

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

The Official Organ of the Washington Science Fiction Association ---- Issue No. 53
Editor and Publisher: Don Miller Mid-February, 1968

March/April Short Calendar --

(WSFA meetings start at 8 p.m.)

WSFA Meetings -- 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 Alexis & Doll Gilliland; see above); March 29 (5th-Friday party; site not yet chosen); April 5 (site not yet chosen); April 19 (no site yet).
BSFS Meetings -- March 9, 23; April 12, 26; usually at home of Jack Haldeman, 1244 Woodbourne Ave., Baltimore, Md.; ph. 323-6108. Meetings start at 8 p.m.
ESFA Meetings -- March 3 (Annual OPEN ESFA; see below); April 7; at YM-YWCA, 600 Broad St., Newark, N.J.; OPEN ESFA at 1:00 p.m.; April 7 meeting at 3 p.m.
PSFS Meetings -- March 8; April 12; at Central YMCA, Broad & Arch Sts., Phila., Penna., at 8 p.m.
NESFA Meetings -- March 10, 24; April 14, 28; at homes of various members, at 2:00 p.m. For info write: Sue Hereford, 67 Toxteth St., Brookline, Mass., 02146.

OSFA Meetings -- March 31 (?); April 28; in auditorium of Main St. Louis Public Library, 1301 Olive St., at 2 p.m.

FISTFA Meetings -- March 1, 15, 29; April 12, 26; at apt. of Mike McInerney, 250 W. 16th St., Apt. 5FW, N.Y., N.Y., at 9 p.m.

Lunarians -- March 16; April meeting at LUNACON (see below); March meeting at home of Frank & Ann Dietz, 1750 Walton Ave., Bronx, N.Y., at 8 p.m.; ph. TR8-8082; For guests of members and out-of-towners only.

MoSFA -- Weekly, at 7:30 p.m. on Thurs., in basement of 813 Maryland, Univ. of Missouri at Columbia campus.

MITSFs -- Every Friday at 5 p.m. in Room 1-236, MIT, Cambridge, Mass.

Fellowship of the Purple Tongue -- Every Saturday, at 2 p.m., at home of Phil Harrell, 3021 Tait Terrace, Norfolk, Va., at 2 p.m. (ph. 853-1259).

Cincinnati Fantasy Group -- Every Saturday, at homes of various members; for info write Lou Tabakow, 3953 St. Johns Terrace, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45236.

LASFS -- Every Thurs. at home of Owen Hannifen, 508 S. St. Andrews Place, Los Angeles, Calif., at 8 p.m. (Thanks, Stan Woolston.)

AGUSFOOS -- March 5, 19; April 2, 16, 30; in Room 387D, Loeb Building, Carleton Univ., Ottawa, Canada, at 12:00 noon.

Info still needed on C/SFS and any other clubs not listed above.

Conventions --

OPEN ESFA -- March 3, Newark YM-YWCA, 600 Broad St., Newark, N.J., at 1:00 p.m. In honor of GoH Murray Leinster's 50 years of writing SF. Also on program are Lin Carter, Otto Binder, and Sam Moskowitz. Registration fee \$1.25.

Second Annual Dinner Get-Together for SF Fans at the March 18-21 IEEEcon -- March 19, at 7 p.m., in N.Y. City at Three Crowns Smorgasbord Restaurant, 12 E. 54th St. Jay Kay Klein (302 Sandra Dr., N. Syracuse, N.Y., 13212) writes: "As last year, we will assemble 6:00-6:30 p.m. in the lobby of the Essex House, just down the street from the Coliseum on Central Park South. We will then walk the few blocks to the restaurant. Or you can meet us there. . . There's no program or registration fee -- just dinner at a pleasant, good restaurant." If coming, let Jay know by March 1st.

(Cont. on page 22)

THE BOOKSHELF: New Releases

ACE -- March, 1968 Releases:

PAST MASTER, by R.A. Lafferty (H-54; 60¢) -- "A great galloping madman of a novel, drenched in sound and color."--Harlan Ellison.

VICTORY ON JANUS, by Andre Norton (G-703; 50¢) -- "The green people of Janus suddenly find themselves facing destruction by an unknown enemy known only as THAT."

THE JEWELS OF APTOR, by Samuel R. Delany (G-706; 50¢; revised & expanded) -- "Outrageously fantastic, romantic and gorgeously implausible."--ANALOG.

THE PRISM, by Emil Petaja -- "Kor is brought from his fantasy world, under the watchful eye of bored Earthlings, to become an uncoded warrior in the gold people's revolt." and

CROWN OF INFINITY, by John M. Faucette (H-51; 60¢) -- "The Star Kings were created after the destruction of Earth. Their mission: the revenge of Earth's fate!"

YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW, by Jules Verne (H-52; 60¢) -- "In this collection of little-known stories by a science fiction master, including some never before translated into English, are tales of the end of the world, of the 29th Century, of fantasy, the weird and the Utopian."

ON EARTH AND IN THE SKY, by Willy Ley (H-55; 60¢) -- "A rational, scientific examination of the wonders of the universe . . ."

PROGENY OF THE ADDER, by Leslie H. Whitten (H-53; 60¢; fantasy, according to Terry Carr) -- "There were three bodies found in the Potomac and veteran homicide detective Harry Picard knew he was up against something he had never seen before."

BALLANTINE -- February, 1968 Releases:

A FISH DINNER IN MEMISON, by E.R. Eddison (U7064; 95¢) -- "E.R. Eddison was the author of three of the most remarkable romances in the English language. The Worm Ouroboros, Mistress of Mistresses and A Fish Dinner in Memison. When he died, he left uncompleted still a fourth The Mezentian Gate...loosely linked together as one vast romantic epic. ##### "What are the reasons for considering this flawed masterpiece worthy of the attention of serious students of literature? ##### "First of all, there is the lordly narrative sweep, the pure essence of story-telling for its own sake. Second the splendor of the prose, the roll and swagger and reverberating rhythms and the sheer gorgeousness of its deliberate artifice. And third is the blessed sense of participation in a world where wonders still abound and glory is a word untarnished by the cynical tongues of small-minded men."--Orville Prescott.

CHOCKY, by John Wyndham (U6119; 75¢) -- ". . . John Wyndham's return to the field of science fiction is marked by a warm and human story of a young couple confronted with the problem of a son who has an unseen and, as they believe, imaginary companion. Tension takes over as anxious pride in their son's unusual accomplishments is replaced by fear for his reason. . . ." (Chocky and Fish Dinner are both originals.)

MUTANT, by Henry Kuttner (U2859; .50) -- "Science fiction novel about 'Baldies' -- mutants who were telepathic -- and their struggle for survival in a hostile world."

WITCH DOCTOR, by N.C. McDonald (U2860; 50¢) -- "Out of the first encounter between the white man and the Indians in Alaska, N.C. McDonald has created a novel of wonder, excitement and shrewd humor. The tribe's witch doctor must combat the white man's magic or he will be killed and replaced by a better man."

Also: ACE -- The Master of Phoenix Hall, by Edwina Marlow (G-707; 50¢; "Gothic"); The Dark Summer, by Nancy Buckingham (K-297; 50¢; "Gothic"); The Silver Cord, by Rona Randall (K-298; 50¢; Romance); Navarro, by Carse Boyd (G-704; 50¢; Western); Killers' Corral, by Merle Constiner and The Long Wire, by Barry Cord (G-705; 50¢; Westerns). BALLANTINE -- Four Stars of Hell, by Laurence Critchell (U6241; 75¢; WW-II History series); Norwood, by Charles Portis (U5100; 60¢; "Love on a bus--the backseat adventures of Norwood Pratt."); Going Home, by Doris Lessings (U7088; 95¢; ". . . explosive account of white racism in Africa."); The Golden Notebook, by Doris Lessings (U8007; \$1.25; ". . . dazzling, provocative novel about . . . the revolution of women against men."); Contested Valley, by Hunter Ingram (U2350; 50¢; Western).

THE PAPERBACKS IN PERSPECTIVE: 1967

by George Fergus

This year-end summary focuses mainly on original novels, but mention is also made of good reprints, particularly those from sources other than recent issues of U.S. prozines. The format is different from last year, and is still in a state of flux. Enjoy it while you can, for it may get worse before Alexis has pity on me and takes over the job.

ACE (76 books, of which 35 were originals) headlines:

"Professor Jameson" series revived: the 21 classics of alien worlds adventure by Neil R. Jones to be reprinted in 7 volumes, of which 4 appeared in '67.

Alias Captain Future: Edmond Hamilton has begun a new series of modern-quality space adventures with Starwolf #1: The Weapon From Beyond.

PLANET STORIES is alive and hiding in Don Wollheim's box of toy soldiers: a Leigh Brackett collection (The Coming of the Terrans) was published and The Sword of Rhiannon reissued.

Jack Williamson gives equal time: Bright New Universe uses the same plot structure as The Humanoids to bring forth an opposite view.

WEIRD TALES revisited: King of the World's Edge by H. Warner Munn has a sequel after 30 years, The Ship From Atlantis.

Terry Carr starts new whiz-bang quality SF series: first special selection is H-Bomb Over America by Jeff Sutton.

"Med Service" completed: the remainder of the series by Murray Leinster were collected as S.O.S. From 3 Worlds.

New Wavelet Makes Waves: Delany's Einstein Intersection receives critical acclaim!

On the negative side: E.C. Tubb has returned, Philip E. High has taken a turn for the worse, and Emil Petaja continues unmercifully.

Good reprints: Herbert -- Dune, Swann -- The Weirwoods, Vance -- The Last Castle, and Zelazny -- Four for Tomorrow.

Anthologies: the excellent Carr New Worlds of Fantasy and Wollheim-Carr World's Best SF '67, the fair IF Reader, and the steadily declining Best From F&SF #12 & #13 (Davidson).

AVON (19 books, 4 originals) started reprinting Talbot Mundy with Tros of Samothrace in 4 volumes (since Ace has already done Queen Cleopatra, Avon will probably follow soon with The Purple Pirate). Also a long-overdue Wyman Guin collection, Living Way Out.

Almost everything that BALLANTINE (18 books, 6 originals) publishes is worth buying, except for their Burroughs line: Treasure of the Black Falcon (by John Coleman Burroughs), Outlaw of Gor (after John Carter) and Dolphin Boy (after Tarzan). Excellent originals are Chthon (Anthony), Restoree (McCaffrey), and Thorns (Silverberg). Also some excellent reprints of series from the Pohlzines: The Eskimo Invasion (Howard), Berserker (Saberhagen), To Open the Sky (Silverberg). Ballantine also resurrected hard-to-get oldies: The Worm Ouroboros and its sequels (term used loosely) by E.R. Eddison. Plus the interesting and invaluable Seekers of Tomorrow by Sam Moskowitz.

BANNER: Bob Shaw's Night Walk is similar but superior to old gadget-adventure novels (a la Murray Leinster).

BANTAM's Doc Savage reprints have passed 20, still on bimonthly release. Try to reconcile these and Otto Binder's The Avengers Battle the Earth-Wrecker with the publication of Flowers for Algernon! Louis Charbonneau's latest novel Down to Earth is an overwritten juvenile.

BELMONT (15 books, 7 originals) is beneath consideration, as always. Their best item was the Ellison collection From the Land of Fear, in which the introductions are of

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far greater interest than the fiction. I am getting progressively less fond of "The Sky is Burning", since it has now appeared in 3 out of Harlan's 5 collections.

BERKLEY (31 books, 3 originals) likes to reprint British novels in the Wells-Wyndham-Christopher-Ballard-Aldiss-Disch tradition of after-the-alien-invasion-or-world-catastrophe. On occasion they are tolerant and reprint works by writers who deviate from the traditional setting. Notable British reprints of both types are The Crystal World (Ballard), All Fools' Day (Cooper), Echo Round His Bones (Disch), The Quy Effect and The Uncensored Man (Sellings). As a sideline they also reprint some U.S. stuff: The Trouble Twisters (Anderson), The Fury Out of Time (Biggle), Retief's War (Laumer), Code 3 (Raphael), The Palace of Love (Vance), The Winged Man (van Vogt and Hull), and Pseudo-People (ed. Nolan). Especially noteworthy are their reprints of hardcovers which weren't originally in the magazines: Harry Harrison's Make Room! Make Room!, Leonard Daventry's A Man of Double Deed, and Damon Knight's anthology Orbit 2. Their original novels are negligible, except for Counter-Clock World by Philip K. Dick.

DELL astounded me by printing two originals, of which the novelization of Dickson's "Soldier Ask Not" is mildly notable. Reprints: Mindswap (Sheckley), The Judgment of Eve (Pangborn), Year's Best S-F #11 (Merril), and Time Probe (ed. Clarke). They dashed the hopes of fans by reprinting only one Heinlein juvenile, Starman Jones.

GOLD MEDAL: The Amsirs and the Iron Thorn by Algis Budrys (from GALAXY).

LANCER (31 books, 7 originals) reprinted The Carnelian Cube (deCamp & Pratt), The Slaves of Sleep (Hubbard), and the renowned Well of the Unicorn (Pratt) from some years back, exemplifying their near-monopoly on the revival of dated fantasy. Sprague de Camp and Lin Carter are still finishing off Robert E. Howard's Conan series, as well as a book of King Kull stories. Of more recent conjuring are The Stealer of Souls and the excellent Stormbringer by Michael Moorcock, who has also started an uninteresting new series of sword & sorcery originals about the "Rune-staff". There are a few good reprints such as Nourse's juvenile Trouble on Titan, but the originals are low-quality.

MACFADDEN reprinted some fair hardcovers such as FROOMB! (Lymington), The Mind Traders (Holly), and Cities of Wonder (ed. Knight). They also had the bright idea of reprinting "The Changeling" by A.E. van Vogt as a novel, even though it comprises only about a third of the book The Beast which they already published just 3 years ago. One can understand when Ace reissues half of an old double as a new higher-priced single; but this is ridiculous!

PAPERBACK LIBRARY (15 books not including borderline horror, 3 originals) does manage to reprint some good hardcover juveniles such as Marooned on Mars (Del Rey) and The Universe Between (Nourse). They even turned up with William R. Burkett's Sleeping Planet (from ANALOG). However, they still import awful British pb originals, and perpetrate a travesty of Bantam's good Supernatural Horror series under the label "Black Magic Novels of Terror".

POCKET BOOKS published Pohl's 9th GALAXY Reader. (What this one has over the 7th and 8th, which they passed up, is beyond me.)

PYRAMID (20 books, 7 originals) has gone crazy over novelizations from TV, with Leinster doing "Time Tunnel", Laumer doing "The Invaders", and van Arnam & Archer doing "Lost in Space". It must even be admitted that Laumer's are fairly entertaining (which is probably why someone else has just taken over writing them). Thank God for Small Miracles Dept: They did manage to avoid any new Voyages to the muck at the Bottom of the Sea. The only other original is Chester Anderson's excellent The Butterfly Kid, which is clever, hip, and funny. Banking on the success of their Doc Smith titles, they reprinted 4 books of old-but-good-for-them-as-likes-such

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space opera by Jack Williamson, especially the "Legion of Space" series. From the appearance of Venus Equilateral it seems that 1968 may be devoted to George O. Smith (Pattern for Conquest? Nomad?). The Fantastic Swordsmen is the latest in de Camp's tiresome series of sword & sorcery anthologies in which he manages to pick almost everyone's worst stories. Remaining are Philip K. Dick's The Zap Gun (expanded from "Project Plowshare" in WOT) and Harlan Ellison's I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream (a collection with notable high spots, but lacking the overall quality of Paingod).

SIGNET's best reprints were by Brian Aldiss: Who Can Replace a Man? (Best Shorts) and Earthworks. Their original, The Rim-World Legacy by F.A. Javor, is a fairly good pseudo-hardboiled mystery thriller in a science-fictional setting.

There were many notable reissues of older paperbacks, especially from Ace and Avon. In particular: (from ACE) Simak -- City, Leiber -- The Big Time, Dickson -- The Genetic General, Dick -- The World Jones Made, Anderson -- War of the Wing-Men; (from AVON) Henderson -- Pilgrimage, Clement -- Needle, Simak -- Ring Around the Sun, Christopher -- No Blade of Grass, Herbert -- The Dragon in the Sea, Merritt -- Dwellers in the Mirage and 7 Footprints to Satan; (from BALLANTINE) Clarke -- Childhood's End, Sheckley -- Untouched by Human Hands; (from BERKLEY) Heinlein -- (anthol.) Tomorrow the Stars, Campbell -- The ASTOUNDING SF Anthology; (from LANCER) Wilson -- The Girls from Planet 5; (from MACFADDEN) Clifton -- When They Come from Space, Simak -- All the Traps of Earth; and (from PYRAMID) Sturgeon -- The Synthetic Man and Clarke -- Against the Fall of Night.

In the matter of artwork I must admit to prejudice, as Jack Gaughan's pb covers repel me intensely (tho he does excellent interior and title-page illos for Ace). Freas had lots of nice covers, especially on (from Lancer) The Carnelian Cube and (from Ace) The Edge of Time, World Without Stars, The Arsenal Out of Time, and New Worlds of Fantasy. Jerry Podwil gets better all the time, especially for Road to the Rim from Ace. Gray Morrow's cover for The Weirwoods was almost as good as his previous similar covers for Day of the Minotaur and Gates of Creation. He did, as well, a refreshingly different cover for The Butterfly Kid. Frazetta did excellent covers for the Conan series and Night Walk, and Krenkel contributed an interesting though overly monochromatic cover for King Kull. Ballantine's artist (whose name remains obscure) did quite well with Thorns, Outlaw of Gor, etc. The Eskimo Invasion also has a striking cover. Paul Lehr returned to do some good work for Berkley, and Powers put forth his usual inventive work for Ballantine and some especially good stuff for Berkley. Berkley's Colossus has a good cover, one of the growing number of collages. Gaughan was fairly effective with City of Illusions, Moon of 3 Rings, and Turning On from Ace, and Venus Equilateral from Pyramid.

In conclusion, the most important pb originals of the year are:

#1 -- Chthon (Ballantine), for which Piers Anthony took a rather insipid idea and spent seven years embroidering it into a masterpiece. Don't miss it. (Recommended reading order: Aton 381,400, Garnet 400,398, Chill 400,399, Minion 401,400, Minionette 400,402, Chthon 400,403.)

#2 -- The Einstein Intersection (Ace), for which Chip Delany recorded his impressions of symbolic figures in history (Billy the Kid, Jean Harlow, Christ) and then wound them all up with the Orpheus myth to produce a symbolic mess that's enjoyable for Delany's imaginative writing even if the symbolism doesn't grab you.

Almost-made-its:

The Ganymede Takeover (Ace) has the usual unusual and interesting Philip K. Dickiana, with the grotesque battle scenes being particularly enjoyable. The personalities and philosophies become peculiarly entertaining if you can stand them.

Thorns (Ballantine) would have made a much greater impression if Bob Silverberg had written it back in 1956 when he received his Hugo as most promising new author. Though admirably executed, the book is an ordinary modern love story overlaid with

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the no-longer-new idea of emotional vampirism, and its sudden happy ending doesn't quite come off.

Restoree (Ballantine) by Anne McCaffrey transfers a standard plot used in historical romances to a science fictional setting. However, the plot is a good one (why else would they always be using it?), the characters are either originals or engaging stock, and there are some clever ideas in the transposition.

City of Illusions (Ace) is far superior to Ursula K. LeGuin's first two novels, which were themselves no mean productions. Now that Marion Zimmer Bradley appears to have stopped writing and Andre Norton gets worse every year, I'd say that LeGuin is today's best writer of this kind of alien semi-fantasy adventure.

ODDS AND ENDS

We are trying to hold out against the pull of a 30-page format until the WSFA treasury gets back on its feet and we get rid of a few of our 15-odd magazines, but the stack of "squeezed-out" material grows thicker with each issue. (Not that we're complaining, mind you....) At any rate, "The Con Game" (revised and updated and much expanded), ESFA Minutes, and the Lancer releases for April will appear in TWJ #54. And we hope that MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY, which is missing from this issue because of Banks' recent move to Florida (he is still getting settled) will reappear next issue.

And while we are at it, we urgently need material for the May "Disclave" issue -- well-written fiction, art-work (on stencil or on white paper in black ink), articles, even poetry. We are particularly interested in material of some length, as this will be a big issue. And we need good cover-art, not only for the Disclave issue, but also for the issues which follow -- we hope to start using cover art with the Disclave issue, but to continue using it we will have to have some on hand to use....

In brief --

By now most of you have probably heard of the tragic and untimely death of former WSFAN Ron Ellik, who was killed in an automobile accident in Wisconsin on January 27th. Winner of a Hugo in 1959 for FANAC, a news-oriented fanzine which he co-edited with Terry Carr, and of the TAFF balloting in 1962; co-author of The Universes of E.E. Smith (Advent; 1966) with Bill Evans, and of The Man From U.N.C.L.E. #14: The Cross of Gold Affair (Ace; 1968) with Steve Tolliver; and one of the best-liked of all fans -- at the age of 29, Ron was just at the beginning of his prime. He will be missed.

Also claimed by death was Rosel George Brown, who died in November at the age of 41. Author of almost 20 stories published in the magazines during the period 1958-1966, and of the collection A Handful of Time (Ballantine; 1963) -- and co-author, with Keith Laumer, of Earthblood (Doubleday; 1966) -- her latest novel, Sibyl Sue Blue (Doubleday; 1966) has just been released in paperback by Ace (and is reviewed in this issue of the JOURNAL by Alexis Gilliland). (Thanks, S.F. TIMES.)

Bernie Harrison of THE WASHINGTON STAR newspaper reports that Star Trek is definitely being renewed by NBC for another season, and that CBS is dropping Lost in Space. We only hope the S-T scripts show some improvement over those of this year, but its new 7:30-8:30 Monday evening time-slot indicates it may be slanted a bit more towards the kiddies. *Sigh*

Terry Carr reports that the home of Bob and Barbara Silverberg was very badly damaged by a fire which broke out in the attic at about 4:00 a.m., Tuesday, Feb. 13. No one was injured, but (according to Andy Porter's S.F. WEEKLY) Bob lost his entire S.F., fanzine, and rare book collection and a portion of the SFWA files. The Silverbergs plan to rent a house or apartment in the area while their home is being repaired (a matter of several months); in the interim, they can be reached through Bob's agent, Scott Meredith, 580 5th Ave., N.Y., N.Y., 10036 (CI5-5500).

BALTICON program consisted of panel of Andy Porter, Lin Carter, and Alexis Gilliland; dialogue between Roger Zelazny and Ted White; and GoH speech by Samuel Delany. It was most enjoyable. Anyone care to write a more detailed report for the JOURNAL?

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

The Swords of Lankhmar, by Fritz Leiber (Ace Book H-38; 60¢; 224 pp(!); copyright 1968).

Remember Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser? Well, for some reason (the CIAce paying plenty of dollars, a mad desire to top Lord of the Rings) Leiber has now started novelizing these stories to start (so the back cover assures us) a new series for Ace Paperbacks. The present work is an expansion of "Scylla's Daughter" from the Ziff-Davis FANTASTIC of 1961.

All right, let's hear it for Ace and Fritz Leiber! TSoL is an epic sword-and-sorcery novel which bids fair to win its author another Hugo (in '69 -- note the copyright date). It is a bawdy, funny, Rabelaisian yarn standing on a par with LoTR, and is in many ways far better.

There is no item-for-item similarity between the two, but both are sword-and-sorcery stories intended to entertain, and they can be compared. For instance, Leiber hasn't bothered to go into the meticulous and painstaking background development that Tolkien has done. TSoL has no scholarly appendices or voluminous historical notes. For his part Tolkien has made only the most sparing use of humor, and virtually no use of sex. By contrast, Leiber is quite liberal with sex, using it to illuminate his characters and to lend explosive force to much of his humor. He is enormously funny for a variety of reasons, none of them unintentional, and TSoL is filled with word-play as well as sword-play.

If Leiber has no scene to compare with Sam's farewell to the Shelob-stung Frodo, Tolkien has nothing to compare with Karl Treherz cursing in German as he rides through the fog on the back of a rat-eating two-headed sea serpent, seeking his mislaid space-time transporter, while fumbling through his German-Lankhmarese dictionary.

In both stories the characters are vivid and alive, but Tolkien's people are carefully drawn portraits, with emphasis on the heroic, while Leiber has relied more on caricature, and his people are rakes, finks, and low-lives.

Tolkien has created a superior world, with superior creatures, but he has also used four times as many words to do so, and if Leiber's series runs to anything like the length of the Ring trilogy, the world of Lankhmar may also show some development in depth.

Now regarding TSoL itself, Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser go wenching, brawling and drinking in the nominal service of decadent Lankhmar's pansy-wreathed Overlord, Glipkerio Kistomerces. It is a measure of the low-livedness of all concerned that the villains are rats and wererats; anything human would have usurped the hero's role. Their adversaries, Hisvet the scheming grain merchant, his rat-mink daughter Hisvin, her maid (and proxy in love-making) Frix, and the admirable Skwee (a white superrat), are as resourceful a crew as ever turned the tables on a temporarily triumphant hero. Then of course we have a couple of wizards messing around with confusing and inexplicit instructions, and lots and lots of good, rousing action.

Leiber also takes the trouble to explain a bit about the magic, like where the excess mass goes when one shrinks to rat-size, and where it comes from when one enlarges. Or why the floating continent rises and sinks. This may be only a trivial thing, but it is also a pleasure.

The cover, by Jeff Jones, is tastefully handsome, with an artful use of subdued colors and white background. Inside, Gaughan has a nice spot and a two-page map from AMRA.

One final word. When the jacket blurb extols Leiber as "the foremost master of sword-and-sorcery...", they aren't kidding.

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Andromeda Breakthrough, by Fred Hoyle and John Elliot (Fawcett Crest Book R1080; 60¢; 186 pp.).

This is a sequel to A for Andromeda, which I haven't read. However, it must have gone something like this: The great radio-telescope at Twitting Flats receives a message in code from, of all places, Andromeda Galaxy. When deciphered it turns out to be the specifications for a super-computer which starts handing out answers to questions that haven't been asked yet. Whitehall is ecstatic; England will be a world power again. The scientists are jubilant. A biochemist named Dawnay (Miss) follows the computer's instructions and creates life -- a young woman named Andromeda who grows to maturity in six months. Missile research is greatly advanced. However John Fleming, brilliant genius, doesn't like it, denounces the computer as an alien bid for domination, denounces Andromeda, sulks, misbehaves, and ends the book by bashing in the computer and running off with Andromeda for no particularly good reason. AB takes up where AFA left off.

The book has its virtues. Hoyle is an imaginative scientist of considerable stature, and the writing is generally adequate. There are a lot of ideas bouncing around, some of them quite good, and a lot of action, some of it incredibly stupid and unmotivated. The villain is an international organization called Intel, which hires ex-SS men for the SS-type non-commercial dirty-work in which it indulges.

After Fleming smashes the super-computer and runs off with Andromeda, his superiors ask him what he is doing. "Now Dr. Fleming, why did you abduct this woman?" The Minister's gentle tone had changed. "That's beside the point," Fleming retorted truculently. "Then what is the point?" "That the message from the Andromeda nebulae, and all that derived from it, was evil." Deliberately he forced himself to speak calmly and quietly. "It was sent by a superior intelligence that would subjugate us, and would have, if necessary, destroyed us." His superior is upset because the message was stored in the computer, and Twitting Flats didn't keep a copy. Fortunately, Intel stole that particular secret, and built a duplicate computer. When Fleming escapes with the girl again, guess who finds them, loses them, and grabs them from under the noses of flat-footed British Security forces? Right.

About here it becomes evident that Miss Dawnay made a mistake with the super-computer's help somewhat earlier. Namely, flushing some synthetic bacteria that didn't amount to much down the sink. It seems they reproduce like mad, and absorb nitrogen from the air like a vacuum, and once they hit the ocean.... Well, British science fiction always was partial to extraordinary weather.

Anyway, Fleming is a first-rate jerk, and his cohorts are also jerks. Dawnay is worse than he is, in fact. And whenever the book gets on philosophy, which is fairly often, I close my eyes and think of England. John Elliot did a lot of writing for BBC and early TV, which may explain the soap-operatic character of the action and dialog. Still, the book is better than a lot of novelized TV scripts I've seen, and if you liked the Man from U.N.C.L.E., you should like this.

Oh, yes. On the next to the last page Fleming still wants to destroy the computer. He is nothing if not persistent.

The cover is sub-mediocre, blurry color photography.

Ossian's Ride, by Fred Hoyle (Berkley Books X1506; 60¢; 149 pp; copyright 1959).

Ossian's Ride is much better than Andromeda Breakthrough, confirming my suspicion that we scientists write better when we don't collaborate with TV dramatists. At least, Hoyle does.

There are several points he makes about research and spending on research which were dubious in 1959 and essentially disproved by 1968. Pure research

is only for those with the vocation. Spending money for hackers to do pure research is pouring money down a rathole, and it is more important for a country to spend intelligently (on research) (Hell, on anything) than to spend copiously. Hoyle anticipates the "brain-drain", only he has them draining into Ireland, behind the "Erin Curtain". It seems that I.C.E. -- the Industrial Corporation of Eire -- has, in the course of a decade or two, grown to the stature of a world power. And naturally, poor old Britain would like to know the secret.

So the "I" of the narrative, Thomas Sherwood, Cambridge BA in math, class of '79 and first-year graduate student, is recruited to go into Ireland and find out what gives. He is intelligent, he doesn't make obvious mistakes, and it is a pleasure to follow his adventures: He is also tough, tenacious and lucky, and the story is how he makes his way through the maze of defences surrounding I.C.E., in a series of splendid adventures. Some of it is chase, some of it is straight action, some of it is observation, some of it is sitting tight when you can't run, and all through Sherwood is using his head. When his plans misfire, he improvises. When he is caught, he escapes. At the end, the story is resolved in the classic manner of mysteries, leaving no loose ends. Hoyle does it very neatly, and also explains the mystery of I.C.E.

His characterizations are good. Sherwood, Colquehoun, Cathleen, and various minor characters like Houseman, or the Canon, all become real. (Perhaps in Britain they are stock; if so, I am unfamiliar with the stockpile.)

Good people, good action, a classic plot, and a variety of interesting ideas all contribute to a thoroughly entertaining story. OR is drier and more cerebral than Fleming's Bond series, but far gentler than LeCarre's The Spy Who Came in From the Cold. Sherwood is clearly in the tradition of the Gentleman Amateur rather than the currently popular Thorough Professional.

The cover is rather attractive, and has at least the virtue of not being a blurry photograph or photomontage.

Galactic Sibyl Sue Blue, by Rosel George Brown (Berkley Book X1503; 60¢; 152 pp.).

I don't know how I got started on GSSB...I had no intention of starting anything with a stupid title like that, and the cover (by Hoot Zitzewitz) was a rather repellant photomontage. Actually, the cover as a whole -- lettering, white space, and arrangement -- is not too bad, but the arty part.... Anyway, for some reason I started reading, and I couldn't put the damned thing down.

GSSB, published by Doubleday as Sibyl Sue Blue, is an amazingly entertaining book. The pace is fast, and incredibly, is sustained throughout the book. The heroine -- SSB herself -- is a complex and interesting person. At first she seems like a Modesty Blaise caricature, but somewhere in there she becomes a real, albeit highly endowed (naturally curly hair and eats all she wants without losing her figure) person. We have her start by investigating several murders by liver excision, and this ties in with Centaurian benzale smuggling (benzale is the equivalent of pot for Centurians, but something else for humans). Then, every time she runs into a green Centurian, the beast slobberingly attacks her.

This all ties in with the main menaces of the book, the megalomaniac Stuart Grant, and the intelligent one-plant planet of Radix which can communicate by virus, and has the lust for expansion. The trip back from Radix would have been terrifying in a more serious context, but as it is, it is gruesomely funny.

The book is exciting or funny or both the whole way through, and the secondary characters come alive by virtue of their relation to Sgt. Blue (Sibyl is a policewoman), while the loathsome Dr. Beadle is particularly good. In its own weird way, GSSB is a science fiction classic, though closer to Thorne Smith than E.E. Smith, and you should read it.

DOLL'S HOUSE: Fanzine Reviews
by Doll Gilliland

Columbus, as you probably are aware, is bidding for the 1969 WorldCon. Lest I be accused of unreasonable bias, especially since they have been forwarding their fanzine so regularly, through three changes of editor, I will attempt to redress my apparent slight by a massive review of COSIGN (ed: Rod Goman, 160 Chittenden Ave., Columbus, Ohio, 43201. Contribs, published LoC's, trades, 35¢, 8/\$2.50. Subscriptions: Robert Gaines, 336 Olentangy St., Columbus, Ohio 43202.).

#6 (January, 1967). Simple but effective cover and interior illos by Larry Knight; others by Jay Kinney, John Ayotte, and Richard Flood. Handsome, well-executed layout and format; tasteful multi-color ditto, unusually legible. Editor Bob Gaines, newly come to fandom ('66), altho an avid collector from the late 50's, writes a brief autobiographical profile. Mike Ashley uses a refreshing approach to a fannish tale of reincarnation. Star Trek Trivia is Bob Hillis' contribution. Dick Byers does the book honors, giving favorable mention to Philip Jose Farmer's The Gates of Creation (Ace). Greg Shank deplores the state of AMAZING and FANTASTIC (hopefully, the guiding hand of Harry Harrison will reverse that trend). "Revere's Star" by Rod Goman is based on the signal-across-space theme, but has some interesting touches of masers and the new math. Larry Knight gives high praise to Fellini's film, "Juliet of the Spirits". It is from Jerry Kaufman, who is starting a John Phoenie Dept., that I finally apprehend this chap to be fandom's legendary founder and hero -- but a Paul Bunyan, he ain't. A very brief tale by Don D'Amassa is quite acceptable but would have been better without the final question. Very good fanzine reviews by Richard Labonte. (Hey Jay, it says here about TAPEWORM, "By the way, it's monthly." Why don't you tell him, that means one or two months a year?) LoC's.

#7 (Feb.). John Ayotte draws a memorial cover to the three astronauts. To the artists listed for #6, add Greg Williard, Jim Keith, Catherine Marquand, and Anthony Kalergy. Really, the multi-color ditto illos are quite attractive, the styles well-suited to this idiom. This month's profile introduces Rod Goman. Greg Williard comes up with acceptable fan fiction and poetry (imaginative allusions, but somewhat meaningless). The John Phoenie tale this ish -- "PHD, The First Fanzine". Keith Laumer's The Monitors (Berkley -- humorous satire) and Earthblood (Doubleday -- Rosel George Brown as co-author -- "thundering space opera") are recommended by Dick Byers, who also writes a nice piece of horror fiction, "The Serpents". Labonte's fanzine reviews are quite good. And what have we here -- would you believe C/SFS Club News (shades of TWJ)? In the LoColumn, Lee Carson and Rod Goman are still at it about Jack Vance and language and behavior, with an intelligent contribution on the subject from Leigh Couch.

#8 (Mar.). Attractive cover by John Ayotte. Well-conceived interior illos by Ayotte, Knight, Keith, Shank, Kinney, and John Berry. Profile of Dick Byers (surprised he is so young -- no, Dick, didn't mean that as an insult, merely that the quality of your writing led me to suppose you more mature -- no, what I mean is -- ah, forget it), who also reviews three Lancer books -- Ted White's Sorceress of Qar, Howard's Conan the Warrior (ed. by L. Sprague de Camp -- DB liked it even more than Conan the Adventurer; Dick also provides the reader with a thumbnail sketch of Conan.), and Mike Moorcock's The Stealer of Souls ("Better than Conan."). The film "Fahrenheit 451" is enthusiastically reviewed by Larry Knight. Don D'Amassa analyzes "The Portable Phonograph" by Walter van Tilburg Clark, author of The Ox-Bow Incident. A charming horror anecdote is the work of Steve Willison; however, Tom and Ron Miller's story "1, 2, 3 -- Redlight" is not too successful -- best thing about it is the title. (It's interesting -- if the punch-line is good in fan fiction, the story isn't -- and vice versa.) Jerry Kaufman tosses in a nursery rhyme on Sol Cohen of Ultimate publications, as well as a John Phoenie -- "The Great Con War". More Star Trek Trivia by Bob Hillis, and club news by Larry Smith, who mentions that they put

20 copies of CØSIGN on the SF racks of a local pb bookstore and they sold out. LoC's, including an extended and constructive one from Stan Woolston.

#9 (April). Art by Williard, Ron Miller, R.E. Gilbert, Ayotte, Knight, Doug Lovenstein (who did a strong bacover), Kalergy, and Goman. Bob Hillis, who is the profile this ish, writes an unexpected and unexpectedly good article on "H. Beam Piper and Military History". A Martian abduction is the topic of this month's so-so John Phoenie legend by Brian Burley. Larry Smith adds sensible comments on the fanzine and fan awards, club news, and details re a very large collection (3,400) of prozines which Ohio State U. has acquired from the Collector's Book Store of Hollywood, to be kept in the Rare Books room for researchers and such rather than readers. "The Oasis" is an interesting piece of fiction by Ron Miller; Angus Taylor's Tom Swiftish temporal tale is light fun tho hardly remarkable. Prozines, fanzines, and books reviewed by Ron Smith, Labonte, and Byers, respectively. Larry Knight scoffs at the belief that the interior of our planet is a molten core. Rod Goman tosses off a campy romp about Lars Lastrell -- Spa-a-a-ace Dragon! LoC's.

Ace is currently releasing in pb the Fitzroy edition of Jules Verne's works (edited by I.O. Evans). I mention this here because the title pages feature a portrait sketch of Verne by Ron Miller -- and CØSIGN #10 (May '67) sports this same portrait on its cover, as well as an excellent illo'd article by Ron Miller on said author and his works. Lloyd Kropp's article describing the attractions of the old pulp SF 'zines is most readable, and the sentiments expressed in Larry Smith's article on neofans certainly merit attention. Also an editorial on cinematic SF, a profile of Brian Burley, further Star Trek Trivia, reviews of books, pro- and fanzines, club news, and LoC's. Charming multi-color illos by such as Ayotte, Lovenstein, Keith, Kinney, etc. An unusually good issue.

#11. Switch to mimeo, with ends of lines missing oftentimes. A strikingly weird yet somehow disappointing cover by Doug Lovenstein, whose interior illos are delightful, as are those of George Foster and Jay Kinney. Dick Katuzin contributes a dramatic bacover. A fine article by Bill Conner (updated and extensively rewritten by the CØSIGN staff) discusses fiction and Science Fiction. John Ayotte notes a "scoop" in an article in May's SKY AND TELESCOPE, entitled "Visual Aspects of Trans-Stellar Space Flight" by Saul Moskowitz of the NAS Electronics Research Center. "Lost in Space" is weighed and found wanting by Larry Knight. The second installment of Lars Lastrell, Spa-a-a-ace Dragon, by Rod Goman, is not up to the pilot run. Alma Hill reports on the Lunacon. Club news, publication reviews, Star Trek Trivia, and LoC's.

#12. Oh woe! My everloving sons' hands were quicker than my eyes, and I am now minus the first few pages of this ish. (Our fair editor is probably fairly boiling; after all, these are his copies. Sigh -- guess he'll have to look upon this as an occupational hazard.) Anyway, I think Larry Smith took over as editor thisish. A discussion of Lovecraft's writing by Lloyd Kropp is thorough, pleasant, and quite worthwhile. "Science Fiction" is the subject of an excellent article by Angus Taylor (who is this chap? and whence cometh he?), which includes definitions by Sturgeon, Moskowitz, Amis, Knight, and William Tenn, and the gist of an essay (from Martin Green's Science and the Shabby Curate of Poetry) surveying the difference between SF and conventional fiction -- very lucid. Ron Smith reminisces flatteringly on "Outer Limits". Profile subject -- Larry Smith. Byers commends the Doubleday publications, The Killer Thing by Kate Wilhelm; Three Stories (Leinster's "The Mole Pirate", Williamson's "The Moon Era", and Wyndham's "Exiles of Asperus"), and Damon Knight's Three Novels. Ron Smith's tale of the stolen Phoenicon is comical crud. Club news, fan- and prozine reviews, Star Trek trivia, and extended LoC's.

#13. Rod Goman is the new editor. Dick Katuzin does a fine cover and interior illo, but possibly the top job this ish is "Of Rubber Bands and Spaghetti Sauce", art by John Ayotte (who also did the attractive bacover), article on time-travel in

SF by Angus Taylor. Bob Gaines reports on his doings since gafiating as editor. European prozines are discussed by Dick Labonte. Also, the usual publication reviews, another episode of Lars Lastrell, Star Trek Trivia, editorial, and fine LoColumn -- Stan Woolston is a mighty correspondent.

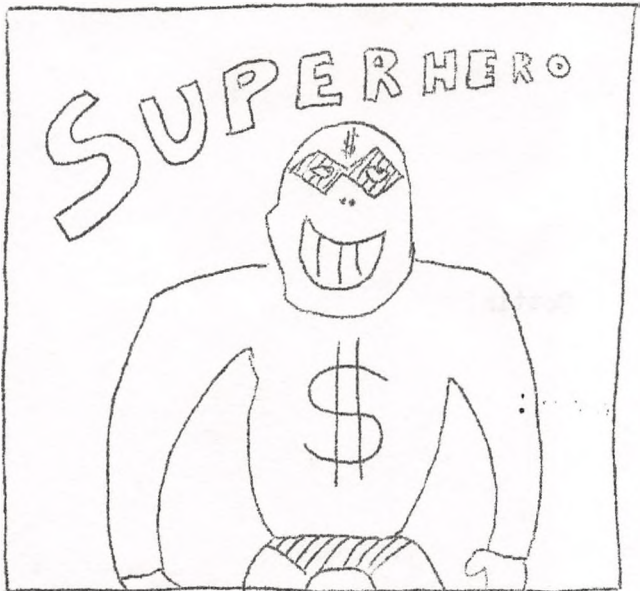
#14. Aha, am getting better. My canny eye recognized the bacover to be the work of Dick Katuzin (could tell by #13's front cover), and vice versa with John Ayotte; John has a delightful sweep to his lines that lends a strong feel of fantasy, and I find the stark color contrasts dramatically effective. Rod Goman writes a superlative (tho not necessarily superior) piece on comics or adult illustrated fantasy in general and Spider-Man (his favorite) in particular, supplemented by a Spider-Man Bibliography. Sherna Comerford does far better by Phoenie than previous contributors. Zelazny's Lord of Light rates rare kudos from Dick Byers, as does the film "The War Game" from Ron Smith. Ron draws praise from me for his fine prozine coverage -- this month it's the SF to be found in PLAYBOY (including Frank Robinson's "The Siren Sounds at Midnight", which Ron feels worthy of a Hugo novelette nomination), November's LITERARY CAVALCADE, and for the comix fan, Charlton's PREMIERE #2. Labonte's comments add charm and interest to the fanzine coverage. The usual fabulous LoC's -- including a very welcome (by me) explanation by Edward Dong as to the Science Fiction Writers of America (SFWA) requirements for admission and continued participation with the organization -- and clarifies who else may subscribe to their Bulletin.

ØSIGN is a well written comprehensive 'zine, generally speaking, altho the repro leaves something to be desired. Art ranges from fair to good, reviewers are fine, articles are excellent. Should mention that club news is now being furnished in a separate publication, and most of the fiction is being directed to a newly founded fanzine called

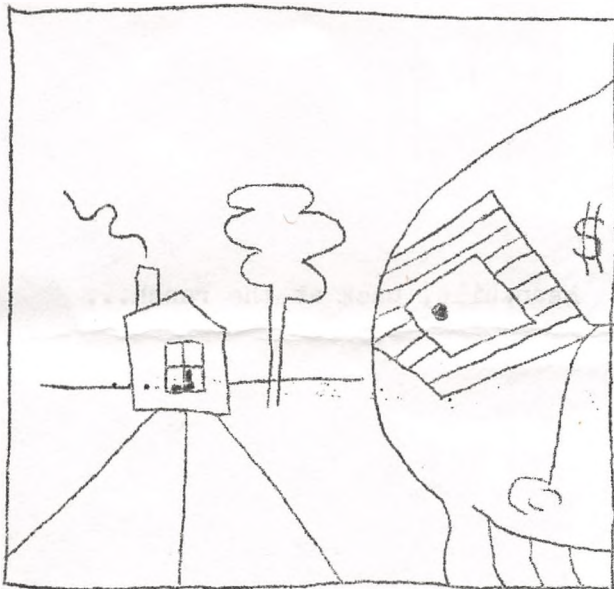
KALLIKANZAROS #1 (June) (A Golden Mimeo Pub. John Ayotte, 1121 Pauline Ave., Columbus, Ohio, 43224. Published LoC's, material or art, arranged trades, 35¢, 4/\$1.25.). The Meyers cover is a good try, but I like Catherine Marquand's bacover better. Reading the editor's intro, I am enthusiastic already; he writes well, and it is his intention to make this 'zine a writer's forum -- publishing articles, fiction, and discussion of same in the LoColumn. An excerpt from the (as then unfinished) ms. of Zelazny's Nine Princes in Amber (a transcript of his reading at Marcon II) heads the parade, followed by the picturesque abstruse poetry of Rod Goman. Dick Byers offers a nicely conceived, nicely written fantasy "The Library of Dirazan"; this boy looks like a real comer. Characterization in SF is the topic of a well-structured article by Don D'Amassa. Ron Miller's "After Dinner Speaker" is relatively weak, even as "The Best Man" by A.E. Leven is quite strong. A good collection -- and it's a first issue. They've set themselves quite a high standard. Welcome to the fanzine field!

DYNATRON #34, Dec. '67 (N'APA and STOBCLER. Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd., N.W., Albuquerque, N.M., 87107. Mc's on STOBCLER's 7th mailing. 25¢.). Roy's bit on "Underground SF Movies" is something else. ("Tarzan of the Apes", "Sins of the Fleshapoids", and "The Lurker" -- what a triple-feature!) Fanzine reviews, and Part I of Don Franson's Westcon report. Some words from Len Moffatt on the fan awards, Sam Umbrage, etc. An entertaining tale by Art Rapp. Bob Vardeman on books revived from the 30's -- Curtis Steele's Legions of the Death Master (Operator 5 -- "I wish he could have rested in peace!"), Zorro's 12 Must Die (Dr. Death -- "a fine upstanding religious fanatic who has decided to destroy every machine and return the world to a simpler existence . . . : A good example of the 'fainting heroine' school of horror."), and others. Brant House's Torture Trust (Secret Agent X) is adjudged the best of the Corinth reprints. A witty, entertaining 'zine.

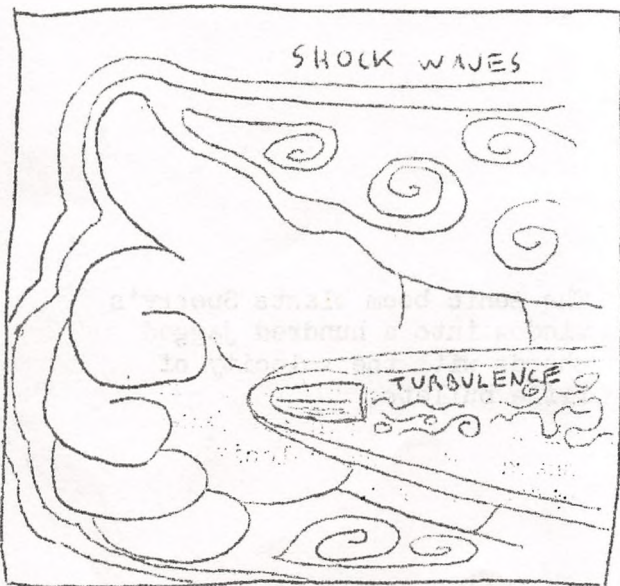
((Send fanzines for review, clearly marked "For TWJ Review", to Doll Gilliland, 2126 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C., 20037. --ed.))



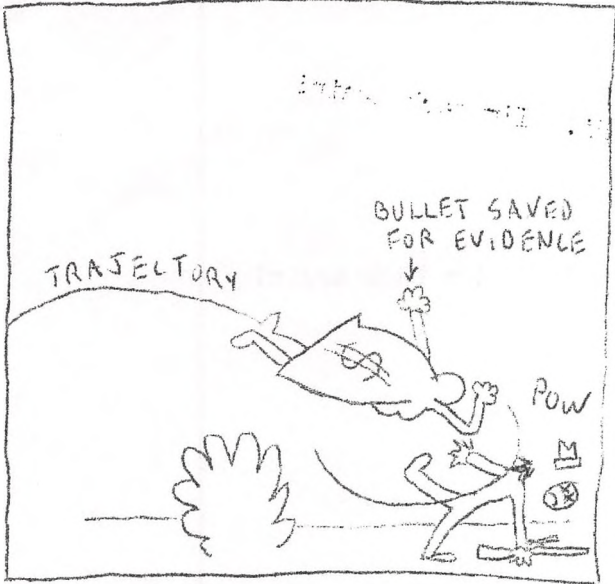
Hi. I'm back again!



This time my job is to protect Mr. Perry Sperry from being assassinated.



Aha! Some dirty Commie rat with a telescopic rifle!



Gottim!



Meanwhile, back at the ranch...



The sonic boom blasts Sperry's window into a hundred jagged shards with the velocity of rifle bullets.



After all, nobody's perfect!
 OR
 You can't win 'em all.

Again, you may blame the above bit of trivia upon Alexis Gilliland, and the horrendous job of transferring it to stencil on Ye Olde Editor. It is presented here, in the mid-February issue of THE WSFA JOURNAL, in honor of NATIONAL CRIME PREVENTION WEEK, February 11-17, 1968. And don't say we didn't warn you....

 A MATTER OF DEFINITION

I see by the comment A Matter of Definition ((TWJ #49 --ed.)) received ((in TWJ #52 --ed.)) that I did not make my discussion of "due to" very clear. Most meanings of "due" as adjective, noun or adverb are generally understood and used correctly. The use I had in mind is defined by Funk and Wagnalls thusly: 5. That may be charged or attributed; ascribable: with to: The mistake was due to carelessness. Due to as a locution introducing an adverbial phrase, though widely used, is still questioned by some, who prefer because of or on account of, as: We were delayed because of (not due to) flooded roads. This is to be distinguished from the accepted use of due as an adjective, as in: The delay was due to flooded roads.

Obviously I am one of those who question the adverbial use. It seems to me to be asking too much of the phrase to have it mean both "because of" and "caused by." If you use due to "correctly," you please 99.9% of the people and get an "A". If you use it "in-correctly," you please only 75% of the people and get a "C". The incorrect form of the above example is: He made a mistake due to carelessness (wrong because due to modifies made, not mistake). Other examples of correct and incorrect use of due to are as follows, the correct version first in each pair:

- The cancellation of yesterday's meeting was due to the storm.
- Yesterday's meeting was cancelled due to the storm.
- The contract's extension was due to equipment failure.
- The contract had to be extended due to equipment failure.
- Her husband's hitting me was due to my ogling.
- Her husband hit me due to my ogling.

I hope these examples clear up the distinction between adjectival and adverbial use of due to that I was trying to make in my plea for better English.

Convince to -- since convince is not a synonym for persuade this is idiomatically incorrect. The proper constructions are "convince of" or "convince that." It is possible to convince without persuading, or persuade without convincing.

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

(Undated)

. . . Kevin Maul, in #47's lettercol, suggests that I am engaging in "hypocrisy" but admits that "I guess one has to eat." His charge: that after attacking Star Trek, I did a Lost in Space book. He's wrong, on several counts.

First, the hypocrisy. I am not alone in my distaste for the type and quality of sf presented on screen by Star Trek, and I damned well reserve for myself the right to remain disgusted with stories which follow no internal logic and are peopled with cardboard characters (pointy ears do not good characterization make). If it is any comfort to Kevin, however, my distaste for Lost in Space is, if anything, far greater. Star Trek seems to be aimed, nominally, at 12-year-olds; Lost in Space appears to be for the romper-room set.

None the less, if anyone had asked me to do a Star Trek book, I would have done it. I would have done it because, as Kevin notes, "one has to eat", and because I think I could have written at least an adequate book within the Star Trek framework. No one asked me to write Star Trek, but, last January, Don Bensen, at Pyramid, did ask me (or, my agent) if I'd care to do Lost in Space.

My answer? No. I was then too busy. I suggested that Dave Van Arnam, who had collaborated with me on an earlier book for Pyramid (as yet unpublished, *sigh*), be asked.

I was told that a collaboration would be acceptable; Dave was then too much an unknown for him to be given a separate contract for the book. I agreed, stipulating that I would plot and edit the book, but that Dave would write it, and that the greater share of money would go to him.

Our original decision was to write the book as "Dave White", a transparent Pseudonym. I planned to plot a rather campy outline, in which we could satirize the old-fashioned space-opera on one level, while giving the five-year-olds their usual thrills. But Dave came up with a plot idea of his own, outlined it, and submitted it to Bensen. Don said that he'd envisioned a more episodic book -- a combination of two or three adventures, rather than a single one. This outline was fine as far as it went, but it didn't go far enough.

So I added two new episodes before it. As the book was published, the first episode runs from Chapter One through Chapter Four; the second episode is Chapter Five, and the originally plotted book begins with Chapter Six. My actual contribution to the book is the plot for the first six chapters, a few rewritten bridge passages, and some editorial direction on the final chapters.

When Dave finished writing the book, he told me, "You know, I didn't expect it, but I'm rather proud of sections of that book." And he has a right to be. Chapter Five is beautifully realized, and good enough for anyone to be proud to sign with his own name. There are other virtues to the book. Dave caught the bantering between Dr. Smith and the robot quite well, I thought. Fans of the tv series will love it, and sf fans needn't hate it. Considering what we had to work with, that's rather an accomplishment.

Herman S. McGregor, Jr., 2901 N. Bedford Ave., Evansville, Ind., 47711 (12 Dec 67)

((Reprinted, with permission, from a letter to Doll Gilliland.)) Fred Cook was kind enough to send a copy of your reviews of BRONZE SHADOWS to me and I enjoyed them thoroughly. . . Ever since I started the Doc Savage series I've been pleading for some constructive criticism, but receiving only the ego-building but completely useless comments such as "great", "keep it up", "just what we need", etc. Your relatively kind and quite humorous observations succeeded in pointing out a few areas for improvement and I have taken note of them.

I would like to offer a few comments as inspired by your reviews:

I. "What I am trying to do": As you may or may not know, there were 181 issues of DOC SAVAGE published between March, 1933 and Winter, 1949. I read and enjoyed many of them as a boy and when I began collecting pulp magazines some nine years ago, a complete set of DOC SAVAGE was my first goal. After attaining that goal, I realized that there were probably few such sets in existence. At that time, I felt that Doc was extinct and no formal account of his exploits was available. So, for my own gratification, I began to make notes on his adventures -- the ultimate goal was a complete handbook which would be available to past fans and future scholars -- and I, myself, would have copious notes from which I might derive a series of articles. When Doc was reborn thru the Bantam reprints Fred Cook started BRONZE SHADOWS -- a fanzine to be devoted primarily to DOC SAVAGE and THE SHADOW. I sent a letter of encouragement to Fred together with a few sample summaries, saying something about a "critical analysis". Fred published them under the title "A Critical Analysis of the Doc Savage Novels", the fans responded, and I found myself committed. Actually I was never comfortable with the "Critical Analysis" title and when I started a series on THE SPIDER for Lynn Hickman's THE PULP ERA, I called it "A Comprehensive Survey", which is still not quite accurate.

The format was based on the questions I had encountered before I obtained a complete collection. I recalled a few cover paintings but could not attach them to titles, so a handbook should include cover descriptions. I remembered many of the weird characters that Robeson had created but could not give them names, so a list of characters was necessary. Third, I remembered various plots and gimmicks but could not relate them to titles, so a story summary became important. Finally, and most important -- before any generalized conclusions could be reached, some sort of evaluation of the individual stories was necessary. Some of the old novels were great (within context), some were terrible, and most were somewhere in between. So, the critical comment section was added wherein I give my opinion of the story and attempt to offer valid reasons for that opinion. (Incidentally, but with few exceptions, these comments are the only portion of the series that I rewrite or modify. Your observations aptly pointed out that I would do well to pay a bit more attention to the resumes, also.)

Of course, whenever an adult spends hundreds of hours writing of pulp literature, he must use all rationalization possible in an effort to convince himself that his activity has a far greater purpose than the mere therapeutic value of a hobby. I shall be righteously proud (is that possible?) whenever (if ever) the two series are completed and made available to Fandom.

II. Your individual comments regarding the synopses were so valid that I'm a bit ashamed. My only excuse is that what I'm writing in 4/4 time you're reading in 2/4 time. --It is quite a task to reduce an 81-page novel to four or five paragraphs, and my digests are at times rather indigestible. The "appearance" of an invisible man raises a neat legal problem. What if an invisible man were told to "appear" in court? Would his presence alone suffice? Johnny's being forced to talk to the girl was inexcusable. Doc Savage fans know that Johnny is a linguist, but I sort of forgot to mention that the girl spoke a language which was unknown to her captors.

III. On only one point do I differ with your remarks. In conclusion, you state, "BRONZE SHADOWS is worthwhile for pulp fans, if only for Bob Jones' series." I presume that you address yourself primarily to Science Fiction and Fantasy fans and certainly -- for that group -- Bob Jones' series is the most worthwhile. However, if one does (as I do) separate "pulp fans" from "SF fans", then BRONZE SHADOWS is worthwhile for "pulp fans" because of its entire content. There are any number of SF fanzines but, to my knowledge, there are all too few fanzines devoted to lead characters and general interest pulps. If one does employ these distinctions, then BRONZE SHADOWS can be more highly recommended than the very best of the SF fanzines, because they do not direct themselves to the misc. pulps. Do I have a valid point, or is it that I am unaware of other, better general pulp fanzines? . . .

((Mac has also done some writing for THE PULP ERA. Doll's review of which he speaks in his letter appeared in TWJ #47. BRONZE SHADOWS, for those of you who are interested in finding out more about a few of the pulp series, is available for 35¢ a copy, 3/\$1, from Fred Cook, 7511 Erie St., Sylvania, Ohio, 43560. --ed.))

Camille Cazedessus, Jr., P.O. Box 550, Evergreen, Colo., 80439 (23 Dec 67)

((Reprinted, with permission, from a letter to Doll Gilliland.)) . . . I have just received THE WSFA JOURNAL ((#49 --ed.)), and read therein your very kind and lengthy review of ERB-dom #14 thru #20. Since I have never heard of your name before, . . . I assume that you are not an ERB fan particularly, and therefore, the review is from a rather objective point of view. In that case, the review(s) is (are) even more meaningful.

. . . To answer some of your questions and inferences: The "Payment for best news tip" has fizzled...one guy won it both times, and very, very few people were attracted by the "cash reward". The idea has been dropped. ERB-dom usually runs 16 pages, not counting ads...not 11. Shortest issue in history was #3 at 10 pages, and the #3 reprint is 12 pages, equal to #16 and #17, both 12 pages, but #19 was 24! Average is 16 plus.

No...permission not quite yet finalized to reprint the redesigned Canaveral dj's shown in #14...but in 1968, I feel I'll do a couple of them in full color! I heartily challenge you to find the Cawthorn & Barr illos in Ed. #19 in AMRA also! NO....absolutely never published before anywhere to the best of my knowledge! ERB was not "somewhat of a racist", as reading some of his comments on natives, etc. he afforded them much more dignity than most Englishmen...but this is a subjective opinion. J.F. Roy's article may have made ERB seem "racist", but overall, it's not the case! . . .

((ERB-dom is 50¢ a copy, 4/\$2.00; it's a most handsome magazine, and interesting even to non-ERB-fans like Ye Olde Editor. Besides ERB-dom, Camille now runs Bibby's old 'zine, THE FANTASY COLLECTOR -- a must for persons wishing to buy or sell SF and fantasy material of any kind. Subs are \$1 bulk rate, \$4 first class, \$6 air mail, for 12 issues. It is published monthly, with deadlines for ads on last day of previous month (full-page ads are \$5, and prices range downwards from there). Circulation is now about 415, according to Camille, who also states that he will send out sample copies to any who inquire about the 'zine. --ed.))

Andre Norton

(11 Jan 68)

((Reprinted, with permission, from a letter to Alexis Gilliland)) I just want to express my pleasure in your review of Warlock of the Witch World which appeared in the January issue of WSFA JOURNAL. Though I was startled by your "incestous" bit -- since the triplets being not only linked by a single birth but also Espers with a shared mental life would be far closer than ordinary brothers and sister in relationship. Kemoc did not resent Kaththea's interest in another man, but in Dinzil whom he sensed from the start was not what he seemed to be.

I have just completed the final part of the saga -- Sorceress of Witch World which is Kaththea's story beginning immediately after she loses her powers and is concerned with her fight to regain them again. . . .

George Fergus, B-113 Armstrong, MSU, E. Lansing, Mich., 48823

(20 Jan '68)

I see that the annual "save STAR TREK" campaign is again under way. However, I have little sympathy with an effort to keep STAR TREK on the air without somehow providing for better scripts. Most episodes are poorly written, though excellently produced and acted (particularly William Shatner's admirable performances). To be sure, an episode such as Jerry Bixby's parallel time track story "Mirror, Mirror", with superb script and costuming, is well worth the 1967 Drama Hugo; but I don't like to waste my time sitting through several weeks of mediocrity in order not to miss the occasional gem. . . .

My compliments to Alexis for his use of BEM to mean Beautiful English Maiden (in TWJ #50).

ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE reports the following Jan '68 hardcover mystery release from Walker & Co.: A Whiff Of Death, by Isaac Asimov.

I hope no one missed the recent Pyramid reprint of Anthony Boucher's Rocket to the Morgue, a murder mystery in which the suspects are modeled after various SF writers who were members of the old Mañana Literary Society. It contains segments of a pastiche on Captain Future, and also is the source from which Poul Anderson got the idea for his novel The Corridors of Time.

((George, Ted White, and Harry Manogg have all offered to send in occasional reviews of material in the mystery field, now that Al Gechter is absent from the pages of the JOURNAL. We welcome their contributions in this area, and invite others to join in by sending in an occasional review of material in any area in which they feel JOURNAL readers might possibly be interested. SF fans, after all, are interested in much more than just SF -- SF is the common tie which brings together many persons of diverse interests, who, once together, certainly do not restrict their discussions to SF alone. --ed.))

Larry Maddock, 7328 E. Belleview, Apt. 16, Scottsdale, Arizona, 85257 (22 Jan 68)

Many thanks for sending me WSFA JOURNALS #39, 42, and 47. I'd been aware of Gilliland's review of Agent of T.E.R.R.A. #2 (in ish #42) as Terry Carr sent me a Xerox of same. I find that in that review my name was spelled correctly (Maddock) but everywhere else, including the address on your welcome envelope, 'tis Maddox, indicating some confusion with either Rachael or Lester, either of whom I can profit from not being confused with. I'm confused enough all by myself. . . .

((We publish this portion of Mr. Maddock's letter to set the record straight. Those of you who have copies of JOURNALS which refer to him as "Maddox", please correct your thinking if not the magazines themselves. Sorry about this.

Larry goes on to mention that "Howard L. Cory" was a collaboration between him and his first wife, Corrie Howard. Alexis' review of The Sword of Lankor, by "Howard L. Cory", appeared in issue #17 of the JOURNAL, Larry -- a copy has been sent to you, per your request.--ed.))

Alexis Gilliland, 2126 Penna. Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C., 20037 . (24 Jan 68)

Thank you for the copy of Silverberg's letter. I should really have more sense than to dispute with him over what science fiction is, but he would like me to defend my assertion that I am not sure Thorns is science fiction. Well, using the definition that justified my review of Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-Tung, namely that science fiction is the extrapolation from the known to the unknown followed by the erection of a logical construct on the extrapolation, let us again consider Thorns. The extrapolations are there all right -- in space travel, surgical techniques, night clubs and the rest. The tension in the book arises out of problems resulting from these extrapolations. But, the logical structure of the story is based solidly on the known, rather than the unknown, except for the fat TV producer who is essentially a demon out of the Arabian Nights. Silverberg employs the extrapolations-into-the-unknown as decoration for his story rather than its structural members, and he doesn't hesitate to cross the line into fantasy for effect. So is this science fiction? I'm not sure.

Actually, Thorns transcends the limits of science fiction, and while yes it is SF, it is a lot more as well. Certainly after reviewing the Quotations as SF I am in a poor position to defend the narrow exclusionist definition of the field. Equally, I had no intention of saying that Thorns should be cast into the limbo of mainstream fiction.

Regarding my choice of To Open the Sky over Thorns -- I made the assumption that in a two-way race TOTS would win because I be--

lieve the majority of fans tend to be conservative. Obviously I should have been more careful to distinguish between what I thought about the books (speaking as a reviewer) and what I thought about fans thinking (speaking as a sociologist...). Obviously.

By this time it should be pretty clear that Thorns is Silverberg's bid for the Hugo. The book is extremely well written, and if Bob uses it for his new standard he is going to have his work cut out for him. This spring Ballantine is putting out his The Masks of Time and we shall see whether Thorns was a temporary aberration or an heroic new beginning.

((Bob's letter was published in TWJ #52 --ed.))

Joe Kurnava, Route 48, %Allwood P.O., Clifton, N.J., 07012 (30 Jan 68)

. . . Jay Kay Klein's con-reports are excellent. They are so superior to any other reports of this type that are published in other periodicals. As gold is to iron pyrites, perhaps. . . .

((Our sentiments, exactly -- which is why we're proud to be Jay's publisher. Those of you who feel as Joe does please note that Jay is pulling all stops to have the Tricon Edition of his Convention Annual out by the Lunacon (Apr. 19-21). Prepublication price is \$3.50, with price to be set at \$4.00 after publication. This edition will have 51 photo pages containing 433 pictures -- and, of course, Jay's excellent narrative text will fill many more pages. Those of you who were fortunate enough to attend the Tricon may relive your experiences through Jay's Annual; you unfortunates who weren't there may at least share in the rerun provided for you in the Annual. --ed.))

Robert Willingham, 21934 Millpoint Ave., Torrance, Cal., 90502 (31 Jan 68)

I haven't seen it reviewed anywhere, but TWJ probably has some readers who would like to know about the existence of a so-called New Wave paperback, The Best SF Stories From New Worlds, edited by Michael Moorcock (Berkely X1513, 60¢). After a two-page introduction by the editor, it contains these stories in this order: "The Small Betraying Detail", by Brian W. Aldiss; "The Keys to December", by Roger Zelazny; "The Assassination Weapon", by J.G. Ballard; "Nobody Axed You", by John Brunner; "A Two-Timer", by David I. Masson; "The Music Makers", by Langdon Jones; and "The Squirrel Cage", by Thomas M. Disch -- completing 158 pages. For the price and with these authors, it beats almost any given issue of a prozine. (For those interested, Lambda I (Berkely F883, 50¢) "selected by" John Carnell, then editor of NEW WORLDS, is much the same thing, with stories by Aldiss, High, Rackham and Moorcock, among others.) . . .

Steve Rasnic, Box 267, Jonesville, Va., 24263 (6 Feb 68)

Perhaps I'm hopelessly dense, but "Origin of Land Animals" seemed to contain too many bold assumptions for my taste. For example, there's nothing to prove that intelligent life could not develop in the sea. The early air breathers might have been stimulated to formulate an intelligence of some sort by vicious predators or other such creatures developed in an all-aquatic environment. On moonless planets, providing they have enough land area, it is not unlikely that such a creature would be put in such a situation to make the landward move without use of the tide. These are assumptions too, of course, but it just shows that you can make assumptions in either direction.

However, all this is based on the assumption that life, if it were to develop, would have to develop on Earth's terms. In these first-developing cells, differences in atmospheric content, content of the waters, etc., would all have an effect on the final product. Fish that would be more easily adaptable to land life might be developed. In such a matter as this I don't think you can restrict your thinking to one set of conditions, in this case Earth conditions.

. . . Glad to see a Laumer fan (Robert Willingham) represented this issue ((#52 --ed.)). Laumer has a great way with space operas. The Jame Retief stories and Earthblood are among my favorite works in this type of SF.

My favorite item this issue was the letter from Ted White. I myself am a member of that phenomenon known as comics fandom. It seems to be quite a bold statement for a SF fan to make nowadays.

He makes a good point about SF fans reviewing comic zines. The comic or graphic story is a literary form that most straight SF fans are totally unfamiliar with. For one thing, they fail to grasp the fact that the art panels are part of the writing. They tend to think of the art in sci-fi terms -- that is, illustrations to accompany the writing. They can't see the problems involved in story breakdown and pacing, and most couldn't give you the difference between good and bad breakdown and pacing. When you try to separate the art from the story in the comics, you reduce the effectiveness of both. Obviously, the comic writer must keep his dialogue and captions short and concise, leaving the expression of his descriptions and stage-setting to the artist. Taken by itself, this makes the writing look a bit simple and plain.

Probably the reason most comic zines aren't as adult (or even more mature) is because comics fandom is so sercon. The teens'pubbing the zines don't have the chance to expand their minds, or their vocabularies.

Felice Rolfe, 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, Calif., 94301

(9 Feb 68)

It's a bit late, but I'd like to make a correction to Burt Randolph's letter of a couple issues back (or it may be three or four by now. I'm not behind or anything, am I?). ((Burt's letter was in TWJ #49 --ed.))

Burt is a wonderful guy, and a marvelous correspondent (though I'm sure he's given up on me by now!) -- but he jumped the gun a little. It's true that I was planning to write an article on hippies; but as with many of my projects, I put it off and put it off until someone did it better. I was interested all right -- but not interested enough to give up my work at the American Conservatory Theatre (which is not a little theater group, but probably the finest professional repertory theatre in the country), my fanac, social life, etc. One or more of those things would have had to go...And now the Time/Life people have published The Hippies (Time Inc., New York, \$1.95; quality paperback). It's a remarkable unbiased and nonmoralizing book, especially considering the source; and since I'm square as a concrete block and lazy besides, I doubt very much if I could do as well.

Mainly I got the idea because I was getting fed up with the "My Son was an LSD Addict" type of article which is becoming so common in the women's magazines! (I have this mental picture constantly with me; Sonny comes home for supper and says, "Papa, I've been smoking pot." Papa, shock to the bones, pours himself a generous slug of gin, and Mama takes a double dose of tranquilizers because of the shock. They then give Sonny an irate lecture on the dangers of drugs.) These articles seem to have replaced, largely, the clinical sex articles of 3-4 years ago. Doubtless Mama is more comfortable that way, but it's going to be hell on the current generation of youngsters still at home...But enough on one of my pet peeves.

Now is a good time to give thanks for THE WSFA JOURNAL. I don't know how the official organ of a club that's 3,000 miles away from me managed to make itself indispensable, but it did.

((Thanks, Felice -- we've been trying very hard to make the JOURNAL into more than just a local-or regional-interest magazine; your comments are very encouraging. --ed.))

((We would like to thank Thomas Burnett Swann for his very kind comments about the JOURNAL, and would like to thank Bob Brown and Felice Rolfe for responding to our question in TWJ #51 as to what a "SHIBANO" is -- strange, but even with all the publicity about TOFF it just never occurred to us that the "SHIBANO TAKUMI" in Fumiaki Nukada's letter was simply "Takumi Shibano" with the names in reverse order. (Takumi Shibano is, of course, the Japanese fan being brought over this year by the Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund.) Rather embarrassing, to overlook something so obvious.... --ed.))

March/April Short Calendar (continued from page 1) --

BOSKONE V -- March 23 & 24, at the Statler Hilton Hotel, Boston, Mass. GoH, Larry Niven. Registration fee, \$2. To register or for info, write: Paul Galvin, 219 Harvard St., Cambridge, Mass., 02139. Also note that March General Meeting of the Tolkien Society of America will be held in conjunction with the BOSKONE.

MARCON III -- March 30, 31, at Holiday Inn East, 4801 E. Broad St., Columbus, Ohio, 43213. GoH, Fred Pohl. Only fixed program items at present are a banquet (6 p.m. Sat. at Coventry Inn East (the Round Table), 433 Hamilton Rd.; semi-formal dress; buffet style; banquet fee \$4.00), GoH speech by Fred Pohl, and an open party hosted by OSFS. Convention registration fee, \$1.50. For registration, further info, etc., write: Larry Smith, 216 E. Tibet Rd., Columbus, Ohio, 43202. Banquet deadline 25 Mar.

THIRDMANCON -- April 12-15, St. Anne's Hotel, Buxton, Derbyshire, England. Full details in TWJ #54.

LUNACON/EASTERCON '68 -- April 19-21, with EASTERCON parties evenings of 19 & 20, LUNACON program afternoons of 20 & 21. GoH, Don Wollheim. Consite, Park-Sheraton Hotel, 56th & Seventh Ave., N.Y.C. Full details in TWJ #54.

And remember DISCLAVE '68, May 10-12, Regency Congress Inn, 600 New York Ave., N.E., Wash., D.C.; GoH, Bob Silverberg. Full details in TWJ #54.

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