

The **WSFA**

NO.58

JOURNAL

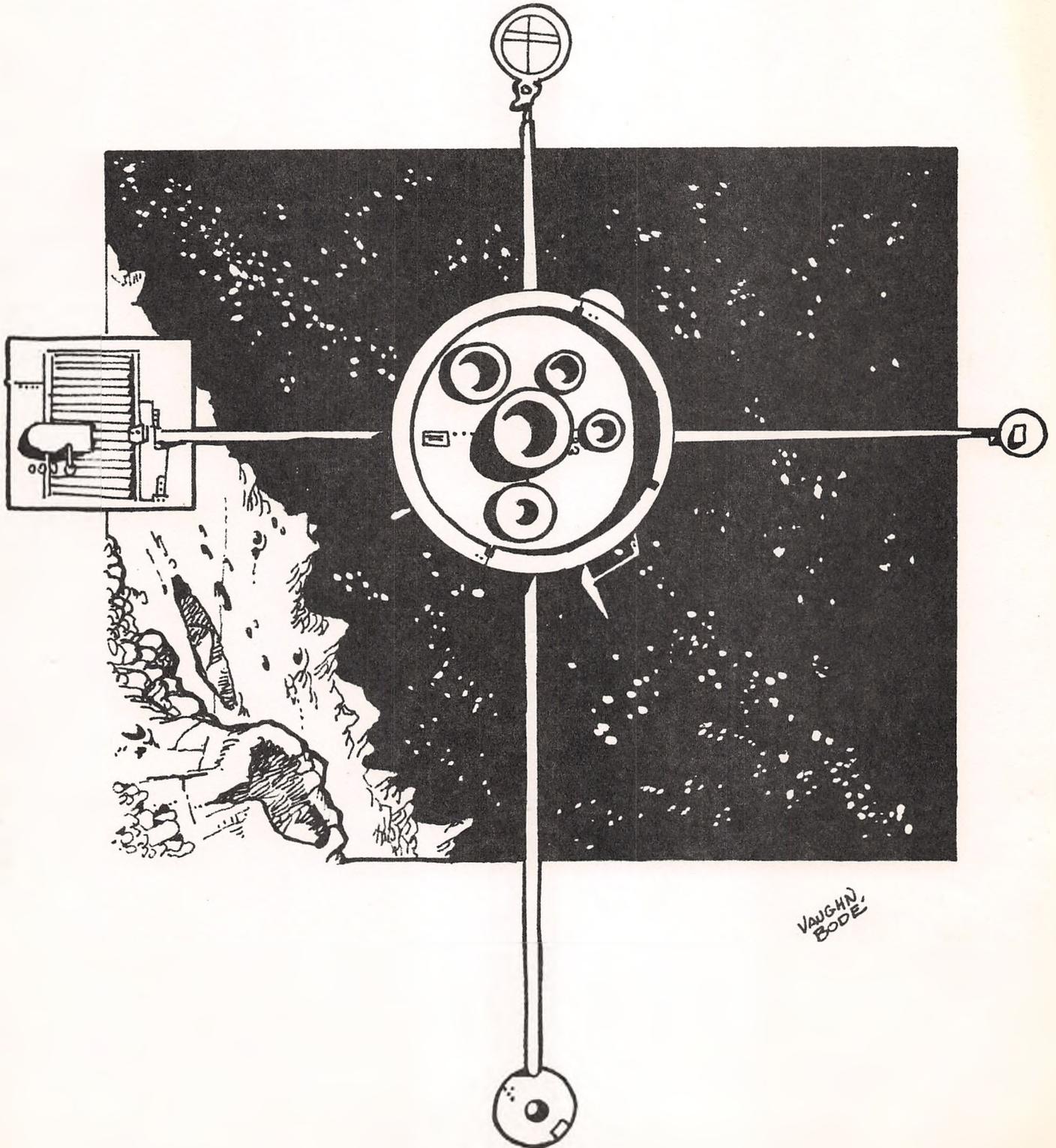


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(Front cover by Vaughn Bodé; interior illos by Vaughn Bodé and Alexis Gilliland, with stenciling by Alexis Gilliland.)

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NOTE: All checks for subscriptions should be made out to "Donald L. Miller", not "WSFA". Deadline for copy for issue #59, August 2; for #60, September 9. Address code: C, Contributor; E, Club Exchange; K, Something of yours is reviewed herein; L, Life Member; M, Regular Member; N, You are mentioned herein; P, Corresponding Member; R, For Review; S, Sample; W, Subscriber (number indicates last issue on sub); X, Last issue, unless.... Associate Editor, Alexis Gilliland; Contributing Editors, Albert Gechter, Doll Gilliland, Banks Mebane. ##### CLUB CIRCUIT, SPIES AT LARGE, and THE FOREIGN SCENE delayed until next issue. Among other items coming next issue will be Jay Kay Klein's long-awaited LUNACON/EASTERCON REPORT. Much artwork (both cover and interior) needed for future JOURNALS. -- DLM

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MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY: Prozine Reviews
by Banks Mebane

Dean McLaughlin's "Hawk Among the Sparrows" in the July ANALOG is a light-hearted, fast-paced account of what happens to a jet pilot when he and his interceptor are dumped back into the Kaiser's War. It's fun, and it ends up about as you might expect; we are left to imagine the hero making a fortune on the stock market during the Twenties.

Fritz Leiber has a Fafhrd-Mouser yarn in the August FANTASTIC -- not one of the best, but just the thing for hammock-reading on a hot summer afternoon. Long may Nehwon thrive.

The July GALAXY has a readable crop of short stories -- but no Hugo nominees. The impression is that of good writers coasting along on their technique. R.A. Lafferty applies his way-out individual touch to foreseeable plot gimmick. Burt K. Filer and Robin Scott expend much loving care on slender story-ideas. Brian Aldiss ruins an excellent sfnal idea by using it for a trite fable. A. Bertram Chandler lands the Ancient Mariner in a flying-saucer sex-zoo.

Dean R.

Koontz is hitting his stride as a writer. His "The Psychedelic Children" in the July F&SF shows his increasing control at story-telling; it isn't great, but it gets the reader involved in what's happening.

Hayden Howard's "Beyond Words", also in F&SF, gives a convincing picture of the end of a hippie back-to-nature movement. It isn't fantasy or science fiction, but read it anyway.

Somehow I missed getting the July IF. I should have a copy soon and will report on it next time.

Also recommended:

Joe Poyer in ANALOG; Larry Niven and John Brunner in GALAXY.

August/September Short Calendar: Clubs --

WSFA Meetings -- August 2, 16, 30 (party); Sept. 6, 20. All but party meeting at home of Doll & Alexis Gilliland, 2126 Penna. Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C. (ph FE7-3759) (across from Circle Theatre on Penna. Ave.); no info on party meeting. At 8 p.m.

BSFS Meetings -- August 9, 23; Sept. 13, 27. No further info.

ESFA Meetings -- August 4; Sept. 1(?). No info on Guest Speakers or programs. Meetings are held at YM-YWCA, 600 Broad St., Newark, N.J., at 3 p.m.

PSFS Meetings -- August 9; Sept. 13; at Central YMCA, Broad & Arch Sts., Phila., Penna., at 8 p.m.

NESFA Meetings -- August 11, 25; Sept. 8, 22; at homes of various members. For info, write: NESFA, P.O. Box G, MIT Branch P.O., Cambridge, Mass., 02139.

OSFA Meetings -- August 25; Sept. 29; for info on meeting sites, write: Lesleigh Couch, Rt. 2, Box 889, Arnold, Mo., 63010.

FISTFA Meetings -- August 2, 16, 30; Sept. 13, 27; at apt. of Mike McInerney, 250 W. 16th St., Apt. 5FW, NY, NY, at 9 p.m.

Lunarians -- August 17(?), Sept. 21; at home of Frank & Ann Dietz, 1750 Walton Ave., Bronx, NY, at 8 p.m.; for guests of members & out-of-towners only; ph. TR8-8082.

The Damned -- August 9, 23; Sept. 13, 27; for info write: Jim Sanders, Rm. 516, 611 W. 112th St., NY, NY, 10025 (ph. 662-1262); meetings start at 8:30 p.m.

Albuquerque S.F. Group -- August 4; Sept. 1(?); at homes of various members; for info, write: Gordon Benson, P.O. Box 8124, Albuquerque, N.M., 87108.

PenSFA -- August 3, 17, 31; Sept. 14, 28; at homes of various members. For info, write: Felice Rolfe, 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, Cal., 94301.

Little Men -- August 9, 23; Sept. 13, 27; at homes of various members; for info, write: Alva Rogers, 5967 Greenridge Rd., Castro Valley, Calif., 94546.

VALSFA -- August 9, 23; Sept. 13, 27; at homes of various members; for info, write: Dwain Kaiser, 1397 North 2nd Ave., Upland, Calif.; ph. 714-985-3948.

LASFS -- Every Thurs., 8 p.m. at home of Owen Hannifen, 508 S. St. Andrews Place, L.A.

DLM

THE PHYSICIST...OR THE BIOLOGIST?

by Alexis Gilliland

Everybody thinks that the physicists -- a gentle and beneficent breed of men, devout in their search for truth and honorable in their dealings with their fellow beings -- are monstrous malefactors because they deduced and developed the atomic bomb. And the hydrogen bomb and the cobalt casing for the hydrogen bomb abd the neutron bomb and the ICBM to deliver all those good things, and the wherewithal to fight wars more lethally than ever before.

And yet, it may be argued with considerable force that these physicists, by the development of these very devices -- which cannot sanely be called weapons any longer -- have forced the great powers of the world to live in peace as no philosophy ever could, thereby preventing a third world war on the scale of the first two. Ergo, physicists have saved, surely, tens of millions of lives and untold suffering. There is, true, an unescapable element of risk which may be with us for a while, but it is entirely possible that it will never happen.

The same cannot be said for the evil, meddling doctors and biologists who are surely the malevolent prototypes of the mad PLANET STORIES scientist. Under the flimsy pretext of going good -- just save a few lives, chief -- they have disrupted the world order by touching off the population explosion in its most critical form. In India, prior to World War II, the birth rate was 38/1000 (live births per 1000 population per year) while the death rate was 35-37/1000. The introduction of public health measures -- cheap, effective, and simple -- cut the death rate to about 15/1000 in 1960, while the birth rate soared to 39/1000. Evil physicians! Well did they know that all those surplus people couldn't be fed! Well did they know that a 3/5% annual increase could not be sustained indefinitely! Well did they know that by the year 2467 such a rate would result in a layer of humans packed three deep over the entire land area of the world! No doubt they figured to be in the "Lucky Pierre" layer, no doubt. Having unleashed this monstrous wave of humanity, they then proceed to corrupt its morals, first by curing venereal diseases easily and painlessly, and second (in a half-hearted and insincere attempt to undo the mischief they caused earlier), by developing a host of birth-control methods. The raison d'etre for the old morality was V.D. and unwanted children. Virginity was a public health measure, and it may be that for many years only virgins survived to propagate the race. A blow against V.D. is a blow against morality! What will you use as the horrible examples, the horrible results of sleeping around, if there is no V.D., no bastards? No, the doctors have much to answer for, and as the agronomists slave away in their laboratories seeking to increase yields of wheat or corn in a Sysiphean effort to mitigate the harm done by the physicians, the biologists are standing in the wings with more "good" to pile on the head of poor, suffering mankind.

Biologists! You dirty rats! Scum of the earth! What are you doing?! Back comes the answer... "Oh, nothing much. Just learning to read the genetic code. Maybe... tah tum...someday learning to write it. Wouldn't you like to be immortal?"

Good old nuclear physicists! Wipe out Texas with one bomb! Good clean fun!

What are you going to write in the genetic code? Specifications for a blue-eyed ever-loving fruit fly? Stingless honeybees?

People?

PEOPLE!?

Well, you know, for some types of people there is a -- well, demand...A demand that exceeds the supply. So it is economically feasible to have our computers design these people.

Biologists, for example. And DNA-script writers. And Genetic Programmers. Clearly superior types. We, heh heh, haven't yet mastered the intricacies of the physicist; maybe they'll die out in time.

Damned physicists with their old bomb.

WAIT TILL WE SPRING THE IMMORTAL BIOLOGIST ON THE WORLD!

As one might suspect, technology has got out of hand, and the worst of it is that the process is irreversible, like growing old.

Imagine getting along without the Supersonic Transport, for instance, or chlorinated water. Imagine no traffic jams or air pollution.

Alright biologists (and agronomists and physicists), get us out of this one and all is forgiven.

The cold night wind wafts back a little giggle, and someone whispers: "Wait till you see how we get you out."



RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY

The Editor of the RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, Leland Sapiro, is informing his subscribers that there is a possibility the magazine may have to be discontinued after the next three issues. This is because of continuing losses in publication costs borne by the editor, some of which he bears as a matter of course, but finds the burden rapidly becoming too large. The remedy needed to sustain the magazine is more subscribers, to at least double the subscription list from its present 350.

In my opinion, the publication is well worth sustaining, being the best amateur publication I have ever seen. Its production quality is among the best, its literary quality is quite the best. The current March 1968 issue (no. 10), for instance, comprises 76 pages of excellently photo-offset material, with a cover illustration and about a dozen internal drawings, some full-page (the latter by Poul Anderson). The table of contents reads like a Who's Who of SF, with articles and features by Jack Williamson (on H.G. Wells), Tom Slate (on ERB), Harry Warner (on fan magazines), Jim Harmon, John Campbell. There is a letter section with letters from W.F. Temple, Harry Warner, Philip Dick, John Campbell. Literary criticism abounds, a poetry division with 17 poems is included. There is a short story by Janet Fox -- fiction, parody, satire have regularly appeared in the past issues.

The editor of RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, Leland Sapiro, now in Canada, was earlier connected with FANTASY ADVERTISER. Jim Harmon, author of nostalgic books about radio, is associate editor; assistants are Redd Boggs, Bill Blackbeard, Jon White. The cost of a subscription is \$1.50 a year (four issues for the price of three), the magazine is guaranteed through issue no. 13 (no. 10 being current), and subscription balances will be returned if it ever proves necessary. Back issues are available -- when I subscribed I was able to get a complete set. Send your subscriptions and inquiries to:

Mr. Leland Sapiro
Box 40, Univ. Sta.
Regina, Sask., Canada

You will find RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY well worth your attention.

-- Philip N. Bridges

((We concur. Subscribe now, and help save RQ. If not the best, it's pretty close. Note reviews of issues 5-8 in DOLL'S HOUSE. Reviews of 9,10 next issue. --ed.))

5

VIEWS, REVIEWS, AND ARCHIMEDEAN SPIRALS
(Book and Movie Reviews)

The Masks of Time, by Robert Silverberg (Ballantine Book U6121; 75¢; 244 pp.).

The underlying theme of this book is religious, in the same sense that one of the major themes in Heinlein's Stranger in a Strange Land was religious. However, where Heinlein was an engineer, studying how the model worked, Silverberg is a poet, recounting an apocalyptic vision. For this reason TMoT is a better book than SiaSL, and paradoxically, less satisfying to read.

Michael Valentine Smith was unique, endowed with a vast fortune, super-powers, and finally omni-competence, and when he learned what the score was, he founded a religion on solid engineering principles. Vornan-19, the visitor from 2999, has a few mildly super-powers, and is eventually revealed to be either a rubbernecking dolt of a tourist from the future or an imposter from the future. However, the times are ready for a messiah and the movement takes place like spontaneous combustion in a haystack.

It is characteristic of TMoT that one of the major characters is a physicist who has developed the theoretical apparatus to extract power from matter...the sciencefictional atomic motor, if you will. Only he realizes what it will do to the economy if he unleashes it, and so he sits around agonizing about his moral responsibility. At the end of the book we still don't know what he decided to do, and it isn't really important. Silverberg, no doubt copying life, is quite free with his use of ambiguity. Some things are explained. Some are not. The people who seek the comfort of foreknowledge from the man from the future are discomfited. The best they can get are ambiguous hints and meaningless statements.

The look at 1999 is absorbing and terrifying. There are a few points about which I might argue, but they are trivial. Every major theme Silverberg has tackled has been done well. His section on the stock market is well on the way to reality, and within the next decade should be completely fulfilled except for the rather large volume of trading he postulates.

Other nice touches are the combination palace and fun-house where the power-line maggot hangs out, and the government-approved, computerized whore house in Chicago.

Cutting back to the book itself, there is an amazing amount of character development. Silverberg is perfectly willing to stop everything and develop characters for 20 pages at a crack. Sex is liberally stirred in, too, not so much to help delineate character as to set forth the background and the feel of the era. Here I do quibble. The so-called sexual revolution is a fraud in the sense that sexual behavior is changing. What is changing is how we talk about it. We are finally coming around to telling it like it is, but the patterns of behavior remain much as they always have been.

Of course, I could be wrong....

TMoT is a fine piece of writing. Different from Thorns in that it cleaves closer to the classical purity of the sciencefictional line (whatever the hell that is), it will be in contention for the 1969 Hugo.

P.S. The cover is mediocre.

P.P.S. The "drawn" part of "drawn and quartered" consisted of being dragged to the place of execution, usually on a canvas sheet over cobblestone streets. The full sentence was "to be drawn, hanged by the neck, and quartered". Queen Elizabeth put a stop to the practice after the execution of Chidlock Tichebourne, and the phrase "to be hanged by the neck until dead" actually represented a mitigation of sentence. A concession to the liberals of the period, no doubt.

-- Alexis Gilliland

6
Movie Reviews: Farenheit 451, War Games, and Dr. Strangelove.

I recently saw a triple feature which included all three. All were excellent, and I may say that seeing Dr. Strangelove immediately after War Games put a wholly different aspect on Dr. Strangelove.

Briefly, General Ripper's obsession with his purity of essence seems no more unreasonable than any other obsession that would permit the use of nuclear weapons, and the whole comic structure of the film is darkened. My own opinion is that this interpretation makes for a superior picture, and had War Games and Dr. Strangelove been released together initially, Dr. Strangelove might have taken the award for best picture and the Nobel Peace Prize to boot.

War Games is a British production, originally intended for television, and it deals with nuclear war, the plans the British Government has made to deal with it, and how matters might work out in actual practice.

The producers draw heavily on the German experience in the firestorm raids on Hamburg, Dresden, and Darmstadt, and on the Japanese experience at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Parenthetically, I may say that people who proclaim that the war in Vietnam is the most terrible in our history are simply unaware of our history. We bombed Dresden a few days before it was taken by the Russians, at a time when it was filled with refugees from the Russian advance.

The firestorm starts when a large number of uncontrolled fires start in the center of a city. They merge, and draw in the air to feed them at winds of up to 100 miles per hour. Within the area, all shelters are useless because the ambient air contains lethal concentrations of carbon dioxide and carbon monoxide.

The fallout problem was treated only on the fringes where survival was possible.

My own calculations, made when I was taking a course in radiochemistry, show that the time to be spent in fallout shelters before safe emergence is more nearly four months than four weeks, as officially announced. Which merely means that the fringes will be smaller than expected.

More serious is the fact that crops and cattle will be destroyed, and that the ruined transportation system will have no food to transport to the survivors.

For the ecology as a whole, fallout will kill the forests, destroying the watersheds and causing (eventually) floods.

So the immediate post-attack environment will be marked by flood, famine, pestilence (how could it be avoided?) and a decreased respect for law and order.

It is regrettable that we need nuclear weapons to survive, but perhaps they have something to teach us.

Farenheit 451 is a film of ideas and philosophy. It has something to say and says it with force and imagination. Bradbury's writing always turned me off, except in small doses, and I enjoyed his short stories taken individually, but not en mass. I was never able to finish the book (somewhere I have 451 in hardcover, only half-read), but the movie is something else again, and the movie I enjoyed.

The complaints I have seen about the movie range all the way from blue kerosine, to sliding up fire poles, to Julie Christie's bad acting as the wife.

The story is allegorical rather than literal, and the important thing is the idea that trying to impose happiness from above is double-un-plus-good, rather than a detail about how many books there are to burn for how long.

The point is also made that books aren't for everybody either.

As for Julie Christie, she was adequate as the mistress, but the wife she portrayed was hollow, empty, and void of any human characteristics except a pallid

lust and a feeble instinct for self-preservation. The wife, in short, was a bad actress.

Oskar Werner was excellent, and his was the decisive role, but he had good support from his fire chief.

Where was this triple feature? Across the street at the Circle Theater. Write with envy all you suburbanites!

Two weeks later: there are drawbacks to urban life. The curfew is on again (they shut up Resurrection City this morning) and the wind brought some tear gas over from 14th & U.

-- Alexis Gilliland

Bedlam Planet, by John Brunner (Ace Book G-709; 50¢; 155 pp.).

It should be noted that Brunner writes with a technical virtuosity that is unsurpassed in the field. When he also takes the trouble to develop an intellectually respectable plot instead of relying on the standard s-f set pieces, the result is an entertaining and satisfying story. In short, BP is one hell of a fine book.

Probably Brunner wanted to do several things, and included among them was writing a psychedelic novel. The chapters are headed up by verses from Tom o'Bedlam's Song, and from the beginning there is a suggestion of incipient madness. Once it is established that the psyche of the central character, Dennis Malone, is under strain, we move out into the happy and well-adjusted colony of which he is a misfit part. Things are going great, despite the loss of the *Pinta*, one of their three ships, and on this wonderful planet with joyful colonists everything is wonderful, going great and joyful.

Except...one tiny flaw...local intestinal flora have lodged in human viscera and are absorbing ascorbic acid (vitamin C) from human metabolism. This, of course, results in scurvy, and the orange juice machine, the orange trees and the vitamin synthesizer were all on the *Pinta*. Soon, the only way out is to eat the -- ugh, ptui! -- local vegetation. Which, oddly enough, contains a variety of hallucinogens, but also a counter for the scurvy-bug.



Given the choice, would you rather die of scurvy or blow your mind?

say, the colonists are soon in worse shape than Dennis.

Needless to

The series of scenes in which a rather attractive group of people "take the trip" are interesting, lucid, and employ imagery selectively lifted from the Larousse Encyclopedia of Mythology, which is duly cited by Brunner. This judicious theft greatly enhances the image-value, and lends beauty and authority to what would otherwise be a string of garbled nightmares. Brunner takes the trouble to tie them in, as well, so that they are relevant to the story.

There are a few arbitrary plot twists, such as the administrative staff winding up as guinea pigs for eating the local vegetables, but they are banked so smoothly that it is hard to complain. Brunner has also done his scientific homework, so that his science is free from rubs and botches. I question whether the body can recognize foods it needs without having previously eaten them, but maybe taste, smell and instinct would do it.

Jeff Jones has a quietly beautiful and quite distinctive cover, done in soft colors with white lettering. A new touch, Ace has embossed the letters, lending a touch of opulence to the cover stock.

-- Alexis Gilliland

I don't know about John Brunner. He starts out with a nice, peaceful, ordinary, run-of-the-mill planetary colonization story, well written and eminently believable, mind you, but not unique. Then he takes a trip, and this common type of story becomes very uncommon, indeed.

The problem of colonization, interplanetary style, is not the high-adventure, dangerous creature-type of thing beloved of space opera and American International science fiction movies. Nor is it such as the Purple Polka-dotted Plague, that kills everything in fifteen minutes flat and can only be cured by smoking cigarettes. The problem is much more basic, as John Brunner points out. What is the colonist going to eat? Sure, he can take his own seeds; but in space, as on our own world, the crops will require trace elements, which may be lacking in the soil. The presence or absence of certain materials may result in a lack of certain substances which our bodies may require; or they may concentrate, to a toxic level, unsuspected compounds. (See Campbell's The Moon Is Hell and case histories of vitamin A intoxication.)

John Brunner accelerates the necessity of solving this problem by permitting a native bacterium to utilize ascorbic acid in the human system, thus producing a deficiency, scurvy. The solution arrived at, however, is totally unsuspected, and possibly even valid.

This is a thoroughly enjoyable story, and worth the price.

-- Dave Halterman

Tramontane, by Emil Petaja and
The Wrecks of Time, by Michael Moorcock (Ace Double H-36; 60¢; 115 and 131 pp., resp.).

Oh meet me in Pohyola, Louhi
Meet me at the fen;
Don't tell me that there's Evil brewing
Any time but then.
We will summon up the demons
And engage in wicked schemons.
Ohho meet me in Pohyola, Louhi
Meet me at the fen!

Once again Starwitch Louhi has drawn a bead on the detestable Vanhat. Her starflung demon agents have turned up the reborn Kullervo Kasi, the Finmark cross between Joe Btspflk and the Incredible Hulk, and Louhi thinks he's cute. So -- she takes him on, indoctrinates him with historical propoganda, teaches him lethal spells of various sorts, and when she tires of him as a lover, sends him on his way.

"Find the Vanhat, boy," she says, "and stomp them. They done you dirt when you were your ancestor, and don't never forget it. Arrivederci, boy."

So Kullervo, the anti-personality kid, goes to mythical Terra to seek the legendery and totally-forgotten-except-by-elephant-memory-Louhi Vanhat.

Petaja has sketched a rather terrifying picture of the population explosion remaining unchecked forever. His vision is entrancing, but fanciful, and while it is fantasy, the vision of Terra abandoned after being paved over is a powerful one. Still, a few tribes remain here and there, isolated and pitiful remnants of the Star-Proud Ussi, and Kullervo goes from one to another seeking the Vanhat.

Eventually he finds them, and what happens then. is very well done, indeed.

A word about the background. As this series developed, it looked for a time like Louhi would attempt to annihilate life on Terra, and I had expected her to wipe out the Ussi (Ussi: Vanhat: Barbarian: Greek) so that the Vanhat might inherit the earth. Petaja's logic was such that this never happened, and in Tramontane Louhi admires the Ussi for being as shortsightedly greedy as she is. Since the Ussi mastery of machines makes them formidable adversaries, she leaves them alone. In an odd way, the Ussi and Louhi are quite similar. Louhi, exiled forever on Pohyola, is omnipresent by virtue of her magic. The Ussi, by virtue of their science, are omnipresent exiles from Terra. Louhi is, for all her ages of experience, stupidly greedy, a slave to her appetite. The Ussi, for all their history, are enslaved by their ever-expanding population -- the result of appetites unchecked. The Vanhat seek to avoid both, and for approximately the same reason.

The cover is first-rate Gaughan, although Kullervo's blue socks aren't shown. Also a spot.

In The Wrecks of Time Jack has two spots, perhaps to make up for his experimental cover that doesn't come off.

Moorcock has a fine, rousing story here, with worlds collapsing, machines to counter the collapse, hyper-spatial tubes, laser rifles and all the rest. A good time is had by all for the first half of the book, and then things start to slow down for explanations. The second half isn't bad, by any means, merely a bit of a let-down from the glorious first.

There are several interesting characters. Dr. Faustaff, who is the audaciously-named combination of Faust and Falstaff, has, with such noble antecedents, a definite vitality. And, when one character in a story comes alive, he animates some of the others. Orelli, the corrupt cardinal from Earth 4, and the gentle, quixotic Ogg, British adventurer from Earth 3, are cases in point. Even Steiffloems, who turns out to be not exactly human, comes across well.

TwoT is a romp that doesn't take itself too seriously, complete with Benevolent Others, Secret Organizations, Fantastic Machinery and, fortunately, a lucid and coherent plot to offset the brilliant if chaotic backgrounds.

There is a lot of good action, several excellent characters (Dr. Faustaff is fine) and some superficially adequate philosophy. The result is not great science fiction, but it is good reading.

The double is well worth your trouble.

-- Alexis Gilliland

10
Movie Reviews: The King of Hearts and How I Won the War.

Not science fiction at all, but a pair of anti-war movies, one very good (TKoH) and one very bad (HIWtW).

The former makes the point that war is insane by contrasting the antics of soldiers with the antics of lunatics. Since it is a French anti-war movie, with German soldiers, English soldiers, and French lunatics, the lunatics come off very well. The movie is funny, entertaining, and, at times, touching. It is also a pleasure to watch.

How I Won the War is a dull, stupid picture which denies the existence of war's very real and terrible glory in an effort to say that war is dull and stupid. The medium has been confused with the message, and the audience is evidently supposed to transfer their hate feelings from the movie to its subject.

The script is a farrago of cliches. The acting is bad. The direction is terrible. The musical score is maudlin. The photography is uneven.

Even pacifists and peaceniks won't like it.

-- Alexis Gilliland

We Claim These Stars, by Poul Anderson (Ace Book G-697; 50¢; copyright 1959; 120 pp.).

Starring science fiction's answer to James Bond, the inimitable, the one and only F*L*A*N*D*R*Y of TERRA. Swashbuckling, suave, debonair, and the only agent among the Empire's multitudes able to appreciate the brilliance of the evial Aycharaych, he is also incredibly handsome.

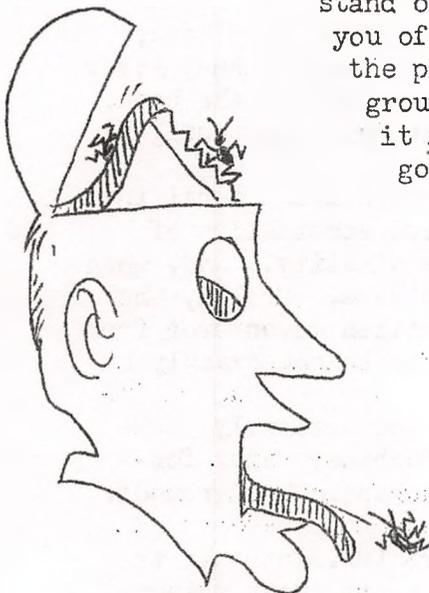
Flandry is a bit much, but the evial Ay is very nicely turned out, and their mutual admiration society provides a kind of...not comic, perhaps wryly ironic would be better...relief from the admirably fast-paced action.

The claim is that Flandry is a prototypical Frenchman. Superficially, perhaps, but he does a lot of brooding over the Long Night about to descend on the Empire (in 150 or -100 years), in terms which suggest there is a streak of the Norse in him. A Frenchman would never bother.

However, this fugitive half of an Ace Double is quite able to stand on its own, and don't let a little carping at Flandry put you off. The action, as I have already said, is admirable, and the plotting is tight and logical. Even the planetary background is carefully worked out. I didn't bother to check, but it feels right. Another plus is the wolf men of Ardazir...a good race of baddies, if you like baddies.

This is first-class space operetta. Smoothly written and all, but a bit fluffy. Kelly Freas has a lovely cover of Flandry and the Evial Ay glaring at each other.

-- Alexis Gilliland



AF
'68

In Brief --

The July 11, 1968 edition of the WASHINGTON STAR reported that author Vardis Fisher, best known to science fiction fans for his "Testament of Man" series (Intimations of Eve, The Divine Passion, The Golden Rooms, etc.) died in Idaho at the age of 73. Outside science fiction, he was best known for his book on the history of the Mormon Church, Children of God. His most recent book (published in May, 1968) was Gold Rushes and Mining Camps of the Early American West.

-- DLM

A Torrent of Faces, by James Blish & Norman L. Knight (Doubleday & Co., NY, 1967).

AToF is a novel (perhaps moulage of novelettes would be more appropriate) concerning the earth of 800 years hence, when the population has reached 1,000,000,000,000, (or one trillion, for American fans). We shall not argue the logic of this assumption that 10^{14} pounds of humanity can be supported by the resources of a globe that only manages about 10^{25} .

Actually, this could have been a good book, perhaps even a Hugo contender, had the authors only chosen to confine themselves to three or four subplots, instead of about twenty. Either that, or, perhaps, expansion into a Duna-sized book. As it is now, the story reads like van Vogt at his worst. (Well, almost....)

I fully realize the difficulties of bleshing novelettes originally written for two different magazines with two different editorial policies (especially GALAXY and ANALOG). I do, however, expect that twenty years' work should result in something more than shotdun ideation. By this, I mean the throwing out, seemingly at random, of such major ideas as, well, the population itself, controlled mutation and the amphibious Tritons, human-Triton hybrids and their strange abilities (doubtless thrown in to satisfy Pst Campbell), great hive cities, floating resorts with a population of millions, intercontinental rockets, and on, and ON, AND ON....

I like Ike. I have always liked Isaac Asimov. I will continue to like him in spite of the fact that he signed the wrong petition. So much for the politics; on with Asimov's Mysteries (Doubleday & Co., NY, 1968).

Here we have an anthology of short stories. I have always felt that a good science fiction short story was a contradiction in terms. Fortunately, there are a few writers who manage to make a liar of me. Here we have twelve good short stories and a thing. The thing I refer to is "A Loint of Paw". You have been warned.

Three of the stories concern the well-known extraterrestrial expert, Wendell Urth, one of the most fascinating imaginative fiction detectives since Solar Pons and Schlock Homes. Also included in the book are "Marooned off Vesta", which was Ike's first published story, and its sequel "Anniversary", as well as the semi-classic "Pate de Foie Gras" and "I'm in Marsport Without Hilda".

Isaac makes the point that many people have said it wasn't possible to write a science-fiction detective story, since it is altogether too possible to throw in some kind of anticrime gadget at the last minute. The stories of John Carstairs, Space Detective are a case in point. It is possible, however, as Mr. Asimov has demonstrated in almost all of his stories, including the Foundation series, with its various related novels, and most of the robot stories. I quote: "The fictional detective can make use only of facts known to the reader in the present or of 'facts' of the fictional future, which will be carefully explained beforehand." This, I think, is a rule that should be followed by all mystery writers, and by some stf writers who aren't writing mysteries. It bugs me greatly to have an author bring a gadget out of nowhere to solve a hangup in his plotting.

Cryptozoic, by Brian Aldiss (Doubleday & Co., NY, 1967) is quite possibly the first psychedelic time-travel story, so far. By means of a drug, and with the aid of some fancy mental training apparently derived from yoga, our beloved hero finds himself, at the start of the book, in the age of dinosaurs. "In" is a poor word, actually, since he's not really there, only he is. It is time ~~travel~~ travel by astral projection, only it isn't. It is/isn't psionics. It....

Still with me? Let's try again.

Our friendly astronaut and his compatriots are enabled, by means of the afore-said commodities, to travel, body and soul, to the past. They are not, however, directly in contact with the pastworld, per se. It is as if they were in a parallel continuum, able to see, but not, apparently, to be seen, and unable to interact with what they see. Air can also pass the "barrier", so they don't have to take air with them. Sounds like a good way to avoid paradox, really, except that it isn't. Due to a rather unique twist to the story, however, the author avoids all possibility of paradox within the described world. I will avoid spoiling the story, however, by describing the twist; but will venture a guess that this self-same new idea will be seen again, and again, and again....

The dirty old fen in the audience will be overjoyed to find that Brian has utilized s*x in his story, justifiably, of course, to develop character and plot. One might venture to say that the hero introduces himself to the heroine in a wholly new fashion, at least for science fiction in general.

In my opinion, this story, because of its unusual approach to time, may well be one of the more important books this year. With the possible exception of what I believe to be an overly-prolonged anticlimax, the story is well plotted, well written, and well told. It may end up a Hugo nominee.

Read it.

-- David A. Halterman

"SNIPERSCOPE" -- A STATEMENT OF POLICY

As may be gathered, this column is intended to be a series of reviews of the books offered by the Doubleday Science Fiction Book Club. It will continue as long as I am in the WSFA area, and as long as outside parties continue to supply me with Doubleday Science Fiction Book Club Books. (For obvious reasons, particularly money, I can't buy them.) The non-purchase of same has certain advantages to me as a reviewer, however, as I am not going to be influenced by either self-pity or self-justification in making my opinion known. Nor, since I am not receiving courtesy copies, will I be influenced by gratitude. Don't be surprised, therefore, if I occasionally take a few potshots at handy targets.

Also, for what I deem to be sufficient reasons, this column will give somewhat more consideration to original novels than to collections and reruns. Which may lead to the question of why I have not reviewed John Brunner's Quicksand (Doubleday & Co., NY, 1967). The reasons are three: (1) I read it some months ago, when it came out in the library, and do not intend to reread it for this column. (2) I do not believe that it is really science fiction, any more than Sturgeon's Some of Your Blood was. (3) I didn't like the dam' thing.

-- David A Halterman

A MATTER OF DEFINITION

There seems to be a bit of confusion among the various styles of hippie, since some work and some do not just as some use and sell drugs and others do not. The working hippie has claim to the title of digger, but there is no corresponding designation for those engaged in dope-peddling.

In the Lensman stories, Edward E. Smith, Ph.D., pitted the forces of civilization against the evil might of Boskonian, and one of the most effective arms Boskonian had were the men and women who attacked the existing order by trafficking in a variety of narcotic and mind-bending drugs.

Smith called them zwilniks. I suggest that the name is both useful and apt.

-- Alexis Gilliland

DOLL'S HOUSE: Fanzine Reviews
by Doll Gilliland

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, Volume 2 (Leland Sapiro, Box 40, University Station, Regina, Sask., Canada. 50¢; 4/\$1.50). Am inclined to consider this more of a literary journal (a "little magazine", if you will), with SF its principal preoccupation, than a fanzine per se. The articles are done in the best literati tradition, the topics are more characteristic of a literary discussion than an SF one, and its approach is earnest and erudite...ofttimes pedantic.

No. 1 (Jan. '66). An intriguing 29-page offering of Chapters and Notes toward a story by Arthur Cox accompanied by Charles Schneeman's pastiches and sketches for same (plus a page devoted to how C.S. went about doing the cover) proved an impressive introduction to RQ. Alexei Panshin has done a series of articles on Heinlein's writing and writings, and except for one installment (I believe I mentioned it in an earlier review of the British 'zine SPECULATION), they are appearing serially in RQ. This issue has Part II, discussing Heinlein's "Third Period" -- from Starship Trooper thru Farnham's Freehold (Arthur ATOM Thomson's artidbits scattered within), followed by a bibliography of same. Part 2 of a critique on T.H. White's The Once and Future King by Barbara Floyd deals with "The Queen of Air and Darkness" -- Arthur approaches manhood, is seduced by his sister (no, he wasn't aware she was his sister, but then he wasn't really "aware" of much of anything at this particular time of his life), and thus is planted "the seed for the whole organism of Arthur's tragedy". Jim Harmon reviews the 15th anniversary issue of GALAXY and Judith Merrill's 9th Annual Edition: The Year's Best SF. Good poetic statements by Dale Hart and Joyce Pollard. The editorial (Part II on "The Evil of Banality") discusses the literary merit of most con reports. ('Nuff said.) Interesting LoC column -- must commend Leland Sapiro; his judicious editing of Pickering's missive makes it comparatively comprehensible. One of P's principal writing faults is that it is far more loose than lucid. An interesting issue.

#2 (June '66). Opens with Part I of "The Mystic Renaissance -- A Survey of F. Orlin Tremaine's 'Astounding Stories'" by Leland Sapiro. Well constructed, including apt examples and quotations, all duly footnoted. The last line of this installment sums it up thusly: "The scientific viewpoint, we can say, favours physical discreteness and conceptual unification; the mystical viewpoint, universal mergence and conceptual vacuity." Panshin continues his Heinlein discussion, here tackling H's story structure, content, people, and problems. "Kwa Wenderling" is a curious phantasy by Patricia Ann Morris. (Wonder if she has tried MCCALL'S?) The illos by Ann Germann were even more curious -- I didn't like them; however of the story is looked upon as a psychedelic experience, I can see where they might be quite apropos. Part III of Barbara Floyd's critique of The Once and Future King makes it all the more apparent that this is not a critique but an extended synopsis...if not a synopsis, then her scenario based on White's novel. Sapiro does a comparative review of Christopher Cerf's The Vintage Anthology of SF and Judy Merrill's 10th Annual Edition, etc. His fanzine reviews are quite good. (His description of LIGHTHOUSE featuring "personal essays in the Charles Lamb-James Thurber tradition" is exactly what I would have said had I thought of it. Sigh!) The LoC column is interesting, and the poetry -- this time by Bertil Martensson and Pádraig O'Broin -- is exceptionally good. Were I more familiar with the material, more interested in the topics, and less preoccupied in general, I would probably become quite immersed (and that word is carefully chosen; total and complete concentration is the byword) in RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY. As it is, I find the going somewhat ponderous...no reflection on the editor or contributors...I just don't have the time to devote; it's just slowing me down in my mad race to read and comment upon the multiple 'zines which that mad accumulator Don Miller has amassed.

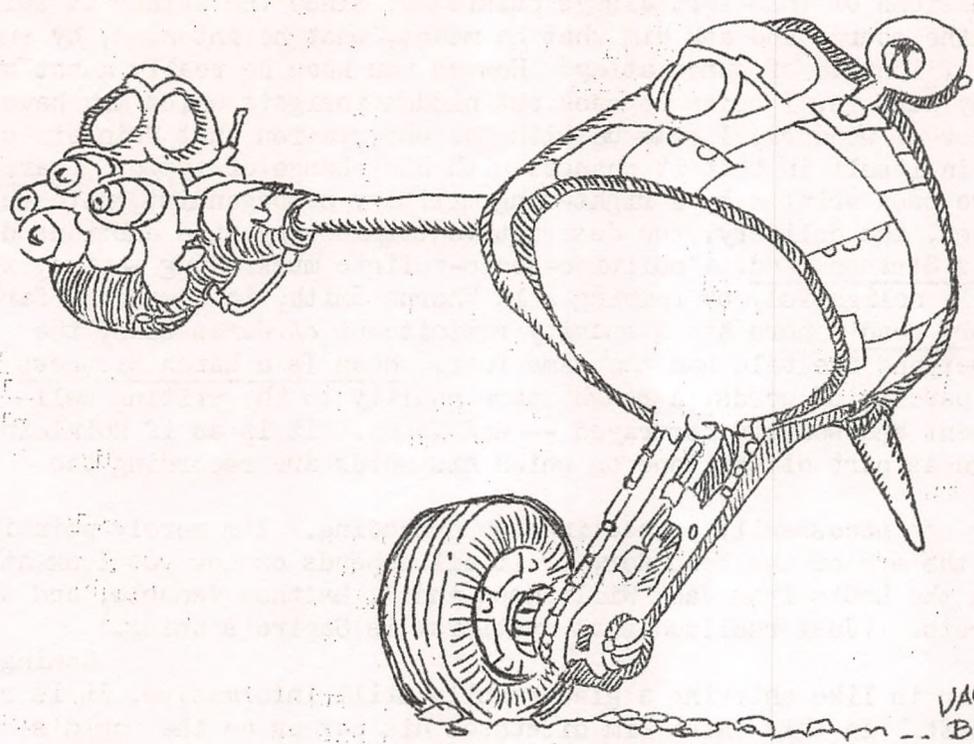
#3 (Nov. '66). On the first page is a quote from Tom o'Bedlam: "Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from the lenders' books, and defy the

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foul fiend.", followed by comments on the Stardust Motor Hotel (of the Handlery chain) in San Diego, '66 WESTERCON site. (They upped the price of a room \$5 each day, because the guests weren't patronizing the girls.) Glancing thru Part II of "Mystic Renaissance" (I like Schneeman's sketches), I chanced across the crucial question, ". . . What mystical stories in Tremaine's magazine exhibited literary merit, and how was such merit determined by the author's mysticism?" (I keep feeling he has to be kidding, but if he is, he's gone to an awful lot of trouble. Nope, I fear he is serious, even as innumerable Burroughs fans, albeit on a loftier plane, on a loftier topic. There is no denegrating the research and the thinking he has done, and his source material is remarkably broad in scope.) "the other way" is an interestingly conceived but not especially well executed fantasy by R. Bretnor. (Feels like women's SF. Curious, RQ is the first publication where I have read such. Wonder if it's marketable in any of the women's magazines.) Janet Fox does a far superior job on "Just for Kicks" -- which I should think she'd have no trouble selling to any mag. "Tranquility", a fable by Julian Brown, is delightful, as is his poem "What is this Thing Called Size?" "York Engravings" by Sanford Sternlicht is something else again, but so is his subject matter -- of this world, but almost otherworldly in tone. Robert Milch does a thoroughly adequate job on "SF in Russia Today". Reveled through Jim Harmon's column on old underground movies (the Hollywood space and monster films). Harmon's writing comes thru in RQ like a sun dog, if you know what I mean. Miss Floyd concludes The O&FK. Heinlein's writing style, his handling of sex and the sexes, and his plotting get a thorough going-over by Panshin. LoC column includes two long letters from Harry Warner. The editorial on "legalized theft" continues a discussion of non- or low-payment policy for story reprints in AMAZING STORIES and FANTASTIC. (Actually, I don't know why Leland is limiting it to them. According to something I saw in the SATURDAY REVIEW, \$50 seems to be the going rate for reprints in anthologies in several fields.) Am surprised he doesn't also go into the matter of art thefts; or perhaps, he already has in a previous issue.

#4 (March '67). Surprised and intrigued by the books and ideas presented by W.H.G. Armytage in the first installment of "Superman and the System". Starting with Nietzsche (whence cometh the superman?), whose ideas he presents with remarkable clarity, Armytage proceeds through what sounds like really fascinating StF of technological utopias which subsequently emanated from Germany -- Kurd Lasswitz who from 1878 to 1909 did a number of stories of the future, including one which visualizes elevated cities with farms beneath and gardens above (city planners, take note!); Michael George Conrad; Martin Atlas (In De Befreiung, 1910, eugenics and birth control, together with availability of new inventions, wipe out sexual and social inequalities. Even racial differences are removed by blanching Negroes and Asiatics); Paul Scheerbart, Bernard Kellerman, Walter Rathenau, up through the '20's to Alfred Doblin's Giganten (1932), "the only German example of 'kinetic utopia'" -- the "system" of the article's title. On to Wells, discussing The Time Machine (1895), Island of Dr. Moreau, The First Men in the Moon (1901 -- virtually the first interplanetary SF), and In the Days of the Comet. Armytage artfully conveys the quasi-religious appeal of Wells by quoting from Shaw's Pygmalion, and then goes on to discuss Wells as a philosopher in relation to the System. Extremely well done, the article is followed by some fine poetry by Pádraig O'Broin, including his translation of a 12th-century Gaelic poem, which is printed for comparative purposes beside Gerard Murphy's translation of the same work.

I had heard or read reports on several incidents cited by Dr. Raymond T. Birge in his 1961 talk on "Parapsychology -- Fact or Fraud?" -- the abridged text of which is presented here in RQ -- however, I was not aware of the actual denouements, hence found this article enlightening. Dr. Birge divides parapsychology into eight main segments: Mediums; Ghosts, Poltergeists, etc.; Hallucinations and Apparitions; Divinations; Psychokinesis; Psychic Ability in Animals; Spontaneous Cases; and Telepathy and Clairvoyance. Then comes the hooker: "I will try now for lack of time to dispose of most of the eight fields with a few sentences each . . ." and, unfortunately, he proceeds to do so. For instance, he covers the third topic thus: "This is a legiti-



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mate subject for study in psychology, but I suspect that no one any longer believes that such reported visions have any prophetic or mystic import, as they were once supposed to have." In the next paragraph: "Divination covers also the ability to discover hidden sources of water, by so-called dowzers, in which Dr. Rhine appears to believe. This is a large subject, but with no valid scientific evidence to support it." Well, if parapsychology is an advanced form of psychology, Dr. Birge may have a good point in questioning Dr. Rhine's credentials, since the latter's PhD. is in Botany...but by the same token Dr. Birge comes to us as former chairman of the Physics Dept. at Berkeley. Nonetheless, the article is interesting, entertaining, and informative, although hardly unbiased. More fine poetry from several contributors -- Tom Disch, John Sladek (I do like his "Four Cows"), Samuel Delany (an artist in verbal painting discussing his work tools), Bernard Perlman, and James Castle. On to the last installment of Sapiro's "The Mystic Renaissance -- A Survey of F. Orlin Tremaine's 'Astounding Stories'". Here the writer differentiates between mysticism ("unity with some cosmic purpose, which assumes the form of a World-Mind or Universal Intelligence") and mechanical psychology ("any theory of mind which presupposes a one-one correspondence between a pattern of behavior and a specific part of the human brain"). Citing examples of the latter, he then cites the authors as being mystical writers. The connection? Mechanical psychology deliberately eliminates purpose, whereas mysticism achieves the same result unintentionally -- fate, as it were. Sapiro goes on to say, "Of course, the mechanical psychology need not be stated explicitly: the author simply can assume a relationship . . ." Still with me? Good, 'cause here comes "psi" -- which is mystical justified by older concepts "in the sense of the One"; by modern concepts, "in the sense of being incomprehensible". (This review seems well on the way to being mystical.) Actually, I think Leland had a remarkable study here, but I still don't know whether it's worth the effort.

Alexei Panshin does perhaps his best work in Part V, which concludes his "Heinlein in Dimension" series. He defines and discusses Heinlein themes -- liberty and libertarianism, and the unreality of the world. Perhaps he should have used the term "impermanence," but this would not have fit as neatly into Panshin's particular

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conception of the Heinlein Individual and Heinlein himself as an "emotional solipsist". I wonder if Panshin, in viewing Heinlein's work, might not be guilty of solipsism himself. Actually, discussions of this sort always puzzle me; since the author is still living, why not go to the source and ask him what he meant, what he intended, by such-and-so or this-and-that, instead of speculating? How do you know he really meant anything? Just to keep my hand in, I began to seek out hidden insights which may have been overlooked. Wonder of wonders, I came up with the observation that Heinlein's writing is remarkable in itself in that it changes with his change of theme. Starship Trooper might well have been written by a right-wing military propagandist (note the language, the expression, the delivery, the descriptive terminology, the emotions depicted). Stranger in a Strange Land, a politico-socio-religio muckraking satire, is made palatable, actually delightful, by romping a la Thorne Smith, in a madcap, farcical spoof of sex. Glory Road's hero had a suavety reminiscent of James Bond, the heroine, Modesty Blaise; and the tale had the same feel. Moon Is a Harsh Mistress is characterized by a paucity of words, a rough spare quality to the writing well-suited to the environment and society portrayed -- and so on. It is as if Heinlein is utilizing word-usage as part of the tape on which his words are recording the image.

Understand, I am not necessarily advocating the preceding. I'm merely pointing out that beauty is in the eye of the beholder, or it all depends on how you look at it, as is evidenced in the LoC's from Jack Williamson and J. Matthew Venable, and the editor's comments thereto. (Just realized that mysticism is Sapiro's thing.)

Coming upon Jim Harmon's column is like entering a glade; while still informative, it is refreshingly light and deft. In this issue Jim discusses his career as the world's first professional Old Time Radio Fan. The LoC column, of necessity, adds new dimensions and fresh insights into the subjects under discussion; since RQ articles are so authoritarian in tone, they leave little room for banter, light thinking, or idle controversy. The dramatic front cover of #4 is the work of Morris Dollens (who is new to me). Among the interior illustrations, I find myself a bit charmed by Mike Higgs' whimsy.

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY's literary quality (at least in the traditional sense) certainly merits commendation. All in all, it is a fine scholarly journal designed for serious reading, and I recommend it to anyone who likes that kind of thing...just so he doesn't accept the material contained therein as gospel.

((Note that Volume 2, #1 was issue #5; reviews by Doll of Volume 3, #'s 1 and 2 will appear in TWJ #59. --ed.))

SANCTUM, Vol. 3, #1 (Feb. '68) (Ozymandian Press pub., Steve Johnson, 1018 N. 31st St., Corvallis, Oregon, 97330. Trade, LoC, contrib. of art, article, verse, or fiction, 2/25¢.). Psychedelic spirit cover by Jeff Gelb. Assorted minor illos by Dick Flinchbaugh, etc. John Wooley reviews the film Monster from the Surf -- on the plus side he offers the "surfing score", Jon Hall (who resembles Lon Chaney, Jr., according to John), and the bikini-clad girls; feels it's on a par with I Was a Teenage Werewolf. Steve Perrin comments on Gordon Dickson's Soldier Ask Not (Dell) and his Splinter Culture, while John Myers' Silverlock (Ace) rates praise from Steve Johnson, who also does the fanzine reviews. The Beatles' "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" is Gary Brown's subject, and Earl Mangy has a go at "Freak Out!" by the Mothers of Invention, with kinder thoughts for "Chet Atkins Picks on the Beatles". The ed's fan take-off on the 23rd Psalm is good, but I found it in questionable taste. Winning personality, SANCTUM feels as tho it is still in the shake-down process, but may shape up well.

AMPIPHOXI, Vol. 2 #1 (June '67) (Billy H. Pettit, Control Data Holland NV, Stadhouderslaan 114, The Hague, Netherlands. Trade, LoC, contrib.). A fanzine devoted to fanzines. Ed. welcomes any material pertaining to 'zines and 'zine collecting. He is

laboring on a reference work, noting that the Pavlat-Evans index is 15 years out-of-date (among other complaints), and estimating that more fanzines have been pubbed in seven years than in the previous 30. Breaks his notes into five sections: title of fanzine, author biblio, publishing house index, apa lists and indices, and the final part includes price list, yearly lists, prozine reviews, and fanzine review fanzines. Notes available sources of info, including Moskowitz's Immortal Storm. This 'zine is a continuation of Billy's indexing efforts. A list of fanzines is wanted. Issue also contains a discussion of the first "fanzines" and checklist of 1930 pubs.

EN GARDE #2 (Richard Schultz, 19159 Helen St., Detroit, Mich., 48234. Contribs about the entertainment field, "Avengers"-slanted material of any kind, art, 50¢, 2/\$1.25.). Photocovers with pictures courtesy of ABC-TV. This is a Diana Riggs-The Avengers-Patrick McNee fanzine (originally appearing as THE RIGGER DIGGER). In a rambling 21-page editorial, Dick discusses a cartoon show called "Rocket Robin Hood", Emma Peel's self-defense techniques, her appeal, her departure from the show, bumper stickers, other TV and film appearances by McNee. Deplores the slow disintegration of ST as it bids for a larger audience. "The ability to think while enjoying yourself is rapidly being trained and bred out of the American audience." Urges a Save the Avengers campaign. Two articles are reprinted from TV GUIDE, followed by miscellany-articles, other reprints, oddities, and con news. LoC's. 51 pp.

#3. Photocovers (Bacover from one episode not shown in U.S., described within). Mimeo repro improved. Briefer more constructive editorial touches on addresses at which stars can be contacted, connews, Emma Peel buttons, Star Trek clubs and fanzines. From Warner Bros. come profiles of Diana Riggs and Patrick McNee. Gary Crowds (assoc. editor) contributes a critique of the series -- concept, plots, stars, cinematography, editing -- the works. A listing of the shows and cast for the past 2½ seasons. A special section to honor alumna Honor Blackman, Diana Riggs' predecessor -- photos, reprinted articles, press book releases, etc. Rob Firebaugh reviews the episode "You Have Just Been Murdered". News and Notes has items on TV schedule changes, new films, etc. 54 pp.

HECK MECK #16 (Dec. '67), English Edition (Manfred Kage, Schaesberg/Limburg, Achter de Winkel 41, Netherlands). Heicon '67 report by Manfred. Fanzine reviews; LoC's, including one from Per Insulander (Sweden) detailing the Scandinavian fan scene. Mario Kwait, who illos and cartoons for HM, contributes a review of the film Vampire Killer directed by Roman Polanski. 18 pp.

GORE CREATURES, Vol. 3, No. 1 (May '67) (Gary Svehla, 5906 Kavan Ave., Baltimore, Md., 21206. 25¢, trade, contribs by arrangement). Digest-size, 77 pp., a horror 'zine. I fear I am not particularly moved; the legibility is very poor, as is a lot of the writing.. (The ed. tries too hard; since his remarks lack maturity, the less said by him, the better.) Gary spent a lot of time and effort on his retelling of the Hammer Production Horror of Dracula, and after reading the results, I don't know whether it was worth it. A pair of scoops -- publicity reviews of the upcoming Hammer Production The Mummy's Shroud and Amicus Production They Came from Beyond Space. Specific art credits are not listed, just artists; believe that Chuck Rogers dreamed up the captivating little horrors. Dave Ludwig's artwork is impressive, but he is departing the 'zine, and the artists that have been added are not of the same ilk. Brian Pugh, who did the fine cover illo, furnishes the latest info on horror happenings in England, while Michel Feron does the same for Spain, Italy, France and Belgium. The column by Robert Hancock is somewhat interesting and entertaining, if the reader skips the preface about the column's name. Fanzine reviews. (Great galloping ghosts, Don, have you perchance a copy of Fred Clarke's GARDEN GHOULS GAZETTE? What a name!) "Death's Night Hands" is a fearsome faanish fantasy bit by the editor, written in REAL ROMANCES prose. LoC's. Recommend you use your own judgment.

EARLY BIRD #4 (Dec. '67) (Michel Feron, 7 Grand-Place, Hannut, Belgium. 12/\$1, trade, art. He also pubs GOOD GRIEF, a CAPA-alpha comiczine.) Multicolor ditto. Devoted to French pro- and fandom (including French-speaking parts of Belgium and Switzerland). Plugs other international 'zines in English, i.e. ARGENTINE SF REVIEW (book and fanzine reviews mostly: Hector Paul Pessina, Casilla de Correo 3869, Buenos Aires, Argentina); FILM FORUM (serious study of horror movies: Roar Ringdahl, boks 495, Drammen, Norway); HECK MECK (Mario Kwait & Manfred Kage); INTERACTION (news from Scandinavian fandom: Leif Anderson, Dag Hammerskjölde Väg 4D:206, Lund, Sweden); and SOL (Tom Schlück). Principle article is Part I of a "Traveller's Guide Book to Belgian Fandom", tracing it from Antwerp's Club Alpha and its newszine CONTACT in the 50's thru the 2nd Annual Banquet (Oct. '67) of the AELP (Association Européenne des Littératures Parallèles) and the founding of the Cosmorama Club in Liege in Nov. '67. (Next ish will feature fandom today and a listing of all Belgian fanzines.) Book and club news.

TANSTAAFL (John Godwin (& Gary Grady), 2426 Belvedere Drive, Wilmington, N.C., 28401. LoC's, contribs, art, 20¢, 12/\$2. Ha, entire printing - \$20!).

#1 (Feb. '68). Grady is a delight on TV SF. Godwin's book column is one of comments, hardly reviews, and the satirical review by Bryan Jones of Flowers for Algernon doesn't come off. Entertaining artwork by Godwin, Lee Howe, and Bill Daniels. Digest-size, 17 pp.

#2 (Mar. '68): (Gary Grady's address: 222 Forest Drive, Wilmington, N.C., 28401.) Gary, I think your observation in the previous issue that YANDRO is north in French in Pig Latin backwards is fascinating. Bryan Jones satirizes Star Trek -- aggh! Gary's brief dissertation on the French language is charming. John's book reviews are beginning to resemble such. Nice artwork by John, REG, and Gary. LoC's include a winner from that fine fellow Roy Tackett. John writes of upcoming TV SF and incoming fanzines, and requests info about BAYCON and the Hugo voting, etc. (We, too!.) Digest-size, 31 pp.

This is a pint-sized 'zine...it has typos and misspellings...and a randomish format...but it's warm, waggish, and looks like a comer. (Personal message to John and Gary: I note that you're asking Don about a trade agreement; I don't know what his policy is, but this will at least bring it to his attention. Of course, I understand he's some 2-3 years behind in his correspondence because of his heavy pubbing schedule.)

DYNATRON #35 (Feb. '68) (FAPA. Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd. N.W., Albuquerque, N.M., 87107. Trade, contribs of light essays, reviews, articles, 25¢, etc.) Hey, how 'bout that? Cover is by Chrystal Tackett and the poetry by Diana Tackett. Among other topics, Roytac does a thorough critique of Dangerous Visions, ed. Harlan Ellison -- the forewards, the introduction, the fore- and afterwards to the stories, and, of course, the stories themselves; his words on Laumer's "Test to Destruction" come on like an Andy Griffith nightclub routine -- great stuff -- which is not to discredit such splendidly terse statements as "Mr. Ellison says that Norman Spinrad's 'Carinoma Angels' is a funny story about cancer. And it is. Very funny. Good." Don Franson continues his WESTERCCN report (to be continued). LoC's -- including a solid commentary by Bob Vardeman on The Harrad Experiment -- and FAPA mailing comments. Delightful relaxed 21 pages.

HAVERINGS #32 (Feb./Mar. '68) (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, U.K. U.S. Agent: Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, Cal., 94701. 6/\$1.) Ethel's style seems to have altered slightly (at least compared with the few issues I've seen); it's chattier, more personal, and I like it. Fanzine reviewzine -- and she gets them from all over -- U.S., U.K., Australia, Germany, Spain, Belgium, the Netherlands (HOLLAND-SF No. 1, Leo Kindt, Heiloostraat 206's, Gravenhage, Nederland. In Dutch, with an enclosure which gives a summary in English. Ed. is receptive to letters in Dutch, English, German, and French), and Canada. 12 pp.

FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK: Lettercol

Albert Gechter, 1316 N. Francis Ave., Apt. 6, Oklahoma City, Okla., 73106 (26/5/68)

Ted White's column "On the Run" ((in TWJ #56 --ed.)) was quite good, as far as it went, but it left out some things that were important and ought to have been included, and included some incorrect statements that should have been changed or left out. In the first place, Len Deighton has written seven books, not four. Ted has missed or overlooked Horse Under Water, which was actually Deighton's second espionage novel, following The Ipress File and preceding Funeral in Berlin. The others he has overlooked were a cartoon cookbook by Deighton based on a British newspaper comic-strip about recipes, written and drawn by Deighton, and A Visitor's Guide to Swinging London, which recently resulted in Deighton's being hired to write a world-travel column for PLAYBOY.

In addition, if Ted would reread or skim through the Deighton novels he has on hand, he would probably be surprised to discover that the secret agent who is the protagonist and narrator is not once named for us by himself or by anyone else. He's absolutely nameless and totally anonymous. There is one place in the book The Ipress File where a foreign agent addresses him as "Harry". He pauses in surprise to be called that and says it took a while to realize who was meant; he then remembered he had briefly used the name "Harry" many years earlier as an alias, during the course of a previous assignment, and had long since forgotten about it, because his name was not Harry or anything like it; presumably the foreign stranger had encountered him at some time during that assignment. But nowhere in the entire series of books is he ever called "Palmer". In interviews with many reporters, published in many magazines, producer Harry Saltzman and actor Michael Caine have repeatedly stated that the name "Harry Palmer" was invented especially for the movie version of The Ipress File, because "the character had no name at all in the book, and we had to call him something, didn't we?"

This technique of keeping the storytelling main character nameless probably was suggested to Deighton by Hammett's "private eye" series about the Continental Op, as Ted infers. At any rate, you may expect to hear more from me about Len Deighton in the future; I've been planning some columns about him for a long while; I just haven't found the leisure yet in which to do them.

George Fergus, 3731 N. St. Louis Ave., Chicago, Ill., 60618 (1 Jun 68)

Ted White's mystery reviews are a welcome addition to TWJ. There seem to be subgroups in fandom devoted to almost everything else (from medieval costumes to Gilbert & Sullivan); but the only active mystery fan I know of is Len Moffat with his 'zine devoted to John D. MacDonald ((JDM BIBLIOPHILE --ed.)).

Can't say I'm very fond of Erle Stanley Gardner. His formula may be more comprehensive than Lester Dent's, but it still pales after the first dozen or so. At least other prolific mystery writers like John Creasey or Evan Hunter manage to turn out some pretty good stuff at times (under various pen names), but Gardner seems to attain a fairly even level of mediocrity. Putting him in the company of Carr and Queen seems blasphemous somehow, but that merely reflects my own tastes I guess. At least Leslie Charteris changed thru the years, so that the Saint saga comprises several different types of suspense writing.

I must agree with Ted and recommend Chandler and Ross MacDonald (his early books are only good imitations of Chandler, but after a while he developed some new ingredients of his own, and in turning from imitation he also managed to turn into a better writer) to anyone, although Hammett seems overly pulpy to me in style and plot (Yes, yes, I realize that pulp is a kind of paper and not a quality of writing, but still the term is useful. Like "boy scout" or "victorian", whose connotations have little to do with the actuality in either case. Let me digress further: If a term is used wrongly, but becomes widespread despite the disapproval of grammarians (sorry about that, Phil Bridges), then we have no choice but

to accept its new meaning as a valid usage even if we don't want to use it that way in our own speech and writing. (Horrors, I even caught myself saying "leave it go" the other day.) It is good to try to maintain consistency in the meaning and spelling of words, but ignoring or condemning a "fait accompli" sometimes approaches an unhealthy reactionary attitude. I certainly don't mind seeing "thru" being used by increasing numbers of people, tho I was rather disappointed when McLuhan's book showed how few people recognize "media" as the plural of "medium".)

I haven't found that being either British or female always makes for a bad author -- it's the combination of the two that's devastating. Not even those "bright new stars" that Ballantine promulgates so avidly have much to recommend them, except for Patricia Moyes, whose work even Ted might find readable. Even Agatha Christie (hmm, people will start accusing me of being as style-deaf as Hayden Howard if I don't curb that tendency to overuse "even"), whose style is atrocious, is worth reading for the puzzles she cooks up that rival J.D. Carr's.

I dislike Len Deighton's writing intensely. He fails so miserably to describe either the setting or the action itself that most scenes are not only "impossible to visualize", but impossible to decipher as well. This is the extreme antithesis of books like The Quiller Memorandum, in which you know exactly what's happened and what the protagonist thinks about it at every moment, in great detail.

Have you read Murder in Pastiche Or, 9 Detectives All at Sea by Marion Mainwaring (Collier pb)? It features the indomitable Trajan Beare (with his omnipresent assistant Ernie Woodbin), and such other luminaries as Jerry Pason, Mallery King, Atlas Poireau, Lord Simon Quinsey, Broderick Tourneur (this peculiar name, for the uninitiated, is based on Ngaio Marsh's Roderick Alleyn. Confounded still more, are you?), etc. Especially noteworthy is the beautifully-done parody of (would you believe) Spike Bludgeon. Some of the rest is kind of clever too. Mystery fans should get at least a mild kick out of it.

Hmm, can't write a(n) LoC that doesn't mention SF, now can I? Have you ever compared Children of the Lens and SIASL? They both glorify the power of human love -- all Heinlein did was to put sex in too. But seriously, aren't the Lens books fun? Things are always rising to "hitherto inconceivable" heights of superlatives. Doc Smith used to be my favorite author some years back. Now it's Delany. Sometimes I even (here's that word again) think Chip's dialog resembles Doc's, particularly in "Lines of Power". (Let that blow your mind for a while.)

I'm getting progressively more annoyed with Jay Kay Klein. That insidious man gets into everything, even the SFWA banquet and the IEEE CON dinner. Maybe he's the Secret Master of Fandom. You thought those were just cameras he's always carrying around, didn't you? Hah, I've read One Against the Legion -- those are probably secret mind-controlling devices in Clever Plastic Disguise. He even arranged to be attacked by Ted White, so No One Would Suspect. You'll never take me alive, Jay Kay!

Joe Kurnava, Route 18, Wallwood P.O., Clifton, N.J., 07012 (13 Jun 68)
Beautiful cover by Alan Luehrmann on the DISCLAVE ish ((#56 --ed.)). Loved it!

In case Ted White doesn't know, Ellery Queen wrote four books (that I know of) under the pseudonym of Drury Lane: The Tragedy of X, The Tragedy of Y, The Tragedy of Z, and Drury Lane's Last Case.

Dover Two, reviewed by Harry Manogg, is a damn good book. In spite of having the bumbling, boorish Wilfred Dover as the "hero". Joyce Porter has presented an excellently-plotted story, reminiscent of Ellery Queen in his hey-day.

Recently read The Panama Portrait by Stanley Ellin (Avon G1199; 50¢; copyright 1962) of Quiet Horror fame. I'd held off reading this book primarily because of the blurbs: e.g., "Elissa Bambas-Quincy: She had the face of an angel and the body of a devil of depravity."

The writing is excellent, as Ellin's usually is. The title refers to an obscure painting by Paul Gauguin (fictitious, uv cuss) -- a portrait of a cheap whore he dallied with while in Panama.

The story goes like so: Ben Smith, budding executive at Seaways Industries, is given the assignment of wrapping up a monopoly in Santo Stefano, with the understanding that success will make him and failure will break him. He arrives in SS at festival time. Festival time? Well, yes, sort of. It seems the peasants have made themselves a god in Ajaxa, whom the Spanish conquistadores had attempted to hang. Ajaxa had performed the somewhat superhuman feat of cutting himself free while hanging from a gallows. Each year, in commemoration of the event, the young and not-so-young bravos of Santo Stefano vie with each other in an attempt to see which one of them can hang the longest before attempting to cut himself free. With this background, Ben Smith courts the afore-mentioned Elissa Bambas-Quincy, whose family controls the interests that Seaways is interested in. He also meets David Chapin, a painter of some repute who has gone seedy and is attempting to find himself in a religious sense; his wife, Nora; and his manager, Max Klebenau.

I've given away more of the plot than I had intended. Suffice it to say that this is a somewhat poignant tale, extremely well told; the story moves rapidly and there is suspense in abundance, not to mention the surprising climax.

So howcum Michael Moorcock wins an award for "Behold the Man"? He's only taken the Christ characterized by Nikos Kazantzakis (I forget the title) and thrown in a time machine. Mix well with some lousy writing and serve as an A*W*A*R*D. To be perfectly honest, the story is distasteful to me because of the characterization of Jesus Christ. The presentation is completely antithetical to what we know of this man. It's like telling a tale in which Hitler is the saviour of the Jewish people. The story might have been acceptable if set in a parallel world, but it still doesn't obviate the fact that Moorcock writes poorly.

I think it was Bob Coulson, he of the unmentionable and unreviewable Y, who recommended the following: A Queer Kind of Death by George Baxt (Signet P3188; 60¢; July, 1967. Originally published by Simon & Schuster, Inc.). I heartily endorse the recommendation. The protagonist is a Negro detective with homosexual tendencies, name of Pharoah Love. He's assigned to cover the murder of homosexual Ben Bentley. The people in this story, despite the fact that all of them are hung up in one way or another, live! As Coulson said, these characters seem more realistic than some red-blooded, virile, heterosexual heroes.

I got the impression that Baxt must have had a ball (no pun intended) in writing this book. It is replete with puns ("A peony for your thoughts."; "In the winter of our discotheque. . .") and subtle humor ("'Oh, I'd love a pink lady.' Pharoah winced inwardly. ##### "'A pink lady!' Seth shouted to the bartender, who winced outwardly. . .").

This exceptional tale is described quite well in the words of bisexual Seth Piro's psychoanalyst, Dr. Schlacher, who ". . . stared at the autographed photo of Sigmund Freud and shook his head dolefully. ##### "'Ach, Zigmund. Vod foolz ve immortalz (sic) be.'"

I guess I'm one of the very few who didn't care for Delany's The Einstein Intersection. I'm afraid I couldn't devine the meaning of all that abstruse symbolism in what was, to me, mainly an extremely elaborate cowboy story. Delany's rhetoric overwhelms me, but....

Richard A. Lupoff's One Million Centuries left me with an ambivalent feeling towards it.

I was impressed by his depiction of the giant cat Longa, and by hero Bob Parker's allusions to contemporary movies, advertising, etc., as they related to his adventures in the future.

On the whole, I enjoyed the book. BUT....

Lupoff's hero emerges as one of the incredibly stupid protagonists of literature. I'm sure Dick didn't mean to portray him that way, and did so inadvertently; but nevertheless, the fact remains: the hero is STUPID!

How so? Like so:

1. When Parker is first picked up by the Relore, he is warned not to touch the kumquats because of the kissers. In the village, he never asks why. So on his trip to Par's, he almost dies as a result of picking the fruit. Clever?

2. While making a pact with the monstrously obese Captain Byeryas, she says, "Another under-priest was also growing in favor and power. One of the opposite sex. There was a great attraction toward me, but I did not return the interest. Finally I was pressed, I spurned the other, he betrayed me by false accusations. . . ." (Emphasis in quote is mine.) Yet Byeryas has to take Parker's hand and place it on her genitalia, whereupon he exclaims, "You are a woman!" Gee!

3. Parker, with a knife hidden in his bandages, is in the torture tower in Teras, awaiting a visit from the torturer/priest Nissral (whom he is going to kill in order to avenge Byeryas and gain his freedom.) After considerable difficulty, he manages to get at the knife and cut himself free of his bonds. So what does he do? Instead of holding the knife behind his back while conning Nissral into thinking him still bound, he replaces the knife in the bandages around his leg and then places his hands behind his back. Terrific!

4. Byeryas commits suicide. When Parker finds her body, he pulls the knife from between her breasts. He had not as yet ascertained her death; indeed, it would have been impossible to do so because of the immense rolls of fat that covered her body. As a Navy pilot, he should have known the best thing would have been to leave the knife in the body; on the small chance she was still alive, it would prevent a possibly massive hemorrhage; and even though already dead, suicide might have been deduced from the position of the knife in her body. But no -- it seems as if any fictional character who ever discovers a body with a knife in it automatically pulls the knife out. It's one of the clichés in fiction to put the hero or one of the lesser characters under suspicion of murder -- but really, it's just too, too much.

Another of Lupoff's errors lies in the faulty plot structure of this book. Like:

1. If the Terasians had known that the slugs guarding the tunnel to Par'z were inactive during mating, and also knew the time of this mating period, they could have sent the whole army to invade Par'z at this time; instead, they send three agents to infiltrate and steal what has to be one of the greatest inventions in the annals of science fiction -- a pogo-stick! Even if the foregoing were not possible, they could have attacked the Relori first (since they intended to attack them later, after defeating the Par'z), and after defeating them, forcibly conscript the Relori into an expendable army that could invade Par'z -- slugs or no slugs!

2. How the hell did the Terasians ever find out that Parker was one of the Relori? When Parker was first brought into Teras, Captain Byeryas thought he was a Par'zian. It wasn't until after Parker escaped that he admitted to Byeryas that he was one of the Relori. Even though Parker was dropped off on the shores of Relori, the crew didn't know he was a Relorian. Even if they had known, they certainly wouldn't have returned to Teras to tell of their omission; not when it meant possible torture and certain death, they wouldn't! And it was pretty damn well established that the penalty for failure was death. Witness Byeryas' condemnation of Lincar when he was inculpated for the deaths of the agents escaping from Par'z -- even though he was powerless to prevent them! Even so, he tried to escape instead of accepting the Captain's decision and willingly going to his death.

In spite of all this, I did like the book. If Lupoff only takes the time to think his story over before committing it to paper, he can at least eliminate these minor irritations I've been caviling over.

One final captious comment: His backgrounds seemed stereotyped. It seems to me that countless stories over the years have been written with almost the identical cultures and technologies used in this particular book.

Wonder if any of your readers have read any of jockey-turned-author Dick Francis' books? His first, Nerves, was good; his second, Dead Cert, was very good. Odds Against and For Kicks are titles of his that I haven't yet read. All of these have racing backgrounds and Francis has made good use of his knowledge of "The Sport of Kings".

Another good book is Don M. Mankiewicz's It Only Hurts a Minute -- the story of a compulsive gambler who runs a small stake up to \$60,000, and then ends up blowing the whole bit. There's an element of fantasy in this one as the protagonist eventually associates his streak with a woman he comes to believe is the mythical and elusive Lady Luck.

For your younger fans, there is Joan & Leslie Rich's Dating and Mating by Computer -- a brief summary of computer dating in a light, humorous, easy-to-read style. For instance: "And there is the possibly apocryphal tale of a Yale student, one Arnold Folsom, who computed out so narcissistic that he was matched with himself." Readers of Y will remember that quote from Coulson's review of the book. And then there's the statement attributed to the founders of the Scientific Evaluation of Computability Service -- "We've made SECS a four-letter word."

Finally: One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, by Ken Kesey -- the tale of an irrepressible hell-raiser named McMurphy who, in order to escape imprisonment, feigns insanity and is committed to a mental institution. There he comes under the rule of the prudish but sadistic Big Nurse. His refusal to bow to her indomitable will sets the stage to a powerful and riotous novel, told through the eyes of a supposedly deaf, giant Indian. Terrific!

Michael O'Brien, 158 Liverpool St., Hobart, Tasmania, Australia 7000 (28 June '68)

I was rather pleased to find Mebane's prozine reviews; I've been thanklessly reviewing them for the Melbourne SF Club zine ETHERLINE, and nary a word of thanks have I had; the trouble seems to be that nobody over there will touch a cruddy prozine with a ten-foot pole. I liked Phil Muldowney's article on the British prozines in 1967; I too mourn for IMPULSE, and I think that the "new NEW WORLDS" is a pretty poor show compared to its old self (of which I have about a hundred in my collection.)

I waded thru the film, fanzine and book reviews; you seem to include an awful lot of non-SF too. Also, as a student of serious spy stories, I wish to protest against listing things such as The Man From S.T.U.D. in the Orgy at Madame Dracula's.

((We've been listing all new titles, regardless of their merit, as a service both to the reader and the publisher. What do the rest of you JOURNAL readers think? --ed.))

Burt Randolph, Terrace View Apts., 1300F, Tom's Creek Rd., Blacksburg, Va., 24060

(Excerpts from a couple notes and letters.) (8 Mar 68) Kudos to Alexis and orchids to Dolly; they seem to improve with every issue. If Alexis is right regarding our being virtually alone in the cosmos (per his "Some Remarks..." in TWJ 52), there is one consolation: Orthodox religion won't be faced with the vexing problem of accounting for people who overlooked being descendents of Adam. . . .

(62 Mar 68) Just got TWJ #55 and enjoyed same. Tell Alexis to stop maligning Conan. On several occasions, knowing full well the nature of his adversary, Conan fought demons, anthropomorphic and otherwise, which speaks volumes for his courage if not his judgement. . . .

Bill Linden, 83-33 Austin St., Kew Gardens, N.Y., 11415

(Undated)

WSFA JOURNAL 56 makes an alarming display of the PLAGUE of cryptic abbreviations which is invading fandom. LotR is handy for a book so often referred to. SIASL isn't hard. But when people start talking about MIHM it takes a moment to soak through, and Alexis in his review of The Dolphin and the Deep pulled out all the stops. I had to check back to figure out what he meant by TDotM and TW. I appeal to all fans to end this trend of obscurity.

NEW WORLDS 179: Review
by Phil Muldowney

This is, in effect, the first issue of 1968, as there was a change of publishers with #178, which was a combined December/January issue. The magazine still keeps the same format, though, except that the "leading article" has disappeared, being replaced by a formal "introduction to the authors" opening similar to that it used to have.

To the magazine. It kicks off with the second part of the serial "Bug Jack Barron" by Norman Spinrad. This story is difficult to describe. It is about U.S. power politics in the 1980's; Benedict Howards owns the Foundation for Human Immortality, a cryonics corporation that has a monopoly -- leave them 50,000 dollars and you are frozen and stored. Howards is trying to get a bill through Congress to strengthen his monopoly; to assure success he needs the help of Jack Barron, the ultimate TV power man with an audience of 100 million. The novel is about the ensuing political maneuverings. This one will probably please very few of the hard sf-types, but I liked it a lot. It is fast-paced, with some of that superficial quality of readability that one associates with Burderick, Robbins, et al. The language is rich, to say the least -- you would find it in no other sf magazine but NEW WORLDS -- slang, swear-words, and obscenities abound. The story is fast, and exciting, and the characters seem to live; the standards of the modern novel have been applied to sf, and it is a fascinating synthesis. Whether it will flop in the later episodes I do not know. Read it -- at least it is different!

Next comes "Barbarella and the Anxious Frenchman", an attack by Michael Moorcock and Charles Platt on the "camp movement" in modern France, as evidenced by "Barbarella" et al. The majority of this 12-page article is made up of stills from "Barbarella", "Alphaville", and various French and American comic strips. I have insufficient knowledge of the present French scene to be able to judge the validity of the comments, but Moorcock and Platt's argument is short and superficial. It makes accusations and vague generalizations concerning "camp" and reliance on the comic strip, backed with little evidence except the "Barbarella" phenomenon; and it makes very little effort to understand the "camp" cult or to advance any real arguments at all. A very bad article. A subject like this cannot be treated on the superficial level -- it needs a deeper, essay-type approach.

"The Serpent of Kundalini", by Brian Aldiss and C.C. Shackleton. This is the second in a series of stories which describe an "acid" future. There has been a war (as far as I can gather!) using psycho-chemical bombs, which have produced a society of multi-value language-logic and led to general use of all forms of drugs. These stories are very difficult to read, and to understand. Aldiss seems to have done a logical extension of much of his mood in "The Age", all very hip and on the drug scene, etc., but difficult to follow. Maybe one will have to read them all as a whole in order to understand them -- suffice it to say that at the moment I cannot judge them. As in so much of the material in NEW WORLDS it is difficult to decide whether one is reading a second Joyce, or is just being taken for a ride.

"The Square Root of Brain", by Fritz Leiber. A wryly funny story about the UFO, mental waves from Venus, and other nuts. Very cleverly done.

"A Single Rose", by John Decles. A synthesized unicorn, a computer called Univac, and the search for a perfect rose. The ingredients sound suspiciously like that short story competition that F&SF ran a couple of years back; still, it is a pleasantly-entertaining little fable.

"In Seclusion", by Harvey Jacobs. Two film stars in lonely seclusion in coastal castle for a film stunt, and a great ugly sea monster. A few laughs, and oblique comments on film publicity, but rather dreary stuff. Its like has been done before, if not in the same way, and it's not really worth all the space it gets.

A book review of Come Back, Dr. Caligari by John Slade finishes the magazine off.

Not an outstanding issue. It does have its high points though, and it is still well able to maintain that feeling of "difference" that makes NEW WORLDS worthwhile.

THE BOOKSHELF: New Releases

ACE -- August, 1968 Releases (Ace Books, 1120 Ave. of the Americas, NY, NY, 10036) --
Sorceress of the Witch World, by Andre Norton (H-84; 60¢) -- "Kaththea the sorceress called forth a power such as no longer existed on the distant planet known as the Witch World. Indeed the power was so great that it could destroy all that she loved best -- and prove to be a greater evil than the evil she challenged. Sorceress of the Witch World completes and rounds out Andre Norton's fabulous series."

The Two-Timers, by Bob Shaw (H-79; 60¢; "Science Fiction Special") -- "John Breton lost his beautiful young wife in a tragic accident, and he worked nine years to find a way to reach her in a parallel time-track where she had lived on. But he reckoned without the John Breton of that alternate world, and the two-sided triangle that formed...."

Derai, by E.C. Tubb (H-77; 60¢) -- "They sought eternal bliss on a planet of emotionless enigma." and

The Singing Stones, by Juanita Coulson -- "Mind-gems for sale -- your mind for our gems!"

The Moon Maid, by Edgar Rice Burroughs (G-745; 50¢) -- ". . . unusual and action-packed classic science-fiction novel of adventure and peril on the Moon."

The Hunt for the Meteor, by Jules Verne (H-78; 60¢) -- "Gold's effect on the world economy and the governing of new Earth satellites make this Jules Verne novel as up-to-date as today's newspapers. From Verne's amazingly prophetic mind comes one of the most intriguing and provocative science-fiction adventures."

The Best From Fantasy and Science Fiction: 14th Series, ed. by Avram Davidson (A-17; 75¢) -- stories by Thomas M. Disch, Roger Zelazny, Terry Carr, Alan E. Nourse, J.G. Ballard, etc.

Vampires, Werewolves, and Ghouls, by Bernhardt J. Hurwood (H-83; 60¢; "The Enigma of Human Monsters") -- ". . . the truth about such human monsters as the real-life Dracula, the Colorado miner who ate his friends, the ghoul who made love to dead women, and other black marks on mankind's rolls. . . ."

Passport to the Unknown, by John Macklin (H-81; 60¢) -- "Take a trip to a world just behind the periphery of your vision. This unusual book is your ticket for a mind-bending excursion into a nightmare land, where the fantastic becomes ordinary, and the supernatural is common-place. . . ."

BALLANTINE -- July Releases (Ballantine Books, 101 5th Ave., NY, NY, 10003) --

Dragonflight, by Anne McCaffrey (U6124; 75¢) -- ". . . Dragonflight is an enchantment, peopled with magnificent dragons and their heroic riders -- the Weyrfolk, defenders of Pern, led by a Weyrwoman of tiny stature, towering courage and exasperating feminine perversity. . . a tale of breathless action which has surely never been handled with such joyous delight. . . ."

August/September Short Calendar: Conventions, etc. --

ANNUAL CON, HEIDELBERG -- August 3, 4. See TWJ #57 for details.

DEEP SOUTH CONFERENCE VI -- August 23-25, at the Downtown Howard Johnson's, in New Orleans, Louisiana. G-H: Daniel F. Galouye. Membership: \$1; banquet fee: \$5.50. For hotel reservations, write them at 330 Loyola, or call them at 504-525-9311. For further info and/or convention membership write John H. Guidry, #5 Finch St., New Orleans, La., 70124. Sponsored by the New Orleans Science Fiction Association (NOSFA). Held in conjunction with NOW CON (New Orleans Writers' Conference) (the SFWA Southern Meeting). For info on the NOW CON, write Don Walsh, Jr., 1020 O'Dwyer, New Orleans, La., 70121.

BAYCON (26th WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION) -- Aug. 29-Sept. 2, at the Hotel Claremont, Claremont & Ashby Aves., Oakland, Cal., 94705. GoH: Philip Jose Farmer.

Fan GoH: Walter J. Daugherty. Special Guest: Takumi Shibano, leading Japanese fan. Memberships: \$3 Attending, \$2 Supporting (non-attending), \$1 Overseas. Make checks payable to: J. Ben Stark; send them to BAYCON, P.O. Box 261, Fairmont Station, El Cerrito, Calif., 94530. See TWJ #57 for program info, and #59 for last-minute news.

WSFA BUSINESS SECTION

Minutes of Regular Meeting, July 5, 1968, at the home of Bill & Phyllis Berg --

Called to order shortly after 10 p.m. The later-than-usual call was caused in part by the delayed arrival of the treasurer and acting acting-secretary, who tried a different route and got lost, to the great delight of their daughter. (Going home that evening, Kathy asked: "Daddy, are you going to get lost again?" Smart-pants youngster!)

The treasury has \$72.17, with many dues still due. No motion was made for spending the money, but a way will be found.

President Jay Haldeman designated the Berg's home as meeting place for the July 19th meeting.

The announcements and discussion period included an extended discussion on the Baycon, and plans for getting there (potential WSFA attendees include Ron Bounds, Ray Ridenour, Alan Huff, Jay and Alice Haldeman (these five in Jay's VW Bus), Jack Chalker, Doll and Alexis Gilliland, Bob Madle, Gay Haldeman, Bob, Peggy Rae, and Kathy Pavlat. ((And Don Miller. --ed.)) Alan Huff has lost three more pounds. Ron Bounds has not sufficiently softened-up the management of his new apartment to invite WSFA. And Jay announced recovery by the Baltimore police of his stolen camera. Bob Pavlat sympathized with the recovery, having heard of Jay's plans to use the insurance proceeds as part-payment on a new Nikon.

-- Bob Pavlat, Acting Acting-Secretary

WSFA Treasurer's Report as of July 10, 1968 --

The WSFA Treasury presently contains \$79.67.

Balance as of May 19, 1968: \$56.17.

Income for the period May 19, 1968 to July 10, 1968 consisted of dues: \$28.50.

Expenses for the same period were \$5.00 sent with many well wishes for newly-weds Jackie and Jim Harper.

No debts are outstanding at this time.

-- Peggy Rae Pavlat, WSFA Treasurer

MISCELLANEOUS FILK SONG

There is a cavern in the hill,
In the hill!
And there a dragon sleeps his fill,
Sleeps his fill-ill-ill!
And guards his horde,
So rich and shining bright,
With all his fang'd and scaly might!

Let us go and steal his treasure,
Spending it will be a pleasure,
We will have enough to live at ease for ever more!

Come on! Come on, my friends! Come on!
Yes come on!
We'll slay the beast before the dawn,
Let's be gone-gone-gone;
We'll kill him dead
And his treasure we shall steal,
Unless he eats us for a meal!

-- Alexis Gilliland