

NO.59



The WSFA JOURNAL

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THE FOREIGN SCENE

((The following is extracted from that indispensable newszine of Continental events, EUROPEAN LINK (British Edition: Jean G. Muggoch, 15 Balcombe House, Taunton Place, London N.W.1, England; bi-monthly; 1/6 (18¢) (plus postage overseas); Italian Edition: CCSF, Cannaregio 1411, Venice, Italy. --ed.))

ITALY:

Awards given at 6th Science Fiction Film Festival at Trieste (July 6-13):

Best Film (Golden Asteroid) -- "The Sorcerers", directed by Michael Reeves (Eng.).

Best Actor (Silver Asteroid) -- Cleg Strizhenov, in "Ete svat' Robert" ("His Name Was Robert") (U.S.S.R.).

Best Actress (Silver Asteroid) -- Catherine Lacey, in "The Sorcerers" (England).

Jury Special Awards -- "Tumannoct' Andromeda" ("Andromeda Nebula"), for the best special effects and photography of pure SF, and "Ja, Spravedlnost" ("I the Justice"), for its theme too seldom used as a film's subject, i.e., the dangers related to political distortion. (U.S.S.R. and Czechoslovakia, resp.)

Golden Seal of the town of Trieste -- Best Short Film: "Sintecticna Komica" ("Synthetic Humor") (Yugoslavia).

Scroll of Honor -- "Poem Field n.1" (U.S.A.), for the fantastic and original use of a computer as a new cinematographic technique.

Press Association of Friuli and Venezia Giulia Award -- "Ne jouez pas avec les Martiens" ("Don't play with the Martians"), for the original way SF, satire, and aspects of real life have been brought to the screen. (France.)

Golden Medal of the Festival Presidency -- Boris Karloff, for the talent that makes him the pillar of fantasy and imagination films.

"Andromeda Nebula", from the novel by Ivan Efremov, was directed by Eugeny Sherstobytov. "I the Justice", directed by Zbynech, depicted what would have happened to the world had the death of Hitler not occurred. "The Sorcerers" depicts a scientist whose strange machines can control men's brains; Boris Karloff played a part in the film.

Among the other films shown at the festival were: U.S.A.: "Battle Beyond the Stars", "Neverwhere"; Poland: "Upior" ("Vampire"); Yugoslavia: "Sizif", "Tolerancja", "Mrja na Savesti" ("Machine without Conscience"); Japan: "Ebirah"; Hungary: "Eizonyos Joslater"; England: "Beachhead" (from the series "Out of the Unknown"); Germany: "Die Maschine", "Planeta Ausser Kurs"; France: "La Cage de Pierre"; Belgium: "La Bombardon".

The Festival is now official, having been recognized this year by the Producers' Association (up to now, only short films could be given awards).

Success of a fanzine exhibition at the Festival this year (18 countries participating) means that art-shows and displays of books and magazines may become part of future Festivals.

A General Catalogue of SF printed in Italy, edited by CCSF (address in editor's note, above), will be ready in Sept., and will include everything up to June 30, 1968.

SEVAGRAM #2 (78 pp., with material by Ballard, Moorcock, Vonnegut, Moskowitz, and others; illustrated) -- Price L.600 from Riccardo Valla, Fermo Posta, 10100 Torino, Italy.

ENGLAND:

The 1969 British Science Fiction Convention will be held over Easter, April 4-6, at the Randolph Hotel in Oxford. Guest of Honor will be Judith Merrill. Registration fee for overseas members is \$1 U.S. or its equivalent, which will ensure receipt of news bulletins and all relevant literature. U.S. Agents: Sam & Florence Russell, 1351 Tremaine Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., 90019. Names and addresses of other agents (Spain, France, Scandinavia, Germany so far) may be obtained from Miss Muggoch (address in editor's note, above) or the JOURNAL. A list appeared in EUROPEAN LINK #4.

A Minicon will again be held in London this year, on November 23. Guest-of-Honor will be the Irish author, James White. There will be a full and varied program. For information, write Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, UK.

(Continued on page 24)

LUNACON/EASTERCON 1968
by Jay Kay Klein

Doing things differently this year, I drove from Syracuse to New York City. This took just under six hours, comparing favorably with a flying time of 30 minutes and a landing time of five hours. I arrived at the Park Sheraton hotel 7:15 p.m. on Friday, April 19. My traveling companion was George Monagle, a non-fan who gave me a hand with the printing of the CONVENTION ANNUAL No. 4. I feel responsible for George since I was the one who got him interested in photography. (Like I created a fellow monster.) He came to New York to look around the photo stores. Of course, I was in town just for the convention. Besides, I can't use any more photo equipment.

The first fans I ran into were Ted and Robin White. I didn't see anyone else around, and went directly to the room reservation line, without even passing GO. I might just as well have gone to JAIL since this registration was the slowest, non-moving event of its type in which I've ever participated. The line kept growing behind me, and it didn't get any shorter in front of me. There were two lines, actually, each with a single, solitary clerk. (On a Friday night, yet.) Paul Herkart said the hotel was sold out by 6:30 p.m., and he had to go across the street to another place.

Finally, I was assigned a room. But they wouldn't give me the key directly. I had to wait for a bellboy. And wait I did. Eventually, one of them found me. After all that, the room itself was a great surprise -- large and pleasant. Others were not so lucky. Many, many fans walked in with their "reservations" in hand, only to be told there weren't any rooms! Mostly, these were younger fans such as Dave Vanderwerf. Hal Clement said the clerk seemed about ready to tell him no room, too, but gave him a careful look and dug one up.

To understand this situation, you have to know how hotels operate. To hotels, rooms are perishable commodities, like fresh vegetables. They have to be sold by a certain time, or they can never be sold. Many persons with reservations simply never show up. If the hotels waited until six p.m. or so before releasing the rooms, they might not be sold.

As a result, unless you arrive early, your "reservation" doesn't mean a thing. As a matter of fact, if you arrive early you don't need reservations! The hotel will almost always give you a room, counting on "no shows" later. The only reservation that really means anything is a "guaranteed payment" reservation. This normally means accompanying your reservation with a check. Once the hotel has your money for the room the management stops worrying, and actually will put it aside for you. Of course, every now and then, if the hotel is filled and someone important comes by before you do (or offers a gratuity), you may be out of luck anyway.

The hotel was certainly filled up Friday night. You could see that in the elevators. There were two banks of lifts in two separate wings, and all were jammed with people. They were so polite and happy, though, that it was not unpleasant. Pretty obviously, these were visitors to New York and not inhabitants.

The Eastercon party was up a flight of stairs from the lobby. Andy Porter and Walt Cole were registering everyone. (I.e., taking our money.) Our neatly printed badges were placed in handy plastic holders with lapel pins. Somehow, I attribute this nice touch to Frank Dietz, who has been a guiding light behind Lunacons for many years. I know Frank hates the usual sloppy any-old-piece-of-paper-and-straight-pin approach as much as I do.

The Program Book was not only up to the usual Lunacon calibre, it surpassed it. Beautifully printed, it had a fold-out front cover by Mike Hinge that can only be described as magnificent. A full 22 inches long, the unfolded cover showed the "skeleton" of a robot. Or perhaps a "cross-sectional view" would be a better description. The book makes a great memento.

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At the party I ran into Walter Breen, who now wears a beard and haircut fully the equal of anything possessed by Mike McInerney. Walt works as a numismatist in a New York coin shop. He was accompanied by his wife, who writes under the well-known name of Marion Zimmer Bradley.

John Boardman was there, too. He told me that he lives just two blocks from the old Asimov candy store. It's for sale now, and John was wondering if perhaps fans shouldn't buy it and turn it into a shrine. I passed the idea on later to Isaac, and he endorsed it heartily.

The room was slowly filling up. Present were Ed Meskys, Sandy Meschkow, Julius and Naomi Postal, all sorts of Browns, Cory Seidman, Ann and Frank Dietz, Fred Lerner, Leslie Turek, Jim Ashe, Cal Beck, Alex Panshin, Joni Rapkin, and Jock Root, among many others. At 9 p.m. about 75 had registered, but not all had yet appeared at the party.

Leslie Turek was shuttling back and forth between the party and the lobby, looking for Dave Vanderwerf. He eventually showed up at 10 p.m. with the group from Boston. No rooms, of course. By 10:45 p.m. the party was growing very lively, with a group headed by John Boardman singing, "Glory, glory, how we hate Ray Bradbury". At 11 p.m. the registration had swollen to 121. Elliot Shorter showed up at midnight, occupying the last three vacant places.

The party room was very cheerful, with electrically-lit murals. The cash bar had a special arrangement to save money. The refreshments were paid for by the bottle, and tickets were sold by the committee to individuals. Cindy Van Arnam took the tickets and regulated the bartender accordingly.

Various news items and gossip about friends were exchanged. Hal Clement told me he was constructing a new world so he could write a story about it. I myself was able to let everyone know (whether he wanted to hear it or not) that the CONVENTION ANNUAL No. 4 covering the Tricon had gone to press. In fact, I had snapshots of several completed pages with me. I even sold a number of subscriptions in anticipation of the great event.

Not having taken the time for dinner, I was getting pretty hungry by 12:30 a.m. A group of us went to the hotel coffee shop, but were rudely informed it was closing. An all-night place down the block proved more hospitable, and the help pleasantly put tables together for us: Lin Carter and wife, Ed Reicher, Ron Stoloff, Deborah Kogan, Dave Solnick, and Miki Melvin. The conversation was excellent, and we stayed just over an hour before returning to the hotel.

Since the party had ended, we went to the convention suite. There we found quite a few persons already on hand, including Jack and Phoebe Gaughan and Judy-Lynn Benjamin. The Gaughans prepared to leave at 2:10 a.m., but just as they opened the door, they were swept inward by a rush of fans, including the Browns, Elliot Shorter, and Jock Root. I eventually left at 3:30 a.m. After all, my camera was getting sleepy.

Saturday morning I was up right at the crack of noon. A quick breakfast and I was able to face Chip Delany at 1 p.m. I was delighted to find he had left his beard home. At the SFWA Nebula Awards Banquet, many of us had told him he really looked better without it. I asked Chip if my comments had done the trick. (No.) Isaac Asimov's? (No.) Well, whose, then? Chip said the change was at his mother's request.

Also on hand was Dick Eney, who was making up for time lost in Vietnam. Jack and Alice Haldeman were around, too. We discussed my forthcoming slide presentation, "The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody", to be given at the Disclave. Nearby was Hal Clement, wearing a Vulcanian Enterprises lapel badge. I took a shot of him with Alice for the slide show. Hal was doing his best during the photo to pretend Alice's miniskirted presence was of complete indifference to him.

Isaac Asimov was there with wife Gittel. I took a shot of this event for the slide show. Julie Schwartz was around, too, and I recorded

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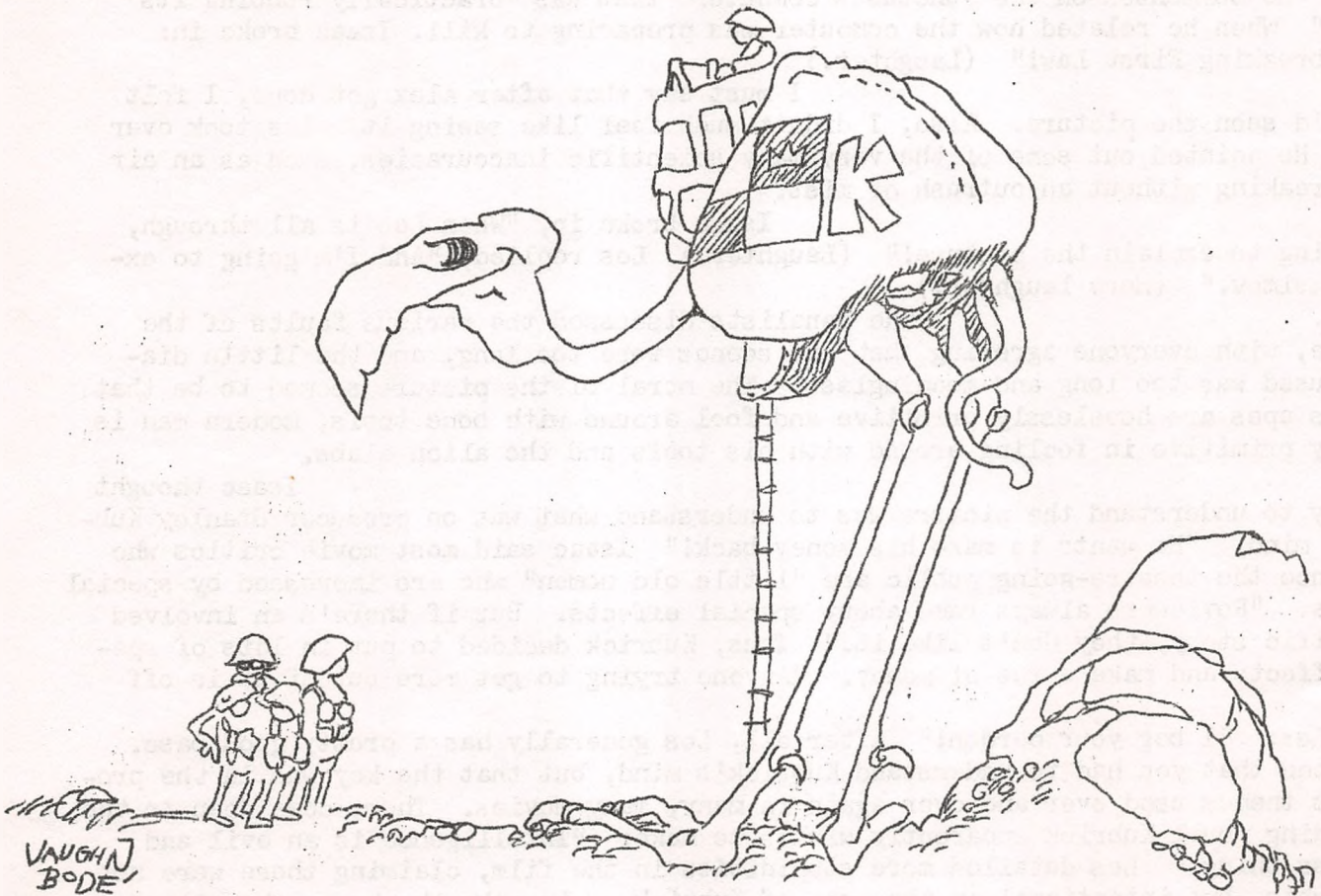
his image for future reference. Julie is so old a fan, that he makes Bob Madle look like a neofan. First Fandomite Sam Moskowitz was on hand, naturally. Most surprising, I found myself seated in the auditorium right next to my old friend Ken Sterling, made famous at the age of fifteen by selling "Brain Eaters of Pluto" to AMAZING STORIES. Ken had taught for a while at Syracuse University School of Medicine, and is now associated with Presbyterian Hospital and Columbia University.

Chairman Ted White started the program at 1:45 p.m., announcing the program was being changed. This is about usual for science fiction conventions. He also said that Roger Zelazny couldn't be present. He had to work over the weekend because the social security office employing him had been bombed. From the audience, John Boardman corrected this to "burned". Someone else said "bombed and burned".

I had asked Ted if I could make an announcement about the Tricon memory book being on press. To my confusion, Ted called on me right away. I stumbled to the microphone and made a few odds and ends of remarks while gathering my thoughts. This made Ted apprehensive, thinking I was about to make a speech, or even present a First Fandom award. Eventually, I got the information out.

Chip Delany made the first address, "The New Science Fiction Package". I was not sure whether he was reading directly from a prepared paper, or was elaborating on a very long series of notes. He made the point that the old concept of publishers was that readers are a bunch of idiots. Therefore, cover designs should be made for idiots. Of course, this really is a poor policy, and Chip said that sales figures of other types of covers prove it.

He went on to discuss the kinds of covers that really ought to be used, and displayed an awareness of publishing factors that is only equal-



led by his amazing facility in other fields that interest him, such as literature and music. The material presented was probably more technical and "shop talk" in nature than most fans really care for. Still, I found it of interest and most informative.

At 2:10 Chip finished and opened the floor to questions. Ted White asked about Chip's arrangement with Avon, especially if he had the right to control the package on the books. Chip declined comment. However, when asked, "What do you think of the appearance of Ballantine Books?", he replied, "I think they're lovely." Only a very few questions were presented, including, "Whose covers are best?" Answer: "Ballantine"s." Chip left the platform at 2:15.

For the scheduled "Editors' Panel" was substituted a panel to talk on 2001. Isaac Asimov, Alex Panshin, Marc Haefler, and Lester del Rey trooped to the platform. Their solemn expressions gave some inkling of what was to follow. Some levity was supplied by Isaac, who noted, "Lester del Rey's on the panel -- what are the rest of us going to do?" Then, leaning over the microphone, he said, "Testing, testing. Isaac Asimov is great." (Laughter.)

Alex spoke first on the topic. He hit right off on one of the two or three main topics of the debate: "The picture doesn't speak for itself. It demands interpretation." He proceeded to go over every little detail in the whole picture, bit by bit by bit. Finally, Isaac broke in, "Alex, you have total recall! Do you know that?"

Alex continued. Eventually Ted White asked, "You're not going to tell us the whole movie?!!"

Alex continued. He paused to comment that there was "gorgeous photography all through this." And that "Destination Moon seems ludicrous compared to this." He commented on the "unctuous computer" that was "practically rubbing its hands." When he related how the computer was preparing to kill, Isaac broke in: "Thus breaking First Law!" (Laughter.)

I must say that after Alex got done, I felt like I'd seen the picture. Also, I didn't much feel like seeing it. Les took over next. He pointed out some of the very many scientific inaccuracies, such as an air hose breaking without an outrush of mist.

Isaac broke in, "When Les is all through, I'm going to explain the picture!" (Laughter.) Les replied, "And I'm going to explain Asimov." (More laughter.)

The panelists discussed the various faults of the picture, with everyone agreeing that the scenes were too long, and the little dialogue used was too long and meaningless. The moral of the picture seemed to be that just as apes are hopelessly primitive and fool around with bone tools, modern man is equally primitive in fooling around with his tools and the alien slabs.

Isaac thought the way to understand the picture was to understand what was on producer Stanley Kubrick's mind. "He wants to make his money back!" Isaac said most movie critics who influence the theatre-going public are "little old women" who are impressed by special effects. "Reviewers always rave about special effects. But if there's an involved scientific story, they don't like it." Thus, Kubrick decided to put in lots of special effects and make a lot of money. "Anyone trying to get more out of it is off base."

Les: "I beg your pardon!" After all, Les generally has a pretty good base. He agreed that you had to understand Kubrick's mind, but that the key was in the producer's themes used over and over again in many, many movies. These come down to the overriding moral Kubrick apparently wishes to make: "Intelligence is an evil and hopeless thing." Les detailed more stupidities in the film, claiming these were not oversights, but intentional on the part of Kubrick -- to make the human characters look stupid through their actions. In particular, he cited the digging of a vast excavation around the moon slab and then floodlighting it -- all the time trying to keep it secret!

Hal Clement added his comments, too. "They kept shifting its position!" He pointed out that according to scenic shots, from the sun's position, Earth's position, and times involved, the slab would have to have been all over the surface of the moon at different times. The audience was quite appreciative of Hal's scientific acumen, and showed it with a collective sound halfway between a nervous laugh and a suppressed gasp. The corollary question in everyone's mind was how come Arthur Clarke didn't know these things. (Interestingly enough, Hal Clement and the mad computer share the same given name.)

Les questioned, "Why does the computer go mad?" He answered, "Because Kubrick thinks intelligence is bad." The characters act stupidly throughout the picture in accord with the producer's belief in man's stupidity. They don't do the sensible things. Also, he noted that the computer panel lights kept repeating the same patterns over and over again -- thus indicating the computer was thinking a single thought over and over again.

This startled Isaac, who said he thought he was the only person who noticed that error. Still, Isaac said that watching the blinking lights didn't distract any from the picture. (Laughter.)

By this time, it was obvious the panel thought science fiction had a disaster on its hands. The participants continued to kick the dog. Les tore into the symbolism next, saying, "This garbage called symbolism...was done better in Time Tunnel." (A low blow, indeed.)

Marc Haefler, Doubleday editor, took over and started adding his comments. He'd sat next to Les at the premiere and noted that Les' comments then had been even more scathing. At that, someone in the back of the room started raising a ruckus, calling Marc "jealous" and so forth. Ted White asked him to let the panel continue, but he chose to rant and rave. Ted said he'd have to be ejected if he continued. The reply was to the effect of "try and make me". So Ted called on Elliot Shorter.

Elliot has been official bouncer at many affairs and was getting pretty tired of it. At the Nycon 3, he missed a great deal of what was going on because of his duties. So he had sworn off armsmastering as a career in science fiction. Still, when called on, Elliot responded by moving massively over to the source of annoyance and proceeding politely to remove it. This was an old-time fan who should have known better.

"Now you see the sort of man who loved the movie!" said Les. Marc began again, stating that he actually liked the movie better than the others on the panel. The movie followed the book only at the beginning, but he felt there needn't be any relevancy between a book and a movie.

In passing, Marc said he didn't know why the slabs were in the "holy ratio of 1 x 4 x 9". Isaac commented that this was easy: "1 squared, 2 squared, 3 squared -- anyone with a feel for numbers would know that." (Laughter.)

Alex obviously felt the pendulum had swung too far, because he really didn't think the picture was as bad as painted, even if he had smeared much of the pigment himself. He proceeded to give the movie a series of backhanded compliments, saying "the picture has great flaws of story, characterization, and even of interest. But the technical effect alone makes seeing it worthwhile."

Isaac noted that "you better see it or they may never make another fancy science fiction picture."

Lester del Rey: "Good!" He added, "This is the first of the worst of the New Wave." He said the only real human beings are Hal the computer and the hominids at the beginning of the picture. Still, Les agreed with Alex that the picture should get an award for special effects. All the panelists agreed on that point.

There were many, many other comments made by the panelists -- far more than I should devote space to. I did ask during the question period if the panelists would recommend the picture to science fiction fans, despite its flaws. Isaac,

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Alex, and Marc said unequivocally "yes". "Les said "no" at first, but qualified this by saying they should leave at the 3/4-mark. He himself would have left by then had he not been there to write a review. On the other hand, Hal Clement liked the picture. (Possibly he was able to identify with one of the characters?)

Isaac remarked, "Arthur Clarke is my favorite science fiction writer next to myself." A fan said that Kubrick personally handled much of the camera work. Dick Eney added that the script was a running battle between Clarke and Kubrick. What really bothered Isaac the most was having the computer turn killer. "I was seriously and badly upset by the fact that the computer broke the First Law. You may think this is a story idea, but I take it seriously."

On this solemn note, the panel ended at 3:30 p.m. An hour's intermission and auction by Al Schuster were held, with the usual chit-chat among friends, and perusal of material for sale in the anteroom to the auditorium. The hall had been quite crowded, with some 100 persons having to stand or sit on the floor for lack of chairs.

The program began again at 4:30, with Ted announcing changes. The Editors' Panel, Part I was to go on next, with the second part to be held Sunday. Larry Shaw of Lancer Books and Terry Carr of Ace Books were the panelists.

Ted started the panel off with the statement that Lancer is more hospitable to new writers than other publishers, and stated that the audience would find out from Terry and Larry why certain stories are picked.

It was quickly apparent that this panel was headed for a heavy dose of "shop talk". Without in any way detracting from the panelists' ability as talkers, I will state that when persons deeply involved in given occupations talk about these, they go further, deeper, and longer than others really care to hear at such detail and length. The fans do enjoy hearing "inside gossip and how-things-work", fortunately, so the first half of the panel had a large audience, with a very respectable number still left at the end of an hour. (Three quarters of an auditorium-full, in fact.)

A wave of excitement swept over the room when Arthur C. Clarke came in at 4:45 p.m. Speculations were muttered quietly from one fan to another about what would have happened had Arthur been in the room when the panelists were tearing his movie apart.

Terry spoke about the science fiction specials that Ace started in January, with four cut at the time of the Lunacon. This brainstorm may be credited to Terry. He felt that the packaging for Chip Delany's books was bad. He stated that good writers should have good covers, not "monster" covers. Otherwise, you attract the wrong people. These will get halfway through and perplexedly ask, "Where's the monster?"

And so, he broached the "specials" idea, and got an instant okay. "I picked myself off the floor!" he said.

Larry remarked around the business end of the pipe he always has in hand that Lancer is a young company. "I've been with them for five years now." Thus, he has been able to guide Lancer in its formative period. He commented that fantasy hasn't sold well, especially at the high price of 75¢. "The publisher was turned off." However, the publisher liked science fiction, and even published INFINITY, Larry's late, lamented prozine.

He said that better sales are achieved if you do a certain type of book steadily rather than sporadically. Thus, some fantasy that has had momentum built up has been a financial success. "We've done consistently well with fantasy and sword and sorcery that we've done. Our outstanding success is the Conan series, obviously." Larry went on to talk about future Conan stories now being planned.

He said that friendly competition with Ace will keep everyone on his toes and make for better reading for fans. "It's my own personal ambition to catch up with Ace, in number at least." And in quality, too, he added.

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Terry electrified the audience with some insight into his company. When A.A. Wynn died, Ace sold out lock, stock, and barrel. The new publisher really wants to do well by Ace, including paying higher rates for authors. But unfortunately, not higher rates for editors, he added. (Laughter.) Actually, both Terry and Don Wollheim were given important promotions and more responsibility. (I must say that this is obviously all to the good for science fiction. Terry noted, too, that Don is the guest-of-honor at the Lunacon, and I agree with Terry's comment that Don has been the trail-blazer in science fiction publishing.)

Lerry startled us with the notation that Lancer had been putting books out for a while at the rate of 24 a month. This was a little hard to handle, and was cut back to 20 a month -- still a very large amount. "We have expanded very, very fast, and we're always understaffed."

In the question period, Larry said that the Lancer Magnum Easy Eye Editions were juveniles devoted to such old classics as Tom Sawyer and Kidnapped in complete, unabridged form.

Terry gave a satisfying answer to the effect that when a novel had to be cut for an Ace double, it didn't really lose much. Still, he noted that Chip's first book had been rewritten and brought back to original length for the reprinted version.

Chip rose to ask about Ace's rejection of a Dick Lupoff novel that had a Negro hero -- supposedly because not enough readers could "identify" with him. Chip pointed out that he himself had had six Negro heroes and a Chinese heroine, and asked if that had hurt sales.

Terry replied very jokingly: "You're our greatest liability." More seriously, he pointed out that most readers are simply unaware that Chip's heroes are Negroes. (Obviously, Chip treats pigmentation of skin as a chance incident and a normal thing rather than something to be pointed out for special attention.)

At 5:30 p.m. the program turned to a discussion between Ted White and Terry Carr, revolving (as best I understood the topic) around the future of science fiction. Terry said this future lay in television. He pointed out that Jim Blish gets lots of mail each week about Star Trek, more than any of his other (and better) works. Terry referred to Ted's long-standing and loudly-voiced dislike of Star Trek and equal fondness for comic books: "I think Star Trek is better than any comic book I've ever seen."

Ted proceeded to defend comic books. He and Terry were off for a lengthy two-man discussion, of which I only took in something under a half-hour. After all, dinner time was at hand, at a restaurant personally advocated by none other than Bob Silverberg. I was trying to hold out for a Chinese restaurant, but Bob had his heart set on a stick-to-your-ribs Korean meal.

Just prior to this adventure, a group of us gathered in Judy-Lynn Benjamin's room for cocktails. All except Isaac Asimov -- he ate up the Mister Salty pretzels. Bob kept the rest of us amused with humorous stories about his fire.

All too soon I found myself in the Korean restaurant. I was seated next to Gittel Asimov and alongside Lester del Rey, who was obviously at the head of the table. At the other end of the table, also the head, sat Isaac. In between were Bob and Barbara Silverberg, Jock Root, Ev del Rey, Robyn Asimov, and Judy-Lynn. Since only Bob had the slightest idea what the menu was about, we all decided to take the Korean special dinner. Isaac grandly ordered dinner for ten. All went well until I remarked to Gittel that I thought one dish was pickled raw fish. Fortunately, it turned out to be pickled raw cabbage. I still didn't think much of it. The ginseng cocktail was passable, and even Isaac had one.

We eventually made it back to the big party at 9:40 p.m. We had spent over three hours at dinner! Arthur C. Clarke had returned, too. The party was larger than even the night before. Walt Cole told me that 342 persons had registered -- the largest ever for a Lunacon. It seems that not only worldcons, but also regional cons are getting out of hand.

After a short stay, I wandered off to the Columbus party. Chuck Rein and his guitar were the center of attention. Among others listening were Harriett Kolchak, Ed Dong, and Fred Lerner. For a moment I thought Steve Patt was there, too -- though I couldn't understand how anyone could still look 12 years old after six years. Turned out to be Ricky Patt!

There were a couple of other parties, also -- most notably in Judy-Lynn's room and at Charlie Brown's room. At the one I had a particularly fine talk with Chip Delany, whose knowledge of music is frightening. At the other, I told dialect jokes and got closer acquainted with Cousin Pam. As Saturday night melted into Sunday morning, all but the hard core of the Charlie Brown contingent were shoed out. Besides Charlie and the girls, Elliot Shorter and I were left. Charlie served early-morning snacks of cheese, crackers, and wine. We had a picnic on the floor of a hotel in the middle of New York City at 4 a.m.

The happenings of the last day will have to be reported by someone else. I had to leave before Sunday's program commenced. I particularly wanted to hear Arthur Clarke's rebuttal on 2001. Eyewitnesses have informed me that Arthur did not voice concern over any bad reviews. He said that the picture as originally shown was hastily edited, and that a later deletion of 20 minutes effected a great improvement. In fact, he went so far as to call the film shown at the premiere a "flawed masterpiece" which now had been properly edited into a "perfect masterpiece".

While I always prefer to stay for every minute of a con, it was necessary for me to go home and rest. A Lunacon is always full of wear and tear for a fan. And I had to conserve my energies for the Disclave a few weeks later, where I would give a slide presentation. Actually, I had to go on a week's trip to Los Angeles and San Francisco first. Only after that could I start making the slides and figure out infuriating things to say. What happened at the Disclave ought to be the subject of my next con report, complete with sauna bath details.

THE BOOKSHELF: New Releases

ACE -- September Releases (Ace Books, 1120 Ave. of the Americas, NY, NY, 10036) --
Swords in the Mist, by Fritz Leiber (H-90; 60¢) -- "Sorcery and evil strike treacherously in the shrouded night, in this latest wonder-novel of Fafhrd the Barbarian and the Gray Mouser."

Synthajoy, by D.G. Compton (H-86; 60¢; "Science Fiction Special") -- "When Dr. Cadence invented Sensitape and Sexitape, methods to produce pre-programmed dreams, he was hailed as a national hero. But then he took his invention one step further, and he was murdered...."

The Broken Lands, by Fred Saberhagen (G-740; 50¢) -- "The passing of thousands of years left the Earth a series of broken lands . . ."

Destination: Saturn, by David Grinnell & Lin Carter (H-85; 60¢) -- "If the Saturnians can replicate other life forms, who can detect the real Earth man?" and

Invaders on My Back, by Philip E. High -- "Geeks and Norms clash -- and the Scuttlers dare not look at the sky!"

The Moon Men, by Edgar Rice Burroughs (G-748; 50¢) -- "The fantastic chronicle of wondrous Lunarian adventure by the master of classic science-fiction and creator of 'Tarzan.'"

The Man From U.N.C.L.E #16: The Splintered Sunglasses Affair, by Peter Leslie (G-754; 50¢) -- "The desperate hunt for a top-secret THRUSH document pits Solo and Ilya against an unknown but deadly foe."

Dimensions Beyond the Unknown, by John Macklin (H-89; 60¢).

Wild Talents, by Charles Fort (H-88; 60¢).

Also, The Dark Place, by Mildred Davis (G-751; 50¢; "Gothic"); Call of Glengarron, by Nancy Buckingham (G-749; 50¢; "Gothic"); A Killing for the Hawks (A-18; 75¢; WW-I); Marked Deck at Topango Wells, by William Colt MacDonald (G-746; 50¢; Western); Sage Tower, by Dean Owen and Killer on the Warbucket, by Ray Hogan (G-747; 50¢; Westerns); A Marriage Doctor Speaks Her Mind About Sex, by Rebecca Liswood, M.D. (H-87; 60¢).

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AN INTERVIEW WITH SWAMI GURU
by Alexis Gilliland

Q. What is your idea of the good life, Guru?

A. To have my wives love me and one another, and to have enough money so that I might spend my days in the coffee house playing chess.

Q. Why chess?

A. I like it. Someone else might prefer writing poetry.

Q. I see. Or discussing the holy books with the learned men seven hours every day?

A. It's a matter of taste. Theological discussions tend to obscure the clearest writing, and if poetic imagery has been used -- well, seven hours a day is hardly excessive. As I said, I prefer chess.

Q. What do you think of the King's Gambit?

A. A romantic debut, theoretically unsound, but presenting great tactical difficulties in across-the-board play. I find it particularly good in five-minute chess.

Q. Five-minute chess?

A. What I play in the coffee house. Each side has five minutes to make all his moves, and if his flag falls, he loses.

Q. Do you think our present society is heading for your version of the good life?

A. No.

Q. Would you care to expand on that, Guru?

A. There is no movement underway to legalize bigamy.

Q. Then bigamy is the answer?

A. No. But it is the answer for some people, and for these people it should be legal.

Q. You feel the marriage laws are too restrictive?

A. Yes. On the other hand, most men are like horses in the grain bin. The horse will eat till he founders, and men don't really know what is good for them either, so the law keeps them out of trouble.

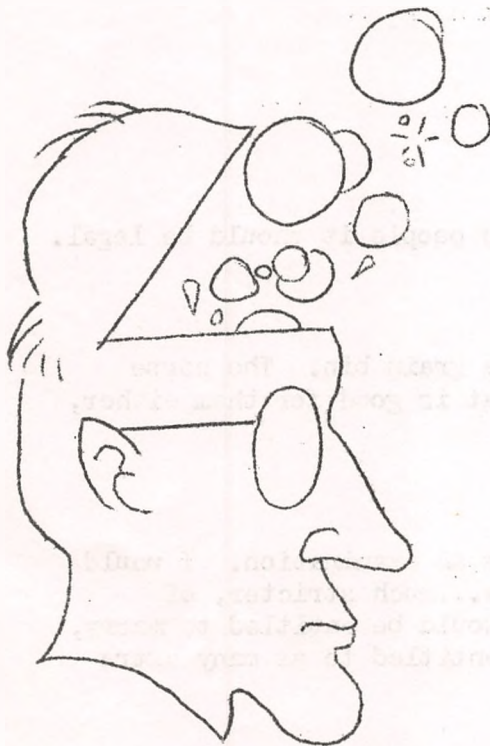
Q. How would you amend the law?

A. Well, before you get a driver's license you have to pass an examination. I would require an examination before issuing a marriage license...much stricter, of course, and with a performance test upon passing. You would be entitled to marry, and if you had scored exceptionally well, you would be entitled to as many extra wives as you could afford.

Q. How about extra husbands?

A. If a woman passes the test with high marks she can have extra husbands if she wishes.

- Q. What if you are married and want an extra wife, Guru?
- A. If I have a permit, I take the present wife and the candidate wife down to city hall, and get married.
- Q. The three of you?
- A. Yes. In marriage, the man and wife become one flesh, so naturally the candidate wife is marrying the one flesh which you have become.
- Q. How about a third wife?
- A. You compound your several marital responsibilities. I would say that only an exceptional individual could do justice to three wives. Mohammed, who had a rather low opinion of women, held that four should be the limit, and I am of the opinion that he was being overgenerous.
- Q. You think two is right?
- A. I have two.
- Q. How is your chess game?
- A. Since I read Hans Kmoch's Pawn Power in Chess I play a somewhat improved middle-game. I don't play serious chess any more except by mail.
- Q. How are the postal games going?
- A. I'm losing a match with Hans Berliner $2\frac{1}{2}-1\frac{1}{2}$ or 3-1 depending on the outcome of a difficult end-game.



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- Q. Do your wives love each other?
- A. I doubt it.
- Q. What are you going to do about it?
- A. Teach them to play chess.
- Q. What is the secret of a happy marriage with two wives?
- A. Spend as much time as possible in the coffee house.
- Q. Do you have a happy marriage?
- A. I often play the French Defense with black.
- Q. What is the use, Guru, of listening to a philosopher who is in trouble practicing what he preaches?
- A. You can learn by his mistakes.
- Q. What was your mistake?
- A. Driving without a license.

VIEWS, REVIEWS, AND ARCHIMEDEAN SPIRALS: Book and Movie Reviews

Rite of Passage, by Alexei Panshin. (Ace S-F Special A-16; 75¢; 248 pp).

Reading this book put me in mind of the old saw, "Always rub up against the big money, son. Some of it might rub off on you."

Panshin has made a profound (if somewhat pedantic) study of Heinlein and his work, and by some process has discovered the method whereby Heinlein builds his universes. Panshin, who would otherwise be a bright and promising young author, a man to watch in the future, a fan turning pro, used the method and produced a gigantic and powerful first novel. Panshin, in 1968, may not have the stature of Heinlein in 1968, but the 1968 Panshin is a better writer than the 1968 Heinlein, and in some respects he is a better writer than Heinlein ever was.

Possibly it is the Russian in him, but the major characters are real, living people. The minor characters are thoughtfully drawn, and the background of the ship becomes something you can immerse yourself in and study with the same intensity of interest as any Heinlein ever produced.

Basically, the story is the first-person narrative of a girl child growing up. What she does, what happens to her, how she reacts and sometimes why. Her father is the coordinator of the ship, and she sees him as she sees him, but the reader sees him, gradually, as he is. The people and things that fill her universe are well-ordered in some respects and random in others. The old bat who scolds her for running through the air ducts is very like what you might expect to find if you hadn't just run into her.

There is also the problem of growing up in a world of extreme longevity where the population is tightly controlled. Certain logical consequences arise, and these have been considered in some detail and worked into the story.

Possibly a few words about the history of Panshin's Universe are in order. Man pushed out into the solar system, and just as he developed the interstellar drive, the population explosion overtook him, and he was, in the parlance of the surfer, wiped out. All except the eight asteroid-ships, which, loaded to the gunwhales with hastily salvaged peasants, went out and colonized 112 planets. Some died out, and some were disciplined (for getting nasty), and now there are around 90 colonized planets, none of which have a particularly advanced technology.

Finally, the relationship of the ship with the colonized planets is considered. "Grabbies" say the colonists, "Mudeaters" sneer the ship people, and the ship -- with its old, stable population, and immense access to scientific and engineering information -- is a reactionary and exploitive force. They trade information for raw materials like shrewd, hard-dealing peasants, and when a planet gets out of line, it is disciplined. When someone suggests that the people on the planets are human and entitled to a greater share of the information that is their common heritage, he is put off with the argument, "Then what would we have to trade?"

When someone suggests that a planet should be left alone to work out its own destiny, he is put off with the argument, "They are nasty and horrible, and if they aren't a danger now, they might be later."

Underlying all this is a strong layer of compassion and humanity, but when it comes to a vote, conservatism and the status quo win out every time.

This is a hell of a good story, and a leading contender for the '69 Hugo. Perhaps the leading contender. Ace has been putting out an awful lot of good books lately...perhaps there is a market for them, or maybe Terry Carr got hot, but I suspect that 1968 is going to be one of those years.

If you haven't got the message, what I am trying to tell you is: go out and buy and read Rite of Passage by Alexei Panshin.

-- Alexis Gilliland

Almost everyone remembers the debut of Dean R. Koontz into the pages of science fiction. It was with an "ambitious and highly successful" short story entitled "Soft Come the Dragons" in the August, 1967 issue of F&SF. Since that time, he has sold many stories to F&SF as well as to the other sf prozines, all of them short stories or novelettes. Nothing longer. But finally a work of novel proportions by-lined Koontz has arrived in the form of Star Quest (Ace Double H-70; 60¢).* It was a long time coming, but it's worth it.

Scene: the 29th Century. The Romaghins and the Setessins (respectively the descendants of the ancient political factions of the RadRi and the RadLef) are locked in a galaxy-wide war that has been going on for centuries. The early battles were fought with nuclear weapons which inevitably resulted in the production of Muties, mutants with un-normal appearance and psi powers. Muties are a threat to both warring factions and both are attempting to eliminate them as they kill each other.

Tohm, a relative savage, is kidnapped from his primitive jungle planet and his beautiful beloved by the Romaghins. He is divested of his body and drugged into an unknowing stupor by his captors, who then use his brain to operate one of their Jumbo war-craft. Tohm, however, regains consciousness an indeterminate amount of time later through a mechanical failure, and immediately sets out across the stars for his lost love. He is thus plunged into a world he does not understand, cannot understand, full of strange wonders and horrors: the world of Muties, Romaghins, and Setessins.

SQ is the story of the primitive Tohm's reactions to this in-the-future culture; the story of how his first love is torn from him in the most terrible way of all; the story of how he discovers the outcasts of society are not always that justly; the story of how he stumbles over one person's "hate", only to find it is love disguised.

The book has all the elements of a pleasant adventure -- but SQ is much, much more than that. It is a novel about which Judith Merrill could not possibly say: "I can understand why people want to read them, but not at all why everyone wants to write them." People will want to read this book, surely. But Koontz had a reason to write it -- he had something to say.

And what he had to say concerns minorities -- more specifically, the Negroes of America. As with any good piece of literature, he says it indirectly but obviously. The first hint that this book is something more than the average chase-action-adventure is the password of the Muties, "Soulbrothers", which comes around the half-way mark. After that, hints pile up fast and furiously until they are no longer hints but shouts of anger. To give away the totality of the book would be a crime; to prove with a few short quotes taken from SQ that Koontz is indeed saying something would certainly be in order. Herewith: excerpts from Mutie/Tohm conversations: "Technically, since they [the Romaghins and the Setessins] created us [the Muties], they should be supporting us. Instead, they kill us on sight. It is an old trait in men. I think it is an attempt to salve their consciences for the wrong acts that caused us." Or, "We are fighting hypocrisy, friends; we don't want to give in to it." Or, "By now you should know the world isn't goody-goody." And more. Do you believe?

Here is one of those rare books with a raison d'etre. Besides the desirable aspects of fast and rousing action, perfectly-realized dream sequences, interesting characters and a well-rounded if sometimes rough-edged plot, the author and the book are saying something. Read SQ. What Koontz has to say is worth hearing.

*If you have already read SQ, you are no doubt looking forward to his next novel. It will be from Ace under the title, The Fall of the Dream Machine.

-- Robert Willingham

Space Chantey, by R.A. Lafferty
Pity About Earth, by Ernest Hill (Ace Double H-56; 60¢; 119 and 130 pp., resp.).

The so-called New Wave was really the product of the fevered imaginations of a small band of critics and authors, notably Judith Merrill, Michael Moorcock, and Harlan Ellison. They wanted to see something new, and they did their best to make it happen without having a very clear idea of what they were up to. The result (of course) was trivial because you do not make a wave by blowing in your teacup, although you can be pretty splashy.

So what this is leading up to, is that something new is making the s-f scene, without benefit of advance press notices, and without any label stuck on it. This New Wave (to borrow a term from quantum mechanics) is characterized by the fresh treatment of old themes, new ideas, a fairly high level of technical excellence in the writing, and a kind of yeasty exuberance tempered with the knowledge that the world is, and man is, and neither is likely to improve drastically. Wit and humor are optional, but most authors opt for them. Sex is mandatory, but it has to be legitimate in the sense of contributing to something beside the pornographic content of the story. Actually, with taboos the way they are now, it is more of a challenge to the writer to produce a funny scene than a printable sexy one.

The Ace Double in question is an excellent example of New Wave writing.

Space Chantey, for instance, is a fine freehand translation of the Odyssey with bits of Norse mythology and Wild West stories thrown in for good measure. It is pure storytelling with wild, exuberant language, bad puns, good puns, and extravagant situations flowing about the legendary figures of Captain Roadsturm, Great Road-Storm as they called him, and the genius giant-child Hondstarfer who used a flint axe wrapped in buckskin for the fine work on space-ship instruments, and Crewman Bramble who knew everything, and Great Trochanter and Deep John the Vagabond who almost threw Atlas with "the double caboose" and Margaret the (shapechanging) houri, and the rest. The cover and the eight chapter headings are by Vaughn Bode, and are very well suited to the material. Using a modified cartoon style, Bode has come up with a cover that is handsome as well as apt. It makes you smile.

On the other side, Kelly Freas did the honors for Pity About Earth, a space ship broadcasting newspapers into empty space, plus a spot on the frontispiece.

The protagonist, Shale, is an archexecutive and a real bastard with no human feelings at all. He shot his mother, and: "You're not going to eat it?" Marilyn said, gasping. "Why not?" he asked. "It's human flesh." "So what?" he wanted to know, "It's processed."

However, his bastardlyness is part of his cultural upbringing, and through him we get a look at a world where the machines have made all executives superfluous, and the status quo is maintained without human effort.

We also have a mad scientist and his beautiful daughter and the mad scientist's laboratory, which is very funny and also very horrible. From the lab, in fact, comes Marilyn, half human, half ape, and by far the most sympathetic character in the book.

Underlying the slapstick humor and farcial situations is some purgent social comment on the uses of people and the nature of advertising.

We also have the observation that too much intelligence paralyzes the will to act, and the logical consequences that follow.

PAE is an excellent book: good reading and entertainment on several levels, with more than a dash of philosophy thrown in.

This is an outstanding double, and I urge you to buy it,
-- Alexis Gilliland

Dr. Doolittle (20th-Century Fox Pictures; Starring Rex Harrison and Anthony Newley).
This is a musical comedy with a large infusion of fantasy, which somehow seems credible at the time.

Dr. Doolittle (Rex Harrison) is an animal doctor who speaks 498 animal languages and is currently learning goldfish.

First we learn how he got that way...human patients gave him a pain, and his parrot, Polynesia, who spoke over 2,000 animal languages, offered to tutor him.

Then we learn why goldfish. He yearns to seek out the Great Pink Sea Snail, long thought to be legendary, and it is essential that he learn fish-talk.

The little matter of money is taken care of by the gift of a Pushme-Pullyou from Long Arrow, Dr. Doolittle's faithful Indian scout. This beast is taken to the circus where its soft-shoe routine pulls the yokels in like a magnet.

You understand, of course, that the night before, when they discuss the expedition, the question of money is dismissed with an airy wave of the hand. The next day, there is this big box on the lawn.

Anyway, at the circus, one of the seals wants to visit her husband at the North Pole, and rather than doing something straightforward like buying up her contract (her mind is not on balancing balls) Dr. Doolittle disguises her as a little old lady and helps her escape to the Bristol Channel.

He throws her in, clothes and all, and this leads to a hilarious scene in court where he tries to explain that he isn't a murderer, he was just.... He is successful to the extent that he is sent to the booby-hatch instead of the gallows, and en route, his faithful chimp and linguistically gifted parrot arrange an audacious and brilliant escape.

He winds up on the good if somewhat unseaworthy ship Flounder, "You know, I was chatting with one of the rats this morning, and he said he had this tingling in his tail which was an infallible sign that the ship is sinking . . .", in company of his man (Anthony Newley), a small boy, and the magistrate's pretty niece who stowed away for the love of Dr. Doolittle.

We also encounter such phenomena as a floating island, a helpful whale, amiable porpoises, and our hero and his friends being tied to the stake for the "death of 10,000 screams" ("For a little thing like that?" mutters Newley, "I'd 'ave thought it was only worth 5.").

This is excellent entertainment. Don't worry about a thing. God and the script-writers will provide.

-- Alexis Gilliland

Of Men and Monsters, by William Tenn (Ballantine Book U6131; 75¢; 241 pp.).

Well, if we take the idea that man is basically a rat -- a postulate long held by certain women -- it follows that our story will have certain characteristics.

As for instance, giant alien creatures living in giant, alien houses. The details of human society as it literally adapts itself to the rat race. The alien mantraps and man-poisons, and alien females screaming at the sight of a man. Plus the pest control laboratory where men are kept in cages and experimented on.

On the human side we have the Ins and the Outs and power politics which is amazingly similar to today's "democratic process". We also have a fragmented, divided population with diverse skills and traditions, all of whom live by stealing from the aliens' food bins, or trading for the stolen food.

The burrows in the walls are fantastically wide and deep. And as you go further back in them, the people get more and more civilized and less and less rat-like, which means they are unadapted to their environment.

The story concerns Eric the Only (litters are normal now among humans, although women still only have two breasts) as he approaches his rite of passage. His uncle, Thomas the Trap-smasher, is

engaged in preparing a coup de etat, and recruits him with disastorous and unexpected results. No sooner has Eric the Only become Eric the Eye when ka-blam! he winds up Eric the Exile.

This leads to Arnold the Organizer, a good number-two man but a terrible leader, Walter the Weapon-Seeker, a good line-man but hardly suitable outside his field and the dread pest control center. Plus also Rachel Esthersdaughter of the Aaron People, a wild escape, hairy cannibals, horrendous catastrophes, and lots of well-realized action.

The characterization is excellent. Eric and Rachel come through beautifully, and their sidemen, although touched a bit with caricature, are very good.

OMaM is another Hugo contender, along with Leiber's The Swords of Lankhmar, Silverberg's The Masks of Time, Lafferty's Space Chantey, and Panshin's Rite of Passage. The list sounds overly long? No. 1968 is a good year is all. Every story mentioned is absolutely first-rate, all of them are different, and Of Men and Monsters is in there with the best of them. Tenn, in case you hadn't heard, is a fine, fine writer, and Ballantine has put out five volumes of his short stories besides this, his first novel. Reviews of the five Tenms will be forthcoming, but they are all good and all worth having.

There is a unity in the covers of the six volumes, and they make a handsome set, but taken singly they seem overly stylized.

-- Alexis Gilliland

Great Science Fiction Adventures, edited by Larry Shaw (Lancer Easy Eye Edition; 75¢).

Stories include: "The Starcombers", by Edmond Hamilton;
 "Hunt the Space-Witch", by Robert Silverberg;
 "The Man from the Big Dark", by John Brunner; and
 "The World Otalmi Made", by Harry Harrison.

We have here four examples of the science fiction boom of the late fifties. SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES was one of several magazines that cropped up rather suddenly in a market that was already oversaturated. With GALAXY, F&SF, ASTOUNDING, and a few others paying top dollar, and with only a limited and not overly wealthy market waiting, certain things were bound to happen, and did. First, the new magazines got some of the worst hack writing available. Second, those potential new readers who picked up one of these scut-work journals were so appalled that they gave up science fiction permanently as a result. Third, the worst magazines folded and almost took the top-runners with them.

This is not to say that SFA was the worst available; in fact, SFA and its parent, INFINITY, were among the better examples as I remember them. As is obvious, however, these magazines did not survive.

SFA had a policy of publishing two or three novelettes per issue. Some of these were very good, and were published elsewhere, usually as the second half of an Ace double. In trying to find four decent stories in the remainder, I imagine that Larry Shaw was hard-pressed, to say the least. These four stories, all things considered, were not bad; somehow, though, I find them difficult to accept in light of the price. They aren't bad; but they just aren't seventy-five cents good.

-- David Halterman

1968 Non-Con --

Fred Lerner and Thomas Bulmer are attempting to organize an informal "Non-Con" over the Labor Day Weekend for those persons who are unable to attend the Baycon. Its location has not yet been firmed, but it will be someplace in northern New Jersey. For further information, write: Fred Lerner, 98-B, The Boulevard, East Paterson, New Jersey, 07407. Or call him (201-SW6-2747).

--DLM

In Memoriam -- GROFF CONKLIN, noted science-fiction anthologist, who died of emphysema at his summer home in Pawling, N.Y., on July 20. He was 63 at the time of his death. Beginning with The Best of Science Fiction (1946), Mr. Conklin edited a total of 38 science fiction and fantasy anthologies. He was book reviewer for GALAXY during the first five years of that magazine's existence, and was editor of Grosset & Dunlap's SF series in the early 1950's. He did quite a bit of writing outside the field, on home improvement and maintenance, and various scientific and technical subjects. For the last three years he was science editor for The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language, which is being prepared for publication next year. (Source: SCIENCE FICTION TIMES, P.O. Box 216, Syracuse, N.Y., 13209; 30¢ a copy, \$3/year (\$5 overseas).)

In Memoriam -- LEWIS GRANT, JR., well-known Chicago fan, who died of a heart attack while attending the WELCON on July 13, at the age of 39. He was a founding member of the University of Chicago SF Club, a member of MENSAs, the American Rocket Society, and the Ethical Society, and a lecturer for the Humanist and Ethical Societies. (Source: THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN, %Janie Lamb, Rt. 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tenn., 37754.)

BAYCON notes -- Banquet will be held Sunday night, Sept. 1, with addresses by the Pro and Fan GoH's, and the presentation of the Hugo awards. Tickets are \$6.75, and may be ordered by mail or at the registration desk (must be purchased at least 48 hours prior to banquet). Make checks or m.o.'s payable to "J. Ben Stark", and send them to "BAYCON", P.O. Box 261, Fairmont Station, El Cerrito, Calif., 94530. Menu includes Avacado stuffed with Bay Shrimp, Stuffed Breast of Capon Sauteed on Rice Polognac, Fresh Garden Peas, Rolls & Butter, Dessert (French Pastry), Coffee (wines are available but not included in price of banquet). ##### If interested in participating in the MEDIEVAL TOURNAMENT (sponsored by the Society for Creative Anachronism), write to Dave Thewlis, 1585 Arch St., Berkeley, Cal., 94708. A Tournament Handbook (with info on how to make weapons and armour, the technique of tournament combat, etc., may be had free to BAYCON members upon request (write to Dave, and include your BAYCON number). ##### Business meetings at 2:30 p.m. Sunday, Sept. 1 (convention site voting for '69) and 12:00 p.m., Monday, Sept. 2 (all other business). ##### BAYCON members may order The Proceedings of the BAYCON in advance for only \$1.00 (price will be much higher when published) from Alva Rogers, 5967 Greenridge Rd., Castro Valley, Cal., 94546. (Source: BAYCON PROGRESS REPORT #3.)

Recent Conventions -- OZARKON III, July 26-28, in St. Louis, had 99 persons registered. Highlight was Harlan Ellison's GoH speech, in which he talked about the reviews his new book, Love Ain't Nothing But Sex Misspelled, has been getting, and read a few of his recent (as yet unpublished) stories. ##### The FUNCON, held over the July 4th weekend in Los Angeles, drew about 300 persons. Program featured GoH speech by Harry Harrison on philosophy and religion in SF, talks by Harlan Ellison and Ray Bradbury, and a host of other events. ##### The DETROIT TRIPLE FAN FAIR, held on June 15 and 16, had 175 fans in attendance. Program included speech by GoH Harlan Ellison, chalk-talk by Bob Taylor of MAD MAGAZINE, movies, talks and panels on comics, and Harlan getting the third-degree in "The Inquisition of Harlan Ellison". ##### MIDWESTCON (June 28-30, in Cincinnati, Ohio), drew over 200 persons. Primarily a social affair, the only formal event was a smorgasbord-style banquet, with a brief program at the banquet. ##### SOUTHWESTERNCON, in Dallas, Texas, June 21-23, had about 150 attending. Program included films and speeches by GoH Harold Le Doux, Fritz Leiber, and H.H. Hollis. ##### INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION OF COMIC ART, July 4-7, NYCity, drew 784, and received substantial coverage in the New York papers. (Sources: OSFAN, %Hank Luttrell, 2936 Barrett Sta. Rd., Kirkwood, Mo., 63122; 15¢, 12/\$1.50, and SCIENCE FICTION TIMES.)

CRY lives again! The latest reincarnation in the fanzine field is CRY, which, with the publication of issue #175, joins such 'zines as SHANGRI L'AFFAIRS, PSYCHOTIC, ODD, and WARHOON in rising from the dead. Editors Wally Weber, Elinor Busby, & Vera Heminger. Subs (25¢, 4/\$1) to Vera at 30214 108th Ave., S.E., Auburn, Wash., 98002. Contributions to Elinor at 2852 14th Ave W., Seattle, Wash., 98119. Pub. every 6 weeks.

DOLL'S HOUSE: Fanzine Reviews
by Doll Gilliland

St. Louis strikes again! --

OSFAN (OSFA official pub. Hank Luttrell, 2936 Barrett Sta. Rd., Kirkwood, Mo., 63122. Contribs, news, art, LoC's; 15¢, 12/\$1.50. Free to OSFA members). Here we find lots of coverage -- club news, con news, fan news, new releases -- books, movies, and TV, APA mailings, visitors, and incisive fanzine reviews by Chris Couch, with occasional noncommittal assists from the ed. Also, delightful little art squibs by such as John Berry, Steve Chapman, Bill Garnett, Seth Dogramajian, Doug Lovenstein, and at times Bonnie Long. Usually 8 pp.

#32 (Jan. 15). A report on the new NJF officers and story contest winners; medieval marriage ceremony for Steve Perrin and Lusie Petti, followed by the Twelfth Night Revels of the Society for Creative Anachronism. An obit note re Edison Marshall, early fantasy writer (Dian of the Lost Land, etc.).

#33 (Feb. 13). Hey, hey -- a word from Baycon -- fashion show will be sponsored by GALAXY mags.; theme is fashions in specific SF cultures; all invited to participate; contact Cindy Van Arnam, 1730 Harrison Ave., Apt. 353, Bronx, N.Y., 10453 for applications. Our congrats to Lesleigh Couch, who won a Curator's Award to the University of Missouri. Ed. reports that Ace has acquired the rights to the German space opera series Perry Rhodan (which Tom Schluck discussed in the last issue of his zine).

#34 (March 5). Obit notes re Rosel George Brown (Sibyl Sue Blue, etc.), Ron Elik, and Lee Jacobs. The International Festival of SF Films is scheduled July 6-13 in Trieste. The vampire movie "Curse of the Headless Demons" will include among its cast Fritz Leiber, Forry Ackerman, and Dian Pelz. Clarion (Penna.) State College has a writers' workshop in stf slated for June 24-Aug. 2nd; 2-, 4-, and 6-week enrollments; visiting staff will feature Judith Merrill, Fritz Leiber, Harlan Ellison, Damon Knight, and Kate Wilhelm. (Saw this in SATURDAY REVIEW, but since Hank mentioned it, what the heck!)

#35 (April 23). Nebula award winners, the latest development in NEW WORLDS' struggle for existence (better than a soap opera -- see SCOTTISHE 47, Ethel Lindsay ed., for a fine overview of same), and the statement that Harry Harrison is leaving AMAZING and FANTASTIC because of the workload. (Anyone have anything further on this?) Robert Kresge reviews "2001: A Space Odyssey". Hank Davis joins the pro ranks with the sale of a tale to IF and another to ANALOG. (Does Alexis' sale to PLAYBOY qualify him as an official dirty pro?)

STARLING #11 (Dec. '67) (Hank Luttrell, see above, and Lesleigh Couch, see below. Trade, contribs, LoC's, 25¢). Interesting if not too successful cover by Richard Flinchbaugh, but his interior illos are something else (see p. 25); bacover by Wm. Garnett was neither good enough nor bad enough to be good. Colorful squibs by Garnett, Geo. Foster, R.E. Gilbert, and Doug Lovenstein. Hank blabs about the start of OFSA and the recently-formed MoSFA (on the campus of the U. of Mo. at Columbia). Reprinted from QUARK, Lesleigh's report on their week in N.Y. -- what with the Village and NYCon does full credit to the "funtown" appellation -- the only big thing she omitted was meeting Alexis and me. Joe Sanders tears into Keith Laumer's book rendition of The Invaders (Pyramid) and comments on pornography and censorship. From the pages of THE SPECTATOR comes a review by James Suhrer Dorr of the film "Fahrenheit 451". "Time Out of Place" is a kind of flower-children love story by Don D'Amassa. LoC's. 35 pp.

QUARK #5 (APAL45 mailing. Lesleigh & Chris Couch, Rte. 2, Box 889, Arnold, Mo., 63010. LoC, contrib, etc.). "Sybil Ann Fan" is a delightful conrep parody, but underlying it

is that same theme discussed elsewhere (by Larry Smith in COSIGN, I think) -- the sorry plight of the neofan at a convention. Has anyone ever thought to write on the sorry plight of the pro at a fan convention?

Fan achievement awards, sex, and dope are the subjects emanating from Jerry Kaufman's overstuffed armchair (oh what puns and witticisms I could insert right here, but I shall resist the temptation), and a nice bit of thinking is reflected here. Jerry also describes a Ravi Shankar concert in a later article, as does Lesleigh -- who also talks of the Peter, Paul and Mary appearance she witnessed as well as other doings. James Reuss adds a poetic somewhat philosophical moodpiece, "The Man Running in the Rain", illo'd by Dave Peloquin. "Now Dig This Baby" is an illo'd article describing Hank Luttrell's transition from indifference in his high school years to enthusiasm in his college years for rock 'n' roll music, and he has it right -- the lyrics of the Presley era were terrible, but the folk music craze has finally had a large-scale effect, and songs now say something. (As for the beat, it has been and always will be there. I have little to say for freakish electronics, but the visual aspect is a kind of simplified version of ballet and modern dance interpretation of the accompanying music. Or hadn't you thought of it that way? Personally, I am delighted at the return of polyphony to vocal music -- and the appearance of instrumentalists and vocalists with musical ability is lending a lot of today's rock-and-roll the respectability of good jazz.) Lesleigh Couch writes of the individual in a world of his own creation. A whimsical bit of fantasy is tossed into the hopper by James Schumacher. Chris Couch makes horrible pun a la poor Feghoot. APA mailing comments by both eds and QUARK LoC's complete the 42 pp. Multicolor cover and bacover, but I know not by whom.

#6 (April) The Couch kids are excellent specimens of the three i's -- they're intelligent, interested, and industrious. Thus comes this breezy 35-page apazine loaded with youthful vitality and personality. Hank Luttrell illo's the critique by Arnie Katz on the Mothers of Invention album "We're Only In It for the Money". Jerry Kaufman touches on the Cream, McLuhan's prognostication of the end of "the old linear ways of transmitting information", Vote toothpaste, etc., and pushes Silverberg's Thorns for best novel, Delany's "Corona" for best short story. (My congrats to QUARK; this is one of the few 'zines that spell Chip's name correctly, judging by what I've read in the past week. Even AMAZING's cover has it wrong. Delany -- ny as in New York.) The poems by Jim Schumacher are expressionistic word pictures, and Seth Dogramijian's illo of "Untitled on a dark night" has caught it beautifully. "Let me take you to a place I know of" by Jim Reuss may not be fine poetry but it is apt. Lesleigh's column is charming -- on the sub-society of private high schools, her visit to U of Mo. to attend a showing of the old Flash Gordon film "Rocketship" to MoSFA, to Washington U. and Chris' Chinese art class, and to the Underground movie theatre in Gaslight Square to see a Bob Dylan movie. APA45 m.c.'s by Chris & Leigh, Chris' illo'd concommentoon, a good LoColumn. Not much SF, but pleasant reading.

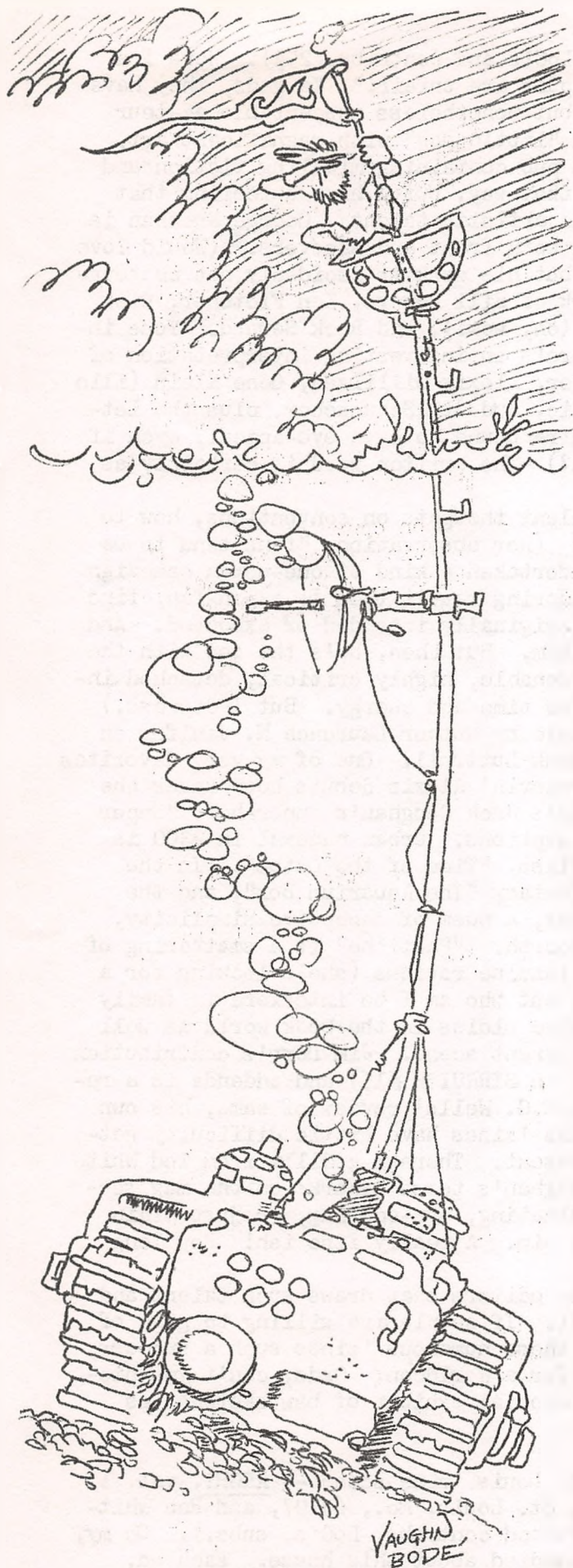
ODD #18 (Spring '68) (Ray Fisher, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis, Mo., 63018. 75¢; 4/\$2). Was overwhelmed at my first pass thru the ish -- the format is enticing, the artwork fantastic, especially that of R.E. Jennings, who is more impressive with each appearance, and here he furnishes both covers, several interior illos, and a brief but remarkable art folio which accompanies his equally remarkable autobiographical sketch. (Would love to have an example or two of his work for TWJ -- wherein I hope will be featured artists and writers who are likely prospects for fan achievement awards. Heck, would love to have some of his work for my own personal pleasure.) Oh sigh -- there's the editor commenting on international morality, accompanied by Toni Urie's and Ray Nelson's war cartoons, and a Random Troll psychedelic poster parody of the war against drug-taking.

The poetic and artistic rendering of woman by Joyce Fisher and Mickey Rhodes, respectively, is a thing of gentle beauty and wisdom. Joyce's "Turning Wheels" and Phil Walker's "Solipsism" are poetic efforts also worthy of note. It must be because he knows I kile dragons (he and Alexis were drawing them for me at last

year's Disclave) and that I read ODD; anyway, Jack Gaughan comes up with an impromptu shaggy dragon cartoonstory (drool, all you other fanzine eds). A boost by the ed. for the '69 Worldcon at St. Louis and splendid full-page Rhodes art-ads. A rather odd extended tale by Bill Bowers is as elusive as the dreams recounted therein, but his two-page frontispiece is powerful of itself. Johnny Chambers' comiccomment by the little green dinosaur, Stephen Langton's variation on the Gloria Mundi theme, Philip Canning's charming illustrated bestiary, Bob Rogers' illo'd poem on ecological systems -- all add up to delightful diversion. Toss in Arnie Katz on fanzines and fanzine editing, flanked by the differing art styles of Jim Gardner, Jack Gaughan (something different this way comes -- I do believe that is Tolkien-inspired, and if so, find his hobbit utterly captivating), and Anthony Kalergy. Vacationing from Britain, Richard Gordon observes the American scene -- NY and the NYCon, the music shtick, gadgetry, iced tea, superking cigarettes, living costs, and the Ozarkon. Illos and squibs by John Berry, Mickey Rhodes, Jay Kinney, Jim Gardner, Joe Staton, Ken Fletcher, and Ray Nelson adorn this delightful dissection. Zinging LoC's from France (Jean-Pierre Turmel), England (Terry Jeeves), Argentina (Mae Strelkov), and of course the U.S.

Did I mention that the whole Gaughan contingent is represented illowise? Yep. Ray Fisher scoops all; Phoebe and Brian Gaughan make their fan-art debut here, and Jack's work this ish is unusually impressive. (Gee, Jack, if you'd furnish me a hobbit and a dragon I might quit hounding you. Ouch, Alexis, don't beat me; I'm just funning seriously.) And speaking of illustrators, I must include Terry Jeeves, Doug Lovenstein (would love some of Love's work, too, for TWJ; feel he's a hot contender), Chester Malon (fine lettering -- more on this guy anon), Mickey Rhodes (I know I've mentioned him, but his art work is so fine), Carol McLain, Dan O'Bannon, Rick Seward (whose illo looks like it escaped from MAD), Bjo Trimble, Paul Willis (one clever fellow), and Jurgen Wolff (whose orbiting Edsel on p. 103 is especially winning). I must include them because their work is good, and ODD's reproduction is exceptional. A remarkable 124-page issue.

SIRRUISH #16 (Winter '67/'68) (OSFA pub. Leigh Couch, Rte. 2, Box 889, Arnold, Mo.,



63010. Free to OSFA and MoSFA members; printed LoC's and contribs, 25¢). Were I a fanzine ed., my war cry would be "St. Louis fan pubs are unfair!" Ye gads, they have a club news bulletin, OSFAN; STARLING, a simple but nonetheless respectable amateur pub.; QUARK, a charming youthful APazine; ODD, a "little mag" with magnificent art. What more could one expect than an unpretentious pub containing middling fiction and leftovers? Well, SIRRUIISH may have started out that way, but I have a feeling that it is now coming into its own. Whence cometh the artistic talent? George Kuennan is the creative fantasist whose work is featured on both front and back covers. (Would love a sample of his work for TWJ.) He's new to me, but his work is decidedly not amateurish. ODD is not cornering the market on the work of Bill Bowers, Ken Fletcher, Dick Flinchbaugh, Jack Gaughan, REG, Doug Lovenstein (oh, wow!), and Rick Seward. Toss in Steve Chapman, "Cynaide", Richard Davis (now there's an interesting interpretation of a fannish ghod-idol), Richard Flood, George Foster, Alexis Gilliland, Gene Klein (illo on p. 7 is a delight), Dave Peloquin, Steve Rasnic, and Jim Schumacher, plus the lettering of Chris Couch and Hank Luttrell, and you're bound to have eye-appeal, even if the repro can't match ODD's. (But then, who can?) The written word is certainly as good, if not better.

The editor voices some excellent thoughts on conventions, how to make them more enjoyable, and how to enjoy them. (Her observation, "fans tend to be somewhat introverted", is so true that I have undertaken a kind of one-woman campaign to put them at their ease, with the rather bewildering result that I, a non-fan, find myself much deeper in fandom relationships than originally intended or expected. And poor Alexis is the one who ends up maintaining them. But then, he's the one with the real interest and the talent. I am merely a personable, highly critical, detached individual with unlimited interests and very limited time and energy. But I digress.) "Accustomed As I Am" is a quite interesting article by author Laurence M. Janifer on writing, with a Janifer stf biblio compiled by Hank Luttrell. One of my very favorites of the many little weirdos dashed off by me ever-lovin' Alexis debuts here under the title "The Delian Hemlock Caper". And then there's Jack Gaughan's super-hero "Super Nonsense", with Jim Reuss lending a hand on the captions. Urban renewal in 2300 is the theme of a thought-provoking story by W.G. Bliss, "Time of the Ottos". In the poetic realm, we find Thomas McKeown's strange fantasy "The Aquarium Box", and the contemplative "A Book Called Earth" by James Reuss, a poem of deceptive simplicity, with the warm afterglow of a dying fire on the hearth. "Pastiche" is a smattering of everything, books the ed likes best at present, fanzine reviews (she's looking for a reviewer -- I think Chris would make a good one, but who am I to interfere in family affairs?). Hank Davis reviews some of the reissued oldies in the book world as well as some new ones, and Bob Vardeman adds to the current scene. Jim Dorr's contribution of remarks on Lang's Metropolis (see Rich Wannan in SIRRUIISH #15) and addenda is a remarkable thing in itself, containing comments on H.G. Wells' review of same, his own critical notes, and opinion. I note the St. Louis 'zines have little difficulty getting response from their readers, at least at present. There's a dilly from Ted White on pornography (and other things), altho Jack Gaughan's terse remarks on the mag section of the Sunday NEW YORK TIMES are more illuminating, eye-opening, or just plain fun (just as he is) -- depending on how you read him. A really fine ish! How long can this go on?

What is it about the St. Louis fan editors that draws such talent and support? Whatever it is, it certainly bodes well. If people are willing to give of their time and imaginative ability to help make these numerous 'zines such a success, is it unreasonable to assume they'd do the same for a Worldcon? Gads, can't you picture the art show? Cheez, they ought to have a special exhibit of b&w sketches as the museums are doing locally.

Hang on; don't leave. Another entrant on the St. Louis 'zine scene -- ARCH!, vol. 1, #1 (March) (Chester Malon, Jr., 4413 Blair Ave., St. Louis, Mo., 63107, and Ron Whittington, 308 Park Drive, Festus, Mo., 63028. Pubbed contribs, LoC's, subs.). Oh my, the conversations are almost as lucid as those bandied about this house. Each ed. writes on the other (probably physically as well as literally -- or do I mean figuratively? -- forget it!), and then combine on the first of a series of stories "taken

from the files of the Dept. of Dirty Tricks -- which looks like some foul plot to do in St. Louis opposition". (This could conceivably be a form of Progress Report on St. Louis's bid for the Worldcon. Novel idea!) A very elaborate Feghoot-type fable follows. Comes a remarkable excerpt from an actual speech by an unnamed GoH. Plus some killer filler. A humorzine that seems well on its way -- and this is a first ish. I'm telling you -- you have to watch that St. Louis crowd -- they're trying to cop the fanzine trade -- or the fans -- on the '69 Worldcon -- or something.

SCOTTISHE #47 (March) (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, U.K. U.S. Agent: Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, Cal., 94701. 4/\$1). A memorial to Ron Elik. A good look at seven issues of NEW WORLDS -- its problems, its aims, its authors, etc. Interesting LoC's from Roytac, Buck Coulson, Ann Chamberlain, Ian Peters, Harry Warner, etc. Natterings on the Thirdmancon, buying books, FAPA, poetry in fandom, etc., and reprints of two poems on Eve -- one by Joyce Fisher (from ODD), the other by Judith Wright (from a volume of her verse, The Other Half). Relaxed likeable 'zine. 14 pp.

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, Vol. 3, no. 1 (Aug. '67) (Leland Sapiro, Box 97, Portal, N.D., 58772 (address 'til Oct.); 50¢; 4/\$1.50). Some 90 pages, digest-size. Comes the first of a 5-part series by Jack Williamson, "H.G. Wells, Critic of Progress" (illos by John Ayotte). "The idea of progress is the symbol of change" to Wells. "The fact of change is as universal as the human hunger for permanence. Change arises largely from the inner nature of the individual; permanence is sought outside...especially in the structure of society." But, as Williamson points out, "scientific progress continues at an exponential rate while social progress totters along the brink of catastrophe." Wells' ideas about progress are contrasted with Comte and Marx, compared to Herbert Spencer. He has a biological rather than a mystical view of progress, seeing the expanding human intelligence as a new element in the evolutionary process. Williamson discusses Wells' early romances in this light. He also touches on his writing style and his lamentable flap with Henry James. (James sought to render life objectively, without manipulation; Wells didn't care about rendering life -- he wanted to change it. Hey, might this have been the opening salvo in the "mainstream vs SF" controversy?)

Excerpts from Kris Neville's Run, the Spearmaker look like a novel version of the origin of the Scriptures. The concluding segment of "Superman and the System" by W.H.G. Armytage discusses projected Utopian trends -- G.B. Shaw's "Back to Methuselah" (1920 -- "There once was a time...when children were given the world to play with because they promised to improve it. They did not improve it, and they would have wrecked it had their power been as great as that which you wield when you are no longer a child."), Hesse's Das Glasperlenspiel (1943 -- the teacher is the true contact between intellect and reality, since he passes on values), Werfel's Der Stern der Ungeborenen (1946 -- social reality, however perfect, is not enough), Junger's Heliopolis (1949 -- after perfection, then what?) and Glaserne Bienen (1957 -- the human reconciled to and part of the technical world), D.H. Lawrence, and W.B. Yeats. Jim Harmon discusses "bias" in the sense of an inclination of temperament or outlook, as it relates to literature, war, and society. Poetry -- obscure or more so -- by James Castle, Peter Warren, Samuel Delany, Thomas Disch, etc. Richard Mullen writes on R.H. Costa's H.G. Wells and Wells' The Holy Terror. Yogi Borel elucidates Philip Dick's The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch. LoC's and ads. Pretty heavy going.

Vol. 3, no. 2 (March '68). Cover by R.E. Gilbert. Part II of Williamson's series on Wells, "The Limits of Progress: Cosmic", explores his approaches to progress, The Time Machine, The War of the Worlds, and various of his short stories. The contrasting simplicity of the REGillos is a nice touch. Two full-page fantasy drawings by Poul Anderson flank an extraordinary article by Tom Slate wherein he views the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs as a form of heroic epic, comparing elements of same to Homer's Iliad. "Some Motifs and Sources" for Lord of the Rings are hypothesized by Sandra Miesel. Thish, Mullen reviews Mark Hillegas' The Future as Nightmare: H.G. Wells and the Anti-Utopians. Poetry -- I found Peter Warren and his '37 Plymouth especially appealing,

but there are several others. Fiction -- Janet Fox writes a gentle tale of love, life, and death. Fanzine column -- Harry Warner discusses the college scene and some of the pubs -- GOLANA (Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute), HUGIN & MUNIN (Carleton University, Ottawa), THE TOLKIEN JOURNAL (yep, emanates from Belknap College, Center Harbor, N.H. Ed Meskys teaches physics there.), TWILIGHT ZINE and the 3rd issue of BIBLIOGRAPHICA FUTURICA FANTASTICA (MIT), and an offshoot, THE PROPER BOSKONIAN (from the new New England SF Assoc.). Jim Harmon is a welcome relief from serious tone that permeates this pub; here he talks about his new-found fame since publication of his book The Great Radio Heroes. "Voluntarism" is an extended letter from John Campbell "written as a reply to that of John Boardman", explicating Raymond Birge's earlier denunciation of parapsychology.

Ah, me, it's more than a year since I began this RQ review series, and having read heaven-only-knows how many fanzines in that interval, I can appreciate more fully what the editor is trying to do -- produce a "little magazine" about science fiction, furnishing a forum and an outlet for fandom's more serious efforts on that topic. Unfortunately, the scholarship that is reflected in the writing also serves to make it somewhat ponderous. However, RQ is unquestionably of value to fans who take their SF seriously or to anyone who would like to delve deeper into the topic. Definitely recommended to those with the time and the inclination for some mental exercise.

THE FOREIGN SCENE (Continued from page 2) -- ENGLAND (Cont.):

At the last meeting of the Science Fiction Club of London, it was decided that, in the future, only annual meetings would be held.

Open meetings in the London area include monthly sessions at the Globe, Hatton Garden, London (1st Thurs.) and the King's Head, Richmond, Surrey (3rd Thurs.).

An article on J.R.R. Tolkien, entitled "The Man Who Understands Hobbits", was published in the March 22nd issue of THE DAILY TELEGRAPH SUPPLEMENT.

GERMANY:

Dieter Steinseifer, 8200 Rosenheim Dr., Geiger Str. 1, W. Germany, is working on a bibliography of German fanzines.

The 100th issue of MRU (Munich Round Up) is out -- the first time in Gerfandom's history that a fanzine has reached this magic number. Published by the Munich SF group, editor Waldemar Kunning, D8 München 2, Herzogspitalstr. 5, W. Germany.

An English edition of IMPRESSIONEN (free) may be obtained by writing to one of the editors (Harold Fischer, Waller Str. 14, 28 Bremen-Walle, or Hans-Werner Heinrichs, Frankfurterstr. 129, 6079 Sprendlingen).

The next issue of STREIFLICHTER (Alfred Beha, 6051 Ober Roden, Dieburger Strasse 35) will be in both English and German.

Other fanzines in English are alternate issues of HECKMECK (Manfred Kage, Schaesbert, Achter den Winkel 41, Netherlands) and SOL (Thomas Schlück, 3 Hannover, Georgswall 5).

Historians please note: The first chapter (82 pages) of the History of Gerfandom appears in NIBELUNGEN #6 (Hagen Zboron, 7441 Unterensingen, Goethestrasse 23).

Recommended as a comprehensive newszine of the professional field is SCIENCE FICTION TIMES (Hans J. Alpers, 2850 Bremerhaven 1, Weissenstr. 6).

ZDF has bought 13 episodes of "The Invaders", to be shown beginning this October.

SPAIN:

There are now two SF magazines in Spain: NUEVA DIMENSION (ed. Luis Vigil, Domingo Santos, and Sebastian Martinex), and GEMINIS CIENCIA FICCION (a Spanish translation of GALAXY). There are also three Fantasy & Horror magazines: HISTORIAS PARA NO DORMIR (based on a TV series of the same name), NARRACIONES GEMINI DE TERROR, and TERRORIFIC MAGAZINE.

NUEVA DIMENSION is bi-monthly, and contains stories from many countries plus originals from Spain, articles, reviews, international fan news, con-reports ("the most international and comprehensive magazine I have seen" -- Jean Muggoch). For further information, write to: NUEVA DIMENSION, %Aparado de Correos 4018, Barcelona, Spain.

THE CLUB CIRCUIT: News and Minutes

THE EASTERN SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION (ESFA) --Minutes of meeting of July 7, 1968:

The meeting was opened at 3:25 p.m., by Vice-Director Deckinger, with an attendance of 17 persons. The Treasurer's and the Secretary's reports were given and accepted.

Deckinger reported on the list of Hugo nominations. This provoked discussion on the propriety of nominating professionals for best amateur writing and artist awards. It was noted that it is sometimes difficult to separate the fans from the pros in SF. Comment was made on the preponderance of nominations from Harlan Ellison's anthology Dangerous Visions. Sam Moskowitz said that this would tend to show the heavy influence of the Science Fiction Writers of America on the Hugo nominations, as opposed to that of the fan vote, which is more scattered and diffused.

Les Mayer reported on a TIMES article covering the heavily attended Comic Convention held the July 4 weekend. Les also reported a new Gothic story magazine, SECRET SUSPENSE, similar in format to TRUE CONFESSIONS. He also displayed a copy of BEYOND, another new magazine, similar to FATE.

Brian Burley reported on the ESFA picnic of June 23. There was an attendance of 33 persons. The picnic was pronounced a success, from the standpoint of attendance and interest. Burley gave a brief report on the Midwestcon, which had an attendance of over 200 from 15 States.

The members divided into two groups for an SF quiz conducted by Mike Deckinger. A team consisting of Sam Moskowitz, Les Mayer, Steve Silverberg, Brian Burley, Sherna Comerford, Fred Lerner, Richard Hodgens, and Mark Owings defeated Allan Howard, Paul Herkart, Bill Benthake, Alex Osheroff, Sam Boltax, John J. Pierce, Rob Sabella, and Philip Donnelly by a score of 64 1/3 to 31 1/3.

The meeting was adjourned at 5:45 p.m.

Minutes of Meeting of August 4, 1968:

The meeting was opened at 3:24 p.m. by Director Weinberg, with a total attendance of 30. The Secretary's minutes were read and accepted.

Various members reported news notes and items of interest, including the news of the death of Groff Conklin, noted SF anthologist. Mike Deckinger announced that the first ESFA informal meeting would be held at his apartment on August 18, at 3:00 p.m. The Treasurer's report was given and accepted.

The featured speaker was Marion Zimmer Bradley, who spoke on the topic of the creation of private worlds of fantasy carried over into fiction. Miss Bradley pointed out that these private worlds, including her own "Darkover", which started when she was 11 years old, almost always had their origin during the author's childhood. These have often become so real to the writer or reader as to cause them to actually believe the world really exists if they could only find it. These stories also seem to draw a circle of eager fans and acolytes who soon begin to write criticism, pastiches, compile glossaries, and form clubs devoted to the author and his private world.

In creating a world of your own and molding it to your heart's desire, it must be well and skillfully done, with a wealth of detail. The more elaborate, such as Austin Tappan Wright's Islandia and Tolkien's Lord of the Rings, have, in addition to people, a language, history, and alphabet, along with maps. To give full scope to the writer, these stories usually become series, although Miss Bradley makes the distinction that there is rarely any belief in a mere series. She cited the "Hardy Boys" as not being a private world, and that "Tarzan" is only a series. Miss Bradley sees Sherlock Holmes as being the most famous fictional person ever created. Perhaps millions believed he was real. Other fantasy worlds mentioned were those of Fu-Manchu, Lovecraft's Cthulhu mythos, and Andre Norton's "Witchworld". Miss Bradley also spoke of the recently created "Society for Creative Anachronism", whose members spend a large part of their leisure time living the arts and customs of medieval times.

The meeting adjourned at 4:40 p.m.

-- Allan Howard, Secretary, ESFA

PENINSULA SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION (PenSFA) publishes a bi-weekly (approximately) one-sheet official organ (WINNIE THE P.O.C.) (WINNIE THE PENSFA OFFICIAL ORGAN, i.e.), which reports primarily on forthcoming meetings and club-related events. Editor is Felice Rolfe, 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, Calif., 94301. We are not sure of sub-rates, but club membership is \$2 every six months (attending membership; again, we are not certain on rates for subscribing or non-attending membership). At August 3rd meeting (club meets at homes of various members), discussion centered on "The Novels of Philip K. Dick". August 17 meeting, to be held at Emil Petaja's; was also election meeting; results will be announced in next TWJ. ##### Rump meeting and party will be held at BAYCON Monday night, Sept. 2; "nonmembers of the convention are invited to attend as guests of PenSFA convention members". Check with the Woods, Rolfes, Mike Ward, John Berry, or Jerry Jacks (all of them staying at the hotel) for party room number. ##### There was some talk in the last issue of WINNIE about PenSFA's publishing a 'proceedings-type general fanzine', but our copy ran off the bottom of the page before we could see what it was all about....

THE NEW ENGLAND SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION (NESFA), in issues 18-20 of its bi-weekly newsletter, INSTANT MESSAGE (to members only -- see TWJ #57 for details), reports: Jack Gaughan has accepted NESFA's invitation to be GoH at BOSKONE VI. PROPER BOSKONIAN #2 is out. 1966 Supplement to Index is being revised and will be reissued in a much-expanded version; 1967 Supplement is almost completed; keypunching has started on 1968 Supplement. Ted White says STELLAR will be out soon! As of 11 Aug., Treasury held \$485.43. Future meetings will be August 25 (at home of Bill Desmond, #2 Carver St., Cambridge, Mass.), Sept. 15 (at home of Jacquie Galnan), Sept. 29 (at home of Paul Galvin). For further info, write NESFA, P.O. Box G, MIT Branch P.O., Cambridge, Mass., 02139. (NOTE: BOSKONE VI will be March 22, 23; membership fee, \$2.)

 In Brief --

SHORT CALENDAR omitted from this issue because of uncertainty over meeting dates of many clubs caused by BAYCON and "back-to-school" days. Sept. info for most clubs (some of it not verified) appeared in TWJ #58, and BAYCON details in #57. No WSFA party in D.C. area on Aug. 30 (it will be held at BAYCON!), and no WSFA meeting on Sept. 6; but there will be meetings on Sept. 20, Oct. 4, 18, at home of Gillilands, 2126 Penna. Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C., at 8 p.m. (phone FE7-3759).

There will be (is now, actually) an exhibit of artwork by Chesley Bonestell at the Museum of Science, in Boston. Exhibit runs thru Sept. 29 (10-5 Tues-Sun, 10-10 Fri).

TOLKIEN CONFERENCE October 18-20 at Belknap College, Center Harbor, N.H. Sessions on Interpretations of Lord of the Rings, Tolkien and the Dramatic Arts, Tolkien as Linguist, etc. Proceedings to be published. Write Ed Meskys, Box 233, Center Harbor, NH, 03226.

PHILCON November 9, 10, at Sylvania Hotel, Broad & Locust Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. For info, write: Tom Purdom, 4734 Cedar Ave., Phila., Penna., 19143.

SOCIETY FOR CREATIVE ANACHRONISM has now split into an East Coast Chapter and a West Coast Chapter. Issue #1 of the East Coast newsletter, PENNONCEL, is out -- to receive it and future issues, write Marion Breen, Lester Merkin, 65 East 56th St., N.Y., N.Y., 10022. Society official organ is TOURNAMENTS ILLUMINATED, available from Dave Thewlis, 1585 Arch St., Berkeley, Calif., 94708 (Society membership is \$1.50 a year, but is going up; individual copies of T.I. are 35¢). Both Chapters held Revels on July 21.

Late news: A post card from NESFA states that 1967 Supplement is now available (\$1) from: NESFA, P.O. Box G, MIT Branch Station, Cambridge, Mass., 02139.

TAFF PROGRESS REPORT #1 from Steve Stiles announces the opening of nominations for 1969 TAFF candidates. Deadline is October 30, 1968. Full details (probably a copy of TAFF P.R. #1) will be distributed with TWJ #60; until then, write either Steve Stiles, 1809 2nd Ave., NYC, 10028, or Thomas Schluck, 3 Hannover, Altenbekener Damm 10, Germany, for further information.

Al Gechter adds following comments on his SPIES AT LARGE column elsewhere in this issue: "Spider House involved G-2 indirectly. The Castle Island Case was originally not about North but was later rewritten to include him. The two 'Geoffrey Coffin' novels have North as hero under a different name."

SPIES AT LARGE: Book Reviews
by Albert E. Gechter

The HUGH NORTH OF G-2 Spy-Thriller Series by F. van Wyck Mason:

- *1. Seeds of Murder, The Crime Club, Inc., and Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., 1930.
 2. The Vesper Service Murders, Grosset & Dunlap, 1931.
 3. The Fort Terror Murders, The Crime Club, Inc., & Doubleday, Doran & Co, Inc., 1931.
 4. The Yellow Arrow Murders, Grosset & Dunlap, 1932.
 5. Spider House, The Mystery League, Inc., 1932.
 6. The Branded Spy Murders, Caxton House, Inc., 1932.
 7. The Sulu Sea Murders (the original version), The Crime Club, Inc, & Doubleday, Doran, 1933.
 8. The Shanghai Bund Murders, Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1933.
 9. The Budapest Parade Murders, The Crime Club, Inc., & Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1935.
 10. The Washington Legation Murders, Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1935.
 - ①1. "The Plum-Colored Corpse", originally published in 1935, reprinted in THE SAINT DETECTIVE MAGAZINE, Sept. 1956, copyright by Doubleday & Co., Inc.
 12. The Seven Seas Murders: Four Cases in the Career of Captain North, D.C.I., The Crime Club, Inc., and Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., 1936.
 13. The Castle Island Case, Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc., 1937.
 14. The Hong Kong Airbase Murders, The Sun Dial Press, Inc., 1938.
 15. The Cairo Garter Murders, Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1938.
 16. The Singapore Exile Murders, Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1939.
 17. The Bucharest Ballerina Murders, Frederick A. Stokes Co., 1940.
 18. The Rio Casino Intrigue, Reynal & Hitchcock, 1941.
 19. Saigon Singer, Doubleday & Co., Inc., 1946.
 20. Dardanelles Derelict, Doubleday, 1949.
 21. Himalayan Assignment, Doubleday, 1952.
 22. "The Port of Peril", modernized and revised version appearing in THE SAINT DETECTIVE MAGAZINE, August, 1955.
 23. Two Tickets for Tangier, Doubleday, 1955.
 - ‡24. The Sulu Sea Murders (Modernized, abridged, and revised version), Pocket Books, 1956.
 25. The Gracious Lily Affair, Doubleday, 1957.
 26. The China Sea Murders, Pocket Books, Inc., 1959.
 27. Secret Mission to Bangkok, Doubleday, 1960.
 28. The Multimillion-Dollar Murders, Pocket Books, 1960.
 29. Trouble in Burma, Doubleday, 1962.
 30. Zanzibar Intrigue, Doubleday, 1963.
 31. Maracaibo Mission, Doubleday, 1965.
 32. The Deadly Orbit Mission, Doubleday, 1968.
- Also, under the pseudonym of "Geoffrey Coffin":
33. Murder in the Senate, Dodge Publishing Co., 1935.
 34. The Forgotten Fleet Mystery, Dodge Publishing Co., 1936.

*Seeds of Murder was written in 1927, serialized in 1929, and published in book form in 1930.

① "The Plum-Colored Corpse" presumably appeared first in some hardback anthology.

‡ The Sulu Sea Murders is counted twice because it was completely and entirely re-written in 1956 and is substantially different than the previous version of 1933, being mostly an entirely new and different story; some of the later stories in the series are also reworked from earlier years, being drastically rewritten to "modernize" and "update" them for the present generation.

The foregoing checklist will serve as an interim report on the extent of the "Hugh North of G-2" series by F. van Wyck Mason. The stories cover the period from 1927 to the present day, or the near future, with "flashbacks" to 1916-1925. (If

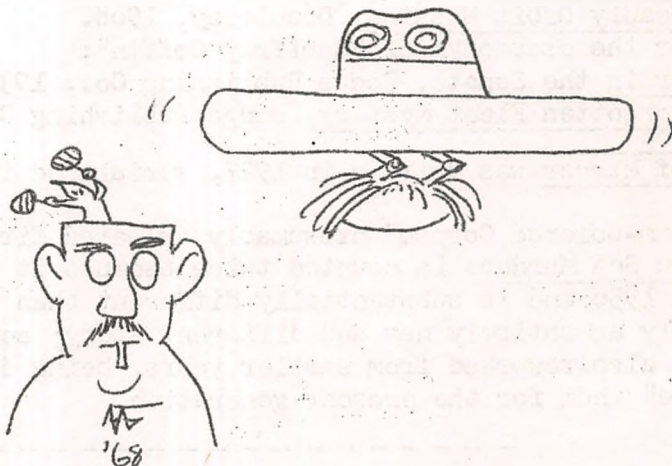
someone believes the "Tommy Hambledon" series by Manning Coles is longer, he should submit a list of the titles.) This series by Mason is remarkable in many ways. Except for John Buchan's "Richard Hannay" novels, the usual stories of espionage did not form a long series of connected sequel stories during the 1920's, '30's, and '40's. "Series novels" and "sequel stories" were the exception rather than the rule, and superheroes and supervillains of the world of international intrigue, espionage, and global crime were seldom known, outside the pages of pulp magazines. It is hard to think of any in "slick magazines" except for Dr. Fu Manchu and his adversary Sir Denis Nayland Smith.

Mason broke with this tradition by creating the figure of a global trouble-shooter and undercover operator for U.S. Army Intelligence, otherwise known as G-2, the great Hugh North -- whose daring exploits spanned decades, oceans, and continents, and filled the pages of many volumes, as he repeatedly saved America and the free world from the most astonishing and dreadful disasters in story after story. In short, this became the pattern for many subsequent novels by other authors, including Ian Fleming; and Hugh North, the fighting adventurer and lady-killing philanderer, appears to have been a forerunner and prototype for James Bond and many another later-day hero. In other words, this series is not only long, but important.

Most of the novels concern baffling murder-mysteries with espionage as the usual murder motive, and science-fictional secret-weapons involved; the deduction is always quite sound and well-reasoned; the writing is nearly always top-notch and first-class in quality. Critics and reviewers have always considered these books by Mason to be equal to those of Oppenheim and most of the other early masters of the spy story genre, although less cerebral than the works of Eric Ambler and Graham Greene, who came along afterward. Their continued appearance, success, and popularity, and their frequent reprintings testify to the extent of their influence and high sales. They have long been staple items in hardback and paperback, having been book club selections many times. It is inevitable that they will someday be dramatized, and I'm looking forward to seeing it happen. The reviews have nearly always been favorable on almost every tale in this series, and the stories are often chosen for reprint in anthologies and in such magazines as ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE and THE SAINT MAGAZINE.

Rather than spin this essay out to unreasonable length by describing, commenting upon, and evaluating each and every yarn in the set individually, I will defer that to a later issue or issues of TWJ.

Meanwhile I think I should explain that every book I review will generally meet my own reasonable minimum standards of literacy, readability, and quality. I will not rave about a book and praise it extravagantly unless it's outstandingly good. I will not "pan" it severely unless it's extremely bad. Merits and defects will be noted in passing as observed by me. Most books I review will be rated as "excellent", "very good", "fairly good of their kind", or "passable". Books that are mediocre or undeserving of mention will usually not be reviewed. (However, since there appears to be a demand for some unfavorable mentions by me, be it known: I roundly and severely condemn such books as A Handful of Death by Con Sellers, Snakefinger by I.M. Fleming, and nearly everything else on the Bee-Line Books paperbacks list as utterly worthless trash, and let the readers beware of all such items hereafter.)



'68

FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK: Lettercol

Robert Willingham, 21934 Millpoint Ave., Torrance, Cal., 90502 (23 Jul 68)

After various delays what with losing my first copy of the Disclave TWJ and having to ask ye gentle ed for another, I am now able to say something about the giant #56.

I read it in one sitting. It was one of the rare longish zines that held my interest so long. But, like any zine, it had outstanding points. In my opinion, Jay Kay Klein's Nebula Banquet report was one of these. It was also one of the best reports I've ever read on any kind of convention or meeting of fannish types. I suppose this is due to Klein's writing abilities, although some credit must be given the colorful people involved. (Has Jay published any stories besides his short, "On Conquered Earth", which was in the December '67 IF?) ((Not to our knowledge. Jay? --ed.)) I think I recall another of Klein's con reports some while back in TWJ which was also good. Are his Con Books anything like his fanzine reports? I used to think that Klein's famous books were just albums full of pictures of famous personages, but looking at his report it seems as though he's had a lot of experience at such things. Does he practice in his Con Books?

His Tricon photos were quite nice. The "text" that went with it, however, was rather abbreviated. I would have preferred it longer. But I enjoyed it anyway.

Hypes' interview with Carter threw a little light on Carter the Man. This light was so interesting that I decided I wanted to see it myself. At the close of the Hypes article, ye ed said something to the effect that Carter's address could be found elsewhere in the issue. I looked, and I could not find it. Would you please tell me where you hid the address, or repeat it?

I totally agree with everything Alexis Gilliland said about 2001 -- except one. I'm not at all sure that it will "win the 1969 dramatic Hugo by acclamation". It may not win at all. If I had my way, it would -- but, alas, fans have been known to make mistakes before....

Excellent fiction. I thought Gilliland's piece, "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll", the best of the three. Quite a humorous mixture of Stevenson and Doyle, Hyde and Holmes. The story also had a very valid point to make, unlike most fanfiction. Haldeman's story, "Sentience", for one reason or another was good but seemed trite, like something out of Twilight Zone. . . .

((Sorry about Carter's address. When we typed the interview, we had intended putting Lin's comments in the lettercol, but later decided to place them right before the interview in the 'zine. In doing so, we neglected to print the address. So we do so now, for those of you who are interested: Lin Carter, 100-15 195th St., Hollis, Queens, N.Y., 11423.

Re Jay's CONVENTION ANNUALS -- I have seen only #'s 3 (DISCON) and 4 (TRICON); in #3, there are conreports by several different persons, including a fairly short one by Jay; in #4, there is no report as such. In both reports, there are plenty of photos (282 or so in #3, 433 in #4), both with short comments as in the photo-page in TWJ #56. However, Jay's CONVENTION ANNUALS really need no text -- they say very well in pictures what his JOURNAL conreports say in words. And they are worth every penny Jay charges, whether you attended the con or not -- but particularly if you were present. Flipping thru a Klein CONVENTION ANNUAL is the next best thing to attending a con -- and for those lucky souls who did attend the con covered by the ANNUAL, it's like reliving the experience all over again. --ed.))

George Fergus, 3731 N. St. Louis Ave., Chicago, Ill., 60618 (28 Jul 68)

I must apologize to the readers of TWJ for mistakenly attributing the pen name "Adam Hall" to Hammond Innes instead of Elleston Trevor (in an article on spy novels in TWJ #54). Innes seemed to me to match the description of "Hall" given on his books better than did any other author, including Trevor, and when I saw a review in

a local paper which speculated that Hall might be Innes (the reviewer was apparently as ignorant as I -- no, change that to more ignorant; I didn't agree with his opinions), I thought that the identity was fairly well confirmed. (But then I used to be sure that Don Westlake was a pseudonym of Randy Garrett, too.) I had no idea that eight of Trevor's novels were made into films. That's half of all that he's written (under his own name; has he other pen names?). Perhaps they're British releases that didn't get wide distribution here. Would anyone be able to tell me which ones they were (other than the well-known Flight of the Phoenix, of course)?

Al Gechter (in TWJ #57) criticized some other things which I should explain. I erred in asserting that all four Deighton novels were reprinted by Dell. The first in the series was actually published by Crest, which slipped my mind because the two companies publish similar lines of best-sellers in similar format. I would ordinarily have checked, but I was at college without access to my collection at the time, and I don't keep as meticulous records with regard to the rest of my collection as I do with my SF. I'm surprised Al didn't mention that I got the date of The 39 Steps wrong; it should be 1915 rather than 1916.

Al also says that I made a mistake in calling the "Tommy Hambledon" books the longest spy series. He suggests that it should be F. Van Wyck Mason's "Hugh North" series. Perhaps he would send me a list of the latter in case I missed one, for by my count it runs to only 26 novels. ((See SPIES AT LARGE in this issue. We might add here that the publication of George's question and Al's checklist in the same issue of the JOURNAL were coincidental -- SPIES AT LARGE was typed and "programmed" for this issue before George's letter was even received. --ed.)) The Hambledon series has at least 27 volumes in U.S. editions, but probably more exist in British editions that haven't yet been reprinted here. (A Knife for the Juggler, for instance, was originally published in Britain in 1953, but was not reprinted here until 1964.)

With respect to Peter Rabe's Manny deWitt series, I was making a distinction between spy-suspense (which involves the secret agents of various governments) and ordinary adventure-suspense (which may still involve international travel, such as Frank McAuliffe's Augustus Mandrell series, but couldn't really be called international intrigue of the spy sort). I feel that this didn't start out as a spy series, since the hero was an agent of an international financier rather than a spy. Peter Trees and Charles Hood are agents of international financiers, but they qualify because (unknown to their private employers) they are also spies for the government. Manny deWitt didn't get involved with spies and real "international intrigue" until the second book, which is why I called that the first novel in the spy series. (It was better by far than the other two, as well.) As another example, Don von Elsnor's David Danning was first a private detective and investigator of industrial espionage, and didn't get involved with spies until the 5th book in the series, as I recall.

At the time I wrote the article, Award had not yet reprinted three of Desmond Cory's novels, and there were in print only three from Signet and one from Fawcett (Crest, actually, rather than Gold Medal) as I said. Yes, Goldfinger was based on a novel, but all the humorous touches which made it a great movie were originated in the screenplay (items such as a frogman emerging from the ocean and peeling off his rubber suit to reveal James Bond in an immaculate white dinner jacket complete with carnation, or James Bond noticing a man with a knife leaping at him from behind by seeing the attacker's reflection in the eyes of the woman he's kissing, etc.), and the plot was slightly altered for a more sensational effect. . . .

I have never been particularly happy with Al Gechter's choice of books to review, since he reviews only those books that he likes, and most of these are ones which I personally consider second-rate. ((George points out here that Al has not yet reviewed any of the winners of the Edgar award for Best Mystery Novel of the Year for the last four years -- Eric Ambler's The Light of Day (1964); Le Carre's The Spy Who Came in from the Cold (1965); Adam Hall's The Quiller Memorandum (1966); Ross Thomas' The Cold War Swap (1967) -- or any of the

other works of these award-winning authors. He also states that he would like to see reviews of works from such publishers as Dell (which has published such bestsellers as The Kremlin Letter by Noel Behn and The Billion Dollar Brain by Len Deighton) and Bantam (Knock and Wait a While by Wm. Rawle Weeks (which won an Edgar in 1958 for Best First Novel), The Expendable Spy and One of Us Works for Them, two excellent recent spy novels by Jack D. Hunter (author of The Blue Max), "which I highly recommend". --ed))

. . . In this particular case his TWJ #54 article on the history of spy novels I felt justified in omitting several of the pre-1940 authors that Al mentions in TWJ #57 because their appeal has not lasted until today (John Buchan's fame still lives -- I heard a fan at the NYCON 3 ask Larry Shaw if he was going to reprint any of Buchan's "Prestor John" stories. He pronounced Buchan's name wrong (it should be Buck'-an), but at least he knew of him.) and I was trying to write an article which would be of value to the modern reader, not a scholarly history. After all, when writing an article on SF, isn't it standard practice to ignore all pre-1920 SF writers except Verne, Wells, and Burroughs? I did not mention Sax Rohmer because I think most SF fans are already familiar with his Fu Manchu novels (I didn't cover David McDaniel's UNCLE books for the same reason -- they are quite familiar by now). And I feel that despite Eric Ambler's efforts to revive interest in Compton Mackenzie, he remains one of the lesser lights of the spy genre, compared to those authors whom I did mention.

I tried to keep the article as short as possible, so as not to preclude the possibility of actual reviews at some future time, while still giving the average reader enough background on spy novels so that a reviewer can make comparisons and references to well-known authors and works. Such a survey was possible only because of the smallness of the field in the past and the fact that most of the work since the spy boom started in 1959 has been crud. I chose the format I did, rather than doing actual reviews, because I don't like reviews which are nothing but plot summaries (whether they are done by Al Gechter or P. Schuyler Miller) and I'm not good enough to do in-depth analyses on the level of Damon Knight, Algis Budrys, or even Ted White. Banks Mebane's reviews (however much I might wish that they had remained lengthy) are in a good format, and I could not go wrong to adopt a similar one. I would much rather see two lines of commentary than a three-page plot summary and description of the hero's personal appearance and life history. . . A review need contain nothing more than a general statement of what the book is about, a short discussion of any individual touches which make the book particularly good or bad, the relation if any to other works by the same author, and a final evaluation. Or do you disagree?

((This seems like a good place and time to state that Al's return to the pages of the JOURNAL with his SPIES AT LARGE column should not discourage others from submitting reviews and other material on spy novels, mysteries, and the like -- there's a lot of ground to be covered here, and plenty of room for more than one reviewer. We welcome reviews, articles, etc. from George Fergus, Ted White, Harry Manogg, and anyone else -- not only on spy and mystery novels, but on supernatural, weird, etc. -- yes, and even on SF and fantasy! Perhaps someone would like to tackle the works of Marie Corelli, or Gaston Leroux, or William Le Quex, or Sydney Horler, for example.... Or H. Rider Haggard, or.... --ed.))

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

(31 Jul 68)

I must reply to George Fergus' comments on 2001 in TWJ #57. Of course, I may be impelled by hindsight after hearing Clarke's talk at Lunacon.

First, George complains about the slowness of the alleged plot. What plot? There is no plot! The story is to a considerable extent a peg for a panorama of Clarke's & Kubrick's ideas of future life.

Second, it is obvious what is happening. As the early apes became man under the influence of the extrasolar slabs (the discovery of the club only comes after that of the slab, which is thus not an irrelevant intrusion), now under that same influence man is becoming over-man. Note how when Dr. Floyd and his gang approach the lunar

slab to investigate it (Some researchers! After gawking at it for a while, they line up and grin for a group photograph! This is the scientific method in AD-2001?) they behave just as did the apes in the earliest sequence.

I see that the abbreviatory PLAGUE continues to affect Alexis' column. And where does he get TRotR instead of TRttR as abbreviation for The Road to the Rim? It all smacks of a plot to confuse everything with The Lord of the Rings.

Ivor A. Rogers, The Univ. of Wisconsin-Green Bay, P.O. Box 834, Green Bay, Wisc., -54305

(28 Jul 68) . . . I saw your last JOURNAL (#57) and was going to dash off a short note giving you the details of Secondary Universe II, but started to read the whole thing and must make a few comments re 2001, etc. . . . We had over 200 persons at the conference from as far away as Puerto Rico and Canada. Ed Emswiller's Relativity had the biggest crowd, and his remarks after the film were quite exciting, particularly to a large contingent of amateur filmmakers present. I think that this film demonstrated better than anything else the general idea of the conference: that SF and fantasy are where it's at today among the young, the literate, and the creative. Clyde S. Kilby, C.S. Lewis scholar and friend of J.R.R. Tolkien, gave the keynote address for the conference with much enthusiasm and scholarship. Practically every speaker during the day referred to his speech either in praise or disagreement. Judith Merrill, the luncheon speaker, came on strong for the other side in her speech "Syntax and Syzygy", and generally kept things stirring in the discussion groups. She and William Tenn got a wild discussion going in the SF and Mass Media section (along with Robert Hughes, a SF reviewer for the CHICAGO SUN-TIMES and an ad executive). That was the way it went the whole conference -- nobody really agreed with anyone else, but there was a lot of hard listening going on and all parted on good terms.

I'll skip the Tolkien-Lewis-Williams sections or this letter will run ten pages, but I do want to mention and thank Ed Maskys, who substituted for a Reagan-sabotaged Bruce Pelz with only a few hours' notice in the 20th-Century Romance section. One memorable meeting was the Science and Literature section with Laurence Ianni of Indiana U. of Pennsylvania and Rudolf B. Schmerl of Michigan U. Both are established young scholars and took directly opposite views of the place of science in literature, with many references to Orwell, Sir Charles Snow, and the second law of thermodynamics. For hard-core science fictioners, the panel headed by Samuel R. Delany was the highlight of the morning. I shared a panel with Eugene DeWeese on SF films and TV -- mostly horror movies, Star Trek, and 2001. Outstanding in the afternoon sessions was Dick Allen, editor of THE MAD RIVER REVIEW, who spoke about the SF influence in poetry -- particularly the "Beat" generation and the folk-rock writers. On the same panel with him was John Suess of U. of Wisconsin-Milwaukee who discussed the use of electronic, 12-tone, and "concrete" music in SF -- particularly the opera Aniara by Blumdahl. (Incidentally, Blumdahl died this summer while working on a second SF opera.) For culture-SF fans, the University Matinee Theatre produced "To the Chicago Abyss" by Bradbury. Mark Hillegas, author of The Future as Nightmare, led a discussion on Fantasy as a Revolutionary Activity, and Thomas D. Clareson, editor of EXTRAPOLATION, led a discussion of the future of scholarly research in SF and appeared as a guest on a local TV show talking about SF.

Much credit must be given to the Union Theatre-Literary Committee at UWM who put up the money for the conference and sponsored the whole undertaking, and Judith Merrill who put us in touch with many speakers and devoted much time and energy for the good of the cause. Papers presented at the conference, plus some new material, will be printed in ARTS AND SOCIETY, tapes of the conference will be broadcast by WUWM-FM in Milwaukee, and perhaps by WBAI-FM in New York. I was on two radio and two TV programs talking about SF because of the interest generated by the conference in Milwaukee, and people are asking about reprint rights to the papers read before they are even published in AIS. AIS will not be out until 1969, but would you print their address for people who want the complete scoop on the conference? ((ARTS IN SOCIETY, Univ. of Wisconsin, Extension Bldg., 432 N. Lake St., Madison, Wisc., 53706. \$1.50. Tapes are also available for cost of tape and a modest taping charge, from John Ross-

man, of WUWM-FM at UWM. (Larry Smith, maybe the Tape Bureau could get a set?) --ed.) Plans are underway for a second conference ((Secondary Universe II -- the conference described above was Secondary Universe I. --ed.)), but somebody has to come up with a lot of money if it is to be done correctly. The most exciting aspect of the conference was the interreaction of fans, scholars, and creators. This brings me to my other comments:

A number of people are getting up awfully tight because of "The New Thing", "Speculative Fiction", and even the movie 2001. I think that part of the problem is that for so many years SF was an in-group phenomenon -- SF was read and worshipped by a very small, very select, group of individuals -- and I'm one of them -- who were laughed at and put down very hard by "them", i.e., the rest of the world. This has changed tremendously in the past few years. In my classes most of the students have read some Heinlein, some Asimov, some Clarke, and lots of Judith Merrill anthologies. They are NOT fans or addicts to the genre and are looking for something a little different than the traditional SF fare. They do not care if the science is a bit shoddy, if the "idea" has been used a dozen times before; they are looking for a new style of writing, and the style is Barthelme, Borges, Barth, Delany, Disch, and Ballard (also about thirty others -- but you know whom I mean). As a result 2001 is #4 top grosser in the country (Dallas is a bad town for movies), people are being turned on by NEW WORLDS who would never have read GALAXY or IF, and it all seems as though our private preserve has been taken over by "them".

These people KNOW that 2001 is an epic saga of Man the Toolmaker ending in his transformation to Homo Superior (and isn't that an old plot line), and go to see it three and four times. The monolith is there for a purpose, the apeman tribe sequence is integral to an understanding of the film, and the ending is non-linear. (Read the three reviews of the film written by Roger Ebert of the CHICAGO SUN-TIMES -- an ex-fanpublisher and one of the most perceptive film critics writing today -- if you need the film explained.) Planet of the Apes is traditional SF, and I loved every minute of it -- even the impossible ending -- but it is not even in the same galaxy as 2001. Just be happy that we got both of them in the same year! Co-existence man. We can no longer discuss SF and the mainstream, because SF is the mainstream of literature today. Malamud is over the barrel, Salinger is in retreat, and psychosexual brooding is out. Some of the new stuff is pretty weird, but it is the mutant brother of SF, so admit it into the family even if you keep it in the closet when visitors call. Moorcock is right, Merrill is right, Pohl is right, and JWC is right (when he isn't writing editorials). Ballard is a little bit like olives -- try a couple more and you may get to like them.

. . . I'll try to answer any letters asking questions about Secondary Universe II, or making suggestions about content, etc. I'm still writing and studying for the Ph.D. and teaching and making films, but I'll answer -- eventually.

P.S. Re George Fergus' letter and our comments in TWJ 577 The dialogue was intended to be idiotic in places -- i.e., the briefing on the moon. This is how you show character in a dramatic form! The natural babble of the girl on the video-phone is to contrast the artificial babble of the adults! ##### A. Partly right on the music -- Blue Danube is too much. Clarke thinks it is perfect -- we don't. This is difference in taste. B. The group of Russians talking to the American establishes: 1. Man the toolmaker has not solved his INNER problems -- there is still a cold war going on. 2. Their talk is just as silly as the little girl's. C. The first section is crucial -- Proof: as we see the bone break and fly into the air at the end of Part I it turns into another tool -- the space-ship. A very simple bit of montage right out of Eisenstein. I put it down because I thought it too obvious -- guess not. D. Connection of HAL 9000 to the Dawn of Man sequence is clear: HAL 9000 is the best TOOL ever built by man and it fails -- meaning: artifacts (tools) are not enough -- MAN needs more than tools. E. You are right: the music was always too loud. F. The final sequence is crucial because it varies from a scene in the book that is literally unfilmable since it is all interior -- not visual. The essential part is that we see the time lapse with the crew member (interesting that neither of us could remember his name), and

then we see the transformation into Homo Superior. How do we know that he's Homo Superior? He's out in space without a suit, man! After all, this is a science fiction film.... Most SF reviewers have gotten hung up on this film because they don't know film -- its possibilities and limitations.

((Mr. Rogers also enclosed an excellent review of 2001 which he wrote for a local newspaper. If Mr. Rogers will provide us with the name and address of the paper (so we may write to them for reprint permission), and will give his permission to reprint, we'll publish his review in the next issue of the JOURNAL. --ed.))

MISCELLANEOUS FILK SONG #2

In every town is pubbed a 'zine
Telling a tale of fans;
In every town is pubbed a 'zine
And every one I've ever seen
Could spin the prop upon my bean'
Telling a tale of fans.

A faned's song is a glad song,
Hi Lily, hi Lily, hi lo;
A faned's song is a song of joy,
You must believe it so;
A bheery song and a con song,
For I have pubbed and I know.
My publishing schedule is running late,
Hi Lily, hi Lily, hi lo;
My friends I will call on to help collate,
Hi Lily, hi Lily, hi lo.

A faned's life is a hard life,
Hi Lily, hi Lily, hi lo,
To seek for LoC's and material
To feed his mimeo;
A life of hard work and faunching
With very little to show.
My hobby gets bigger each passing day,
Hi Lily, hi Lily, hi lo;
My normal existence is in the way,
Hi Lily, hi Lily, hi lo.

A faned's song is a sad song,
Hi Lily, hi Lily, hi lo;
A faned's song is a song of woe,
Don't ask me how I know;
A corflu song and a drudge song,
For I have pubbed, it is so;
My publishing schedule is running late,
Hi Lily, hi Lily, hi lo.
Tomorrow I likely will gafiate,
Hi Lily, hi Lily, hi lo;
Hi Lily, hi Lily, hi lo, hi lo,
Hi Lily, hi Lily, hi lo.

Why is a Worldcon?

There's only one reason for worldcons: to have a good time. The St. LouisCon Committee knows this, and we can offer you the varied elements that make a worldcon fun: interesting program items, a large and comfortable hotel (with convenient nearby facilities such as restaurants, bookstores, and easy transportation to other parts of the con city), big parties, little parties, an understanding hotel management, and a competent and interested group of fans to put on the convention.

When you come to St. Louis, you come to a city, one of the most important, exciting, and fascinating cities in the Midwest. If you want to combine a vacation with con-going St. Louis is the place, with all the attractions of a large metropolitan area, such as a world-renowned zoo and art museum; a planetarium; a large and diverse shopping area catering to every taste and pocketbook; numerous breweries (featuring all the free samples of their product that you can drink); fast, economical transportation systems; and one of the largest and most active fanclubs in the Midwest.

The St. Louis bid consists of more than the official members of the bidding committee. The Ozark Science Fiction Association has over 50 members in the St. Louis area. OSFA has hosted five highly successful regionals in the last three years, and is fully backing the St. Louis bid. It produces the monthly newsletter OSFAn and the quarterly gazette SIRRUIISH, and individual members produce a host of good gazettes and apazines for SAPS, SFPA, APA-45, and CAPA-ALPHA.

St. Louis fans are united in their desire to put on the best convention possible: we want you to enjoy the 1969 Worldcon.

CLYDE, LET'S STOP
OFF AND CAST OUR
VOTES FOR ST. LOUISCON
IN 1969...

DAMNED IF THAT
AIN'T GONNA BE
THE SWINGIN'EST
PLACE...

