matter how vivid and accurate each may be, leave me cold. Or if all an author wants to do is to preach, warn, or solve, a novel is the wrong place. The most effective way to present a message is in non-fiction or satire. Many an author either writes a series of essays (with autobiographical notes) and calls it a novel, or hides his ideas in such an overwhelming flood of misdirective inconsequentialities that bringing them into the open becomes unrewarding guesswork. Many of the newer authors have a lot of fun writing about how people drowning in adversity go down to defeat. What they think the reader gains by this is beyond me. Maybe they just don't believe in progress. The fact remains that few mainstream writers have the ability of a Twain, Hemingway, or Steinbeck.

It has been said that anywhere from 90 to 99 percent of everything is crud. What Mr. Muhlhauser should realize is that, despite a great number of excellent works, the great majority of mainstream literature is rather poor; and, contrary to his fixation, there does exist in SF a small amount of superior fiction by anyone's standards, which does have that wealth of meaning which he calls "quoteability", even if it isn't up to Shakespeare.

However, if these few literary gems were the only worthwhile things that science fiction has to offer, it would be pointless for fans to pursue the reading of SF with such fervor. What Mr. Muhlhauser fails to realize, and perhaps even is incapable of understanding, is that so-called "escape literature", having no "message" and lacking the quoteability of Shakespeare, does not automatically degenerate to the level of pure escapist melodrama. If SF fans were looking only for escape then they would find it easier to watch television than read books. Most active SF fans are not "satisfied with just escaping", though, to be sure, some of us also do a lot of light reading of that type.

You can learn about life by observing people put under stress as their environment changes. Voltaire knew this, which is why many of his satires (Candide,

Zadig, Micromegas, etc.) are imaginative fiction. Much of the best science fiction uses the reaction of man to a new environment to say something about the nature of man, of life, and of the universe. Even if SF doesn't have a pot of gold at the end of every tale, it can present a flight of imagination that will leave Mr. Muhlhauser's Indiaman behind in the shallows. "Escape literature" often provides more vivid and fascinating ideas, events, scenery, and characters than many a "great author's" picture of some backwater of his time, no matter how elegantly he bores us with it.

Many of the works and authors you like are very interesting and rewarding, Mr. Muhlhauser, and I would be the poorer if I did not read them, but you'll never confine me to your limited horizon when I know there's another dimension with wonders of which you cannot begin to dream.

((Well said, George! --ed.))

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Al Gechter Reports --

Richard Matheson is writing the scripts for "The Young Warriors" (war) and "Ossian's Ride" (SF).

A few forthcoming films: "Wild, Wild Planet" ("The Criminals of the Galaxy") -- Italian, in color (space opera, starring Tony Purcell, Lisa Gastoni, Massimo Sereto, Franco Nero); "Die Nibelungen -- Part 1: 'Siegfried'" -- German, in color; "A Witch Without a Broom" -- German, in color (time-travel fantasy, starring Jeffrey Hunter, Maria Perschy); "Fantomas Vs Scotland Yard" -- French, in color (starring Jean Marais, Louis de Funès, Mylene Demonguet).

20th-Century Fox has purchased the "Tom Swift" series (both the old and the new) for filming.

Potential TV series in the works: 20th-Century Fox -- "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir", "The Best of Everything", "Laura"; Irwin Allen projects (all 1-hour shows) -- "The 25th-Century Man", "Aladdin", "Safari"; Misc. projects -- "Colony One" (produced by William Dozer; about an American colony on the moon), "The European Eye" (private eye), "Christopher Clubb" (private-eye spoof).

American and British films of possible interest on which production has been started so far this year (from May 3 VARIETY):

"Armageddon 1975" (Allied Artists; Pleiades Prods.; Prods.: Oscar L. Nichols, Fred Long; Dir.: Herb Lederer; Rita Lee, Danny Miller, Grant Williams, Bobby Van, Mala Powers, Henry Wilcoxon, Marvin Paige, Lorri Scott).

"The Ambushers" (reviewed in TWJ #41; additional info.: filmed in Acapulco, starring Dean Martin; Janice Rule, Kurt Kasznar, John Brascia, Albert Salmi, David Mauro, Senta Berger).

"The Trip" (reviewed in TWJ #41).

"Camelot" (Warner Bros.; Prod.: Jack L. Warner; Dir.: Joshua Logan; Vanessa Redgrave, Richard Harris, Franco Nero, Pierre Olaf, Leon Greene, Lionel Jeffries, Laurence Naismith, David Hemmings, Gary Marshall).

"The Power" (reviewed TWJ #41; additional info: Dir.: Byron Haskin; starring George Hamilton, Suzanne Pleshette, Nehemiah Persoff, Arthur O'Connell, Yvonne de Carlo, Michael Rennie; Celia Lovsky, Barbara Nichols, Aldo Ray, Beverly Powers).

"Project X" (reviewed in TWJ #41; additional info.: starring Christopher George, Greta Baldwin, Howard Gould, Henry Jones, Monte Markham).

"Quatermass and the Pit" (British; reviewed in TWJ #41).

"Billion Dollar Brain" (British; United Artists; Prod.: Harry Saltzman; Dir.: Ken Russell; Michael Caine, Francoise Dorleac, Karl Malden, Oscar Homolka, Ed Begley, Guy Doleman; filmed at Pinewood, with locations in Helsinki).

"Night of the Big Heat" (British; Planet; Prod.: Tom Blakely; Dir.: Terence Fisher; Patrick Allen, Sarah Lawson).

"House of 1,000 Dolls" (British; reviewed in TWJ #41; filmed in Madrid).

May-June Short Calendar (See TWJ's 38, 39, and possibly 43 for more detailed information; we are excluding college clubs from this listing on the assumption that they will not be meeting during the summer recess; if we are wrong about any of these clubs, we hope someone will let us know) --

WSFA Meetings -- May 19; June 2, 16, 30 (party); at home of Miss E. Cullen, 7966 W. Beach Drive, N.W., Wash., D.C., at 8 p.m. (ph. RA3-7107). Guests welcome.

The Gamesmen -- May 26; June 9, 23; at home of D. Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Md., 20906, at 7:30 p.m. (ph. 933-5417); call first, if possible.

BSFS Meetings -- May 13 (at DISCLAVE), 27; June 10, 24; all but May 13 at homes of various members; write D. Ettlin, 31 W. North Ave., Balt., Md. (837-2876) for info.

ESFA Meetings -- June 4; at YM-YWCA, 600 Broad St., Newark, N.J., at 3 p.m.

PSFS Meetings -- May 12; June 9; at Central Philadelphia YMCA, Broad & Arch Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., at 8 p.m.

FISTFA Meetings -- May 12, 26; June 9, 23; Apt. 5FW, 250 W. 16th St., N.Y., N.Y.

LUNARIANS -- May 20; June 17; 1750 Walton Ave., Bronx, N.Y., at 8 p.m. Guests of members and out-of-towners only.

FELLOWSHIP OF THE PURPLE TONGUE -- May 13, 20, 27; June 3, 10, 17, 24; at home of Phil Harrell, 3021 Tait Terrace, Norfolk, Va., at 2 p.m. (ph. 853-1259).

C/SFS -- General meetings May 24 at Columbus, Ohio Public Library, 96 South Grant St., at 7 p.m.; time, date, and place of June meeting, if any, not yet set.

Cincinnati Fantasy Group -- May 13, 20, 27; June 3, 10, 17, 24; at homes of various members; for info write: Lou Tabakow, 3953 St. Johns Terr., Cincinnati, Ohio.

OSFA -- May 28; June 25; at homes of various members; for info, write: Jack Steele, 609 W. Kelley St., DeSoto, Missouri, 63020.

LASFS -- May 11, 18, 25; June 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; in the Silverlake Playground, Silverlake Blvd. & Van Pelt St., Los Angeles, Calif., at 8 p.m.

College clubs omitted were ESSFSCNY, MITSFS, MSUSFS, and QSFA. For lack of info we also omitted Little Men's . . . , WesCoSFA, and ValSFA.

#### Conventions --

DISCLAVE -- May 12-14, in Wash. D.C. As you read this, you are (we hope) at the 'CLAVE, or on your way home from it.

TRIPLE FAN FAIR (Comicon) -- June 17, 18, at the Park Shelton Hotel, in Detroit.

GoH -- Roger Zelazny. Write Jack Promo, 4662 Toledo, Detroit, Mich., for info.

MIDWESTCON -- June 23-25 at the North Plaza Motel, Cincinnati, Ohio. Registration fee, \$1, to Lou Tabakow, 3953 St. Johns Terrace, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45236. Motel address: 7911 Reading Rd. (ZIP 43237). See TWJ #38 for room rates.

#### In brief --

This issue just wouldn't stop growing....

New WSFA Regular member rates, as voted at the meeting of May 5, are \$6 per year (\$1.50 per quarter), with no differential rate for under 18's.

New WSFA officers, as elected at the May 5 Annual Meeting (to take office June 1): President, Jay Haldeman; Vice-President, Alan Huff; Secretary, Gay Haldeman; Treasurer, Phil Bridges; Trustees: Banks Mebane, Joe Haldeman, Bill Berg.

WSFA business section, new roster, Constitution and By-Laws will be distributed with issue #43 of the JOURNAL to members only.

The JOURNAL is published monthly until September. Subscription rates are 5/\$1.00, 12/\$2.00, or 20/\$3.25; individual copy prices vary. Persons subscribing at the \$2 or \$3.25 rates may, at their option, be Corresponding members for one year; to others, Corresponding membership is 50¢ per year. A few back issues of the JOURNAL are available from the editor at various prices. For club exchanges and advertising rates, write the editor. See TWJ #37 for address code meaning. Deadline for issue #43: May 26. Editor's Address: D. Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Md., 20906.

NOVEMBER 1966

## TAFF PROGRESS REPORT NO 9

Published in the interests of the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund by Terry Carr, 35 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11201, and Thomas Schlück, 3 Hannover, Altenbekener Damm 10, Germany.

### NEXT TAFF TRIP: 1968

Following the 1966 TAFF trip by Thomas Schlück to the Tricon in Cleveland and thence onward all across the country to the west coast, back again to New York and Washington D.C., and finally home to Germany, plans are now being laid for a west-to-east TAFF trip to the British National Convention in Easter, 1968. Nominations are now open for worthy fans to send on this trip, and nominations will close at midnight, March 31, 1967.

To appear on the ballot, an American fan must meet the following four qualifications:

- (a) He must be nominated by three American fans and two European fans.
- (b) He must submit a one hundred word nominating platform to be published on the reverse of the TAFF voting ballot. It's customary for a nominator to take care of this.
- (c) A \$5.00 bond of good faith must accompany the nomination -- the five signers ought to scrape this up, too.
- (d) The candidate must sign a statement of willingness to travel to the 1968 British National Convention if elected.

We understand there are already some movements afoot to nominate prominent fans for this trip, and we advise you that now is the time to talk or correspond with your friends about who you'd like to send to England in '68. Gathering nominations on two sides of the Atlantic can take longer than you may think, and sometimes a prospective candidate has to be coaxed a little to bolster his courage to run.

Remember: Nominations will close at midnight, March 31, 1967, by which time all four requirements for candidacy must be in the hands of one or the other TAFF Administrator. Voting ballots will be distributed early in April 1967, and the final voting deadline will be January 5, 1968.

The "Australian Ballot" system of voting which was inaugurated with this past election will be continued in next year's election, as will the "Hold Over Funds" option on the ballot. Tom Schlück will open a TAFF account in Great Britain in order to handle British donations easily -- he can also handle German funds, of course, or French, Italian, Japanese, Pakistani or Nationalist Chinese if the money is forced upon him.

Tom has not yet had time to straighten out the complete changeover of the European Administration from Arthur Thomson to himself, so an exact accounting of funds currently on hand on that side isn't available; however, they are very low. The TAFF account in New York has \$212.32, of which \$60.00 was obtained at the Tricon through a special auction of the original manuscripts of the DOUBLE:BILL Symposium, kindly donated by coeditors Bill Mallardi and Bill Bowers and expertly auctioned by Harlan Ellison. \$150.00 more was turned back in to TAFF by Tom Schlück out of the \$200.00 special donation made by the Pacificon II Committee over-and-above the regular TAFF bankroll of \$600.00 for the TAFF representative. The number of people deserving loud thanks is already mounting, therefore, and before the end of the upcoming campaign we hope to add your name.

The following is the official final count on the 1966 TAFF campaign which elected Thomas Schlück on the first ballot:

TOM SCHLÜCK	83
Eric Jones	39
Pete Weston	20
Bo Stenfors	5
Hold Over Funds	2
Write-in: Len Moffatt	1 (But Len wasn't eligible for this trip!)

The breakdown by European and American voting was as follows:

	<u>American</u>	<u>European</u>
TOM SCHLÜCK	35	48
Eric Jones	17	22
Pete Weston	15	5
Bo Stenfors	2	3
Hold Over Funds	2	0
Write-in	1	0

Tom Schlück won on the first ballot with 83 out of 150 votes, a clear majority. The list of voters on the American side was:

Lon Atkins, Ruth Berman, Dainis Bisenieks, John Boardman, Jean Bogert, John Boston, Charley Brown, Marsha Brown, Rich Brown, Robert P. Brown, Elinor Busby, F. M. Busby, K. Martin Carlson, Terry Carr, Jack Chalker, Hal Clement, Ron Ellik, Dick Eney, Donald Franson, Jack Gaughan, Dan Goodman, Cindy Heap, P. G. Herbert, Allan Howard, Ben Jason, Arnie Katz, Miriam Knight, June Konigsberg, Deedee Lavender, Lois Lavender, Roy Lavender, Fred Lerner, Al (West Coast) Lewis, Dick Lupoff, Robert A. Madle, Bill Mallardi, Richard Mann, Lore Matthaey, John A. McCallum, Larry McCombs, Dave McDaniel, Joyce McDaniel, Mike McInerney, Banks Mebane, Don & Jo Meisner, Ed Meskys, Len Moffatt, Alexei Panshin, Fred Patten, Bob Pavlat, Peggy Rae Pavlat, Bruce Pelz, Dannie Plachta, Andy Porter, Boyd Raeburn, Alva Rogers, Jock Root, Leland Sapiro, Beresford Smith, Rick Sneary, Ben Solon, J. Ben Stark, Bill Thailing, Bjo Trimble, John Trimble, Paul Turner, Dave Van Arnam, Michael Ward, Harry Warner, Wally Weber, Charles Wells, Ted White, Donald A. Wollheim and Elsie Wollheim.

Contributors who did not vote or whose ballots arrived too late to be counted were: John W. Andrews, Harold Palmer Piser, Oswald Train, Kathryn Arwen Trimble and Richard Wilson.

The final list of voters on the European side is not yet available.

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TAFF Trip Reports: At last report, Arthur Thomson had most or all of his trip report on stencil, and it remained simply to run it off, collate and staple. Fans who have read the manuscript report it's one of the best TAFF trip reports yet. Wally Weber, after discarding his first draft of his report because of dissatisfaction with its quality, is working on another draft. Terry Carr intends to have his report finished by the end of this year -- he'd better, since its title is LAST YEAR AT THE MOUNT ROYAL. And Tom Schlück says he's working on his now. Watch your favorite newszines for announcements.