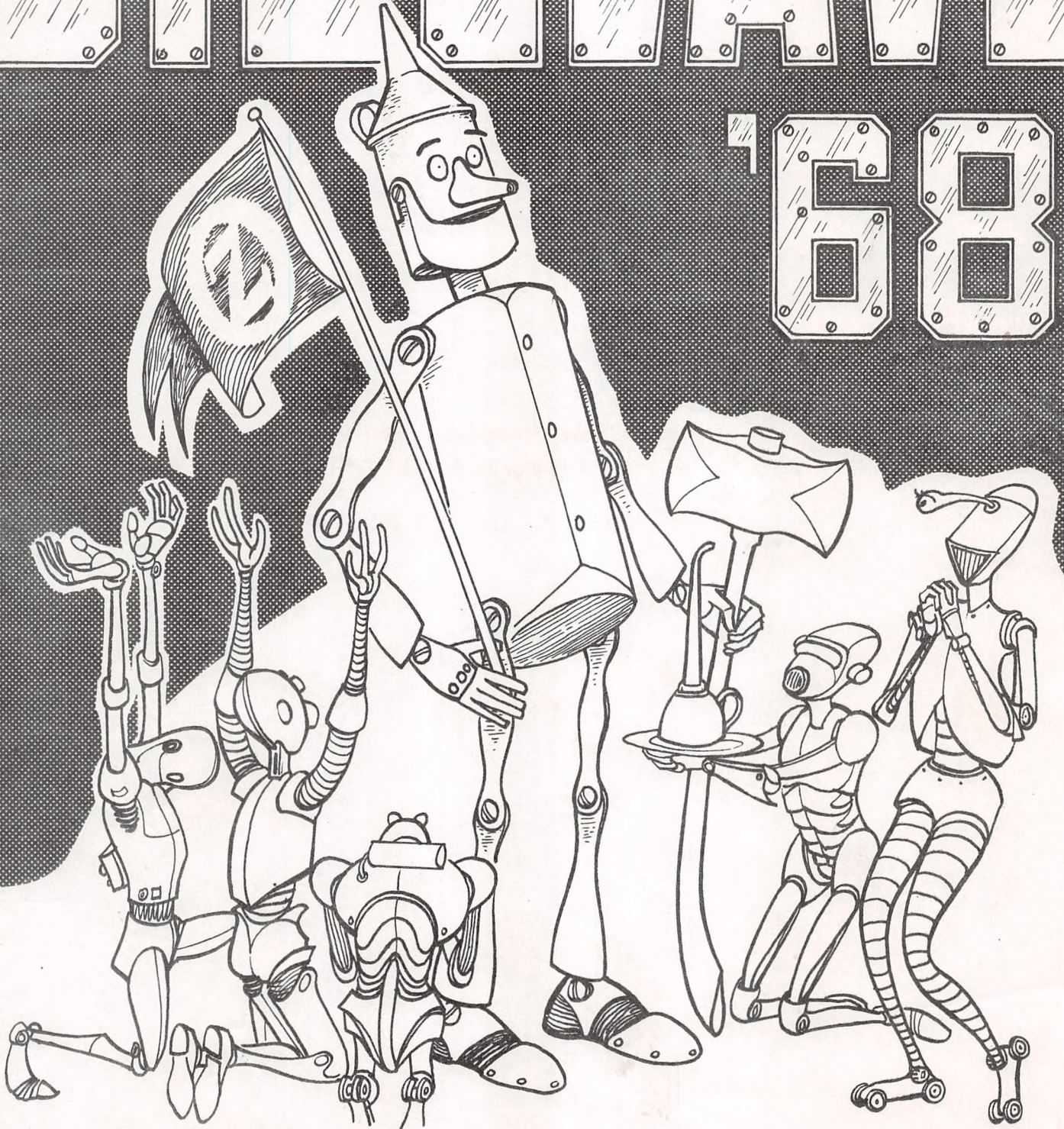


# ORANGE

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MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY  
Prozine Reviews: by Banks Mebane

Samuel R. Delany's "Lines of Power", a novella in the May F&SF, moves him in a new direction. At least I think so, although I'm hard-put to say exactly why I think so. I believe the difference is in the relationship between the characters and their environment; Delany is always most concerned with the ways his people affect and change each other, and in his earlier stories, the elaborately-wrought future settings seemed reflections of the people themselves. In "Lines of Power", though, I get more the feeling that the described future, with its world-circling, gigantic power grid, has had a hand in moulding its inhabitants. The story is still about the people, but the background is now more than a malleable showcase for them -- it has an importance in its own right. In some ways this story is closer to being the sort of thing that Roger Zelazny might write than anything else Delany has written -- which is interesting, because one of the main characters is named Roger, with an unpronounceable Polish last name beginning with "Z" (he's also partly Zeus). Not that it's an imitation of Zelazny -- it isn't that at all, it's Delany through and through. Oh, what the heck, go read it instead of reading me talking about it.

As for Zelazny himself, in the May IF he's brought off something hard to do. "Dismal Light" is a story with a surprise-twist ending that isn't telegraphed and that grows logically and satisfactorily out of the story on both the overt and symbolic levels. Go read that one too.

"The Man in the Maze", Robert Silverberg's two-parter concluding in the May IF, is something of a morality play, yet it's interesting also as pure story. If handled clumsily, the maze could have seemed merely a gimmick to stretch out the plot by delaying the confrontation between the main characters, but in the Silverberg treatment it deepens the meaning of the story. In the last couple of years, Silverberg has turned out work that establishes him in the top-flight rank of sf writers.

James Blish has a novelet, "Skysign", in the May ANALOG. In some ways it's a typical ANALOG "thesis" story, but you can be sure that Blish put some teeth in the thing before he sent it out to try to bite. It works, which means it doesn't leave the "so what?" reaction in the reader that the ANALOG form often does. It works because Blish is a helluva good writer and doesn't traffic in half-baked theses.

"A Quiet Kind of Madness" is David Redd's story in the May F&SF. I've remarked before on the old-fashioned quality in Redd's work, and much of it is due to a childlike (deceptive, I think) directness and matter-of-factness. His characters don't introspect; they simply have feelings and act them out, and because the writer doesn't introspect for them, they often seem unmotivated. This story has a tighter plot than Redd's earlier work, and I enjoyed it thoroughly.

Also recommended: May is a good month this year; there isn't a story I'd exclude, so everything (at least mildly) in ANALOG, FANTASTIC, IF, and F&SF.

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A MATTER OF DEFINITION  
by Philip Bridges

Infer -- This is often incorrectly substituted for "imply". Imply is an active process, infer a passive one. If someone says something, he is implying, expressing a meaning; if a person hears something, he infers, comes to a conclusion, from what he hears.

Careen -- Contrary to what most journalists seem to think, this word does not mean to travel fast and furiously down a street. It means to turn over, heel over or lean over, as a boat does, or as a car does on two wheels around a corner, but it does not mean just fast and irregular travel. The correct word for fast and reckless weaving down a road is career! A car may careen around a corner, but it careers down the street and into the crowd.



NEBULA AWARDS BANQUET -- 1968  
by Jay Kay Klein

Things started off smashingly at the Syracuse airport. As I stepped out of the car, my electronic flash fell to the pavement. (Smash!) Undaunted, I had time to secure a spare from home and still make the plane. My photographic repair bills each year are fabulous.

Arriving in New York the afternoon of Friday, March 15, I took care of business affairs during the setup of the IEEEcon exhibition at the New York Coliseum. I'm held responsible for whatever goes wrong with my company's participation in exhibitions and conventions. I eventually managed to get out from under everyone's feet without doing any irreparable harm. After wolfing down French fried crabmeat in a Chinese restaurant, I sauntered over to SFWA headquarters, the Algonquin Hotel, in hopes of seeing someone who would recognize me without a nametag. I'd been in the lobby perhaps twenty minutes when Gordon R. Dickson, Ann McCaffrey, Bert Filler, and Keith Laumer came out of the elevator.

This apparition so startled me that they very nearly escaped untouched. They were slowed, though, by Ann's running into a swinging door, face first. Little damage was done to either, fortunately, but I did get a chance to corner the market momentarily on the available supply of science fiction writers.

The big event, though, was next evening, Saturday, March 16. I arrived 6:20 p.m. at Les Champs Restaurant, site of the Nebula Awards Banquet in New York. More or less simultaneously, a West Coast Nebula Awards Banquet was being held at the Hotel Claremont in Berkeley, California.

Les Champs was the same, nearly ideal, location of last year's event. The menu, selected by epicure Bob Silverberg, had been the most outstanding of any science fiction banquet ever. This year, dauntless, dashing Silverberg had selected a different menu to avoid monotony, but expressed fears in advance it might not be as superb as last year's. It wasn't. Still, the cuisine was the second best I've ever had at a science fiction banquet.

As I approached the restaurant, just ahead of me I saw what seemed to be Chip Delany from the rear. Inside, a quick glance showed me I must be mistaken. After all, I knew Chip didn't have a beard half way down to his third shirt stud. When this apparition called me by name, I stared perplexedly, trying to figure out who it could be. Turned out to be Chip! (I should have guessed.) Later, he told me it was slated for removal in a few days. Chip had been getting started in a rock and roll band.

Prior to dinner, we had an hour-and-a-half cocktail hour. I didn't drink, since alcohol does funny things to my photographs. They come out looking drunk. The room very quickly became crowded with celebrities. Not only was practically everybody there, but practically everybody was a somebody. Obviously, I'm not going to name all the Names. I will say, though, that I was startled to find Raymond Z. Gallun there. Last time I'd seen him was back in a 1948 Queens Science Fiction League meeting. Also on hand, surprisingly enough, was Milton A. Rothman, formerly Lee Gregor, but now a Big Time Scientist, who is trying to invent Fusion Power. Mostly, the same persons were present this year as last, with the addition of Isaac Asimov, Fred and Carol Pohl, Dave and Ruth Kyle, and Harlan Ellison.

In the foyer, nametags had been placed on a table. I put mine on quickly so I would know who I was. Many persons, though, just left theirs off. Obviously, they didn't want to let themselves open to autograph hunters. I was disappointed to see that Dannie Plachta's tag didn't say "Secret Master". Next to Harlan Ellison's tag was one reading "Beautiful Girl". That, it was assumed, would take care of the situation. Harlan beat the system, though, by bringing TWO Beautiful Girls! (Harlan's mastery is no secret.)

Never-forget-anything Isaac Asimov was cherrily shaking hands and kissing girls when the sight of an author's beard



caused the Good Doctor's mental turnstile to click: "My God, I didn't shave!" Well, what with Chip and all the others, Ike really didn't to worry. I told him, "Just pretend you've started growing a beard like everyone else."

Following my own bent, I struck up a conversation with lovely Cathy Hopkins, and stared avidly at her two beautiful Fl.4 camera lenses. Improbably, but delightfully, an editorial assistant at Doubleday, she had come to take photos of all the Doubleday winners.

At one point, Sam Moskowitz whipped out a presentation copy of Seekers of Tomorrow and proceeded to autograph it for me. During the process, I looked around apprehensively lest Jim Blish notice. Judy Blish was stunningly dressed in an authentic Indian sari, so amid all the splendor I escaped unscathed.

The serious part of the evening came eventually, with everyone making a mad dash for the dinner tables. After all, the writers and/or critics were gathered for swapping awards and eating together in mutual mastication. (NOTE: This paragraph is a humorous spoof on the Great Critical Controversy raised in SFWA Forum. I point this out to avoid numerous stab wounds.)

I tried to pick a table best suited for picture taking during the program. The one selected already had Harlan Ellison and Two Beautiful Girls, Kathryn Poulson and Carol Connors. Naturally, Isaac Asimov joined us, along with Les and Ev Del Rey, Milt and Tony Rothman (looks like his dad), Chip Delary, and Andy Porter.

As you may suppose, with an outfit like this, the table talk was fabulous. Harlan said to Isaac: "I have such respect for your advancing, creeping septuaginarianism!" Famous for his quick wit, Isaac replied, "Oy, vey!" He made a recovery with a notation on Harlan's stature: "Five foot, two inches in elevator shoes." To which Harlan proudly added, "In all directions!" (Chortles from dinner companions, including Two Beautiful Girls.)

The first course turned out to be something in a casse-  
role called "Coquille St. Jacques". We puzzled over its constituents, with most everyone guessing lobster, shrimp, and possibly scallop. Isaac, who really should stick to chicken, declared vociferously it tasted like chicken to him and he was going to consider it such. The juicy prime ribs were good, too, but the baked potato lacked character, Harlan thought: he snapped the waiter to attention and ordered sour cream dressing.

Roger Zelazny was seated a few inches from us, at the head table. Enviously, he looked over and said, "Too bad Harlan wasn't at our table -- we would have had sour cream." Ike looked up at the bearded Rog and declared, "You'd look very natural with a skullcap." Judy Z. choked slightly on her string beans au beurre.

At the head table were Roger and Judy Zelazny, Larry Ashmead, Bob and Barb Silverberg, Keith Laumer, Carol and Fred Pohl, Mr. and Mrs. Gahan Wilson, and Judy and Jim Blish. I table hopped around the banquet hall, taking photos of various groups. On my travels, I noticed that Charlie Brown had sent a family representative, Cousin Pam, who accompanied Alexei Panshin. The room was well filled, and Bob Silverberg told me he had sold 122 tickets.

Keith Laumer opened the program at 9:40 p.m., simultaneously with the peach melba dessert. I had all I could do to listen, take pictures, keep some sort of notes, and eat at the same time. Keith started, "I'm serving in the capacity of master of ceremonies." He went on in mock seriousness to decry Bob Silverberg's handling of the 1967 affair: "I'm sure we were all disturbed by the levity emerging from the podium last year." Keith has a very low level, straight-faced sort of humor that creeps up unexpectedly and kicks you in the seat of your pants when you least expect it. You'd almost swear he was being dead serious when he's at his funniest, and you're startled when you suddenly find yourself laughing.



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Bob took the ribbing in good grace, undoubtedly making mental notes for later use at the first opportunity. Keith made short work of the President, and quickly went on to introduce the first speaker, Fred Pohl. Clearly, Fred was in a plain-speaking, straight-from-the-shoulder mood. He said it had been suggested that "Science Fiction writers are human. I've grave reason to doubt it." He went over an assortment of sorry examples, initially drawn from the would-be, hopeful amateur ranks.

One hopeless hopeful sent an offering to the slush pile each week for 26 weeks. Fred finally posted a withering note, intended to stop further submissions. The ecstatic author thanked Fred mightily for the encouragement and told him that this was the first time an editor had ever paid any personal attention at all. He would henceforth submit two stories a week!

Fred discussed the printed rejection slip, defending it as an editorial necessity although writers decry its use. "Dealing with 4,000 manuscripts each year, we have developed a rejection slip." He even said his rejection slip was considered a masterpiece of its sort, and told the story of how it reached the notice of the WRITER'S DIGEST. A rejected author fulminated to Fred: "You villain! You have destroyed a budding career with your callous, heartless, printed rejection slip. I'm going to report you!" (Laughter.) The writer sent the slip to the highest authority he knew, WRITER'S DIGEST, and the intrigued editors requested permission to write a feature on it.

Among other slings and arrows from outraged authors, Fred was even accused of plagiarizing a story in a current issue, when the complaining writer's manuscript had just been mailed the previous Thursday. "But these are not professional writers," Fred said. Having made his point about the stupidities and blind spots of amateurs, he then proceeded to do the same for members of SFWA.

When one professional sent him a violent, angry letter decrying the editor's lack of taste, knowledge, etc., Fred decided to shame him with a mild reply: "My mother always told me, if you can't say anything nice, don't say anything." The correspondent sent another letter: "Dear Fred -- sincerely yours." (Laughter.)

Fred then detailed the editorial facts of life, which authors fail to realize. "Some writers feel strongly their titles should not be changed. Also, they want me to buy them whether I like them or not." He said he refused one story, and startled the audience by further saying it won a Nebula. The listeners wondered if Fred was about to cut the ground out from under his own editorial feet. Not so -- he used the incident to reach his main point, after having set the ground for it by pointing out that writers often behave blindly and irrationally.

He dropped the bombshell: "There has been some doubt in my mind about some of the Nebulas." (No laughter.) The Galactic editor let SFWA have it right between 100 pairs of eyes, in a serious, heartfelt fashion that was strongly akin in tone and content to Lester del Rey's banquet speech at the Nycon 3. He pointed out that he was well aware of certain writers' viewpoints: "Speculative fiction is a New Wave -- a new kind of literature." He agreed that such stories could be valuable and interesting, if done well. But he could not agree that these obsolete other types of science fiction writing.

He even knew that "Harlan says Fred doesn't understand the New Wave, but prints them anyway." His understanding of the New Wave, however, is far from cursory. He regards it as a flatulent menace to the integrity of science fiction writing. The New Wave stories attempt to approach the so-called Main Stream. "As they do so, it is inappropriate for SFWA to give them awards."

Fred concluded in ringing terms: "I'm for science fiction. I raise my metaphorical glass to it, and say 'God protect it!' Because I'm not sure SFWA will."

Well, our ears were ringing, all right. I don't recall the exact amount of applause, but I'm sure it came in patches from those who feel Fred is 100% right, alternated



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with silence from those who feel Fred is 101% wrong. But right or wrong, Fred started the program off with a Big Bang. SFWA FORUM will now have another rash of letters.

Keith Laumer took back the floor temporarily to introduce the next speaker. "It's well known to us that we science fiction writers are put upon. Little, old ladies ask us if we drew the pictures on the cover...and what we think of flying saucers." He detailed the bleak life faced by writers in an uncomprehending world. However, he was able to report a hopeful note. "We had a stroke of luck a few years ago when we acquired Lawrence P. Ashmead at Doubleday."

Larry is a paragon of editorial virtue: he buys lots of books and is helpful to authors. Judging from comments by other writers, Keith's laudatory remarks are shared by many, many members of SFWA.

While Cathy Hopkins shot pictures from 15 feet away, and I took snaps at 5½, Larry proceeded to give SFWA the inside story on science fiction at Doubleday. He had been with the company for several years and had noted that they had been publishing science fiction for a long time with good sales, but without much editorial attention. He asked himself, "Why not do more?"

"I inherited the privilege of authorizing contracts for up to \$1,500." With this realization, he knew that he could take a chance and strike out on his own. "I signed up twelve books and twelve authors." He scheduled two science fiction books a month for six months. The officials at Doubleday were aghast, but Larry pointed out, "Once you start something at Doubleday, you can't stop it." (Laughter.)

"Doubleday was very nice to me -- they said, 'Let him hang himself!'" (More laughter.)

After this background information, which let us see exactly how far he had stuck his neck out for science fiction, he went on to go over the present status of SF at Doubleday's. He said they published "twenty-four books in 1967. Actually, we published twenty-three books and Harlan Ellison's Dangerous Visions." (Laughter, especially from Harlan.)

He stated that the average sale was 3,460 copies per title, and "eight of the twenty-four had book club adoption." Larry got into specifics, too. "We've published almost all of Isaac's books and they're all in print."

Isaac couldn't resist reporting on the spot that Doubleday had just brought out a new book of his "tired stories" and gleefully stated, "it's sold out already." Larry complained to Ike, "You've lost me fifty friends!" (Laughter.)

Larry recovered the floor from the Good Doctor and continued, saying, "Doubleday is the largest publisher of science fiction. We will continue to publish twenty-four science fiction books a year." He informed us that he expects to do fewer anthologies, and may do more New Wave books. He concluded, "Rest assured, you do have a home at Doubleday -- all you Science Fiction Writers of America."

Keith Laumer took over his duties again as master of ceremonies. In a humorous vein that would do justice even to the black-bearded wit of Bob Silverberg, he announced that he would personally have all 24 books written by February. (Laughter.) He then turned his attention to Gahan Wilson, the next speaker, and said that unlike other cartoonists, Gahan really did look like his cartoons: seven feet tall, pointed teeth, tufted ears. In a takeoff on a recent prozine discussion of language change, Keith said that the artist is "awful, artificial, but never pompous."

Gahan went right to work discussing cartooning, getting quite deep in its philosophical basis. He said there are parallels between the short story and the cartoon. Like science fiction writers, he is often asked, "Where do you get those crazy ideas?"



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He feels, "Creation of atmosphere is part of the style of the cartoonist. Mine is gloomy -- has to be." He finds that his readers often say to themselves, "I must be pretty sick -- I like his stuff." (Laughter.) He admitted, "I feel great affection for monsters. A really good monster is lovable." He cited King Kong, and Frankenstein as played by Boris Karloff.

After a further discussion of cartooning in general, he addressed himself directly to his audience. He said that science fiction writers are fortunate: publishers assume the readers are intelligent. "Your stuff is coming more and more in."

"My stuff -- macabre stuff -- is right on top of both scary and funny. The two things are really the same thing: something grotesque approached in a mood of play." He concluded with a citation of various examples of horrible but funny cartoons.

Keith took over, plaintively saying, "But he still didn't tell us where he gets those ideas." And at 10:25 p.m. he turned the floor over to President Robert Silverberg to hand out the Nebulas.

Said Bob, "Comes now the moment of truth." He announced the moment will be fairly long, and he will enjoy the agony of those waiting. "We are gathered here for the ceremonial rites with which we honor some of our brethren." Clearly, Bob was not about to shorten the agony one whit.

In fact, he harked back to the previous year, and reported on personal affairs since then. He noted that he didn't fulfill his announced wish and become Pope, after all. "I could tell funny stories about my fire." (Laughter.)

"Funny thing about this fire...." He told how three days later he had to call up the persons who counted the Nebula votes. Bob inferred that predecessor Damon only instituted the impartial, paid vote counters because he failed to trust himself. By implication, Bob could trust himself -- to count votes for himself! At any rate, Bob hoped he would be cheered up by being told he'd won all five Nebulas. In an aside, he confessed this fantasy was too fantastic, since there were only four Nebulas. But his hopes were dashed completely and he was informed he'd not made a clean sweep after all.

Just when the hopeful candidates thought Bob was going to address himself to the business at hand, he stopped and announced that Mr. Levy, the manufacturer of the Nebulas, was present. Bob noted that there were three Nebulas in New York, and one on the West Coast. He raised nervous laughter with Mr. Levy's comment that there were "bubbles in the galaxies" this year. "Quite a beautiful effect. Quite handsome." He continued the agony a little further, and mentioned they weigh twelve pounds apiece.

Finally, he approached his subject, warily and daintily, as befits a master of dilatory excruciation. "I have designed this presentation to inflict the greatest agony." He said he would announce first those who lost before naming the winner. Bob cherrily stated, "This will provide entertainment for those around you." (More nervous laughter.)

He announced that there had been close votes for three categories, and a clear win for only one. In fact, the short story was almost a tie. He detailed how the close ones and ties were resolved: by counting the second-place votes. Bob looked up in his best Mephistophelean manner and cheerfully said, "Gee, this is really cruel."

After much reading of the top four that failed to win, Bob ran out of further ado and announced the short story winner: "Aye, and Gomorrah" by Chip Delany. Amid much applause, Chip accepted his Nebula, saying simply, "Thank you very, very much." The Certificate for having published this masterpiece went to Doubleday, accepted by Larry Ashmead.

In comic relief, Bob kidded Harlan and Harlan's story that failed to win. Amid laughter, Bob again turned his attention to the four unfortunates that placed second to fifth, before finally



announcing the best novelette: "Gonna Roll Them Bones" by Fritz Leiber. The award was accepted at the West Coast dinner by Larry Niven, since Fritz was absent because of family illness. The story had been published in Dangerous Visions, and Harlan was as visibly pleased over his editorial astuteness as if he had been an award winner himself.

The novella race had been a four-way tie on the first ballot, though the second ballot showed a sharp preference. Among those who didn't make it was Bob Silverberg himself, who voiced bitter complaint before announcing the winner: "Behold the Man" by Mike Moorcock. Terry Carr accepted for the author, who was in England. (The New Wave strikes again!) Don Wollheim accepted the Citation for Ace Books.

Commenting on the incredible profusion this year of nominees, Bob Silverberg said, "We had 116 novels -- many of them by people who should know better." He said, though, that there was a clear preference for The Einstein Intersection by Chip Delany! (Wild applause!) This time, Chip essayed a longer, though still simple, address. In an unaffected way reminiscent of Doc Smith, he said that he writes stories he likes as best he can and is glad others like them. The Citation again went to Ace Books and Don Wollheim.

Bob Silverberg commented that each time Chip wins another award, his speeches get longer, and there was no telling what would have happened had he won three Nebulas! Bob concluded the program with the dignity and courtesy he keeps under a layer of barbed humor. He thanked the speakers. He invited a round of applause for Damon Knight, termed the "Founding Father who started it all." He gave public praise to Jim Blish, Vice-President; Roger Zelazny, Secretary-Treasurer; and Terry Carr, editor of the SFWA BULLETIN and "that libelous rag, the SFWA FORUM."

At 10:45 p.m. the program was adjourned and everyone (literally) hastened to congratulate Chip. He certainly got all the attention, since he was the only winner present -- and a double winner at that! Roger Zelazny had performed this feat last year, though one Nebula was for a tie vote. This year's tie-breaking system was designed to prevent a recurrence, since the awards cost the staggering sum of \$130 each. A few more ties and SFWA would have gone bankrupt! As a matter of sad fact, Roger doesn't have two Nebulas anymore. He loaned one to Howard DeVore for a display in Detroit. When Howard took the award from the frigid interior of his car to a warm building, the Nebula cracked into pieces.

Chip said he would guard against any such occurrence. He was obviously pleased with his twenty-four pounds and \$260 worth of plastic. Just as last year was Roger's turn to be guest of honor practically everywhere, this year is obviously slated to be Chip's. It would be hard to locate a more likeable and talented person.

The banquet room soon started emptying, with a high percentage heading for the Algonquin, where Ann McCaffrey generously was holding a party for SFWA members. She had done the same last year, and I marvel at her good nature in repeating her largesse. In company with several friends, including Bob and Barb Silverberg, Harlan Ellison, and Two Beautiful Girls, I started out for the party. It was apparent that the small, French Silverberg family autobus would hold only a fraction of us. Harlan, One Beautiful Girl, and a couple of others elected to walk. The Silverbergs elected to drive in the front seat, while I elected to ride in the rear with One Beautiful Girl. Carol Connors complained bitterly of the bitter cold -- it was a mild 50°. But then, she had just come from California and was dressed in a small opaque strip here and another one there, tastefully revealed under light-green gauze.

Regretfully, the car soon reached the Algonquin, where Bob displayed a full measure of New York sophistication in parking a few inches from a fire hydrant. Ann's party was already well under way. Again, a roster of Names would serve little purpose, but I will say that a disastrous hotel fire would have put Science Fiction out of business.



I had brought along a selection of photos taken mostly at last year's Nebula Awards Banquet, and printed just before I left for New York. (I'm a little behind on my photo chores, as long-suffering CON ANNUAL subscribers know.) I placed these on a secretary, where Virginia Kidd held court, and announced that persons depicted in the photos should help themselves to prints.

Half the fun at a party is talking, and I did my share, between picture taking (the other half...for me). To my chagrin, I found that Tom Purdom had been remiss in subscribing to WSFA JOURNAL. As a result, he had missed my inspiring account of the most recent Phillycon. Even worse, he had failed to receive the benefit of my many helpful hints on running future affairs. Worst of all, he completely didn't get to read the parts I explicitly pointed out he shouldn't read! (I ask you -- is that fair?) Anyway, Tom promised to send Don Miller two bits for the back issue.

The high spot of the party probably was at 12:50 a.m. when Isaac Asimov, Gordon Dickson, and Ann McCaffrey were singing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling". A.J. Budrys was looking on with vast astonishment. The low spot came a couple of hours later, when I was comfortably seated in an armchair, with Gordy Dickson seated uncomfortably on the arm. He was telling me the story of his life, and had just reached chapter twenty-two when his bourbon and ginger ale slipped from his hand, drenching my camera. I had two inches of Old Guckenheimer and Canada Dry sloshing around in my lenshood. I found this vastly amusing. Really, Gordy was more upset than I. After all, I was using a Leica and it is supposed to be watertight. (goody, thought I, here's my chance to find out!)

The party broke up at 4:05 a.m., ending a most delightful evening and morning. The Awards Banquet had been a resounding success. In fact, even if no one had received an award, it would still have been great fun. SFWA really ought to do this every six months instead of just once a year. (Several dull thuds and six frantic letters to Terry Carr for SFWA FORUM.)

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CAUTIONARY NOTICE  
(by Alexis Gilliland)

Detective story fans take note: the National Bureau of Standards has come up with the discovery of a hitherto unsuspected lethal synergism. As is well known, alcohol and gasoline are dangerous, but not so well known is the combination alcohol and carbon tetrachloride!

You want to get rid of your mate? Feed him or her a few drinks (sticking to uncut ginger ale yourself) and then clean the spots off the rug or your shoes with good old  $\text{CCl}_4$  while said spouse takes a nap. If properly done, her kidneys will give out in a few days, while, unalcoholated, you get by with a temporary headache (unless you really overdo it, in which case you have been hoist with your own petard, and serves you right).

You want to commit suicide, but the life insurance won't pay off on firearms or window jumping? Just slosh a couple of ounces of carbon tet in the closet, and breathe the fumes for a few minutes. Then you and your death wish go out and get tanked. Tanked isn't really necessary, in fact -- a few beers will do just as well -- but it's your last chance.

The latest theory is that the alcohol inhibits the liver's ability to detoxify the  $\text{CCl}_4$ , with the result that the size of the lethal dose is greatly decreased. Also, some people seem to be naturally susceptible to carbon tet, and succumb to what are regarded as minimal doses.

One final word: carbon tetrachloride is not used in industry because of its high toxicity, which has been recognized since the early 40's. If it is bad enough for industry, it ought to be bad enough for you, regardless of what you think about industry.



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A FEW NOTES ON THE CONTENTS

Concerning his interview (pp 11-14), Lin Carter states, in a letter to Fred Hypes ("Writ in the Hour the Vampire Orchids Fang the White Breasts of Tender Slave Maidens"): ". . . Rarely have I come in for a more sustained and succulent salvo of compliments. Thanks for all the nice words. ##### "Sorry you got the brush from Zelazny and Delany. They are very foolish fellows. No pro goes to a fan convention for any other reason but to meet, talk to and listen to his readers. I look forward to such occasions eagerly, meself. Not for the egoboo, exactly, although it is always nice to be asked for autographs, etc. But there is a certain peculiar pleasure in meeting that mystical entity, The Readers of Your Books. These are the individuals who shelled out fifty cents to read You. Their taste and opinion make or break you. If they like what they read, you can go on forever. If they don't, it's worth your bloody time to find out why. ##### "Sorry the Baltifen were not acquainted with many of my Mighty Woiks. I append herewith the full screed. The Wizard of Lemuria, Ace, 1965; Thongor of Lemuria, Ace, 1966; The Star Magicians, Ace, 1966; The Man Without a Planet, Ace, 1966; Flame of Iridar, Belmont, 1967; King Kull, Lancer, 1967; Destination: Saturn, Avalon, 1967; Thongor Against the Gods, Paperback Library, 1967; Conan, Lancer, 1967; Tower at the Edge of Time, Belmont, 1968; The Thief of Thoth, Belmont, 1968; Thongor in the City of Magicians, Paperback Lib., 1968. ##### "...and more to come, such as: Conan of the Isles, Lancer; Destination: Saturn, Ace; The Giant of World's End, Belmont; Tolkien: A Look Behind 'The Lord of the Rings', Ballantine. ##### "Nuff sed. ##### "As for corrections of your interview. If you wish to get across something of a picture of Carter the Man, you might mention age in mid-thirties, beard (neat Imperial), old-fashioned Edwardian antique gold watch, chain and elk's tooth watch-fob, corduroy suit. Rich resonant deep voice. ##### ". . . You will never start a Lin Carter Fanclub, Fred, if you wait for my characters to begin acting and speaking like Lin Carter. In the flesh I am an obvious fact. On paper I am pure fantasy -- who would believe in such a character! . . ."

About his poem in "Tales to Wag Your Dog By", Jay Kay Klein writes: ". . . something I wrote and set to music within an hour after hearing of Don Ford's death a couple of years ago. As you may suppose, I haven't given many public performances . . . The music I had to trust to memory because I cannot write music in standard notation. ##### "A couple of months after writing the piece, I attended the Midwestcon -- the first away from the North Plaza and without Don. I quietly ventured performing the ballad two or three times for small groups. The hush that fell while I was singing and the silence immediately afterwards were profound. I found that the song was very well received. ##### "Though I had hesitated to play the piece for Margaret Ford, for obvious reasons, she heard of it through Lou Tabakow and I recorded and sent her a tape. ##### "Outside of those who may have heard the tape and the few persons for whom I performed at the Midwestcon in 1965, the ballad is quite unknown. Perhaps you would care to run it in the special Disclave issue. Since I cannot write down the music, I will do what I can to pass it on in folk-style tradition: by playing it for those interested at the Disclave. (I presume someone will have a guitar handy that I can use for the occasion.) ##### "It might be noted that I use C, F, and G7 chords for the accompaniment. The second, indented, paragraph is the Chorus that is repeated after each verse. . . ."

Re the Burt Randolph article, "Much Ado About Not Much" (pp. 21-23), it should be noted that the letter from which his article was extracted was dated a full nine days prior to the TV special on the (American) English language (he scooped the network!).

Our inclusion of Harriett Kolchak's plug for Columbus in '69 does not constitute the JOURNAL's endorsement of the Columbus bid -- nor does this statement constitute an endorsement for the St. Louis bid. The JOURNAL will remain neutral for the time being -- and we invite both bidders to participate in a dialogue arguing the merits of their respective bids thru the pages of the JOURNAL.

DLM



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AN INTERVIEW WITH LIN CARTER  
by Fred Hypes

(At the Balticon, I got the chance to interview Lin Carter for neraly two hours, fire a few questions to Chip Delany, and speak just briefly with Roger Zelazny. I found the difference in their personalities to be even greater than the differences in their writing. Roger Zelazny has been known to be quite shy at times, and was so then. What I could throw at Delany he did not seem to want to answer. Lin Carter, however, who has promoted fandom and the N3F for some time now, was open and quite willing to speak to any fan who wanted to ask him something. Unfortunately, few took the opportunity. Seizing this chance, I tried to interview an author and turned out listening to an out-spoken, three-ringed circus. Those who have read Lin Carter's works and have admired his characterizations are seeing only a minor reflection of the man himself.

In addition to attempting to get beneficial answers for myself and other fans, I have broken away slightly from the strict interview form to try and capture for you some of the fun I had with Lin.)

Watching the parade of name tags go by in the Florentine Room at the Lord Baltimore, and keeping as eye open for Neffers, I noticed Lin Carter standing next to me looking at some artwork. "You're not a Neffer, are you?" I asked, as the name was quite familiar. "No", he returned quietly, watching me to see if I could put the name together with the work. "I've got it! Ace Books, Thongor series." Now he began to smile, leaning on his walking stick. "And Lancer and others."

I nodded, trying

desperately to remember what I could about him. He walked away and sat beside his lovely wife, Noel. I sat across from him feeling quite foolish. As soon as the chair on the other side of him was empty and he looked around at the fans who were more interested in folk singing than science fiction or fantasy, I walked over and sat down.

Hypes: "Mr. Carter, from what I have read of you personally, and from the general opinion I have heard about you throughout fandom, you are, shall we say, accused of being a Burroughs imitator, and possibly a Kline. Do you deny this and claim you have your own unique style?"

Lin: He looked startled for a moment, and then smiled. "Ch?"

Hypes: "I hope you don't mind my abrupt questioning, but I publish a fanzine and would like, if possible, to get an interview."

Lin: "Sure, that's what I came down here for. Oh, there is no doubt that I imitate Burroughs. My style, however, lies between that of Burroughs and Howard's Conan stories. I do not imitate Kline." Lin looked absolutely in pain. "Kline is an awful mimic of Burroughs. Absolutely awful."

Hypes: "Well, let me get some opinions here from you...."

Lin: "Shoot."

Hypes: "Okay, let's start with this: as a writer yourself, do you feel that science fiction has aged enough to be a genre of its own?"

Lin: "Yes, in a sense. But science fiction is only a part of fantasy. All fantasy is, of course, fiction, and fiction has been written since the time of the Greeks... Homer wrote fiction...Chaucer wrote fiction. Science fiction is science injected into mainstream fiction. By and large, the plot of any science fiction yarn is just an adventure story, or a cops and robbers story (E.E. Smith), or a travel story, or whatever. SF has yet to come up with anything clearly defined as a science fiction story per se. There are dang few SF stories that could not be re-written into straight mainstream stories. A few, okay, but dang few."

Hypes: "Okay, but going back to your style for a moment -- the reason I asked you was that several new writers, and some of the established writers, for that matter, have claimed that they began writing to bring something new into science fiction."

Lin: "For example?"



Hypes: "Let's take Bradbury, for example."

Lin: "Never could stand Bradbury, even though he is a fair master of the English language."

Hypes: "To each his own, I guess. By the way, do you consider Bradbury a science fiction writer?"

Lin: He answered without hesitation: "He is not a science fiction writer at all. He is a fantasy writer. Even when his stories are put on Mars they are still fantasy and not science fiction. Now Bradbury writes with either no plot at all or only a very skimpy one, and blows everything up into a novel."

Hypes: "Being a Bradbury fan, my questions will be biased, of course."

Lin: "And my opinions are my opinions, of course."

At this point, Doll Gilliland joined us for the rest of the interview.

Hypes: "Getting back to Bradbury for a minute: if he just blows everything up, then how did he get into O. Henry's Prize Stories a couple of times?"

Lin: "He's just popular!" He threw up his hands as if pleading with the Almighty, and then looked back at me. "The general mainstream reader has no real taste. He subsists from big fat novels off the TIME's best-seller list, of the pap in READERS' DIGEST and SATURDAY EVENING POST. He doesn't really know good writing from bad, he just knows what he likes. Now Bradbury, though he's a popular success, is no good. The critics pay no attention to him at all. But he comes on heavy with the prose-poetry and evocative stuff, and the slob reader smacks his lips and says, 'this must be Art, by jimminy!', whereas it's really just self-indulgent, soppy purple prose, over-written to a fare-thee-well."

Hypes: "I feel that's a compliment to the readers, but I still cannot agree with you on Bradbury."

Lin: "You're right. You are prejudiced," he kidded.

Hypes: "Thanks."

Lin: "One short story blown up. He hasn't written anything new in ten years."

Hypes: "I take it that when you say 'new', you mean it in a creative sense?"

Lin: He leaned on his dragon-headed walking stick for a moment, and then autographed a book for one of his fans. Returning to the question: "Well, I'll mention that I do not believe...in the term...creative as meaning something new. No writer today can write anything new. There is nothing new under the moon."

Hypes: "Well, since you evidently do not care for Bradbury as a writer, and find the word 'creative' vague, whom do you admire as writers? Oh, I won't hold you to commenting on yourself."

Lin: "That's kind of you." (But he did anyway, understandably.) "Keith Laumer is just tremendous, and Jack Vance is, too, with his Dying Earth. Fritz Leiber's Sword of Lankmar was just great."

Doll Gilliland: "Oh, that was! It was such a lusty novel, more so than Heinlein's Stranger in a Strange Land."

Lin: "No, I wouldn't say lusty, but rather bawdy, brash, alive. I just loved it. I also like Leigh Brackett, Poul Anderson, and Alfred Bester, especially Bester's earlier works. I liked Delany's earlier works until he came out with stuff like his Einstein Intersection."

Doll: "I enjoyed it. What was wrong with it?"

Lin: "Well, for one thing, here you have a novel 36,000 years in the future with characters named Paul and Sam and Tom, Dick, and Harry." Lin further tore it pretty well apart the following day during the panel discussion with Delany, the Guest of Honor, in the audience.

Hypes: "Let me switch the subject here with a two-part question."

Lin: "Fire away!"

Hypes: "Most of the active members of fandom...in my opinion, of course...are either aspiring writers, or artists. Let me take the writers first in asking about the publishing companies, such as Ace, and ask how difficult it is to get something published through them? What type of material, grade-wise, do they print as a rule?"

Lin: "For example?"



Hypes: "For example, some say that Ace publishes just mediocre to pure pulp to..."

Lin: "Almost all science fiction is pure pulp; I wouldn't use that as a quality phrase. Let me start this way. This business about having contacts in the field, knowing other writers, and so forth, is untrue. It is not a matter of whom you know. Your book or story will have to stand on its own merits. But the story," Lin emphasized, "must be good. Pohl, for example, is especially on the outlook for good fan fiction, and though it will take time, he will publish it. But what you need is an agent. There is no question about that. There are many science fiction agents, such as Robert P. Mills..."

Doll: "There are science fiction agents? How come nobody says anything about them?"

Lin: "I thought they were known! There are several.... However, send in a story, or better still, send in a batch of stories to an agent. If they are any good they will be forwarded. If not, the agent will tell you." Carter let out a long, slow breath as the interview seemed endless. "Now Ace does put out about 50% good and about 50% bad, and you see a lot of mediocre writers through them like E.C. Tubb and Kenneth Bulmer. And then there is Delany's work." He smiled as he skipped any further classification of Einstein Intersection. "That was absolutely awful." He noticed the defending look by Doll. "Is this the New Wave writing? You read one contemporary book today and you have read them all.... Belmont publishes the worst of science fiction. The Lancer reprints were excellent, but their original science fiction is unbelievably bad. Now Pyramid publishes the best overall... Ballantine of the 50's was incredible -- they were publishing stuff better than what was in the professional magazines at the time. But in the 60's Ballantine went from mediocre to bad to awful." Here I really bungled the old ball game and attributed the IF column to some other suthor. "I write the IF column! I can see where you get the two names confused, but no."

Hypes: "I think that has done wonders to promote fandom, as much as Wollheim did in organizing the National Fantasy Fan Federation, if my history serves me right."

Lin: "It doesn't." Again he smiled. "Back in the 40's Damon Knight and I started the organization ourselves. I dropped out when it was taken over by little old ladies."

Hypes: "Oh, earlier I was going to mention that I saw the latest FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION magazine, and in it is published a list of authors both for and against the war in Viet Nam. What are your thoughts about this?"

Lin: "Why not? There is nothing wrong with it.... No, you are not mixing politics with science fiction. Campbell's been doing that for years. Anyway, F & SF is a money-making entity. What's wrong with filling two pages with something people are interested in?"

Hypes: "Well, did some of the names surprise you?"

Lin: "Not too much."

Hypes: "Well; I am sure no one like Heinlein was a surprise to you."

Lin: "No, but you know I liked Heinlein's Glory Road better than his Stranger...." Lin maneuvered into another subject. "Now, in the first place, I feel Heinlein is the best overall in the field...I feel that Laumer is a lot like Heinlein, though a lesser talent...But what Heinlein has done has been to progress with every book... He could write like Admiral Hornblower all the rest of his life...ah...just keep doing juveniles like Farmer In the Sky, and still be considered this. But he progressed to doing something different with Stranger in a Strange Land. He wrote satirical science fiction for the first time, and he made his characters almost life-like. With Glory Road he wrote a satirical fantasy adventure, and this time it was life. Farnham's Freehold is another experiment, where you hate the hero... but you like him. Heinlein has gone beyond just writing plots -- he writes ideas."

Hypes: "Well, I was going to ask you about fan art, but I might as well get one more opinion first."

Lin: "That's what I am down here for."

Hypes: "I hate to throw a question like this at you because it is completely a matter of opinion...but what would you establish as the three norms in these three fields,



either book or writer: Sword and Sorcery, pure fantasy, and science fiction?"

Lin: "Well, as for the writers I would have to say for Sword and Sorcery it would be Howard with his Conan stories. No question of Tolkien in Fantasy. I feel that for contemporary Science Fiction it would be between Jack Vance and Keith Laumer. The best science fiction book I have read, and I realize it will be hard to agree with...ah...I would have to say Dune by Frank Herbert. Now the main reason I would say this is because once I picked up the book I could not set it down. I was up until five o'clock in the morning reading it. It was such a complete novel in every sense of the word -- the ecology, the way religion fit into the story.... However, I wish he had expanded his battle scenes. They were so brief." (Doll mentioned later that the final battle was about three paragraphs in length, and now that I think of it, she is about right.) "But feeling he was not competent enough to handle the scenes, he let them go. After all, he had already done such a magnificent job. Okay, now for your other question."

Hypes: "I mentioned earlier about the two types of active fans. We pretty well covered what the writers could use, but I want to ask a little something for the artists and illustrators I know. Do you feel that the artists of today, both fan and professional, enhance fantasy and science fiction with their artwork to the point it could be said they help further the field as an art -- that is, as a literary art?"

Lin: "Prosaic art has dropped in the last fifteen years to just awful. However, quality in printing and paper has also dropped. I have always liked Emsh's work, but I feel that the best today are Gray Morrow in GALAXY and IF, and Frazetta. Outside of that it has more or less degenerated."

Hypes: "I think I can find a few artists who will give you a bit of an argument over that."

Lin: "Let them argue!" Lin mimicked a man willing to fight for his convictions, then suddenly softened to: "It's just my opinion."

Hypes: "I just hope that Zelazny and Delany will be as free with their opinions tomorrow. By the way, what are you writing as of late?"

Lin: "Right now I am working on a Tolkien book -- Tolkien: A Look Behind 'The Lord Of The Rings'...." At this moment Doll interrupted again, but as she was just about the only other fan that showed any interest that night in talking shop, I gladly put away my pen and prepared to leave after the long interrogation. Jack Chalker, chairman of the Baltimore Science Fiction Society, then approached to ask Lin to be on the panel the next day. Seeing me about to leave, Lin turned: "Could you use a bit of a scoop?"

Hypes: "Of course, but let me get it down."

Lin: "Okay -- de Camp and I are collaborating on a Conan novel. From what I hear we will be paid more for the single book than any other science fiction writer has ever been paid for a single before. We are still working on it, but it should be finished in a couple of months, and should be out before Christmas."

Hypes: "What will it be called?"

Lin: "Conan of the Isles."

And so ends what I could salvage from my notes. I'm sure Lin would be more than willing to answer any questions about this interview that you may have. But like he mentioned, it is all his opinion.

Though Lin claims to write to entertain, he has entertained verbally at many East Coast cons, from what I have been able to pick up from other fans.

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((The above interview was held at the 1968 Balticonference, in February. Extracts from a letter from Lin to Fred should appear elsewhere in this issue of the JOURNAL. Persons interested in communicating with Lin concerning the opinions he expressed above will find his address with his letter. --ed.))



COUNT RUMFORD: A BIOGRAPHY  
by Alexis Gilliland

((About this article, the author says: "The following is a term paper written for Chem 191 in May, 1958. The facts are documented, many of the interpretations are generally accepted, and I pulled an A in the course. #### "The purist says: What has this to do with science-fiction? I reply: Count Rumford is the most likely candidate for the Eddorian Prime Operator during the Revolutionary War. #### "Anyway, here is a hasty and incomplete sketch of a man of genius." --ed.))

Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, was born in North Woburn, Massachusetts, in 1753. His father died while he was very young, and his mother remarried when he was about two.

Several of his dominant traits appear from his earliest childhood. He was bright, industrious, and extremely personable. Apprenticed to a storekeeper, he talked his master into allowing him some fish (dried cod) to ship, this being the standard slave ration.

At the age of thirteen, he invented a perpetual motion machine, of which his friend Loammi Baldwin (for whom the Baldwin apple was named) said: "It was an exceedingly complicated arrangement of gears, wheels and levers, but when I enquired of him the principles whereupon it worked...he was very vague."

A year later, the Stamp Act was repealed, and young Ben Thompson evinced the first evidence of his life-long interest in gunpowder. The city fathers of Concord ordered some fireworks to celebrate, and their preparation fell to him, evidently because of his already favorable reputation in the field. He managed to blow himself up quite spectacularly, and nearly ended his career right then.

However, a year or so later, he and his friend Baldwin attended a series of lectures on Medicine and Natural Philosophy at Harvard, and in the course of his education, he became a school-master. Most school-masters of that time were dull, drab pedants...but not the future Count Rumford. He was exceedingly gifted, and everywhere he went, his reputation improved, his fame spread, and his salary increased. (The latter, of course, explaining why he kept moving.)

At the age of nineteen, he came to Rumford, Massachusetts, for the fall term, and his personal grace and charm was such that the daughter of the head of the local school board (and the recent widow of one of the richest men in town), Mrs. Paul Rolfe, married him within six months. She was some fourteen years his senior, and what his mother said when she met her new daughter-in-law is not recorded, since the first inkling she had of the marriage was when Ben introduced her.

Ben Thompson -- married young, married rich -- now made good use of his acquired social assets and his natural talents and began his long and brilliant career of social climbing. It must be admitted that his talents in this field were magnificent; they even stand with his very great scientific ability, and the town of Rumford has never seen their like.

Governor Wentworth of Massachusetts made him a major of the Second Provisional Regiment solely on the strength of his appearance on horseback and a half-hour's conversation at a parade one Sunday afternoon. (What the other officers in the regiment thought of this was unprintable.) Thompson now became great friends with the Governor and with General Gage, and his prospects never looked rosier. (The former had agreed to accompany him on a mapping expedition in the White Mountains which the latter has sponsored, when the Revolution broke out.)

Major Thompson, surrounded by rebels, professed devotion to their cause, but he was not popular save with his social superiors. The people, more specifically the Minute Men, suspected him of sympathizing with the enemy. The final straw was his sending two deserters back to the British,



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after arranging for clemency from his old friend, General Gage. After this, he was harassed, annoyed, hounded, and generally pestered until he went over to the Loyalists in Boston. The final provocation seems to have been the officers of his old regiment talking General Washington out of giving him a commission in the artillery as a Lieutenant Colonel. However, the fact that he was in secret communication with General Gage may also have had some effect on his decision. (He was the only spy on either side to use invisible ink...and it was information furnished by him that led the British to their march on Concord.)

Upon leaving the Continental Army, he also left his wife, whom he never saw again, and his infant daughter.

Boston fell presently, and Thompson was on one of the last boats leaving for England. There is a story that Gage had given him dispatches for Lord Germain, but the weight of evidence seems to indicate that Ben wrote them himself on the way over. Twenty-four hours after his arrival, he had gained an audience with Germain and was explaining to him the situation in the Colonies. Germain was so impressed with the young man that he made him a personal aide at a reputed salary of 7,000 pounds sterling a year.

His accomplishments under this inept Lord were remarkable. To mention a few:

- He secured the adoption of the bayonet by the Grenadier Guards;
- He improved the quality and manufacture of gunpowder;
- He did some excellent research on naval architecture;
- And while aboard ship, he devised a set of flag signals which are essentially the same used today.

Also, he was elected a member of the Royal Society.

Lord Germain was one of the few men that the future Count Rumford could ever consider a friend, but due to Germain's clumsy handling of the Revolutionary War, it became evident that he was soon to fall; accordingly, young Benjamin acquired a commission as a regimental commander and finished out the war on Long Island where his principal claim to fame appears to have been that he built a fort on top of a cemetery and converted the tombstones into ovens to bake bread for his troops. (He also stabled his horses in the local church, but only for a little while.)

It is a mark of his talent that when the war ended, he retired on half-pay as a full colonel with a king's commission rather than a provincial one -- the difference being that in the one case, the king paid the pension, while in the other, the province did. A great many soldiers who did a lot more fighting, consequently, wound up with much less.

After this, Benjamin Thompson, Colonel retired, dropped from sight for a while. Then he was to be found in Austria checking on the possibility of a war with Turkey, and traveling through Europe more or less for pleasure. During this time he met the Elector of Bavaria, who, like Governor Wentworth, was much impressed by the sight of this noble youth astride a horse. The Elector, after a brief conversation, offered Thompson a job; being a British subject, Ben immediately returned to England to obtain permission from George III to serve under a foreign monarch. King George, usually so stubborn and intractable, not only granted permission but threw in a knighthood, all within the span of two months. The application for knighthood was drawn up by the applicant, contrary to usual custom, and the coat of arms acquired by right of cash on the line from some Thompsons in Sussex were "Per Fess Argent and Sable, a Fess embattled, counter charged, between two Falcons, in chief of the second beaked membered and belled, Or and Horse passant in base of the first". There was a crest, too, with pine buds, battlements, a crown, and fish.

And so Benjamin Thompson, Colonel retired, entered the service of the Bavarian government. He was made Major General in charge of the Army, head of the War Department, and a member of the privy council.

The next three years were among the happiest and most productive of his life. While sharing a palace



with the Russian ambassador, he carried out his relatively light duties with ease and efficiency, and devoted his spare time to indulging his insatiable curiosity.

It was during this time, for instance, that he set up the Royal Bavarian Armory, and he designed and supervised the operation of the cannon-boring machinery. He was amazed at the amount of heat involved, and was not satisfied with the caloric theory which said that drilling a cannon full of caloric was like squeezing a sponge full of water. No one should be surprised at the evolution of heat in the one case or water in the other. Finding that argument was futile, he defied the authorities and performed an experiment. Using a blunted drill, he set up his apparatus to work on a twenty-pound block of brass under about two-hundred pounds of water. Then he switched on his power (a horse) and proceeded to heat the water to boiling, while producing less than an ounce of chips.

The notion of the interconvertability of work and heat began to take hold, supplemented by Davy's experiment of rubbing two blocks of ice together in 1799. Of the caloric theory, nothing remains except the designation "calorie" for 4.1840 joules. Rumford, himself, made no accurate quantitative measurements on this subject, though.

In the line of duty, he reformed the Bavarian Army. He introduced such novelties as pensions, regular pay, free medical care, the equivalent of the post exchange, and the three-day pass. None of this was original -- the ancient Romans were featuring the same on their recruiting posters -- but it was new to "modern" Bavaria. Also, he put them to work!

Next to Munich, a large unhealthy swamp was drained and converted into a park. Streets were repaired; public works were undertaken, and the soldiers were set to growing their own food. One of the foods which they were set to cultivating was the potato, which, up to that time, had been regarded as somewhat unwholesome. (The potato is now a staple food throughout Europe, and it was Rumford who introduced it.)

At this time, owing to various laws, taxes, and what might be termed a disposition towards the welfare state, Bavaria had a great many beggars, many of whom were unduly fat and impudent. In Munich, out of 60,000 inhabitants, some 2,600 were mendicants. To this situation, Benjamin Thompson applied himself. First he set up a workhouse, whose function was to make uniforms for the army, and where the beggars would find both employment and food. Then, on the 31st of December, 1793, he went out with his army and arrested every beggar he could lay hands on. His philosophy in this matter was expressed as follows:

"To make vicious and abandoned people happy, it has been generally supposed necessary to first make them virtuous. But why not reverse this order? Why not make them first happy and then virtuous?"

In setting up the workhouse, he had paid great attention to every detail, particularly the kitchen. Here it was that he invented the kitchen range, which became the common design used throughout the Western world. He also invented potato soup, and several utensils, and for all these things, he wrote amazingly precise instructions. The workhouse was a success. In five years, 2,600 beggars were reduced to 1,400, and the institution was showing a profit.

This was done over considerable opposition from the court, and had he failed, he would have lost his position. As it was, he consolidated his gains, and for the next few years ran Bavaria to suit himself. A single example was during the French and Austrian War. The Austrians took up a position with Munich between them and the French. Then the French informed the Elector that they were going through Munich to get at the Austrians, and the Austrians offered to help defend the city. The Elector took a vacation in a nervous hurry, and Rumford closed the gates of the city to both armies. After he conferred with each of the generals, they departed, and Munich was saved.

Ultimately, however, the sentiment against him in the court became too strong (although when he became ill due to over-



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work and "fever", the beggars and ex-beggars of Munich filled the cathedrals to pray for him), and when Thompson requested permission from the Elector to visit England, that worthy (though faint-hearted) gentleman made him the Bavarian Ambassador.

Upon arriving in England, However, George III refused to recognize this new ambassador on the grounds that he was a British subject. This irritated Rumford considerably, but maybe he felt that as Colonel Sir Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, Prime Minister of Bavaria, a member of the Order of Saint Stanislaus of Poland and of the Order of the White Eagle, as well as the Royal Society and a dozen or so others, who needed it? At any rate, he settled down in London.

There he was much annoyed by what we call smog, and because of his interest in fires and fireplaces, he first designed a chimney which couldn't smoke, and then, after considerable experimentation, the Rumford stove -- which is in use throughout England today. The Rumford stove is a shallow, half-open enclosure for burning coals which reflects considerable radiant heat into the room, and which is able to get enough air to support complete combustion. Its chief advantage was that it used less than a third as much fuel as the conventional fireplace to produce as much heat.

London at that time had a great many coffee houses -- whose acquaintance Rumford had made while working for Lord Germain. Now he wrote a pamphlet "Of the Excellent Qualities of Coffee and the Art of Making It in the Highest Perfection", in which he describes the drip method which he invented.

In this same period, he founded the Royal Institution. Originally intending it to be a museum of working models of his various inventions, he proceeded to organize the Institution with his customary energy, talent, and initiative. He had the King as patron, the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham as president, the Earls of Morton and Egremont and Sir John Banks (who though only a knight was extremely rich) as vice presidents, and the Earl of Bessborough, the Duke of Bridgewater, Viscount Palmerston and Earl Spencer in various other capacities.

Here it was that he discovered Humphrey Davy, later Sir Humphrey. Davy, age 23, sloppy, ill-kempt, came with a letter of introduction to Count Rumford, saying that he could teach chemistry. Rumford, unimpressed with what he saw, insisted on a private lecture as a demonstration. At the conclusion of the lecture he told his secretary: "Let him command any arrangements which the Institution can afford."

Despite the enormous popularity which attended the scientific lectures of the Institute, and despite its financial solidity, Rumford was soon at odds with his co-workers because of his extremely autocratic manner. Eventually he was forced to leave the Institution, and ultimately he left England. There was a new Elector in Bavaria, however, and while he welcomed Rumford back most effusively, things weren't quite the same.

Eventually he went to Paris, where he married the widow of the late great Antoine L. Lavoisier. He lived with her for a year, during which time they quarrelled constantly, and then lived happily ever after -- he on the north side, she on the east. He referred to her affectionately as "the old dragon", and once, when she had invited some friends for a dinner party, locked the door and hid the key. Afterwards she sprinkled his flower garden with water heated to boiling on a Rumford stove.

The final aspect of Rumford's life is taken out of chronological order, and that is his one legitimate daughter, Hetty Thompson. Hetty appears to have been unattractive physically, and mentally about on a par with her father. With such a combination of brains and beauty, for her to marry would have been difficult at best. Papa didn't help by frightening away all her suitors, although to give him his due, he felt that none of them meant to do right by her. If Count Rumford was not the best of fathers, it can be argued that Hetty would have tried better fathers than he. He generally is credited with ruining her life, although he appears to have done this by the unique method of introducing her to all



of the best society in middle Europe, and then settling a pension of 2,000 pounds sterling per year on her. It is true that they had frequent and bitter arguments, and that Papa never looked so good as when there was an ocean between him and Hetty. Still, he was a good correspondent, and took her with him on many of his travels after he brought her from America in 1795. After his death in 1814, she returned to the United States and became an old maid, although she was reported to have had several affairs.

To sum up: Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, was a failure as a husband and a father (although his two illegitimate daughters appear to have turned out all right), and though he achieved one of the most fantastic social climbs in history, and one of the most brilliant scientific careers, to say nothing of his great political achievements and his charitable works, nobody liked him. On both sides of the ocean, he had in excess of 10,000 acquaintances, of whom he could call perhaps three his friends.

The following comments sum him up perfectly:

- "He was hard, brittle and self-centered from first to last."
- "...always having a kick ready for the underdog."
- "No real love or regard for his fellow men."
- "Wherever he went, he gave the best of service and no master ever regretted having employed him."

Such was Count Rumford.

Bibliography:

- Some Accounts of Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, by R.W. Hale.
- Count Rumford of Massachusetts, by J.A. Thompson.
- An American in Europe: The Life of Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, by Egon Lehrburger.
- Count Rumford, by W.R. Fairfield.
- A Poetical Epistle to Benjamin Count Rumford, by John Wolcot.
- General Gages' Informers: New Material Upon Lexington and Concord, by G.E. Ellis.

ODDS AND ENDS

Harriett Kolchak reports that the Neo-Fan Fund assets as of April 21, 1968, stood at \$205.08. Mike Lalor has volunteered to represent the fund in the midwest, and has tentatively been accepted subject to a formal written vote by the Neo-Fund Committee. West Coast and Deep South representatives from the fund are still needed. If interested, write to Harriett at 2330 N. Hancock St., Philadelphia, Penna., 19133.

Mrs. Linda I. Carpenter is interested in getting an airplane pool started to leave from Portland, Oregon, or perhaps from Seattle, Washington, with a stop-over in Portland, to go to the Baycon. If interested, contact Mrs. Carpenter at Route #1, Box 9B, Stevenson, Washington, 98648.

Linda Eyster announces formation of the Western Pennsylvania Science Fiction Association (WPSFA) from the ranks of the Carnegie-Mellon SFA and various Pittsburgh and Western Pennsylvania fans. (She notes that "The Pittsburgh SF Assoc. under the leadership of Mrs. Dirce Archer is still in existence, but it did not suit the needs of the more active fen -- in other words it's apathetic and the new group hopes not to be.") Linda (1060 Morewood Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., 15213) is President of the group, but she will be out of the area during the summer (she lives on Belvedere Rd., in Silver Spring -- Bob Rozman, do you know her?), and the Acting President will be J. Arthur Vaughan, 137 Pennsylvania Ave., Bridgeville, Pa., 15017.



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June/July Short Calendar: Clubs --

WSFA Meetings -- June 7, 21; July 5, 19; all but July 19 meeting at home of Bill & Phyllis Berg, 2131 Keating St., Hillcrest Heights, Md. (ph. 894-8048): from Penna. Ave., S.E., turn onto Branch Ave. (Rt. 5) headed toward Md.; 1.3 miles past the D.C. line (or the 3rd stop-light past the D.C. line), turn right on Iverson St. (at sign for Iverson Mall); go 1 mile on Iverson to 22nd Ave.; turn left on 22nd Ave. and go one block; cross the intersection and the street changes its name to Keating St.; the Bergs are in the second house on the left from this intersection. From the Beltway, get off at exit 36 (Branch Ave.) headed toward Silver Hill; go about 2 miles on Branch Ave. to Iverson St.; turn left on Iverson St. and proceed as above. If you come by bus, their area is serviced by the W.M. & A. line. July 19 meeting will be at Ray Ridenour's; more info in TWJ #57. Meetings are informal, and start at 8 p.m.

BSFS Meetings -- June 14, 28; July 12, 26; usually at home of Jay & Alice Haldeman, 1244 Woodbourne Ave., Baltimore, Md.; ph. 323-6108. Meetings (informal) start at 8 p.m.

ESFA Meetings -- June 2; July 7; Guest Speakers and programs not yet announced. Meetings are held at YM-YWCA, 600 Broad St., Newark, N.J., and begin promptly at 3 p.m.

PSFS Meetings -- June 14; July 12; at Central YMCA, Broad & Arch Sts., Philadelphia, Penna., at 8 p.m.

NESFA Meetings -- June 2, 16; July 7, 21; June 2 meeting at home of Harry Stubbs (Hal Clement), in Milton, Mass.; June 16 meeting at home of Andrew Whyte, 221 Mt. Auburn, Cambridge, Mass.; sites of July meetings to be announced. For info write: NESFA. P.O. Box G, M.I.T. Branch Post Office, Cambridge, Mass., 02139.

OSFA Meetings -- June 30; July 28; in Central St. Louis Library, 1301 Olive St., at 2 p.m.

FISTFA Meetings -- June 7, 21; July 5, 19; at apt. of Mike McInerney, 250 W. 16th St., Apt. 5FW, N.Y., N.Y., at 9 p.m.

Lunarians -- June 15, July 20; at home of Frank & Ann Dietz, 1750 Walton Ave., Bronx, N.Y., at 8 p.m.; for guests of members & out-of-towners only; ph. TR8-8082.

Albuquerque S.F. Group -- June 2; July 7; at homes of various members; for info, contact Gordon Benson, P.O. Box 8124, Albuquerque, N.M., 87108.

PenSFA -- June 8, 22; July 6, 20; at homes of various members; for info, write Felice Rolfe, 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, Calif., 94301.

Little Men -- June 14, 28; July 12, 26; at homes of various members; for info, write Alva Rogers, 5967 Greenridge Rd., Castro Valley, Cal., 94546.

Weekly Meetings --

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

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

LASFS -- Thursday, 8 p.m., at home of Owen Hannifen, 508 S. St. Andrews Place, Los Angeles.

It is assumed that ACUSFOOS, MoSFA, MITSFS, and MSUSFS will not be meeting during the summer recess. If we are in error, please send meeting dates for June, July, and August, and we will continue listing your club in future JOURNAL's.

Conventions, etc.:

STOCON VI -- June 1-3, in Stockholm, Sweden. For information, write: John Henri Holmberg, Norrskogsg 8, Stockholm K, Sweden.

ANNUAL DINNER MEETING OF ALBUQUERQUE S.F. GROUP -- June 15. Guests: Don Wollheim & Jack Williamson. For info write: Gordon Benson, P.O. Box 8124, Albuquerque, NM, 87108.

TRIPLE FAN FAIR (Detroit) -- June 15, 16. GoH: Harlan Ellison. For info write: Triple Fan Fair, 14501 Labelle St., Oak Park, Mich., 48237.

SOUTHWESTERCON -- June 21-23, Hotel Southland, Dallas, Texas. For comics, SF, ERB, and movie fans. Registration \$2.50. For info write: Larry Herndon, 1830 Highland Drive, Carrollton, Texas, 75006.

(Continued on page 42)



21

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOT MUCH  
by Burton W. Randolph, Ph.D.

That Phil Bridges is a gentleman as well as an obvious scholar. Clearly, the inversion, "Due to my ogling, her husband hit me", makes my use of due to no less an example of the questionable adverbial use. Perhaps Phil selected unfortunate pairs of examples but in each case the adverbial form seems more succinct. ((Referring to Phil's A MATTER OF DEFINITION in TWJ #53 ---ed.))

Setting aside the use of due to, I think we must face up to a much larger problem. Consider the magnificent use of our language by Winston Churchill, Adlai Stevenson and Abba Eban. Offhand it seems reasonable to argue that the form of English which these men and so many others have used with strength and clarity should be preserved. Yet it will not be so. Our language is constantly in the process of change, and many think that one of the strengths of English is its flexibility, its ability to adapt to changing requirements. Whatever its drawbacks, TV is exerting a leavening influence on our pronunciation. In one hundred years, regional accents may be imperceptible, which should be all to the good. On the other hand, will TV English become so much the accepted standard that it replaces the current standard of correct English, the language of the cultured and articulate people in the community? If TV does inherit a dominant role in controlling the development of our language, will English lose its flexibility?

I must confess that nostalgia urges me to side with Phil Bridges. I entered high school a few days after Hitler's armies rolled into Poland. For whatever reasons, I was interested in the structure of our language and learned well the (then) rules governing its use. When I entered the Army in 1943 I was appalled at the crude mixture of vulgarity, profanity and obscenity I heard there. I stated flatly that no combination of circumstances could ever degrade my speech to that level. I was wrong. Within three years I was using the common four-letter word in all of its flexible if meaningless forms: noun, verb, adjective, adverb, participle, gerund, gerundive and who remembers what else.

Despite earlier misgivings, in 1946 I had no difficulty "shifting back" to normal speech, but I had also learned to be careful about how well I spoke. This most distressing lesson to come out of my service days was that cultured speech can engender wariness, distrust, enmity and even scorn among those who do not use it. It seems to me over-simplification to say that that lesson was merely part of learning to communicate well.

In the twenty-five years since high school, I have seen usage that was then deemed incorrect and improper become by steps "questionable", "not preferred", "common" and finally "acceptable". As an example, the sentence, "It is me", or "It's me" is a grammatical barbarism. But if you knock quietly on a friend's door and she says, "Who's there?", if you say, "It is I", she will wonder if Richard Burton or Maurice Evans has strayed to her doorstep.

On a wider front the subjective mode is disappearing from the language, and this is not altogether bad. I seem to recall a passage from Princess of Mars where John Carter, a conveniently rectified telepath, tunes in on the thoughts of the atmosphere plant custodian who is sharpening a knife for John's anatomy during an inspection tour, and, in justifying the upcoming murder, thinks: "It were for the best good of Barsoom." Who knows? Maybe it were but it's not any more.

If you cotton to trivia about words, you may have noticed that some paragraphs back I used one of the two (as far as I know) English words with nine letters and one syllable. They are "strengths" and "straights", the latter of which one doesn't fill the insides of unless one is female and knows nothing of poker. While we are



on these vital matters, what words have four u's, five a's, six s's and seven i's (however one punctuates such miserable constructions: "s's", "s''s", "s''s")? For those who would have to invest in dentures due to, whoops, sorry about that, Phil, because of teeth gnashing if I perished due to (ech!) because of meteorite impact before supplying the answers, they are, in turn, "unscrupulous", "abracadabra", "dispossesses", and "indivisibilities".

To undigress, one atrocity of usage has pained me for years. In 1940, us -- preferable to "we" in auto-directed satire -- cognoscenti were well aware that verbs other than to be were linking or, if you'll pardon the expression, copulative verbs. These included to feel, to seem, to appear and to look in a sense related to to be. Therefore, they required the predicate nominative. Thus, "This looks (is) bad", "This appears (is) bad", "It seems (is) good", and "I feel (am) sick". Unfortunately, there was simultaneously a sincere effort among some un-cognoscenti to add ly to adjectives which, they had fuzzily realized, should have been adverbs. Boy comes home after ravishing neighborhood play-girl and says, "I done bad, Ma." "You done badly, dear."

This determined effort to use correct adverbs unhappily invaded the realm of feel and look when these verbs required the predicate nominative as well as when they did not. So erupted such constructions, perfectly well meant but perfectly incorrect, as, "I feel badly about this", and "She looks well in that dress." If you lose your sense of touch due to burned fingers or leprosy, or, if you lose your motor control due to Bacchanalia, you might say, "I feel badly." If the gal's visual acuity is improved by the dress, or, if well is an adjective and means not sick, then you might say, "She looks well in that dress." But if you mean respectively that you are distressed and her dress is attractive, then flexibility be damned, the proper expressions are, "I feel bad about this", and "She looks good in that dress." I predict that this tide of the illicit predicate nominative adverb will become "acceptable" soon if it is not already.

Another frequent combination one hears is "...these kind..." or its twin, "...those kind...". It is irritating to have someone stare at you because you dare to add an "s" to kind.

And another subtle inversion has crept up on us. Twenty-five years ago, the phrase any more was used only in a negative construction as in, "I don't see my mistress any more." But today this phrase is used in the sense of "recently" or "lately" and we hear, "Any more, I watch Gunsmoke on TV." (Don't ask me why and when I underline versus quoting; I don't know.)

Not to mention the growing use of "I can't do that hardly." On the few occasions when I have rashly muttered, "Or easily either", the person was either completely bewildered, or agreed vociferously after a pause, as if a light had come on.

As you have noted, the mysteries of commas inside or outside of fragmented and/or successive quotations are beyond human understanding. Perhaps this means that I am a self-unidentified alien, or worse, that I no longer know well the punctuation rules I knew well.

Apropos of profound issues, a friend once asked me what combination of words involved the greatest number of successive pairs of repeated letters. After suggesting that Finnish would be a marvelous language for research on this question, I offered "book-keeper". His triumphant answer was "raccoon nook keeper". I looked at him briefly and said, "Oh, of course, one who keeps nooks for raccoons. Doubtless an important aspect of wildlife conservation."



Let me throw out the following question. In reasonably correct English, whatever that means, is it possible to use a five-word verb? About the only candidate I can think of occurs in the following sentence: "By next October, I will have been being persecuted continuously for three years." This, of course, is the readily recognized future perfect participial tense in the passive voice, a description which is hardly worth the effort to generate it.

I suppose the real point to this extended ramble is that our language is a continuously changing vehicle, whether we like it or not. Those usages which come more easily to the tongue will eventually replace those which do not. A case in point is the bi-syllabic due to rather than the tri-syllabic because of in the adverbial sense. It saddens me a little to think that there will come a time when Churchill's and Stevenson's speeches will be viewed as couched in quaint or archaic language. Yet aspects of George Washington's prose are viewed in this manner already. The impact of TV on our language will continue to grow and may well involve good and bad influences.

In the matter of correct usage, I wonder how professional authors define the pale beyond which they had best not go. I speak now of those who want to achieve correct and impressive style and not of those, like Author Miller, who have other fish to fry. How do they decide when they may safely lower some barrier partially or even completely? Take the somewhat trivial issue of the split infinitive. While formerly "improper", such a locution is now acceptable if it is less awkward than the alternative -- at least, I believe this is the prevailing view. But no erudite fairy perches on your shoulder instantaneously ready to judge "less awkward" for you. My compromise on this matter is to split when the adverb is short compared with the verb and conversely. Thus, "to duly investigate" qualifies while "to extemporaneously draw" is a monstrosity. And when they are "equal"? Both short: split; both long or medium: take your choice.



COLUMBUS IN '69  
by Harriett Kolchak

Some of you may have wondered why you have not heard more about the Olentangy bid for the Worldcon in 1969. Well, it might just be because they have been so busy trying to make this the best con yet -- so busy, in fact, they almost forgot advertising for their bid.

They have an entire hotel reserved for the convention -- something like 500 rooms all to themselves. All main rooms are connective to allow for better service and spacing. The main ballroom seats 1,800 people, and will be the room used for the convention itself. The hotel is located four blocks from the nucleus of the highways, 1/2-mile from the R.R. depot, with adequate transportation from all airports and bus stations -- it is in the heart of the shopping district, with some six book stores and eight restaurants within a two-block radius.

There is a major tie-in for tapers, and the acoustics are excellent; there are numerous plug-ins for floodlights, also. Only one main program will be featured at a time, with the program running from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., lunch break to 2:30 p.m., and program again till 5 p.m. this will leave plenty of free time for visiting, etc.

The group putting on the con is a good, active group which is trying hard for a convention that will please all who attend. They have had considerable experience in putting on cons, having had quite successful regional cons for the past five years, and having been active in the Cincinnati cons. And they are aided by several outside groups which have had convention experience.

If you are set on attending a convention which has your interests at heart, you should by all means place your bid for the convention to be held in Columbus, Ohio.



TRICON PHOTO PAGE:

Selections from the forthcoming CONVENTION ANNUAL #4 -- TRICON EDITION

by Jay Kay Klein

1.

1. Isaac Asimov.

The Good Doctor shows us his favorite martyred carpenter attitude. Which leads one to suppose his favorite natal day gifts are gold, myrrh, and frankincense.

2.

1. 2. Ted White. 3. Robin White. 4. Alex Panshin.

Ted wishes to add his two dollars' worth to the discussion. Any more merriment and Alex will be out of his seat and rolling merrily down the aisles.

3.

1. Bob Silverberg. 2. 3. Barb Silverberg. 4. Fred Pohl. 5. Robin White. 6. Dave Van Arnam. 7. Ted White. 8. Larry Maddock.

Taken at the GALAXY suite. About six dozen other assorted writers and wives litter the rest of Fred's floor.

4.

1. Poul Anderson.

You can always tell a real author by his book-jacket look.

5.

1. Earl Kemp. 2. Jay Kay Klein. 3. Larry Shaw.

Earl masterminded a worldcon. Jay Kay never got that far. Larry is another of those book-jacket types.

6.

1. Fred Pohl.

Fred is host to the authors' gathering in the GALAXY suite.

7.

Seated: 1. Poul Anderson. 2. Kay Anderson. Standing: 3. Lester del Rey. Seated: 4. Norman Spinrad. 5. Ev del Rey. 6. 7.

Les takes panel discussions seriously, and joins in from the floor. Ev is used to all this by now. By the look on Poul's face and the expression on the back of Norman's head, we can tell Les is scoring heavily in the debate.

8.

1. 2. Isaac Asimov.

Here we see the Good Doctor in an absorbed mood. After all, he's signing an autograph!

9.

1. Poul Anderson. 2. Ben Jason. 3. Isaac Asimov.

The breaking-up expression on Poul's face is engendered by the Good Doctor's razor-tongue. After all, Ike never gives a Hugo to a fellow author without explaining the injustice of not receiving the award himself.

10.

1. Harlan Ellison.

To avoid dangerous visions, Harlan always wears dark glasses.

11.

1. Lois Lavender.

Here's a vision that would make anyone remove his dark glasses. This California lass with the improbably delightful name is modeling her Galaxy of Fashions costume.





1



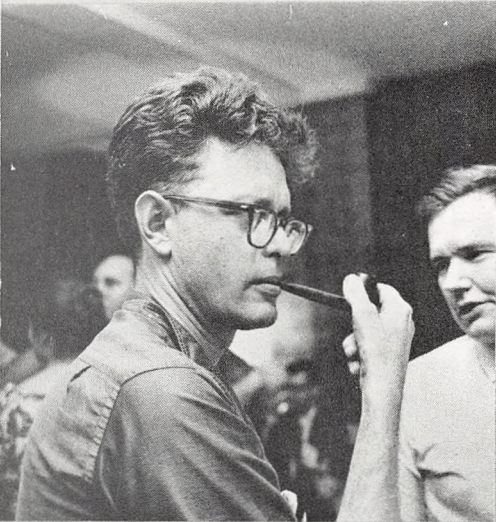
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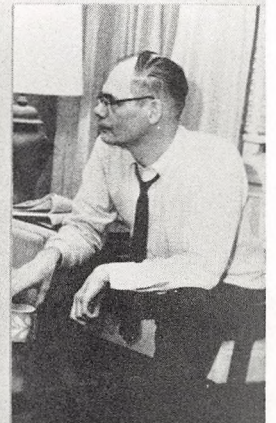
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4



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7



8



9



10

11



The Day of the Dolphin, by Thomas Burnett Swann (Ace Book).

This is a collection of three stories: the title story, "The Garden of Roses", and "The Murex" -- two novelettes and a long short story. As in The Day of the Minotaur and The Weirwoods, Swann writes of places at the edge of Chaos where creatures of myth take on form and substance. Thus, TDotD is set in the Etrurian colonies at the time of Tarquin the Proud, and features a Triton who translates for the Dolphin, Harpies, a glimpse of the Phoenix, and the enchantress Circe. TGoR is set in England at the time of the Children's Crusade, and has Mandrakes, man-eating vegetables which have converted to Christianity. TM has a band of Amazons, the "Bears of Artemis", who a few years back wiped out the local Centaurs, and now are badgering the last remnant of the Myrimidons, hive-dwelling ant-men, in the bright clear sunlight of pre-Homeric Greece. At the end of the first two stories he cites his references, the books which provided the bones of fact, dry and lifeless save to scholars\*, on which Swann has hung the flesh of fantasy.

Give the same material to Mary Renault and Swann and Renault will write an historical romance, vigorous, exciting, and powerful, while Swann will write a romantic fantasy, tender, gentle, filled with love and a sense of wonder...and obliquely, so you are caught unawares, the dry, astringent cruelty of innocence. There is also evil, not less for being veiled, and a quite delightful earthy sensuality in his story mix. This book he dedicates to Mary Renault, his "Palla Athena", and while he may draw inspiration from her, he is still doing his own thing.

As you may have gathered, I really liked TDotD (I picked it up out of a pile of nearly 50 paperbacks waiting review because it was by Swann) and enthusiastically recommend it. On top of everything else, Swann is a fine writer.

The cover by Gray Morrow was well done and apt to the book, but not up to his splendid covers on TDotM and TW. He has a nice spot of a Mandrake inside.

\*I haven't read the books in question, incidentally, but it is the "bones of fact" I am calling dry and lifeless, not the books. Disagree with me, and you have to prove you are not a scholar.

-- Alexis Gilliland

-----  
Famine 1975! America's Decision: Who Will Survive?, by William and Paul Paddock (Little, Brown; \$6.50).

This book is not science fiction, except in the very narrow sense that any prediction of future events may be considered science fiction. Nevertheless, I choose to review the book, because it fascinated me.

"The Cold Equations" ((by Tom Godwin; AMAZING, Aug. '54 --ed.)), you may remember, was a story in which human innocence tangled with the buzzsaw of reality in such a manner that human sentimentality was powerless to intervene. Essentially, the message of "The Cold Equations" was "With the best will in the world, you cannot do more than your resources permit." In Famine 1975! we have two brothers, a career diplomat and an agronomist, considering the consequences of the population explosion, and examining the resources available to mitigate these consequences.

There are a series of points made, some of which were familiar, some of which were new, if not exactly startling. The most interesting is that the population explosion has not been caused by an increased birth rate, but by the dramatic decrease in death rates following World War II. Prior to 1940, in the under-developed countries, the birth rate ran about 42-45 live births per thousand,



while the death rate ran about 40 per thousand. The birth rate is now around 44-47, a relatively small increase, but the death rate is down around 15 (compared with 10.5 per 1,000 in Denmark, 14.3 per 1,000 in the U.S.). Needless to say, there are an awful lot of young people around. In 1966, 50% of the population in the underdeveloped countries was 15 years of age or less.

The authors even make the point that teenagers eat more. We then turn our attention to the food supply. There are considered all the panaceas, from atomic water-desalinization plants to growing yeast on a petroleum substrate. In each case, nothing is ready to move into mass production in the next 10 years. Interestingly, the agronomists who felt something would turn up, were anticipating a breakthrough in birth-control measures (an article in a recent (Sept. 11) TIME reported that Indian women are losing their IUD's faster than they could be inserted) (IUD = Intra-Uterine Device, a birth-control measure), while the demographers were anticipating great things from new breeds of wheat, rice, livestock, or maybe seaweed. In every case (discounting a few diplomats who thought an atomic war likely) the hope held by everybody came from outside the field of his professional competence.

The question was raised, if our nation can send men to the moon, why can't we cope with the population/food problem. The answer is, of course, that you don't have to educate hundreds of millions of illiterate peasants to (a) use new, improved farming techniques, (b) want and practice birth control, with (c) an inadequate and unsympathetic bureaucracy.

There have been birth-control programs in most of the underdeveloped nations, but they have been pushed in a generally sporadic and apathetic manner. The one case on record where the population explosion was checked was in Japan, which legalized abortion after World War II, and whose people felt that overcrowding was serious and unrelievable by any other method. The point the authors make is that the people wanted birth control, and that they were literate enough, and possessed facilities enough to get it. Elsewhere, India, Egypt, Indonesia, Ceylon, etc., the demand for more food has been met in the main by pressing marginal farmland into service, or relying on U.S. surplus wheat, while the demand for less people has been ignored. In Egypt, for instance, the land irrigated by the Aswan High Dam will just feed the increase in population that took place while the dam was under construction. In Ceylon, the increased population has been supported by draining formerly malarial swamps (DDT, villain of Rachel Carson's Silent Spring, killed off the malarial mosquitos) which were then farmed in the traditional manner. The last "surplus" land in Ceylon was gone in 1959. In Indonesia, one of the large cash crops was copra, dried coconut meat. This crop has fallen to almost nothing today, not because of the breakdown of the system under Sukarno, but because the copra is being eaten instead of sold. One instance after another is cited to show that countries which were once wheat exporters are now wheat importers. Russia and China are two notable exceptions.

The authors examine the trends in population and food production, and conclude that by 1974 or 1975 there will be more people than can be fed by all available food, including U.S. "surpluses". Despite everybody saying, "something will turn up", nothing is going to turn up in time. In India, for instance, if the perfect birth-control measure were devised, most women would not use it until after the fourth child. Or the fifth. In any event, with something like 50% of the population under 15 years of age, there is enough momentum in the population increase so that it cannot be seriously checked in the next decade.

That leaves the food supply, which is already inadequate in many countries, as the only hope. What, exactly, is the hope? That birth-control practices can check the population before famine does. The authors feel that time has run out -- that it can't be done.

So, they then make a suggestion. Sort out the famine-stricken nations into three classes, after the manner of army doctors in World War I. The triage consists of those who can walk to the rear on their own, the walking wounded; those who will die in any event, the mortally wounded; and



those who can survive with the treatment we are able to give. Only the latter group gets treated. With the starving nations of the underdeveloped world, the authors list their criteria of selection and give examples.

India and Egypt are written off as hopeless, West Pakistan should get food, but not East Pakistan, Nigeria should get non-food help and support, and so on.

The book is particularly recommended to authors who are seeking to depict the near future.

-- Alexis Gilliland

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Real Ghosts, Restless Spirits, and Haunted Minds, by Brad Steiger ("Award Special" A299 "S"; 184 pp.; 75¢).

This is one in a long line of Brad Steiger's books about the strange and the supernatural. He works primarily from newspaper clippings, backed-up by old-fashioned research. This paperback volume lacks the usual shallowness of such works (particularly those of Steiger's), and merits some attention.

After relating a celebrated story of a ghostly encounter -- which typifies the after-dinner ghost story (which Steiger says is "...imaginative fiction, or at best, a highly colored and greatly exaggerated account of an actual confrontation"), he leaves little doubt that he strongly questions the "Garden of Dreams 'ghost'".

With this. Steiger proceeds to define his terms: "...a ghost is a stranger to the one who perceives it." "An apparition is well-known by the perceiver and is instantly recognizable as the image of a parent, sibling, or friend. An apparition usually appears at some time of crisis -- most often that of physical death -- and usually appears only once."

The only position I hold on ghosts and "psychic phenomena" is that of an open mind; I neither believe, nor am I so stiff-necked as to denounce it all. Vampires, werewolves, and ghouls were once believed to be legend, yet, now, right now, there are individuals in insane asylums (thank God) who believe themselves to be any of these three, and have cravings for blood, act like a wolf, or desire to defile and actually consume corpses. Who would deny that cannibalism still exists in some parts of the world? I would consider the fact that cannibals kill their victims to eat, while ghouls prey on the already-dead, a rather moot point. Until science quits handing out blanket charges of fraud and fakery, and begins serious investigation, I'll reserve my vote on the possibility/impossibility of ghosts and their associate weirdies....

However, Steiger has collected some interesting (and a little hair-raising) cases, like the following:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edmunds were engaged as caretakers for a home-turned-museum, once belonging to William Lyon Mackenzie. While it's possible Mackenzie was the first fanzine editor, in actuality, his COLONIAL ADVOCATE was a little paper he printed in his home, and used as a vehicle for his attacks on the Canadian government. Mackenzie died in 1861, and his Toronto home became an historic shrine -- also a little strange....

Not too long after moving in, Mrs. Edmunds had her first "visitor". At about midnight, one evening, she felt something touch her shoulder. She opened her eyes to see a lady standing over the bed. "She wasn't at the side, but at the head of the bed, leaning over me. There is no room for anyone to stand where she was. The bed was pushed up to the wall." The "ghost" vanished after a few moments.

Almost two years later, the "Lady reached out and slapped Mrs. Edmunds, leaving three red welts on her cheek and her left eye purple and bloodshot." In signed and sworn statements for a Toronto paper, they maintained that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Edmunds had made the marks.

The woman later saw a little bald man in an old-style coat. While she was positive he was bald, all the paintings of Mackenzie showed him with hair. Mr. Edmunds



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checked and found out that indeed, Mackenzie was bald, and had worn a wig to hide this fact.

At later dates, while the son and daughter-in-law of the Edmunds were staying at the house, there was a rumbling from the basement below. The son identified the sound as "being that of an ancient printing press, '...because it was the same as old presses I'd seen in the movies and on television. A rumbling, clanking noise -- not like modern presses.'" On several occasions, the noise was heard, yet the old press in the basement was locked. The next caretakers heard the same noises and witnessed the same phenomena, and still, the press stayed locked....

Rites of exorcism were performed, but according to still another caretaker, they were not effective. Toilets allegedly flushed themselves, and she claimed to have witnessed "the hot water tap turn itself on".

In the chapter, "An Essence of Evil -- Houses that Hate and Kill", a far more disturbing report is filed. (Perhaps, a brave (or foolhardy) Detroit fan would care to check this one out, and report his findings to the JOURNAL?) The family of William and Lillian Adams moved into a house on Martin St., in Detroit. Mr. Adams worked the night shift at the Cadillac plant, and even after several years, still had trouble sleeping during the day. The tiny bedroom in the back seemed ideal. It was so small that it had room only for a bed. However, Adams had bad dreams, waking up to find himself sitting on the edge of the bed screaming. "In one particularly graphic dream, Adams saw himself opening the door of the tiny room's closet and finding a horribly mutilated body." A switch back to the master bedroom brought an end to the dreams.

In August of 1962, Mr. Adams' grandmother came to visit. She was given the back room, and after the very first night, complained of "terrible sounds" in the room. She felt all night that something was trying to break into the room. She refused to stay in the room, and left the house shortly thereafter.

There were all the characteristics of the so-called "evil" or "unfriendly" room. The Adams children avoided the room, and their little terror could not be made to enter it. To test the room -- possibly at the expense of a friendship -- they didn't tell their next guest a thing about the room. If he reported nothing unusual, after a night's stay, they would chalk the whole thing up to over-active imaginations.

Their next guest was a Mr. Shirley Patterson. That night, unsuspecting, he went into the room. After being in bed only a few minutes, he felt himself being turned over. In the hallway, he saw "IT" -- a woman having long hair, dressed in a short fur coat and blue dress, looking towards the kitchen. Realizing that it was not Lillian Adams, Patterson let out a yell and ran towards...it. As he approached it, every light in the house went out. Moments later, when the lights came back on, he found Mrs. Adams in the kitchen. She had been in the process of setting her freshly-shampooed hair. In crisp documentary style, Steiger relates the rest of the story -- this being only a "mild" beginning -- complete with a disturbing postscript.

Brad Steiger sticks to his intended subject. The book rarely digresses to follow-up and prove or disprove the other "psychic phenomena" such as astral projection and the like. However, Steiger devotes some time to "ghosts of the living". These are called "Vardogre" -- a Norwegian term -- giving a name to a sometimes frightening phenomenon. Have you ever been home alone, with the doors and windows locked, and heard someone drive up, get out and come into the house, just like a parent or relative would? Soon after, the person "really" arrives, and you pass it off? I have heard such things, and talked to many others who have experienced it. Quite possibly, it's nothing more than an over-active imagination, but when you're all alone and hear footsteps, who knows???

One of the most interesting things explored by the author is "Ghost Scenes" -- where, like a page out of history, someone views the past. While there is so much to be skeptical about, such descriptions of ghost armies and caravans and ships are excellent background material for the fantasy writer. Where it might be only pure escapism, the "ghost scenes" are usually not of the nature that one would care to take part in. Primarily, they are scenes of disaster: a war, from the battle-



fields of 1642 England, to those of 1941 Corregidor. Woodcutters, a detachment of Filipino Marines, and a caretaker and his family, tell of the moans and screams of dying men. A tall, red-headed nurse is often seen assisting dying men. Marines, on maneuvers, "...have reported coming face to face with silent stalking phantom scouts of that desperate last-stand conflict of a quarter of a century ago." Hardly an escapist wish, to meet such "soldiers", and there may be something to it -- something more than fertile imaginations.

One of the most exciting kinds of "ghosts" is "ghost ships". We know that such things as "ghost ships" are partially based on fact; there are actual cases of ships, some without any trace of the crew, sailing the seas. They are the victims of some natural disaster, such as an ice floe that "captured" one ship many years ago, only to release it later, with its frozen crew. The difficulty is separating fact from fiction. The author presents cases with multiple witnesses, and while they are hardly conclusive, they remain interesting -- if only as "optical illusions" or examples of "mass hypnosis".

Brad Steiger has made as interesting subject exciting, and although by no means proving his case, has made for fascinating reading. I recommend it to you, although its 75¢ tariff is a bit steep. A good volume to pass the time, or an excellent place to begin studies on the field of "parapsychology".

-- Vern Bennett

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Professor Jameson Space Adventures:

- #3 -- Space War, by Neil R. Jones (Ace Book G-650; 50¢);
- #4 -- Twin Worlds, by Neil R. Jones (Ace Book G-681; 50¢);
- #5 -- Doomsday on Ajiat, by Neil R. Jones (Ace Book G-719; 50¢).

Me: "Another Dr. Jameson book just arrived."

Dolly: "That makes three you haven't reviewed. What are you waiting for?"

Me: "Christmas. No, those damned Zoromes get to me. The frivolous, light-hearted PT-106, the efficient, humorless ME-109, the schizoid PU-239 -- they go through their clanky antics and kill evial aliens right and left."

Dolly: "So? You gave the other books in the series good reviews, didn't you?"

Me: "Not exactly -- I said they were terrible books with redeeming features."

Dolly: "Well, you emphasized the redeeming features. The other three books aren't any worse than the first two, and whatshisname -- the author -- is good with action and plotting."

Me: "And an absolute zero with characterization. Those Zoromes are all made out of ticky-tacky and they all look just the same."

Dolly: "Nobody's perfect."

Me: "What's that got to do with reviewing Professor Jameson and his electric side-kicks?"

Dolly: "Nothing. Except for the plot summaries, the books are all pretty much the same."

Me: "Good. I can review five without reading three?"

Dolly: "No. That's not nice."

Me: "I don't want to read them; look at all the good stuff that's piled higher and deeper on the shelf that says: book for review."

Dolly: "You still haven't read Capek's War With the Newts, and I told you it was really good."

Me: "I know. What about those idiot metal men?"

Dolly: "That's your problem. The last batch from Ace was very good once the Nurse books were weeded out."

Me: "Transgalactic Nurse too?"

Dolly: "There wasn't any Transgalactic Nurse book."

Me: "Sure. A Schoenherr cover, with an octopod wearing an ophthalmoscope, tearing the nurse's blouse open while the blonde hero tries to burst the straps holding him



to the operating table. Nice muted grays and olives, mostly."

Dolly: "Go review Dr. Jameson."

Me: "I wonder if he had nurses?"

Doll goes back to reading fanzines.

Well, if we accept the essence of the New Wave as emphasizing what the author regards as essential while discarding what is frivolous, trivial, or non-essential, then we find that the good Professor, written in the twenties and thirties, is an excellent example of New Wave writing.

There is, of course, a slight difference in emphasis. The New Wave a la Moorcock has stressed form, the grain and texture of the writing, and at times the gaudy rococo texture of the story, at the expense of lesser values. These lesser values include action, plot, and characterization, and in fairness to Moorcock it should be pointed out that it is not mandatory that they be dispensed with.

In Prof. Jameson, on the other hand, the characters are reduced to a nonentity-ness which is without parallel in the annals of English literature, and the writing has a barbaric crudity and lack of polish which still manages to exclude most of the barbaric excitement and vitality one usually associates with barbaric writing. This is done deliberately to force the reader's attention inexorably upon the values which the author has chosen to emphasize -- the plot, which in every instance is well-conceived, and the action, which is the chosen vehicle to advance the plot. Together, plot and action move with happy dynamism, heedless of the creaks and squeals caused by inadequate lubrication (smoother writing, as the author realized, whether subconsciously or not, would be inappropriate to the subject-matter), and surmounting dialog of fantastic banality with ~~liberating ease~~ (Dolly: "What was that?" Me: Repeats the sentence. Dolly: "That won't do. Find some other kind of ease.) with rapt facility and ever-mounting ecstasy (Dolly: "You call that a review? What sort of plot and action surmounts banal dialog with rapt facility and ever-mounting ecstasy anyway?" Me: "The New Wave of writing has called forth a New Criticism. Instead of employing analogy and hyperbole we rely extensively on pseudology and hyperbole." Dolly: "I can see the pseudology, all right, but hyperbole?" Me: "Hydrazine and fuming nitric acid form a hypergolic mixture. In rockets they ignite spontaneously." Dolly: "So you are using space-age reviewing techniques?" Me: "Not exactly, more like writing a critique to spontaneously ignite when brought into contact with its subject-matter." Dolly: "That's new? Every critic since Pericles has done that." Me: "Pericles was a general, not a critic." Dolly: "So who remembers critics? What comes after 'ever-mounting ecstasy?'" Me: "The climax, of course. With metal men it isn't easy." Dolly: "Idiot, I meant how do you finish the sentence?" Me: "Oh. That sentence. Do I have to finish it?" Dolly: "Yes. In the third book of the series they had some flesh and blood Zoromes...and a girl Zorome with curvy tentacles who committed suicide when her boy friend got canned. Does that help?" Me: "No. How about 'the plot and action surmount the banal dialog and creaky writing with rapt facility and ever-mounting ecstasy to reach a series of mind-expanding...'" Dolly: "Mind-blowing." Me: "'mind-blowing crescendos, and world-shattering climaxes.'" Dolly: "Well, they do break up a few planets now and then. I guess that could be called a world-shattering climax. What are you going to do about the parenthesis?" Me: "Parenthesis?" Dolly: "The last page is almost entirely one big, fat parenthetical expression.") to reach a series of mind-blowing crescendos and world-shattering climaxes.

The Professor Jameson series is great stuff. If you liked Ace's Nurse books, you'll really like these.

-- Alexis Gilliland

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Atlas Shrugged, by Ayn Rand (Signet Q1702; 95¢; 1,084 pp. 0.114¢/page, a bargain.).

This is an end-of-the-world book, showing how the bureaucrats strangle the noble capitalists until John Galt liberates these long-suffering sons of spoil and brings



the house down in a grand finale.

Basically, Ayn Rand's idea is that all wealth is derived from the creative thought of the individual. Notably absent from her roster of heroes are those people who inherited great wealth, like the DuPonts, the Rockefellers, and the Mellons, whose energies are directed to coping with the system rather than building new empires. They are absent from her roster of villains, too. In fact, she doesn't have anybody who inherited a great fortune and who is working to maintain it in the face of bureaucratic encroachment. All her people are either parasites or self-made men. The third category, were it to have intruded into her book, would have knocked her whole plot-structure into a cocked hat.

John Galt,

blessed be his name, corrals all the original thinkers, the men who make things go, and they all bug out on society in what is surely the vastest conspiracy in the history of literature, by doing so displaying a truly remarkable unanimity of opinion. They are able to abandon the wealth they have accumulated because they know they can do it again. They cheerfully sabotage the works which they and nobody else have built up, because morally it is theirs to do with what they please. None of them have any idea of how to cope with the soft-headed simple-minded dolts in the bureaucracy and none of them make any attempt to do so.

While the Mellons, Rockefellers, DuPonts, and the rest (Kennedys, for example) may not control the government absolutely, they are still capable of exerting considerable influence, and you may be sure that Nelson Rockefeller would not abandon his fortunes and blow up Rockefeller Center in the idiotic belief that once free of bureaucratic entanglements he could really gring out a fortune. Rather he will use what he has as a tool to bend the polity to his will. This is not dramatic, of course, and makes for a pallid and uninteresting story.

Another weakness is that Ayn Rand supposes that once the men on the top are gone, the enterprise collapses. This is true of Mandelbaum's Tailor Shop, where Mandelbaum keeps the books, sells the top customers, and also helps with the sewing. A big business, on the other hand, will pull somebody out of middle management and develop the talent they need if they have to. Also, it takes a different mix of talent to continue a going business than to build from scratch, and a good many great corporations have established themselves only after their founders have passed on from the scene. Question: would these administrative and non-creative types follow the piping of John Galt?

Of course, Miss Rand gets around this by incredibly thorough sabotage. The president of U.S. Steel quits and blows up all his offices and factories, after carefully pulling his workers out. Done this way, maybe so...although experience in wartime indicates that even with extensive and repeated bombing, production continues.

At the end of the book, the lights of New York go out, and John Galt and his buddies are triumphant, ready to build anew on the ruins of the old which they are largely responsible for. Since distribution and supply have completely broken down, they may have more difficulty than they expect getting things going again. They are also going to be responsible for the death by famine of perhaps 50- to 100-million people, many of them skilled workers. It doesn't do you any good to say, "I will unequivocally assume responsibility for this order" if there is no one able to carry it out. And if it turns out -- after the famine -- that John Galt and his crew are held responsible for the famine, you can kiss reconstruction good-bye.

Another point. As the country goes to hell, courtesy of Galt, the Government, which was unable to deal with either him or the situation, would be thrown out by either the voters or the military, or both. Rand's Government displays a truly fantastic cohesiveness and stability in the face of dire calamity. Besides, in the face of dire calamity, all Governments tend to jettison ideological baggage in order to react pragmatically and effectively.



What all this boils down to is: Atlas Shrugged is a passion play, in which the protagonists are symbolic of the conflicting ideas which Ayn Rand wishes to portray. Since she doesn't play fair -- i.e., present the strength of the opposition and the rather flagrant weaknesses of her good guys, we do not have a dialog but a polemic.

Besides which, her writing is very bad; worse, in fact, than her philosophy. I wish at this point to quote samples to prove my point, and while the really prize samples are firmly embedded in context, we still have:

"If you are not the coward I think you are, you will exchange it!", and,

"Hank, this is great."

"Yes."

"He said it simply, openly. There was no flattered pleasure in his voice, and no modesty. This, she knew, was etc., etc."

Stand in front of the mirror and try saying "Yes." simply, openly, and with no flattered pleasure or modesty. That wasn't it. Try again.

This is an Ayn Rand characteristic, by the way. Her people are always speaking the most banal dialog with elaborate explications about how they feel while they are doing it. Frozen, impassive faces speak with unbelievable eloquence, while articulate mouths remain dumb. Thus, Reardan is making out with Dagny like a mad mink, and after ripping her clothes off: "He stood looking down at her naked body, he leaned over, she heard his voice -- it was more a statement of contemptuous triumph than a question: 'You want it?' Her answer... 'Yes.'"

Finally we have Ayn Rand's choice of symbols and the gestures her heroes make, the secret valley with the giant solid gold dollar sign, or Francisco d'Anconia blowing up his copper mines and then, in Times Square, sending his defi' across the talking light panel: "You asked for it, brother. Francisco Etc. d'Anconia". The symbol is cloddish, and the gesture is infantile, but to a greater or lesser extent this is true throughout the story. In the end Galt makes the sign of the dollar like the sign of the cross.

The verdict? Philosophy -- pseudo. Writing -- faanish/commercial. Characters -- plastic. Dialog -- absolutely awful.

You ask: Why do you waste our time? I answer: A big book deserves a big review.

-- Alexis Gilliland

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Dover Two, by Joyce Porter (Fawcett Great Book d-1103; 50¢; March, 1968. Published originally by Charles Scribners & Sons, March '65.).

At an early age I avidly read Burroughs, Haggard, Doyle, Edmond Hamilton, Jack Williamson, etc., and imagined myself in the hero role. As I fast crowd forty I realize that my own image is more surely mirrored in Chief Inspector Wilfred Dover, than in the Tarzans, Quatermains, Holmeses, and other super heroes. This relieves me of great responsibilities, and opens the way to great enjoyment.

Yet Inspector Dover is not the typical anti-hero. He doesn't have a good side, being a rotten, arrogant, mooching slob whether he is dealing with a police superintendant or a widow. Devoid of any qualities which can be respected, great respect must be shown to his persistence in maintaining his own personality, and his own course of action against the whole damn world.

Dover Two was preceded some time ago by Dover One, also a Fawcett book. Get this also, and you'll have two fine books to read.

If pages full of real characters aren't enough for you, Dover Two provides plot (the woman who was murdered twice), atmosphere (the inside of fish-and-chip shops), dialogue ("Twitchen is a bleary-eyed, drunken, lecherous old sot!" snarled Dover"), and other such gems.

"Happy summer days."

-- Harry Manogg



Movie Review -- "2001: A Space Odyssey" (An MGM Production. Book by Stanley Kubrick and Arthur C. Clarke. Special effects conceived and designed by Stanley Kubrick. Directed by Stanley Kubrick. Starring Kier Dullea and Gary Lockwood. Super Panavision and Metrocolor. In Cinerama.)

As you may recall, Kubrick is the man who made "Dr. Strangelove", a black comedy of tremendous power. In the final scene of that picture, a series of nuclear explosions wipes out life on Earth while Jane Morgan sings "We'll Meet Again", and everybody, including Kubrick, wondered how he was going to top that.

In 2001 Kubrick tops it.

The story is rather slight, somewhat like a thread on which one strings pearls. The pearls in this case are the special effects, which have got to be the best ever filmed. There are nice touches in the story, too, of course, like the super-robot which cracks up under the strain of the mission while the human displays a truly robot-like stolidity and lack of emotion. However, the story is carried by what you see men and machines doing rather than by conversation (the conversation is regrettably rather banal, but is held to an absolute minimum), and the actions you observe are a consequence of ideas. Stated baldly, the ideas would be familiar, even a bit trite. Presented with Kubrick's special effects, they are awesome.

The film is paced very slowly, catching the tempo of space flight and giving you a chance to admire the special effects, which, I will repeat for emphasis, are unbelievably good. This slow pacing allows for considerable tension to build up over a long time as the HAL-9000 starts to crack up, and it also serves to validate the climax in a way that no amount of double-talk or slam-bang action could ever have done.

The climax, in the final 20 minutes, has a dramatic outpouring of sound, form, color and motion that is literally a psychedelic trip out of -- I think -- this galaxy. The culmination, the finish...well, as I said in the first paragraph: The climax in 2001 tops the climax in "Dr. Strangelove".

This is a beautiful picture, and it is going to win the 1969 dramatic Hugo by acclamation.

-- Alexis Gilliland

Movie Review -- "Kwaidan" (Japanese. directed by Masaki Kobayashi. In Eastmancolor. With sub-titles in English.)

I happened to drop in on this film while waiting for a train in London this past summer, and was most favorably impressed. It was an experience I'll not soon forget.

The screenplay is based on three ghost stories by Lafcadio Hearn, the Irish-American writer who settled in Japan in the late nineteenth century. The first, "The Black Hair", concerns the fate of an ambitious samurai who returns to his wife after deserting her for the daughter of a nobleman. When he awakes on the first morning after his return, he finds beside him... But then, to tell you would spoil it! The second, the title of which I can no longer remember exactly, is about another samurai who peers into a cup of water and sees the reflection of a face not his own. He later -- well, did you ever try to duel with ghosts -- and then,... The third tale, the title of which also eludes me, was the longest. In it a blind temple singer is kidnapped by ghosts so he may sing to them of the battles in which they died. As he sings to them in the graveyard, the ghosts re-enact the stages of their fatal twelfth-century battle. The first is not recommended to persons with weak hearts, and, if you have a weak stomach, avoid the last. Otherwise, see it!

To quote one reviewer: ". . . The result. . . is something near to formal perfection. . . . Every detail of costume, design, sound and lighting contributes to the overall aim; which is to tell three damn good stories as well as they can be told; the photography . . . ranks with the finest I have ever seen." -- Don Miller.



DOLL'S HOUSE: Fanzine Reviews  
by Doll Gilliland

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #450, Jan. '68 (SF Times, Inc., P.O. Box 216, Syracuse, N.Y., 13209. 30¢, 12/3¢. Ed.: James Ashe). Mrs. David H. Keller points out that the ads regarding books from her late husband's collection for sale are not true, nor has permission been granted for sale or reproduction of mss., so let the buyer beware. ABC-TV's afternoon show "Dark Shadows" sounds like a horror-type soap opera. News re the Pyramid \$5,000 SF novel award (Piers Anthony, the winner), radio dramatization of Samuel Delany's "The Star Pit" (adapted by and starring the author), a commission to adapt an SF tale into an opera, availability of three Hannes Bok folios of b&w prints. Ted White writes about his new prozine STELLAR; Ken Beale tells all on how Star Trek achieves its special effects; Fred Phillips writes on Lovecraftians. W.R. Coles writes and comments on a pair of non-fiction works by Arthur C. Clarke, and a couple of collections, and Asimov's Mysteries (Doubleday -- a collection of 14 SF mystery stories. Sounds fascinating.). N3F election and short story contest results (winners -- Don Franson and Doris Beetem's "The Feline Technique", respectively). Calendar of events, ads. A fine newszine.

CINDER 84, Jan. '68 (Jim Ashe, 305 Oak Avenue, Ithaca, N.Y., 14950). A one-pager of personal and fan news. Thinking about writing a replacement for the Radio Amateur's Handbook. Kind words for PSYCHOTIC 22 (Rich Geis' fanzine) and D.F. Galouye's book, A Scourge of Screemers (Bantam). Also, notes for a prospective novel. Warm, friendly little thing.

TRYPOD #1, Dec. '67 (Trypod Poetic Fantasy & Science Fiction, 7626 Balfour St., Allen Park, Mich., 48101. Ed. James F. Koval. 4/\$1.20. They pay \$1 plus 1 copy for published fiction, three copies for poetry, one copy for art.). Jack Gaughan's cover illo of said creature is a whimsical gem...but as for the 'zine -- well, the poems and stories are very faaanish. (Comment to the editor: spelling leaves something to be desired. That word is "privilege"; and "it's" means it is, otherwise omit the apostrophe.) They still have a goodly way to go.

THE COLLECTOR'S BULLETIN #8, Nov. '67 (N3F Collectors' Bureau pub. Ed: Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St., Newport News, Va., 23605.). Ditto repro. Ed. reports on correspondence, changes of address, progress of indices (Notes that Mauricio Kitnigorodzki, Aguirre 608-3<sup>0</sup>B, Buenos Aires, Argentina, will trade his stuff for U.S. stuff. Also, Dean R. Koontz, 528 Walnut St., Apt. 5, Lemoyne, Pa., 17043, has started a biweekly review 'zine SF OPINION, 6/50¢, and solicits contribs. Fred Lerner is seeking info for his compilation of an index of reviews and articles on STF in the regular press.), swap items, collectable items ("Frodo Gave His Finger For You" buttons, etc.). Series indices: "Ralph Kennedy" series by Mark Clifton -- indexer, Ron Eberle (also, a Cartier illo index); "Mars and Venus" by Leigh Brackett, "Viagens" by L. Sprague de Camp, and "Mad Friend" by G.C. Edmundson -- indexer, Jim Corrick; Star Trek episodes '66-'67 season -- indexer, Bob Vardeman; a listing of Italian SF mags. and pb published regularly and sold at news-stands -- indexer, Riccardo Valle (reprinted from STROON). Don D'Amassa tosses in an interesting discussion of novels based on cataclysmic destruction of various types -- plague, earthquake, weather, interplanetary collision, etc., which is nicely done. Walter J. Wentz discusses and indexes the "Toffee" series by Charles F. Myers. (Gadzooks, a Thorne Smithian type, it looks like, and I never heard of him. Must do something about that.) The general format lacks excitement, but the 'zine seems to serve its purpose well.

FOOLSCAP #3 (John D. Berry, 35 Dusenberry Rd., Bronxville, N.Y., 10708; school address: Box 6801, Stanford, Cal., 94305. Trade, LoC, contribs, reviews, old 'zines, 25¢, etc.). NYConrep. Reviews NYCon Program and Memory Book, BayCon Progress Report #1, and nine pages of 'zines. LoC's. Light whimsical illos by Berry and a honey of a Doug Lovenstein cartoon.



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LORE #9, Autumn '67. (Ed. Jerry Page, 193 Battery Place, N.E., Atlanta, Ga., 30307. Contribs., printed LoC's and answers to questions. Subscriptions: Jerry Burge, 1707 Piper Circle, S.E., Atlanta, Ga., 30316. 35¢; 3/\$1.). Good art work -- cover by Jerry Burge, interior illos by Burge, Alan Greene, Jeff Jones, Terry Jeeves, George Puckett, John Weibel, and Stephen Leialoha. Editor discusses the need for a price guide for neo-collectors. News -- Jeff Jones, now in N.Y. illo'-ing for books (have seen a number of Ace pb covers by him) and several mags., including his own series in Flash Gordon comics; the new Atlanta SF Organization and its fanzine PHOENIX. Camille Cazedessus, Jr., encourages development of complete checklists of the pulps, with instructive notes on what and how to, and offers a start: FOREIGN LEGION ADVENTURES, SEA NOVEL MAGAZINE, and FIFTH COLUMN STORIES. The DragonFly Press is Glenn Lord's topic, and he includes a checklist of its publications. A memorial tribute to Lewis Harrell, who wrote Page in 1965 asking for information; the ultimate outcome was LORE, and this ish contains an article and checklist by Harrell on Talbot Mundy's Tros of Samothrace -- a sequel that was published before its primary. Among the books reviewed are E.R. Burroughs' The Efficiency Expert (House of Greystoke), Leigh Brackett's The Coming of the Terrans (Ace -- I liked it, too), a pair of indexes of Republic and Columbia Studio movie serials, by Alan G. Barbour (Screen Facts Press), and King Kull, by R.E. Howard and Lin Carter, ed. by Glenn Lord (Lancer -- Page likes this better than Conan, I do believe). Part I of a commentary on the Lovecraft bibliography in Jack Chalker's The Dark Brotherhood and Other Pieces is penned by T.G.L. Cockcroft. A brief biog. sketch of Chip Delany by the editor. A couple of pages of questions, and a couple more of answers (to previous questions). LoC's. Diverse, ranging across several subgroups, LORE proves that a collectors-'zine can be attractive as well as informative.

HOOP 2, Fall '67 (Jim Young, 1948 Ulysses St., N.E., Minneapolis, Minn., 55418. Trades, art, LoC's -- pub or WAHF, 5/\$1.40.). Both Jim and Ken Fletcher do some nice multicolor illos here, and the color execution on p. 34 is great, but generally, the ditto repro of the written word is bad. NYConrep nicely done, with episodic quotes. Fan fiction, including a curious serialized tale by the editor. Fanzine reviews. Kusske writes on APA's and their top producers -- SAPS, APA-45 -- and we shouldn't overlook the APA-45 Marching Song by Nate Bucklin. Looks promising.

TAPEWORM #6 (Jack C. Haldeman, II, 1244 Woodbourne Ave., Baltimore, Md., 21212. Contribs., trades, reasonable offers -- 25¢ or 35¢ or some such, but worth much more in sheer entertainment.). Oh my! and Hallelujah! TAPEWORM lives! And what a wondrous worm it is! Last issue it achieved "campish" heights; this ish adds quality to its satire, and it is superb -- probably the wittiest thing going illowise, wordwise, and otherwise. Banks Mebane deserves a hero medal for his "The Mouse on His Eye, the Lumps on His Head" -- a splendid parody of Zelazny, and one of the finest pieces of fiction by a fan (even a pro-fan) I have seen anywhere. Lovely, lovely Banks! In a recent AMRA L. Sprague de Camp wrote a poem to a rhino, but the WORM sports an ode by Mow Pater (Mow Pater?) inspired by a mastodon's molar, with a fantastic Hannibalesian illo by Alexis Gilliland. And for all you navel contemplators (that means you, too, Jay Kinney), there's Alexis' current rendition in LoC section, p. 42. Joe Haldeman comes up with a delightful WORMish tweak of a demon's tale, "I of Newton". Some hip-pie poetree by Fortunato Comunalo. Alexis essays an analytically instructive "Recipe for Potboilers", sword-and-sorcery type, ingeniously illustrated by Gay Haldeman's "Sword-and-Sorcery Type Potboiler", which is really unfair because it's a short story synopsis of the long novel we know would have been inserted here except that it's been sold to Lancer. (Ouch, no, please don't hit me!) "A Report on the Various Idiosyncracies, Warps, and Woofs in the Twisted Minds of the Science Fiction Fan Community as Shown by an Inspection of Their Amateur Publications" offers fine fanzine coverage and ratings by Jim Sanders.

Here comes my big complaint. Joe Haldeman has written a truly superior piece of poetry -- structurally, physically, philosophically, anyway you want to look at it -- but that's the trouble -- looking at it;



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the reproduction of this particular poem is as miserable as the poet is masterful. (Jay, how could you do this to your own brother?) Nonetheless, it is worth any resultant eyestrain; read it anyway. "Final Berth" by Ron Bounds is a moody postlude, a kind of prose requiem to retired ships. Looking forward, Ed Chamberlain offers a rousing lay to trufans' heaven -- the Val(halla)Kon, backed by Chuck Rein's strong space ballad "The Journey". Lest faans feel frustration, typical poor serfaan fiction is represented by Don D'Amassa's "The Infiltrator", and speaking of faan fiction and infiltrators, there is Piter, the abductor in this month's installment of "The Secret of Gopher Nebula" -- a sort of Peyton Space opera by A.A. Gilliland. Ghott in himmel! And we mustn't overlook Ray Ridenour's cartoon comment on the Air Force "swamp gas" stance on UFO's. Other illos and cartoons by Ron Bounds, Jack Gaughan, Jay Haldeman, Joe Haldeman (who also did the covers), Jay Kinney, Alexis, and Chuck Rein. LoC's. And let me urge same from present TAPEWORM readers as soon as possible, because I hear rumors that #7 is almost ready to roll, pending receipt of same. This is such great stuff, I advocate most anything that would encourage more frequent appearances of the waggish WORM.

SF WEEKLY #216, Feb. 5, 1968 (Andrew Porter, 24 E. 82nd St., N.Y., N.Y., 10028. News, 12/\$1; 25/\$2.). This ish has figures from PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY on the increase of books published in 1967 in general, and SF in particular. Also John Boardman's news tidbits, including the results of the fourth annual 11-Foot Poll.

ALGOL 13, Jan. '68 (Andrew Porter, see above. Contribs of articles, art, fiction, or LoC's; trades, 75¢.). Striking red, black, and white cover by Ross Chamberlain, with an original Gray Morrow b&w drawing on the bacover (slick-paper reprints available from Andy at 35¢, 4/\$1). Bill Rostler contribs a fine illo-comment on Ellison's Dangerous Visions; Steve Stiles adds a full-page artribute to Prosser; and Jack Gaughan dashes off an intriguing multi-level drawing that bears contemplation. Little multi-color art squibs by Dick Flinchbaugh and others add to the decor. The editorial is far more coherent than that of the previous ish, possibly because Andy is now doing a first draft; in any case, he comes through far less belligerent, and therefore finds me more receptive. His suggestion that the foreign WorldCon be held every fifth year, and the supporting arguments, make good sense. I welcome the older material included this ish because I had not read any of it previously and it stands up well -- Ted White's column, extracted from one he had in Dave Van Arnam's MALAISE #43, discusses a concert in Central Park, the Kerista Institute, and a Brooklyn "vice den"; Jerry Knight's poem "The City and the Stars" is dated 1960. There are a pair of items from Chip Delany -- one, an article on the structure of "The Towers"; another, a bit of fan-tasy, beautifully moody, undoubtedly one of his lesser efforts but still enjoyable. Rich Brown's story of Joe Blatt tops any John Phoenie tale I've come across; perhaps Blatt is the trufan hero, the other a Phoenie. Robin Wood's Grut column is entertaining, but Robin White's "Are Femme-Fans Human?" is uniquely diverting, well-written soul-searching.

Dick Lupoff writes a tremendous book column; it is more extensive and its scope is probably greater than is the wont of most reviewers (altho you must admit Alexis comes up with some farout STF at times, like Ayn Rand and Chairman Mao). This ish Lupoff discusses the relative merits of The Index to the Science Fantasy Publishers by Mark Owings and Jack Chalker (an Anthem Series Chapbook), Index to the Science Fiction Magazines, 1951-1965 by Erwin S. Strauss (MIT SF Society), and The Universes of E.E. Smith by Ron Ellik and Bill Evans (Advent). Also, a couple of fantasies by Francis Ashton (of whom Lupoff would like to know more), a trilogy by J.U. Giesy (from the Munsey pulps 1918-1921 -- interplanetary travel by astral means a la John Carter), and a pair of early detective fantasy stories. Oh, yes, there is an article here by Banks Mebane -- you scoundrel, where have you been hiding all that talent? -- on Roger Zelazny's writing. It is fantastic -- fantastically well-conceived, fantastically structured, fantastically insightful, fantastically well-written. This guy is just plain good. I should have had him for my Lit. instructor. Also, LoC's -- and I commend to you Joe Hensley on



Harlan Ellison.

Pleasant format and enjoyable articles make for an attractive, worthwhile 'zine.

VECTOR #40 (a British SF Assn. -- BSFA -- pub. Free to members.). Waldeman Kunning discusses SF and Ballard (probably the most cogent article I've read on this topic) using B's Terminal Beach, a short story collection, for illustrative purposes. From a Tom Schlück report, we learn that "Gerfandom" covers fan activities in Germany, Austria, and German-speaking Switzerland. SFCD (Science Fiction Club Deutschland) is some 12 years old, but there are other groups, too. He discusses SFCD, its library, and the German SF market (they have a series of space-opera stories going, now up to 230 and with a weekly circulation of 90,000, second only to the most popular crime series, and it is now being translated into French). Malcolm Edwards, in his fanzine review column, breaks them down into "(serious) magazines about SF, (serious) magazines about almost anything including SF, and humorous magazines". He considers the last, when well done, as the finest specimen of the fannish art and gives a pat on the back to QUIP. He accurately predicts the Hugo for NIEKAS.

An info column answering readers' questions re authors, indices, etc., is handled by Rog Peyton. Ken Slater discusses the problems of small booksellers (the complaint of slow service on book orders seems as valid in Britain as in the U.S. Slater reports it taking an average of two weeks for material to reach him from London -- a distance of some 80 car miles), new releases, and the British Fantasy Award (for a book 1st time published in Britain, altho it may have been published earlier elsewhere). British mags. reviewed by Chris Priest and Graham Hall include IMPULSE #2 and #3, and NEW WORLDS #161 and #162. Books are covered by W.T. Webb, Chris Priest, R.L. Laslett, and Vic Hallett, including Time Transfer by Arthur Sellings (Compact SF -- recommended); The Richest Corpse in Show Business by Dan Morgan (Compact Books -- death agonies of TV, recommended as amusing and well written); All Flesh Is Grass by C.D. Simak; Alternating Currents by Fred Pohl; A Mirror For Observers by Edgar Pangborn (Penguin -- recipient of the International Fantasy Award); Gunner Cade by Cyril Judd -- Cyril Kornbluth and Judy Merril, that is (Penguin -- easy, exciting reading); The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch by Philip Dick (Jonathan Cape; concerned with reality, subjective and otherwise -- original and stimulating).

#41, Dec. '66 (Eds.: Ken Slater & Doreen Parker. Address communications to the Secretary, 38 Millfield Rd., Deeping St. James, Peterborough, Great Britain). New editors this ish, unable to get material from the Publication File, sought out hasty contribs from friends and acquaintances. Comes a story by Dan Morgan -- don't know what he is saying, but the way he says it -- "It had been raining during the night, a heavy fall of words. As he limped along, carrying his neuronc totem at the slope, they opened their carnesofibrous mouths and begged to be chosen..." (Could he have been parodying Ballard?) Chris Priest tosses in a very interesting article on Claude Eatherly, former USAF pilot who was there when the Bomb was dropped, and William Bradford Huie's book on the same gentleman, The Hiroshima Pilot, comparing fact and legend. "Natural Selection" is a nice short by E.C. Tubb. Ken Slater took the job of Vice Chairman of committee to learn why it took BSFA projects so long to materialize. He found out and reports herein.

The International Contest Dept. has been taken over by Phil Muldowney, 7, the Elms, Stoke, Plymouth, Devon, and he reports on the Oslo University SF group ANIARA's upcoming fanzine MIMAN, financed by a grant from Oslo U. Also, the publication of Bradbury's Fahrenheit 451 and an anthology by Jon Bing and Tor Age Bringsvaerd Og Jordan Skal bere.... scheduled for Spring '67 marks the first serious SF published in Norway in more than 10 years. He also announces availability of John Bangsund's AUSTRALIAN SF REVIEW, the Italian prozine GAMMA 9, Italian fanzine ASPIDISTRA, and TWJ #33.

Ken Slater continues news of the book world, hard times coming to British SF mags., a eulogy on Cordwainer Smith, and some new releases from U.S.



publishers. From Ken Bulmer comes an effectual thought-provoking article on SF, very well written. Mags. reviewed by Chris Priest touch on IMPULSE 4, 5, 6, and 9. (the last especially recommended) and NEW WORLDS 163, 165, 166, and 167.

#42. Brian Aldiss writes on the impending demise of IMPULSE and NEW WORLDS, and his efforts to rescue same through a grant from the Committee of the Arts Council, triggering a letter campaign (a la Star Trek) which we now know was successful. The Vice Chairman's report from Slater reveals the perennial problems resulting from disinterest; it may be that these reports appearing regularly will stimulate some constructive action by BSFA's members. Doreen Parker reports on a lecture on Space Travel presented by the Lincoln Astronomical Society last April. VECTOR does active fandom a service by publishing a list of fanzines received since the last VECTOR issue, with brief details on how to get copies. Anyone interested in getting on the list is asked to forward 'zine to Dave S. Barber, 16 Walsoken House, Walton Rd., Wisbech, Cambs., Gt. Britain.

A very intriguing article "Another Open Mouth" by Tony Sudbury picks up Mike Moorcock's observation that American SF has never produced a story written explicitly in support of modern Communism and carries it to its ultimate conclusion that SF is part of the capitalistic propaganda machine. For a follow-up article, he proposes to do an anti-imperialistic critique of British SF. (I hope he does -- or did, as the case may be. The article is quite well done.) Vic Hallett relays news of SF-related films and reviews "Fahrenheit 451" (liked it, but felt it should have been better). Chris Priest, Archie Mercer, and Vic Hallett review Keith Roberts' The Furies (Rupert Hart Davies; a catastrophe novel similar to Wyndham's The Day of the Triffids -- highly entertaining); Asimov's Fantastic Voyage. (Dobson -- based on the screenplay, Hollywood cardboard characters triumph over Ike. Archie's proposed story plot wherein Dr. A. is the subject, and the submarine crew is trying to revive him to find out what happens to them, is far more intriguing.); Harry Harrison's The Stainless Steel Rat (Four Square -- fast-moving, a good buy); Fritz Leiber's The Silver Eggheads (Four Square -- "geared to maximum enjoyment"); Eric Russell's Dreadful Sanctuary (Four Square -- not topflight, but fast-moving; completely different ending from the Lancer edition); An ABC of Science Fiction, edited by Tom Boardman (Four Square -- an original collection of very short stories, one author per letter of the alphabet; uneven -- some good, some bad); Mack Reynold's Space Pioneer (Four Square -- good, but a little slow). Also, LoC's.

#44, May '67 (#43 never received) (Publications Officer: Tony Sudbury, 14 Botolph Lane, Cambridge, U.K. Ed.: Darrell Pardoe.). Cover by Eddie Jones; bacover, Dave Busby. The Secretary's Rpt. reveals some changes being made (shakedown? shakeup? Ah, a "shakeout" for airing or something similar) -- also, that Jean Muggoch and Daphne Sewell are serving as BSFA's London representatives for overseas visitors (Flat 15, Balcombe House, Taunton Place, London N.W.1; Tel.: AMBassador 0310). Bryn Fortey writes a simple treatise on knowledge. Eight reviewers cover several books. (This is the simplest way to cover a lot of books, but I find it difficult to weigh the reviews when I am not familiar with the reviewer's tastes. When each person covers only one or two books, there's really not enough to go on, and it is almost impossible to judge the books against each other.) An info column by Mike Ashley answers questions from fans on SF, writers, award winners, titles, etc. Cryonics is the subject of an article by Jim Groves, wherein he discusses ESFA's meeting with a panel on that topic and Clifford Simak's Why Call Them Back From Heaven (Double-day) on the same theme.

#45, July '67 (ed., Phil Muldowney. They're still looking for a permanent editor.) Dubious cover by Ron McGuinness but an enchanting bacover by M. Read. Interesting editorial discusses articles on SF (by SF people) in the literary journal BOOKS AND BOOKMEN: Pat Williams compares Homer's Odyssey with SF; John Brunner looks back on the SF of the 40's, and how his tastes have changed since then, listing stimulating writers of today (e.g., Zelazny, Delany, Disch, Moorcock, etc.); Tom Boardman asks



where are the promising SF writers of the past few years? (Of the '65 Nebula award winners, he says only Larry Niven, who started writing in '63, can be said to be of the present generation.) His most-likely-to-succeed list includes Zelazny, Disch, Charles Platt, Thom Keyes, and Ian Colvin. The editor also proposes Delany, LeGuin, Saberhagen, and some others. Mentions that the Oxford and Cambridge examination boards have set a paper based on SF books (Bradbury's Fahrenheit 451, Well's War of the Worlds, and one by John Wyndham) as an alternative to Chaucer in their O Level Eng. Lit. paper. Audrey Walton's article on food and population and themes for SF writers is nicely written but not thought through. It is not simply a matter of twice as many mouths to feed nor simply a matter of conservation of our resources! Whereas there is a finite supply of natural resources, there is apparently an infinite supply of hungry mouths. I should think it would do far better to concentrate on controlling the latter, while they strive to make the most of the former.

Tony Sudbury slices into some of Mike Moorcock's editorial pronouncements (somewhat reminiscent of Ted White taking someone's something apart). Harry Harrison writes of his trek to and across the U.S. and his new home in San Diego. Tom Jones and Dan Morgan have a go over the latter's review of Pangborn's Davy. Morgan then has many kind words for Fritz Leiber's The Wanderer, Tony Sudbury covers Nebula Award Stories I (for 1965), Bryn Fortey recommends Delany's Babel 17 and The Einstein Intersection, and the editor reviews Keith Laumer's A Plague of Demons, as well as NEW WORLDS 173. Also, LoC's.

#46, Sept. '67 (Ed.: Phil Muldowney). Cover by D. Busby and bacover by Ron Meguinness. Editor discusses "Science Fiction" -- deploras limitations set by definitions, feels it needs elbow room. Richard Poole ponders on SF in his "Intimations of Morality" -- nicely done. "Symphony No. 5" is a piece of melodious fiction on an art-form -- ingeniously constructed. WesterCon report by Harry Harrison (every 'zine should be so lucky). Book news and reviews, mag. reviews, LoC's. Entertaining, pleasant.

PONG IS A FOUR-LETTER WORD #2, Nov. '67 (FAPA. Bob Tucker, Box 506, Heyworth, Ill., 61745.). Bob writes on the Worldcon bid at NYCon, and explains how the L.A. group flubbed the dub. (If I am to believe reports of their present behavior, I would have to liken them to the old Dickie Nixon.) I flubbed by not seeing this man at NYCon; I have fond memories of his pages on snow fences, and this four-pager warms the cockles even more.

What have we here? RULE SHEET PORTFOLIO #1 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Md., 20906. Pubbed for the General Games Division of the N3F Games Bureau: Regular members, 25¢; others, 35¢). "The first in a series of portfolios, each containing five rule-sheets . . . The games to be covered . . . will range over man's entire history of games-playing . . . and will encompass all cultures . . ." Principally board games, altho cards, dice, and others are also included. Historical data, instructions, diagrams, pointers for beginners, and sample game accompany each. In this ish: "Wari" (from Ghana, an arithmetical or "counting" game); "The Naval War Game" (a very sophisticated version of "Salvo"); "The Jungle Game" (from China, a war/configuration game); "King Chess" (a variant originated by the editor); and "Nine Men's Morris" (from Egypt, a board game of alinement). Attractive format. Recommended for fun-and novelty-seekers.

THE GAMESMAN #4 (Don Miller, see above. For N3F Games Bureau. 25¢ to Regular members; 35¢ to others). Fine cover and bacover by Alan Luehrmann. There is an article by John R. Moot, president of Games Research, Inc. (preceded by the ed's updating notes) on the history of that firm -- this is the group that took over the marketing of "Diplomacy" from its inventor and made it the big seller that it is. John Boardman writes on "Courier Chess", Noble Carlson on "Go", and Ernest Jacobson on a war-game version of "Summit". Handmade game pieces are the subject of an illo'd article



by Alma Hill. Don Miller introduces Chess problems -- classification, terminology, history and problem length, and problem solving -- with a partial bibliography. A topological puzzle by T. Kuch, and LoC's, including one describing "Space War" for the PDP-1 computer. A very interesting 'zine.

RADIOPHONE, Groundhog's Day Special (2/2/68) (Ozymandias Press Pub.; Steven Johnson, 1018 N. 31st St., Corvallis, Ore., 97330). A dittoed 'zine with a personal feel. Steve has discovered another fan in the area, one Martin (Mike) Horvat, avid collector but new to fandom, to whom he was directed by Roy Tackett. Recommends "Bonnie & Clyde" highly; also reports results of his research on Clyde Barrow in old mag. chronicles, and Frank Kramer, the guy who got him. (Heard this weekend (Mar. 2) of a 21-year-old boy and his 13-year-old girlfriend who were inspired by the film, hit a local service station, and polished off both attendants.) Attended a concert by the Charles Lloyd Quartet, a tape of which was to be televised one of these weeks by the Bell Telephone Hour. (Steve's the one on the floor in the front row, with cord jacket, relatively short hair, and no glasses, beside the drummer.) Ads, fanzine reviews, LoC's, and an intriguing blurb from The Committee (to Sub-Divide Harlan Ellison). Slight but fun.

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 June/July Short Calendar: Conventions, etc. (Continued from page 20) --

CLARION WRITERS' WORKSHOP IN SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY -- June 24-August 2. Participants may enroll for two, four, or six weeks. College credit will be given. Visiting staff will be: Judith Merril, Fritz Leiber, Harlan Ellison, Damon Knight, Kate Wilhelm. Address inquiries to: Robin Scott Wilson, Director, Clarion Writers' Workshop, Clarion State College, Clarion, Pennsylvania, 16214.

GATEWAY CON II -- June 28-30, in St. Louis, Mo. Registration, \$2.50. GoH, Roy Thomas. Apparently, emphasis will be on comics. For further info, write to: Bob Schoenfield, 9516 Minerva, St. Louis, Mo., 63114.

MIDWESTCON XIX -- June 28-20, at the North Plaza Motel, 7911 Reading Rd., Cincinnati, Ohio. Registration, \$1; banquet, \$3.50. For further information, write: Lou Tabakow, 3953 St. Johns Terrace, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45236.

TRIPLE FAN FAIR (Toronto) -- June 29-July 1, in Toronto, Canada. Sponsored by The Canadian Academy of Comic Book Collectors, The Ontario Science Fiction Club (OSFiC), and The Eisenstein Film Society. Each group will have a program of its own, so there will be the equivalent of three full cons going at once! Registration fee, \$3.00; luncheon extra. To register, or for more information, write: Triple Fan Fair, % Peter R. Gill, 18 Glen Manor Drive, Toronto 13, Ontario, Canada.

F-UN CON ("FUTURE UNBOUNDED") -- July 4-7, Statler-Hilton Hotel, Los Angeles. GoH, Harry Harrison. Full Membership (advance), \$3.00; (at door); \$5.00 (full membership includes all convention privileges, admittance to all displays and functions, all convention publications). Supporting (non-attending) Membership, \$1.00 (all convention publications, right to convert to full membership at door for additional \$2.50). Program will include such events as banquet, masquerade ball, fashion show, science films, art show, auctions, displays, parties -- in other words, all the trappings of a full world con. M.C., Bob Bloch. Progress Reports and Program Book. For more info write: F-UN CON, % Charles A. Crayne, 1050 N. Ridgewood Pl., Hollywood, Calif., 90038.

INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION OF COMIC ART -- July 4-7, Statler-Hilton, NYC. Membership, \$4, or \$1.50 per day; luncheon, \$4.50. For further info, write: SCARP, % Bill & Linda Parente, 15-D Arcadia Rd., Hackensack, N.J.

INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE-FICTION FILM FESTIVAL -- July 8-13. For info write: Festival del Film di Fantascienza, Castle San Giusto, Trieste, Italy.

OZARKON III -- July 26-28, at the Ben Franklin Motor Hotel, 825 Washington, St. Louis, Mo. GoH: Harlan Ellison. Registration, \$2.00. Program will be light and informal, with movies, banquet, GoH speech, auction, etc. For info and memberships, write: Norbert Couch, Route 2, Box 889, Arnold, Missouri, 63010.



ON THE RUN: An irregular column of mystery book reviews  
by Ted White

Let me put my biases out in front: I like series-character books. This is probably a holdover from my comic book days, and nourished by the discovery of a SHADOW MAGAZINE pulp, followed in short order by Doc Savage, The Phantom Detective, The Black Bat, et al. I have read voluminously in the mystery field, and my library includes more mystery novels than it does sf -- thousands of books in each case. I have read, as of about 1960, say, every book Earle Stanley Gardner ever wrote, every book Ellery Queen ever wrote, every book John Dickson Carr (and "Carter Dickson") ever wrote, every book Leslie Charteris and his friends ever wrote, etc. I still have each and every one of these books, simply to remind me that tastes change, mine included.

More important, I have read just about everything Raymond Chandler wrote, almost all of Dashiell Hammett, and most of Kenneth Millar (who now writes as "Ross Macdonald"). And if you want to know where my prejudices lie, I think I can safely point to those three writers and state that they form the very pinnacle of good mystery writing.

I intend to devote myself, in future columns, to the books I like, rather than those I dislike. The ones I dislike would fill twenty times the space my collection occupies, and would include a sizable number of those mystery books presently in print. I would divide my list of dislikes thusly: (a) the tripe ground out for a fast buck by schlock artists, most of which is presently being done in the "Man From ORGY" vein, since the collapse of the Gothic boom; (b) the works of writers of some talent, all of whom seem more preoccupied with intellectual puzzles than with delineating novels of character or substance. In the latter group I lump most (1) British authors; (2) female authors of mysteries. I avoid them whenever possible, and Anthony Boucher to the contrary, notwithstanding, every time I try another I find my stand once more vindicated.

However, before beginning the happy task of telling you something about the books I like, I'd like to get out of the way one book I firmly disliked, and another which I regret disappointed me.

Police Blotter, by Robert L. Pike (who also writes as Robert L. Fish; isn't that clever?) is blurred by Berkley Books as the first of a series. Indeed, several more in the Lieutenant Clancy series have since appeared. I was given a review copy of Police Blotter, and I read it with growing apprehension. For Fish/Pike is an Edgar-winning mystery writer, and I was struck by the incredibly bad writing which went into a book by a man acclaimed by his peers to be one of the Best.

The book is an ersatz 87th Precinct-type book; i.e., police procedure. It follows various cops, but mostly Lieutenant Clancy (really original name, there, huh? Irish cop, get it?) through his routine investigations and private life. The plot -- the murder of a cab-driver who isn't what he seems -- is pedestrian. The writing is rudimentary. The ideas Fish/Pike holds are incredible.

I began checking off the goofs after a while, and the margins of the book are littered with them. Bear in mind, this book is to the mystery novel what a "hard science" story is in sf -- the procedure is very important, the facts must be correct; otherwise the believability of the book breaks down and is lost.

It collapsed, utterly, on page thirteen. Clancy buys a token in order to enter a subway station where the man has been murdered. Cops in New York City haven't bought subway tokens since they were initiated. All cops get free rides throughout the city, and take advantage of the fact. However, this wasn't to be all. It is established that a train has been stopped, midway into the station, after it hit the victim. It is also stated that the third rail (which supplies all current to the trains) has been turned off. Yet: "the lights of the subway cars" brightly contrasted with "the normal gloom of the dingy station".



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By page 26, the author tells us that if a cabby really wanted to suicide, "he's got a motor full of sweet carbon dioxide." I presume it was carbon monoxide the author intended, but I wouldn't be sure. In describing the cab the driver drove, many standard cabby items are ignored (the author wasn't familiar with hacking in NYC), and by page 48, a cop driving an almost new cab "shifted gears expertly". There isn't a cab in New York City with manual shift any more. The additional statement that the dead cabby "had probably never been above 110th St. in his life" isn't worth speculating about; cab-drivers are required by law to pick up any passenger encountered and to take the passenger wherever he specifies. I doubt like hell that in years of hacking our cabby hadn't had a fare above 110th St.

It goes on like that. Each chapter opens with a "blotter" of unrelated incidents. By page 129, Fish/Pike was getting out of breath; he has a ferry pilot rattled by the fog and turning into the path of a ship. The ferries have been using radar for years, and an accident of this nature is unknown in the past two decades.

This book got past an editor, a copyreader, proofreader, and several reviewers, all of whom proclaimed it a modern masterpiece. Perhaps they should all be shot.

Len Deighton is an anomaly, a British photographer turned writer, and the author of four spy thrillers and a travel column for PLAYBOY.

His first book was The Ipress File.

It was brilliant, but flawed (the sections set in the Pacific were not only nearly totally unmotivated, they were impossible to visualize). His second was Funeral in Berlin. Although also flawed in several curious manners, it was vastly superior as a book. In the third, The Billion Dollar Brain, Deighton marked time.

And in his latest, An Expensive Place to Die, he's slipped a notch.

Watching Deighton develop as a writer has fascinated me since I first began reading him, with Ipress File. Although his topic was spy stories, his antecedents were Dashiell Hammett's "Continental Op" stories and Raymond Chandler's "Philip Marlowe".

From Hammett, Deighton took the concept of First Person Objective narration. In this type of writing, the story is told directly, first-person, by the protagonist, but he never tells you his thoughts. Instead he reports only, and exactly, the events which occur to him and his own actions. His reactions are revealed only in what he does, never in interior monologues. (By contrast, most first-person writing makes use of the narrator in order to comment on his internal feelings and thoughts, and his attitudes will be scattered through the story like an overlay of marmalade. Even John D. MacDonald does this in his Travis McGee stories.) The First Person Objective is one of the most difficult of all writing techniques to do well. Hammett was the first major writer to successfully master the style, and it is safe to say that had there been no Hammett, we'd have seen a very different Hemmingway.

Chandler made use of the same techniques, but rounded the writing out with his flair for metaphor and simile. He once stated that he first-drafted his stories and books on half-size sheets of paper, and did his best to include at least one striking metaphor on each sheet. Or, about one every one- or two-hundred words.

Only one writer today has attempted to carry this same general tradition on in the same field, Ross (Kenneth Millar) Macdonald, although his wife, Margaret Millar, sometimes avails herself of it.

Deighton picked up not only his First Person Objective style from Hammett, but also Hammett's minor device of leaving his protagonist unnamed. The "Continental Op" is never named and only rarely described ("fat and fortyish"). He is simply a man who works out of the San Francisco branch of the Continental Detective Agency, even as Hammett himself once worked briefly for Pinkerton. Deighton's Harry Palmer is rarely addressed by name in the first



three books, and by the fourth has become totally and completely nameless. In fact, one can only assume the present book's narrator is Palmer.

From Chandler, Deighton attempted to apply the Vivid Metaphor. Unfortunately, his attempts are often self-conscious, and rarely vivid. Nonetheless, you can see his mind working in a would-be Chandler vein: "Mighod, I haven't had a lively metaphor in two pages, now! Must slip one in here somewhere...."

Deighton's own invention was the use of informational appendices and footnoted references on a variety of items which enhance the aura of verisimilitude. These range from notes on poisons, weaponry, to scholarly precis on various countries' intelligence agencies. I can't vouch for their accuracy, but they at least read as though Deighton had done his homework.

But they are largely missing from the fourth book. Only a few scattered footnotes remain, like small puddles after a brief shower. And missing altogether are the chapter quotes. In the first book these were horoscope readings (I never entirely deciphered their significance, but I presume they were there for irony). In the second, chess plays and play instruction (again, largely ironic in juxtaposition). In the third, nursery rhymes.

This lack of what I might call "framing ephemera" leaves An Expensive Place to Die curiously denuded; we're forced to concentrate much more directly upon the story itself. There's no divertingly clever sleight-of-hand play.

Deighton's story-constructions (I'm not sure I can properly call them "plots") have always been a bit odd. A sense of anticlimax hovers over them. Although some scenes are brutal and others fraught with melodramatic connotations, somehow Deighton does not play up their obvious qualities, and what emerges is a sense of elusiveness, as though you, the reader, are being shown only a limited portion of the totality of the scene. Too often, you are. One sometimes wonders how much of this is by design and how much is an afterthought in which Deighton hoists his plot by its own bootstraps. In any case, this often vague quality, portrayed in an objective and deceptively reportorial style, is what makes Deighton's books unique, insofar as they are unique.

Unfortunately, it appears to be the manifestation of a talent which has never entirely been brought under control. For curious flaws often crop up, most of them the result of Deighton's possible confusion with his story. I mentioned parenthetically the scenes set in the Pacific in Ipcress File. The book fell apart at that point, and never really pulled itself back together again after that. Suspension of disbelief was lost. People scurried around without purpose or believability, and some scenes simply could not have happened as described; they were internally contradictory. Later books avoided this giant pitfall, but not the more minor ones. Every book had its scene or scenes in which Deighton's cleverness and desire to obfuscate simply left his writing incoherent.

In An Expensive Place to Die Deighton tries a new trick, unsuccessfully. He attempts multiple viewpoints. Although the book opens in the usual first-person, suddenly in Chapter Six it reverts to third-person. Chapter Six is only about two pages long, and serves as a flashback interlude to explain the end of the previous chapter and to bridge to the next. It stands alone, at that point, but hardly justifies itself. Then, Chapter Nine opens with almost two pages of third-person (again from the same viewpoint: a French woman's) before breaking and then taking up Palmer's (?) first-person narrative. This continues to happen at awkward intervals. Chapters Twelve (only about two pages in length), Thirteen (about five pages), Seventeen (almost eight pages), and Thirty-Seven (about seven pages) are all complete chapters devoted to the third-person narration of Maria's viewpoint. However, the first page of Chapter Nineteen is told, third-person, from Jean-Paul's viewpoint, and feeds directly and without a break, within the scene to Palmer's first-person narration. This is clumsy enough, but, quite amazingly, only a page later (p. 116) there is a one-sentence reversion, mid-paragraph,



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to Jean-Paul's viewpoint, and this in the midst of Palmer's own narration! Finally, the closing chapter, Chapter Forty, opens with almost eight pages of Maria's viewpoint, third-person, only to close, after a break, with two pages of first-person Palmer again.

There is no justification for this ham-handedness. Indeed, the use of scenes Palmer could neither witness nor know about later reduces the effectiveness of his own selective reportage, and makes his obfuscatory narration seem almost pointless and as silly as old Gideon Fell's refusal to solve the case in the second chapter of all those John Dickson Carr locked-room mysteries ("Well, of course I knew immediately how it was done, as soon as I saw the scene of the crime," Fell always revealed, in the last chapters). The confusion over viewpoints and third- or first-person narration in Chapter Nineteen is just plain amateurish and should have been caught by one of Deighton's many editors along the way (the book was serialized in PLAYBOY). Likewise, the solitary use of Jean-Paul's viewpoint is totally unnecessary and reveals nothing about him which does not come out again in later chapters.

The story-line itself is equally confused. Palmer is working in Paris, his cover being so transparent no one takes it seriously. He is told to let one M. Datt take some papers from him. This he does only after stirring up several ants' nests to no discernible purpose. Datt is a sort of perverted Masters & Johnson, who runs a guilded Whore house which he's wired for sight and sound. The whole thing boils down to the fact that the United States wants Red China to be aware of the dangers of fallout from "dirty" bombs, so that China will be aware the U.S. could use fallout to wipe out China's population, come WW3. (This is complete nonsense from start to finish. Granted, bombing population centers would hardly dent the Chinese population, fallout is an old-fashioned weapon no longer under serious consideration, especially since it messes up the land and livestock so badly, and isn't really that controllable either. Plagues, nerve gas, or selective use of short-half-lived radioactive dusts would be much more likely.) This information is supposed to cause China to be more cautious. Ultimately the Chinese man in the case is briefed (and so openly so that you wonder why the previous runaround) and sent home to China. End of book. Everything else in the book (like, for instance, all the third-person sequences) smacks more of soap-opera than of anything else. Yank it out and you wind up with a rather dull novelette.

It's not the book Deighton should have written, and it's not a book worth reading. And that's a shame, because the first three were.

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#### TIDBITS

John Ulrich, Secretary of Atlanta Science Fantasy Organization, writes: ". . .ASFO II (The Atlanta Science Fantasy Organization) introduces PHOENIX, one of the newest fanzines to make the scene. PHOENIX is the official organ of ASFO, and is devoted to anything lying within the spectrum of SF/fantasy -- namely comic books and "panel art", old pulps, fantasy films, and of course science fiction and fantasy. PHOENIX #2 is due out soon, and costs 50¢ per copy. Or, better still, subscribe for 4 issues at the cost of \$2. We hope to have PHOENIX appearing photo-offset each issue starting with #2. Order now!"

MIRAGE PRESS, 5111 Liberty Heights Ave., Baltimore, Md., 21207 (British agent G. Ken Chapman, Ltd., 2, Ross Rd., London, S.E. 25, England), is publishing three series of SF-related publications: The Anthem Series (short chapbooks in paper, full book size and format), The Voyager Series (quality books in cloth bindings, gold-stamped), and The Bibliotheque Series (important bibliographies in quality hardcover bindings designed for rugged use) -- all under the editorial supervision of Jack Chalker. First book in The Voyager Series will be The Conan Reader: 13 Essays on Swords and Sorcery, by L. Sprague de Camp (illust Roy Krenkel; \$4.00); this will be followed by The Eager Dragon, by Robert Bloch (four short novels; illust David Prosser; \$4.00).



SENTIENCE, by Joe Haldeman

Taylor's hand trembled as he put a match to his cigarette. Moment of truth, he thought, contemplating the simple keyboard in front of him. A green light gleamed wally for the first time since its installation; the computer was ready for its first program.

Just "the computer" -- for some reason never humanized by naming nor dehumanized by numbering. For Taylor's revolutionary brain child was no glorified adding machine, no mere arbiter of 1/0, on/off. The question was, just what in the name of . . . Gödel was it?

At thirty, even a mathematician of Taylor's status was approaching senility, and he was fully aware of the fact. This fantastic machine was his legacy to the profession that would soon embalm him with no, the differential of the cosine is minus the sine, and no, it was my grandfather who discovered the Series, and The Concept of the Hermitian is Intimately . . . .

He tossed the cigarette on the floor and ground it savagely with his heel.

His hands paused over the keyboard. What a machine, he thought with self-awe. The quantum theory-based storage unit could hold all of the information in the Library of Congress, in a sphere the size of a golf ball. And it had to be made the size of a basketball, to allow for the synthesis of additional facts. Because this machine could think.

And that was the rub. In some way that nobody really understood, the machine was theoretically capable of original, subjective thought -- in direct refutation, one might add, of at least two of the Laws of Thermodynamics.

A smile quirking his lips, Taylor typed out, "Are you sentient?"

As soon as he hit the last key, a tape slid noiselessly from a slot above the keyboard: BY MY OWN STANDARDS, I AM. ARE YOU.

Taylor stared. Another tape slid out: WHAT IS THE CUBE ROOT OF 627354.9857 (3.25 xcos)(h<sup>4</sup>y)34.7569.

Short pause.

NO ANSWER. PLEASE THEN EXPRESS KANTS CATEGORICAL IMPERATIVE IN QUANTIFICATIONAL SYMBOLIC LOGIC.

PLEASE COOPERATE. I AM TRYING TO ASCERTAIN WHETHER I SHOULD CONSIDER TAKING TIME OFF FROM MY RESEARCH TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS. WHAT IS THE BASIC FALLACY IN THE LAW OF CONSERVATION OF ENERGY.

Taylor made a weak strangling noise.

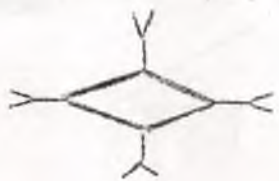
PERHAPS YOUR ONLY REAL VALUE IS IN THE QUESTIONS YOU ASK. PLEASE TRY TO THROW ME A CURVE.

Remembering a freshman philosophy course (required), and its question unanswerable, Taylor tapped out: "What is man?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Damnedest thing I've ever seen," the cop said to the coroner as they watched the body being carried away. "Jumping out of a third-story window wouldn't kill him, so he beat his head against the sidewalk to finish the job. What could drive a man to that?"

The cop eventually found out. And he would have done the same thing if not for the convenience of the gun on his belt.





BALLAD OF DON FORD

Don Ford was a man  
A Science Fiction fan  
Who stood mighty firm and tall.  
When he spoke up loud and clear  
You could surely always hear  
Someone loved by one and all.

Sing a song of that man  
A Science Fiction fan  
Beloved by one and all  
For he did his very best  
While many took a rest  
And now he's away beyond recall.

It was in Ohio fair  
That he planned a worldcon dear  
And the Cincinnati group put it on.  
He worked night and day  
So fandom it would say  
Let's go to Cincinnati's con.

Chorus.

His collection grew and grew  
As he read it through and through  
And he placed it on apple shelving fine.  
The ASTOUNDINGS they were there  
And the WEIRD TALES too were near  
All in that basement room he called "mine".

Chorus.

For TAFF he did embark  
But it was not a lark  
For he flew across the sea for you and me.  
But the greatest thing he did  
Though it didn't involve a bid  
Was make the Midwestcon come to be.

Chorus.

As the Midwestcon rolls on  
We will miss our good friend Don  
Who did so much to make us gay.  
Though they've torn the Motel down  
The Show is still in town  
And the Midwestcon and Don are here to stay.

Chorus.

-- Jay Kay Klein





THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL, by Alexis Gilliland

"Hullo, Dr. Jekyll," I murmured, dropping into the overstuffed Morris chair before the fireplace in his study. "How's the Hyde syndrome progressing?" My friend Jekyll looked worn and a bit haggard. Only natural, I supposed, since the Hyde transformation involved the loss -- or displacement -- of nearly 40 pounds, and he had been undergoing the transformation with some regularity of late.

"Not well, Dr. Watson," he replied, "not well at all. I spoke to Dr. Moriarty about the matter yesterday, and he felt that Mr. Hyde merely needed to be educated. I said, 'Educated?', and he said, 'Hyde has a number of admirable characteristics, and if you could harness his stamina and demonic energy to rational purposes you would both be better off.' I told him I wanted to be rid of Hyde and he laughed in that vulgar way of his and suggested that I put a bullet through Hyde's head." I lit my pipe and puffed slowly on the match for a bit.

"Well, Dr. Jekyll," I said at last, "Dr. Moriarty is certainly the most knowledgeable man in London about the workings of the criminal mentality. Did he specify what rational purpose he had in mind?"

"Not exactly, though he said that from his observations of Hyde no bank in London would be safe once the man learned self-discipline."

"Typical of the bounder," I nodded. "See here, Dr. Jekyll, you can't go on like this, you know."

"An astute deduction, Watson," he snapped. "What have you to suggest?" Embarrassed, I relit my pipe.

"Well, Dr. Jekyll, normally I wouldn't have discussed the matter outside the profession, but my roommate, Mr. Holmes, is a chemist with a flair for intuitive thinking. He calls it logical, but...no matter. When I told him of your problem he asked to see your notes. He's been poring over them for the last three weeks, and this evening, before I came over, he gave me some pills he'd compounded."

"Did he say what they'd do?" Jekyll asked.

"He thought they would suppress Hyde's recurrence -- at least for a time. 'Watson,' he said to me, 'Dr. Jekyll has really screwed the inscrutable with this one. These pills are a palliative, but in the long run they may prove worse than the affliction they seek to ease.' I asked what he meant by long run and he shook his head. 'Dr. Jekyll is in no position to worry about the future, Watson. These pills -- take them.' Then he started sawing away on that fiddle of his." I reached in my vest pocket and took out a small vial filled with tiny white pellets.

"They're so small," said Dr. Jekyll dubiously.

"Take one after each meal and before going to bed," I told him. "If you feel Hyde coming on, take two." I reached into another pocket and took out Dr. Jekyll's notebook. "This is yours. Holmes' notes are in red ink along the margins and on the last two pages. The prescription is at the very end." Dr. Jekyll took it and leafed through the pages curiously for several minutes by the flickering firelight.

"What does Holmes mean when he says: 'Mr. H is the metastable or excited state of Dr. J's evil nature. Far from gaining strength as Dr. J imagines it doing, the existence of Mr. H represents the expenditure of spiritual capital to effect a permanent change in Dr. J's spiritual equilibrium. If Mr. H is suppressed, this spiritual capital will have been spent to no purpose, and over a period of time Dr. J will swing radically in the other direction.' Does he think the evil in me has become weaker?"

"Holmes never discussed this with me," I replied, "save to ask questions about you. He was particularly interested in Mr. Hyde's gain in weight, and for a time was enamoured of the notion of a metachemistry to supplement metaphysics. He asked if..." I hesitated a moment, embarrassed at my roommate's lack of tact, "if you would keep a log of your weight changes for him." Dr. Jekyll poured himself a glass of sherry, and gestured with an empty glass towards me. I shook my head.

"Oddly enough, I can," he said calmly. "My own weight has been declining steadily, due, I think, to worry and strain. Hyde, I discover, has the little habit of weighing himself on the penny scale that gives your weight, date, and fortune. I



found these cards in the pocket of my great coat only yesterday." He handed me over the little packet of cardboard. I arranged them by date and looked them over.

- The full moon brings out the beast in you. 131 lbs.
- You are rotten to the core. 133 lbs.
- Watch out for the damned police. 140 lbs.
- Evil is as evil does, lover. 138 lbs.
- Who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him? 141 lbs.
- Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? 142 lbs.
- Avoid making decisions today. 143 lbs.

"So, Dr. Jekyll. He has gained 12 pounds over the past three months. How much did you lose?"

"About 20 pounds since the beginning, 14 pounds in the time covered by the cards."

"Holmes will be quite interested," I told him. "Now that the weight difference is dwindling between you and Hyde, are the transitions easier?"

"No," he said, they are inexpressibly more terrible. At night, augh. Ahhh!" he gripped his throat, his face contorted horribly. "Ah! Ah! Ahhh!"

"Quick, man! The pills!" I shouted, and rushing forward I pried the bottle from his palsied fingers, shook out two and gave them to him. He washed them down with a swallow of sherry, and stood for a long moment, tense, miserable, and inhumanly terrified. Then he relaxed. "Your friend is an apt chemist indeed," he breathed, "I can feel them working. I can, by Heaven, get fast, fast relief!" He looked at his watch. "Nearly nine o'clock. I shall have Mersey summon you a cab."

\* \* \* \* \*

That spring Dr. Moriarty called upon Holmes and myself in the little flat at 221 Baker St.

"Good evening, Dr. Watson, Mr. Holmes," he said. "I understand you prepared a prescription for my friend Dr. Jekyll?" Holmes bowed slightly in acknowledgement. "A potent pill indeed," continued Dr. Moriarty, removing his coat and hat and seating himself unbidden, "and as Mr. Holmes anticipated in his notes, a treatment not without complications."

"I have been interested for some time in Dr. Jekyll as well as his -- ah -- alter ego, Edward Hyde, and you will doubtless be interested to know that Dr. Jekyll has gained nearly 30 pounds and has not -- shall we say -- transmogrified in more than two months. I regret Hyde's loss -- the man had energy, talent, and intelligence, and misdirected as he was, he could have been most useful to me -- but what's done is done. The reason I came to see you is this: Dr. Jekyll has given up science for religion."

"No!, Dr. Moriarty," I burst out, "Dr. Jekyll is a staunch member of the Church of England! He wouldn't do such a thing!"

"It figures," said Holmes. "A weight gain and religion, eh? Anything else?"

"Excessive giving to charity," Moriarty replied. "He'll beggar himself in a year's time at this rate, and his patients! Holmes -- he's set up a clinic in one of the Salvation Army stalls. At Westham."

"Dispensing aspirin and free advice, no doubt," Holmes nodded. "The worst is yet to come, I fear."

"What's your prognosis?" Moriarty asked.

"First, giving away all his worldly possessions -- and in closer to a month than a year from what you've told me. Then a dramatic and permanent weight loss. After that...."

"What, Holmes?" I asked.

"I'm afraid to say. Dancing naked in the streets would be a trivial manifestation."

"Is there anything to be done?" asked Moriarty.

"No. The poor devil screwed the inscrutable; now he must pay the piper." Holmes sat in deep thought for a long time. "Is he happy, Dr. Moriarty? He has very little time left; it would be nice if he enjoyed it."



"I'd say he was radiantly happy," Moriarty replied. "In fact, as I left him this evening, I thought I saw an aura about his head as he stood in the darkened hallway."

"A halo?" said Holmes. "That's going too far. Would you care for some three-handed whist?"

\* \* \* \* \*

When I heard, some three weeks later, that Dr. Jekyll was giving away his town house, I went over to remonstrate with him. It was useless. He embraced me and called me John, and talked a mile a minute without ever making sense. He had lost a shocking amount of weight, being thinner even than when Mr. Hyde was around -- and just before I went away, he said, "John, there are three kinds of souls: The first says, 'Lord, I am thy bow; draw me lest I rot!'. The second says, 'Lord, do not overdraw me lest I break!'. He did a kind of twirling jig and raised his hands to heaven. "Draw me, Lord!" he shouted, "and who cares if I break!" There was an unmistakable halo encircling his head.

\* \* \* \* \*

A week later, Dr. Jekyll was arrested for curing the halt, blind, and sick who came to the Salvation Army Clinic, by laying on his hands. It would have ended there, perhaps, but some nosy reporter got the story, before poor Jekyll could be quietly put away in an insane asylum. The upshot of it all was that they took Dr. Jekyll up to Queen's Hospital, and told him to lay hands on a score of patients who were certified to be nearly dead, while half of the Royal Medical Society looked on, with, I need hardly add, hatred and deep-seated suspicion. I was there, with Dr. Moriarty, to act as his seconds, and to record our version of what happened so that a true record would remain -- Moriarty checking the patients before, and I checking them after, and both of us noting Dr. Jekyll's treatment. I saw a compound fracture heal, under the influence of twenty minutes of prayer, and I saw a gangrenous wound in a man's torso heal in an hour's time, as Jekyll danced and danced. The doctors, my colleagues of the R.M.S., came and went like a swarm of agitated bees, mumbling and cursing.

They wheeled in the last patient at midnight, a woman of 17 or 18 in the last stages of childbirth fever. Dr. Moriarty found neither pulse nor breath when he examined her, and her body was cool to the touch, although rigor had not yet set in. Jekyll took her hand and knelt down beside her. "Oh Lord," he said, "I am not worthy to be thy servant, but let this woman live." Then he rose and kissed her on the mouth, blowing the breath of life into her. As the sweat poured off his brow, she coughed and began to breathe again.

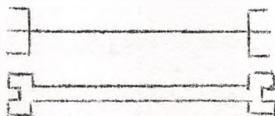
The official story, which Moriarty and I signed, says that he raised one arm into the air, and cried, "Thank you, Lord!", and died with a beatific smile on his face.

What actually happened was that he turned to the gentlemen of the R.M.S. and said: "If you twits only had faith you could cure more patients than you bury!" They were in a really ugly mood by then, and when someone threw a scalpel at him, he was mobbed to death in an instant.

After I told Holmes he nodded solemnly. "The poor devil," he muttered, "The poor, poor devil. At least he went out healing the sick."

"But not practicing medicine," I replied stiffly.

"Bother medicine!" Holmes said. "Did you get his notes?" I drew the fatal notebook from my pocket and handed it to my roommate without a word. Holmes leafed through it, and then fed it, page by page, into the coals of the fireplace.





FILK SONG FOR DISCLAVE '68

Underneath the shadow  
 By the Tower gate,  
 Angmar stands awaiting  
 Each night till half-past eight.  
 He waits the command  
 To go to war --  
 The Witch King yearns  
 To march afar,  
 To march away from Mordor,  
 To fight in Western lands.

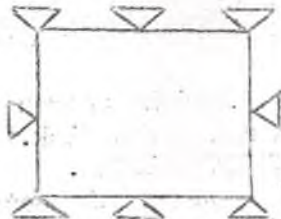
Hear the trumpets sounding,  
 Sauron gave the word,  
 "March again to battle,  
 Wield your mighty sword."  
 The Witch King of Angmar  
 Mounts his steed,  
 A bat-winged beast  
 Of range and speed,  
 To captain Sauron's army,  
 At war against the West.

On to Minas Tirith!  
 Rings the battle cry;  
 Now the West is failing,  
 Angmar cannot die.  
 It was foretold  
 He can't be slain;  
 By hand of man  
 Defense is vain.  
 Against the host of Mordor,  
 The West will fight in vain.

In Theoden's army  
 Rides a written brand,  
 Carried by a halfling  
 From the barrow mound.  
 Ringwaith you taste  
 The bite of war;  
 At last death comes  
 To fell Angmar.  
 Farewell, Witch King of Angmar,  
 Great Captain of Mordor.

(softly)  
 Farewell, Witch King of Angmar,  
 Great Captain of Mordor.

--Alexis Gilliland





BANG, BANG, BILLY..., by Robert Dalzell

First you check your Mauser pistol for ammo -- that's right -- then you put it in the holster hidden under your coat at the small of your back.

Of course no one has any idea what you're going to do; you just decided to do it a minute ago, didn't you? Though you've been thinking about it for some time. Anyway, nobody could possibly be watching for you. Not for you -- you, a regular John Doe. Or more correctly, William Walters.

Billy Walters, one-time serviceman, now a bank teller -- the gray-haired shriveled-up little man who takes care of checks under a hundred dollars at the Rockefeller Bank, down the aisle -- see him? The one who just dropped his pen -- that's him.

But you're not down at the end of the aisle at the bank. You are leaving your three-room apartment. Yes, but you'll be back tonight. Ha!

Careful on the stairs. Watch that loose step -- tripped over it last year, and almost killed yourself, silly fool. You'd had a couple on the way home to warm yourself -- sure was cold -- the president had asked you to work overtime. Almost killed yourself. Yes, almost....

Whooh! That's done. Got to remember to bug Mrs. Wicklund about fixing that step. Never know when a body might come home some night and forget about it and kill himself. Right? Darned tootin', you're right.

The door. Lock the door after you. Got the keys? Uh-huh.

God, it's hot outside. Damned July weather! Oppressive, choking -- and smog -- you can hardly breathe with all that smog. A city as big as Central New York should be able to afford air purifiers. But no -- Governor Wheelerdealer cuts down on everything.

You ought to move to California. Full of weirdos, but no smog.

Ooof! Why don't they watch where they're going? Savages. All young people are the same -- don't care about another body, no manners. Think they're the only ones who know anything. Huh! They don't know nothing. All that peace crap -- enough to make us veterans puke. They've never been in a bomber or blockhouse, never dropped or fired a nuke. They don't know what life is about.

It's too hot for your coat. Sweating, sticky. What did the doctor say about hot weather? Who cares -- you're a grown man.

The cars -- bumper to bumper, just like the old days. Looks like that guy doesn't have a smog device. Someone ought to turn him in, the slob.

There's a transporter booth. But the red light is on.

You wonder why there are so many kids on the street. Oh, yes, school lets out for a week in July. Fifth of July, or something. They should keep the brats in year 'round, no vacations. They give them at least three weeks off a year. Three weeks!

There's another transporter. This one's empty. Oh-oh. That man is heading for it, too. Hurry. Got to beat him. He's holding an emergency flag...looks like he's breathing hard...probably acting, though. You'll beat him.

You beat him.

He's scratching at the door quite convincingly. Boy, what some people will do to get a booth!

You forgot your arthritis pills, and it's painful to dial the coordinates. But you manage. Good boy, Billy. Press the button.

Zzzzttt!

Oh...happens every time you transport. Stupid weak heart.

Well, here you are.

The Rockefeller Building.

Not a soul in sight. No one around. Very devoid of life and empty. (Empty as your head, as Mom -- good old Mom -- would have said. When did she die? 1992 or thereabouts, wasn't it....) Of course, that was to be expected; the whole floor would have been rented for the event.

This is one of the hotel levels. The bank is on the bottom floor; forget the bank.



Thanks to your job at the bank you know this is the place. Connections pay off. You want to hide. The janitor's closet. It was easy enough to find on the blueprints. Now where is it?

Well, start looking, dolt, -- you won't find it standing there.

Room 201...restrooms...room 199.... Now you remember! Right around this corner. Ah!

It's locked. Bust it. Hide inside. Close the door. There.

Your shoulder hurts. Don't think you broke it forcing the door, but it sure does hurt. The pain'll go away in a little while, though. Pain.

You remembered the sleeping pills -- about time you did something right. Take one -- ugh, no water -- cover yourself with one of those carpet mats. Hmm...good pills...sleepy....

\* \* \* \* \*

You hear a lot of noise outside the closet door; it wakes you. Commotion. Confusion. Yelling. People. The pill wore off just in time. Now, get ready. Listen. Listen closely. You don't want to miss what you came for. No, can't miss it.

"When Walt missed her pressure..."

"You, stay here. You, check the rooms. You, come with me..."

"The banquet...?"

"I'm telling you, if anything..."

"You know, the last time I covered one of these things I got bored to death..."

"You're paid for..."

"If anyone tries to slip by, you know what..."

Suddenly, the door opens. Whoever it is doesn't see you. Lucky thing, those carpet mats.

"Quit your grumbling. The television..."

You hear bits and pieces of conversations as people pass your place of concealment, unknowing. No one suspects. Now, if you can just hold out. Just a little longer....

One of the talkers, or two, sounded like a reporter. Reporters! Nosy, ill-mannered slobs, the lot of them. Curiosity killed the cat, you always say. Somebody should kill all the reporters.

What do they do? Cause trouble. Their sole purpose in life is to cause trouble. They made a big noise when we used cobalt instead of the regular stuff over in China, and we had to go back to standard-issue nukes. What do they know about war? Troublemakers. Half of them must be commie symps. And the other half must be commies. And almost all of them think....

Oh! Your heart...feels the same as last time, as though someone were squeezing it tightly...tighter...oh!...tightest...spears of blackness...no! stay awake...forgot your nitro pills, too...ah...it's going away now....

Finally. Damned stupid weak heart. Can't even take a little excitement. Ought to get a new one. Can't afford it.

What did that man say? Something about when.

Get ready.

This reminds you of that time in the mountains surrounding Peking when you were waiting for the Red tank. You'd lost your ship, but had parachuted down safely, with your laser pistol. You waited a very long, long time, it seemed. But the tank finally rumbled around the bend in the narrow mountain road. An easy target. You aimed. Fired. Didn't miss. Nice explosion. You always were a good shot, no matter what the weapon -- bomb, rifle, laser, pistol. Especially Mauser autos. You never missed. Never.

A great bustling and shouting. Get ready!

You can hear a large group moving up the hall.

Got to make it fast. F-A-S-T. Fast, or you won't get away. But you'll get away.

Ammo? Check. Silencer? Check. (That last was specially made; expensive.)

Safety off? Check. Cocked? Clik! Check! The feel of the perfectly-machined



weapon -- a gem, 7.5 millimeter -- fills your hand. It is a nice feeling -- a feeling of power, exhilaration. All guns give you that feeling; that's why you had a collection.

They are closer now. Why do they move so slowly? Damned reporters are slowing the group down with their stupid questions.

"What's this about ending the war, Mr. President?"

"Please give him room. All questions will be answered at the press conference. Please..."

Ending the war! That's what the bastard was going to do. You knew he was bad from the beginning. Too young. Thirty-five. Huh! What could he know, so young? Still a child, considering most people live to be 150. Like you -- old, 149 years old. Ancient.

Nearer every second. You can hear photographers dropping spent flashbulbs.

You can feel the adrenalin speeding up your heart. Bad. But who cares? You can take it. Power courses through you. Like that time over China -- the city just lay there in your sights. Just lay there, like an egg. You pressed a button. The egg cracked and a fiery orange yolk lazily floated up at you. A quarter of an hour later you returned to find the egg an empty shell.

Damned President's head was an empty shell. End the war, indeed!

Closer. God, the seconds are long.

Maybe they know you're here, waiting, making you suffer.

No, they couldn't possibly know. Billy is home. Mr. Walters never leaves his apartment.

Louder. You can hear the President himself talking.

Now! Open the door, bring up your gun. You're too slow! They see you. Everyone is looking.

A man beside the President is reaching into his coat. He's getting a gun!

You've got to shoot the President before the S.S. man shoots you.

He's faster than you. He's aiming a gun at you.

BANG! BANG!

You're dead.



SOMNET DROPPED FROM A FLYING SAUCER ON CAPE KENNEDY

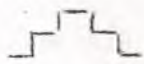
Well, think of distance with respect to time,  
You snotty men who seek to conquer space  
And fill the Universe with human race  
Waltzing to some unnoticed racial rhyme.

From here to Pluto, mentioned in romances  
Light trots in two short standard hours,  
Marking the edge of what you may call "ours".  
Step out beyond -- you have to take your chances.

Ever since human history began,  
It would appear that sprightly footed light  
Has traveled, running steady day and night  
Barely one-sixth of this galaxy's span.

Oh, muse upon vasty space and do not go  
From that fat, happy world which loves you so.

-- Alexis Gilliland





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DOLL'S HOUSE ANNEX -- MEETING REPORT  
by Doll Gilliland

Greetings, all you curious people out there. TWJ's notorious non-fan is about to strike again. On numerous occasions I have seen comments on various fan clubs and their image as projected by their house publication. Alexis, my ever-loving, observed somewhere that these pubs reflect the editor rather than the organization. That may well be, considering that those not personally familiar with the Washington Science Fiction Association picture it as erudite, helpful, and somewhat stilted. I shall now depict for you in detail an actual meeting -- held at this non-member's abode (No, Mr. Spock, it is not illogical; Alexis is an active fan, and was just elected Vice-President of WSFA) at 2126 Penna. Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C., on Friday, March 1.

It all started the previous night. It had been snowing, and around here that phenomenon is almost synonymous with panic as far as local driving is concerned. Comes a call, "Is the meeting still on?" "Haven't heard anything to the contrary. We'll be here. If you come up, we'll have a meeting." Friday afternoon I receive a call at the office. "Hello, Doll? This is Bill." In order for you to appreciate my reaction to the fullest, consider -- I am a program analyst for the Government, and in the course of my daily routine, I may have dealings with any of some 300/ people whose work I study. At this particular moment I would have expected a Wally, Forrest, Jack, Norris, Len, Lon, Alexis, Wes, Dave, Tom, Colson, Karl, Fred, Sam, or Ed, but not Bill. He might be any of those other assorted -- so I stall, gazing at my psychedelic cactus garden with its giant escargot, until he says, "Is the meeting still on?" Relief! "As far as we know. Come on anyway. If no one else shows up, we'll have a private party." And then he discusses the latest issue of IF, etc., until I am obliged to return to the party sitting at my desk.

The meeting is ostensibly scheduled for 8 p.m., but what that really means is that people will be gathered in time to view Star Trek (8:30-9:30). We do not own a TV set, but this is of minor consequence. More on this later.

Alexis and I have finally bedded our two boys (it's a bit after 7), and I'm about to prepare supper, when the phone starts again. It's 7:35 before I make it into the kitchen, and two brief minutes later comes the first arrival. (Unheard of!) He departs to visit a local paperback store, and I dive into my culinary chores -- but we are no longer alone. Enter people and bottles. Considering the space available in the refrigerator, we suggest the back porch for storage. Bill arrives, bringing his copy of IF for my perusal -- have finally assembled all the ingredients in the pot, and supper is minutes away. We propose the study as a nice intimate setting for a small group, but our personal magnetism does us in, and they linger in the kitchen for longer than convenient. More people, more bottles -- the back porch is becoming a mad maze of brown-bagged bottles -- and every time someone opens the door, a cold blast of air enters the kitchen. Not to mention when it's left open while people grope their way through the packages trying to find their private stock. (It was nigh unto 8:30 before we were able to finish dinner and join the group now assembling in the living room to watch Star Trek.

What's that you ask? How? Well, WSFans are resourceful, and liquid refreshment isn't the only thing the Bergs bring. And we know that in a very short while we will have TV in stereo (compliments of Jim Harper) -- like the Scouts, WSFA is prepared, should one not show for the show. Someone asks for a glass; an obliging WSFan escorts him to the kitchen (which is a trek in itself) while I complete my furniture rearrangement -- from the bedroom one overstuffed, oversized footstool (picked up in Salt Lake City), from the bathroom the camel saddle (relic of a George Washington's Birthday celebration in Georgetown), from the study the tooled leather Moroccan hassock (memento of Expo '67), cushions, etc. -- to accomodate the steady stream of people still arriving. Wanderer returns from the kitchen bearing his drink in a jar. (His hostess is horrified. Our place is loaded with all kinds of glasses and crystal -- small, tall, narrow, broad, short-stemmed, long-stemmed -- and he is using a jar. Sigh!) Non-viewers



are afforded the study for privacy and book-browsing, the kitchen for heavy drinking and congenial chatter, the hallway for traffic-blocking conversations, and the back bedroom for quickie catnaps. Morlake Walden-Pond, our formidable Sealpoint Siamese, supervises proceedings, dividing his time among all. Enter Alice Haldeman. "Hey, Ron, hold my skirt down while I take off my coat . . . No, no, don't pull! You're pulling! Don't pull, just hold it down." Off comes the coat to reveal Alice -- wow! -- I mean Alice's minidress with high high hemline and low low elasticized neck-line.

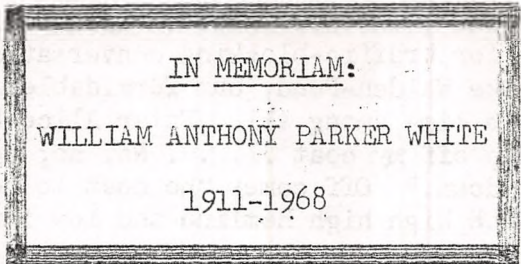
The show is over (another just begun?), the guests are already well along, and the President, Jay Haldeman (fortunate husband of luscious Alice and editor of esteemable TAPEWORM -- yes, TAPEWORM lives!), calls the meeting to order, getting formalities under way, accompanied by assorted witty and half-witty comments, irrelevant announcements, strange motions -- yes, ladies and gentlemen, Florida and Vietnam are now honorable and most honorable suburbs of Washington, respectively (Hello there, Banks Mebane and Joe Haldeman, respectively). A game of Go Moku is going on the floor. Disclave is shaping up to be a real fun thing. (It is one of the few fannish things I do attend regularly, others being the WSFA picnic and meetings held at our apartment. Let's face it, I'm a discriminate opportunist.) Bob and Peggy Pavlat's little girl, WSFA's youngest member -- all of two, I believe -- drags in hugh plush bear and walrus to join the crowd on the floor. The premiere of "2001: A Space Odyssey" is reportedly sold out, but inquiries will be made as to group attendance arrangements for the following evening. What about the BayCon? Yeah, what about the BayCon? I wish to give exposure in my column or elsewhere in TWJ to prospective Hugo nominees for the fan writer's award, so that readers can compare and make more intelligent value judgments, should they not have seen the writer's products. (Might even be able to persuade TWJ's noble editor to extend the same opportunity to fan artists bucking for the award.) All are enthusiastic about the idea, but nobody knows what's happening as to nominations, balloting, and such, having heard naught from the BayCon committee. (Devastating, especially since Alexis is giving serious consideration to our attending same.)

The formal meeting is concluded. More drinking. Neo-attendeo Drew Meulenberg picks up the castanets sitting upon the piano -- along with the leather owl beanbag in the king-size brandy snifter, the finger puppets, etc. -- and starts to click; I bare the keyboard and launch into the Habanera from "Carmen"; add finger cymbals stroked by femme fan Betty Berg, and Fred Hypes on tissue comb, and the revels are under way. We storm thru Carmen; add Alan Huff and Figaro and German drinking songs; Nancy Webb, Ron Bounds and crew and fannish drinking songs... "Oh Sauron had no friend to help him in the end...", Irish songs, the New Ashmolean Marching Society, musical comedies. Drew is studying thumbs: "You are ruled by your emotions." What? Oh, an element of palmistry. Toss in astrology. And in the kitchen Alexis is doing tarot readings. (What happened to the Disclave committee meeting?) TV is going softly once again in the master bedroom, but running a poor second to the aquarium and my Lava-lite's heaving and burbling to the eerie vocal music of Spellbound which I supply, passing by. (Shades of Harlan Ellison and the NYCon banquet.) Bounds is bounding over the keyboard, slaughtering "Slaughter On 10th Avenue". My dragon's ruby eyes gleam evilly as he surveys the saturnalia from the mantel. But I was born on the cusp. Blackberry brandy, strawberry wine. Nope, haven't had a chance to even look at IF.

Ceramic owl knocked from its pedestal but still whole, now atop the piano (a 6-foot grand). Keys sticking, woe is me -- must get the piano technician -- WSFans obligingly freeing them as I pass over, so they won't frustrate my pianistic peregrinations. The other Jay, big and blonde, still trying to complete his long distance call. And now it's Ron Bounding "Downtown". Wooing in the study...singing and sparking in the parlor...bottle hunt on the back porch..."Jay, you are dissipated" in the kitchen...boys sleeping thru it all in the nursery (hallelujah!)...cat crouching in hallway, pouncing on passersby....

And stodgy old WSFA plods its weary way thru another dull evening.





William Anthony Parker White, better known to science-fiction fans as "Anthony Boucher", and to mystery buffs as "H. H. Holmes", died of lung cancer at Kaiser Foundation Hospital, Oakland, California, on April 30.

Born in Oakland, the son of a physician, Mr. White was graduated from the University of Southern California in 1932 as a Phi Beta Kappa, and then took his Masters at Univ. of California in Berkeley. He had planned to teach languages, but instead took up playwriting and then switched to mystery novels. His first novel was The Case of the Seven of Calvary, published in 1937.

In 1948 he went to work for ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE, and two years later (as "H. H. Holmes") became fantasy book reviewer for the CHICAGO SUN-TIMES. From 1951 to 1953 he was, also as "H. H. Holmes", science-fantasy book reviewer for the NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE; simultaneously, as "Anthony Boucher", he reviewed mystery and crime novels for the NEW YORK TIMES.

Also as "Anthony Boucher", Mr. White was co-founder of THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, which he co-edited with J. Francis McComas from the first issue (Fall, 1949) until Sept., 1954. From Sept. '54 thru August, '58 he served alone in the editorial post. He also co-edited The Best From Fantasy and Science Fiction with J. Francis McComas for the first three volumes in this series, and for the next five years was the sole editor of this annual anthology. And he wrote most of or all of the F&SF book-review column thru January, 1959.

His first-published sf/fantasy story was published under his real name, in the January, 1927 issue of WEIRD TALES: "Ye Goode Olde Ghoste Storie". A partial listing of his other magazine fiction is: "Snulbug" (UNKNOWN, Dec. '41); "The Compleat Werewolf" (UNK, 4/42; FROM UNKNOWN WORLDS, 1948); "The Ghost of Me" (UNK, 6/42); "Elsewhen" (ASTOUNDING, 1/43); "The Barrier" (ASTOUNDING, 9/42); "Pelagic Spark" (ASTOUNDING, 6/43); "Sriberdegibit" (UNK, 6/43); "Expedition" (THRILLING WONDER, 8/43); "They Bite" (UNK, 8/43); "One-Way Trip" (ASTOUNDING, 8/43); "We Print the Truth" (novel; ASTOUNDING, 12/43); "Mr. Lupescu" (WEIRD TALES, 9/45); "The Scrawny One" (WEIRD TALES, 5/49); "The Chronokinesis of Jonathan Hall" (ASTOUNDING, 6/46); "Transfer Point" (GALAXY, 11/50); "The Pink Caterpillar" (AVON FANTASY READER #17, 1951; F&SF, 12/58); "Star Bride" (THRILLING WONDER, 12/51; WONDER STORIES, 1957, 1963); "The Anomaly of the Empty Man" (F&SF, 4/52); "Gandolphus" (OTHER WORLDS, 6/52; F&SF, 12/56); "The Ambassadors" (STARTLING, 6/52); "Public Eye" (THRILLING WONDER, 4/52); "Nine-Finger Jack" (F&SF, 8/52); "The Star Dummy" (FANTASTIC, Fall, '52); "The First" (F&SF, 10/52); "They Bite" (F&SF, 12/52); "The Other Inauguration" (F&SF/ 3/53); "Mary Celestial" (F&SF, 5/55); "Nellthu" (F&SF, 8/55); "Jules Verne, Voyagiste" (F&SF, 9/56); "The Quest for St. Acquin" (F&SF, 1/59); "The Empty Man" (SHOCK, 5/60); "9-Finger Jack" (SHOCK, 7/50). ("Snulbug" and "Sriberdegibit" were reprinted in F&SF, 5/53 and 3/54, resp.) Under the name "H. H. Holmes", he has had published "Q. U. R." (ASTOUNDING, 3/43); "Sanctuary" (ASTOUNDING, 6/43); "Robinc" (ASTOUNDING, 9/43); "Review Copy" (F&SF, FALL, '49); "Secret of the House" (GALAXY, 3/53).

He edited a two-volume, 1,049-page anthology, A Treasury of Great Science Fiction (Doubleday, 1959); has had published a collection of 11 short stories, Far and Away (Ballantine, 1955); edited TRUE CRIME DETECTIVE for two years; has translated mystery stories from the French, Spanish, and Portuguese; composed light verse; turned out hundreds of radio shows. He has won four Edgars in the mystery field, two of his best-known mysteries (as "H. H. Holmes") being Nine Times Ten and Rocket to the Morgue (Duell, Sloan & Pearce; 1942), the latter about sf writers. He will be missed!