

'T' H I E W S F A J O U R N A L

The Official Organ of the Washington Science Fiction Association ----- Issue No. 52
Editor and Publisher: Don Miller February, 1968

February/March Short Calendar --

WSFA Meetings -- February 2 (at home of Bob & Peggy Pavlet, 9710 47th Place, College Park, Md.; ph. 935-0756; from Capitol Beltway, take Route 1 exit towards Wash.; turn left at 1st intersection (stop light); turn right at very 1st street (47th Pl.); Bob's house is on right, about 2 or 3 blocks down. Coming out Rt. 1 from Wash., turn right at last stop light before Beltway and follow above directions); Feb. 16 (at home of Jim Harper, 3416 Curtis Drive, Apt. 104, Suitland, Md.; ph. 423-3597; from the Capitol Beltway, take the exit for Silver Hill, Maryland, up Branch Ave. toward D.C. to Curtis Drive (on right) opposite ESSO Station; first apartment on right; park on first lot; March 1 (at home of Alexis & Doll Gilliland, 2126 Penna. Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C.; ph. FE7-3759; across from Circle Theatre on Pennsylvania Ave.); March 15 (at home of Gillilands; see above); March 29 (5th-Friday party; site not yet chosen). Meetings start at 8 p.m., and are informal in nature.

The Gamesmen -- Generally on second and fourth Fridays, or otherwise as arranged; for Diplomacy, check with Buddy Tretick, 3702 Wendy Lane, Silver Spring, Md.; ph. 942-8306; for other games, check with Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Md.; ph. 933-5417. Attendance by prearrangement only.

BSFS Meetings -- February 10 (at BALTICON), 24; March 9, 23; at home of Jack Halde- man, 1244 Woodbourne Ave., Baltimore, Md.; ph. 323-6108. Meetings start at 8 p.m.

ESFA Meetings -- February 4 (see page 19); March 3 (Annual OPEN ESFA; see p. 19); at YM-YWCA, 600 Broad St., Newark, N.J., at 3 p.m.

PSFS Meetings -- February 9; March 8; at Central YMCA, Broad & Arch Sts., Phila., Pa., at 8 p.m.

NESFA Meetings -- February 11, 25; March 10, 24; at homes of various members, at 2:30 p.m. For info write: Sue Hereford, 67 Toxteth St., Brookline, Mass., 02146.

C/SFS Meetings -- No information.

OSFA Meetings -- February 25; March 31 (?); in auditorium of Main St. Louis Public Library, 1301 Olive St., at 2 p.m.

FISTFA Meetings -- February 2, 16; March 1, 15, 29; at apt. of Mike McInerney, 250 W. 16th St., Apt. 5FW, N.Y., N.Y., at approx. 8 p.m. March dates not yet verified.

Lunarians -- February 17; March 16; at home of Frank & Ann Dietz, 1750 Walton Ave., Bronx, N.Y., at 8 p.m. For guests of members and out-of-towners only. March date not yet verified.

For info on MoSFA, MITSFS, Fellowship of the Purple Tongue, Cincinnati Fantasy Group, see TWJ #50 or TWJ #53. Info needed on clubs not listed above.

Conventions (for more complete info, see THE CON GAME in TWJ #51) --

BALTICON -- February 9-11, Baltimore, Md. Rooms \$13 and \$18. See attached flier.

OPEN ESFA -- March 3, Newark, N.J. Registration fee \$1.25. See p. 19 for details.

Second Annual Dinner Get-Together for S-F Fans at the March 18-21 IEEEcon -- March 19, in New York City. Full details in TWJ #53.

BOSKONE V -- March 23 & 24, in Boston, Mass. Full details in TWJ 53 or 54.

MARCON III -- March 30 & 31, in Columbus, Ohio. Full details in TWJ 53 or 54.

(And remember -- DISCLAVE '68, May 10-12, Regency Congress Inn, Wash., D.C.)

MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY
 Prozine Reviews: By Banks Mebane

Some of sf's big guns knocked over trivial targets in the latest batch of magazines. Frank Herbert's "Santaroga Barrier", concluding in the February AMAZING, has a plot that would serve for an INVADERS TV script, all about sinister doings in a California valley; after far too many repetitive incidents in which the hero is evially menaced, the story reaches a logical but unsatisfying end. Kate Wilhelm and James White each have first contact stories, hers a novella in the February F&SF and his a serial concluding in the February IF. In both stories, the basic situations are set up mainly by the sheer idiocy of the characters, human and alien; if such operations are left to the bumbling neurotics both authors portray, then heaven help the universe. All three yarns are pulp-hack plots written with slick-smooth competence -- is this what's meant by sf entering the mainstream?

The February IF has another excellent first story by a new writer -- Laurence Yep's novelet, "The Selchey Kids". He writes about young people with some of Delany's poignancy and some of Ballard's myth-making ability, but I don't mean to imply that he's derivative. I hope he writes more.

IF also has B. K. Filer's "Star Bike", which is his third or fourth published story, I believe. The plot is a standard sfnal gimmick, but he handles the motorcycle-racing background with a sure touch that convinces and involves me.

The January F&SF has Richard McKenna's novelet, "They Are Not Robbed". It's a wish-fulfillment fantasy in just the right tender-tough vein, the sort of thing only Sturgeon can do as well.

Several colums ago, I complained about not having been able to find INTERNATIONAL SF in D.C.; Judy-Lynn Benjamin, Associate Editor of the GALAXY group, has kindly sent me a copy. In the meantime, I'd located one (in North Carolina) and reviewed it, but I'm grateful for the thought.

Also recommended: Poul Anderson and Jack Wodhams in the Feb. ANALOG; Robert Sheckley in the Feb. IF; Lloyd Biggle, Fritz Leiber, and the Ellison-Sheckley collaboration in the Jan. F&SF; Harry Harrison, William F. Nolan, and Ted White in the Feb. F&SF.

 NEWS FROM ACE

February, 1968 releases --

THE WITCHES OF KARRES, by James H. Schmitz (A-13; 75¢) -- "Judged one of the four best science fiction novels of the year -- 25th World Science Fiction Convention."

THE DOLPHIN AND THE DEEP, by Thomas Burnett Swann (G-694; 50¢) -- "Three wonder-filled stories of the days when mankind shared the world with other humanoid races..."

WE CLAIM THESE STARS, by Poul Anderson (G-697; 50¢) -- "How do you plan the ambush and capture of a tremendously capable telepath -- when the fate of many planets depends on it?"

STARWOLF #2: THE CLOSED WORLDS, by Edmond Hamilton (G-701; 50¢) -- "When Morgan Chane discovered the terrible alien secret of Arkuu, he knew why no Terran had ever left the planet alive."

THE PICTURES OF PAVANNE, by Lan Wright (H-48; 60¢) -- "What was the frightening reality behind their alien allure?" and

THE YOUTH MONOPOLY, by Ellen Wobig -- "What price eternal life?"

THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE, by Jules Verne (H-49; 60¢) -- "In this novel wherein he explored the wonders of utopian communities and the power of science to create or destroy, Jules Verne's imagination was at its creative peak." ("Fitzroy" edition.)

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. #14: THE CROSS OF GOLD AFFAIR, by Fredric Davies (Ron Ellick and Steve Tolliver) (G-689; 50¢) -- "From a London stage to a deadly 'Space Maze' at Coney Island, Illya and Napoleon trail a new, insidious THRUSH bid for world conquest."

(See ODDS AND ENDS elsewhere in this issue for more February ACE releases.)

SOME REMARKS ON THE ORIGIN OF LAND ANIMALS AND INTELLIGENCE
by Alexis Gilliland

As is well known, the Universe is full of stars, the stars abound with planets, a certain percentage of planets teem with life which must inexorably tend towards intelligence, and once intelligence gets underway -- why in the merest flicker of a cosmic eyelash -- space travel! flying saucers! Elder Races! galactic patrols! and so forth.

Earth is certainly not the only planet in the galaxy capable of supporting life, but certain episodes in her past history suggest she may be the only one supporting (such as it is) intelligence.

Consider: it is now believed that the moon, Luna, was captured in passing, in a freakish near-collision that was easily a 1: 1,000,000 chance. This resulted in an epoch of monstrously high tides -- i.e., 8,000 feet, twice a day -- which ground down the Atlas mountains and leveled the continents to great plains of tidal flat. The so-called Dravidian discontinuity, found universally over the world, lends support to this notion. Essentially it is a 1-5,000-foot bed of unstratified gravel in a clayey matrix in which no fossil remains, or indeed, any signs of life are found, and it is immediately followed by the Dravidian which is full of all sorts of interesting and complex fossiliferous material.

This, of course, suggests that even when the moon was pulling those tremendous tides, life clung tenaciously to the oceans, probably specialized enough to have reached the stage of non-chordate swimming worms. Once the oceans calmed down a bit, as the moon receded into the distance, a point must have been reached where exoskeletons and endoskeletons became advantageous to their owners, and presto, a sea full of fish.

Bear in mind that the tides, while high, are gradually getting less and less. Also, that the continents are mostly featureless mud flats. Twice a day you have the tide rolling across these flats, but because the tide is so high, the flats are never left high and dry. Nevertheless, as time wears on, low tide gets lower, and lower, and lower. And one day, there is a stretch of beach 500 miles wide over which the tide moves in and out. Is it any wonder that fish learned about survival in non-aqueous environments? (And, of course, once started on the land route, they couldn't go back.)

Now you have seen calculations which show that 0.1% of the stars in this galaxy support lively planets, and that this is still 100,000,000 (or whatever) planets on which intelligent races might be found. And we say: "Where are you, Benevolent Aliens?"

Well, you can figure capturing the moon was a 1,000,000 to 1 shot, so that leaves 100 planets. And if there had been a little more water available, the tidal flats would never have been left high and dry. A little less water and you wouldn't have had that great scouring effect to level everything out. Figure the odds are 10 to 1 against having the right amount of water. This cuts 100 worlds down to 10. At the rate we are going you can figure an easy 50-50 chance for us to exterminate ourselves before we achieve interstellar travel. This cuts 10 to 5. Of these 5 worlds, 2 are old and decadent, 2 are still full of dinosaurs, and 1 is sitting around wondering where the hell we are.

This still leaves 100,000,000 worlds where the oceans are full up, but I discount the development of intelligence in an oceanic environment. For one thing, in our oceans, the smartest creatures are land animals that returned to the sea. For another, it is unlikely that any smart fish will ever master the art of making fire, and for a third, the idea of a school of whales swinging through the trees -- if they had trees to swing through -- is ludicrous. And if you don't swing through trees -- no stereo-vision or opposable thumb. Besides, a porpoise's idea of a super-porpoise is one that can knock out a killer whale with a single snout to the jaw. What does he want with non-hydrodynamically streamlined hands?

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Thus it is that you can stand at night, gazing up into the starry heavens, and think: "There ain't nobody up there smarter than us humans." It should make you feel proud and humble as you go back in to watch television.

ODDS AND ENDS

In addition to those listed on page 2, other ACE releases for February are: The Flying Nun #1: Miracle at San Tanco, by William Johnston; Strange Powers of the Mind, by Warren Smith (K-296; 50¢) (Nun was G-702; 50¢); The Bride Wore Black, by Cornell Woolrich (G-699; 50¢); In a Glass Darkly, by Janet Caird (H-50; 60¢; "Gothic"); Yellow Is for Fear, by Dorothy Eden (A-14; 75¢; 5 novelettes); Will to Survive, by Elizabeth Salter (G-700; 50¢); Bitter Grass, by Theodore V. Olsen (G-695; 50¢; Western); The Franklin Raid, by Kyle Hollingshead, and Trouble at Tenkiller, by Ray Hogan (G-698; 50¢; Westerns); Emergency Call, by Arlene Hale (G-696; 50¢; Romance).

The Ontario Science Fiction Club (OSFiC), with chapters in Toronto and Ottawa, wishes to contact other members of fandom in Canada. Write Peter Gill, 18 Glen Manor Drive, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. (Thanks, John Mansfield)

The OSFiC society has a charter flight leaving Buffalo to Oakland, return. Departure time Tuesday before, and return the Tuesday after (i.e., Aug. 27-Sep. 3, 1968). The plane will be a Boeing 707, seating 165 fans. Cost will be \$145 return. For more info, contact Peter Gill (address in preceding paragraph). (Thanks again, John)

Arthur C. Clarke will give an address on "Life in the Year 2001" Thursday, May 2, 1968, at the Lecture Theater of Delta College, University Center, Michigan, at 8 p.m. University Center is located roughly equi-distant among Bay City, Midland, and Saginaw on property ceded to the school. (Source: TNFF, February, 1968)

"Star Trek" situation still confused. TV GUIDE (Jan. 20): ". . . Perhaps most surprising were letters protesting against possible cancellation of Star Trek. TV GUIDE has been informed by NBC that there are no plans to cancel the popular show." TV GUIDE (Jan. 27): "Again, as it was last year, NBC is being hammered by an organized 'Save Star Trek' campaign, allegedly instigated by a sci-fi magazine. Some of the letters, coming in at the rate of 1000 a week, threaten to blow up the network if the series is canceled. NBC officials vow no decision has been reached, saying none is likely, on any show, until close to Valentine's Day. Rating-wise, Star Trek is a borderline case." Hmmm... Anyway, if you wish to join those threatening to "blow up the network", send your letters to one or more of the following:

Mr. Julian Goodman, Pres., NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y., N.Y., 10026.

Mr. Mort Werner, NBC Television, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y., N.Y., 10026.

Mr. Herbert Schlosser, NBC-TV, 3000 W. Alameda Blvd., Burbank, Calif., 91505.

RCA, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y., N.Y., 10026.

H.G. Peters & Co., 2421 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Indiana, 46201.

Also, to your local TV station carrying ST; your local columnists in newspapers & publications; national TV columnists in metropolitan newspapers; T.V. GUIDE; the sponsors, both local & national, for ST in your area. (Thanx, Bjo, for addresses)

Revised U.S. postal rates (eff. Jan. 7) are: First Class: letters, 6¢ per ounce or fraction thereof; post-cards, 5¢ each. Airmail: letters, 10¢ per ounce or fraction thereof; post-cards, 8¢ each. Third Class (single-piece -- printed matter): 6¢ first two ounces or fraction of two ounces plus 2¢ for each additional ounce or fraction of an ounce. Fourth Class (books): 12¢ first pound or fraction of a pound plus 6¢ for each additional pound or fraction of a pound. Same rates apply to mail for Canada or Mexico. Rates for overseas mail remain the same (see TWJ #42 for rates). There are also new regulations concerning return of 3rd- and 4th-class mail, and notice of new address on returned mail, which will affect fanzine mailers. DLM

VIEWS, REVIEWS, AND ARCHIMEDEAN SPIRALS
 Book & Movie Reviews: By Alexis Gilliland

B.E.A.S.T., by Charles Eric Maine (Ballantine Book U6092; 75¢; 187 pp).

This is a smoothly-written, fast-paced cross between an E.A. Poe horror story and the gritty, grey spy story of The Spy Who Came in from the Cold genre, liberally sauced with knowledgeable double-talk about computers. The story is set in England in the near future, and -- chauvinistic me -- I find the notion of England being responsible for her own defense in the present (1967) world slightly disconcerting. Nevertheless, here we are, with the Establishment and the Government (the latter is responsible to the country, the former is responsible for the country) running research establishments for the national defense, just as if the brain drain didn't exist.

The B.E.A.S.T. of the title stands for Biological Evolutionary Animal Simulation Test, which is being conducted by Dr. Charles H. Gilley in his spare time, on the spare time of an extremely expensive computer. Since he is heading up a sensitive project (counter-genetic warfare) there is a security agent on the premises. And when he becomes suspicious that Dr. Gilley may be going off the deep-end, he is pulled out and replaced with the "I" of the narrative, Mark Harland. Civil service counter-spy and agent of the Establishment, he is sent in not because he is the top counter-spy but because he is knowledgeable about computers.

As the plot unfolds we are diverted by the antics of the beautiful Swedish programmer -- until, within a page or two, her extraneous eroticism is central to the story line.

It seems Dr. Gilley lately has a) been driving himself very hard, and b) been acting a bit strangely. If he is not cracking up, then he has bred (in the simulated environment of the computer) 1,000,000 generations of a strange beast, which uses the computer as its matrix for existence, but might use other matrices. And the "thang" in the computer is on the verge of learning English. In just a few more days....

Apropos of things in computers, Dr. Seymour Papert of MIT reported recently that some of his associates had programmed a computer to play Chess, and had done such a good job that the computer (with its self-correcting program) has been improving steadily. In fact, the American Chess Federation awarded the program an honorary life membership.

Now if you can teach a computer to play Chess, it is entirely possible that you could (by craft, stealth and chicanery) breed a mathematical monster inside another (more advanced) computer, and naturally, once the thang in the computer learns English, he-she-it will want out. How could anyone go back to $e \log(\tan x^2 - 1) \arctan x / \csc 2x$ after "...The little smoke in pallid moonlight died, and threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast." or "My God, My God, Look not so fierce at me! Adders and Serpents let me breath awhile! I'll burn my books! Ahh, Mephistopheles!"?

If you get the feeling that I am avoiding the issue, then you are a perceptive and insightful sort who will realize that there is very little more that I can say about the story without undermining the author.

The uncredited cover is artistically competent and somewhat apt to the book, but it is the reason I put off reading the book for so long, despite the justified urgings of my wife. This one is a winner.

Movie Review: "The President's Analyst", starring Charles Coburn.

To begin with, TPA is a slick, funny, insubstantial show made with an A budget and a B script. The theme of the President having an analyst who becomes burdened with the cares of the office is novel and interesting, and it is a waste of good material

to use it simply as the hook on which the action -- mostly farcial-type chase scenes -- is hung. There are a few social wisecracks -- like the suburban liberal with the house gun and the car gun who says: "When the Conservatives disarm, we disarm." -- and the point that an "FBR" agent with a licence to kill is still a bureaucrat.

Mostly however, the picture stays close to the conventional moneymaking virtues, although it grinds out some genuinely funny lines and contrives some genuinely funny scenes. The funniest sequence in the picture is at the climax where the Russian spy (who is excellent) wants Coburn and the Negro "CEA" agent to cover him while he performs a necessary act of sabotage, and hands Coburn his machine gun. Coburn refuses, and the Russian says, "You want to save the world? Take the gun." When Coburn takes it -- reluctantly -- the CEA agent (also excellent: a point; just like Negroes in sports, there are a lot of fine Negro actors who never got the roles until recently. The movies are on to a good thing here.) says, "Welcome to the club." A few minutes later Coburn comes charging through a cloud of colored smoke with a great big grin on his face as he blazes away. "Take that you hostile sons of bitches!" he yells.

Generally, however, TPA starts moving away from reality (in an analyst's office, naturally) fairly early, passes through hippiesville about half way, and winds up in a blaze of winking lights and flashing signs in the headquarters of -- well, anyway, they wind up far enough from reality and in the right direction so you could call it science fiction.

TPA isn't great, but it has Coburn's marvellously expressive face, and for mindless enjoyment it beats television by a mile.



The World Swappers, by John Brunner (Ace Book G-649; 50¢; 149 pp; Ace Copyright 1959).

This book suffers from being plotted on one level and written on another. The plot is good stuff -- secret organizations, aliens, super etc. business tycoons, all jumbled together in a splendid STARTLING STORIES-type mishmash. The writing is clear and forceful, sustaining a very rapid pace and permitting the development of several excellent characters. What's more, the action is frequently logical, and often exciting.

So what's the complaint? The complaint is: why did you use all that hand-rubbed Philippine Mahogany to make orange-crates?

There is nothing wrong with TWS. It is Grand Ole Space Oprey with a passion. But -- John Brunner writes so well that I look at the story and start picking nits. Like, I know it's an orange-crate, but with hand-rubbed Philippine, etc., couldn't you do a neat job of joining instead of using crummy nails? For instance: Counce, the intellectual leader of the secret organization, asserts that he is in mortal conflict with Basset, the able entrepreneur-businessman. We expect that Basset will prove to be a dirty rat, and fully able to give Counce a run for his money. Instead, Basset comes across as a competent, decent man, less ruthless than Counce himself. In the end, Counce destroys Basset and himself not because Basset is evil, but because Counce wants to die.

Another point is the evacuation of Ymir. Ymir, pop. 10,000,000, is a cold, inhospitable planet, unfit, we are repeatedly assured, for human habitation. Ymir's trade with the outside galaxy is a) so small that one man can handle it, b) so large that three months after it is withdrawn the whole of Ymir is starving to death. The point the book stresses is that the Ymir trade was so crummy and insignificant that the traders would lose very little by scratching her off the list. If you are hauling groceries for 10,000,000 people, you aren't going to stop because a secret organization says you should. If you do, when you start evacuation, enough people will go so the land can support those who remain. You will never get rid of that last 2 to 3,000,000.

Finally, the book starts off as a power struggle-type conflict, and ends up with Counce playing galactic solitaire to solve this problem that came up. Namely, the

Others are coming.

The cover is a very nice illustrative job by Kelly Freas, giving the feeling of Zap! and Pow! which is fit and proper.

Flying Saucers on the Attack -- UFO's or Invaders?, by Harold T. Wilkins (Ace Star Book A-11; 75¢; 319 pp).

Wilkins is a True Believer writing Purple Prose, and the result is funny with a kind of horrifying frequency -- the sort of thing where it only hurts when I laugh. It might enliven a WSFA meeting if someone read a few pages out loud. However, I was not able to finish FSotA. Here are a few quotes culled at random through the book.

Footnote, p. 45: "In favor of the theory that these entities may be human, or humanoid, is the essential unity of the cosmos. The elder races whose cosmogonical theories are garbles in Genesis, had a perception of the truth when they said that the "Great Unknown made man in His image". Page 87 (out of context, of cuss): ". . . The imagination reels under such a Brobdignagian vision. Apart from the truly colossal force needed merely to hold such a machine far aloft in the stratosphere, what about the incalculable motive force required to impel this vast machine at the terrific bursts of speed of which more than one observer speaks?" Page 208: "Impious as the suggestion may seem to the orthodox astrophysicist of our own day, I would whisper in someone's ear that this was not the behavior of any sort of meteor, but a form of flying saucer!" Page 241: ". . . Certain quarters in the USA have asserted that 'Etherean visitors' in some of the saucers 'have largely succeeded in containing lethal, radioactive emanations from exploded atom bombs within the earth's own ionosphere'; etc. etc."

This is not my cup of tea, and I do not recommend it.

The Big Jump, by Leigh Brackett (Ace Book G-683; 50¢; 124 pp).

This book copyrighted in 1953 by Standard Publications (probably for STARTLING STORIES) anticipates the spirit of s-f's New Wave some 15 years later. For instance: the science, where it isn't background music, is clearly hokey and serves as a rationale for magic. We also have the legends from "classical" sources woven into the plot structure.

Among these legends we find: The Living Dead, In the Remote Past We Were Innocent and Happy, a variation of Orpheus, and The Gunfighter Who Took on the Biggest Ranch in Texas. Except for Orpheus (What is the relationship between Comyn and Paul Rogers, anyway? Judging by Comyn's action, they must have been siamese twins until they got out of high school.), none of these legends is literary enough for the New Wave, but the legends embellish and decorate a working plot.

The plot --
anathema to New Wave writers -- provides for a lot of action. Comyn fighting, Comyn boozing (in bars and/or at moments of stress), Comyn getting the third degree, Comyn bearding the Cochranes in their den, Comyn getting shot at, etc. This is good light entertainment, fast-paced and exciting. Leigh Brackett has also worked in some excellent descriptive material and some good character development. Comyn emerges as an individual, as do Sydna Cochrane, Peter Cochrane, and Stanley, the Cochrane In-Law. The author also provides a memorable line: "Comyn felt a sudden stab of pity for the old pirate, he had so wanted to steal a star before he died."

Miscellaneous remarks:

In those days, the trans-uranic elements went as far as plutonium and while unlikely, the author's speculations about their biological effects were reasonable for STARTLING STORIES. Today, alas, that particular bit of Terra is cognita and it is a big deal when we produce six atoms of No. 103 and cheer as they undergo spontaneous fission over a two-hour period.

Also, a private corporation financing the first interstellar voyage? The interaction of big government and big business seems to be a subject that is as nearly taboo in s-f as sex used to be.

The symbolic cover by Jones is quite attractive, and a Gaughan space-ship spot is inside. If Ace is going to let quality short novels such as this go as singles rather than doubles, then they should illustrate them more lavishly.

LANCER BOOK NEWS

March Releases --

SEETEE SHIP, by Jack Williamson (#73-732; 60¢) -- "Now in paperback for the first time. The original publication in hardcover had been unavailable for over ten years! Jack Williamson is one of the most popular science fiction writers and his stories are today's headlines: the challenge of antimatter...the choice between utopia and destruction..."

SEETEE SHOCK, by Jack Williamson (#73-733; 60¢) -- "Another science fiction great! Also reprinted from the expensive Simon & Schuster hardcover, SEETEE SHOCK is a swift-paced imaginative tale of adventure with striking parallels to the crises of our own times. This volume tells of the 22nd century and of a dying man's fight to tame a source of energy more terrifying than the atom bomb. Williamson is concerned with superhuman tasks, and his tales have never failed to astound readers."

WITCHCRAFT, by William Seabrook (#74-924; 75¢; Non-Fiction) -- ". . . Black magic, white magic and unexplainable phenomena are the subjects of this famous classic, reprinted in paperback for the first time from the expensive hardcover edition. William Seabrook is a renowned authority in the field of the occult and has studied and traveled for many years uncovering the mysteries that lie beyond...He has written many books of surprising facts, and they are only available in specialized bookstores. . . ."

THE SMALL TAWNY CAT, by Virginia Coffman (#74-926; 75¢; Gothic) -- "Another suspenseful Gothic from Virginia Coffman, who has written The Secret of Shower Tree, The Shadow Box, and The Rest Is Silence. Miss Coffman has attracted an enormous audience of new readers with each new book, and The Small Tawny Cat will bring many more as she delves into the unknown world of reincarnation. . . ."

THE CREEPERS, by John Creasey (#74-933; 75¢; Mystery) -- "John Creasey, one of the most prolific and exciting writers of mystery, features Scotland Yard's Inspector 'Handsome' West in a violent story of a criminal mastermind. Creasey has become increasingly popular over the last few years and The Creepers is 'a fine combination of hard-boiled action and smooth writing,' says the Springfield Republican."

PURSUIT OF THE PRODIGAL, by Louis Auchincloss (#74-925; 75¢; Fiction) -- "Louis Auchincloss has a number one bestseller every year, and Pursuit of the Prodigal will be a number one seller for 1968. His masterful novel of a man who rebels against high society to live on his own terms will draw all the readers who are looking for the best in contemporary fiction. . . ."

Also: SEXUAL DEVIATIONS IN THE FEMALE, by Louis S. London, M.D. (#75-035; 95¢; Non-Fiction); CANDLE IN THE SUN, by Dorothy Daniels (#73-722; 60¢; Gothic); TEST YOURSELF, by Bernard & Leopold (#75-036; 95¢; Non-Fiction); LOST WOLF RIVER, by Dwight Bennett (#73-734; 60¢; Western); NURSE'S HERITAGE, by Jeanne Bowman (#73-731; 60¢).

Among the April Releases (full details in TWJ #53) are such titles as OF TIME AND SPACE AND OTHER THINGS, by Isaac Asimov (science essays); I, THE MACHINE, by Paul W. Fairman (world run by giant computer); BLUEBEARD'S DAUGHTER, by Marion Zimmer Bradley (horror); INSIDE THE FBI, by Norman Ollestad; and several others.

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DOLL'S HOUSE
Fanzine Reviews: By Doll Gilliland

Woe is me! The latest edition of BRONZE SHADOWS was sent to me for review, but my sons (ages 4 and 2) got to it before I did; consequently it was immediately reduced to non-existence, so that I have no idea what was contained therein. My apologies to the editor, and I will do my best to thwart their evil plot to destroy Doc Savage, should the opportunity arise again.

KALKI #5 (Official organ of the Fellowship of the Silver Stallion (the James Branch Cabell society). Contribs and subs: James Blish, Apt. 630, 5021 Seminary Rd., Alexandria, Va., 22311. Membership: \$2/yr., including sub. to KALKI. Otherwise, 75¢ an ish; 4/\$2.25.)

If you haven't read Cabell, you really should -- for the experience if nothing else. If you haven't read Cabell, KALKI is a valuable introduction to the man and his works. If you have read Cabell, KALKI is an enjoyable exercise in reminiscence and exploration in depth. And unlike Burroughs, Cabell is fun to explore in depth; his double entendre, anagrams, puns, allegory, etc. KALKI does a nice job of it. Hadn't seen it for so long, I had almost forgotten it, but the editor has changed both format (lithograph) and publishing schedule (quarterly). This ish offers us a biography of Cabell as an author, a bibliography of his principal work -- the multi-volumed Biography of the Life of Manuel (really a series of novels which fit the schematic theme), a review of a later book by Cabell entitled Hamlet Had an Uncle (sounds great -- shall have to seek it out), loc's, etc.

ALGOL #12 (March '67) (Andrew Porter, 24 E. 82nd St., N.Y., N.Y., 10028. 50¢; loc's, articles on the present state of SF and where it is going, art, etc.; trade.) ALGOL is "published occasionally". This particular ish is concerned largely with Harlan Ellison. The cover portrait by Jack Gaughan, drawn from a photo, packs tremendous impact, and it is somewhat of a shock to open to dittoed pages; however, some of the material is mimeoed. The editor chooses to ignore a suggestion from Arnie Katz (QUIP) that he write out his editorials before typing them on masters, possibly for the sake of spontaneity. (I don't believe Arnie was referring to avoiding typographical errors, Andy.) No. 12 evidently was in the preparation stage for some nine months, and I'm afraid it shows in the editorial and elsewhere.

William Rotsler draws a nice comiccomment on "How Harlan Ellison Came to Be So Honored by the Lords (etc.) of Fandom". The three H.E. eulogies are a contrast in writing styles rather than views -- Lee Hoffman's is imagery-ridden, but then Harlan presents quite an image; Ted White's is a simple account of the ups-and-downs of their personal relationships; Bob Silverberg's is an insightful word-portrait, skillfully written. These are followed by a list of Ellison's work and a bit of his philosophy of writers and writing. HE's '66 Westercon speech is reprinted herein -- and I must admit I'm with him all the way. He uttered a great truism: ". . . the main stream has accepted us, but we haven't accepted the main stream. . . ." And he's right. This is exactly what runs through my mind when I see fans arguing about what science fiction is, as distinguished from -- ugh, ptooiie -- mainstream. What a petty narrow outlook! Don't they realize good SF is mainstream? And some of the good mainstream is fine SF? (I reached this conclusion long ago because I am not a fan, hence did not know who was or wasn't an accepted SF writer, or what was or wasn't accepted as SF. Thus, when I read Cat's Cradle, I was all agog about Kurt Vonnegut and have been puzzled ever since by the absence of his name from SF discussions.)

Ted White's go-round on/ with Stephen Pickering (written prior to the Ackerman incident) makes me feel better. My earlier columns contained references to Pickering articles and letters; but I did not take issue with him because I am not too familiar with fandom, and the murky quality of P's writing makes it quite difficult to figure out just what he is saying except "Fandom -- Bah!", and that he is eminently qualified to make this value judg-

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ment as a sociologist. (If you've read anything by him, you know what I mean.) Imagine my macabre glee when I turned to his "Reply to Ted White", which opens, "As a sociologist . . .", a phrase he repeats five times plus numerous variations, and later says Ted White "knows neither who I am nor that I am a social scientist." Ted's article is debunking and enlightening.

The books reviewed by Dick Lupoff are certainly different: among others they include Starrett's Born in a Bookshop; Green's one on and some by Kipling; E.W. Hornung's Shadow of the Rope and The Amateur Cracksman (Raffles, that is); several by John Kendrick Bangs, published between 1894 and 1908; and Stevenson's Treasure Island. The reviews of Treasure Island and Kipling's Second Jungle Book, etc., puzzled me; I assume they were included for the benefit of those who may not have read these literary "classics", in an admirable attempt to establish a place for mainstream literature in fannish reading habits. However, Lupoff gives very little hint of what is contained therein. It seems safe to assume that the writing is competent, since Kipling and Stevenson are included in the literary annals, and therefore I think Dick might accomplish his purpose better by giving the reader enough info to judge whether the book would be of interest to him. Then again, maybe he was merely remarking on books he had read recently.

"Fatman" by John Boardman was intended for the Cult, according to the concluding note, and ostensibly satirizes several well-known fans -- an "in"-spoon, so to speak. The fannish cult is unknown to me, so I found it flat, but thought Ross Chamberlain's illos amusing. The three-color full-page illo by Steve Stiles for Philip K. Dick's "The Crack in Space" was somewhat impressive but left me at a loss since it is not identified as an ad; it is not followed by a Dick article; it is just there. Having taken over the F&SF slush pile from Ted White, Andy Porter gives a brief but constructive analysis on writing and plotting SF for publication. Also LoC's. Gray Morrow's embattled bacover seems fitting -- perhaps a visualization of Pickering and fans from Pickering's point of view.

S.F. WEEKLY #193 (Sept. 25, 1967) (Andrew Porter, 24 E. 82nd St., N.Y., N.Y., 10028. 12/\$1.) He is going automated, with Dave Van Arnam doing the dirty work. Credits are listed for the NYCON fashion show. Changes of address. Forthcoming SF. Also, an apology to Ted Johnstone and a correction on the number of Conan pb copies in print.

S.F. CRITIC #4 (Supplement with S.F. WEEKLY) (Andrew Porter; see above). Andy has favorable words for Ted White's Secret of the Marauder Satellite (Westminster Press); a noncommittal review of The Ganymede Takeover by Phil Dick and Ray Nelson (Ace); well-written entertainment is the judgment on Keith Laumer's Retief's War (Berkley). Also, quickie reviews.

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #447 (October '67) (ed: James Ashe; Pub.: Frank Prieto, Jr.; letters, contribs., etc. to P.O. Box 559, Morris Heights Sta., Bronx, N.Y., 10453; subscriptions to Box 216, Syracuse, N.Y., 13209. Subs. 12/\$3.) A monthly news magazine rather than a fanzine per se. This issue reports South Vietnam enthusiastic about Tolkien's Lord of the Rings, translated into Vietnamese by an American special services officer, and General Loc's Second Corps is using the lidless eye of Sauron as its battle emblem. News (e.g., Panshin has sold to Ace, Delany to Doubleday), changes of address, new books, library exhibits, and reviews -- among which are John Garforth's The Passing of Gloria Munday (Berkley -- Avenger Series, not up to the first two), Ira Levin's Rosemary's Baby (Random House), Gordon Dickson's Soldier, Ask Not (Dell), E. Trevor's The Shoot (Avon -- scientific adventure story), and others.

BOLLIX (April '67) (Official pub. of the Queen's Science Fiction Club. Tom Trottier, 28 Broadway, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.) Slapdash cover and contents page dittoed. Editor is most definitely anti-U.S.-involvement-in-Vietnam. Featured is "Names and

Nomenclature in Science Fiction", reprint of an article by John R. Kruger -- quite interesting, perhaps because it is a bit novel in its approach (written for the uninitiated, I believe) and intelligently constructed. (Then again, one must consider such things as his definition of SF -- "a science fiction work is one because the author or an editor has said it is one".) Actually, the kind of thing you'd expect to find in RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY. Other oddments. Not bad.

FIRST DRAFT (Dave Van Arnam, 1730 Harrison Ave., Apt. 353, Bronx, N.Y., 10453.) Available to Fanoclasts, ApaL, and S.F. WEEKLY subscribers; also, trades.) A two-page personal diary-type thing and quite enjoyable.

#185 (Sept. 29). Announces Dave's Lost in Space original novelization brought out by Pyramid, and his Star Gladiator half of a Belmont double. Discourse on bombing. And a Feghoot fable.

#186 (Oct. 6 -- FIRST BORN). Wendy Fawn Van Arnam was born that morning, and proud but pooped papa is prattling. (When I complained to Alexis that he didn't do me a fanzine when Charles was born, my husband sternly pointed out that he was too busy delivering the baby.)

#187 (Oct. 13). A gem of a jest re Ted White and Star Trek was taken as a gibe at the Pan Pacificon, but not so. Dave's further filosofizing on fringe religions is adroitly handled. Very witty, that fellow.

#188 (Oct. 20). Dave tackles the proposition of a North American Continental Convention in 1970, should the Worldcon be at Heidelberg -- realistically speaking, the number of U.S. fans that would attend an overseas con (esp. compared to the 1,400/ at NYCON) can be expected to be quite small (and if the proposed head tax is in effect then, even smaller); ergo, a Concon would hardly be in competition. But the big problem is where would it be held? Would fans support a Concon? And who would run it?

#189 (Oct. 29). Our editor is ecstatic over the appearance of his two aforementioned books (see #185), and is interested in being apprised of any reviews of same, pro or fan.

#190 (Nov. 3). ("The 69th Worldcon is in 2011 -- the '69 Worldcon shd be in St. Louis."). Our new author discusses his writing goals, and what he has planned -- his medium, the multiwave-drive universe.

THE ARTISAN NEWS #5 (Nov. 2) (Bjo Trimble, 243 Santa Rosa Ave., Oakland, Calif., 94610. 50¢/3 mos.; \$1/6 mos.) This is the organ of the newly formed Artisan's Guild, for people with a creative bent. At the KPFA Renaissance Pleasure Faire, they sold items such as spiced tea and honey, jewelry, embroidery, capes, children's surcoats, weapons, amulets, illuminations, etc. She reports meeting nights for the East Bay Area Artisans and the Palo Alto Artisans, so I would imagine that such branches could be established anywhere. Group or individual projects are encouraged: candle-making, liquid embroidery, Xmas cards, etc. They'd probably be willing to trade helpful hints. For instance, "Most paper companies and printers with their own cutting machines are happy to have you cart off all the paper you want; many of the pieces are large enough for sketching, and the fancier paper (metallic, fluorescent, etc.) is good for greeting cards....It is thrown away as trash unless someone takes it home!"

LOFGEORNOST #5/HINDIWALA #3 (Fred Lerner, 98-B, The Boulevard, East Paterson, N.J., 07407. APA-45, SFPA, and editor's whim.) Bjo Trimble's cover drawing depicts Fred Lerner of a July evening in 1964; mystic lettering is in Hindi and Urdu. Fred writes about OCS and how he got to be company clerk in a basic-training unit at Ft. Dix, N.J.; Rudyard Kipling's "Sestina of the Tramp-Royal", modified according to George Orwell's suggestions, is included here because of the tricky verse form, and besides, Fred likes the sentiment; he also reviews Robert H. Rimmer's The Harrad Experiment (Bantam -- future society and tract, a la Heinlein), sticks in some quotables, and closes with a letter from Greg Shaw, an absorbing commentary on the San Francisco hippie thing. Good 7 pp.

WIZARD #4 (Summer, 1967) (Alma Hill, 463 Park Drive, Boston, Mass., 02215. 4/\$1, contribs, art.) A fiction pub. with special deference shown NFFF Writer's Exchange and the MENSA special-interest group for SF. Token payment for all new material, \$1 at present. Divergent opinions welcome as long as within the scope of imaginative fiction. (Wha'?) Would welcome good art.

A few words of explanation for the uninitiated (such as I). MENSA aims for the study and improvement of adult tests of intelligence. (MENSA, P.O. Box 86; Gravesend Station, N.Y., 11223.) NFFF (Janie Lamb, R.R. #1, Heiskell, Tenn.) Writer's Exchange is a service dept. for writers -- the editor keeps a file of exchangers who provide their names and addresses and undertake to criticize any unpublished mss. furnished them -- providing a straw vote and panel of opinions -- but NEVER SEND YOUR ONLY COPY! Also, membership list.

On to an article by Jack Robins on Richard Seaton, hero of E.E. Smith's Skylark series. Robert Margraff has a short story on the first manned moon landing (you know -- he's from here, she's from there, and they're both dying). Kent Peacock's "The Simplest Things" is a more complex pseudo-legendary tale that's sick but different. Alma's article on how to judge suitability of material for different publications is informative and well written, followed by a partial list of 'zines from the amateur publishing field. The letter column format is clever but the repro is pretty poor. Artwork thruout is good. Especially liked Dave Peloquin's salute to Jack Gaughan, considering the delightful Gaughanisms elsewhere in the 'zine. Ken Fletcher's and Jurgen Wolff's artistic efforts also are presented herein. This one looks like a comer; shall watch its development with interest.

PAS-TELL #23 (May '67) (the mag. for the International Science Fantasy Art Exhibition. Bjo Trimble -- see ARTISAN NEWS. 25¢, 5/\$1). ((We believe Bjo has ceased publication of PAS-TELL following publication of #23, so don't send money for it. --edi)) A magnificent Alex Eisenstein griffin adorns the cover. Jack Gaughan's column includes info on working with acrylic gels, but principally the techniques of story illustrating. Bjo reviews 'zines from the artist's viewpoint. Info re two early fan artist groups -- Frank Dietz on the Fantasy Artisans, 1947-51, and Dirce Archer on the Fantasy Art Society, 1951-55. Must mention Lora Jo Anne Trimble's birth announcement; it is something else.

GENOOK #3 (Oct-Nov) (Bill Kunkel, 72-41 61st St., Glendale, N.Y., 11227. 20¢, trades, contribs of written material or full-page art.) The rather nothing first two ish were offset; this one is mimeo. And since Bill is new at this game, the repro leaves something to be desired; nonetheless, it does improve as you progress thru the 'zine. What's more, sympathetic fans have rallied 'round and given our boy a hand material-wise. Consequently, GENOOK is sporting a new look. Front cover and interior illos by Chuck Rein, other inner art by Doug Lovenstein, Jurgen Wolff and others, and back cover by Jack Gaughan. Bobby Taylor contributes a well-structured discussion on the topic "SF Is Not Creative". (Before you blow your cool, consider it as a matter of semantics. ". . .if an idea is logically deductable or inductable from the present, that idea shows no creativity. . . An idea produced by logic can be new, psychologically. . .It cannot be new in fact, however, and is therefore not creative." Which moves me to ask, What is creative thinking? Or should I say How?) Good fanzine reviews by the editor; John Goldsmith does the prozine honors. Book reviews by Ed Smith and the editor. Pat Kelly, Jr., expresses his personal opinion on Hippiedom and Thinking Machines -- or Souls -- or something. The spelling is atrocious (shame on the editor!). The article's weaknesses I am attributing to Pat's choice of words rather than his thinking, but that may be too generous; in any case, his arguments are imaginatively conceived.

Roger Zelazny's letter on Pat's earlier article re undersea countries raises some of the same points Alexis advanced during a discussion of the topic the morning after Disclave. Also letters from Jack Gaughan, Harry Warner,

Banks Mebane, Ray Fisher, etc. "Sampler" is an unexpected bit of fiction by Bill Kunkel -- unexpected in that he found another approach to an old story. 33 pp. Bodes well for GENOOK.

RATS (Bill Kunkel. With GNK or 5¢ stamp.) Two pages of BK's personal opinions on anything...The Beatles started out great, but look what it's led to -- Psychedelic music. Ech!!...his nomination for best Superman TV episode...he's still waiting for the \$5.50 refund he didn't get in lieu of the NYCON Banquet ticket he didn't receive.

QUAY-BERTH (Jan. '67 (Oh well!)) (Billy H. Pettit, %Control Data, 1010 Holcombe Blvd., Houston, Texas, 77025. Free for LoC or trade.) Comments on chameleons in their wild state (he's new to Texas) and the lack of excitement which accompanied the discovery of Saturn's tenth moon, Janus. An earlier editorial, in which BHP commented on a chap who believes that "NO good movies have been made since King Kong, and that Edgar Rice Burroughs was the only author worth rereading", is the topic of one of the LoC's. A pleasant 4 pp.

PLAK-TOW #1 (Dec. 13 '67) (Shirley Meech, Apt. B-8, 260 Elkton Rd., Newark, Del., 19711. 10/\$1) A Star Trek 'zine. For first to supply a news tip or article, free ish or wallet-size ST color foto taken from TV.

Apparently some question as to whether ST will be renewed for next fall, and the decision is to be made in January. Urges letters to Mr. Morton Werner, Program Chief, NBC-TV, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y., 10020, or TV section of the local paper, or some such. And did you know that Spock's other name approximates Xtmpsrqzntwlfb? And Leonard Nimoy has a single out -- "The Ballad of Bilbo Baggins? News re the Leonard Nimoy Nat. Assn. of Fans and Vulcanian Enterprises (the latter was represented at NYCON). A bibliography of current mags and papers with ST stars or references. A definite must for ST faaans.

BIBLIOGRAPHICA FUTURICA FANTASTICA, Vol. 1, no. 3, Aug. (Edwin W. Meyer, Box E, MIT Station, Cambridge, Mass., 02139. 25¢; 6/\$1.50; 12/\$2.50.) This pub is attempting "complete listings of all recently published and forthcoming science fiction, fantasy, and off-trail literature published in this country and abroad with descriptive details (where available)". Contents are keyed as to hardcovers or pb; original, reprint (1st pb pub), or reissue -- also, type (novel, anthology, collection of one author, etc.); classification (avant-garde, black comedy, fantasy, fantasy adventure, political extrapolation, sci-fi, etc.). Am a bit puzzled as to who does the classifying, because they define SF as "published as Science Fiction" -- and this could include all the aforementioned categories.

PARADOX #8 (Sept.) (Bruce Robbins, 436 S. Stone Ave., La Grange, Ill., 60525. 35¢; 3/\$1; also, printed LoC's, contribs, trades.) The script of Frankenstein, "a Romantic Drama, in Three Acts, by Richard Brinsley Peake (Complete & Unabridged), First Performed at the Lyceum Theatre, 1823". With costume notes, stage directions, etc.; song lyrics, and cues for music -- flute, harp, bells, etc. Also, recommended fanzines, and a checklist of publications by Bradford M. Day.

TIGHTBEAM #46 (Nov.) (Official Letterzine of the NFFF. Ed., Don Miller. TIGHTBEAM, %Janie Lamb, Rte. 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tenn., 37754.) Letters from fans. Neofans would like to know what's happening, and TIGHTBEAM doesn't seem to be much help, at least in its present form. Ditto N3F, but one gets the impression that at least some people are thinking about it. I would be inclined to suggest that if TIGHTBEAM isn't going to furnish the general lowdown, N3F might furnish a genzine (like TWJ, SIRRUISH, COSIGN or such) with the new fan's initial packet, or a 'zine that falls within the province of the fan's special interests -- or at least the names of some such.

INSTANT MESSAGE #6 (NESFA newsletter -- Dec. 3.) Minutes of Nov. 26 meeting, and agenda for Dec. 10.

FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK
(Lettercol)

Dr. Burton W. Randolph, Terrance View Apts., 1300F, Tom's Creek Rd., Blacksburg, Va.,
24060 (Undated)

. . . Re TWJ 49: Continue A MATTER OF DEFINITION. Bridges is quite right in both cases. "Due to" can also modify a noun phrase such as, "Due to my ogling, her husband hit me." Note that the gerund always requires a possessive pronoun. I will donate some of these when I have some time again, like around February. I'm going out of my mind finishing up at IBM and getting ready to teach. Ergo, no time for any more LoC except to advise George Fergus not to mortgage his house to bet on the same elapsed time on spaceship clocks and earthbound clocks.

((Dr. Randolph has just started a one-year term at VPI as visiting professor. Burt, we'll be looking forward to receiving some contributions from you for A MATTER OF DEFINITION.-- and anyone else is welcome to join in, too. --ed.))

Robert Willingham, 21934 Millpoint Ave., Torrance, Calif., 90502 (28 Dec 67)

Re TWJ #50: . . . Science fiction magazines' distribution problems were brought to mind once again when I read about Banks Mebane's failure to locate a copy of INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION; there are three or four gathering dust at the liquor store where I buy 'zines. If distribution were better, the publishing companies wouldn't lose money on all those unbought 'zines -- money which could be used to improve or lengthen the 'zines. Oh well...

I wish Banks had included his "'66 survey of editorial personalities", because I, for one, missed it, and there must be others who missed it as well.

In his "1967 AUTOPSY REPORT" Banks said Delany's work was spectacular while none of Niven's seemed outstanding. I'll admit "Delany's characters are real people" and that in this respect he outranks Niven, but something like "The Ethics of Madness", for example, was more readable (read: I didn't stop in the middle of the story) and had more effect on me than any of Delany's three.

Then he allots one (1) sentence to Keith Laumer, my favorite author! Does Banks have something against space opera? All he said about Spaceman! was that Laumer had a serial.

Other than the above, I enjoyed "'67 AR" and I thank Banks for mentioning those two reprint 'zines, AMAZING and FANTASTIC, which I do not read.

Did you know that Doll Gilliland's fanzine reviews are actually fun to read? Her amusing remarks and easy style make the reviews. I think we share a liking for Gaughan's work; go Gaughan! Don, if you get an additional fnz reviewer I hope he is equal to Doll, though I don't see how that could be as I have yet to see her equal.

I've been busy with Tolkien lately, but after reading Alexis Gilliland's raving review of Anderson's War of the Wing Men I'll have to take time out to read it. Incidentally, my copy of WotWW is one of six different books sent to me free by Elinor Poland of the NSF Lending Library. She is a very generous lady.

Banks Mebane, P.O. 938, Melbourne Beach, Fla., 32951 (eff. Feb. 1) (12 Jan 68)

In his letter in TWJ #49, George Fergus tripped over the old relativistic clock paradox and came up with some erroneous ideas. To put the paradox in stfnal terms, consider a spaceship taking off from Earth, accelerating to near the velocity of light, traveling a while, stopping, turning around, coming back and re-landing on Earth. While the ship is traveling at near-c speeds, its time-rate, as seen by an observer on Earth, will be slower than that of Earth, by the time-dilation effect. But to an observer on the ship, it is Earth that seems slower. (And this effect

does not depend on whether the two bodies were approaching or receding, as Fergus states.) When the ship lands and the two observers compare watches, what will they find?

The paradox arises from consideration of Einstein's special theory of relativity, and it remains a paradox which cannot be resolved by the special theory. The reason for this is that the special theory is only valid for two observers who are in uniform (i.e., unaccelerated) motion with respect to each other. Two such observers could synchronize watches once as they flashed past each other, but they could never get together again to compare them a second time -- one of them would have to be accelerated for that to happen.

To resolve the clock paradox, one must use Einstein's general theory of relativity, or rather, that basic postulate of the general theory called the "principle of equivalence between gravity and inertia". The principle states that there is no observable difference between gravitational force and accelerative force. If you are in a closed elevator car and feel a force of 1 g, there is no experiment you can perform that will tell you whether you are at rest on the surface of the earth or whether you are out in space being accelerated with a thrust of 1 g.

Now consider the clock paradox again. The spaceship is accelerated as it takes off and speeds up, decelerated when it stops, accelerated when it heads back and decelerated when it slows and lands; the earth is unaccelerated (except for negligible rotational and orbital effects). This is from the viewpoint of the observer on Earth who considers himself motionless. In a frame of reference in which the observer on the spaceship considers himself motionless, the situation is more complex. At the instant the ship's drive is switched on, a uniform gravitational field appears; the earth falls away freely in the gravitational field while the ship's drive holds the ship motionless; the gravitational field shifts in weird ways until finally it disappears just as the earth falls back into place under the ship again and the ship's drive is switched off. (Actually, of course, it is the whole universe that falls in a gravitational field that first appeared in the infinite past at an infinite distance and propagated inward along the pastward light-cone from the ship at its instant of take-off.) That is how the situation appears to the two observers, so we see that the symmetry of the two observers is more apparent than real. When the ship lands and the two observers compare watches, they will find that more time elapsed on Earth than on the ship. The Earth-observer is not surprised, because the ship moved away near the speed of light and he observed the time-dilation effect. The ship-observer is not surprised, because he has observed the earth falling freely in a gravitational field and, since he knows from the principle of equivalence that time-rate depends on gravitational potential, when he integrates over the path the earth took, he finds that more time elapsed for it than for him.

Few experimental tests have been found for the full panoply of the general theory of relativity, so it can be (and has been) doubted by many scientists. But the principle of equivalence has been checked out experimentally in many ways to great precision, and any theory superseding general relativity will have to account for it. On the subatomic level, from observations of high velocity unstable particles that are brought to rest before decaying, the reality of the time-dilation effect has been verified. In recent years, experiments using the Moessbauer nuclear resonance effect have verified both the time-shift from relative motion and the gravitational time-shift -- the latter so precisely that the difference in time-rate between two stories of a building can be detected. A few years ago I read of a proposal for a more macroscopic ^{check} by putting an extremely accurate atomic clock in orbit around Earth for a while and then bringing it back to compare with a clock on Earth. At orbital velocities, the difference in elapsed times would be minute but detectable. I don't know if this plan has ever gotten any further than a proposal.

The resolution of the clock paradox rests on the principle of equivalence and is believed, not just by a "few diehard geocentric physicists" (as Fergus says), but by virtually everybody.

So you might go on a six-month space voyage and come back to find your twin brother 20 years older.

(If anyone wants to read a technical, but not-too-technical, discussion of the clock paradox and its resolution, he can try Tolman's Relativity, Thermodynamics and Cosmology, Oxford Univ. Press. The book is old, but much in it is still valid.)

Robert Silverberg, 5020 Goodridge Ave., N.Y. 71, N.Y.

(13 Jan 68)

I suppose I should have more sense than to kick about two highly favorable reviews, but a couple of things in Gilliland's discussion of To Open the Sky and Thorns bother me. He thinks Thorns is the better book (so do I and a lot of other people) but suggests To Open the Sky as a Hugo contender. Implied in this, as far as I see, is a put-down of the Hugo voters, who are more likely to prefer a well-turned and easily classifiable novel like To Open the Sky to something as disturbing, emotionally explosive, and unformularized as Thorns. Maybe so, but it's the latter book that's had most of the attention. Alexis suggests that THORNS may not be s-f, **which bugs me considerably**, because it brings up that old business about how any book that deals with people and emotions can't possibly be s-f. I'd like to see him defend his statement, "I am not at all sure that what he has here is science fiction." The book a) takes place in the future, b) occurs in good part on other worlds, c) involves people whose predicaments arise out of advances over contemporary scientific technique, and d) includes a character who has certain mental abilities not generally admitted to occur in present-day human beings. This qualifies the book as science fiction by any category I can think of; and if Gilliland wants to call it "mainstream fiction" because it is "part character study, part social comment, and part allegory set against a science-fictional background", then I take most vigorous exception. Once we start throwing out of s-f everything that wouldn't have made a good 1948 ASF serial, we'll chuck out most of what makes it stimulating to write (and read) today.

. . . Despite which griping, I was gladdened by the reviews. His analysis of To Open the Sky is the best discussion I've seen of that book; and I'm pleased no end that he's seen my intentions and thinks I've fulfilled them.

John Brunner, %Brunner Fact & Fiction Ltd., 17-D Froggnal, London NW3, England

(16 Jan 68)

Many thanks for sending me the WSFA JOURNALS and the copy of Disclave 67 ((TJW #42 --ed.)) containing reviews of my work. One is always glad to learn that someone actually read the things... Things like Repairmen of Cyclops and Enigma From Tantalus are an awful long way back in my personal past by now, of course, and they were bread-and-butter items anyhow (though I must confess that I was astonished to find Alexis Gilliland complaining about the excessively meticulous plotting of the former -- it was scarcely plotted in advance at all, but rather the reverse, in that I merely started with a number of characters in a situation developed out of the first Maddalena Santos story and let them run until they met in a head-on crash; end of book!). On the other hand I think it was most perceptive of him to term A Planet of Your Own a "magic book". I'm glad he liked it so well -- it was certainly a lot of fun to write, once I'd hit on this approach and discarded my original tongue-out-of-cheek beginning.

A law student whom I met at the Nycon discussed this novel with me and raised a point which hadn't been on the conscious level of my mind while I was writing it, but which struck me as interesting. I used judge-made, or precedent, law almost exclusively as Kynance's "rabbits", and it wasn't until I was talking with this guy that I realized how right my guesswork had been -- I've never studied law at all. But apparently it makes sense to rely on such precedents in the galactic context of the story. Statutory enactments would tend to apply to local conditions; judgments handed down (presumably) by a kind of galactic supreme court would reflect fundamental principles evolved from cases originating on many different worlds. Well, well!

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P.S. -- Incidentally, as you'll see from the letterhead I'm using, Brunner Fact & Fiction Ltd, is far from a "legal fiction", as it's termed in the recent review of Out of My Mind. It's very definitely a legal fact: a company set up to administer my now rather substantial body of copyrights and the income deriving therefrom... which I wish could be equally substantial!

Steve Rasnic, Box 267, Jonesville, Va., 24263

(Undated)

. . . Jay Kay Klein's Phila. Con report in TWJ #51 was simply delightful. His con reports are truly the highlights of the JOURNAL, worth the price of the whole subscription. The New York report that ran a few issues back was the best I've ever read.

Alexis Gilliland, in his review of Warlock of the Witch World (TWJ #51), brought up the matter of the definition of Sword-and-Sorcery. This seems to be a matter of much argument...as all definitions in s-f seem to be. Alexis stated that "There is, or should be, a balance struck in sword-and-sorcery stories, so that neither the sword nor the sorcery is wholly decisive." I personally agree with this...I really feel that the best s & s stories are written along this formula, However, other definitions seem to abound. Norton, as he pointed out, uses the figurative meaning of "sword". Several fans have told me that sword and sorcery can include either swords or sorcery, not necessarily both. One s & s fan, Chuck Robinson II (in issue #1 of his zine SWORD & SORCERY), argues that it can have both of these ingredients, or either, or for that matter neither. He seems to feel that the proper atmosphere sets it apart from other fiction. The dreamlike world and atmosphere, according to him, make it s & s. He also feels that the villain-type characterizes sword & sorcery. Maybe I'm wrong...but isn't this carrying sword and sorcery to a point where it's almost equivalent with most straight fantasy work? Well, it's a debatable subject...these undefined terms will plague me forever. I don't think we will ever be able to separate fantasy, sword and sorcery, and science fiction into good, clear, separate definitions.

Ted White, 339 49th St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11220

(7 Jul 67)

((This letter was just received from Ted, in response to our request for more letters in the last issue of TWJ. He said it got mixed up with some other material in the pre-NYCON turmoil. He also sent other material, which will appear in TWJ #53. --ed.))

A brief note of comment on TWJ #44:

Alexis Gilliland's article on a superrace is good thinking, and has inspired in me the ideas for at least two books, for which I shall remain grateful.

Henry Gross's review of FANTASY ILLUSTRATED is, how shall I say it? Asinine? I guess so. Not only is FI one of the two literate comics fandom publications (the other is the Thompson's COMIC ART), but its photo-offset repro has allowed it to present some first-rate amateur comic art. While I would agree that "Captain Egg" was, at twenty pages, perhaps ten pages too long, Gross has apparently totally missed the fact that it is a satire on CAPTAIN MARVEL, perhaps because the latter appeared too long before his time. More important, for him to dismiss George Metzger's "Master Tyme and Mobius Tripp" as "a bad s-f strip", is a fantastic example of inept appraisal. This strip has had many of the top professionals in the comics field raving about it, and it could as easily be praised for its virtues as solid sf (the development of the alien society of Skylla is fascinating and as truly alien as anything I've read or seen in years). The use of "psychedelic" lettering and of a psychedelic plot is extremely significant in terms of the directions in which comics may go (Ehob Stewart is working on just such a strip right now). There is no doubt in my mind that Metzger's strip is the single most important item to appear in FI throughout its publishing history, and is perhaps the most important development in comics in this decade, as well. It is significant for both its own excellencies and for those it portends. ". . . a bad s-f strip", indeed!

Gross seems no more at home with the printed word than he does with graphic art. He calls Richard Kyle's writing "modified Pickering", but admits he's unfamiliar with Pickering.

Actually, Kyle's writing is the sort Pickering may, haplessly, aspire to, but there the similarity ends. I might quibble with Kyle's philosophical points in the column under review (in fact, I do), but not with his English, which is excellent and quite literate. The contrast between Kyle and Pickering is total and unavoidable, and anyone who can't see it must be deaf to both style and content . . .

Gross adds that there are "a few minor articles; and the usual letter column". In addition to Kyle's column, there are two articles. The first, "New Directions for the Graphic Story", by editor Spicer, is the first of a projected series, and is an excellent discussion of the evolving philosophy of breakdowns in comic art. Since I doubt Gross knows or understands what a breakdown is (it is the way a story is recast as a series of panels of art on a given page, the choice of speed with which the story is shown in progress, the movement from panel to panel, etc.; it is the difference in good and bad storytelling in comic art), I'm sure he found the article "minor". The other article, "Jesse Marsh: Post Impressionist of the Comics Page", is an appreciation of the artist who drew the comics Tarzan for many years. Marsh was never one of my favorite artists, but the article is adult and literate, as the title suggests, and gives me an appreciation of Marsh which I never before had. I suppose you could call it "minor". And the letter column, running four large pages of triple-columned small type, plus an extremely humorous "graphic letter" from the Thompsons ("Well, doing a graphic letter was odd, but interesting -- we hope you found it odd, at least...") on the following page was "usual" only in terms of FI's surprisingly intelligent readership.

Most comics fanzines seem to be published and written for kids of no more than average intelligence and adults of retarded intelligence. FANTASY ILLUSTRATED is unique among them in that it is deliberately aimed at intelligent adults without any concession. It puts most sf-fandom fanzines to shame in this regard. . . . Next time perhaps it should be reviewed (if at all) by someone at least dimly aware of a) comics fandom and b) good writing and art.

Someone should tell Gechter that PAPER-BOUND BOOKS IN PRINT is no Bible. For instance, while his listing shows that at least two books, Lost In Space #1 and Lost In Space #2 are coming out from Pyramid in August and September, respectively, and are by "Ted White and Dave van Arnam", this is not true. (Actually, PBBIP showed a book #3 as well, compounding the situation.)

Fact: one book was written -- just one. It contains three episodes, but runs only about 45,000 words -- not enough to split into two or three books. Further, the by-line is Dave Van Arnam and Ron Archer. The reason for this is that I was not sufficiently involved in the book to want my own name on it. I acted as a front man on the deal, but my share of the collaboration was only to outline two thirds of the book (the first two thirds, if anyone cares) and to edit and make suggestions for the handling of the book. The writing is entirely Dave Van Arnam's, and was sufficiently above what you might expect for LOST IN SPACE (especially in the second third) that he decided he wanted his own name on it. My choice of "Ron Archer" to represent me lies in the fact that our first Pyramid book, written by "Ted White & Dave Van Arnam", featured a protagonist named Ron Archer. A transparent ploy, you see. This isn't the first time PBBIP has garbled things; they had my Jewels of Elsewhen out last November from Belmont -- two months before I'd finished writing the book. Take their listings with a shaker full of salt.

In Brief --

Andy Porter asks that faneditors send him copies of fanzines which have reports on NYCON 3 in them; send to him at P.O. Box 367, N.Y., N.Y., 10028.

Robert Firebaugh (361 Linden Walk, Lexington, Ky., 40508), states that he has "Mrs. Peel, We're Needed!" bumper stickers which he will part with for 30¢ (includes postage -- but add 10¢ for a manila envelope, if uncreased stickers are desired). Color of stickers is orange on blue.

THE EASTERN SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

The next meeting of the Eastern Science Fiction Association (ESFA) will be held on Sunday, February 4, at 3 p.m., in the YM-YWCA at 600 Broad St., Newark, N.J. Speaker will be Paul W. Fairman. The annual Open ESFA will be held on March 3, with guest speaker Will F. Jenkins (Murray Leinster), in honor of his 50 years of s-f writing.

Minutes of ESFA Meeting, December 3, 1967 --

The meeting was called to order by Director Bob Weinberg at 3:05 p.m., with an attendance of 20. The Secretary's minutes were read and accepted after a minor correction.

Under news notes and items of interest it was mentioned that the latest J.R.R. Tolkien story, "Smith of Wooton Minor", was in the Dec. '67 issue of RED BOOK. Stephen Silverberg said that radio WRBR-FM has been reading The Hobbit nightly. On Dec. 22 it will commence The Fellowship of the Ring. Fred Lerner said that WBAI has been giving readings from the works of Harlan Ellison and Roger Zelazny. Allan Howard reported the death of Clifford M. Eddy on November 21. Eddy, a friend of Lovecraft, was the author of the controversial 1924 WEIRD TALES story, "The Loved Dead".

Mike Deckinger read a letter from Syracuse University, extending an invitation to ESFA to deposit any club records or letters in their s-f collection. Deckinger said that he has 40 to 50 letters from s-f authors received during his term as Director, that he was considering sending. This raised the question of whether these letters are personal or club property. A motion by Sam Moskowitz, and carried by majority vote, was made to permit Deckinger, in this instance only, to keep and dispense with his correspondence as he will. A motion was made by Fred Lerner, and passed, that no donation of cash or material be made to any university or institution unless the material will be open to any ESFA member in good standing who may desire to see it. The Secretary was requested to send a copy of the minutes to Syracuse University, together with a letter of the action taken on their request for material.

Under old business the Director announced that he had a letter of acceptance from Will F. Jenkins (Murray Leinster) to attend the March Open Meeting as guest of honor, celebrating 50 years of s-f writing. There followed discussion and suggestions for a possible program to be built around the speaker. Weinberg and Deckinger will arrange for a plaque to be presented to Mr. Jenkins. It was also decided that the registration fee will be \$1.25. Fred Lerner reported that he has started mailing out informational flyers on the club to potential members. Paul Herkart gave the Treasurer's report. Tom Bulmer gave a brief report on the November Philcon. He said that, in addition to some of the announced speakers not showing up, the affair didn't seem to be well planned. Fred Lerner added that panels seem to be losing their appeal because of over-exposure of the same familiar people.

There being no guest speaker, the Director called for general discussion. This gradually took the form of discussion of a remark made by Lester Del Rey to the effect that "intelligence is a response to a situation where arrogance pays off". There was general agreement that there is a connection between arrogance and intelligence. The hard scientist not only looks down on the humanities, but also to those other scientists not in his own discipline. The people in arts are equally as arrogant toward engineering. Helmut Geiger said that the present trend of thinking feels that scientists need further training in the humanities to bring about understanding. Engineering graduates feel that they should have had more of the humanities. Bob Weinberg cited A.E. Van Vogt's "nexist", whose function was to coordinate and combine all science as being the thing that is needed. Leonardo da Vinci was mentioned as an example of combining the best in the engineering and arts of his time.

It was also pointed out that in most s-f stories, which are, after all, written by people, the assumption is made that people, or at least humanoids, are more advanced than extra-terrestrials -- or, if not,

are capable of overtaking them. Isaac Asimov postulated a whole pattern where humans fill the Galaxy, and there are no ET non-humans. Sam Moskowitz said that the German writers of the period 1927-1931 were the least racist in that respect. All space ship crews were of mixed races.

The meeting adjourned at 5:15 p.m.

Allan Howard, Secretary ESFA

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Steve Stiles '68 TAFF winner on 2nd ballot. Details in S.F. WEEKLY #214 (Andy Porter, 24 E. 82nd St., N.Y., N.Y., 10028; news or 12/\$1).

From now on, contributions printed in TWJ bring extra issue on TWJ subs.

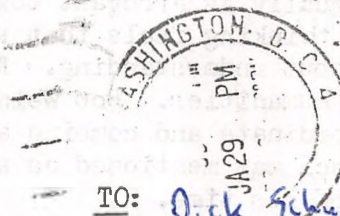
The JOURNAL is published tri-weekly. Sub rates: 5/\$1.25, 10/\$2, or 20/\$3.75; individual copy prices vary, but are generally 25¢. For club exchanges, back-issue info, and membership info, write the editor. Deadline for material for issue #53, Feb. 9; for #54, March 1. Address code: C, Contributor; K, something of yours reviewed herein; L, Life member; M, Regular member; N, you are mentioned herein; P, Corresponding member; R, for review; S, Sample; W, Subscriber; X, last issue, unless....

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