

*kye-won*

The  
WSFA  
Journal  
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MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY: Prozine Reviews  
by Banks Mebane

"Perris Way" in the November GALAXY is the second novelet in Robert Silverberg's new series that began with "Nightwings" two months ago; these stories are segments of a forthcoming novel, and the current one suffers accordingly, looking backward and forward to the other novel segments as it must. It also suffers from Silverberg's narrator, a windy old man who insists on explaining everything most explicitly. In the middle of this novelet he delivers a nine-page lecture on the history of his world, most of which is implicit in the stories; perhaps this won't be so obtrusive in the novel, but it sure clogs up "Perris Way". Nevertheless, Silverberg is weaving a gorgeous tapestry of exotic characters and engaging situations into this series, and I think you'll want to read it. If you're the type who saves serials until the last installment, you might want to wait for the book version.

Roger Zelazny's "Creatures of Light" (Nov. IF) is another novel-segment and is so obviously a fragment that it doesn't seem to have been written with the intent of separate publication. Although it's full of action, it does little more than set the stage and provide entrances for the characters. Two related themes are insistently expressed in most of Zelazny's stories: one is immortality and the other is man's constant struggle to save what he values from the eroding forces of nature. In Lord of Light he personified these themes in the conflict of an immortal man and de facto gods, basing the personifications on Hindu mythology. In "Creatures of Light" he seems to be setting up the same conflict, using the Egyptian gods, but I don't want to guess at what the whole novel will look like (last year Jim Blish rightly chopped me off when I stuck out my neck that way). In this story, Zelazny varies his prose style yet again: it is sonorous and incantatory, using parallelism and repetition; it is descriptive but not very figurative. He can't quite resist an occasional allusion ("Osiris sits in the House of Life, drinking the blood-red wine."). He narrates the thing entirely in the present tense, which reminds me, inevitably and incongruously, of Damon Runyon. Here again, you might want to wait for the novel.

Gordon R. Dickson's "Building on the Line" (Nov. GALAXY) and Keith Laumer's "Once There Was A Giant" (Nov. F&SF) treat the same subject -- heroism -- in the same way -- a rescue mission in a hostile environment. Both writers contrast the romantic man, willing to suffer and die because he thinks he ought to, with the rationalist who scorns this attitude. Laumer concludes that the small-minded will inherit the world, but it's a shame, and Dickson decides that the rationalist will still need the romanticist to do his dirty work for him. These are good action stories that don't need stflnal trappings; they could easily be cast in contemporary settings.

James Blish's brief "Now That Man Is Gone" is written around Bodé's November IF cover. It's more a verbal doodle than a story. Blish takes the tiredest theme he can find, the old Adam-Eve bit, and festoons it with decorations (the main character, Tuckeristically, is Jock Root) and the beginnings of thoughts that lead the reader out in all directions. Blish is a complex man and a good writer, so even his doodles are worth reading.

WEIRD TALES fans, be of good cheer. Sterling E. Lanier is recreating your era in F&SF. Last August his "Soldier Key" told of a nut-cult sacrificing people to a giant hermit-crab, and his "The Kings of the Sea" in the November issue is all about an ancient aristocratic family maintaining a centuries-long chain of dangerous liaisons with a pack of evil undersea critters. Shades of Cthulhu! He chooses an old-fashioned narrative form: the tall tales an intrepid adventurer tells at his club. He writes with no sign of tongue-in-cheek; I don't know if the air of nostalgia is put there or just me. If he'd written these for Farnsworth Wright in the early Thirties, he'd now be a name to conjure with, like Lovecraft and Howard.

Also recommended: Hollis in GALAXY, Wodhams in ANALOG, and Saberhagen in F&SF.

2078 -- A RECORD REVIEW  
by Jack Gaughan

They don't make 'em like they useta. Things and stuff used to be pretty straightforward. Honest. There was a time over there on the other side of the generation gap when Also Sprach Zarathustra was a great titanic groan of a composition by Richard Strauss, and one would purchase this terribly heavy album (they were really albums in those days) with five breakable but thick, hefty shellac-type records -- and the cover (which depicted a sort of modrin Michelangelo figure reaching to the sky and suffering a lot) would say what it was and who wrote it and who played it, and inside the card-board cover would be this learned essay on the music and the program, and once in a while they would print a note or two of the score.

Now, I read in the TIMES, Papa Strauss is being marketed as "MUSIC FROM 2001".

I suppose Red Skelton and David Rose might have started all that. Through the mists of time, and with the failing memory of advancing age, I can recall a simpler time when Fibber McGee and Molly and Gildersleeve and Charlie McCarthy and Captain Midnight and The Lone Ranger and "I dood it!" came on in their way like The Laugh In comes on now. People let their children stay up just a bit late to wait, anxiously, with the rest of the country, for that moment when they'd all be convulsed by a catch phrase like, "I dood it!", or "A flock of them went over that time!", or "I'll just look in the closet, Molly!", or "Buzz me, Miss Blue!", or any number of others. And like fools we'd sit there and laugh, even as one does now at, "Heah come de judge!"

And in amongst all this humerous business would be a few innoculous (by comparison to today) commercials, and some music.

One night, long ago, on the Red Skelton show, David Rose conducted his orchestra through a loud, bouncy, brassy, percussive composition, and the country sat up and listened. They wrote in and wrote in, and Rose played that piece week after week after week, and recordings were pressed and distributed, and I believe the thing made whatever then passed for the "charts". Khatchaturian was able to afford better cigars (assuming he smoked), for the Sabre Dance from his Gayne ballet had become "pop music". I suppose a few unwary record-buyers were led from the Sabre Dance into other compositions from that rather pleasant area of what must be called, however inaccurately, "semi-classical music". But it was a less devious age then than it is now.

Nobody had the wit to package Gayne as "MUSIC FROM THE RED SKELTON SHOW"!

And imagine what the promotors of such stuff could have done with The Lone Ranger!! It would have been one Helluva big album.

MUSIC FROM THE LONE RANGER SHOW

Rossini: The William Tell Overture (but natcherly)

Gomez: Il Guarany Overture

Liszt: Les Preludes

Schubert: Rosamunde Music

Weber: Der Freischuetz Overture

Wagner: Rienzi Overture

Beethoven: Symphony No. 7

Mendelssohn: Hebrides Overture

Borodin: Polovetsi Dances

and probably a few more I disremember at the moment.

But think what opportunities have been missed! Wagner's The Flying Dutchman could have been packaged as "MUSIC FROM CAPTAIN VIDEO". Jim Blish could have done the album notes.

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony could have crept up the charts as "MUSIC FROM SPYSMASHER"!

And Franz Liszt's Les Preludes would certainly have prospered doubly as "MUSIC FROM FLASH GORDON"!

Prokofiev could have become a household word (gesundheit) if he had been marketed as "MUSIC FROM THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR"! That has a certain dramatic ring to it which is missing from the original title, "Love For Three Oranges".

Sibelius' Valse Triste would have swept the country as "MUSIC FROM I LOVE A MYSTERY"!

Oh, it goes on and on. Really, it does!

But suppose Mr. Kubrick had chosen another record as background music for 2001 instead of dear old Strauss. This one, for instance:

THE OKEH LAUGHING RECORD  
4678-A  
General Phonograph Corporation, N.Y.  
(no date) (probably about 1920)  
10", 78 RPM

It begins with that hiss which is the sound of deep space -- the white noise radiated from uncreated stars and unborn times.

But if you push the needle onto the recorded grooves the hiss is overridden by a tremulous blast of a distant trumpet -- the sound of Gabriel at both Creation and Judgment. A lone trumpet echoes hollowly across pregnant eternity, and one can see in his mind the roiling blackness of creation and the will-o'-the-wisp glimmer of coalescing stars and galaxies and universes and all that that implies. One's mind soars and sinks into that black vastness, borne solely by the single trumpet plus the obvious significance of it's being slightly off key. The banal (a word to this day applied to Mahler) quality of the melody reminds one that we are dealing with small beginnings and the insignificance of man against the backdrop of eternity.

But then comes the kicker -- then comes the shock, and we realize we are dealing with a creative, albeit sardonic, film producer.

Because at this point, you see, the Fat Lady begins to laugh.

It is a cosmic laugh. It is the laugh of one who is "turned on" to the great universal joke. Psychedelic laughter\*. And the business of creation takes on a different color as the laugh echoes out across time and space and Gabriel, who is himself close to God -- like unto a general of a numberless, eternal Praetorian Guard -- sees the joke, and from his distant perch atop creation the sound of his trumpet burbles into short, gasping blaats. Creation blindly, blandly ignoring this cosmic humor, goes on...committed as are (we are reminded by the symbolism) Earthly mammals in the throes of what we are pleased to call "love".



There is a silence, short of duration. And we are reminded of the impossible brevity of life amidst that time whose beginnings and ends are so remote as to be beyond measure and imagination.

\*A thoroughly contemporary, "in" touch.

There is a short blast on the trumpet. And the Fat Lady laughs. And the slab appears after the short burst, and The Angel is again convulsed. Man-like shadows gather about the slab as the Fat Lady laughs. One pokes at the slab and the trumpet blaats and the Fat Lady laughs with greater gusto.

As man proceeds into space we are reminded of the inevitability of destiny by a short "toot" of that initial theme which accompanied creation. And the Fat Lady laughs on so infectiously that Gabriel -- or it is God? -- must put down his trumpet and join in with a voice which is deeper, and a laughter which is altogether of a different viewpoint.

As the great ship proceeds into the outer reaches, the laughter of the Fat Lady and the Angel becomes lewd laughter, and one is again reminded of that which we are pleased to call "love".

Then the Angel ceases laughing, but the Fat Lady howls on and we envision rolls of fat jouncing jelly-like, bringing to mind again the roiling of creation.

The Fat Lady continues to laugh and the Angel\* raises the trumpet to his lips.

T - Toot!

This announces the transformation of man into a state resembling god-hood.

And the cosmos is pervaded by the high and low toned laughter of the Fat Lady and the Angel, and the needle proceeds from the recorded groove to the center of the record even as does man to the center of his beginnings, and the great hiss of space sounds and sssounds and sssssoundssss and sssssssoundssssssssssssssss.

Altogether it's a Hell of a score.

Run right out and buy it.

Recommended.

\*Played by George Sanders.

In Brief --

In TWJ #61 Joe Kurnava mentioned "a beautiful pic (scratchboard, I guess) highly reminiscent of Virgal Finlay in his prime", which appeared on page 22 of the Oct. 18, 1968 issue of THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER. The illo looked strangely familiar to us, but it didn't occur to us as to who the artist was until a few days later, when we were glancing through a newly-acquired book, The Annotated Ancient Mariner (with introd. and noted by Martin Gardner; illust. by Gustave Doré; Bramhall House, N.Y.; 1965). The picture to which Joe refers is, of course, by Doré, and appears on page 115 of the aforementioned book, illustrating:

"The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around."

Doré, who has long been one of our favorite book illustrators (along with Arthur Rackham, Willy Pogany, W. Heath Robinson, Edmund Dulac, and several others), is, as Joe states, very much like Finlay in his style, and is certainly recommended to those persons who find Finlay to their taste. And, while we're at it, we might recommend the entire "Annotated" series as worthwhile additions to almost any library (we also own The Annotated Mother Goose and The Annotated Alice, and understand there are others in the series we have not yet seen).

("In Brief" would seem a misnomer for this particular section....)

## AN INTRODUCTION TO SPECULATION

The current issue of SPECULATION contains a one-page sampler from Richard Bergeron, and being always fast to steal a promising idea, I'm putting this excerpt from my own magazine into TWJ. Today there seem to be a great many fanzines devoted to SF, but we justify our existence by being the only one from Britain. That means we're deep in the heart of "new wave" country, and publish material from all sorts of people, like these below:

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MICHAEL MOORCOCK: Our honeymoon was two weeks spent in our first flat at the top of 100 stairs in fashionable Lancaster Gate, opposite a church bell-tower. I wrote two novelettes and read my way through a run of Astoundings from 1937 to 1953 which I had bought for 6d a copy in a second-hand bookshop. (From NOW IT CAN BE TOLD, first installment of the Michael Moorcock column.)

FRANZ ROTTENSTEINER: I think it was Knight who once said that SF is a literature that gives answers; it might be more true to say that SF ignores all the important questions or answers them badly, and answers instead a lot of trivial or pseudo-questions. (An analysis of Dickson's Soldier Ask Not.)

BRIAN W. ALDISS: When I read SF as a kid in the thirties, the promised future was going to be more hygienic, more clean, more ordered, more happy, more rational; well, here is that golden future, complete with fantastic weapons, fantastic materials, fantastic buildings...and alongside them the fantastic disappointments that, for all I know, are the inescapable accomplishments of technology. (From the article, BRIAN W. ALDISS: A MAN IN HIS TIME, by Richard Gordon, 17 pp.)

GREGG BENFORD: Silverberg succeeds as very few SF authors ever have in drawing detailed, interesting, thoroughly human people who move in totally believable fashion through the world of 1999. Masks of Time is probably one of the best novels of the year... (OPINION feature, some views of current science fiction.)

KEN BULMER: The so-called revolutionaries of SF, whilst producing much good and rewarding work, also produce a fine crop of weeds. A writer has to learn to write before he can forget about writing. He has to subject himself to literary discipline before he can throw off that restraint. (THIRDMANCON 1968, GOH Speech.)

BOB PARKINSON: Camp Concentration is a version of the Faustus legend. In it the inmates of Camp Archimedes are given (or have thrust upon them) the miraculous gift of accelerated intelligence through the agency of a mutated syphillis spirochete, which will destroy them in nine months. And all the ghosts of the old Faustus legends congregate in the pages to watch -- from Marlowe to Thomas Mann. ("The Aesthetics of Evil -- Thomas M. Disch and the Faustus Theme".)

BUZ BUSBY: I've been looking through the rest of the material in this issue of F&SF before commenting, and I'm afraid it's all too typical. There is Frustration and Obscurity and Cute Stuff and all sorts of beautiful crap like that. Lovely writing a lot of the time, LOVELY. But very little that is really worth saying, and in this instance, a number of things not worth saying at all. (THE PLOUGH.)

PHILIP JOSE FARMER: In short, whatever Budrys' merits, and Merril's, and Blish's as critics, they reacted to the story ("Riders of the Purple Wage") as someone who hears the footsteps of an ogre. They had to cover up their real reactions with different sorts of gobbledygook, of course. (Letter, MELTING POT.)

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Like this sort of thing? Here's the sales pitch! We aren't advertising so much for subscribers (though these are welcomed, 3 issues for a dollar bill) but for correspondents and contributors. We need more contacts in the U.S., more people to badger for material. If you're interested please do drop us a line; Peter Weston & Bob Rickard, SPECULATION, 81 Trescott Road, Birmingham 31, England.

INTERSTELLAR COMMERCE IS A PHONEY  
by Alexis Gilliland

Interstellar trade and interstellar commerce are staples of science fiction, taken for granted as part of the force that drives the interstellar civilization and pays the taxes for the Galactic Patrol.

I am now about to take a rather large leap at a rolling conclusion, so bear with me a moment.

The experience of our own century has shown that backward, underdeveloped, or if you prefer, soul nations, habitually get caught in an inport-export bind, where they are importing fully manufactured items and exporting bauxite, iron ore, and oil. The advanced countries, relying on research and development, have produced a variety of synthetics, substitutes and new materials, so that rubber plantations and the natural products producers are competitive only at a very low price.

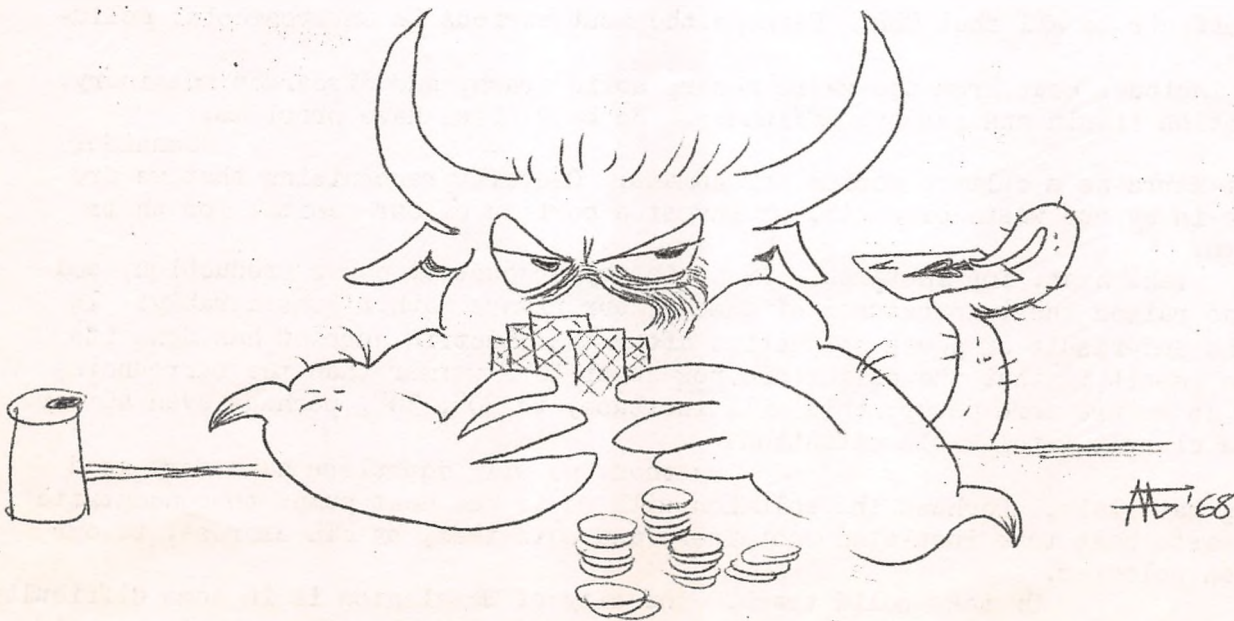
What this means in terms of shipping is that the soul countries are sending very large tonnages of raw materials to the mills and furnaces of the advanced countries.

The assumptions which I make are that trade between mature planets and their colonies or client planets will be along the same lines, and that in-system resources and the technology of salvage and transmutation of matter will not have advanced to the point where it is cheaper to recover aluminum from the trash heap or to make gold than to import them from Capella.

And since importing is cheaper, we have just made a very interesting assumption about interstellar transportation.

To wit, we have assumed that carriers can be built, in the face of all competition, which will be able to carry iron ore from Capella to Pittsburgh and still make enough money to amortize the costs of construction over a 20- or 30-year period. (These are objective years, incidentally, having to do with banks lending money at interest and getting paid back.)

We have, therefore, got to have a faster-than-light (FTL) drive. Screw Einstein. If a ship takes 200 years to make a round trip, it's like having a ship load of molasses pull into Boston harbor in 1968, expecting to partake in the triangular trade (rum, molasses and slaves) that flourished in 1768. Molasses you can get something for, though maybe less than you expected, but supposing the cargo had been slaves?





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Once we have learned the knack, buzzing over to Capella and back in 30 days, counting time for unloading and docking, we are still faced with a problem in economics.

Oh dreary science! I place an anguished hand against my limp forehead and avert my face, as the quill quivers in my palsied, ink-stained fingers.

The problem is: what will it cost? And when we talk about cost we mean cost per ton/light year. You notice that for all the great advances in air travel, you still ship grain, coal, pig iron and such by the slow, cheap freightors? Granted all possible subsidies to FTL traders (although it irks government to pay rather than to tax), and granted all possible technological advances, still it is likely that an FTL freightor will be much more complex (and expensive) than, say, the great pyramid of our era; the SST. Possibly standing to the SST as the SST stands to the World War II Liberty ships.

For what the SST is going to cost the Government, you could build quite a fleet of those little 10,000 ton critters.

For what the FTL trading vessel is going to cost, you could rebuild New York City, complete with a 9x12 bedroom for every child on welfare, and the total elimination of air pollution.

You are going to have to carry quite a lot of bauxite and iron pyrites (fool's gold, but we can use the sulfur as well as the iron) to amortize that in 30 years.

Maybe you will.

But I think that the wave of the future is not going to be FTL trading.

However, resorting to a little math, we find that the Gross National Product is increasing at about  $3\frac{1}{2}$ -4% per year after allowances are made for inflation, doubling roughly every 20 years. Assuming a GNP of  $10^{12}$  \$ (that's 1,000 billion, a number that boggles the mind, but you ain't seen nothing, yet!) in 1980, we will go 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256, 512, 1,024 by the year 2180, for a GNP of roughly one million billion dollars. Perhaps some future Calvin Coolidge will be promising an SST in every garage and a chicken in every pot. Nevertheless, with a GNP of a quadrillion dollars (hopefully backed once again by gold), our standards of living will increase.

(If our deficits grow proportionately, we may need to sell FTL trading ships to keep up our balance-of-payments position.)

Of course, there are side-effects to all that GNP. Perhaps the most serious is environmental pollution.

This includes heat from the waste power, solid trash, and discarded machinery. Not to mention liquid and gaseous effluents. So by 2180 we have problems.

Consider the planet Terra as a culture medium for humans. Cleverly recognizing that we are being done in by our waste products, we invest a portion of our capital for their elimination.

Take heat, for instance. It is the by-product of power production, and already has raised the temperatures of some of our rivers rather considerably. It is also the end-result of power production after the electric current has done its work. The result is that the cities are now about 10°F warmer than the surrounding suburbs. As we use more power, this will increase, to 20°, 30°, perhaps even 40° or 100°F -- a clearly intolerable situation.

By then, we will doubtless have very good insulating materials. Perhaps the solution will be to use heat pumps to concentrate all this waste heat into insulated containers and ship them, by FTL express, to our poor frozen colonies.

Or take solid trash. The city of Washington is in some difficulty because the Kenilworth Dump has been shut down. Perhaps if we realize that poor old Terra is a closed system, we will set up facilities to mine the rich wastes of cities

and factories. The unlimited power which we will have to have for FTL ships will also serve to drive waste materials through the regeneration and recirculation processes which will keep the price of raw materials down. Granted, it is a nuisance and expensive as anything to process waste material, but we have to do it or die of constipation.

Unless the FTL freighter comes to the rescue by deadheading it to the colonies with a small load of transistor radios and a large load of trash.

An alternative might be to establish an in-system trash heap, say in the Trojan position to Terra.

Let's see: Earth has a mass of  $6.6 \times 10^{21}$  tons. If, in the year 1980 (our reference year, bless it) we were to generate  $10^7$  tons of waste, and put it in orbit, we would have a trash heap which would be increasing roughly 30-fold every twenty years or, in 2180, about  $30,720 \times 10^7$  tons of trash, which may be rewritten  $3.1 \times 10^{11}$  tons. Earth is still about  $2 \times 10^{10}$  times bigger than this trash heap which humanity has generated, but if this goes on, our base deposit in 2180 is  $1020 \times 10^7$  tons, and in 2380, we find  $30,720 \times 1020 \times 10^7$  tons have been added to the  $3.1 \times 10^{11}$  tons that we already had. Round it off to  $3 \times 10^{14}$ .

Earth is still bigger. About  $2 \times 10^7$  times bigger.

Going along we find that in 2780, a time as far distant in the future as the crusades are remote in the past, the trash heap is about 95% the mass of the earth, and in about 15 years will be the same mass. That means that 2795 will witness the birth of a new planet the size of Earth, in terrifying proximity and inhabited by the loathsome Garbagemen!

When they put out "No Dumping" signs, there will be panic in the parlor.

Assuming (ho! ho! ho!) that the population remains at the 1980 levels, we find that whereas today I cart out about 35 pounds of trash a week, in 1980 I will cart out about 50 pounds, and in 2795 (I should live so long) I will be carting out  $50 \times 10^{12}$  pounds of trash, which is  $2.5 \times 10^{10}$  tons (25 billion tons? Yes.).

If they close down Garbage-Earth, where will I put it?

Faced with the prospect of all that trash and refuse -- a cube about 1,000 feet on a side in a single week per person -- it is at once evident that the big garbage dump in the sky is not such a good idea.

Recirculation is definitely in order, and recirculation implies a closed system. A closed system, in turn, implies that we are not importing great quantities of raw materials, which means, finally, that we are not engaging in interstellar trade, even when we could afford it on an absolute scale of expenditure.

There are some conclusions to be drawn about a closed-system world when considered in the light of population dynamics, but perhaps another time.

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A MATTER OF DEFINITION

Middle East -- As often used these days, this is a journalistic confusion of British and American usages. What is often so referred to is officially the Near East, the countries around the eastern end of the Mediterranean, such as Syria and Lebanon. This is as used by the National Geographic, the government, area publications; see, for example, "Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs", "Editor, Near East Report". The Middle East actually comprises the countries from Iran to Burma and immediate surroundings, the Near East comprises the countries from Turkey around to Egypt. Calling these countries the Middle East reduces the number of useful distinctions to only two, and leaves the Middle dangling without one end. Near East, Middle East and Far East make much more useful terminology than do only Middle East and Far East.

-- Philip N. Bridges

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JOHN D. MACDONALD: A BRIEF BIOGRAPHIC NOTE

by Barbara Hendra

John D. MacDonald, one of the most versatile and successful authors in America, began his writing career in 1945. At the time, he was an Army lieutenant-colonel serving with the OSS in Ceylon. "The only kind of letters you could get through censorship then made pretty dull reading", he recalls. "So, instead of a letter, I wrote my wife a short story." When his wife sold the story to Whit Burnett's *STORY* magazine for \$25, MacDonald decided that writing looked like a good way to make a living.

After a slow start, MacDonald soon began clicking in the magazine field. His stories have appeared in *LADIES' HOME JOURNAL*, *MCCALL'S*, *GOOD HOUSEKEEPING*, *REDBOOK*, *COSMOPOLITAN*, and many other magazines. In 1950 he wrote his first novel. Today, nearly sixty books later, he is one of the consistent bestsellers in paperback history. His books, primarily in paperback, have sold over 30,000,000 copies. Several of his books have been made into motion pictures and television dramas.

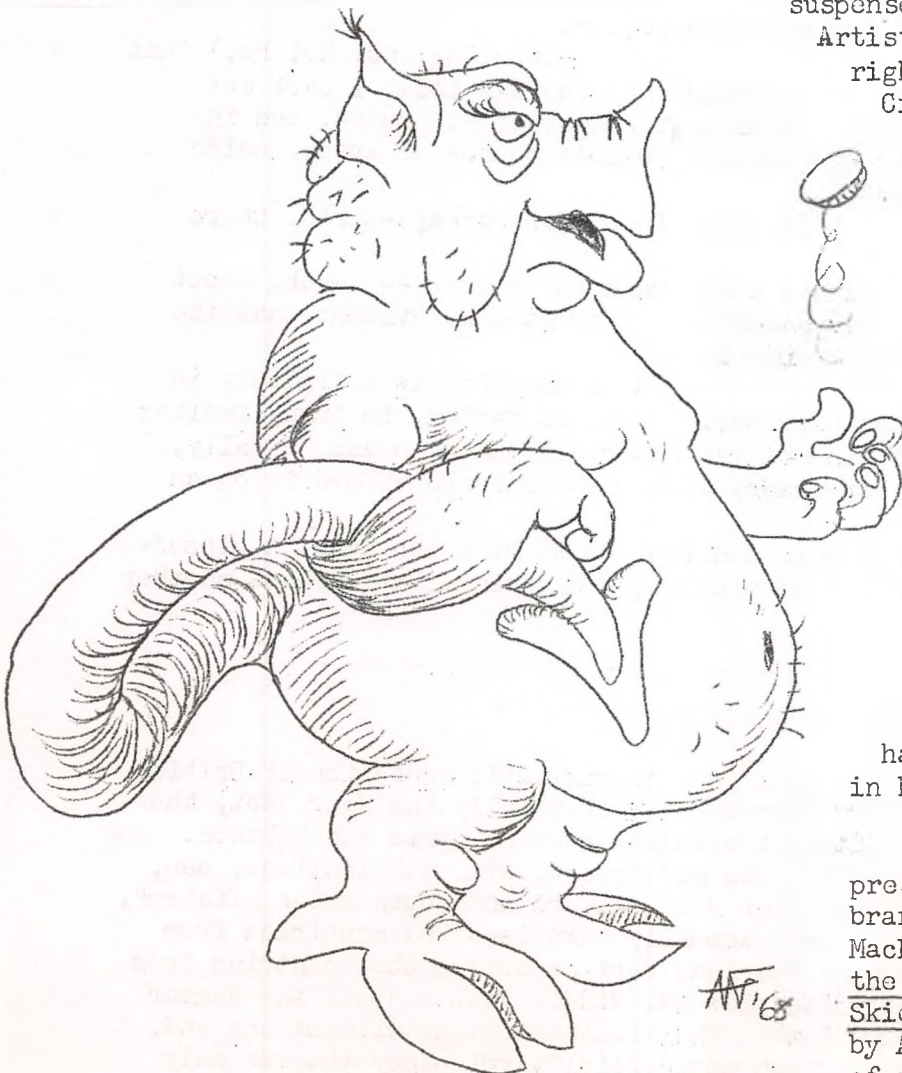
Critics regard John D. MacDonald as "a first-rate craftsman", and "one of the finest storytellers around". The *NEW YORK TIMES* has called him "the John O'Hara of the crime suspense story" and his novels on the contemporary American scene command equal respect.

In 1964 John D. MacDonald introduced his first series character -- Travis McGee. There are now nine entireties in this bestselling series, and the 10th, *The Girl in the Plain Brown Wrapper*, will be published by Fawcett Gold Medal in January 1969. Fawcett Crest recently published the paperback edition of his hardcover success *The Last One Left* . . . Anthony Boucher of the *NEW YORK TIMES* called that book "one of the major

suspense novels of the 1960's". United Artists has just purchased the film rights to *The Last One Left* and Cinema Center Films will film a series of motion pictures based on the Travis McGee books to star Bob Culp of TV's "I Spy".

MacDonald, a tall, crew-cut man who just turned fifty, was born in Sharon, Penna., and reared mostly in Utica, N.Y. He took his bachelor's degree at Syracuse University and a master's degree in business administration at Harvard. With his wife, Dorothy Prentiss MacDonald, a painter whose work has been exhibited at many galleries, he lives in Sarasota, Florida, in a colony of 60 writers. They have a son, John, who is an art teacher in Vermont. The MacDonald's have a summer home in Higgins Bay, in N.Y. State's Adirondacks.

((The above was reprinted from a press release from Fawcett World Library, announcing the release of John MacDonald's two SF novels, *Wine of the Dreamers* and *Ballroom of the Skies*, both of which are reviewed by Alexis Gilliland in this issue of the *JOURNAL*. --ed.))



BUG DUKE JACKSON  
by Norman Spurd

(Pirated from NEW WORLDS and slightly expurgated)

Duke Jackson answered the vidphone. It was his best friend.

"Obscenity", Duke said.

"Obscenity, yourself", said Best Friend.

"I obscenity on your obscenities", obscenitied Duke.

"Enough of this flattery", said Best Friend, grinning like obscenity. "Duke; I'm going to make you King of the World."

"Obscenity", said Duke, ringing off.

- \* -

Duke's chick came in. They went to the bedroom.

Obscenity.

Obscenity, obscenity, obscenity, obscenity, obscenity, obscenity.

Obscenity, obscenity.

Whew!

- \* -

Duke kicked the chick out the window. He cranked up his vidphone and called his worst enemy.

"Obscenity", he said, when the hated face obscenitied.

"Obscenity, yourself", said Worst Enemy.

"I obscenity on your obscenities, and my best friend is going to make me King of the World, so obscenity", said Duke.

"Obscenity", said Worst Enemy. "I'll make you King of Heaven."

"Obscenity", said Duke, ringing off.

- \* -

Duke's ex-wife came in. They went to the bedroom.

Obscenity, obscenity.

Obscenity, obscenity, obscenity, OBSCENITY, OBSCENITY, OBSCENITY, O\*B\*S\*C\*E\*N\*I\*T\*Y,  
O\*B\*S\*C\*E\*N\*I\*T\*Y.

Obscenity, obscenity, obscenity . . .

Whew!

- \* -

12  
Duke kicked the ex-wife into the closet. He really began to think. Did he want to be King of the obscenity World or did he want to be obscenity King of Heaven, for obscenity? Obscenity! What a choice for an obscenity to have to make.

Still puzzled, he scratched his obscenity.

(To be continued, interminably)

-- Banks Mebane

---

LEM: A Filksong

Fly, little capsule, faster, faster,  
Riding hellbent for disaster.  
Dipping down onto the moon,  
Like a big cast-iron balloon.  
One upstairs and two to carry,  
You don't care just which you bury,  
You don't care if starmen die,  
Fly, little spaceship, fly.

Round, little capsule, slower, slower.  
You're already getting lower.  
Closer to the virgin places,  
Never touched by human races.  
Closer to the pumice dust,  
Man, it's really moon or bust.  
Watch for mountain, crater wall,  
Fall, little spaceship, fall.

Now, little capsule, gently, gently,  
You are not a Rolls or Bently,  
You don't have a sponge suspension,  
So you should feel apprehension.  
Drop your legs and blast your rockets;  
Watch their eyes pop out of sockets.  
Waltzing 'round just like a clown,  
Down, little spaceship, down.

Crash, little capsule, crumple, crumple,  
You forgot just what a bump'll  
Do to all your miles of wiring  
Made by men so unaspiring,  
Caring only for their bread,  
Not for strange lands overhead.  
Circuits short and sparks do fly,  
Die, little spaceship, die.

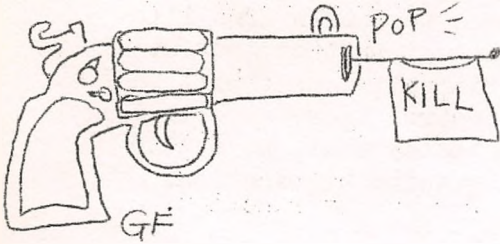
Watch, little capsule, sadly, sadly.  
This whole thing has come out badly.  
Now there's men upon the moon,  
Who will not be leaving soon,  
Cursing with strange ills and terrors,  
All those slobs who made the errors.  
Down, beneath the blue Earth sky,  
Cry, all you dreamless, cry.

-- Dave Halterman

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## SOME THOUGHTS ON FIREARMS LEGISLATION

by David A. Halterman



It has always been the case that, while a person's hobby may make sense to him, it seems all too illogical to those who don't happen to share his interest. I find the idea of setting forth to slay anything, from people on up, totally reprehensible. Perhaps I'm somewhat dense, but I fail to understand what pleasure people derive from leaving the nice safe cities to go out into that horrible

place called the country, with no more justification than to "pit themselves against an animal's instincts". While I have heard conservationists say that some animals must be hunted to maintain the balance of nature, and to insure that the other animals don't starve, I'm sure that more humane methods can be found. After all, cyanide gas and electrocution are considered much less painful than a firing squad. These methods, I'm sure, would be far more effective, and much kinder.

Then there are those who feel that it is a challenge to shoot holes in targets, or to break "clay pigeons" with a shotgun blast. Some shooters say that they're developing skills and techniques that will improve the ability of the American soldier to shoot better. In fact, it was this kind of thinking that caused the government to support the founding of the NRA, and just look what that started. Nowadays it doesn't matter at all if a soldier can hit a target. We shouldn't have to send American boys into combat anyway; they can be a lot more effective sitting back in nice safe bunkers right here in the good old USA, with no more work to do than pushing the right button. The police don't need to know how to shoot, either. A much more effective device could easily be made available to them for quelling riots and apprehending criminals in the form of a portable flame thrower. Think of the money we'd save, since gasoline is much cheaper than bullets. It would also speed slum control somewhat.

I've mentioned the NRA. I think it's a shame the way they force so many people to write their congressmen to stop gun control laws. It's terrible the way they have singlehandedly put a stop to the laws that would put the Sullivan Act into nationwide effect, and make it far more difficult for decent people like us to demean ourselves by owning such a terrible thing as a gun. Why, do you realize, with over 200,000,000 firearms in this country, gun owners have made it possible to cause the death of almost as much as 10% of our traffic toll? Do you realize that more people have been shot in America than Americans in Viet Nam since that thing started? Added to the fact that our 80,000,000 cars wipe out as many as have died in all our wars, each year, makes it a wonder that we have survived. And yet the NRA won't let us stop this. It is terrible, isn't it? To think that one small group, with no help at all, could stop Americans from doing away with guns for once and for all, thereby freeing so many people, who presently work for Winchester-Western Division of Olin Mathieson, and Remington-Peters Division of Dupont, and Colt-Fairchild Industries, and the others like Sturm, Ruger, and Sons, Thomason, Speer, Lyman, Weatherby, Daly, Smith&Wesson, Harrington-Richardson, Numrich, High Standard, Savage, Marlin Universal, Ithaca, Mossberg, Navy Arms, Chamolin&Haskins, Glenfield, Carl Gustaf, Noble, Ranger Arms, Winslow, Norma Precision, Cascade, Alcan, and all the rest, for more gainful employment, is little short of ridiculous.



Since those who oppose gun control do so for purely personal reasons; and since it is so obvious that there is no conceivable legitimate use for firearms, whether by private individuals, the army, or the police; and since it is equally apparent that to deny arms to the criminal, one must also deny him the chance to obtain arms illegally, it behooves us to proceed, not with mere licencing and registration, but with total confiscation of all firearms. Since, naturally, the criminal element will then attempt to manufacture substitutes, we must also attempt to control these as well. If we proceed with diligence, it will eventually be possible to say that, no matter what may occur, no man can take the life of another, without government sanction.

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SNIPERSCOPE: Reviews of the Science Fiction Book Club Editions  
by David A. Halterman

Hauser's Memory, by Curt Siodmak (G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1968).

I picked up this book with the firm intention of tearing it to shreds in this column.

Sorry about that.

No matter what may be assumed about the work of a person who "routinely" writes science fiction movies, Curt Siodmak is a mature writer with a thorough grasp of the techniques of fiction. In addition, he seems to have done an adequate job of researching the scientific background of his story -- at least a more adequate job than most authors seem to be bothered with at present. Adding these together in the present story, we find a finished, reasonable, and unfortunately predictable story. While it is not to be approached as an outstanding example of stfial artistry, it is not a bad novel.

Basically, the story is this:

Dr. Cory, a biochemist, is an expert on that part of the brain that controls memory, a special form of RNA. A defector from Russia, a captured German physicist, is dying, and taking with him certain information this country requires. So the Counter-Intelligence Agency asks Dr. Cory to transfer the scientist's RNA to a volunteer in an attempt to get this information. The volunteer gets cold feet, so Dr. Mondoro, Dr. Cory's very Jewish assistant, takes the injection himself. Unfortunately, Hauser is German, and a little bit nuts, and a small personality problem develops, which leads the cast on a chase behind the Iron Curtain. And so forth.

This book leads us to two questions (not intentionally, I suspect): When is a man dead; and what is the memory?

The question of death comes up as a minor part of the story, when it is decided to remove Hauser's memory. Is a man dead when his heart stops, or when it is no longer reasonable to expect a person to live without mechanical aid, or what? Doctors have been debating this for years. The best definition I've heard expressed for final death, from a medical viewpoint, is that stage at which an electro-encephalogram is totally flat. Some doctors say death is not final until cellular death, or putrefaction, sets in. And at least one doctor I've known has said that he was never sure until the autopsy, after they removed the brain. But then Curt Siodmak wrote Dono-  
can's Brain, so....

As to the question of memory, the flatworm, it is true, can be made to respond more readily to a given course of training by feeding him pate' of previously-programmed planarian. It would appear from this that, for the flatworm, to accept a tendency to act from a properly processed progenitor is not impossible. For this same factor to work on humans, however, while possible, is not too likely. This experiment has, in fact, been tried before. Certain cannibal tribes have, in the past(?), eaten the flesh of those of their enemies who have exhibited exceptional bravery and intelligence. This would have resulted in the concentration of an extreme amount of ability in a limited group, which, if we accept the premise of survival of the fittest, would eventually have conquered the world.

Anybody want to file his teeth?

VIEWS, REVIEWS, AND ARCHIMEDEAN SPIRALS: Book Reviews

The Wine of the Dreamers, by John D. MacDonald (Fawcett Gold Medal Book R1994; 60¢; 171 pp.).

MacDonald is a pro and the way he handles words is a pleasure. MacDonald is very much the master of the language he uses; his effects, transitions, structure, etc. are smooth and effective. MacDonald is, in short, maybe an order of magnitude better than, say, Harlan Ellison, when it comes to writing. One regrets that he stopped writing SF about 15 years ago, because he really had it.

As I recall, TWotD appeared in STARTLING STORIES in the early 50's, possibly with Finlay illustrations. It may have been abridged, but I found myself visualizing a la Virgil Finlay for a good part of the story. A fringe benefit from my mis-spent youth.

The background is very interesting and lends validity to the action. Thus, about 12,000 years ago a race of men decamped from their senile sun's quickly cooling planets and went boldly out into the universe to three suitable locations, one of which was Earth. A rear guard of 5,000 carefully chosen men and women stayed behind with the old world, and sallied forth in space ships to regulate and monitor the affairs of the colonies. Here, I think, is the only flaw in MacDonald's logic. There is no reason for this rear guard. Supposedly they are to guide the destinies of the colonies over a multi-millennial period, but in fact such an establishment would be insulated from the changes time wrought on the colonies and, if it had the power, would in time become a force of extreme conservatism.

Still, for the purposes of the plot, they (the rear guard) continue to patrol for 5,000 years until they figure out the secrets of astral projection and how to possess bodies at a range of light years. Then, they do it the new, improved way, and begin the slide into decadence.

At the time of the story, reading and writing have been lost, history is a myth, and the three worlds which they monitor are thought to be unreal dreams, machine-generated for their pleasure. Catastrophically inbred, their numbers have declined to 900, down from 1,000 a scant generation earlier, but there is a stubborn refusal to admit anything is wrong. The one commandment which a few people still cling to is that "The dream worlds (colonies) must be prevented from discovering space travel."

Our hero is a throwback, a recombination of the more vital genes of the past. In rebellion against his society, he learns to read and write, think, seek out first causes and generally kick up his heels. His sister goes along with him, to an extent.

Meanwhile, back at the Earth, we find Cape Kennedy cleverly hidden under World War II camouflage in the middle of the New Mexico desert. It seems the space program is in trouble due to mysterious sabotage....

Lots of good stuff comes pouring out in the resulting action, as we shift between Earth and the dreamer's scene, including social commentary, characterization, and an unbelievable pulpy ending.

The story is a little dated in its technology, but otherwise is as fresh and compelling as when it was written. Recommended.

-- Alexis Gilliland

Ballroom of the Skies, by John D. MacDonald (Fawcett Gold Medal Book R1993; 60¢; 167 pp.).

As I said in my review of Wine of the Dreamers, MacDonald writes real pretty. Ballroom is copyrighted in 1952, and in the afterword the author indicates that he wrote the book in 1950.

There is a little dating, particularly at the beginning as he sets up his background. North China under Stephen Chu, the Arab world under the renegade Anglo-Egyptian George Fahdi...one expects Brazil to be under the rule of Hamilton



Rockefeller, renegade director of United Fruit. Anyway, after an atomic war that killed (only) 7,000,000, the U.S. has sunk to a third-rate power, while India has come on as top dog, and the world chases the almighty Rupee.

Plotwise, we postulate that the world is in such a mess that it must have had outside help. We then set about finding out about the outside help, and Lo! there are aliens among us! Also alien super-science, alien wheels-within-wheels, and alien motives.

The principal alien motive, it seems, is that we have this galactic Empire, see, and it's all peaceable, see, but the top flight executive material only comes from non-peaceable environments. So we maintain Earth as a permanent mess so it will hard-boil us a lot of executives which we need to run the Empire. Pretty cute, eh?

The problem of course is how the hero is going to react to this particular bit of news, when he has devoted his life (a) to making Earth a peaceable environment in (b) the name of the greatest good for the greatest number.

The action is well-paced and exciting. The characters adequate, the plotting clever if a bit unbelievable. Wine of the Dreamers was a better book, but Ballroom is still very good.

-- Alexis Gilliland

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A Piece of Martin Cann, by Laurence M. Janifer (Belmont B50-811; 50¢).

Around two years ago, a number of stories were written that concerned psychotherapy by means of natural or mechanically induced telepathy, treating a diseased or deluded mind from within. Essentially, the basic idea was to enter the mind and take a role in the person's dream life and then blow his mind. This story is similar in many respects, but deals less with the therapist (at least by comparison to Dream Master and Telepath) than with a specific case history.

Martin Cann, the patient, is a catatonic living in a dream world all his own. In fact, there is no world at all, for he (pardon me, He) is Jehovah, YHVH, God the Father Creator, in the most traditionally literal sense, before the creation of the world. The psychotherapists four, in this case, find themselves cast as the adversary, the soon-to-be-fallen angels; that is to say, Lucifer, Satan, et al. (Which may well be one of the most potent pieces of antiscientific(?) symbolism this year.)

Through flashback techniques and interviews with members of the patient's family, we are shown the various factors which led to the mental condition, and through conversations by the technicians we are shown the dangers inherent in the therapy, and the inevitable conflict between doctors and technicians as to methodology. In all, the story is well-written, carefully worked out, and leaves me, at least, with the impression that the author may have some firsthand knowledge of psychiatry. (After reading Bloodworld, however, I'm not too sure which side of the couch he may have been on.) He also demonstrates quite thoroughly the dilemma of the medical man of trying to keep thinking of a patient as a person, and not a piece of meat, without becoming so involved that he loses rational control of his abilities.



It is my opinion, however, that the story does exhibit one unfortunate weakness, in that, though the dangers are emphasized quite strongly throughout the book, at the climactic confrontation those same dangers are sidestepped, and, in fact, are not at all evident. It brings to mind some of the episodes in the old adventure serials in which you suddenly discover, at the beginning of the next chapter, that the heroine wasn't really tied to the railroad tracks after all.

-- David Halterman

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The Thurb Revolution, by Alexei Panshin (Ace Books G-762; 50¢; 153 pp.).

This is the second of Panshin's Anthony Villiers series. Unlike most series it is not written to formula around some James Bond or anti-Bond hero. It is nothing more or less than Alexei sitting in your living room telling you a story. The method of narration is Panshin speaking in his own voice as the all-knowing author, and the result is wholly delightful.

The title is misleading. What action there is takes place very leisurely, and a good piece of it turns out to be irrelevant and frivolous. What you do get is some of the best characterization available in science fiction, and a knowing and cynical look at the institutions and mores of the Nashiute Empire (a great overblown political thang), which sometimes is amazingly similar to the neatly-ordered world we all know and love so well.

The result is a look at people in their environment, where both people and environment are drawn in rich and beautiful detail. At the same time Panshin has a lot to say in his asides. Indeed, the asides are a perfectly valid reason for reading the book. They are incisive, funny, and very much to the point. Sometimes they are even wise.

Let me put it like this: Alexei Panshin is doing his own thing here, and doing it well. His thing is different from what science fiction readers are used to, and they may not like it. I liked it very much, and if you approach the book in a relaxed manner the chances are you will like it very much as well.

It is not great\*, it is ingrating.

There is a lovely cover by Kelly Freas, which gives much prominence to the alien Trog (who goes "Thurb" as an artform) and the pink cloud which becomes an increasingly prominent feature towards the end of the story.

\*It is great, Alexei. Twenty years from now, people will come up and tell you your latest work doesn't compare with your Villiers stories. Wait and see.

-- Alexis Gilliland

(P.S. The first title, Star Well, is also a dandy. --AG)

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Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?, by Philip K. Dick (Doubleday; \$3.95; 210 pp.).

I picked up DADOES at Baycon along with a few dozen other books, magazines, fanzines and other reading paraphernalia. Strangely enough, it was Dick's book I picked up to read the first time I had several continuous spare moments. Perhaps it was the cover -- a photograph of a compartmented box set on a gray background and filled with the various parts of a mechanical sheep. Or perhaps it was the title, which is certainly intriguing. Or perhaps the author, Dick; past books of his that I had read (e.g., The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch, The Man in the High Castle) had been utterly fascinating. Whatever the reason I began, I didn't put the book down until I was finished.

The story concerns Rick Deckard in a somewhat radioactive future where the ownership of an animal is a symbol of status (the more rare the animal, the higher the status; no animal, no status; and if you can't afford a real animal, you might buy an electric one, and hope the neighbors don't find out), and man is beginning to reach

out from his planet. With the slogan "Emigrate or degenerate" the government encourages emigration. Degeneration, or the condition of becoming a "chickenhead", is caused by the fallout -- you'd better keep your codpieces on! Emigration is also encouraged by the added incentive of each emigrant receiving one android, "the variety of subtypes (passing) all understanding, in the manner of automobiles of the 1960s". Buster Friendly is on television and radio 24 hours a day. If you are troubled by something, anything, you go to the mood console. If you feel happy you go to the empathy box and share your happiness with the entire population, and Wilbur Mercer. And if you are Rick Deckard, you are a bounty hunter.

A bounty hunter works for the government. He kills androids which have escaped from their owners on other planets and come to Earth. In DADOES, Deckard is confronted with a new type of android, one which may be able to pass the only known test for androids -- the empathy test. The "plot" is how Deckard takes care of several of these new androids which have escaped to Earth and assumed the identity of real people. It is fascinating.

The book is written in somewhat the same style as other Dick books. He skips from character to character; he throws detail after detail at you; his plot takes unpredictable twists. But with DADOES, Dick has taken an indefinable step above all his previous work. There is something unsettling about this book, unlike his other books which were finely-wrought SF pieces. It is filled with a lot of truth you may not like. You may even be depressed when you finish the book, as I was, even though it is a "happy" ending. It is finely-crafted and satisfying; yet...

Read it, and find out what I mean for yourself. You'll be glad you took the time because it is certainly of Hugo caliber. However, one note of caution: if you have never read a Dick novel before, don't start on DADOES. It is too strong for beginners of Dick. Otherwise, buy it, read it, and you will not be disappointed.

-- Robert Willingham

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The Broken Lands, by Fred Saberhagen (Ace Book G-740; 50¢; 187 pp.).

The cover, by Powers, is a quite effective surrealistic swirl of color, suggesting dramatic action of some sort. It fits the book nicely.

The book itself, nominally a sword-and-sorcery yarn, is actually an artful blend of science fiction with S&S, served up with a dash of humor and considerable imagination. On the balance, Saberhagen probably leans towards SF, but this hasn't stopped him from writing a rattling good action-adventure yarn. He also has an interesting collection of villains. Ekuman, Satrap of the East, is stock, but his daughter Charmian is a fairly complex bitch, and Elslood is a convincingly love-smitten wizard. The number two wizard, Zarf, is good but apprehensive, and has a toad familiar. Chup, also a Satrap, and potentially Ekuman's son-in-law, has not been East, yet, and despite his undoubted valor "he is not one of us", which is to say he is autocratic but not evil. Then we have giant flying lizards at war with equally large owls, and white wizards and prophecies. Plus, also, an atomic-powered tank which still works, as well as a number of other technological devices, which we are assured don't work by magic.

The plot unfolding against this rather involved background (which is post atomic-war) is the classical underground in revolt against the evil tyrants, and some of the action looks like it was lifted straight out of Budapest, 1956. However, Saberhagen writes well, and plots interestingly, and there are bits of business like the Thunderstone (which gets hit by lightning every time it changes hands) and the Stone of Freedom (which makes it very difficult to keep you anywhere against your will) and mirage-plant, which lives in the desert and pretends to be a pool (by using the inversion layer of air mirage) so it can eat the drinkers, which are both original and apt.

As a final point, the story moves. Maybe not always smoothly, but there is definite momentum built up by the time we reach the climax. ##### An excellent tale having many good points, I commend it to you.

-- Alexis Gilliland

# DOLL'S HOUSE

*Fanzine Reviews*



GRANFALLOON #4 (Linda Eyster & Suzanne Tompkins, Apt. 103, 4921 Forbes Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., 15213. Trade, LoC, contrib, 50¢, 3/\$1). Great cover by Richard Delap, and the interior illos also zing -- Delap, Gilliland, Connie Reich (staff artist), Genevieve DiModica, Foster, Fletcher, Dogramajian, Lovenstein, and Sylvia Wendell. Very legible copy. Enter triple-threat Sunday Jordane (see Linda's editorial) who does quite well by an interview with Alexei Panshin, a poem "Arrakis", and an interesting bit of fiction "By the Charm of a Doll". Waiting for an elevator at the Midwestcon inspired the eds., Jerry Kaufman, and Bill Mallardi to come up with a new filk "Elevator Song" done to the tune of "Yesterday". Mike Gilbert's poetic "Nympha" is full of tritisms but leaves a light and pleasant aftertaste. Nice things in the way of poetry include Jerry Kaufman's Kaustic Komment on Kleveland -- "Mordor?", Fred Haskell's "Poem", and Robert Dalzell's "I See".

From the pages of The Worm Re-Turns and elsewhere comes a reprint of Damon Knight's "Brief Introduction to Logogenetics" -- and I'm glad because I never saw it before; sure, he's playing, but if I hadn't read the article, I would have thought his examples to be something out of NEW WORLDS. Will have to try this at a WSFA meeting sometime. Arnie Katz's "Rotten to the Kores" is a witty expose of his first foray on a stencil-purchasing mission. Richard Delap's book reviews are quite good -- commends Panshin's Rite of Passage (Ace), Silverberg's The Masks of Time (Ballantine), Harrison's Two Tales and 8 Tomorrows (Bantam), Robert Thom's Wild in the Streets (Pyramid), the William Tenn books issued by Ballantine, and Gertrude Friedberg's The Revolving Boy (Ace). From a FAPA pub comes "The Oliver King Smith Agency", Bob Tucker, Sole Prop. -- offering various con packages. Movie reviews of "2001", "Planet of the Apes", and "Alphaville". Fanzine reviews. Les Vale's amusing sick parody "A Space Oddity". LoC's, 56 pp.

THE BURROUGHS BULLETIN #17 (House of Greystoke, 6657 Locust, Kansas City, Mo., 64131. Ed: Vern Coriell. Free to members of The Burroughs Bibliophiles). In "Agony and Ecstasy", Maurice B. Gardner recounts the history of ERB serials appearing in monthlies, weeklies, etc. Gabe Essoe contributes an entertaining article on the misadventures of the new Tarzans-- Mike Henry and Ron Ely, followed by an extended plot resume with photo-illos of Tarzan and the Valley of Gold. (I loved this line: "In an unusual sequence, Tarzan...destroys him with a 35-foot high soda pop bottle.") Frank J. Brueke, who is this month's featured Bibliophile, authors a 12-page "Study of the Omos Planetary System", complete with diagrams and equations. Other articles include an Allan Howard discussion of the idea source for Hogarth's 1949 illo'd "Tarzan and the Ononoes", with a page of same, and a delightful ERB biographical reminiscence by his niece Mrs. Carlton McKenzie, Sr., reprinted from the CHARLOTTE OBSERVER. There is a 2-page reprint of "Tarzan -- The Dance of Victory" drawn by Harold Foster in 1932, as well as fine art work by St. John, Krenkel, Jeff Jones, and John Celardo. The accompanying flyer is a Larry Hanks centerfold of a scene from A Princess of Mars. 40 pp.

SPECULATION, Vol. 2, #6, May '68, Issue 18 (Peter R. Weston, 81 Trescott Rd., Northfield, Birmingham 31, U.K. 35¢; 3/\$1; trades). I don't know why this 'zine hasn't been nominated for a Hugo; it's certainly one of the top serzines I've read; far easier on the reader than RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, the quality of the writing is comparable with any of the better 'zines; it has a lot to say, and says it well. Cover by

10  
Riccardo Leveghi, interior illos by Pamela Yates and Ivor Latto. Pete views the SF scene; this quarter he most enjoyed Roger Zelazny's "This Moment of the Storm", Larry Niven's "Slowboat Cargo", and This Immortal; Bug Jack Barron comes in for some comment, as does SF in general. Also solicits new contributors (especially from the States), would welcome comments on Ellison's Dangerous Visions and critiques on Spinrad's Bug Jack Barron and The Men In the Jungle, Samuel Delany's Nova, and Pangborn's The Judgment of Eve.

"Opinion", a column of brief comments on current SF, includes Tony Sudbury on Phil Dick's writing style and The Penultimate Truth; Thomas Disch on Harry Harrison's Make Room! Make Room!, Delany, Zelazny, and SF per se; Bob Parkinson on the surrealist camp; Chris Priest on Budrys's The Iron Thorn and Brunner's Stand on Zanzibar; and Peter White on Budrys and Rogue Moon. This is a nice idea. Another nice idea is publication each ish of a reader's nomination for the World's Worst SF; thish it's David Rudd groaning over Jack Wodham's "Whosawhatsa" (from ANALOG).

Contrary opinions on Disch's Camp Concentration ranging from one of his worst to deserving of a Hugo ultimately resulted in the appearance of Bob Parkinson's critique, "The Aesthetics of Evil: Thomas M. Disch and the Faustus Theme", wherein T.D.'s handling of the Faustus theme is compared with Mann's, the tragedy of increased intelligence is contrasted to Keyes in Flowers for Algernon, the protagonist as a poet is compared with Zelazny's A Rose for Ecclesiastes, etc. Chris Priest reviews a short story collection by David I. Masson, The Caltraps of Time (Faber & Faber), followed by some biographical notes on the author. M.K. Joseph's The Hole in the Zero (Gollancz) comes in for some interesting comment by Graham Hall. Peter White reviews Algis Budrys' The Iron Thorn (Gollancz), with author's and editor's comments on same. Brian Stableford discusses Piers Anthony's unusual writing technique and Chthon ("Chthon deserves a Hugo or a Nebula, and won't get either,"). Delany's The Einstein Intersection moves John Harrison to a perceptive review of a remarkable book ("An astonishing balance of poetry, wit, sheer action, and metaphysical physics....").

Ken Bulmer's GoH speech at the Thirdmancon is reproduced, and is worth the reading. The LoColumn is a winner: Using Dangerous Visions as a basis, Brian Aldiss feels that Ellison doesn't understand what contemporary writing is about, albeit some examples "may have crept into the volume unrecognized"; Graham Boak points to the misservice done by reviewers who allow their personal taste to bias their reviews (without so stating) -- "Moral judgment must be distinguished from literary criticism"; Larry Niven writes the history of his World of Ptavvs, responding to an earlier review; Rick Norwood has his doubts about the doubters of the value of science in science fiction; Frank Rotensteiner mourns the diminution of great works, e.g., Petaja's variations on the Kalevala, and especially Zelazny's Lord of Light, etc. Lastly, a column on the other book releases of the quarter which haven't been covered yet. 46 pp. Definitely worthwhile, especially if you like your stuff straight.

SPECULATION: DATA, May, '68 (Peter Weston, see above. Distributed free twice a year or so to SPEC subscribers. News, general info for pub., etc. welcome). A subsidiary pub, with news, book info, and other items not usually found in the parent fanzine. Nebula award winners, smidgeons on the London Minicon, the Brighton Festival of the Arts, and NEW WORLDS. Snippets of reviews and comments from other pro- and fanzines. David Redd reviews Phillip Harbottle's The Multi-Man: A Biographic and Bibliographic Study of the Late John Russell Fearn. "Readers Start Here" by George Hay is an excellent article for readers about writing. Reader Service tells how and where to get SF -- publishers, addresses, etc. Back issues service -- wanted and available. Ads, news clippings on NEW WORLDS. Advertising and subscription rates and data for parent 'zine and offspring. 12 pp.

THE ONCE AND FUTURE NIMROD, an Art Portfolio; 12 digest-size pages featuring the work of Jim Cawthorn, Jim Keith, Lord Triffid III, Kathi Keith, and Lynn Pederson. Presented to Baycon members by the editors of NIMROD, Al Snider and Dwain G. Kaiser (subs to Dwain at 1397 No. 2nd Ave., Upland, Cal., 91786; 50¢; 5/\$2).

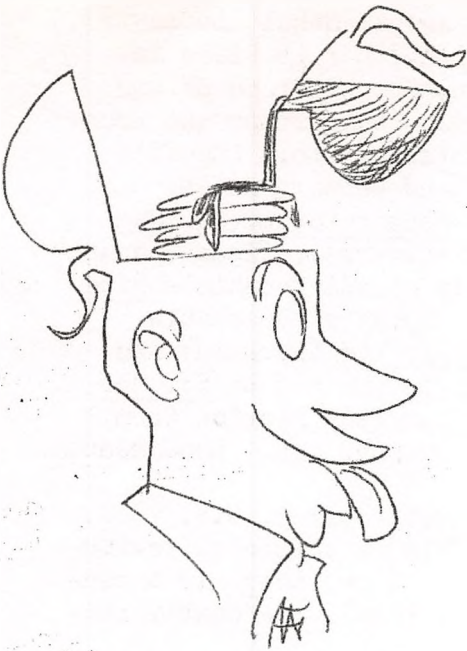
ALGOL 14, Fall '68 (Andrew Porter, Box 367, N.Y., N.Y., 10028. Contribs of articles, art, fiction, LoC's, 60¢, 5/\$2.50. Arranged trades. British Agent: Ethel Lindsay). Richard Powers' cover and comments on same -- Ho Ho! Authorwise, there's Piers Anthony writing on Chthon, Anne McCaffrey on the Dragons of Pern, Fred Pohl on SF and the magazine editor, and Lawrence P. Ashmead on SF and Doubleday (the latter two from the SFWA Nebula Awards Banquet). Art by Bode, Flinchbaugh, Rotsler, etc. Lupoff's book column this covers more current books than is his wont, and welcome it is; turns thumbs down on The Human Zero and Other Science Fiction Masterpieces, ed. Sam Moskowitz and Roger Elwood (Tower -- "other Science Fiction Disasters"), finds Joanna Russ' Picnic on Paradise (Ace) a "fine long novelette", whereas Alexei Panshin's Rite of Passage is a "full and meaty novel" (Ace -- "a flawed but generally acceptable imitation of Heinlein"), praises Chester Anderson's The Butterfly Kid (Pyramid) and William Tenn's Of Men and Monsters (Ballantine), etc. Andy gives the nod to Science Fiction Inventions, ed. Damon Knight (Lancer). A bit of Faustian faan fiction from George Locke, 1959, and a fabulous LoColumn add up to a fine 60-page ish. Recommended.

HAVERINGS (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, U.K. U.S. Agent: Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, Cal., 94701. 6/\$1). This is a fanzine review-zine, and as good a place as any to keep up with where it's at. (Now, there is a sentence.) Ethel's coverage is current (does them as she receives them), reasonably complete, and quite personable.

COSIGN 15 (Central Ohio SF Society pub. Robert Gaines, 336 Olentangy St., Columbus, Ohio, 43202. 35¢, 8/\$2.50, contribs, LoC's, trade). Cover and interior illos by John Ayotte, bacover and interior illo by Jay Kinney; other interior art by Doug Lovenstein, George Foster, Jr. (sigh!), Dick Katuzin, and Gene Klein. Editorial clarifies that COSFS is not making a Worldcon bid; that is being sponsored by OSFS (Olentangy SF Soc.), which was formed in late 1967 by the former COSFS officers who resigned and took the Worldcon bid with them. COSIGN is not a fanzine of the OSFS Worldcon bid (needless to state) and runs the OCon as a favor for the cost of the electrostencil; would do the same for St. Louis. So now that's been aired and cleared up.

Ed discusses an index to cover pbs, and suggests fans who are interested contact Gary Labowitz, 1100 Eetzwood Dr., Norristown, Pa., 19401, for more info. Comes a script for "Voyage to the Bottom of the Brain" by Hank Davis (reprinted from THE CONSERVATIVE NONCONFORMIST -- fascinating name, no?), a parody (with humor) of Fantastic Voyage and burlesque of heaven-knows-what-all. Jim Ashe's Feghoot is a halva bomb. (How's that for a bad pun? Anyway, whacha doin' with a bowl of halva, Jim? It comes in loaves, slices, pieces -- ah, I gotcha. A bowl of chunks for the shrapnel effect.) Next we have Ron Smith thinking and writing well on the current fandom and fanzine bit: "A large and growing number of SF readers don't give a damn about fandom..." (And I don't think they should be knocked; at least they're reading the stuff; a lot of fans don't seem to have the time.), and about those who might be unaware that fandom exists. (Alexis and I discovered WSFA thru a friend, one Warren Felkel, now removed to Tampa, and recent recipient of his Master's from the U. of Fla.; he says hi to WSFans.) A fine short story by Dick Byers, who also does a comparative review of Mike Moorcock's The Jewel in the Skull (Lancer) and Fritz Leiber's The Swords of Lankmar (Ace) -- he prefers the latter. Lloyd Kropp provides an excellent critique of B.F. Skinner's Walden Two, wherein he first discusses the book itself, then tackles the ideas expressed therein. Good fanzine reviews by Richard Labonte, poetry by Bob Toomey, LoC's. A really good 50-page ish.

OUTRECROFT, Vol. 1, #1, Dec. '67 (Pubbed by independent Canterbury Club students. Address for Mss, with self-addressed envelopes, is Mike Zaharakis, 802 11th Ave., N.W., Minot, N.D., 58701). Unusual Raki cover for an unusual 'zine. Being a Christmas issue, contents reflect same, but in a most unusual way. Diane Zaharakis does a lucid reexamination of the Birth narrative with a valid and beautiful conclusion, followed by Bob Heman's "Night of Maria" (reprinted from GOLANA). Other quite tolerable fan fiction includes quickies by John Aldous, Raki, and Jan Jurgenson. The last two



FLATTERY

also contribute acceptable poetry, as do Ken Becker and Kris Carey, not to mention a worthy poem in prose "We Must Go Shopping" by Kit Prudhomme. Bob Toomey belabors R. Rimmer's The Harrad Experiment. A fanzine with religious overtones (or should I say underpinnings of conscience), OUTRECREFT has good thinking and good writing. Its approach is not so unusual in concept; it's just that it is rarely seen in fanzines. Personally I like it, but it's probably a matter of individual taste. 19 pp.

ETHERLINE II, No. 5, May '68 (Leigh Edmonds, Flat 3, 12 Redan St., St. Kilda, 3182, Victoria, Australia. Trade, LoC, contrib, 12/\$1.20 (gad, I doubt that would even pay for the postage)). Leigh editorializes on the departure of Harry Harrison from AMAZING and FANTASTIC. Results of the Sydney Science Fiction Foundation elections. "War of the Worlds" then and now, which is to say Ian Crozier's coverage of the original showing and Paul Stevens' review on seeing it recently, with some pertinent comment by Leigh, who also decries SF TIMES reviewer for his remarks on "2001".

The Melbourne con is viewed collectively by Mervyn Binns, Bernie Berhouse, Paul Stevens, Diane Bangsund, and the ed. (Nice!) Graeme Riddle discusses the Beast-Human relationships in Andre Norton's works. A book list from Aldiss thru Wylie. Also a brief biographical sketch of Keith Laumer and a bibliographical survey. Julia Stone authors the Thirdmanconrep. Melbourne SF Club doings are recounted by Paul Stevens, who shares the same roof with Leigh Edmonds, Diane and John Bangsund (AUSTRALIAN SF REVIEW) -- their very own slanshack. Mike O'Brien reviews the prozines; Leigh, the fanzines and book scene. As for the cinema, Leigh does "2001" justice by devoting a full page to the title with a note to the effect that a review can't do it justice. Outsized digest-size, 47 pp., with illos by John Breden, Dimitri Razuvaev, etc. Nice little 'zine, this ETHERLINE II.

THE GREAT WHITE ALSO (a LASFS one-shot). Must admit that after perusing a number of their fanzines, I was beginning to look upon LA fans as talented hip individuals (certainly entertaining) with a trace of bellicosity that does little toward wining favor or respect. TGWA does a lot to thaw. Apparently a group of Lafen dashed off a page or so each, except for a wacky 5-page collab by Don Simpson, Ted Johnstone, Fred Patten, Hank Stine, and Jim Schumacher. Ruth Berman writes in praise of Mingo; John Nelson Johnes does a faan fable on LA fans and ApaL; Barry Weissman prates on morality and legality; the editorial by Sally Crayne discusses incorporation by LASFS, the Articles and bylaws, etc., and possible effects of same; poetry, illos, and ideas from Jim Schumacher including notes on a "Decadence Is..." Sketchbook. Winsome whimsy.

SANDWORM 5, otherwise known as sANNdwISH (Bob Vardeman, P.O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, N.M., 87112. Contribs, trade(?), 20¢, 4/\$1 -- yep, that's what he says). Doug Lovenstein's wily worm stretches across both front and bacover. Ed. rambles winningly on the New Wave, Hugo time, etc. Intriguing interliners (e.g., "Give the gift that keeps on giving. Give an amoeba."). Roy Tackett marinates on Silverberg's Thorns, artificial creation of single-celled life, and CAPA. "The Martian" is a fine bit of Ed Cox fiction. Samuel Delany and his "Lines of Power" are the object of Paul Walker's penings. Bob Roehm takes a look at The Playboy Book of Science Fiction and Fantasy (Hey, if you take a look at PLAYBOY's October ish, you'll find Alexis' article on morality, which they ended up titling "The Perilous Plight of Sir George, Kandron the Dragon, and the Twenty Delectable Virgins".), and Vardeman casts castigating glances at numerous others, altho he did like Seven Trips Through Time and Space, ed. by Groff Conklin (Crest) and Ward Moore's Bring the Jubilee (Ballantine).

There is Auntie Fannish's incredible Feghootype, Mike Zaharakis' stylized re-counting of fannish ritual in North Dakota, Dean Koontz arguing that Harlan Ellison is a far better writer than editor, fanzine reviews, Wayne Vucenic's listing of Twilight Zone episodes, poetry of sorts (by Raymond Clancy, Shirley Meech, and Doris Beetem -- clever, that girl!), numerous illos by such as Jack Gaughan, Doug Smith, and Gene Turnbull, and LoC's. An entertaining 43-page ish.

EXILE #4 (Seth Dogramajian, 32-66 80th St., Jackson Heights, NY, NY, 11370. Trade, contrib, decent LoC, art, or 25¢ if you must). Shrunk 'n' offset -- 16 pp. Cover and several interior illos by Jack Gaughan, with other good artwork by Seth, Steve Coronel (impressive), John Boland, etc. Editorial on "2001" and Ted White. Dave Szurek rates the flicks -- ranging from a low of "Sting of Death" ("Jellyfish Man -- good God! -- terrorizes Florida teenagers") thru "Fearless Vampire Killers" (entertaining satire) to "Planet of the Apes" ("really a groove" -- and his column is, too, even if you disagree -- where else can you get such an extensive guide to such nuggets as "Death Curse of Tartu", "Aroused", "Motorpsycho", "Spider Baby", etc.?). Seth covers the fanzines with curt but cogent comment.

Scarpconrep by Gene Klein with lots of faneds mentioned. "Funkiness Forever" is an amusing minor piece (hah!) of sexy fan fiction by Bob Malisani. Chris Walker reviews the Robert E. Howard collection Wolfsh-head. LoC's. EXILE is not especially deep, but it's a friendly, entertaining little 'zine.

QUIP 9, July-Aug '68 (Arnie Katz, 55 Pineapple St., Apt. 3-J, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11201. Trade -- no monster or ST 'zines -- LoC, contrib, 50¢). Thrilling comcover by Ross Chamberlain (script by Arnie), and cartoon bacover by Doug Lovenstein (versatile, that boy). Sundry interior cartoons by John D. Berry, Lovenstein, Joe Staton, and Steve Stiles. Harry Warner ruminates on Jim Blish's fanzine TUMBRILS, Bob Tucker reminisces on Midwestcons past and present, while Arnie sticks to this year's. SHAGGY, SANDWORM, and FOOLSCAP come under the critical pen of Greg Benford. A faanish playlet with plot, "The Fantail Party", is also Berry's work, with the major speeches derived from PSY's letter column. Lon Atkins on Hank Reinhardt, the FUNcon; F.M. Busby on lots of things -- an Alaskan vacation, an upcoming h.s. reunion, possible resurrection of CRY, gun laws, ST, etc. LoC's and editorial. 49 pp. A pleasant 'zine.

L'ANGE JACQUE #1, July/Aug '68 (Ed Reed, 668 Westover Rd., Stamford, Conn., 06902. Trades, contribs, LoC's, 25¢, 5/\$1). Fun Gaughan cover followed by 19 dittoed pages in varying stages of legibility. One has to respect the editor's aspirations -- lots of art, good faanfic and very good fan fiction or pro fiction, thorough book reviews and literary criticism, a long lettercol full of controversy, and possibly a record review column. Now all he has to do is get the material.

This, Ed discusses the Hugo nominees and proposes some possibilities for next year. News items relate to Dick Gregory, Resurrection City, and the challenges to the regular Democratic party convention delegates. Brief fanzine reviews, a review of Phil Och album "Tape from California", and several WBAI SF broadcasts. Also, ~~4~~ excerpts from Mike Moorcock's Lead-In article describing NEW WORLDS #181 (April), with a few comments by Reed.

He does have a few things going for him: an anonymous poetic psychological study "To Santa Claus and Little Sisters"; Frank Lunney's discussion of Norman Spinrad's "The Men In the Jungle"; and Reed's comments on the use of dreams in stories by Dean Koontz, with some asides on Ballard. LJ has genzine possibilities, but will need help.

IT AIN'T ME, BABE (Iamb) #1 (Ed Reed, see above. Contribs, 10¢). Well, Ed is entering fan pubbing with a vengeance. Here's his personalzine -- 10 pp, multi-color ditto, legibility much improved. Ed introduces himself, provides a thought-provoking quote on "time" from Thomas Mann, running commentary on the Democratic national convention, fanzine reviews, and an obscure poem by Michel Barnes. Ed might do well to combine the two 'zines.



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SPOCKANALIA #2, Apr '68 (Sherma Comerford Burley & Devra Langsam, 250 Crown St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11225. Trade or 50¢; Star Trek articles & art greedily solicited). Would you believe 112 pp of ST? Greater love hath no fen. Kathy "Bush" Bushman's cover and interior full-page portraits are excellent; the most unexpected are Jack Gaughan's sketches and they are fine. Cartoons by Alexis Gilliland, Shirley Meech, Walt Strasser, Joyce Yasner, Janie Bowers, Dale Kager, and Sherma. Other artwork includes contribs from DEA (who also did the bacover), Mike Symes, Allan Asherman, Chuck Rein, Chester Malon (fine special effects), etc. Lerrercol offers a wire from Gene Roddenberry and various communiques from Dorothy Fontana, ST story editor, Scotty alias James Doohan (with a gem of a poem from Sherma responding to a jewel by Scotty), Walter Koenig (Mr. Chekov?), Dr. McCoy (DeForest Kelley) on space medicine and Spock, with appropriate rejoinder by Mr. Spock on Dr. McCoy.

Our gal Sherma revisits Vulcan -- discusses their physiology and such conditions as "plak-tow" and "bon farr", psychology, emotions, and culture, then goes on to offer full pages of Vulcan and Enterprise graffiti. Kirk the Hero is the subject of E.A. Oddstad's article. Ingenious is the word for V.A.H. Nietz's contribution -- Vulcanian horoscopy. Ruth Berman studies the Scottish engineer, and tosses in an Enterprise parody of W.S. Gilbert's "Things Are Seldom What They Seem". Sherma's lyrics are for "I Wish I Was", and Poul Anderson does it to Elgar's "Trees", beginning, "I think that I shall never grok/A man as logical as Spock." Wonderful, wonderful. And "My Name Is Not Paul" is a splendid burlesque of the weird/horror story. Kathy Bushman discourses on the classical Vulcan art form, ni var, complete with two examples of same. "Amok Time" is dramatic poetry by Shirley Meech, there is a "Vulcan Love Song" by Dorothy Jones and Lyn Veryzer pens a lament on Spock's unavailability. Terran-Vulcan Genetic Comparability is Susan Hereford's topic, and Robert Toomey is properly enchanted by Uhura's allure. Miriam Langsam forwards a chatty message tape from an Enterprise crew member, and Lois McMasters contributes "The Free Enterorise", an underground newstape published by the jr. officers. The Klingon view of Vulcans and Vulcan-Terran relations is reported on by John Mansfield. Joyce Yasner philisophizes on God and the Vulcan Mind. Sandra Miesel brings us back down to earth, ruminating on the possibility of Amanda's being Sarek's second wife, and Deborah Langsam dips into the personal diary of a lovely ensign who is having problems handling Mr. Chekov, or rather with his handling of her. A remarkable anthropological study on the "Origin of Humanoid Life in Our Galaxy" is the work of Jean Lorrhah and Willard F. Hunt.

Contents are refreshingly original, soundly reasoned, and quite entertaining. A must for the ST fan.

-- Doll Gilliland

SHELTA THARI #8 is an OMPA 'zine by Dick Eney, 6500 Ft. Hunt Road, Alexandria, Va., 22307. Available if you get a copy, otherwise too bad.

This is 30 pages of essays by Eney about his 2-year tour in Vietnam with the U.S. civilian assistance program under its various alphabetical guises.

He talks about the difficulty of obtaining Vietnamese cuisine in Saigon (French and Chinese being the dominant forms), and architecture, and the tribal customs of the Montagnards (and their agriculture), and the war.

A very curious thing: there has been a lot of yelling and screaming from the New Left and the Peace Movement about the War in Vietnam, but they don't seem to be talking about what Eney is talking about. This is due to the fact that he uses specific cases, defines his terms, avoids rhetoric and sweeping generalizations, and knows whereof he speaks. In short, he tells it the way he saw it, and if he is grinding the Administration's ax, it is not particularly evident.

There are no illustrations except the maps (VC and ARVN military districts of Vietnam) on the cover, no lettercol, and no poetry. What there is, is excellent, and perhaps Eney should put together a few more issues and sell it as a book. #### Too bad it isn't generally available.

-- Alexis Gilliland

Leo P. Kelley, 500 E. 85th St., N.Y., N.Y., 10028

(24 Oct 68)

Help!

I've got 24 hours a day to spend (squander) just like everybody else. A big chunk of it goes to my honest job at a New York publishing house. A little chunk goes to writing science fiction and other stuff. (5 a.m. to 7 a.m. Monday through Friday and 9 to 1 on weekends.) I've got a personal life. I correspond.

And along comes WSFA.

And I sit down and read it and there goes my neurotically rigid schedule -- blasted all to hell and back. I like the magazine -- not all of it all the time but most of it most of the time. It's just chock full of so many things.

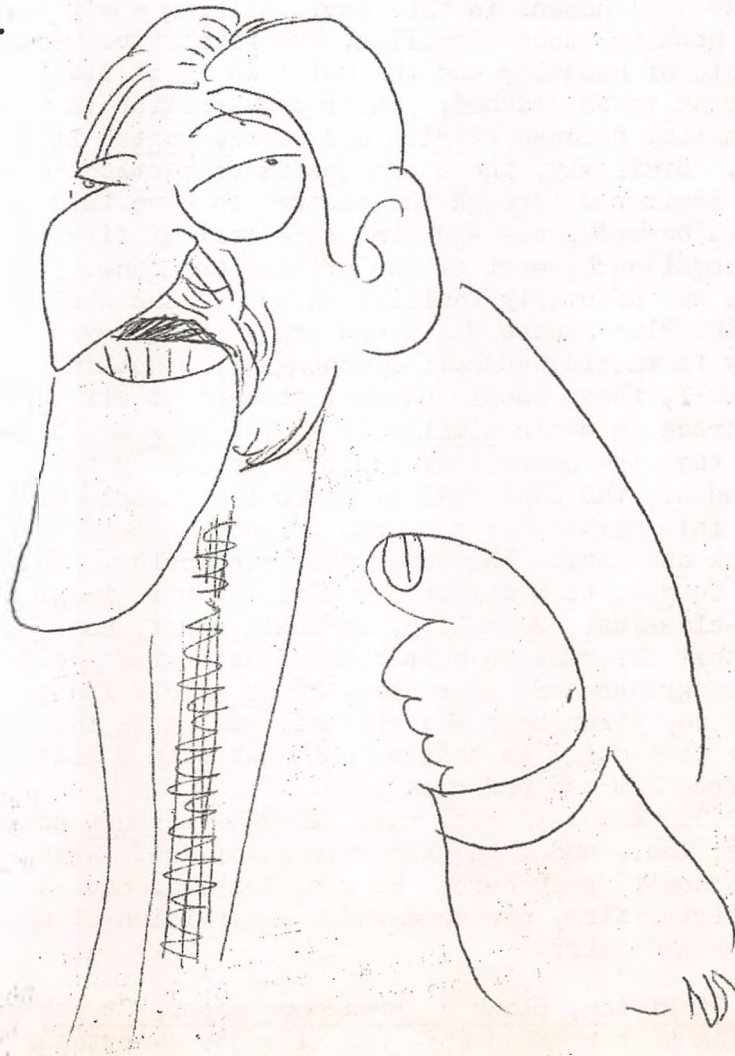
May I comment on Steve Rasnic's statement in #60. He seems to feel that it's hard to write a science fiction story or novel with a moral. He recommends that writers write mainstream fiction if they want to deal with contemporary problems. He suggests that it would be easier to do this moralizing in mainstream fiction rather than a genre like science fiction.

I take issue with him although I agree it's hard to tell any story and include a moral. Sometimes the story gets in the way. Sometimes the moral does. But that's the writer's fault. I would say that science fiction is the ideal genre for dealing with contemporary problems in a moral way, if you will. The trick is to make the "moral" so much a part of the warp and woof of the story that they are closer than Siamese twins. One can't get along without the other in such a professionally handled story where a moral is the main reason for the author writing the story. Isn't this called "social science fiction"?

I'm concerned with this point because I try very hard in nearly all the science fiction I write to tell, first of all, a good story, and, at the same time, make a telling point (a moral). I tried to do this in a story which appeared in the November F&SF, for example, called "Coins". It's a story first but it makes a moral point by implication. I like to think that the story wouldn't exist without the point which, in a very real sense at least as far as I'm concerned, is the point.

A fan called this story, with just the trace of a sneer, "New Wave". That surprised me. I always thought of myself as No Wave At All. Just a science

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fiction writer. It makes me wonder why all this concern with labels right now in the field. Is it because some of us are writing something other than science fiction? But the science fiction magazines and paperback and hardcover publishers are publishing it nonetheless so we have got to categorize it, label it? That word "science" sure is a problem to many of us when we put it in front of "fiction". We've talked about fantasy, science fantasy, speculative fiction. I think we're having an identity crisis, individually and collectively, which is not needed or warranted. Writing fiction is our bag so who needs labels? Now there is a question!

Please keep sending WSFA JOURNAL. I promise not only to keep reading it but also to keep enjoying it.

Albert Gechter, 1316 N. Francis Ave., Apt. 6, Oklahoma City, Okla., 73106 (24 Oct 68)

Most of the critics and fans noticed and remarked about the efforts of Kubrick and Clarke in the middle portion of "2001" to be deliberately and intentionally dull, mundane, routine, boring, prosaic, ordinary, pedestrian, and everyday-normal in their treatment of a most-extraordinary and out-of-this-world, thoroughly tremendous subject. They were bending over backwards to keep it as humdrum and matter-of-fact as possible, so as to make the big spectacle, the big excitement, and the psychedelic and metaphysical climax as believable and as effective as possible when these things came. So they spoon-fed us bits and scraps of "reality" acceptable as such to the average Joe in the audience. The characters are either two-dimensional cut-outs or two-and-a-half-dimensional figures in bas-relief; none of them is completely three-dimensional and entirely alive and real, but "HAL-9000" comes closest to being a completely real and living character, and he's a computer that can think original thoughts, speak, mutiny, and murder his human "masters".

We have humans in this movie talking about such relatively trivial matters as their hobbies, their families, the rivalry between America and Russia, and so on, when the fate of humanity and the universe is at stake, and the secrets of life and death are about to be reached. Their conversation is nearly always banal and trivial and undramatic, because Kubrick and Clarke wanted it that way; it seems more "true-to-life". Similarly, there are dozens of mentions of familiar products, firms, and brand-names scattered through the picture to give this trip outside the universe-we-know to a place beyond space and time some sort of firm footing in reality. All this is readily recognized by most of the critics and fans. But what they mostly don't understand is the use of overly-familiar themes in the musical background; they object to stuff like the Blue Danube Waltz and imply that they'd prefer some weird, wildly unusual, highly fantastic, oddball symphony, or something like that.

Well, these people haven't thought it all through. What we're hearing on the soundtrack is music similar to or the same as the music (probably by Muzak Corporation) that the space-travellers in the story are having "piped through" to them. It is, indeed, the ONLY KIND of music that people of this kind in this particular story about this particular sequence of events would be likely to have. Think about it! Kubrick and Clarke knew what they were doing. They could have hired almost any composer to give them almost any kind of music imaginable. But they wanted standard, light-classical, schmaltzy, cornball stuff, not too long-hair or short-hair; and what fits that description better than that tried-and-true Strauss waltz-music? Yes, it is incongruous and, therefore, it is mildly funny. But so is the use of Hilton, IBM, and so on, throughout the picture, and so is the use of deep-space phonevision by Bell System to indulge in bedtime chitchat with a little girl or to receive birthday greetings from Mom and Dad back home.

P.S. You will note that HAL-9000 was not constructed by Universal Positronic Robots, Inc., under the supervision of Prof. Asimov, so the three Basic Laws of Robotics don't apply here. He was, instead, made by I.B.M., a defective mechanism from an inferior firm, produced under supervision of Dr. Frankenstein's latter-day successors and heirs.

Peter Singleton, Block 4, Broadmoor Hosp., Crowthorne, Berks. RG11 7EG, UK (30 Oct 68)

Thanks for WSFAJ #59. . . I enjoy everything in your club fanzine with the marked exception of the SPIES AT LARGE book reviews. To me, most spy stories are very much

alike. We have a film show every week during the winter months and I've seen "The Quiller Memorandum" and "The Ipcress File"; I was singularly unimpressed by both and quite unable to tell them apart, so I must be allergic to spy epics!

I've even avoided detective fiction, ever since I discovered a battered old BRE ASF at the tender age of eleven. However, I am in the process of a rediscovery of sorts and this gradual change of heart is mainly due to THE JDM BIBLIOPHILE's rave reviews of J.D. MacDonald's non-SF output. I might even subscribe to EQMM if this awakening trend continues.

The book reviews in TWJ are quite the most entertaining I've read in fanzines since returning to the fannish microcosm last May. I hope Gilliland and Willingham continue to provide details of recent releases in future issues. I am certainly moved to get hold of Panshin's Rites of Passage and Lafferty's Space Chantey as a direct result of these absorbing comments which adequately convey the reviewers' own enjoyment of the books.

In my estimation, Jay Kay Klein's conrep is quite the best item in the entire issue. I always fully appreciate conreps, mainly because I've never actually attended one in person; the biggest "conclave" I've ever been involved with directly consisted of only four fen, including myself, so you can imagine the awe with which I regard a congregation of fen measured in vast multitudes from all corners of Terra.

I've read so very many reviews and mentions of "2001" during recent months, starting with the full colour spread in the Atlantic edition of LIFE. I won't be able to see this film for a long time at the earliest. Perhaps I'll be able to see it on television in about twenty years' time, if I'm lucky! In the meantime, though, I can at least enjoy the book which I will definitely manage to get hold of very soon, because it has just been published here in Merry England, so this should provide me with a reasonable substitute for the film version.

The coverillo by Bodé is superb! His fanzine output is always far superior to his prozine output and I still haven't quite figured out why this curious situation occurs. . . .

Pete Weston, 81, Trescott Road, Northfield, Birmingham 31, U.K. (9 Nov 68)

. . . Jay Kay Klein's convention report ((TWJ #60 --ed.)) interested me the most, I think, and I found his account of the Disclave to be extremely entertaining. One of my ambitions is to visit an American con. and to see a Klein slide-show! I'm struck by the amount of talent present at what must be only a regional convention -- sufficient numbers of professionals and old-time, experienced fans to make for a good occasion. This is a "critical-mass" situation; once a lot of people get together who are interested in SF, an enjoyable time is had by all, and the following year is better still, since word gets around.

Conversely, should only a few interesting people be present, along with a lot of young, or quiet, or neo-fans and few professionals, the event suffers and word gets round that it is worth missing the following year. I believe British fandom has now dropped below some sort of critical limit where conventions now will get poorer and poorer. You see, the same half-dozen professionals (no more) can be relied on to attend every year -- if they don't appear, there is no one else. And on top of that, consider the ever-decreasing numbers of the older UK fandom, a lot of fringe-interest people, and you have a bad mess.

Symptomatic of this is the fact that I have just heard the London Minicon has been cancelled, two weeks before the date. Reason being lack of interest, specifically lack of funds paid in advance to cover costs. Now eight people were due to go down from Birmingham, six of them being new people recently recruited and who will now be very disappointed. They might even slip away as a result, so besides the fact that I was looking forward to this event, it is a generally bad thing for UK fandom that it has been called off.

Of course, I haven't heard anything officially as yet, just a phone call from one of the people marginally involved in London. I may be partly to blame, I suppose, since I didn't definitely book a place until a few weeks ago. However, it is not easy, sometimes, to be sure you can attend something like this, at least not until a reason-



ably short time before. I feel sure there are others like me who would have turned up on the day. So I can sympathize with Ethel and Ella who would have had to carry the can, and I regret that British fandom is generally too apathetic to recognize a good thing when it sees one!

In reaction I am planning to hold a mini-conference in Birmingham next year, and we'll see if this comes to anything nearer the date.

I was interested in your comment in the issue that you prefer to edit and publish other people's work rather than write a great deal yourself. I feel a companionship with you here, because this is my situation exactly. I have written for other fanzines, etc., but very rarely, finding it much more interesting and satisfying to concentrate my energies

on improving SPECULATION. There's an art to this editing, as you've obviously discovered, and if handled carefully and with attention paid to all sorts of things, a review or article can be greatly improved by the time it's published. I wish some of the younger fan-eds would realize that there's more to it than stencilling exactly what is sent to them! . . .

((Actually, I'd rather be writing professionally -- but, lacking the time (and the skill), I turned to editing as a substitute. While less so that writing, editing is still a form of creativity, and so provides a suitable and satisfying outlet for the "artist" in me. --ed.))

Tom Reamy, 6400 Forest Lane, Dallas, Texas, 75230

(10 Nov 68)

You may or may not have heard that Dallas will be bidding for the '73 Worldcon. We will be publishing a Bulletin -- loaded with the usual propaganda as well as advertising to pay for the printing. Any profit will naturally go to the bidding fund. It will be offset (as much like TRUMPET as possible) and will have a circulation of 5,000.

. . . If any of your members have fanzines, books, cons, or whatever to advertise, this will probably be their best buy. Rates (for the first issue: deadline Jan. 1) will be: full-page \$25.00; half-page \$15.00; quarter-page \$9.00 and eighth-page \$5.00. This will increase slightly with the second issue.

Ads must be camera ready (\$5.00 extra each ad if half-tones are required), sized proportionately for an 8 1/2 x 11 page (not more than twice-up please). . .

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

(10 Nov 68)

I can not let Boardman get away with his fulminations in TWJ #61. His hypocrisy, like everything else about the New Lunacy, is completely rancid. (And no one but Boardman, with his paranoid obsession with the Sinister Monolithic International Conservative Racist Murderers Conspiracy, could possibly have taken that last paragraph seriously!)

For the record, John Boardman, Ph.D., has absolutely no objection to political murder. (Everyone else may call it assassination; I say it's spinach, and the hell with it.) He considers it perfectly moral, provided the victim is someone disapproved of by John Boardman, Ph.D.

Evidence from GRAUSTARK 164: Harry Manogg writes, "The knife assassination you apparently



can't recall was that of the Prime Minister of South Africa." Boardman replies, "I had in mind the assassination of the Japanese socialist leader Asanuma...Henrik Verwoerd was executed. There is a difference." I wrote demolishing him, but he has yet to print either my objections or any refutation, whereas you printed his.

So, Boardman regards murder as a legitimate political tactic.

Klein is falling off -- his report of the Midwestcon didn't give me the usual "Oh-how-could-I-have-missed-it" feeling.

"The Establishment Meets Son of New Left" was badly-needed reassurance that there is still one other sane person in the world. However, I would like to correct Alexis' statement that the New Left "is not very good at listening". The New Left never listens. Period.

The "Establishment" is simply the current version of the International Jewish/Communist/Capitalist/Freemason Conspiracy. Joe McCarthy must be guffawing in his grave.

((So you noticed the Klein let-down too. Well, that was the third consecutive conrep he'd written in a short space of time, and he was obviously slowing down a bit. Also, the Midwestcon was a social rather than a formal con, with very little program and a great deal of informality, so there was probably little that Jay could sink his journalistic "teeth" into. ##### John Boardman is a friend of mine, even though I, though slightly to the left-of-center in politics, disagree with many of his more radical views. In particular, I disagree with such practices as throwing away, unopened, mail because it bears a stamp with the likeness of Henry Ford, with whose views John was in strong disagreement. And I feel that, in any controversy, both (or all) sides have the right to be heard. John took me to task in his TWJ #61 letter for printing Alexis' "views in favor of political assassination". Well, I knew when I printed the article that Alexis was not arguing in favor of political assassination; but even if he had been so arguing, his article probably would have been printed, although it would have been followed by some editorial comments in refutation (providing, of course, a) space permitted, and b) the article was sufficiently irritating). --ed.))

Jan Slavin, Box 829, Topeka, Kansas, 66601 (11 Nov 68)

... I really don't know what to say about TWJ #61. It is all a good fanzine should be without being overconfident or flashy. Good solid material, light, but thought-provoking, well done, but not so slick as to make one feel it has soared out of reach into the field of pro, to be read, but not participated in, as has happened to too many really great 'zines.

Is EVO a fan or pro 'zine? You have it listed on page 24. ((Pro. --ed.))

In case you haven't heard by now, APA L out in LA is going again. From the copy I have, it looks like it will do well. Nearly forty people participated in it -- I gather that an APA L'zine is more of a recorded happening at LaSFS than anything else.

Keep your growl off of your zinkle....

Alexis Gilliland, 2126 Penna. Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C., 20037 (13 Nov 68)

A few comments on TWJ 61. First, the next time Boardman or somebody sounds off and I feel inclined to write a rebuttal do not title my response like an article even if it is directly beneath the letter in question. The proper tie in is, "Mr. Gilliland writes:" and the rejoinder. ((Sorry about that -- thought you meant it as an article. --ed.))

Joe Kurnava should not try to review Kazantzakis when he hasn't read him. Of course, as he says: "What can you expect from a comics fan?"

A final word about Kazantzakis. He died excommunicated from the Greek Orthodox Church (which has this strange affinity for comics) but he was buried in sanctified ground at popular demand, and his funeral was conducted by the Bishop of Crete.

You should have had black space alongside the illo on p. 16 -- there was room. ((Yes. We noticed the lack of black space when we ran off the issue. --ed.))

Brunner's remarks on drawing (not the kind Jack Gaughan does) are well taken. My source was my brief fling at law school, and I thought that the professor (who was confused exactly as Brunner suggested) had the straight scoop because he looked like he had been there. I never checked it (Hell, misinformation is good for the soul),

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but now I have seen the light.

It is deplorable (I have it on the best authority) that some of the fanzine reviews in DOLL'S HOUSE are half a year cold. Boo-hiss. ((With the space limitations of the old 22-page JOURNAL, we fell way behind on publishing the reviews; we are now catching up, but it is a slow process, as we publish some of the oldest and some of the newest reviews in each issue. A couple more issues, and we'll be only three months behind.... --ed.))

Swann's article is excellent. Cheers.

And I liked the Bodé cover. I liked all of his covers. Bodé for fan artist Hugo in '69.

Anne McCaffrey, 369 Carpenter Ave., Sea Cliff, N.Y., 11579

(21 Nov 68)

I certainly enjoyed receiving WSFA JOURNAL, although it only got here two days ago. Somehow or other there is a conspiracy about third-class mail, the hard core of which resides in the central PO in New York City. I'd swear they used walking carrier pigeons or one-legged mailmen.

The Vaughn Bodé cover is priceless! But then, we're fans of Bodé in this house ever since Roger Zelazny, a staunch Bodé fan, brought THE MAN in the house. I've three literate, reading children who find Bodé very much to their liking...even the nine-year-old. I don't know what the Man-Bodé has got but kids groove behind it. My nine-year-old sat looking at his latest IF cover for a long time and even tried to read and understand the story. [I gave up because I had to try to explain a story to her that I hadn't had time to read yet.] I, too, am very sorry, officially as SFWA S/T, and privately, that he has elected to eschew SF. However, I suppose all practising artists have felt that way at one time or another, only to come doggedly back and persevere on to success. Not that Bodé doesn't already have success: the practical kind, too, people who really dig him. I think he has a great deal to say in the SF genre. It is easy to be discouraged...don't I know it...and then I turn my head, and see that li'l ol' lovely long Hugo gleaming in the autumn sun and, by all that's holy, I know it was worth it all. Bodé thinks HE had problems? At least, he's the dominant sex! Besides being a helluva clever commentator with his inky pen. Let's all start a conspiracy, Bodé-boosters, to get him back in SF. Maybe he hasn't got the message that he's too unique to lose?

I hadn't the slightest inkling when Allan Howard of ESFA had that tape recorder going that guest speakers were reviewed anywhere. I cringe slightly. You have to see my sparkling green eyes and my laughing face, and hear my mellifluous voice to get the proper effect of my startling revelations. Mainly I was properly quoted. However, in one instance (and I cringe), the reference to the New Wave, my meaning was garbled. New Wave (which doesn't exist anyhow) is a new way, a decidedly new way, of saying things...NOT just the same old things, and not necessarily conventional stories told in an unconventional style. Some remarkably new ideas have been aired by writers who are using new writing styles -- modern, "groovy" (if you will) styles. They also, it is true, tell old stories in this new form and make them seem fresh -- a tribute to their skill. There is one helluva lot more to this kind of story-telling, if it is to be consistent and effective, than to the established modes. I myself am not with it -- I'm an incurable romantic, anyhow -- but I don't knock the skill it takes to write like Sallis or Delany or Ellison, or whomever else you place in the New Wave category. I certainly don't denigrate it on the basis of my own lack of comprehension. I don't comprehend electricity too well, but I often get a large charge out of it. . . .

Steve Goldin, Boy Asst. Editor, 3105 S. Durango Ave., L.A., Cal., 90034 (undated)

Speaking for the staff of The Third Generation, I would like to thank you for running our announcement. Your 'zine is certainly one of the most well done we've seen, and all the articles were interesting.

(A personal note, in re Alexis Gilliland's review of Picnic on Paradise. I had the pleasure to meet Joanna Russ shortly after I read the book. The character Alyx is not really that much of a self-portrait; Joanna is much nicer.) . . .

((Letters on hand from Lapidus, Coulson, Kurnava, Singleton, and Fergus will appear in TWJ #63, along with letters received between now and the #63 deadline. --ed.))

## THE CLUB CIRCUIT: News &amp; Minutes

NEW ENGLAND SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION (NESFA) meets every other Sunday at 2 p.m., at the homes of various members. Up-coming meetings are Dec. 8, at the home of Harry Stubbs (Hal Clement), 12 Thompson Lane, Milton, Mass., 02187, and Dec. 22, at home of Tony and Sue Lewis, 33 Unity Ave., Belmont, Mass., 02178.

The club publishes a bi-weekly newsletter, INSTANT MESSAGE, containing minutes and all kinds of news. It is available to members only (Regular, \$10 per year; Affiliate, \$5 per year; Corresponding, \$2.50 per year), from NESFA, Inc., P.O. Box G, M.I.T. Branch Post Office, Cambridge, Mass., 02139.

The latest issue (#27 -- 26 Nov 68) reported \$687.18 on hand in the Treasury (General Fund, \$196.78; Refreshment Fund, \$17.69; Boskone Fund, \$135.57; Index Fund, \$337.14). 1966 and 1968 Supplements to the MIT Index are still being worked on. Work is also progressing on preparations for BOSKONE VI, the NESFA regional convention (22-23 March, 1969; GoH, Jack Gaughan; at the Statler-Hilton, Park Square, Boston, Mass.). It was announced that the NESFA genzine, PROPER BOSKONIAN, has its third issue out. It was also announced that Ted White, who is now the editor of AMAZING and FANTASTIC, will not be publishing STELLAR, as he feels he cannot publish a competitor; he will gradually refund all advance subs, sending along with the refund a copy of the cover which was to have appeared on the mag. A NESFA Library has been formed from books donated by Ben Bova; Linda Kent is Librarian.

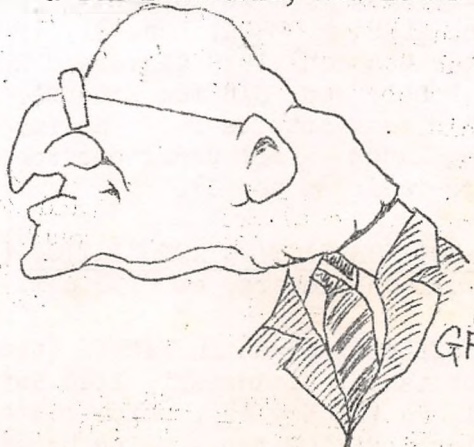
Other news from recent INSTANT MESSAGES: NESFA membership is up to 70 (9 Associate, 30 Corresponding, 2 Family, 24 Regular, 5 Affiliate). As you may have noticed from the address for INSTANT MESSAGE, NESFA is now Incorporated. BOSKONE VI Program Book ads \$6 for full page (8½" high by 5½" wide), \$3 for ½-page, and \$2 for ¼-page, camera-ready copy. Include margin in copy. Deadline is 15 Feb 1969.

LOS ANGELES SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY, INC. (LASFS) meets every Thursday at 8 p.m., at the home of Tom Digby, "The Lab", 330 South Berendo, Los Angeles, Cal. Coming LASFS events: Dec. 7, Party (BYO), Tower, 1534 15th St., Santa Monica (Apt. 3), at 7:30 p.m.; Dec. 8, LASFS Board of Directors meeting, at home of Bruce Pelz (Tower); Dec. 12, LASFS meeting (auction for benefit of building fund; proceeds will be donated in name of Lee Jacobs; items will include fanzines from Lee's collection); Dec. 13, VALSFA meeting (contact Dwain Kaiser, 1397 N. 2nd Ave., Upland, Cal., 91786, for info); Dec. 19, LASFS meeting (annual Christmas gift exchange; to participate, bring gift of about \$1 value. Gifts will be redistributed by a random selection in which each recipient has the choice of trading his selection for that of any previously-selected gift; a person must decide when demanding a trade if the item he selects will be enough sought after that someone else later will take it away from him.); Dec. 20, Party at home of Dave Hulan; details not yet available; Dec. 21, party at home of Chuck & Sally Crayne, 1050 N. Ridgewood Pl., Hollywood, Cal., 90038, at 8 p.m.; Dec. 26, LASFS election meeting; Dec. 27, VALSFS meeting; Dec. 28, party at home of Tina Hensell; Dec. 31, theatre party for Gilbert & Sullivan Gala; New Years party, probably; Jan. 4, party at the "Lab". ((Talk about being active... --ed.))

The LASFS newsletter, DE PROFUNDIS, is published about six times a year, and is free to active LASFS members, \$1 for six issues to others (from Chuck & Sally Crayne, address above). News of interest from the latest issue (#25) is as follows:

LASFS dues will be increased, effective with the first meeting in 1969. New dues are: \$19.00 per calendar year, \$1.75 per calendar month, or 50¢ per meeting attended, as the member may elect. Initiation fee was raised from \$1 to \$3.

The club is sponsoring a "Fugghead of the Year" contest to benefit the LASFS





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building fund. Contest will last until end of January. Nominations are 50¢ each, votes one for a penny, with no limit on the number of votes which may be cast. The current leader is Jerry Pournelle, at \$5.00. Dwain Kaiser, with \$3.80, is a distant second, followed by Jack Harness (\$2.20), Al Snider (\$2.05), Bruce Pelz (\$1.56), Ken Rudolph (\$1.56), Len Bailes (\$1.25), and Sandy Cohen (\$1.25).

Poul Anderson, guest speaker at the LASFS 34th Anniversary meeting on Oct. 31, was presented with the annual "Forry" award for service to the SF field (previous recipients were Ray Bradbury and Fritz Leiber). ##### The E. Evans-Paul Freehafer award was presented to Chuck Crayne for service to the LASFS during the preceding year. This award was first presented in 1959 and is made annually, except for 1967, when the Evans-Freehafer committee could find no worthy recipient. Walt Daugherty is the donor of this valued award. ##### Certificates of merit were awarded to Ken Rudolph (for his work in reviving SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES, the club genzine) and Tom Digby (for his service in offering his home, the Lab, for the club's temporary meeting place). ##### After the awards, Poul gave a talk consisting primarily of interesting and amusing incidents involving SF personalities he has known, both pro and fan.

The Mensa-SF function mentioned in TWJ #61 took place, with a fair representation from the ranks of LASFS and the Star Trek cast. A goodly crowd attended and enjoyed themselves.

WESTERCON XXII (FUNCON II) Progress Report #2 out shortly. Memberships \$3, to Westercon XXII, Box 1, Santa Monica, Cal., 90406.

Plans are now underway for a quiet weekend together (RELAXICON/FUNCON I<sup>1/2</sup>) in Palm Springs, on the 11th or 18th of Jan. Write Chuck Crayne (address above) if interested.

APA L was revived for the Anniversary meeting, and will be continued.

And, from DE PROFUNDIS #24, comes the following news:

LASFS Incorporated! Board of Directors consists of Chuck Crayne, Dave Fox, Len Moffat, Fred Patten, Bruce Pelz, Ken Rudolph, Roy Squires, Forry Ackerman, Walt Daugherty, Fred Hollander, and Paul Turner.

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES holiday Art Supplement planned. Theme will be "Future Christmases". Photo-offset and separately bound, it will be 75¢ to non-subscribers to SHAGGY. Both SHAGGY and the Supplement are available from Ken Rudolph, 745 N. Spaulding Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., 90046. (SHAGGY is 50¢ per issue.)

WESTERCON XXII will be held at the Miramar Hotel in Santa Monica, July 3-6, 1969. GoH is Randall Garrett, Fan GoH is Roy Tackett; Toastmaster is Harlan Ellison.

NORTH EASTERN OHIO SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY (NEOSFS) meets on the first Saturday of the month, at 7:30 p.m. Next meeting will be on Dec. 7, at the home of Joyce Dickinson, 13009 Terminal Ave., Cleveland.

Club official organ in THE NEOSFS NEWSLETTER, free to club members, 10¢ each or 12/\$1 (monthly) to others (from Bowers & Mallardi, 2345 Newton St., Akron, Ohio, 44305. Club dues are \$9 per year, Family rate (\$3 payable each third -- \$2 first member, \$1 second member); \$6 per year, Individual (\$2 payable each third); \$2 per year Associate.

Primary news item in THE NEOSFS NEWSLETTER #3 (Nov '68) is the New Year's Convention, ALPHA & OMEGA, Dec. 31, 1968-Jan. 1, 1969. Place: The Greentree Inn (site of the Octocon), 1935 Cleveland Rd., Sandusky, Ohio. Rates: \$11 for a Single; \$14 for a Double Bed; \$18 for 2 Double Beds; \$2 ea. additional person. (BYOB.) "With such discomforts as . . . an indoor, heated swimming pool, a bar, restaurant, and bowling lanes -- all under one roof!" For Reservation Cards, write Bill Mallardi/Bill Bowers (address above).

PENINSULA SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION (PenSFA) meets on alternating Saturdays, at the homes of various members, at 8:30 p.m. Next meeting will be Dec. 7, location not yet announced.

Club official organ in WINNIE (the P.O.O.) (no sub rates; for info, write the current publisher, J. Adamski, 1146 Kathy Way, Mtn. View, Cal., 94040). Latest issue is Vol. II, #4 (18 Nov 68), which contains info on SF film series at San Francisco State College, BAYCON tapes being broadcast over radio station KPFA, and a theatre party on Nov. 23rd.

WASHINGTON SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION (WSFA) meets on the first and third Fridays of each month, with a party on the fifth Friday (if any). Regular meetings are held at the home of Doll & Alexis Gilliland, 2126 Penna. Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C., 20037 (ph. FE7-3759), at 8 p.m.; party meetings are held at the homes of various members.

THE WSFA JOURNAL is the club official organ, available by subscription only to other than Regular (\$8 per year; \$2 per quarter) and Life members. There is also a category of Corresponding membership (50¢ per year) for those persons who would like to belong to WSFA, but can't attend meetings.

No minutes or Treasurer's report on hand, but the big news from WSFA is the announcement of the plans for the 1969 DISCLAVE. The con will be held on May 9-11, at the Skyline Inn, South Capitol and I St., S.W., in Washington, D.C. GoH will be Lester Del Rey. Membership is \$1.50 in advance, \$2 at door. For further info, write Jay Haldeman, 1244 Woodbourne Ave., Baltimore, Md., 21212; memberships from Jay.

And remember -- it's WASHINGTON IN '71 -- support DISCON II.

ACUSFOOS (do the letters stand for anything?), the SF club at Carleton Univ., in Ottawa, Canada, meets every second Thurs. from 12:00 'til 2:00 p.m. in room 387D, Loeb Bldg., on the university campus. Club dues are \$1.75/year. The club publishes a newsletter (ACUSFOOS; 15¢ ea., 10/\$1, from Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Rd., Ottawa 8, Ontario, Canada, or Earl Schultz, 2279 Bowman Rd., Ottawa 8, Ontario, Canada; subs and/or memberships payable to Earl) and a genzine (HUGIN & MUNIN; 25¢ ea., from Labonte).

MINNESOTA S.F. SOCIETY (Minn-Stf) is changing its meeting place (and possibly its time and date); no info on hand at the moment. The club publishes a monthly newsletter, RUNE, available from Jim Young, 1948 Ulysses St., N.E., Minneapolis, Minn., 55418; no price given. Main news-item in the latest RUNE (#12; Nov. '68) is that the Minneapolis regional con, MINICON II, will be held April 4-6, 1969, at the Hotel Andrews (4th St. at Hennepin; Minneapolis, Minn., 55411). GoH's will be Charles V. DeVet, Gordon R. Dickson, Carl Jacobi, and Clifford D. Simak (four, yet!). Membership fee is \$2; send to Jim Young (address above; make check or m.o. payable to "Mrs. Margaret Lessinger". Hotel rates are quite low -- \$6 for singles and \$8 for doubles (\$4 and \$6, resp., without baths).

EASTERN SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION (ESFA) minutes just received, too late for this issue (they'll be in the next one). Allan Howard (ESFA Secretary) reports that the next meeting will be January 5, with Joanna Russ as Guest Speaker. (The club meets the first Sunday of every month for a formal session, with speaker, at the YM-YWCA, 600 Broad St., Newark, N.J., at 3 p.m.) In addition to the regular monthly meetings, the club now meets informally at the homes of various members every third Sunday. The Dec. 15th get-together will be at the home of Thomas Bulmer, 138 Lincoln Ave., East Paterson, N.J., 07407 (ph. 796-8757), at 2 p.m. ESFA has no official organ, but its minutes are published in the JOURNAL. It sponsors an annual regional con, the OPEN ESFA, held on the first Sunday in March. No details yet on the 1969 O.E.

Miscellaneous Club and Con News, in Brief --

Dannie Plachta asks that we plug MARCON 4, to be held on March 28-30, 1969, at the Holiday Inn East, 4701 Broad St., Columbus, Ohio, 43227. GoH: Terry Carr, Special Projects Editor of Ace Books. Panels, parties, banquet. Please make reservations two weeks ahead of time (last year sold out). Chairmen: Bob Hillis & Dannie Plachta.

And a few more cons in the offing:

BRITISH S.F. CONVENTION; April 4-6, Randolph Hotel, Oxford, England. GoH, Judith Merril. Overseas registration fee \$1 (brings Progress Reports and Program Book). U.S. Agents: Sam & Florence Russell, 1351 Tremaine Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., 90019.

LUNACON/EASTERCON; April 11-13, Hotel McAlpin, Herald Sq., N.Y. GoH, Robert A.W. Lowndes. Advance membership fee, \$2. Details in TWJ #60. For further info, write Frank Dietz, 655 Orchard St., Oradell, N.J., 07649.

PgHLANGE; June 6-8, Allegheny Motor Inn, 1424 Beerschool Rd., Pittsburgh, Pa. Reg. fee \$1.50 in advance, \$2 at door. For further info write Peter Hays, 1421 Wightman, Pittsburgh, Pa., 15217.

And don't forget ST. LOUISCON (27th World S.F. Convention), Aug. 28-Sept. 1, 1969.

THE BOOKSHELF

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

Isle of the Dead, by Roger Zelazny (37465; 60¢; "Science Fiction Special" -- ". . . tells of one of the most powerful men in the universe fighting to reclaim from death the woman he loved -- and staking his own life for hers."

Operation Time Search, by Andre Norton (63410; 60¢) -- "A young man is accidentally plunged into prehistorical times, and finds himself unwillingly drawn into a central role in the death struggle between the ancient continents of Mu and Atlantis."

PLANET OF ADVENTURE #2: SERVANTS OF THE WANKH, by Jack Vance (66900; 50¢) -- "Adam Reith sets out on a hazardous quest across the alien planet Tschai -- for freedom, or death?"

THE FALL OF THE DREAM MACHINE, by Dean R. Koontz (22600; 60¢) -- "All the world a Show, the men and women merely Performers...they called it the Media Revolution. Is this the world Marshall McLuhan prophesies?" and

THE STAR VENTURERS, by Kenneth Bulmer -- "In that galactic haystack, who was the needle and who the seeker?"

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. #17: THE HOLLOW CROWN AFFAIR, by David McDaniel (51700; 50¢) -- ". . . Solo and Illya are thrown into the middle of a vicious power struggle within THRUSH -- but can they trust either side?"

Also, THE FLYING NUN #3: MOTHER OF INVENTION, by William Johnston (24300; 50¢); The Report on Unidentified Flying Objects, by Edward J. Ruppelt (71400; 75¢); Bride of Darkness, by Margery Lawrence (07300; 50¢; "A Novel of Modern Witchcraft"); W.I.L. One to Curtis, by Philip Loraine (87015; 60¢; Spy); Strange and Miraculous Cures, by Warren Smith (78800; 60¢); Fighting Airman: The Way of the Eagle, by Major Charles J. Biddle (23700; 75¢); Deed of Innocence, by Jane Blackmore (14200; 50¢); Whence All But He Had Fled, by L.J. Davis (88250; 75¢); Bucko, by Cliff Farrell (07830; 50¢; Western); Scorpion Showdown, by Tom West & Reckoning in Fire Valley, by Clay Ringold (75520; 60¢; Westerns).

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IN THE PROZINES

ANALOG, January, 1969 (Vol. 82, #5) (U.S.: 60¢; \$6/1 yr.; \$10/2 yrs.; \$13/3 yrs.; elsewhere, \$8/1 yr., \$16/\$2 yrs. ANALOG, Box 2205, Boulder, Colo., 80302); 178 pp. Cover by Kelly Freas; illos by Freas, Leo Summers. Serial: "Wolfling", by Gordon R. Dickson (Part I of III). Novelettes: "The Other Culture", by Ted Thomas; "Krishna", by Guy McCord. Short Stories: "The Hidden Ears", by Lawrence A. Perkins; "Classicism", by Murray Yaco. Article: "On a Gold Vesta", by Robert S. Richardson. Departments: Editorial, "Right Problem/Wrong Solution", by John W. Campbell; "The Reference Library", by P. Schuyler Miller; "Brass Tacks" (lettercol); etc.

GALAXY, December, 1968 (Vol. 27, #5) (60¢; U.S.: 12/\$6, 24/\$11; elsewhere, 12/\$7, except that Canada, South & Central America, Mexico same as U.S. 421 Hudson St., NY, NY, 10014); 194 pp. Cover by Pederson; illos by Reese, Holly, Gaughan, Morrow, Brand. Novelettes: "The Sharing of Flesh", by Poul Anderson; "Subway to the Stars", by Raymond F. Jones; "A Life Postponed", by John Wyndham; "Spying Season", by Mack Reynolds. Short Stories: "One Station of the Way", by Fritz Leiber; "Sweet Dreams, Melissa", by Stephen Goldin; "Jinn", by Joseph Green. Departments: Science, Willy Ley; Book Reviews, Algis Budrys; Editorial, "The Great Inventions", by Frederik Pohl.

IF, December, 1968 (Vol. 18, #12) (Rates same as for GALAXY; and same address); 162 pp. Cover by Hannes Bok; illos by Gaughan, Wood, Finlay. Serial: "The Computer Conspiracy", by Mack Reynolds (Part 2/2). Novelettes: "The Starman of Pritchard's Creek", by Julian F. Grow; "The Tin Fishes", by A. Bertram Chandler. Short Stories: "The Holmes-Ginsbook Device", by Isaac Asimov; "The Canals of Santa Claus", by Bram Hall; "The Comsat Angels", by J.G. Ballard; "The Pawob Division", by Harlan Ellison. Features: Editorial, "Three In a Row", by Frederik Pohl; science article by Lester Del Rey; "Hue and Cry" (lettercol); "SF Calendar".

