



VAUGHN BODE

The **WSFA** NO. 60
JOURNAL

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BAYCON NEWS

It's ST. LOUIS in 1969! St. Louis won the right to put on the 27th World Science Fiction Convention in 1969, besting Columbus by a margin of 3-1. The winners announced that Pro Guest of Honor would be Jack Gaughan, with Ted White as Fan G.O.H. The contest for the 1969 WESTERCON was won by Los Angeles (over Tijuana).

BAYCON Hugo Awards:

Best Novel -- Lord of Light, by Roger Zelazny.

Best Novella -- Tie between: "Weyr Search", by Anne McCaffrey, and "Riders of the Purple Wage", by Philip Jose Farmer.

Best Novelette -- "Gonna Roll Them Bones", by Fritz Leiber.

Best Short Story -- "I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream", by Harlan Ellison.

Best Drama -- STAR TREK presentation, "City on the Edge of Forever", by Harlan Ellison.

Best Professional Magazine -- IF (accepted by Bob Guinn).

Best Professional Artist -- Jack Gaughan (accepted by Elsie Wollheim).

Best Fanzine -- AMRA (ed. by George Scithers) (accepted by Dick Eney).

Best Fan Writer -- Ted White.

Best Fan Artist -- George Barr (accepted by Bjo Trimble).

Other BAYCON Awards:

E.E. Evans Memorial Big Heart Award -- Walter James Daugherty.

Invisible Little Man Award -- Jessie Francis McComas.

First Fandom Award -- Jack Williamson (presented by Edmond Hamilton).

Convention Special Award Plaque -- Harlan Ellison (for Dangerous Visions).

Special Plaque -- Gene Roddenberry (for STAR TREK).

Art Show Awards --

Popular vote: 1st place, "Logistics" (Tim Kirk); 2nd place, "Parade" (George Barr); 3rd place, "A Penny for Your Thoughts, Your Majesty" (George Barr).

Cartoon: Best of Show, "Logistics" (Tim Kirk).

Children's Fantasy: Best of Show, "Alice in Wonderland" (Cathy Hill).

Fantasy Illustration: General Division (Best of Div.), "Flambeau" (Alex Eisenstein).

Professional Division: 1st place, "The Bemling March" (George Barr); 2nd place, "A Penny for Your Thoughts, Your Majesty" (George Barr).

Heroic Fantasy: Novice, "Conquest & Unchanged" (Jim Nielson); General, "Wardroom of Cirith Ungol" (Tim Kirk).

Astronomical: Novice: 1st, "The Enterprise Blows Up" (Gordon Monson); 2nd, "Call of Port" (Gordon Monson); General: 1st, "Edge of the World" (Tim Kirk); 2nd, "Dark Side" (Joni Stopa).

S.F. Illustration: Novice: 1st, "The Professor" (Catherine V. Cribbs); 2nd, "N.Y. by Firelight" (Gordon Monson); Professional: "Dune" (Cathy Hill).

Masquerade Ball --

Best S.F. Costume: Bruce Pelz, as a Heavy Trooper from Jack Vance's Dragon Masters; Honorable mention: Christopher Lang, as the Alien from Gumbo.

Best Fantasy Costume: Don Simpson, as the leader of the Wild Hunt; Honorable mention #1: Susan Lewis, as Ariel from The Tempest; Honorable mention #2: Maurice Robkin, as Strider Revealed from Lord of the Rings.

Best Group: K.I. Kurtz & company, as Lady Eleanor of the White Horse & her bodyguards.

Best Presentation: Walter J. Daugherty & Elaine Ellsworth, as the Android Rejects; Honorable mention: Mark & Gayla Aronson & Steve Herbst, as Nicholas Van Rijn & Entourage.

Most Beautiful: Lin Carter, as Elric from Michael Moorcock's Stealer of Souls.

Imagination: Quinn Yarbrow, as the Dancing Gryphon; Honorable mention: Adrienne, as the Nightmare from Graves' White Goddess.

Future Fashion: Kathleen Sky, as Barbarella.

Humor: Cory Seidman, as a bottle of corflu from the "Legend of Ed Meskys"; Honorable mention: Diana De Cles, as Finale 2001.

((See also ODDS AND ENDS, on page 36 of this issue of the JOURNAL. --ed.))

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THE BORROWED BEAR
by
Thomas Burnett Swann

Unless a fantasy writer is blatantly derivative or downright plagiaristic, few readers will worry about his sources. If he tells a passable story, they will ignore or forget the fact that a particular character may owe his elephant-call to Tarzan or his rapport with pigs to Dr. Doolittle. But the writer himself is less easily satisfied. He constantly reproaches himself with the question: Am I creating or appropriating?

When I write a story, I list the reference books from which I have drawn my archaeological facts. But my debt is much greater than a few source books which tell me that the Romans considered the dormouse a culinary delight or that Greek children played knucklebones instead of football. I am a slow reader, but I have been reading for most of my thirty-nine years and the people I read about are often more real to me than those I meet. In other words, I have incurred -- amassed, I should say -- an enormous debt to my favorite authors. I have borrowed, adapted, assimilated, and metamorphosed. Now it is high time to acknowledge that debt. It is high time to thank those authors -- particularly one author -- who have guided and goaded me in my journeys through enchanted forests or across perilous seas.

First, let me say that my favorite living author, Mary Renault, has given me incalculable pleasure but scarcely at all influenced my writing. I worship her; I would like nothing better than to write like her. But I came to her much too late. I can only read and marvel at a woman who makes Athens far more real to me than New York City.

No, my strongest sources go back to early childhood. When I was six, in the days when there was no television and children were still read to and liked to be sick enough to miss school but not too sick for rapturous listening in the confines and comforts of bed, my mother introduced me to a certain fat, bumbling bear and his hardly more intelligent but hardly less engaging friends who without doubt have been the supreme inspiration for most of my stories. For one thing, I rarely write a story without including a bear. Let it be an Etruscan tale and I name my human hero "Bear" and make him indolent and somnolent like Winnie-the-Pooh. Let it be a Cretan tale and I populate my forest with Bear Girls, one of whom is named Pandia, a name which besides being Greek is a play on the word "Panda", that quasi-bear which I encountered in a New York zoo before the Red Chinese decided that the animal was too valuable for export. Pandia is more than an almost-Panda, however. She is an almost-Pooh who has an insatiable taste for honey cakes.

Yes, my mentor, my model, my master is A.A. Milne. I love him because he is whimsical without being cloying. I love him because his animals are personified without being excessively prettified. I love him because his forest abounds with delectable dangers -- Heffalumps -- Woozles -- and because the inhabitants, in spite of their foibles -- Pooh's bumbling, Piglet's timidity, Eeyore's dyspepsia -- are both lovable and because they stand together even in such dire crises as the loss of Eeyore's tail or Piglet's house.

A single author, of course, however influential, has not been my single influence. I often write about other animals than bears and piglets and rabbits and kangaroos and tigers. In my next book, *Moondust*, I introduce a hyena who no doubt owes something to Saki's Beasts and Superbeasts. And when I turn to human beings, I am very fond of princesses who might have been hatched from the same egg as Edgar Rice Burroughs' Dejah Thoris. Then there are Robert Nathan and Ray Bradbury and

Roy Rockwood and Frank Baum and Kenneth Graham, and also the countless writers I have read and absorbed and forgotten. But always, in the background or the foreground, lolls that plump, versifying bear, and I have no intention of driving him out of the tree house of my imagination. If he did not exactly build it single-pawed, he at least decorated it, he made it habitable and, I hope, hospitable. Muses are supposed to be women and goddesses and graceful, but Robert Graves remarked that Tennyson's Muse wore whiskers, which surely disqualify him for the usual definition. Mine, for better or worse, wears fur.

GERMANCON

Tom Schlück, TAFF representative to the 1966 TriCon, has become the newest member of the GermanCon Bidding Committee. His affiliation brings to seven the membership of the 1970 WorldCon Committee: Chairman Manfred Kage, Vice-Chairman Thea Auler, Tom Schlück, Hans-Werner Heinrichs, Volker Marckardt, Dieter Steinseifer, and Dr. Gert Zech. In addition, several associates have joined as "permanent co-workers".

The date for the GermanCon has been set as the first weekend in August, 1970, Friday to Monday. The program is being firmed up; it has been decided to combine the traditional elements, such as the Banquet, Awards presentation, and Masquerade Ball, with some distinctly continental touches, such as a Bavarian Night.

Fans from all over Europe are supporting the GermanCon bid. National conventions in England and the Netherlands have expressed their approval, and Austria, Italy, and Sweden have also demonstrated support. Manfred Kage says that "we can assure participants from England, France, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Netherlands, Italy, Spain, Austria and Germany". "We even have supporters in East-Europe", according to HECKMECK #18.

Further information about the GermanCon can be obtained from Fred Lerner, 98-B, The Boulevard, East Paterson, New Jersey, 07407.

Fred Lerner, Chairman
The American Committee for Heidelberg in 1970

((The 10-page (plus covers) magazine GERMAN CON NEWS 1, published by the GermanCon Committee, contains introductory material written by five of the Committee members. The most interesting piece was Dieter Steinseifer's 4-page article, "Science-Fiction-Fandom in Germany", an excellent historical introduction to German fandom. All material was either written in or translated into English.

In addition to Fred Lerner, Overseas Convention Agents listed in the magazine are:

AUSTRIA: Axel Mehlhardt, Hintzer Str.11/19, A-1030
Wien, Austria.

GREAT BRITAIN: Beryl & Archie Mercer, 10 Lower Church
Lane, St. Michaels, Bristol 2, U.K.

FRANCE: Madame Jacqueline Osterrath, 5229 Sassman-
shausen, Germany.

ITALY: G.P. Cossato, 5 Barkston Gardens, London S.W.5,
U.K. and G.L. Missiaja, CCSF, Cannaregio 1411-30121
Venezia, Italy.

SCANDINAVIA: Leif Anderssen, Dag Hammarskjölds väg
40:206, Lund, Sweden.

--ed.))



DISCLAVE 1968 CONREPORT
by Jay Kay Klein

This year's DISCLAVE began Friday, May 10. I caught the first plane from Syracuse after work and 55 minutes later arrived at National Airport in Washington. Immediately, I had the feeling I would have been better off landing at Dulles Airport, but nobody had consulted me. Alice Haldeman had arranged to have Alan Huff pick me up at Dulles.

I also learned that limousines didn't go to the con motel. Fortunately, taxicab drivers will do almost anything for money, and I quickly made it to the Regency Congress. The motel was squeezed between railroad lines and a monstrous highway. The setting lacked all charm. However, the management was to prove indulgent. In fact, they were probably downright desperate. The con started just three days before Reverend Abernathy and his followers were planning to camp on the Lincoln Memorial lawn. When the con broke up Sunday, the clerk said only two rooms had been booked for that evening -- at what should have been the height of the tourist season.

My room was comfortable, but the party room gave me a cramped feeling. Located underground, it was apparently designed for storage of horizontal objects and only used for meetings as a desperation measure. I could touch the ceiling without extending my arm all the way, and persons the size of Andy Porter could touch it without any arms. (Ouch!)

Still, the room was loaded with liquor and fans. Later, the fans were loaded with liquor. So the ingredients for a good party were at hand. George Raybin left at 8:30 to watch "Star Trek" on his room TV set. The novelty of the show had worn off by this time for the rest of us, and we set about making as much noise at each other as possible. Alexis Gilliland showed me a letter of acceptance from PLAYBOY for a short, humorous story. Mentioned was the sizzling sum of \$1,000.

Ted White startled everyone by walking in just as bare-faced as you please. He'd retained sideburns and someone -- maybe it was Banks Mebane -- asked him if he were going to grow mutton chops. Ted denied this vigorously. Other startling effects were supplied by mini-skirted Gay and Alice Haldeman. Jack kept cautioning Alice against stooping over to pick things off the floor.

Dick Eney was there, starting to look like his good, old pre-Vietnam self. Jim and Judy Blish were among the missing -- having chosen the previous week for moving from Washington to New York City. Roger and Judy Zelazny were elsewhere, too -- attending a Polish wedding, according to Banks Mebane. Banks himself had recently moved from Washington to Florida just outside the blast range of Cape Kennedy.

Don Miller wasn't there -- and the general consensus was that he was cranking out the special DISCLAVE issue of THE WSFA JOURNAL. That's exactly what he was doing, I found out. Well, I'd always thought fans were out of their minds. Me, I'd just completed a supefyingly large CONVENTION ANNUAL, filled with 433 photos taken at the TRICON. I showed up with an armload to pass out to pre-pub subscribers. The night before the con I had stayed up until 3 a.m. getting other copies addressed and in the mail. The issue was literally hot off the press, having been delivered by the printer that day.

I even sold some on the spot to such hard cases as Bob Silverberg, Bob Madle, and Bob Pavlat. Buddie Evans took one quick look at the issue and said I'd misidentified Jack McKnight, pointing out she ought to know Jack when she sees him. Peggy McKnight-Pavlat said I should have identified the Pavlat nestegg as "Kathy Pavlat" instead of "Baby Pavlat". A couple of months later in Philadelphia, Peggy, Jack, and I were sitting together with Tom Purdom and Alex Panshin at a post-PSFS refreshment center. Without thinking, Peggy called out to her daughter: "Baby!" And I triumphantly pointed out that I had merely called her what her mother called her.

Bill and Phyllis Berg were playing "Star Trek", a board game. Ron Bounds was playing what should have been "Go", but which he insisted was something else. I was busy talking to the girls from Pittsburgh. Fourteen Pittsburghers ranging from 13 to 23 years of age attended the DISCLAVE. Seven were girls, including Linda Eyster, WPSFA president. All wore numbered plastic tags around their necks. This was an easy way to identify them. The official registration nametags were simple pieces of paper mimeoed with "Disclave" and stuck on with straight pins.

Near the entrance where no one would notice him was Alan Huff and his giant brass horn. As a matter of fact, he had an ENTIRE BRASS BAND on tap! They were to play German beer-drinking music at the top of my eardrums. I consoled myself with the thought, when I could manage any, that at least it wasn't rock-and-roll. It wasn't much consolation.

When we finally had a quiet moment, I borrowed a guitar from one of the Pittsburgh girls and serenaded Barbara Silverberg. Bob never even noticed as he was out in the corridor talking to Lester del Rey. There was an endless supply of refreshments, and the party ran out of people early in the morning rather than running out of liquor. By this time, many fans had discovered the one natural resource of the motel: a sauna bath. Art Saha was touting the virtues of this Finnish invention, and the more I heard, the less I liked it. After all, my upbringing emphasized the pleasures of soft, airy clouds and harp singing, and rather looked down on intense heat as something to be avoided. Still, quite a few of the fans disappeared into the coed sauna bath. Its popularity, though, on Friday night was just a fraction of what it was to be on Saturday. In the early hours there were a fair number of young men but only one girl.

Saturday morning I had lunch at the motel coffee shop. I knew what to expect because I had had dinner there the day before. The help was a curious mixture of complete indifference and outright stupidity. If you ordered, say, a bacon, lettuce, and tomato sandwich, you might be asked, "What's that?" Or your soup and salad would be served without any visible means of eating them, while the waitress avoided you until the soup grew cold and the salad wilted. At any rate, Lester and Ev del Rey and Judy-Lynn Benjamin had breakfast whilst I polished off a hamburger ("sunny side up, sir?"). Banks Mebane joined us for a cup of coffee, which he survived.

The program started at 1:05 p.m., with Jack Haldeman briefly saying a few convening words. No printed program was handed out. Lester del Rey and Ted White took over the speakers' table -- the ceiling being too low to permit a raised dais. Les began, quoting from a letter in the June 1968 ANALOG to the effect that the letter-writer was a teenager who didn't care for present-day science fiction and would prefer some of the good, old kind.

Campbell's reply was that just because an editor wants stories of a particular type, this doesn't mean he can get them. And he decried today's anti-hero. Thus, Les opened the "dialog" between him and Ted.

Ted thought that the fan's models of "greatness" -- Burroughs, Kline, Lin Carter -- were "not names to conjure with". The old writers had "values". They knew a good story from a bad one. "Campbell's idea of a hero is someone who goes up against the patent office and wins." (Laughter.)

Les added that a story should entertain. Otherwise, its idea should be set down briefly in a straightforward way, such as in an essay. "Ninety per cent of today's writers believe in something because they're writing it." He pointed out that this is "pandering". You can only write well about what you really, romantically believe in.

"Writers today are writing for Nebula awards..." And for other awards given by critics who don't know what's real and good. Les decried the mutual admiration societies, which now number in the dozens. The lesser writers belong to these, he said.

Next, Les took a swipe at writing courses. "I am extremely bitter against college writing courses." These ruin writers, he said. Potentially great writers get turned into the rut of following accepted practices -- which are sterile and repetitive.

Ted said that there is an "overwhelming need on the part of writers to get feedback". This is one reason for the formation of the mutual admiration societies. He stated that royalty statements mean nothing, since they only reflect how many books were sold, not to whom and for what reasons. He then went on to explain and defend his idea to separate fan and pro awards at world conventions. He said that the Nebula and the Hugo balloting were run similarly, with very small numbers of voters, most of whom were not too knowledgeable on what they were voting. The SFWA members have a huge list of choices but only a few of them were read by everyone. Ace sends everyone copies of Ace books that are up for awards, and so obtains better chances on catching Nebulas. Ted was very definite in his statement that the professional writers are no better read than fans -- probably less well-read, in fact. He argued that professional writers don't read the magazines very much any more, though they still write for the magazines. In fact, they're likely to be more informed about talk about the stories than they are about the stories themselves.

Ted went on to discuss passing literary fads and noted, "Spinrad is the top of the fad." He hesitated a moment and Les added that maybe Harlan was at the top of the fad. Ted rejoined, "Harlan is the fad!" (Laughter.) Ted continued, "I see nothing good about Dangerous Visions!" He said he had nothing against the quality of the stories, but asked rhetorically why is it necessary to shock? What good does this do for science fiction?

By this time, it was 1:40 p.m. and 66 persons had crowded into the tiny underground room, with more arriving every few minutes. They were very attentive as the literary debate continued, though Les and Ted were mostly in agreement rather than arguing from opposite viewpoints.

Ted stated that Norman Spinrad's Bug Jack Barron contained too many topical references which will doom the story to a brief existence. He said Spinrad was a very poor writer, especially when it comes to ideas. Les jumped in at that point and said Spinrad was even worse than Ted said. Ted felt encouraged to enlarge on his previous statement and said of Spinrad's writing: "A mindless parroting back of new leftist clichés." He stated he is sick of this, and that we know what's going on today is rock-and-roll, mod dress, and so forth. However, we don't put them in science fiction because we want to keep the stories from being dated. Ted added that he wants to build an estate for his old age when he can no longer write.

Les: "Most writers I know who wrote for their estate didn't wind up with a good estate. Those who wrote what they wanted would wind up with damn good estates." (Ted looked taken aback at this.)

The best feedback, Les continued, results from using ideas in magazines and seeing how writers pick them up and resubmit them to magazines embedded in new stories. He said ideas are 10¢ a dozen. On the spur of the moment he cited the idea of the last Martian woman and an earthman having a female-male relationship, with their love, of biological necessity, being divorced from sex. The audience listened raptly as the great spinner of webs pursued his unique idea. He concluded that great art is not written consciously as ART, but simply put down on paper to make a living and because the writer was doing what he liked.



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In the ensuing question period, someone asked about great literature being written consciously. Ted answered that a person writing is too self-conscious. Les said that a person would have to know the tastes of persons 50 years in the future and thus would be a prophet. In that case, anyone writing "Literature" would be a damn fool -- he'd do better by going into the prophecy business. Getting back to his dislike of critics trying to teach writing, Les made the comment that criticism and writing courses are analytical whereas writing itself is carried on by the very different method of synthesis.

After a scintillating hour of this discussion, Bob Silverberg was introduced as the Guest of Honor. For the next forty minutes Bob sat casually at the front table and discoursed on writing: "Why Does a Writer Write What He Writes?" With a twinkle in his eyes, he said in the inimitable Silverbob manner that "90% of the comments put forth by the preceding persons were reactionary foolishness".

Bob advanced the main reason for writing: "To Make Money." He said that the mechanics of publishing are responsible for what's done. Taking a very pragmatic view of the literary process, he said that an editor has to meet a deadline, the writer has to fill 250 pages, and a printer turn out so many printed copies. The astonishing thing, Bob pointed out, was that 60,000 readers will then buy the final product. Thus, the writer makes a living and the reader gets the same, old, rehashed material.

"Strangely enough" (more Silverbob humor dry enough to wither half a grapefruit), the type of writer producing this commercial commodity doesn't really make top money. (Referring back, I think, to Les' and Ted's discussion regarding writing for an estate.) The story comes out stillborn and dies. The story does not come out again in future editions. "And so you have not even successfully written for money."

"Who waits anxiously for the next story by Robert Moore Williams?"

"What we are peddling in science fiction is Visions." He went on to cite an assortment of authors, including Doc Smith and Edgar Rice Burroughs. These are poor writers, he said, but they had the vision that could capture the reader's imagination. Ninety per cent of science fiction fails even to attempt this, and the life is trapped and squeezed out by the plot.

The two major themes worthy of being written about are communication between beings and our all being under sentence of death. Bob's "Flies" was the first story written for Dangerous Visions. Harlan asked him simply to write the best story he could and it would be accepted. No request was made for a shocker or taboo-breaker. As these types of stories came in, though, Harlan got the idea of devoting the book to them.

"A good science fiction story springing out of human motivations, plus a futuristic vision -- this fusion creates the vision to make a great science fiction story." Still, Bob thinks these flashes of genius need the guidance of good craftsmanship. "What's going out in science fiction now upsets a lot of us." He said he'd read a copy of NEW WORLDS the other night and couldn't figure it out. These people are reaching beyond their grasp and are failing. They're simply not communicating. However, even so their stories are better than Robert Moore Williams' because buried in the morass are genuine flashes -- something not found in Williams' stories of rayguns on Mars.

Next, Bob made some comments that along with what he'd just said revealed something, I think, about Bob's own most recent work and the direction it's been taking. He said that when a writer breaks out of a mold and tries to do new and better things, his old readers resent it. "His new writing offends established expectations." Bob could cite no stronger example than Heinlein's Stranger in a Strange Land.

Bob then took the readers to task even further. He said a lot of the writers are annoying the readers -- because the readers are "stuck in the mud". The writers

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get tired of doing the same thing over and over again and want to go on to something new and exciting, but the readers want to plod along the same old paths. He stated that Dangerous Visions took a great many chances to get something new into print. "It failed in that many of the writers failed. But this was a failure of skill and art, not of intent."

He said that if we stifle the yearnings of science fiction writers for new topics and different ways to express themselves, we will lose the writers to some other field. The old-timers attack new-style writers, the modern schools of literature, and so forth. But the real thing that should be attacked is the hack that goes on in the same, old way, because he is killing himself as a writer. Bob asked patience for Norman Spinrad and the others who try to do what Robert Moore Williams will never try to do.

With that, Bob ended a memorable out-pouring of inside feelings and asked for questions. Ted White said he wished Bob had spoken first because Les and he would have had more to talk about. He commented, though, that he resents failed experiments that are foisted off as successful experiments. After an assortment of other comments and questions, Bob said that we must not demand of every story that it be "easy and accessible on the lowest levels". I pointed out that readers are afraid that with that attitude science fiction magazines would turn into "little magazines" -- arty, experimental (generally subsidized) affairs, such as NEW WORLDS has already become. Andy Porter added that NEW WORLDS' circulation had dropped to 8,000 copies.

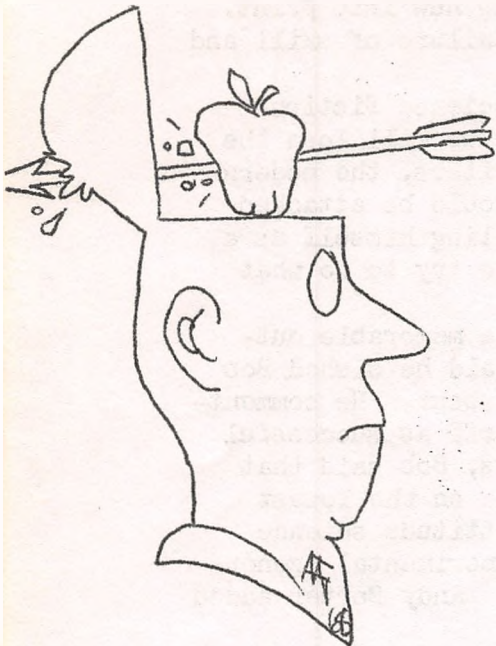
Tying in his own career with the changing scene in science fiction, Bob said that between 1959 and 1963 he had stopped writing science fiction entirely. He couldn't make a living and was bored with the field. Now, we have the biggest boom in history, mostly paperbacks.

After the twenty-minute question period, at 3:10 p.m. a ten-minute break (lasting twenty minutes) was announced. I was to be the next item at the front of the room. Jack Haldeman had prevailed on Ron Bounds to run the slide projector, and I don't blame Jack for trying to have as little to do with the project as possible. We set up the screen, moved the table to one side -- and I was as ready as I was ever going to be. I'd finished the slides just two days previously, having had only about 10 days to select the photos, make the slides, and prepare 216 assorted jokes of all sizes. Between the preceding LUNACON and the DISCLAVE itself I'd been away from home on several trips, as far as San Francisco.

I started off assuring the audience -- by now standing six deep in spots -- that next year they'd really see something when I showed photos taken in the sauna bath. (Chortles.) And in my very best Asimovian manner I said, "It's an honor and a pleasure and a privilege for YOU to be here today!" Disappearing under cover of darkness, I proceeded to show a few choice shots of Isaac Asimov in action. The slide-show title was "The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody", but Isaac did more declining and falling than anybody.

There was a shot of Isaac wringing his hands in despair as Bill Obbagy, I alleged, was apparently not going to ask for his autograph. A wild Isaac waving his hands at the recent LUNACON when describing how HAL the Mad Computer broke First Law. (Oi, vey!) A pleading Ike making heartbroken gestures at Carol Pohl while Peg Campbell, Art and Taimi Saha, and Carol Engel look on in stark amusement. A Harlan-must-go Asimov, followed by a crucified-carpenter stance (Harlan didn't want to go), and even a reaching-for-forbidden-fruit (would you believe pomegranates) pose.

After these and others too unbelievable to mention, I paused briefly at Mike Deckinger, who merited this honor for having told me at the conclusion of my first slide show, "You were great. Nobody thought you were going to be any good." The photos shown of Barbara Silverberg were specially interesting, too, with none other than the Good Doctor close at hand.



Then I reached -- who else! -- the Guest of Honor. Restrained only by my fear of being dehydrated later by Bob's withering wit, I informed everyone how difficult it had been to select photos of Bob for presentation. While I had hundreds of photos of Barbara, I had only two or three of Bob. And I felt that I really had to have something special, since after my first slide show at last year's OPEN ESFA Meeting, Bob gratuitously informed me over dinner that I had been "cruel and heartless". Now, Bob didn't have to say that. I knew it! And so, with fiendish cunning -- obtained at vast expense from countless observations of Silverbob at work shriveling hapless wights -- I remarked that Bob's only outstanding characteristics were a beautiful wife and a beard, a black beard, a beard so black it was...

...and the slide flashed on the screen showed Bob with a beard tinted icy blue. I'm sure Bob was charmed by all this, and later I even received a letter from him signed simply "Bluebeard".

So much for the first 18 slides, mostly black-and-white but with Barbara Silberverg in color. Now it was Hal Clement's turn. (What did Hal do to deserve this? NOTHING! That's what bothers me -- why doesn't he do something to me?) My favorite photo shown of Hal had him standing next to a mini-clad Alice Haldeman. He was trying to appear nonchalant and unconscious of her presence. Unfortunately, I alleged, the book he was leafing nonchalantly through was upside down. He had been rattled by my humming of "Alice's Restaurant".

Naturally, Bob Madle was also too good a target for me to miss. Beer bottle in hand, he sloshed his way through a series of conventions until finally he wound up drinking straight out of a can. I pointed out that Bob was only able to make ends meet by giving drinking lessons, with Banks Mebane a star pupil. Later, Banks approached me and made a very strong protest. Said he, "I was doing pretty good on my own before I ever met Bob Madle." Well, maybe so -- but there's no doubt Bob added polish.

A big laugh was drawn with a photo of Bob Pavlat, whom I characterized as the gayest bachelor I'd ever known. In the photo he had a baby thrown over his shoulder while trying to attend a world-con.. A number of other well-known fans were depicted, including Phil Harrell. In a switch on my usual presentation, I said that Phil was one of the kindest, nicest persons you could ever hope to know. Querulously I asked, "What right does he have to be different from the rest of us?"

After several photos of Cory Seidman asleep at various conventions, I showed Mike McInerney and Walt Breen as they appear today and as they looked before they grew beards. (After all, they weren't born with them.) I skipped Ted White, explaining I wanted to avoid a fan feud. A shot of Lester del Rey autographing Judy Blish's leg was much appreciated, as was a scene in which Randy Garrett and Jim Blish are on all fours, butting heads. Forrie Ackerman and four others dressed as Mr. Spock was captioned (what else?) "Spocks Before My Eyes".

Particularly amusing was a photo I'd made into a postcard showing Bjo Trimble and Jack Gaughan. Bjo had returned the card to me with cartoon captions capitalizing on the strange poses: she sticking her tongue out while Jack taps his forehead significantly with a forefinger. Bjo: "My opinion of Mr. Gaughan's views may be expressed thusly..." Jack: "Mrs. Trimble, who is obviously slightly bonkers...."

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For the penultimate spoof I ran a series on Charlie Brown and the young ladies surrounding him. I told what happened one time when I called him "Chuck"... And I had some lovely, well-exposed shots of the young ladies in bikinis.

Finally, I pointed out that although I took hundreds of pictures at a convention, I still had a very pleasant time. The last picture proved my point, showing me on the floor disporting myself with a dozen females of the opposite sex.

The slide show was apparently a success as no one threw anything. At first, I had a running battle with Harriett Kolchak over whether I could stand close enough to the screen to see what slide I was talking about without blocking her view. In a conreport Harriett later said the show was okay. Jim Ashe reported I have a great future in slide shows. (Or did he say "side" shows?) I don't think I'll be doing many of these, though. My next scheduled event is tentative: if a certain convention is held next year, I'll be on the program.

A brief intermission was announced next. I'd run through 57 slides in 40 minutes, and people needed to go outside to clear their heads. Me, too, since I'm also a people and my commentaries had disturbed me at least as much as anyone else. Outside, I was approached by Bob Madle and Banks Mebane. Teacher and pupil were each holding a can of Pepsi Cola! I don't go in much for gag shots, but I took a picture of this anyway. Sure enough, at the following month's MIDWESTCON, Rusty Hevelin refused to believe a word of what I showed him before his very eyes. You can't fool an old fan like that.

Next was a panel on fanzines with Andy Porter, John Ayotte, Alexis Gilliland, and Don Miller. Andy exploded the popular misconception that his fanzine ALGOL contains fan fiction. He uses fiction by professionals, such as a recent Chip Delany story. Andy discoursed a bit on ALGOL, of which he is very proud, since it is handsomely produced at the stupefying cost of \$120 per issue.

Don Miller said he hadn't been very successful in writing, and finds he enjoys editing and publishing the writing of others. He apologized for not yet having the special DISCLAVE issue of THE WSFA JOURNAL. This was blamed on his putting out too many fanzines. ((Correction: The DISCLAVE issue was distributed at the DISCLAVE -- it was the cover -- which had been delayed in the mail from the printer -- which we were unable to distribute. (This was later mailed out separately.) Fanzine editing we enjoy as a form of creativity.... --ed.)) Alex happily commented he doesn't put out any fanzine: "The result of careful planning." John said he likes fanzine publishing because he can put out exactly what he likes.

The panel discussion lasted just under a half-hour, breaking up at 5 p.m. It was doubly pleasant in that it was brief but amusing and informative. During the event I had taken some photos, my transistorized flash unit whining audibly. When Dick Eney started taking shots, his unit made an even greater racket. At that point, I decided to get a new, silent flash. Far, far better for sauna bath pictures!

I'd been invited to a pre-dinner celebration in Lester del Rey's room. When I entered, though, Ev del Rey and Barbara Silverberg told me I was welcome -- but no more pictures! As it turned out, Ev was joking. She really didn't care that I had shown Les writing on Judy Blish's leg. And I mollified Barbara by explaining that before showing pictures of her, I had checked with Bob for his okay. (I went right to the top, you see.)

After a couple of conversation-filled hours, we went out to dinner. A few unlucky fans, such as Don Miller and Fred Lerner, ate in the coffee shop. At least, they were sitting in there waiting for service as I went by. At any rate, I was headed for a good meal, in the company of Judy-Lynn Benjamin, Bob Raymond, Bob and Barb Silverberg, Les and Ev del Rey, and Ted and Robin White. The del Reys and I had a ride in Ted's red Lincoln Continental. We followed Bob Raymond, a close friend of Roger Zelazny's and a knowledgeable gourmet.

We entered Le Pavillon, where the management seemed dismayed at the sudden quantity of customers. However, by a mixture of broken French, fractured English, and hand-waving in all directions, we arrived at a working agreement to sit quietly at one table. The ordering was a delightful process. I think it was Bob Silverberg who selected the wine. Naturally, most of us had escargots, though Ted and Robin were a little leery of trying snails. The day's special was stuffed pheasant with truffle sauce. And very good it was, too. The dinner was a small convention in itself, taking well over three hours. The only drawback to all this was the \$12.50 per person bill.

We rejoined the convention at 11 p.m., where I was informed paid attendance ran to 110. That's one of the bigger -- if not the biggest -- DISCLAVE figures yet. The only available meeting room was bursting, and a good chunk of the party-goers were in the hall or, later, in the sauna bath.

Alan Huff

and the brass band were going at full lungpower. Don Miller was surrounded by pages and pages of pages and pages. The DISCLAVE special issue! Collated and stapled before your very eyes! Among various items I'd supplied to the issue was a song I'd written. Don asked me to sing it, and at the first lull in the oompah music, I borrowed a guitar and obliged. Don thought it was a riot that I couldn't remember the words and had to read my own song from the fanzine he's just published. Actually, I was still in a state of shock from the brass band and the only thing left ringing in my head was "oopah, oompah, oompah". (This reminds me of a great joke I heard at the NYCON, but I don't have the time to tell it here.)

All sorts of people were at the party, including Larry Smith, Beresford Smith, Mark Owings, Jan Slavin, Chuck Rein, Frank Kerkoff, and Ginger Buchanan. I can't name all 110 persons, so I won't try. Besides, lots of them went into the sauna bath where they melted and stuck together. As befits the Guest of Honor, Bob Silverberg, accompanied by Barbara, joined the group. They were admitted by a Ron Bounds dressed only in a smile and a towel.

Inside, Cecelia Grim had her arm autographed by the Guest of Honor. Later, she informed me "he looks distinguished in nothing but a beard." I declined to enter, since heat that high is not good for camera equipment. Later, Bob thought the scene should be preserved for posterity and wanted to phone me to bring my camera, but Barbara didn't think that was a good idea at all. (At all!) Besides, I could follow what was happening very nicely by taking shots off the closed-circuit TV screen. My next slide show will be a sensation!

Several parties

were going on in various rooms, including one where the center of attraction was a guitar wielded by Chuck Rein and Miss 8 of Pittsburgh. A pro party was held in Les del Rey's room, but he kept an open door and over a couple of hours, several dozen quivering fans joined the group. More quivering than most was a very peachy Ginger Buchanan, better known as Miss 7. At her first convention, she found the conversation fascinating, especially that of Les, who is a master of the art. In the late, late morning, Les eventually announced the end of the party, and we regretfully left.

All we had to look forward to was a very dull Sunday, when nothing was planned. After a few hours' sleep, I staggered into the hot, humid Washington smoglight and had a brief but poor breakfast at the coffee shop. ("Burnt toast, sir, or raw?") Doll and Alex Gilliland were my table mates and fellow sufferers. The worst part of the coffee shop was revealed when it was shortly locked up and no one could get anything to eat, no matter how bad it was.

Later, we returned to the scene of the crime: the basement party room looked like a convention had hit it. I've seen messes before, but this was awesome. Doll, Alex, and Jack Haldeman made some attempt to straighten things up, such as neatly stacking the empty gin bottles all in one corner around the overflowing trash can. My conclusion was that the only hope for the room was to fill it in with a bulldozer.



What was left of the convention wound up in the only other public gathering spot, the motel lobby. We sat around while fans departed one by one. The Gillilands, Ron Bounds, and I left for an early dinner. On the way, we passed through the riot areas, with their debris of burned-out buildings. We ate at the Gilliland's favorite steak house. The meat was tough, but was it cheap!

Alex and Doll kindly took me to the airport. On the way, we passed the White House, which I noticed now had mob-control fencing on the sidewalk. Floodlights on the lawn were arranged to blind people on the street at night so they couldn't see the armed guards. And we drove by the Lincoln Memorial, where I saw acres of beautiful grass. In the following weeks I watched TV with interest as this was replaced by churned-up mud.

In contrast to the United States government, the DISCLAVE was a great success. So many fans came that the motel is clearly inadequate. If WSFA can find another place with a larger meeting room and some nearby restaurants, I think the con would be a lot more comfortable. Unfortunately, it's probably pretty difficult to locate another sauna bath.

Bob Silverberg's first Guest-of-Honorship was carried out with dignity, good humor, and real enthusiasm. He is an ideal guest of honor, mingling with fans and joining the fun, and never too busy to sign an autograph. This year will also find Bob at his first worldcon toastmastering job. Pretty obviously, we're going to see more of Silverbob in cons to come.

October/November Short Calendar: Conventions, etc. --

TOLKIEN CONFERENCE -- October 18-20 at Belknap College, Center Harbor, New Hampshire. Sponsored by the Tolkien Society of America. Program includes sessions on Interpretations of Lord of the Rings, Tolkien and the Dramatic Arts, Tolkien as a linguist, etc. Proceeding are to be published. For information write: Prof. Edmund R. Meskys, Tolkien Conference, Belknap College, Center Harbor, N.H., 03226.

PHILCON -- November 9,10, at the Sylvania Hotel, Broad & Locust Sts., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Program includes Panel Discussion about "Science in Society"; Ben Bova on "Weather Control"; panels on sex and violence in the future, with Fred Pohl, Lester del Rey, James Blish, etc. Note also that special Open Meeting of PSFS (the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society) will be held 8 p.m., Nov. 8, at the YMCA (Broad & Arch Sts.). For info, write: Tom Purdom, 4734 Cedar Ave., Phila., Penna., 19143.

STF-GENIUS BALL -- November 23. Capt. Kirk, Mr. Spock, and others of the "Star Trek" crew; films of the show, and bloopers; skits by the Geniuses (Mensans) will show how ST would look if written, directed, and acted with imagination; Pat Paulsen; dancing; drinks; Breakfast ("for the survivors"). Ball Tickets, \$2.50; Breakfast, \$1.50. Send check & self-addressed envelope to: Sidney Weisblat, 964 E. Colorado, Pasadena, Calif., 9110.

LONDON MINICON -- November 23. GoH, James White. Full & varied program. For info, write: Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, U.K.

And don't forget the showing of Emsch's "Relativity" Nov. 1-3, at the Janus 1, in D.C.

--DLM

THE BOOKSHELF: New Releases

ACE -- October Releases (Ace Books, 1120 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y., 10036):

The Ring, by Piers Anthony & Robert R. Margroff (A-19; 75¢; "Science Fiction Special") -- "When he returned from the stars Jeff Font found Earth transformed by a daring new penal code -- and discovered the problems even an honest man faced when he himself was sentenced to The Ring."

The Far-Out Worlds of A.E. Van Vogt (H-92; 60¢) -- "The first new collection of Van Vogt's classic short science-fiction in fifteen years, this is a power-packed package of interplanetary and future-fiction gems -- a truly 'far-out' event in science-fiction reading."

Star Well: An Anthony Villiers Adventure, by Alexei Panshin (G-756; 50¢) -- "First in an imaginative and rollicking new series of inter-stellar adventures featuring the coolest hero of sf history...and one of the strangest aliens in past or future!"

The Moon of Gomrath, by Alan Garner (G-753; 50¢) -- "Reminiscent of the work of Tolkien and of Andre Norton, Books and Bookmen call this terrific fantasy-adventure 'one of a new generation of classics . . . a timeless story, full of wonder and magic, terror and beauty....'"

The Outlaw of Torn, by Edgar Rice Burroughs (A-25; 50¢?) -- "Here's the first new Burroughs paperback in the last two years -- and sure to catch the eye of every one of this famous author's hundreds of thousands of readers. A big, action-packed novel of the days of knighthood and chivalry, wherein the best swordsman in England leads a band of desperate outlaws in a quest to win back both his true heritage and the lady he loved."

The Proxima Project, by John Rackham (H-91; 60¢) -- "They took the 'pop-star' route out of this world!" and

Target: Terra, by Laurence M. Janifer & S.J. Treibich -- "Beware the berserk satellite!"

Dwellers in Darkness, by John Macklin (H-94; 60¢) -- "A new collection by the internationally recognized expert on Psychic Phenomena. Banshees and vampires; necrophiles and witches; ghosts and ghouls -- there are the dwellers in darkness. All new, true, and fully documented adventures in the nightmare world."

Also, Winged Warfare (A-24; 75¢; true stories of WW-I); The Man in the Tricorn Hat, by Delano Ames (H-93; 60¢; Mystery); Remember With Tears, by Helen Arvonen (G-757; 50¢; "Gothic"); The War on Charity Ross, by Jack M. Bickman (G-754; 50¢; Western); The Four from Gila Bend, by Merle Constiner, and Trail of the Skulls, by Wayne C. Lee (G-755; 50¢; Westerns); How to Get a Good Night's Sleep, by Dr. Peter J. Steincrohn (A-26; 75¢; medicine for the layman); The Wayward Wife, by Alberto Moravia (A-23; 75¢; collection of stories).

FAWCETT GOLD MEDAL BOOKS (Fawcett World Library, 67 W. 44th St., N.Y., N.Y., 10036):

Ballroom of the Skies, by John D. MacDonald (R1993; 60¢; originally published in hardcover in 1952) -- "In Ballroom of the Skies, John D. MacDonald questions why the world is eternally war-torn and why men of good will, seeking only peace, are driven relentlessly to further disaster, and then suggests a strange and monstrous explanation. He pictures an intricate and totally convincing future society, where India rules the globe, and everyone chases the mighty rupee. The First Atomic War has just ended, and already the Second is clearly building. People shrug. War is man's nature, they think. And that's what Duke Lorin thought until he became aware of the aliens living among us -- and discovered their sinister purpose." (October)

Wine of the Dreamers, by John D. MacDonald (R1994; 60¢; originally published in hardcover in 1951) -- "In Wine of the Dreamers pale, laboratory creatures live in a remote, sealed-off world. Their game, their religion, their release is to dream, and their dreams carry across a galaxy. . .to lodge in the minds of men of another world, the planet Earth. And when Earthmen dreamed their own dreams, laid plans to travel beyond their own planet to other worlds, the Watchers stepped in -- for escape from Earth was the impossible dream, the dream that must be destroyed." (October)

Seven Trips Through Time and Space, ed. by Groff Conklin (R1924; 60¢) -- "This is a large collection of seven novelettes, none previously anthologized, by such acknowledged masters as Cordwainer Smith, J.T. McIntosh, Kris Neville and H. Beam Piper." (May)

THE LIBERAL CASE AGAINST GUN-CONTROL LAWS

by
Alexis A. Gilliland

To be effective, a gun-control law must not merely forbid such things as mail-order sales to children, criminals and idiots, but must also include some provision for licensing and registration.

The present upsurge of popular indignation brought about by the death of Robert F. Kennedy is demanding the reform of the present anarchic situation, but fortunately, beyond limiting mail-order sales, Congress seems likely to do very little. We have a long tradition of anarchy to uphold, and for once the status quo stands to benefit the Progressive and Liberal forces.

The lack of effective gun-control laws may do very little for the individual and his neighbor, but this lack confers a great advantage to the species and society.

Let us consider the advantages for the species first. People who own guns are not hurt by them unless they are stupid, quick-tempered, careless, or accident-prone, or unless they happen to be married to such a person. People who do not own guns are not hurt by them unless they are accident-prone or unlucky. It is an individual tragedy that a wife should impulsively shoot her husband, or junior innocently kill his brother, or dad inadvertently blow his head off. However, in the highly-mechanized society of the future, the race will be better off without these stupid, quick-tempered, careless, and accident-prone people, and this statistically-selective elimination clearly points the way to a brighter, happier posterity.

"What did posterity ever do for us?" someone asks, and the question is a fair one. Certainly if we will not tax ourselves to leave posterity an inhabitable environment, it is unreasonable that we should wantonly slaughter ourselves so that the descendents of the survivors should be better fit to live than we are.

However (aside from the fact that we are not a reasonable people), there are also great sociological advantages to be derived from the universal ownership of guns, such as the maintenance of our cherished individual freedoms and the attainment of the Liberal configuration of society to which all good Liberals aspire.

Here is a paradox: even under provocation an armed citizenry is a gentle citizenry. Take the riots in Washington which followed the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr. When the rioters poured into the streets to loot and burn, the mood was festive and gay, and the police, knowing that perhaps a third of the men on the street were armed, behaved with gentleness and restraint until they had the advantage in manpower. Then they began making arrests by the hundreds and thousands, and the rioters, knowing that the police were also armed, responded sullenly, but with docility.

In Paris, by contrast, the student uprising of May-June '68 was appallingly violent, because both sides were using non-lethal weapons and relying on the strength of numbers. Had the students been armed initially, and from the beginning, De Gaulle would have paid far more attention to education, and far less to grandeur. There is nothing like an armed and aroused citizenry to focus the attention of the Establishment on essentials.

What's more, it doesn't have to be the entire polity, either, a single constituency is enough. Negroes, for instance.

As it happens, the Black Militants with their incessant calls to arms are serving the legitimate interests of the Black Community. As Shaw put it: "Nothing is ever done until men are prepared to kill other men if it is not done."

You understand, of course, that the reforms so dear to the Liberal heart will not be effected by violence, but by the threat of violence which is, in this case

(and in general), far more effective than its execution.

Congress may bluster as much as it pleases that it will not act under duress or the threat of violence. The fact is that Congress has never acted otherwise. When the interests of the voting public come in conflict with a vested interest, Congress upholds the vested interest every time. A thing so harmless as the Truth-in-Labeling Act was fought to the bitter end as a Communist Conspiracy.

If the Constitutional Government is to survive, i.e. evolve peacefully from the somewhat precarious present, it is axiomatic that this country must deal justly with the Negro minority.

It is also a fact that a large part of the country does not wish justice done.

If the Negro minority is disarmed, we would have neither riots nor social justice, only the nagging voices of a few malcontent Liberals which would be ignored as they were before.

An honest-to-God gun-control law would first require registration and then the licensing of weapons. Then gradually, by slow degrees, the cost of gun ownership would be increased, partly because it would be furnishing the Government with a new and hitherto untapped source of revenue (After all, there are an estimated 200,000,000 rifles, shotguns, and handguns in the United States; and at \$5 per muzzle per year, there is a cool billion dollars in revenue which otherwise might have been spent foolishly.), and also because the power to tax is the power to disarm.

The WASPs may be expected to stick to their guns with exemplary ferocity, sacrificing the second house or the third car for the symbolic virility and theoretical protection afforded by firearms. The ghetto Negro, who really needs a gun if he is to threaten violence convincingly, will have to give up the simple pleasures of the poor, such as eating and drinking. He will, in effect, be selectively disarmed, because any effective gun law will discriminate against the poor.



It is odd to think of the National Rifle Association as a mighty champion of justice for the oppressed and defender of civil liberties for the Negro, but all unwitting that is what they are.

The second sociological advantage of universal gun ownership is that it enhances and facilitates political assassination.

The unwritten law of the political assassin is that he is only interested in first-raters. It is the excellence of the victim that marks him for death, and an examination of recent victims bears this out.

An armed and divided electorate, then, stands ready to kill any politician, right or left, who rises above the herd. The death of King and Kennedy this spring diminished us all, but perhaps in the count of days, George Wallace has been diminished more than most.

This, of course, means that the fate of our country, nuclear weapons and all, will be entrusted to the technicians and mediocrities. You can make a very good case that these are the best people for the job. They may not be brilliant, but they are relatively safe.

It is an encouraging sign that at least a portion of the electorate is taking the trouble to assassinate the politicians with whom they disagree. It is good that a few politicians should be shot to encourage the rest; the cause of centralism and consensus is thereby advanced.

Remember, the right to buy weapons is the right to be free, and restrictive gun laws would remove an important safeguard against charismatic leaders. However, if you insist on legislating about firearms, then it should be made mandatory for every citizen of voting age to bear arms in public at all times.

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MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY: Prozine Reviews
by Banks Mebane

I've a passel of magazines to get through this time -- the August and September issues of the monthlies, the September AMAZING, and the (undated) first issue of MAGAZINE OF FANTASY -- so some fairly good things will have to be passed over too briefly.

Let's look at the newest thing first. MAGAZINE OF FANTASY, edited by Lester del Rey, is the latest addition to the GALAXY stable, and a welcome one, filling the fantasy void. Behind the Gaughan monster on the cover of Vol. 1, No. 1, we get a spectrum of the field from sword-and-sorcery to the slick UNKNOWN-type tongue-in-cheek. The former is well-represented with a Brak novelette by John Jakes, a Conan short by Lin Carter & Sprague deCamp, and a non-Conan short-short by Robert E. Howard; the latter shows in Robert Silverberg's "As Is" and a brief Mack Reynolds short that's still another deal-with-the-devil variation. Robert Lory's long, picaresque "However" falls between the two -- a quest plot in the Vance-Davidson manner. Three minor shorts and a del Rey "Report About J.R.R. Tolkien" (maybe just thrown in to get the Prof.'s name on the cover) fill out the zine. WOF won't continue unless this first issue sells; for Crom's sake, go out and buy a copy.

"A Spector Is Haunting Texas", Fritz Leiber's three-parter concluding in the Sept. GALAXY, is a wild romp through a mad-satiric future in which one of the Thins from a no-grav satellite descends on a post-bomb world nearly divided between Texas and Russia. The plot -- a bumbling, theatrical revolution -- doesn't matter; read it for the characters, the set-pieces, the mad, mad bits of business. And don't wait for the paperback -- get the magazine version for Gaughan's delightful illos and decorations.

Take Nicholas van Rijn and his Trader Team; add a host of evil aliens and their human accomplices; throw in a rogue planet in the deeps of space; toss well and bake beneath a blue giant until bubbling and crusty. That's the recipe for the sort of gourmet space opera Poul Anderson can turn out in his sleep. While writing "Satan's World", his four-parter concluding in the August ANALOG, maybe he did nod off once or twice -- as when his characters find the flimsiest excuses for lecturing each other about things they all know -- but that's a minor quibble. Even mighty Homer nods sometimes, but he runs a damn good show.

Robert Silverberg continues his triumphant re-entry into sf. "Nightwings", his novelette in the Sept. GALAXY and the First of a series, invests a far-future world with some of the trappings and atmosphere of fantasy. As with most stories that are novel-segments, this one leaves some conflicts unresolved and character-developments incomplete, but it's still packed with goodies. You just have to consider these things as intermittent serial-installments. Silverberg also has a good short in the August GALAXY.

"Sos the Rope", Piers Anthony's three-part serial concluding in the Sept. F&SF, is the winner of the \$5,000.000 contest sponsored by the magazine, Pyramid Books, and Kent Productions. It's a good yarn, if not so important a work as the same author's Chthon, and for once I think F&SF has published a serial without mangling it to pieces. It's a character-conflict action story set in a primitive post-bomb world with pockets of high-technology. The semi-mythic atmosphere I sense in it possibly stems from it's being about events that would certainly become legends in such a society within a few generations. It's difficult to write both interestingly and convincingly about people whose cultural basics are so far from ours, and I think Anthony has done this quite well, but this difficulty may also account for the mythic aspects of the characters.

It's good to have some of the long-inactive names appearing on contents pages again. Ross Rocklynne is one of them, and while his stories this year (most recently "Find the Face" in the Sept. GALAXY) haven't yet included anything with the impact of his "Into the Darkness" of years ago, he has much more control in his current writing, so we have

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good reason to expect something major. Damon Knight has never been a prolific writer, so we have to take his by-line when we can get it; he has another segment of his Thorim novel in the August GALAXY -- not much story in itself, but apparently a major turning-point in the novel. Hal Clement's is another name seen much too rarely; his "Bulge" in the Sept. IF is a space-hijackers yarn distinguished by his careful attention to, and utilization of, technical detail. James E. Gunn is a welcome returnee; I think he interjects too many well-worn quotations into his novelette "The Listeners" (Sept. GALAXY), but it is a moving account of the human frustration involved in a long, fruitless OZMA-type project that is here a fictional archetype for those facets of our society that cut people off from each other.

IF's policy of a first story by a new writer in each issue is always interesting and occasionally pays off. The August issue has "Star Itch" by Thomas J. Bassler, M.D., a killer-planet problem novelette. While too much clinical jargon is tossed around, and any experienced sf reader will spot the biochemical gimmick early on, it's nice to have another writer around who can do science fiction. Robert Taylor (no, not that one) is a new writer with two "first stories", one in the Aug. F&SF and one in the Sept. AMAZING; neither is world-shaking, but mark the name down as one to keep an eye on.

At the BAYCON, several people remarked to me that they think this column is too full of sweetness and light. That isn't really a result of my nature -- I may not be as full of vitriol as William Atheling, but I can bite off a sizable chunk when I feel like it. It's a result of policy: I'm not writing criticism here, but only turning out a sort of consumer's guide from the viewpoint of one consumer, so I only discuss stories I like. The ones I'd like to rip apart don't get mentioned. The exception to this is when I'm disappointed by a story from a writer whom I usually admire. Consider the things by Dean R. Koontz in the Aug. F&SF and Sept. IF. "Dreambird" in IF is standard pseudoBondian action, fairly competently-written and eminently forgettable; "The Twelfth Bed" is a routine, raggedly-written F&SF vignette of the Ohmigawd-ain't-it-awful future. Koontz made his debut in the field with several ambitious, moving, slightly amateurish stories that were impressive attempts at something that didn't quite come off. Now he's better at the techniques of writing, but he's turning out routine, unimpressive copy that has few virtues beyond saleability. Let's hope he gets his second wind soon. While I'm being bitchy, I'll let fly at two giants: Samuel R. Delany's "High Weir" (Oct. IF) and Roger Zelazny's "Song of the Blue Baboon" (Aug. IF) are both disappointingly minor stories.

Oops, I see I jumped ahead a month to swipe at Delany -- it's the only story I've yet read in the Oct. IF, so I'm not ready to review that zine.

Back to the sweetness and light, and things I wish I had more space to talk about: Mack Reynolds's "Among the Bad Baboons" (Aug. GALAXY) (What's with baboons, alla sudden?); Piers Anthony's "Getting Through University" (Aug. IF); K.M. O'Donnell's "Death to the Keeper" (Aug. F&SF).

Also recommended: Brian Aldiss (Sept. GALAXY); Bertram Chandler (Aug. IF); Todd, Reynolds, and MacApp (Sept. IF); Thomas, Wilson, Barr, and Jesby (Sept. F&SF); Wodhams, Poyer, and Shaw (Aug. ANALOG); Harrison (Sept. ANALOG).

I haven't read the Pohl-Williamson serial in IF yet, so review of it will have to wait until next time.

((Banks urgently needs the July, 1968 IF and issue #176 of NEW WORLDS. If you have a copy of either, and would be willing to part with it, please drop a line to either Banks Mebane, P.O. Box 938, Melbourne Beach, Florida, 32951, or Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Maryland, 20906. Thanks. --ed.))

COME TO D.C. FOR FUN IN '71!

Swords Against Wizardry, by Fritz Leiber (Ace Book H-73; 60¢; 180 pp. / frontispiece, map and table of contents).

This is very good, but unfortunately isn't another Swords of Lankmar. Leiber has taken two novellas from FANTASTIC (copyright 1964 and 1965) and provided a little bridging material. It may be an Ace Book, but it isn't a novel; he even has two dedications.

The first part, "Stardock", has Fafhrd and the Grey Mouser climbing a mountain in search of fantastic jewels. According to legend, the Gods launched the stars from there, and for each star they made a little model. So off our heroes go, up the south face as a party of four shaggy villainous types go up the windswept north face. After a while Fafhrd remarks: "That lout Gnarfi made drunken boast that he could whistle up the wind...and more to the point whistle it down.", this being provoked by the unseasonable and unnatural calm attending the climb of the villains.

The snow-cat Hrissa follows our heroes up the mountain, and while a large feline with non-retractile claws is not what you might choose to take along climbing a hard mountain, she does come in handy. We meet shaggy warmblooded serpents, invisible flying things, including princesses, and gnomes, plus also goats. Unfortunately, climbing mountains is not my bag.

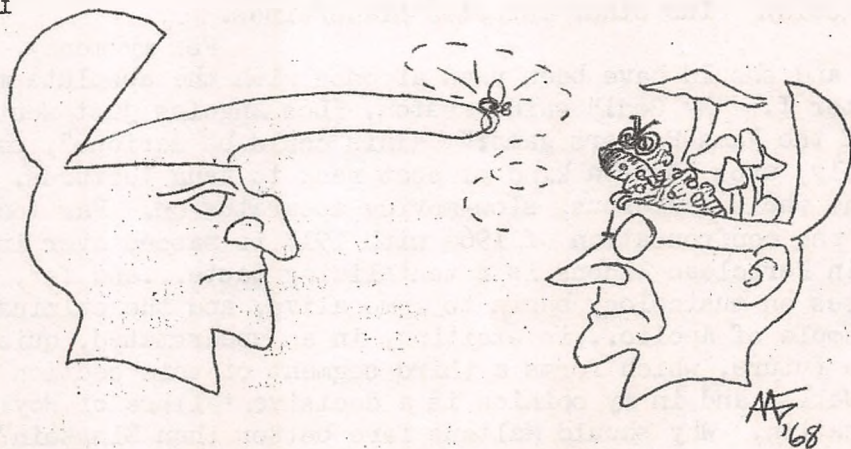
The short bridge shows how they were cheated out of their treasure, and leads into the second part, The Lords of Quarmall, where Fafhrd and the Grey Mouser have split up and hired themselves out as mercenary champions to the two sons of an aged king. Unbeknownst to each other, of course.

Quarmall is a maze of tunnels and rooms dug deep into the earth. Quarmall is equally the name of the king, who is also a grandmaster of wizardry. Needless to state, there is a problem of succession because the brothers hate each other with an almost incestuous passion, and matters are complicated by the fact that each brother is a grandmaster of sorcery in his own right. As old Quarmall concedes, they are as good as he is and getting better as he declines. Only their fear of his power holds them in check, and being a realist, he knows he won't last long. And yet...his favorite concubine is pregnant with a man child....

Into this maze of sorcerous bicker enter the bright swords of Fafhrd and the Mouser, and in addition the Grey Mouser has been given a singular spell by Sheelba the Eyeless about which he rashly brags, and upon to perform which he is eventually called.

Everybody is laying down careful, well-prepared plans of action, and as plan A interacts with plan B, things dissolve in a chaotic swirl of action which ends as Fafhrd and the Mouser unmask to face... each other. The resolution of this situation has the unusual merit of being logical, inevitable and surprising, although it was fairly clued.

The characters of the two evil princes form an interesting contrast. Hasjarl is mishapen, sadistic, successful by virtue of hard work and great effort. Ugly beyond belief, he has little grommeted holes in his eyelids, and peers around him with tight-shut eyes.



Gwaay by contrast is well-formed, handsome, and facile. Everything comes easy to him, and far from being sadistic, he is so sensitive that rather than dismiss a concubine who no longer pleases him, he will put her, elegantly, to death. I suppose I am being greedy, but if the Quarmall episode had been expanded to book-length Leiber might have had another Lankhmar.

Even so, the book is good rousing fun, and at one point when someone says, "Now let us have swords and sorcery!", you can't laugh because the hair on the back of your neck is standing up.

Jeff Jones has caught the feel of the first part in the cover, and has done a good portrait of Fafhrd on the frontispiece. Excellent but not superior.

-- Alexis Gilliland

October the First Is Too Late, by Fred Hoyle (Fawcett Books R-1155; 60¢; 154 pp.).

To give Mr. Hoyle credit, he has a number of excellent concepts in his plot, and his characters are generally adequate to well-done. In addition, he has a certain command of the language so that the flow of writing corresponds to the flow of action, and he avoids gaucheries, barbarous construction, and whatever grief an author's editing can avoid.

However, this is a terribly slow-paced book. We start off with a concert pianist giving a concert. He gives the concert and then he meets an old friend and they go off to climb mountains in Wales after he clears up his affairs in London. And they do climb mountains in Wales, at tedious length, and nothing happens to advance the plot except that the friend (an important physicist) gets lost for awhile, and turns up with a missing strawberry mark.

Well, it seems the sun is generating modulated energy -- conveying enough information in a beam pointed at the earth to print 100,000,000 physics books an hour -- and there is a conference on this in California -- so the physicist takes the pianist along. The pianist goes to an extended party and has a good time, and then follows the physicist off to Hawaii.

Somewhere along here we are presented with the "pigeon hole" theory of time, which says that all times are perpetually coexistent, and the individual simply moves from one pigeon hole to the next, like a flashlight beam. Time stands still, we move.

Done as a lecture by the physicist, of course. Then we have lectures on music by the pianist, and quite a lot of thoughtful but action-stopping dialog.

The great moment comes when the whole surface of the earth is sliced up into past (Europe in August 1917), present (Hawaii and England in 1966) and future (Asia after the sun grows cold). Plus other assorted place/times.

For my money, this is a tremendous idea, and should have been used at once with the absolute minimum introduction (Chapter I. "My God!" said Preston, "Los Angeles just went off the air in the middle of the Rams-Packers game!" "This could be serious", said I.). Hoyle, unfortunately, uses it as a kind of coat rack to hang lectures, historical speculation and the whole ponderous, slow-moving apparatus on. Far too little is done with the idea; the confrontation of 1966 with 1917 is passed over in casual haste. The episode in Periclean Athens is a tantalizing taste...and far, far too short. Even the lectures on musicology begin to come alive, and the culmination...a musical duel in the temple of Apollo...is exciting, in an understated, quiet way. The vision of the remote future, which forms a third segment of this section is almost a throwback to H.G. Wells, and in my opinion is a decisive failure of Hoyle's otherwise admirable imagination. Why should Malthus fare better than Einstein?

The resolution is logical, but far too long in coming, faults it shares with the entire book. In short, Oct. 1st could have done with editing and rewriting.

A failure, but not without redeeming social qualities. As the author says in a foreword: ". . . The discussions of the significance of time and of the meaning of consciousness are intended to be quite serious."

-- Alexis Gilliland

Sorceress of the Witch World, by Andre Norton (Ace Book H-84; 60¢; 218 pp.).

This is the concluding volume of the Witchworld series, and the story of Kathea after...hmm. Well, yes. You see, a great deal has happened in the other three or four volumes, and it is relevant to the present story. Kathea, for instance, has just lost all her powers (BS & MS from Escore U., Ph.D. complete except for graduation ceremony, post-doctorate work in black magic under Dinzel) as the result of a spell hurled by one of her brothers, since, as a result of her infatuation with Dinzel, she was aligned against the good guys.

The book suffers from this overburden of history, and further suffers from having to tie up all the loose ends. The trolley tracks of predestination keep clicking away beneath the wheels of the plot, and while the scenery is interesting it is not really unexpected. Thus, Kathea's parents turn up beyond one of the infernal gateways (Simon Tregarth and Jaelith had a good time in the first novel, you may recall, and were summarily written out of the second as soon as Jaelith had borne triplets) -- and at the appropriate time Kemoc and Kyllan, the missing-and-feared-dead brothers reappear for a family reunion.

Then, of course, we have Hilarion the Gate Maker -- potentially one of the most interesting characters Miss Norton has put on paper. By the time we meet him, there is no scope for his stupendous talents, and instead of coming on as another Rhiannon he is reduced to being a suitor for the hand of Miss Kathea Tregarth. Haunted by the memory of Dinzel she is wary of him -- and how many pop songs does that put you in mind of? A minor complaint -- I do not like Miss Norton's naming as a general rule. Her proper nouns, unlike Tolkien's, do not sing.

There is good material in SotWW (the plague of initials; one might call it poi, son -- but my own practice is to use initials only after the title has been cited in full in any given review), such as the sequence with Utta in which Kathea regains her powers, or the fitfully-lit stalemate war between the Tunnels and the Towers in which Hilarion plays a reluctant part. There is also good writing. The overall effect is too orderly to be pleasing, however, and I was somewhat disappointed with the book for that reason.

Andre Norton fans will get the book without urging, and they should enjoy it. It is good Norton, even if it isn't great. All you other types (if you aren't anti-Norton) could do worse than read Sorceress of the Witchworld.

The cover is a splendid effort by Jeff Jones, which features a character-study of Kathea. For a wonder he has her down pat as she comes across on the written page. He has a black-and-white illo facing the title page, also.

-- Alexis Gilliland

THE SOCIETY FOR CREATIVE ANACHRONISM, INC.

Yes, the Society is now incorporated, according to issue #8 of the official organ, TOURNAMENTS ILLUMINATED (35¢ a copy, \$3.00 per year, from Don & Diana Studebaker, 1585 Arch St., Berkeley, Calif., 94708; make checks or m.o.'s payable to "The Society for Creative Anachronism". T.I. also reports that the Artisan's Guild is again in operation (for info, write to Steve & Luise Perrin, 217 Francisco, San Francisco, Cal., 94133). ##### The official newsletter of the East Coast Chapter is PENNONCEL (free from Marian Breen, 15 Urbana St., Staten Island, N.Y., 10304). Issue #3 lists 83 members of the Chapter, along with other material.

--DLM

Implosion, by D. F. Jones (G.P. Putnam's Sons, NY, 1967).

It has been said that science fiction's greatest contribution to literature is freedom; that only science fiction remains unencumbered by rules; that only in science fiction can anything happen, anything at all. It is not true.

Science fiction is bound by rules, even though those rules may oftentimes be made afresh by each author in each story. The difference between stf and most other types of fiction is that the rules are changed and are made inherent in each story in stf. Once a given set of laws, facts, or whatever has been set up in a given story, however, it must be followed. This includes scientific principles, as they are presently understood, if these are accepted as part of the groundwork of the story.

All of which is preamble to an attempt to describe my reasons for disliking Implosion.

This story deals with the use, by a sinister but innominate Central European Power, of a chemical -- a "chlorinated hydrocarbon" -- to sterilize the English female populace. Now the aforesaid type of compound is indeed potent, and very effective in small doses, but not on the ovaries. This type of chemical is toxic to the kidneys and liver, and is eventually destroyed by the body if the dosage is not too large. That, however, is a mere trifle. According to the author, immunity to this drug is conferred by hereditary characteristics present in about 5% of English femininity. The wife of the Minister of Health, whose job it is to collect the 5% for breeding stock and artificial insemination, is fertile. Her identical twin sister is not. This is minor, however.

Let's go back to the rules again. A good science fiction story must be true to itself. One sub-requirement of this is that the day cannot be saved by pulling a gimmick out of the hat. This is a rule that was often violated in the early days of science fiction. The constant violation of this rule by many writers was one reason why it used to be said that a stfnal mystery story was impossible. The adherence to this rule by such writers as Isaac Asimov, Jack Williamson, and the like has resulted in the best stories in the genre. The non-adherence to this rule by D.F. Jones, an author in search of a sufficiently devastating downbeat ending, has resulted in the transformation of an otherwise fairly decent story into sludge.

I could go into great detail by going into a more detailed description of the plot, but why spoil the thing for those who will read it in spite of my warning.

Read it you must; but, for God's sake, don't finish it.

NON-VIOLENCE IS PASSE

Non-violence is passé they tell us,
H. Rap Brown has won the palm.
Whitey got to go! he hollers,
Wait until we get the Bomb!
If you play Nazi, he tell Lyndon,
We ain't going to play Jews;
You can stuff the Constitution
While we burn down Newport News.

-- Alexis Gilliland



DOLL'S HOUSE: Fanzine Reviews
by Doll Gilliland

WEIRDBOOK One (P.O. Box 601, Chambersburg, Pa., 17201. Ed.: W. Paul Ganley. 75¢; 4/75¢; 8/75¢.75. Contribs should be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope; payment is minimum of \$1 per printed page for stories and artwork, on publication. Ed's prize for best poem --- \$5, best story -- \$10, in each issue, made when announced in succeeding issues. Reprints not eligible for awards.) Weird stories and poetry -- 31 double-columned pages. Hitherto unpublished material by Robert E. Howard, Joseph Payne Brennan, and H. Warner Munn; reprints (four poems and two stories) by Andrew Duane, Edd Roberts, Alan C. Loverentz, Walt Klein, and Michale De Angelis; and originals by A.A. Griffin, Walter Quednau, and Oliver Ward. The writing is good, the stories of varying quality. Nonetheless, WEIRDBOOK is a strong entrant in this genre.

TRUMPET 7, May '68 (6400 Forest Lane, Dallas, Texas, 75230. Eds.: Tom Reamy, Alex Eisenstein, Al Jackson. 60¢; 5/\$2.50; contribs of articles, comics, satire, opinion, etc., printed LoC's, trade.) Editorials by the three are among the finest I've read anywhere: Reamy on NYCon; Eisenstein on the Hugo awards per se, science fantasy, and James G. Ballard; Jackson on "faster than light" and interstellar travel by warp. Jeff Jones' cover is a NYCon Art Show prize-winner. Phyllis Eisenstein contributes an extended analysis of one of my favorite short stories, Theodore Sturgeon's "Affair with a Green Monkey". (What do they mean when they say there wasn't any sex in SF until recently?) Photo-coverage of SPEC's (Society for the Preservation of Enchanted Chipmunks -- all loyal TRUMPET supporters) annual Halloween party. Andrew J. Offutt ruminates (with fine Mingus illos) on fascinating coincidence: John Brunner and he both came up with the same idea -- a new one -- at about the same time, and their stories appeared simultaneously. Premise, protagonist, and extrapolation identical. Discusses the "Universal Mind" minus metaphysics and mysticism. (I knew it as: "You remind me of a guy." "What guy?" "The guy with the voodoo." "Who do?" "You do." "I do what?" "Remind me of a guy." "What guy?" etc.)

Dave Ludwig illos Dan Bates' lucid column on art films and movie appreciation in Fort Worth and in general. Several exceptional Sketches by Robert E. Howard (which "can hardly be considered as having been published before" -- Glenn Lord), with illos by Doug Lovenstein. "Ambition by Moonlight", musings on drinking beer, an extended review of the film "Surrender", impressionistic essays on a bathing-beauty parade, a boxing match, Lindbergh and hero-worship. Very fine -- somewhat like Mark Twain, Jimmy Breslin, etc.; had never seen this side of Howard's writing. Fictionwise, there is W.G. Bliss's short story "Incident In a Small War" -- stark, incisive writing. James H. Gardner's "Skratchin's" is a comic-strip comment on war. Outstanding is the word for George Barr's exquisite pictorial rendering of Poul Anderson's The Broken Sword, adapted by Tom Reamy; Part III this. (The photographic and biographical picture of the artist is welcome.) "Og" by Irwin & Lawrence is delightful. And there is a Jeff Jones art folio. LoC's. Bacover by Jerry Mayes. Other illustrators include Alex Eisenstein, John Boland, Bill Bowers, etc. Most impressive 41 pages. Better taste than previous ish, writing quite as good. Might as well be pro. Recommended.

Ray Ridenour, you are a beast. Here I sit, trying to grab in a few fanzines between my analytical studies, and you have to furnish me WONKITY (Ray Ridenour, Cherry Point, West River, Md., 20881. Contribs, LoC's, 15¢.), a somewhat psychedelic trip which I really can't make at the moment, so you'll have to forgive me. WONKITY's 13 pages contain all manner of surprises. Cover and interior art by the ed, who also writes a wiggy editorial, introduces his God of the Week (albeit this is a quarterly), the Leshy, dashes off both poetry and prose singing of other unrelated spirits -- beer, Banks Mebane, etc., and begins "The Adventures of Nebulon Nebulus". In addition, there is a poem by Ste Calvert, who also furnishes a page of microcosm squiggle-toons, and a bit of Alexis' unique fan fiction, this gem titled "Constipation". Mimeo

repro of varying quality as are the contents. WONKITY is unquestionably a happening; Ghu only knows what will come next. I'll be watching.

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES #72 (LASFS off. pub. Ken Rudolph, 735 N. Sycamore Ave. #14, L.A., Cal., 90038. Trades, contribs, LoC's, 35¢, 3/\$1.) SHAGGY returns under a new editor after three years in limbo, and his editorial does lots to put today's LASFS in perspective. Also proposes Piers Anthony's Chthon (Ballantine) or Chester Anderson's The Butterfly Kid (Pyramid) as Hugo possibilities. (The latter, by the way, is the basis of a screenplay which Bill Glass is writing.) Lovely covers and interior illos by Bjo Trimble. Tom Digby does the written and illo'd (with Criss Stevens) lyrics for a delightful two-page spread, "Things". Sally Crayne's illo'd musings on trips she never took are almost as charming. "The Fangitive" is a faanish teaser by Ruth Berman to an unseen production. There is Tina Hensel's "Song of a Fan", and a dramatic two-page spread of Robert E. Howard's poem "Memories" against the stark artwork of Alan McCaughan. Len Bailes contributes his entertaining LASFS speech on Gilbert & Sullivan, showing their influences on SF. Jim Schumacher, fan in residence at LA's slan shack, writes of their thwarted Viking venture, with Dian Pelz doing the illo honors. Larry Dopp's pop art furnishes the backdrop for a couple of gloom and doom poems by Bill Hollander and Lee Klingstein. I hate to say it, but after reading Jane Lamont's "Shiva Dances", glorifying the free spirit, who wants it? That free spirit is physically free, spiritually poor, and mentally vacant. (They say so themselves; "blow one's mind" is the term -- no?) Anyhoo, I be not one of them, but am living and loving much greater than they, baby.

"An Hour Before LASFS" is a Barry Weissman parody of "The Nite Before Xmas". Dave Hulan writes a fine review of Fletcher Pratt's The Well of the Unicorn, and there are a pair by Fred Patten; however, Ken Rudolph's reaction to Alexei Panshin's Heinlein in Dimension distresses me a bit. Panshin's style is quite peremptory; the contents not necessarily; this is a good instance where the medium is the message -- readers are getting so carried away by the professional quality of Panshin's critique, they are accepting it as gospel. (My remarks are based on the essays which I read in RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY; it is possible that Panshin stepped back for a larger view when he did the book.) Recently-serialized novels -- Poul Anderson's To Outlive Eternity, Larry Niven's Slowboat Cargo, and Harry Harrison's The Horse Barbarians -- are Bill Glass' principal topic for discussion, with Algis Budrys getting a pat on the back as a reviewer. Fred Hollander views the fanzine scene. And there is a faanish crossword puzzle by Bruce Pelz (which I couldn't begin to work, but then I'm not a fan). Other illustrators include Bill Rotsler, Jim Keith, George Barr, R.E. Gilbert, and Mitch Evans. Come-back comes on strong. Good writing, good art, good zine. 50 pp.

LEFTOVERS #4, April (John & Perdita Boardman, 592-16th St., Brooklyn, NY, 11218. 25¢; 5/\$1.) There is an article on possible ways to achieve postal savings. The rest is political. Enraged over King's assassination, John says: "I trust there will be no more cavils among the LEFTOVERS readership . . . (about) banning conservatives from the pages of my publications. Conservatism does not represent a political position . . . It is basically nothing more than a conspiracy to commit murder. . . Conservatives do not have the right of free speech and organization, any more than do embezzlers, kidnapers, murderers, or any other criminals. They do not even have the right of free breath . . ." I say ugh! 12 pp.

MOR-FARCH 1 (Peter Roberts, 87 West Town Lane, Bristol 4, U.K. 1/- plus 4d postage; LoC's, trade, acceptable contribs.) Ed likes NEW WORLDS, albeit it has shifted from SF to avant-garde, and enthusiastically dislikes censorial or should I say censorial criticism. A. Graham Boak writes on today's quality SF -- especially Zelazny and Delany. Cover and interior full-page illo by Roger Woods. Poem by Boy Newman. A parody/burlesque of the Miskatonic tales ("Ginnantonic", etc.) by our ed (sleepy Bob Roberts). Rob F. Johnson writes on "The Unnatural Numbers", while Greg Pickersgill pens a very strange "Smith's Burst", also contribs an intro and checklist to SF IMPULSE.

Book, fanzine, and record reviews. Also Tony Cottrell's very minor little horrible "The Twist". A curious 28-page melange, weirder than WONKITY.

THE NEW NEWPORT NEWS NEWS #3, Feb. (NAPA pub. Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St., Newport News, Va., 23605. Will trade for anything he likes -- poetry, articles, illos, fiction, especially multicolored art on spirit stencil.) Comes a sleeper. Ostensibly the NNNN is just another dittoed 'zine -- until you look inside. Gad, it's legible -- and the contents are certainly above par. Fine illos by Terry Romine and Glen T. Brock, both new to me, the latter also authoring a romp entitled "The Perpetual Bouncer". Consistently fine poetry by Sharon Ann Towle. Fanzine reviews by the ed, and I've never seen many of the ones drawing much favorable comment -- the Wehrles' BOX 41 (you mean there are fans alive and well in Punesutawny, Pa.?), Ed Smith's ALPHA 21, and most especially Fred Clarke's CINEFANTASTIQUE. Here are 21 pages of good or better art, fiction, poetry, reviews, editorial comment, and LoC's. A fine 'zine.

#4, Aug. Dean Koontz pens commendable thoughts of and on Science Fiction. Glen Brock comes up with a waggish little tale of seaweed as well as some wiggy illos. Very good parodies by Mark Owings and a ballad by Alexis. This is rife with poetry by Sharon Ann Towle (ornamented by Mary Brooks) and Frank Denton, with a splendid Stiles illo. Other art by Mike Zaharakis, Rick Seward, and Raki. 19 pp.



GRANFALLOON, Vol. 1, No. 1 (Linda Eyster, Apt. 103, 4921 Forbes Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., 15213. Trade, contrib plus 10¢ postage, 30¢, 4/\$1.) She and Suzanne Tompkins are coeds (in both senses) at Carnegie-Mellon U. Principal likes: Heinlein, Norton, and Tolkien; also, ST and UNCLE, but plan GF as a genzine. Liked the film "Children of the Damned" (movie sequel to "Village of the Damned", otherwise known as Wyndham's Midwich Cuckoos). Disappointed with the Caedmon album "Poems and Songs of Middle Earth"; prefers Chuck Rein's "In Western Lands" to the album's. Sue writes of plans to attend Disclave. (And they did. Comment to Sue: You err in believing that everyone knows who "Thomas Stratton" is. There are lots of fans who don't read YANDRO; besides, why begrudge the plug? Same is true of "David McDaniels", I believe.) A memorial page for the defunct UNCLE series. Linda's "The Box" is good fan fiction. A page on ST with addresses of fanclubs and 'zines, and a full-page illo of the doctor by Connie Reich. Speaking of illos, there are some Gaughans scattered thru the ish, as well as Adrienne Fein and Argee -- the last two really should do something about their conspicuously detracting identification symbols. An enigmatic bit of prose "The Young God" by Diana Barnes.

Bob Roehm's reviews give the nod to Ward Moore's Bring the Jubilee (Ballantine). Edgar Pangborn's The Judgment of Eve (Dell), and Samuel Delany's Babel 17 (Ace); Stephen Compton lauds The Past Through Tomorrow: "Future History" Stories by Robert A. Heinlein (G.P. Putnam's Sons), and terms Why Call Them Back From Heaven? (Ace) Clifford Simak's all-time best (I wouldn't know, but I can state that the book was interesting, to say the least); Linda Eyster turns thumbs down on The Human O, ed. by Sam Moskowitz & Roger Elwood (Tower Books), but as for Rimber's The Harrad Experiment (Bantam), she says: "I loved this one gang! BUY IT! READ IT! PASS IT ON TO YOUR FRIENDS!" (Well, that makes it controversial! Altho I believe she's recommending it for kicks, whereas the previous reviewers were considering it seriously.) LoC's. Odds and Ends -- a plug for N3F, Chuck Rein's record, Baycon, the F&SF Book Co., and C-MUSFA (that's-a-they). Looks promising. (Oh yes, word to Bob Roehm: do not assume everyone has read a book simply because it's not new; lots of fans haven't read any books in years.) (Decades, in fact.) 20 pp.

#2, April. Connie Reich joins the ranks as resident artist. Other illos by Jack Gaughan (they spelled his name right this time), Jeannie DeModica, Adrienne Fein, and Doug Lovenstein. The girls note that the word "Granfalloon" comes from Kurt Vonnegut's Cat's Cradle and indicates "a group of people who are supposed to be connected by a certain belief, but are actually completely different. A religion, a fraternal organization, or a like group would be a granfalloon." Clear?) Our eds got quite a response to their first ish and were so enthused that they brought this out ahead of schedule, but as for the next.... As for their attempts at organizing CMUSFA, 'tis this person's humble opinion that said persons take their mission too seriously. (But then, let me remind you that this is the voice of a non-fan.) One notes their lament that at the Pittsburgh SF Club dinner meeting, "nothing was accomplished". Except for helping to save SF every half-year, and staging occasional conventions or attempting same, what could a club be expected to accomplish? Apparently in their fannish enthusiasm, they were overlooking the club's role as a social outlet -- a gathering of people who have as their common denominator the fact that they read SF. (Granfalloon, no?) Ah me, what is it about Heinlein that makes him a favorite target of fan criticism? Here we find Nancy Lambert writing on "Heinlein's Militarism". Linda tosses in a time-travel quickie "The Only Problem Is...." Good book reviews by Bob Roehm, Richard Delap, and Evelyn Lief. Linda covers the fanzines, Ed Reed the prozines. And then there is Dale Steranka, an outlander, who has taken up attending various cons, as she reports on NYCon. LoC's. 38 pp. GF is shaping up well. (Chiding aside, your enthusiasm is welcome; more power to you; glad you could make the Disclave.)

ECCO 3, Dec. '67 (Randy Williams, Box 581, Liberty, N.C., 27298. Trade, contrib, LoC, 25¢.) Digest-size, 97 pp. Among other things, the ed. discusses John Hardin's juvenile non-fiction TarHeel Ghosts and his own investigation of "The Devil's Tramping Ground". Book reviews give the nod to Robert Bloch's Firebug (Lancer) and Philip Jose Farmer's Dare, besides a wistful O.K. to The Fantastic Four Return (b&w rerun by Marvel-Lancer). The ed. lists new books from Lancer, Ballantine, and Ace, and also includes a limited list of fanzines, addresses, and prices for the benefit of the neo, indicating his favorites (and I note TWJ among them). There is poetry: Ray Nelson's "Whiskey Sour" reads like something the Ink Spots would recite, honeychile, between choruses of a song, but John Berry tosses in a delightful ballad to Arnie Katz, "Katzenjammerung". There is fiction: "Rebirth" by Bryn Fortey is a predictable faanish effort, whereas "The Supreme Punishment" by Albert Ellis is a good idea, but the medium is not up to the message. The articles include Clay Kimball on the Marvel Comic revolution in Britain, and "The PSI Diver", which the index lists as "fact/science". This little gem by W.G. Bliss tells us of the psi phenomena studies by the Felix Corporation, their present concentration devoted to a chap who apparently does not have to breathe. (Are we to assume the editor doesn't recognize a satire when he has one?) LoC's and general news and comments by the ed. Spelling errors abound -- possibly typos; Randy seems to have a thing about "gue" endings -- thus, tounge for tongue, vauge for vague. However the format is neat and easy to read; as for the 'zine itself, it has good possibilities.

A SELECTION FROM SPECULATION, Easter '68 (Peter Weston, 81 Trescott Rd., Northfield, Birmingham 31, U.K. Free.) A special intended to introduce new readers to the 'zine, and this includes excerpts from longer articles which appeared in past issues: Leiber's "All About the Change War", Panshin's "Heinlein in Dimension", ch. 3, Mike Moorcock's "The New Fiction" (Eastercon address), and Buz Busby's "The SF Field Ploughed Under" (mag reviews). Also, Speculation Reader Service, and rules of eligibility for Hugos and the nomination ballot. Approximately 12 pp.

SCIENCE FICTION BOOKS PUBLISHED IN 1967 (compiled by Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnett Ct., Lake Jackson, Texas, 77566. Available on request.) Books listed in order by author, with the data provided as author, title, publisher, publisher's number, price, and copyright date. Covers pb and hardcover. 12 pp.

QUIP #8, Spring '68 (Arnie Katz, 98 Patton Blvd., New Hyde Park, NY, 11040, & Cindy Van Arnam. LoC, contrib, trade -- copies to both eds, and "No Monsterzines", 50¢. Fanzines for review should be sent to Greg Benford, %Dean Wise, Personnel Dept., LRL, Box 808, Livermore, Cal., 94550.) Cover by Ross Chamberlain (whose self-illo so strongly resembles Ted White prior to muttonchops). Arnie writes the strange tale of QUIP 7, later balladized by Dick Lupoff under the title "The Saving of the Quips", with illos by Joe Staton. Other illos by Johnny Berry, Andy Porter, Steve Stiles, and Arthur Thomson. Both eds discuss the cons of the Bayconcom's actions (e.g., the Art Show bit and the pro artist -- the latter evidently is expected to contribute a percentage to the committee not only from the auction sales but from Art Show sales as well, in addition to the percentage given the Art Show, assuming they're permitted to exhibit in the Art Show, of course. Someone please correct if I've misinterpreted.) This issue may be of particular interest to the newer fan, with articles by BNF's on their experiences as neos. Ted White sets the pace with an article on neos and BNFdom. ("BNFdom isn't a private club...Every fan gets whatever he gets as an individual, based on the responses to him of other individuals.") Lon Atkins and Dick Geis write of their entry into fandom -- two different people with two different styles and two different stories. Charles Burbee's satire "The Ideal Fanzine" is reprinted from FANDANGO 21, and Harry Warner reminisces on CHANTICLEER, "the closest approach we've had to the fanzine publisher's fanzine". Today's Star Trek is the object of F.M. Busby's distribe, and the gentleman has a point. Arnie Katz writes on Alan Shaw, and there is an extended letter from John Berry. 41 pp.

PERIHELION #4, Feb.-Mar. '68 (Sam Bellotto, Jr., 190 Willoughby St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11201. 40¢.) Artwork by Jeff Jones, Robert Parker, J.D. Maddalena, and William Stillwell, art ed. and cover artist. Sam does well on the topic of Science Fiction in "The State of the Art" -- "Science fiction...is an expanded, unlimited form of writing -- mainstream without the borderlines..." Ken Scott pays tribute to early SF cinema with an extended discussion of Flash Gordon, whereas Allan Asherman touches on the current scene -- TV (Star Trek and The Invaders), movies ("Planet of the Apes", "2001", George Pal's present and future projects -- "Rip Van Winkle", "Childhood's End", and a remake of Fritz Lang's "Metropolis", a new monsterish fantasy film, and reissues), and fandom. Fictionwise, coeditor Eric M. Jones writes a well-done "Envoy"; three intriguing quickies -- Cheikl Z. Babou's time-travel tale "Memo Found In a Laboratory", Stephen Eber's mystical "To Seek Wisdom", and Allen Rolnick's "In the Minds of Men"; Evelyn Lief writes a superb psychological study, "Night Giant"; Phillip Margulies "The Perfect Plot" is a murder tale with a twist; Robert Toomey's "Revolutionary" is written on a time-travel angle that seems to be a favorite with fan-fiction writers of late, but Toomey's style is blithely refreshing. Illo'd fiction includes J.D. Maddalena's philosophical "GOD681", and Part I of Stillwell's impressive fantasy "Alaron" (somewhat akin to George Barr's work in TRUMPET). Editorial on transplants; Ballantine books reviewed by Luis Gonzalez (John Norman's The Outlaw of Gor -- story is good, writing could be better), Sam Bellotto (John Wyndham's Chocky -- writing is good, story could be better), and James Bernstein (Dan Thomas' The Seed -- "Though exotic, Thomas' seed does not come to full bloom."); LoC's and ads. 39 pp. Commendable.

ENNUI #1, July '68 (Creath Thorne, Rte 3, Box 30, Savannah, Mo., 64485. Contribs, LoC's, trade, 25¢.) A poem fronts the issue, and "tho it may not be great, it is a rather ingenious method of introducing the editor, who does all the writing thish and to good effect. There is a witty denunciation of the food served on campus. An ambitious review of Seekers of Tomorrow (or at least a part of it) and its author Sam Moskowitz has as its principal complaint the presentation of subjective opinion as objective reality. (This, of course, leads me to the facetious question, Is not Thorne's critique subjective opinion? But his point is well made.) Mike Patten figures innocently in Creath's not-so-innocent expose of the operations of the Secret Master of Fandom. The issue is topped off with an excellent presentation on the proposed gun-control bill and local public reaction. A fine first issue. 16 pp.

WARHOON #23, May '68 (FAPA. Richard Bergeron, 11 E. 68th St., NY, NY, 10021. Con-
 tribs, LoC's, trade, 35¢.) WRHN reappears after an absence of 33 months. Editor
 gives the lowdown on his somewhat unique cover concept, invites the reader to sub-
 mit his list of the 10 all-time best or current best fanzines, discusses the theme
 of thish's interior artwork -- rocket ships, the design of the Hugo, etc. Walt
 Willis writes enjoyably on his writing ventures in and out of fanzines; William
 Atheling, Jr. discourses on James Blish's unusual trilogy Doctor Mirabilis (his-
 torical novel -- apparently available only in Great Britain), Black Easter (or
 Faust Aleph-Null, fantasy -- to be released this fall), and A Case of Conscience
 (science fiction), with the footnote "the reader should bear in mind that the au-
 thor of the trilogy being discussed". Samuel "Chip" Delany's Babel 17 comes in for
 some criticism from Robert Lowndres (altho Ballard and The Crystal World gets some
 slashing comment, e.g., "the author has taken what certainly should have been a
 fascinating and compelling idea and turned it into a crashing bore".) Walter Breen
 examines the basic elements of Phil Dick novels. FAPA mc's and LoC's. A little
 heavy going but good stuff. 38 pp.

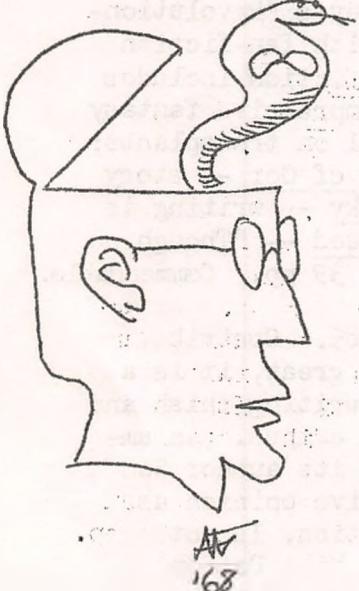
There is a fine new newszine on the scene, LOCUS by name (Charlie Brown, 2078 Anthon
 Ave., Bronx, NY, 10457; Ed Meskys, Box 233, Center Harbor, N.H., 03226; Dave Vander-
 werf, Box 430, Cambridge, Mass., 02139. 15¢; 2/25¢; 10/\$1. News to Charlie, subs
 Dave, or either to any.).

#2 (July 20, 1968). Sheila Brown does the reports on the Midwestcon and Funcon.
 News of pubs, fans, fanzines, pro fans (new sales by Walt Willis, Carol Carr, Larry
 Niven, Juanita Coulson, Alexei Panshin, etc.), fan clubs (Society for Creative Ana-
 chronism Summer revels slated in NY and Cal.), news oddments of interest from the
 regular press. 2 pp.

#3 (July 24, 1968). Reports on Stopa's annual Wilcon and the "weekly Meskcon" at
 Ed Meskys' ("Ed doesn't realize this yet"), the tournament of the East Coast Chapte
 of the aforementioned Society (next one will be an indoor affair in October). News
 of forthcoming cons, ST fan travels, new books, and bits from valuable info lifted
 from other 'zines. Changes in address, population, mag, staff, fanzine staff, etc.

#5 (Aug. 12). News of past, present, and future cons; report on the 6th Annual
 (but First Official) SF Film Festival in Trieste. Lots of news from Harlan Ellison
 on his doings, Tolkien notes from all over, tidbits on authors, books, mags., etc.

#7 (Sept. 11). Convention issue. Brief resume of Baycon proceedings, Hugo, art
 show, and costume award-winners, St. Louis it is in '69, etc. "Comes to you mostly
 courtesy of Elliot Shorter, since the editors are still recuperating from the con."
 3 pp. An excellent newszine.



THE MULTI-MAN: a biographic and bibliographic study of John
 Russell Fearn (1908-60), by Philip Harbottle (available from
 the author at 27 Cheshire Gardens, Wallsend, Northumberland,
 England; 15/-, or \$1.80). A 34-page essay on Fearn and his
 writing. A man of many aliases, he wrote under the names of
 Thornton Ayre (scientific detective Brutus Lloyd's adventure
 and the Golden Amazon, Violet Ray), Vargo Statten, Geoffrey
 Armstrong, Dennis Clive, John Cotton, Polton Cross, Volsted
 Gridban, Earl Titan (Tarzan-style tales), Hugo Blayn (In-
 spector Garth stories), John Slate (detective novels), Joan
 Saegar (romances), etc. Also film articles and criticisms.
 The secret to his prolific writing -- take various film
 plots, mix, come up with one plot, and then write up as SF,
 a western, and a romance. The remainder of this 68-page
 slick-paper digest-size (actually, 9x7 inches) pub. is de-
 voted to biblio under separate pseudonyms, with illustrators
 and brief synopsis. Harbottle's illos quite creditable.
 ((This is not really a fanzine -- it is a quality paperback,
 and a particularly valuable aid for the collector. --ed.))

28, line 11, between "of" and "the", insert: "this essay is also
 or of".

FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK: Lettercol

Isaac Asimov

(18 Aug 68)

I was very gratified to have one of your reviewers say, "I will continue to like Isaac Asimov in spite of the fact that he signed the wrong petition."

We all have our political views, but it is important, on this tiny planet, that we all learn to live with each other's views, however personally distasteful they may be, each to the other. In a field as given to articulate venom as science fiction fandom it is so nice to see "affection" exist even in the presence of "disapproval."

Ron Smith, 644 S. Court St., Medina, Ohio, 44256

(18 Aug 68)

I was happy to see Alexis Gilliland's reviews of "War Games" and "Fahrenheit 451" in TWJ ((#58 --ed.)). From reading the review of "War Games" I know it has to be the same film that I reviewed for COSIGN 14 at the end of last year, but I'm rather surprised at the title change, as it was shown here as "The War Game". I see little difference between the titles and can't think of any reason for the title to have been changed. But this is minor. What is important is the impact of the film. I strongly urge anyone who has the chance to sell his grandmother and go see the thing. Even as an sf fan, a person who should probably know more than the average citizen, I think you will be deeply moved. In other words, I don't think you'll be talking about much else except the movie and the insanity of nuclear war for a week afterwards. Average Joe Citizen probably wouldn't be able to take it too well. I know that when our American Heritage high school class went, quite a few persons walked out in the middle, some girls started crying and didn't stop until we were half-way home, there was hardly any talk afterwards, and, as one person described it, "it was the only film where everyone sat rooted to their seats at the end staring at the credits and then just staring at the blank screen". I nominated it for the Hugo and I know some others did also, but there were just too many people who had not seen it for it to have a chance -- and too many ST fans, as well. Then again, opportunities to see this film are probably very few, as most theatres would not show it. It's not a film that everyone just hurries out to see. It's much too powerful a film on a topic that most people would rather forget about, to be a big-seller commercially. After all, James Bond movies don't put you in a fit of depression for the next week or two, or give you nightmares. ((It was produced for BBC -- and then BBC, after a look at it, refused to show it -- and those of you who are familiar with BBC know that it had to be pretty strong stuff for this to happen.--ed.))

As for "Fahrenheit 451", I also enjoyed this film very much. This was really a "thinking-man's movie". The main problem was that the only time I had to go see it was a Sunday afternoon, and a bunch of kids were running around yelling inside the theatre. This tended to ruin the mood. Also, the film broke somewhere in the last reel, and we had to come back later to see the end, as the film took a while to fix. I, unlike Alexis, am a fan of Ray Bradbury, and I enjoyed the novel as well as the film. I disagree with Alexis when he says Julie Christie did a bad job in portraying the wife. "The wife she portrayed", he says, "was hollow, empty, and void of any human characteristics except a pallid lust and a feeble instinct for self-preservation. The wife, in short, was a bad actress." I think he, and others who criticize this portrayal, fail to realize that this is the way the wife should be played. This is what the wife -- and most people -- have become -- they have been turned into mindless stereotypes who are really less than human. The contrast between the wife and the mistress is supposed to illustrate this. The mistress is alive and kicking, fully human, trying to find some meaning in life, while the wife is locked into a world made up almost completely of their wall-sized televisions, and leaves this world very little -- only while associating with her husband. She is not really what we would call "human" anymore.

In addition, Alexis failed to mention why the books were burned. This I found to be one of the most interesting and horrifying thoughts in the movie: If men are to be truly equal, then independent thought must be destroyed. For when some men

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think and others do not, this makes them unequal. Books, therefore -- a method of encouraging independent thought -- are evil and must be destroyed.

This was a superb movie and a superb book. For those of you who missed it, it is advertised as one of the movies NBC will be showing next year, so you can catch it then. My only complaint with the movie itself was the fact that they substituted the collected short stories of Edgar Allan Poe for the book of Ecclesiastes from the Bible as the book Werner finally memorized. The latter seemed to fit better.

George Fergus, 3731 N. St. Louis Ave., Chicago, Ill., 60618

(31 Aug 68)

The Bodé covers on recent issues of the JOURNAL have been excellent. Fandom is lucky to have such generous pros as Vaughn Bodé and Jack Gaughan contributing free artwork to fanzines. I'm not particularly fond of Bodé's rough-hewn cartooning or Gaughan's over-stylized work when I compare it to that of other pros like Freas, Morrow, Frazetta, Schoenherr, etc., but their pen-and-ink work for fanzines is so fine that I wouldn't mind seeing either get a Hugo as best fan artist.

I'm somewhat annoyed by Al Gechter's list of Van Wyck Mason's "Hugh North" spy series in TWJ #59. Mason wrote two novels under a pen name as the start of a new series similar to his "Hugh North" books but for another publisher and with a different hero. Al, apparently in order to make his list seem longer, has called them part of the former series. This has no more justification than calling Robert E. Howard's "King Kull" stories part of the Conan series. Al also neglected to mention that The China Sea Murders (#26) is a slightly updated retitling of The Shanghai Bund Murders (#8) and that The Multimillion Dollar Murders (#28) is an expanded version of The Castle Island Case (#13). He did make a particular point of listing The Sulu Sea Murders twice, because of "original" and "revised" versions. Next, Al will be calling Mr. Mason's first drafts "unpublished manuscripts" and listing them as well!

In point of fact, there were only 26 separate and distinct Hugh North novels, as I stated in the lettercol of TWJ #59, until the quite recent appearance of a new novel (The Deadly Orbit Mission) after a 3-year hiatus, raising the total to 27. So it appears that the Hugh North and Tommy Hambledon series are at present even, as far as number of American editions goes, but I suspect that there are some British editions in the latter series which have still not been reprinted here.

Incidentally, Don, you made a slight error in paraphrasing part of my letter. The MWA gives two major novel awards each year, one for Best and one for Best First Mystery of the previous year. The Cold War Swap won the latter award, not the former.

Judging from his comments on "2001" in TWJ #59, Ivor Rogers is another of those people who feel that expressing an idea via symbolism makes it profound. As far as I am concerned, one is not revealing important new truths by saying "clubs and spaceships are both tools" and "Technology does not solve social problems", whether he says it in pictures or directly in words.

It is quite instructive to compare Clarke's novel with the movie. Whereas Clarke contented himself with an extremely inept new version of Childhood's End (with a little of Profiles of the Future thrown in), Kubrick has created in the film a Bradbury-like indictment against Man's use of tools. The fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, says Kubrick, is not the apple but the artifact. A bone club incites the apes to kill, a telephone twice spurs its users to utter inanities, the discovery of a new artifact on the moon causes suspicion and distrust among the nations, and most importantly the machine which is allowed to think will decide to murder. The only way the human race can be saved is to be transformed into beings which do not need to use machines, which is shown by their ability to exist "out in space without a suit". Needless to say, I have only contempt for anyone who would believe such a simplistic philosophy.

P.S. I hear that the movie version of Flowers for Algernon, which stars Cliff Robertson and Claire Bloom, is soon to be released under the title "Charlie". It will be described as a story about a mentally-retarded man who works in a bakery shop, with the SF element played down.

Peter Singleton, Block 4, Broadmoor Hospital, Crowthorne, Berkshire, England (2 Sep 68)

Re TWJ #58:

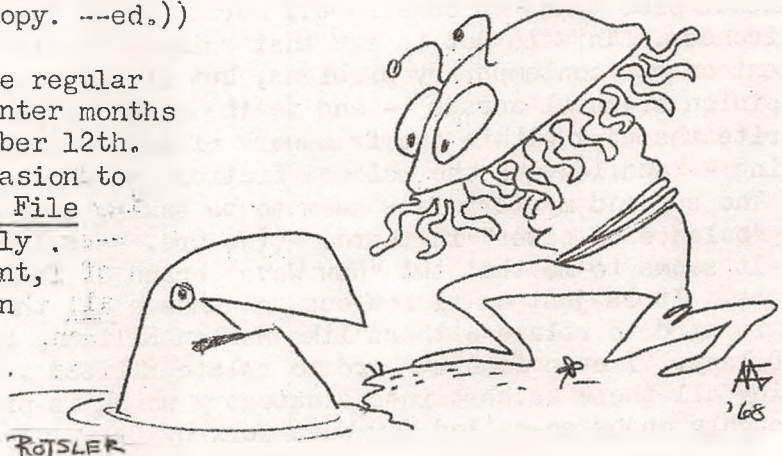
That's a striking coverillo by Bode. I'm already seriously considering giving him my vote for best fan artist on next year's Hugo Awards ballot. This decision isn't particularly influenced by this cover, because I'm much more fascinated by the delightful cartoon character by the name of Cobalt 60, which he's recently created within the pages of SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES to very good effect indeed. Strangely enough, I'm not enthusiastic about his prozine art, in spite of the individual style he employs; he's far more effective with Cobalt 60 and cartoons in general in my estimation.

O.K. -- I'm convinced! RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY is well worth saving from the terrible jaws of eternal extinction -- I can't by any means perform this feat single-handed, but I'll do my share of the work by adding one name to Sapiro's list of 350 subscribers, just as soon as I can spare the outlay. I'll also plug to high heaven RQ to all my letterhacks in the hope of whipping up more interest in this fanzine among the SF aficionadados I'm in contact with. I wish Leland Sapiro the best of luck with his attempts to increase RQ's circulation in order to break even where expensive printing costs are concerned. What fandom needs is a generous millionaire for worthy causes like this! Hey, how about asking for an Arts Council grant, or something..... Please pardon my warped sense of humor -- it slipped out before I could prevent it from materializing. Anyway, Doll Gilliland presents a very absorbing resumé of RQ's contents and should provide an excellent advertisement for prospective subscribers; it certainly has influenced me favorably enough!

The fanzine reviews by Doll are somewhat dated for the most part, but following my recent two years of fafia, they are of some use to me nevertheless, quite apart from the superb and compelling reviews of RQ. ((One of these days we'll get caught up with the pile on hand, and the reviews won't be dated anymore! --ed.))

I note with interest that Doll gives a short mention to ARGENTINE SF REVIEW in her review of EARLY BIRD #4. I happen to be the U.K. agent and distributor for Hector Pessina's printed Buenos Aires fanzine. Due to my fafia, I've been out of contact with this faned; the lastish of his REVIEW was pubbed about two years ago, but he must still have plenty of issues left because the print run was in four figures, no less! I did manage to distribute the last issue to existing subbers, which I can count on the fingers of one hand. I also dished out a few samples to interested individuals on request. I had a big package of spare copies on hand, but since my abrupt transfer from Whittingham Hospital, this package has mysteriously vanished. My books and fanzines were transported without my supervision in two huge tea chests to a relative's abode in my native Lancashire cotton-mill town of Burnley. No trace of ARGENTINE SF REVIEW can be found, after an extensive search by relatives. Hector must still have a large number of spares on hand, though, in spite of this unfortunate accident. I'll break the bad news to Hector in a letter tomorrow; I've mislaid my fannish address book -- another victim of my transfer -- so I'm grateful for the publication of Hector's full postal address in this review column. ((If you ever come across the lost copies, or get some more, we'd very much appreciate a sample copy. --ed.))

FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK: We have regular weekly film shows here during the winter months and the next season starts on September 12th. Thanks to this service, I've had occasion to see the film versions of The Ipress File and The Quiller Memorandum. I faintly enjoyed the former to a limited extent, but the latter was completely lost on me, I confess. So I'm not a fan of spy thrillers. Even so, I did manage to enjoy, by some miracle of chance, the book version of



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The Naked Runner. This film is scheduled to appear during our forthcoming schedule, so it will be interesting to compare my favourable reactions from my reading of the book, to the screen version. If I don't like the film, I'll be tempted to obtain the book versions of Ipcress and Quiller! I was a keen fan of detective fiction in my pre-teens and I hardly read anything else -- until I espied a copy of ASF on the local news stand at the age of eleven. I haven't read much detective fiction since, because it's so prosaic compared to the unlimited boundaries of SF and fantasy.

The idea of listing new titles in the field of books is a good one and I find this service useful. I keep a list of the books I desire to get hold of one way or another, and TWJ #58 has extended my list by several volumes.

The extensive NW review by Phil Muldowney may encourage some U.S. fen to subscribe to this paragon of the New Wave, and the publishers could use extra subscriptions. This really is a review and not a glorified listing of contents which is sometimes passed off as a review by some grossly misguided individuals. In contrast to Muldowney, I didn't enjoy the vague rambling of Banks Mebane, but maybe his MAGAZINE MORTUARY was written one of his off-days. I vastly prefer definitive reviews!

Steve Rasnic, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Newman Hall, Box 131, Blacksburg, Va.,

24263

(undated)

((Re TWJ #59)) Out of the last three or four issues, this is the first to get to me before the deadline for the next issue. A monthly schedule is good, but it should also allow sufficient time for comment. ((Our schedule is set up in such a way that LoC's generally appear the second issue after the one on which they are commenting. This issue is late, so comments on #59 are getting in. --ed.))

Bodé remains one of my favorite artists and his covers for the JOURNAL are a joy to behold. However, it seems you should have made it a point to mention the fact that his work will be appearing more or less regularly in one of the St. Louis zines, GOSH WOW! -- a comic zine. Issue #2 (50¢ from Robert Schoenfield, 9516 Minerva Ave., St. Louis, Mo., 63114. 4/\$2) has a really beautiful multi-color cover by him and a 14-page art collector's portfolio concerning his latest creation, Tibbits Tong. Issue #3 will contain another Tibbits Tong portfolio and the first Tibbits Tong cartoon feature. Tibbits Tong really has to be one of the most original comic strips ever created. It's a good blend of science fiction and fantasy with considerable humorous possibilities. It all takes place on the planet Tong and the planet system of the star Canopus. The main characters are the Tibbits, little 2-foot high bipeds. Bodé just may turn out to be another Walt Kelly. The zine is a must for all Vaughn Bodé fans. ((Had we known about GOSH WOW!, we'd have mentioned it. Perhaps Bob would like to send a review copy to Doll Gilliland? --ed.))

I am going to have to read Star Quest -- there's no doubt about it. Robert Willingham said that Koontz had something to say, and it will be interesting to see if he got his point across effectively. There's a decided disadvantage in trying to express an opinion (or moral, as it were) concerning contemporary problems within the framework of a science fiction story or novel. The moral can be presented in main-stream fiction much more easily and effectively most of the time. The science fictional plot tends to obscure the moral, which thus loses a great deal of its effectiveness. This is not to say that science fiction authors should not attempt to comment on our contemporary problems, but if they really are interested in getting an opinion or moral across -- and to the most people -- they would be better advised to write the work within the framework of main-stream fiction, using a contemporary setting -- and leaving the science fiction and fantasy completely out of it.

The spy and mystery fans seem to be taking over WSFA -- I hope you can keep a good "balance of power" in there. ((We are. --ed.))

It seems to me that the "New Wave" brand of fiction covers too wide a range of authors. It is just as ridiculous to condemn all the New Wave as to praise it. I find it hard to relate authors like Harlan Ellison, Spinrad, Farmer, etc. to Zelazny and Delany. I even find it hard to relate Ellison to any of the New Wave. This is lumping all these authors into a category which is proving to be much too broad. I thoroughly enjoy so-called New Wave work by Delany and Zelazny -- and much of Ellison's

not-too-recent writings; but the many psychological works and stylized pieces being turned out by the New Wave writers revolt me.

A new term has recently come into being -- "speculative fiction". I will allow that most stf is more or less in the category of "speculative fiction", but certainly all speculative fiction can not be labeled as science fiction. An editorial dividing-line must be drawn somewhere. If I buy a magazine called FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, or an IF or a GALAXY, or for that matter any magazine which is labeled as a science fiction magazine, I expect that magazine to be made up solely of science fiction stories. This is not to condemn the New Wave, but I think that that part of the New Wave which is not science fiction should be kept out of the stf magazines. Other types of speculative fiction should stay within their own markets, separate from the regular stf markets. This would allow more of both types of fiction to be seen. I really don't know why the speculative-New Wave (as separate from stf) would want to be labeled as science fiction -- it can only stunt its growth. It's like saying that anything experimental which is written is stf, or that anything written by a well-known science fiction author must be stf. To herald the coming of more non-stf New Wave into the pro zines is to herald the death of real science fiction. This new type of speculative fiction doesn't have a large enough focal point of its own, so it must try to take over science fiction's market, and zines.

There's really nothing wrong with the non-stf New Wave elements, but they should stay within their own grounds. After all, science fiction pro zines are meant to be specialized -- they're not all general fiction magazines. For example, what justifies the appearance of Ellison's "Try A Dull Knife" in the October, '68 issue of F&SF? It's really a good story, but is it really science fiction?

James Sallis, NEW WORLDS, 271 Portobello Road, London W11, England (Undated)

I am hardly surprised that Mr. Kurnava was unable to remember the title of Kazantzakis' The Last Temptation, as he's quite obviously not read the book. He apparently has a high regard for the literary merits of the paperback blurb, however.

Jay Kay Klein, 302 Sandra Dr., North Syracuse, N.Y., 13212 (20 Sep 68)

Bob Willingham's very kind letter in WSFA J 59 calls for some reply. When I started my con reports several years ago I never thought they would run on endlessly. If it weren't for pleasant comments I receive from time to time, I'd assume everyone was getting tired of the reports. ((Never! --ed.))

Fortunately, the conventions are all different. I'm not writing "history" -- all I do is report what I've seen and heard. Of course, I can't be everywhere at once. If sometimes I remember incorrectly or get some happening not quite correct -- well, that's the way it came across to me. I welcome additions and corrections, especially if they're given in a calm, friendly manner.

Bob wonders which comes first: my writing ability or the interesting characters I write about. Naturally, I'm selective in trying to give the "flavor" of the con, with "atmosphere" -- and make it entertaining as well. Some things I leave out because they're not fit for a family magazine. (These I save for after-dinner stories.) Ultimately, the material has to hang together with some sort of unity. I'm not quite sure how I do this, but on reading the first draft, I cross out parts that don't fit and add things that ought to be in. Then I retype the ms. and send it to the JOURNAL.

I have great fun in seeing how many different ways I can talk about the con dinner parties I go to -- and keep the reports entertaining. Since I tend to eat with the same people, this isn't easy. Also, I have a great time kidding Bob Madle and talking about Charlie Brown's traveling entourage.

I've been so busy with the CONVENTION ANNUALS that I haven't written much fiction. The ANNUALS themselves are different one from the other. The first three had convention reports by me and others. In the Tricon edition I decided to put all the money for printing into as many picture pages as possible. The captions are reasonably extensive, and read in sequence to form a con report. Isaac Asimov's article doesn't do any harm, either.

The Nycon 3 edition is now under way -- and will be quite different from the others. I won't say how since I like little surprises!

Bob's comment that he had thought the ANNUALS were just albums full of pictures of famous personages reinforces an opinion of mine: you have to see a CON ANNUAL to believe it. ((Agreed! -- ed.)) I try to include a wholesome assortment of fans and professionals of all shapes, sizes, and sexes. Also, I attempt to cover pretty nearly everything that goes on during a worldcon. If I miss a party, it's because no one invited me, and I couldn't locate it on my own. It took 433 photos to cover the Tricon. I expect to use 455 for the Nycon. I try to take pictures the way I write a conreport.

The sales remain very modest, and I have yet to break even on the first three issues -- though these still sell as fans buy the latest, and realize they'd like to have the earlier ones, too. I only have two dozen left of the first issue, and they'll probably be gone by the end of the year or so.

Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Drive, Pittsford, N.Y., 14534

(28 Sep 68)

Just a couple short comments on material in TWJ 59. Have you noticed how quickly Panshin's title of Rite of Passage has passed into the fannish language?

Immediately, every review or discussion involving coming-of-age is being referred to as a rite of passage -- a perfect example of this is Alexis' own review of Of Men and Monsters.

And speaking about that book, Alexis' plot summary makes me certain that I read the original short story (or novelette, I don't remember which) on which Tenn's novel is based. I don't recall the exact title either, but the story of Eric the Eye and his uncle is very fresh in my mind, and I KNOW I've not yet read the novel. Anybody remember the story?

Excerpts from letters to the Gillilands, extracted by Doll --
Vaughn Bodé --

July 16: "I sold a series to the East Village Other to start in Aug. and go forever . . . Plus, I have been commissioned to do a page a month for a new satire magazine called 'Inkling' . . . So I'm off and running as a professional cartoonist of social satire . . ."

Sept. 16: ". . . I am pulling out all my fandom commitments because of college and my pro cartooning . . . If I continue any other way I only endanger my graduate work . . . I am pulling out of all SF work . . . I'm afraid I won't walk this way again . . . Sort of sad. . . So, well . . . Thanks . . . I am sorry but it is impossible for me to do otherwise . . . Very best, . . ."

((His light shone briefly but brilliantly in SF art. He will be missed. But we wish him the best of luck in his studies and in his new career. --ed.))

Thomas Burnett Swann --

". . . I take little part on fandom, mainly because I live too far from the big cities where the meetings are usually held, and also because, while I love science fiction and fantasy, I haven't had time to read much of it for several years, since I've been teaching college English courses. I sneaked Rosemary's Baby into a Romantic Literature course as an offshoot of Gothic novels, but one isn't always able to sneak. If I did come to a convention, I wouldn't know most of the authors or even know of them. But I suppose one could come and just listen; one wouldn't have to be authoritative. And I will come one of these days. ##### "The Republican Convention was sheerest fantasy, and being a fantasist I yearned for Ronald Reagan, the most unlikely of all the candidates, to win the nomination. It would have been the greatest comeback since Joan Crawford, labeled box office poison, returned triumphantly in Mildred Pierce. Fortunately, realists and not fantasists dominated the convention (on the other hand, Nixon has a touch of the unreal, the outré about him too, hasn't he? Sometimes he seems to me manufactured, like Bradbury's Marionettes, Inc.).



THE CLUB CIRCUIT: News

LOS ANGELES SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY (LASFS), among other magazines publishes an irregular newsletter, DE PROFUNDIS (50¢ for six issues from Chuck Crayne, 1050 N. Ridge-wood Pl., Hollywood, Cal., 90038). The following info was gleaned from issue #23:

Effective with the first meeting in October (Oct. 3; the club meets weekly, on Thursdays, at 8 p.m.), the regular meeting place of the LASFS will be the "Lab", at 330 South Berendo, Los Angeles. (Tom Digby, present resident of the Lab, has agreed to let the club meet there until it can find a permanent clubhouse. It's former meet- ing place, the Hill, is to be torn down to make room for an apartment building.)

The LASFS will mark its 34th anniversary with a special meeting on October 31, 1968. The Evans-Freahafer award for outstanding service to the LASFS, and the Forry award for service to the Science Fiction field will be presented. In addition, a special program is being planned.

The annual Halloween costume party of the LASFS will be held this year on Sat., Oct. 26, at 8 p.m. (at the "Lab"). This year's theme is "Come as your favorite Hein-lein character". Prizes will be awarded for the best costumes in various categories.

The 1969 WESTERCON will be held at the Miramar Hotel in Santa Monica. It will be called "FUNcon II", and memberships are now being accepted at \$3 for attending and \$1 for supporting memberships. Guest of Honor will be Randall Garrett, and Fan GoH will be Roy Tackett. Make checks out to Ken Rudolph, and send them to FUNcon II, Box 1, Santa Monica, Cal., 90406, for membership card, Progress Reports, etc.

Chuck Crayne and Bruce Pelz, chairmen of the Los Angeles bidding committee for the 30th World Science Fiction Convention, launched the LA in '72 bid with the an- nouncement of the following committee positions: Ken Rudolph, Treasurer; Sally Crayne, Secretary; Dian Pelz, Art & Publications; Fred Patten, Public Relations. All correspondence should be sent care of the committee, Box 1, Santa Monica, Cal., 90406.

First Annual STF - Genius Ball to be held Nov. 23, 1968. ((See page 13. --ed.))

PENINSULA SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION (PenSFA) puts out a bi-weekly official organ, WINNIE (the POO) (no sub rates; for information, write: Felice Rolfe, 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, Cal., 94301). Vol. II, no. 1 (21 Sep 68) reports:

PenSFA dues are \$2.00 every six months (and there are no meeting dues). There is a discount for married couples, who only pay \$3.

PenSFA elections were held at Sept. 14 meeting (club meets every other Sat., at 8:30 p.m.; forthcoming meetings are Oct. 12, 26; Nov. 9, 23). Elected were: Mike Ward, Commander; JoAnn Wood, Vice Commander; Paul Moslander, Secretary.

The editorship of WINNIE has been put on a rotating basis, with Felice Rolfe, Terry Adamski, John Berry, and Ron Foss taking turns.

October meetings of the LITTLE MEN will be held on the 4th and the 18th. The meeting of the 18th will feature a panel discussion on the state of the art in fan- zine publishing, with Mike Ward moderating, panelists Bill Blackbeard, Bill Donaho, and others. Site has not yet been announced.

NEW ENGLAND SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION (NESFA), in its bi-weekly newszine, INSTANT MESSAGE! (to members only; Corresponding membership, \$2.50/year; NESFA, P.O. Box G, MIT Branch P.O., Cambridge, Mass., 02139), publishes minutes and other news:

Work still goes on on the Index Supplements and the Directory. #### Results of the BAYCON Business Meeting were reported briefly ((see next page --ed.)). #### Isaac Asimov attended the NESFA meeting of Sept. 15. An excerpt from INSTANT MESSAGE #22 (16 Sept. '68), which reported on this meeting, follows: ". . . October 31 is the 30th Anniversary of his first sale. He mentioned that the Foundation series was not as popular when it came out as it is now. ARLewis hypothesized that the stories are somewhat cynical and only recently have people realized that man really isn't in control but All is worked by a small cabal hidden off somewhere (like on Traitor). . . . Isaac's latest excuse for not writing SF is that he hasn't read much for awhile and feels his stuff would be dated. . . Isaac also talked about his stories and short articles and mentioned that he had 115 bound volumes of same. . ."

WSFA BUSINESS SECTION

Minutes of Regular Meeting, August 16, 1968, at the home of Doll & Alexis Gilliland --

Called to order at 9:50 p.m., with Alan Huff, Kim Weston, Bob Weston, Ray Ride-nour, Mitchell Henson, Peggy Pavlat, Dave Halterman, Fred Hypes, Ron Wolz, Cecilia Grim, Paul Schauble, Gay Haldeman, Jay & Alice Haldeman, Alexis & Doll Gilliland, Nick Sizemore, Jim & Jackie Harper, Tracie Brown, and Dave Brown attending.

Peggy Pavlat, Treasurer, reported \$36.62 on hand, and stated that dues would be due next meeting.

Old Business: Alexis passed around some designs for buttons.

New Business: There will be a meeting of "Alice's Restaurant" to BAYCON in the kitchen. Cecilia has applications for memberships in the new BSFS. Fred Hypes invites us to stop in on our way to BAYCON.

Meeting Adjourned at 10:30 p.m.

-- Gay Haldeman, Secretary

ODDS AND ENDS

The source of the BAYCON NEWS on page 2 was Editor's notes, with an assist from LOCUS #7 (Charles Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, N.Y., 10457; 8/\$1. LOCUS #7 was the primary source for the following additional news: BAYCON Business Meeting took the following actions: Voted to choose Worldcon sites two years in the future instead of the current one, beginning in 1969 (which means that both the 1970 and the 1971 con-sites will be chosen at the 1969 ST. LOUISCON), the 1972 site will be chosen at the 1970 con, etc.). Voted to replace the four-year rotation plan with a five-year rotation plan, so that the "Foreign" convention would be held outside the U.S. every five years (i.e., in 1970, between midwest and east coast; in 1975, between east coast and west coast; in 1980, between west coast and midwest; etc.). (A motion to rescind this five-year plan will be filed by Al Lewis of L.A. at the ST. LOUISCON.) Voted to allow only those persons who have paid at least \$2.00 in advance towards membership in a particular Worldcon to participate in the voting for the site of said con (beginning in 1969, with the ST. LOUISCON); method of collection to be left up to the convention committee. ##### Other decisions, implementation of which is to begin with the ST. LOUISCON, were: Categories of Best Fan Artist and Best Fan Writer to become permanent parts of the Hugo list. Category of Novella to become a permanent part of the Hugo list (Alex Eisenstein to move to rescind at ST. LOUISCON). Constitution and By-Laws of World Science Fiction Convention, and minutes of the preceding convention's business meeting, to be mailed out to all convention members with their Hugo ballots. Constitution and By-Laws also to be printed in Program Booklet. ##### Joni Stopa moved to initiate a U.S. convention for those years when the Worldcon is not held on the North American continent. The motion was referred to committee, to be reported on at the ST. LOUISCON. We will list committee members and addresses in the next issue of the JOURNAL.

OSFAN #40 (Hank Luttrell, 2936 Barrett Sta. Rd., Kirkwood, Mo., 63122; 15¢; 12/\$1.50), reports that BAYCON registration was 1,831, with 1,226 attendees, plus an estimated 200 to 300 persons who didn't bother to register.

Since J.K. Klein couldn't make the BAYCON, the JOURNAL is urgently in need of a comprehensive con report. Anyone?

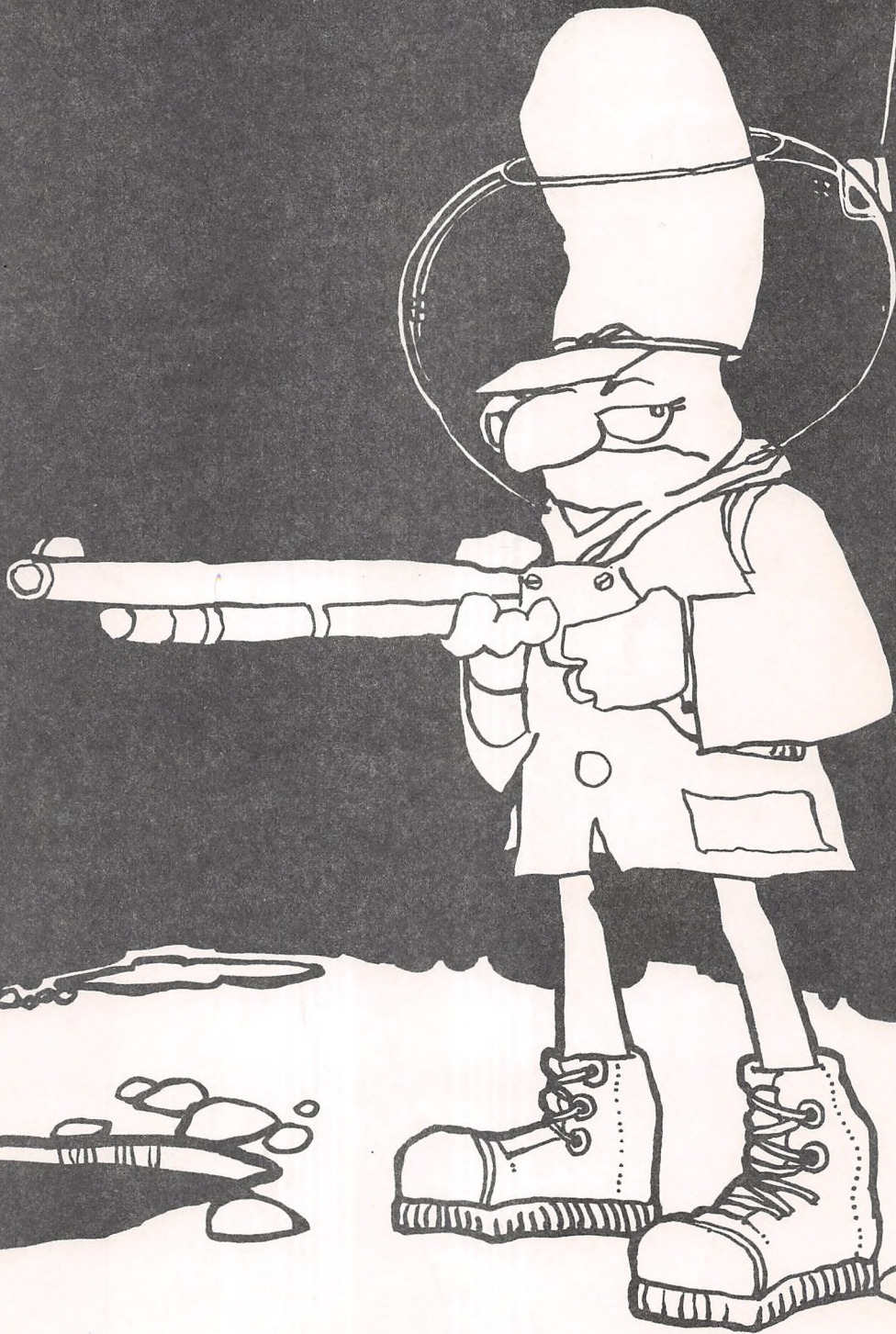
ST. LOUISCON memberships are \$4 for attending, \$3 for supporting, and \$3 for overseas. Make checks payable to "St. Louiscon", and mail them to St. Louiscon, Box 3008, St. Louis, Mo., 63130. First Progress Report is already out.

So far, we are aware of two "official" bidders for the 1971 Worldcon: Washington, D.C. (chairmen Bill Evans, Bob Pavlat, Jack Haldeman), and Boston (chairman, Tony Lewis; secretary, Cory Seidman; treasurer, Harry Stubbs). We have also heard rumors that Baltimore and Pittsburgh may be bidding, and Syracuse has been whispered as a potential bidder. Our only comment is, WASHINGTON IN '71!

SPIES AT LARGE and THE FOREIGN SCENE will return next issue.

--DLM

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