

The WSFA Journal

no. 64

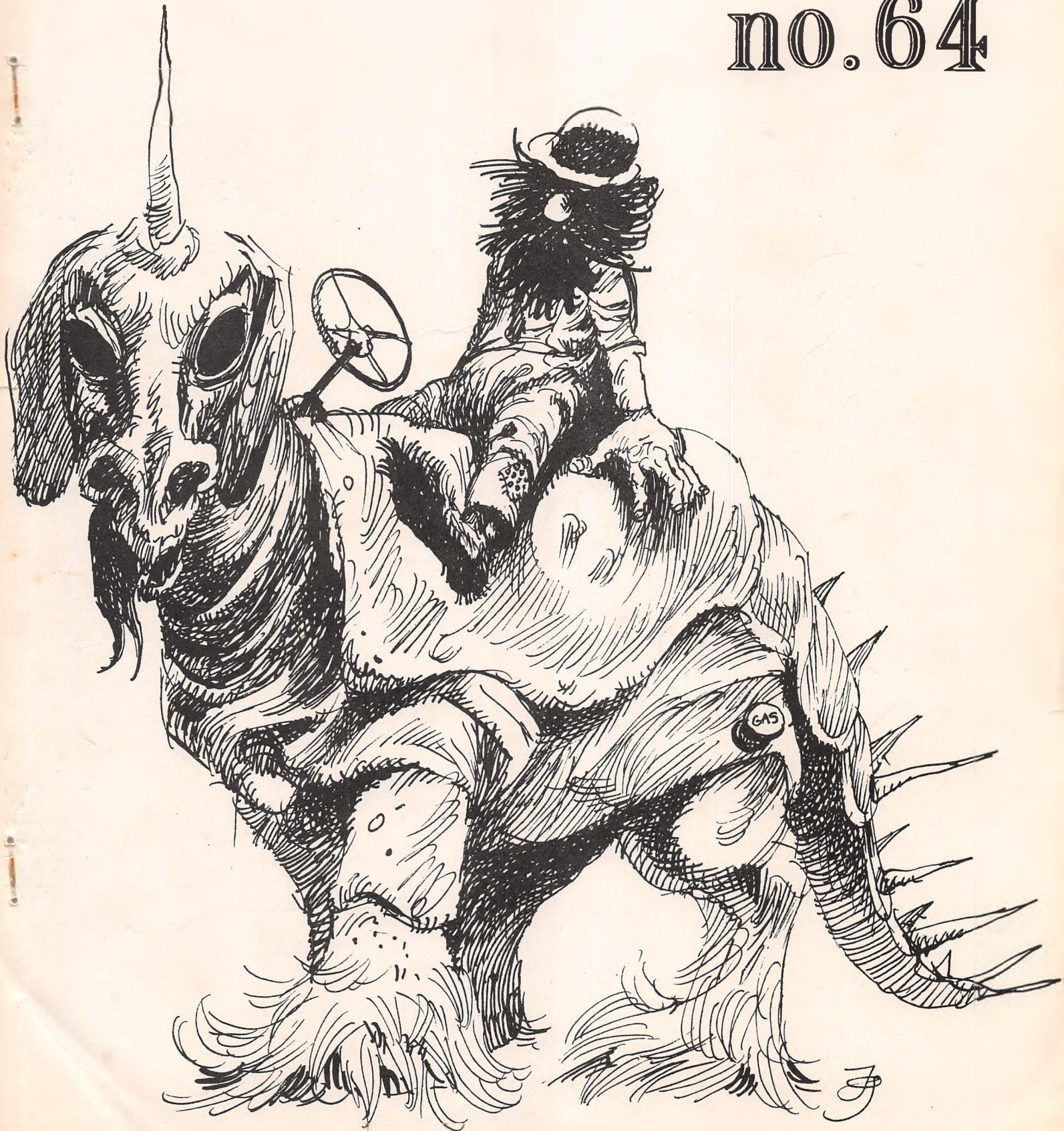


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With this issue is TWJ 64-1 (a 10-page supplement to DOLL'S HOUSE, containing an additional 44 fanzine reviews -- we're almost caught up!). Print run was only 200, so copies will be distributed beyond subscribers only so long as supplies last.

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NOTE -- New JOURNAL subscription rates will be 6/\$2. Your subscription now runs through the JOURNAL. Thank you for your renewal to the JOURNAL. Issue number 64.

MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY: Prozine Reviews
by Banks Mebane

Larry Niven's "The Organleggers" (Jan. GALAXY) is another of his stories detailing the future horrors he assumes will be created by the social demand for organ transplants. This novelet is a cops-and-robbers chase showing little of Niven's inventiveness except in small details of behavior; if you like sfnal versions of the Dashiell Hammett/Ian Fleming scene, you'll like it. Even if you don't, Niven always has something to offer.

..... Dean R. Koontz has two stories in the January magazines, and as has happened with several of his recent stories, they arouse mixed feelings in me, approximating rage. "Temple of Sorrow" in AMAZING has characters and situation smelling deeper of pulp-hack than almost anything RAP would stuff into the rag in his days of editing it: an Evil Priest who maintains a harem and who is plotting to Destroy the World, a member of his harem who is really a Good Girl, and an Intrepid Hero who is really James Bond again. Naturally Hero and Girl fall in love and foil the villain, with the bumbling aid of Hero's sidekick, a mutated bear. Koontz uses this charade mainly as an excuse to try some narrative tricks, shifting back and forth between Hero-viewpoint and bear-viewpoint. Bits of this egg are so good, and the rest is so rotten, that I really don't know what to say about it. Koontz's other story, "In the Shield" in IF, goes down so much smoother that I suspect "Temple of Sorrow" to be an early story dug up and sent out. "In the Shield" is an exuberant yarn about three Jolly Good Fellows on a space-adventure who, after lending a hand in the matter, conclude that God is dead. There're many good things in this story, including perhaps a touch of Delany, and yet every now and then it breaks out into a sort of supercuteness that turns me off. The ending, too, falls down, but that was an almost impossible ending to bring off. Judging from my reactions, I can say that in a year and a half, Koontz has become one of the most interesting and provocative writers in sf today. Hang on for the next eighteen months.

David R. Bunch has been publishing his stories of Moderan sporadically for ten years. Now with "How It Ended" (AMAZING) he has provided a conclusion for the series. Bunch is a considerable talent that we have had opportunity to inspect only through a narrow facet so far, with the Moderan stories and the few non-related vignettes that have appeared. I'd like a chance to get a better look at it.

Harlan Ellison's "Santa Claus vs S. P. I. D. E. R." in the January F&SF is funnyfunnyfunny (and it's meant to be). Read it. Also read Ellison's collaboration with Keith Laumer ("Dunderbird" in GALAXY); it's worth a chuckle or two, if not quite so many or so hardy.

"The Steel General" in IF is the second segment of Roger Zelazny's forthcoming novel Creatures of Light and Darkness to be published in that magazine. In an accompanying article, Zelazny says that in this novel he was writing a way out story, trying every radical writing technique he could think of. That didn't come through to me in the two stories I've read so far. Aside from being written entirely in the present tense, nothing in the writing strikes me as outré, excepting some experiments with the narration during the time-fugue fight in "The Steel General". There's a lot of color in the characters and settings, and plenty of action, but I'm waiting for the complete novel to give final judgment. Also recommended: Anne McCaffrey in F&SF, Tip-tree and Bova in GALAXY, McCord and Thomas in ANALOG, and William F. Temple in IF.

THE STAR TREK SAGA -- FINAL CHAPTER?

Richard Doan writes, in TV GUIDE for Feb. 1-7 (in his column, "Looking Ahead to Next Season: ". . . At NBC, Star Trek and The Jerry Lewis Show are definite casualties." And Al Gechter phoned us with the news that the Wed., Jan. 29 issue of VARIETY stated that The Saint (24 new episodes starring Roger Moore) will be substituted for Star Trek effective April 18. So, you letter-writers, you haven't much time...if, indeed, you have any time at all.... ("Star Trek", TV GUIDE Viewer Service, Box 800, Radnor, Pa., 19088) Better get cracking!

PRODIGAL PRAISES
by Thomas Burnett Swann

Most literary critics would rather resign their profession and become poets than admit to liking a popular favorite. For years they mistrusted Robert Frost because millions of readers revelled in his New England landscapes while refusing to parch and gasp through Eliot's "Waste Land". His immense popularity seemed almost tantamount to inferiority. They felt themselves compelled to claim hitherto undiscovered subtleties in simple, exquisite lyrics like "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" and decided that Frost did not, after all, mean what he said; that he was read by the ignorant for surface platitudes but that he reserved his profundities only for the initiated.

Edgar Rice Burroughs achieved enormous fame with Tarzan of the Apes and continues to flourish in every medium of popular entertainment. Predictably there are few critics outside of the science fiction field who give him serious attention, few general histories of literature which accord him even a footnote. His best books, however, are indeed literature; at least one of them, Tarzan of the Apes, is already a classic. Dead, he cannot suffer the neglect of the critics or enjoy the adulation of the multitudes. He needs no defense. Nevertheless, there is pleasure in rectifying an injustice, in condemning the critical snobbery which has failed to recognize him as a great romancer instead of a purveyor of pulps.

Many popular writers possess not the least distinction. They are read because they describe a new sexual deviation (new to fiction, that is; in actual practice, the Romans, avidly imitating the more imaginative Greeks and Etruscans, seem to have exhausted every variation); or because they confirm a prejudice that all Hippies are degenerates or, conversely, that all policemen are Fascists; or because they are innocuous time-passers who are generally pleasant but who, if they evoke tears, at least assure us a "good" and not a painful cry.

Burroughs is not such a writer. He is, in fact, a genius. To be sure, his genius is intermittent and undisciplined. He is not a stylist. He does not so much construct his sentences as splash them onto the page in his eagerness to get on with his story. His vocabulary is limited and his overuse of exclamation points would appall a teacher of freshman composition. He wrote too many books too quickly. But there is no literary law which says that genius must operate at all times on all levels. Jane Eyre, for example, is a masterpiece with occasional passages which appear to have been written by a schoolgirl.

But Burroughs' heroes and heroines are one-dimensional, it may be argued, and indeed, interchangeable at times. His Dejah Thoris of Mars has her counterpart on Venus and in Pellucidar: the most beautiful of women, cold, arrogantly unobtainable, but yearning for the one man to master her arrogance. John Carter of Mars -- is he very much different from Alan Napier of Venus? And in their frequently donned loin cloths, who can distinguish them from Tarzan?

One-dimensional, yes, but in the epic fashion of the Norse gods, Thor, Balder, Odin. Dejah Thoris is a kind of Freya, goddess of love, with a glacial (but not impenetrable) aloofness in place of the soft compliance which characterizes her southern counterpart, Aphrodite. We do not want the minutiae of her daily life; we do not want her to be flesh and blood. She does not groan and sweat in the throes of copulation; she gives herself, regally and irrevocably, a goddess to a god.

The James Bond non-hero may have been spawned in reaction to the John Carters and the Tarzans of the early 20th Century, and there is room for Bond in modern fiction -- room even for the gilded hussies who alternately kiss and try to kill him. Too much heroism may pall or exhaust. Valhalla is not endurable for permanent occu-



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patation. Enjoy Bond if you will because his unmorality allows you to relax your moral judgments, to abdicate conscience. He is your id personified with superhuman powers. Then return to Tarzan and John Carter, who equal Bond in sheer physical prowess and in the unerring ability to escape the inescapable, but who possess a morality which puts him to shame. For they are strong not only in limb but in love, fidelity, loyalty. One woman to one man, for a lifetime (and a lifetime on Mars may equal a thousand years). Burroughs' characters, in spite of their simplicity, their one-dimensionality, demand that by identifying with them you recognize and revere enduring ardor in love.

Suppose, however, that you dislike Burroughs' human characters, suppose that you find them too heroic for believability; there are still his Creatures -- clawed, fanged, tentacled; tearing, biting, choking; crouching in caves and growing on trees. Go to Tolkien for the charming Hobbit. Go to Burroughs for as grisly a pack of beasts as you can find outside of a Medieval bestiary.

There is no eerier sensation than following a Burroughs hero through a forest of mile-tall trees, especially if he has a beautiful maiden under his protection, and waiting to see him rended by a tarag or a mahar.

Furthermore, few writers can match him for variety of landscape. Tolkien created a marvelously detailed Middle Earth, but Burroughs detailed an Africa far more mysterious and exciting than the actual continent, a Mars right down to its tiny moons, a Venus, a Pellucidar, a Jupiter.... You can draw maps of these lands -- Burroughs' illustrators often draw them for you -- and know what tribe lives in which desert and which beast slithers through what sea. Combine these assets: men and women of Nordic grandeur, horrendous beasts who raven after them with the persistence of Barrie's crocodile after Captain Hook, geography which forever unfolds a new kingdom and a new menace, and you achieve a range of adventures without limit and without parallel.

It has often been said that there are two kinds of literature: that of illumination, which seeks to make us wise; and that of entertainment, which seeks only to delight us. On the whole, and in spite of his high-principled heroes, Burroughs stands with the second and lesser group. He is no Tolstoi. He might have sung with the early William Morris: "Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time, Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?" Dejah Thoris, the incomparable, is not a vital and believable creation like Anna Karenina. She does not illuminate the tragic mystery of existence. Rather, she is like the statue of a goddess, sculptured in snow. But worship her and the crystal cheeks will flush with the illusion of life.

Never apologize for reading a man who sculpts goddesses and never trust the critic who attempts to melt them.

DISCLAVE Special -- Material is urgently needed for the annual DISCLAVE Special issue of the JOURNAL. In particular we need articles, good fiction, etc. Length is up to the writer -- the longer, the better, as long as interest is sustained. Deadline for receipt of material for this issue is April 15. -- DLM

THE SUPERRACE AND THE OPENING ONE SPADE BID
by Alexis Gilliland

We return once more to the superrace. A good solid subject, and one much misunderstood. What is a superrace? In previous articles we defined it as a race that usurps the ecological niches of other races. Also as a stable race, resisting unchanged the vagaries of the environment...such as the cockroach. Will mankind reach the billion-year mark? The million-year mark? The end of the century? Leaving stick-in-the-mud criteria like duration to the cockroaches where it belongs, we see at once that homo sapiens has been usurping ecological niches in all directions. This is the true mark of a superrace then, and we, homo sapiens, are doing our thing.

The list of birds, mammals, and fish which have fallen before saps.' insatiable appetite would make a good short article all by itself. Flamingos and whales are not superraces, and as far as they are concerned Homo sapiens (redneckus) and Homo sapiens (niggeri) are all equally lethal.

However, among us Homo saps. there is a persistent and invidious effort to make comparisons. Scholars devote their lives to proving the proposition that Homo sapiens (redneckus) is (a) genetically different and (b) superior to the subspecies (niggeri). Lately Negro scholars have been espousing the reverse view. Perhaps if the population explosion in Africa swamps the remaining game preserves, giraffes, elephants, and hipopotami will support the claim of H. sap. (niggeri) to be most super.

Within the species, however, a good deal of heat has been generated, and scholarly debate has been marked by shouts of "Would you want your sister to marry one!?" So, in the context of the species, what constitutes a Race of Man?

The answer may sound frivolous, but to the best of my knowledge and belief a Race of Man is anything a bigot says is a Race of Man. With, of course, the understanding that the bigot's grandson will be able to make the same fine distinction.

In Hitler's Germany it was a serious matter to be a member of the Jewish race. In South Africa, it is the same for the Coloured (note the British influence in that "u"). In this country...well, we, Thank Heaven, are free from foolish prejudice, but...there are an awful lot of races, colors, and creeds floating around that never got "properly assimilated". So how does a bigot, Homo sapiens (bigottus), tell?

The answer is: the easiest way possible. Generally this comes down to facial configuration, skin color, hair texture and color, and smell. This last is a bit doubtful, since it is very strongly influenced by diet and hygiene, but we include it anyway. The genes controlling these traits we may call "marker" genes.

Once these traits have been used to identify a racial subset, other traits are attributed, usually as a means of justifying whatever unjustifiable act H. sap. happens to be practicing on his brother.

Thus, in the South, Negroes ~~are~~ denied an education and this proves that they are ignorant, stupid, and mentally inferior. In compensation it is conceded that "they" are natural athletes and have an innate sense of rhythm.

It may be helpful to consider a human being as a DNA-coded statement, which contains both variables and invariables. An analogy is a bridge hand, in which the rules of the game are invariable while the cards making up the hand vary from ace to deuce. Our bigot now adds the rule that any hand which holds the 4 and 5 of hearts may not play.

This bears thinking on. These are "marker" cards, and all values associated with them are discarded. The matter makes more sense when you remember that a "race"

is not composed of hands randomly dealt out from the entire deck, but is instead derived from a more limited sample.

Suppose you had these four hands:

Spades	AK983	AQJ96	AQ10852	KJ93
Hearts	Q42	84	J	QJ82
Diamonds	QJ10	K65	K1065	KJ
Clubs	J8 (13)	KJ9 (14)	K9 (13)	QJ5 (14)

These hands represent four individuals. Together they make up a deck of 52 cards. Taking this deck, which looks like this:

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AAAKKQQJJ10999886532
QQJJ884422
KKKQJJ10106655
KKQJJ9985

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and shuffling and dealing out one hand, with the stipulation that redundant cards will be discarded and replaced, we see that there will always be a predisposition to have a certain distribution (5 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ 3 to be exact) and an average number of points (like 13 $\frac{1}{2}$).

In a normal deck, which has 52 cards (all different) and 40 points, the average hand has 10 points (points: A=4, K=3, Q=2, J=1 and one is as likely to hold 6 clubs as 6 spades. Here, one may hold up to 11 spades (the 7 and 4 are missing) but only 5 clubs, never more.

We have a limited deck which will generate a family of hands which one might describe as a race. The race of "1 spade opening bid" hands. There will be variations of course. You will get passing hands, and very infrequently hands that open 1 no trump or 1 of something else. You may even get a 2 spade opening bid (Superhand) or the preemptive 3 or 4 spade opening bid. Nevertheless, on the average, our race of hands is superior to the normal hand by 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ points. In a money game of long duration a player with such a margin would win a bundle.

But the individual hand? That is another story. You might notice that three aces and a king are never included; perhaps this defines our race? Perhaps. In any event, there will be a great many "normal" hands which are far superior to our "super-race" hands. The question is: Would you want to meld one with your sister?

Oh those blasted 4 and 5 of hearts. Dirty, evil marker cards.

People, for all that the marking traits are intrinsically useless, continue to put great store by them. You may not remember whether your grandmother was a Jew or not, but in Nazi Germany the Gestapo remembered. Over here -- it doesn't matter whether granny was a Catholic or Protestant, if she was white. Otherwise...that 4 and 5 of hearts does make a difference.

A more sensible arrangement -- say, basing our tests on blood type and visual acuity -- might be desirable, but somehow the vision of a headwaiter with an eye chart and a blood classification kit seems more than a little incongruous.

Besides, what have I in common with other people having o-negative type blood or 20-20 vision? Surely these traits are less important than the classical elegance of my aristocratic profile. More to the point, a great many people are inclined to take other people at "face value". My profound intellect or lack thereof doesn't show. My blue eyes and toothsome smile do. (Or are my eyes green? Hmmm.)

The marker cards, or marker genes if you will, serve as identification signals.

Now shifting from cards to humans is tiresome. I have a good understanding of the game of bridge and my intuition is sound. My understanding of genetics is limited, and I have the uneasy suspicion that my intuition is half-baked prejudice in clever disguise.

For one thing, the first thing a bona-fide super-sub-species of H. sap. does when it gets going is to institute a share-the-wealth program. Rape, it's called, and the result is that a winning set of genes gets widely broadcast.

For another, the society which a given race evolves is important. Society includes learned things like work habits, technology, and the secret police, all of which have a lot to do with how a member of a given race (or any given racial sub-set) will behave.

Finally there is motivation. We can't become first violinists if we haven't the talent, but a soldier, now ...a motivated soldier is a lot better than the conscript, regardless of the conscript's superior soldierly physique and suitable psyche.

Perhaps this last is the clue to the bigot (God must love bigots; He made so many of them).

Given the average individual's disinclination to think, the only way he could be motivated was by the little markers. Bigotry has survival value.

Do you want that 4 and 5 of hearts to marry your sister!?! To arms!

Who cares what it means? It looks different, and skin deep is deep enough.

One spade.



In brief --

Ah, the New York Jets have just pulled one of history's great upsets, and beaten the Baltimore Colts in the Super Bowl. Happy day! (Not that we are a New York Jets fan -- rather, we are a believer in AFL football.)

As we type this, there is an embargo in effect on all surface mail between the U.S. and all points to which access is gained thru shipping across the Atlantic and the Caribbean -- which means no surface mail to Europe, Africa, or South & Central America. (This is undoubtedly because of the dockworkers' strike.) Issues of TWJ #63 sent to Europe have been coming back marked "Service Suspended". When service will be resumed is anybody's guess. So if you're writing to a friend overseas, please let them know why their JOURNALS have stopped coming for the time being.

-- DLM

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DOLL'S HOUSE SAGA

by

Doll Gilliland

(Take one old building, some old furniture and some new, two little boys, and a Siamese cat. Add regular WSFA meetings with resultant battle scars, and you have a rough picture of the Gilliland abode.)

And it came to pass that a bed was delivered unto them upon a Tuesday, December 31.

And lo, the workmen departed without setting it up, for they were soon to return unto their homes.

And lo, the loving couple returned unto their home.

And lo, a bolt was found imperfect (screwed up, saith the husband), and they were sore distressed.

And they called unto M, and raised their voices unto the heavens and the manager, and they refused to make their pallet upon the floor for the New Year was soon approaching.

And the manager said unto them, Despair not. Place spring and mattress upon the frame and with it shall you buttress the blemished headboard against the wall.

And the goodly wife protested there was no frame.

And the manager saith, Surely there is, for thy bed is queen-sized. And the wife regardeth this with great amazement for if it were so, it is surely the leanest queen-size bed her eyes have seen.

And lo, it was proven a double bed and there was no frame.

And the manager said unto them, Seek you the footboard so that the bed might be assembled.

And the wife lamented that there was none save that it might be that which clingeth to the headboard by the broken bolt.

And the manager said unto the husband, Taketh up thy tools and do unto the bed that which is necessary, and we will bring thee a fairer come Thursday.

And the husband did so.

Now on the appointed day it was told them by M that the bed could not be given unto them that day, and the couple sought surcease Saturday, that it might be delivered with the chair and couch at their appointed time. But M denyeth them, for the warehouse closeth early and the blemished bed would be exposed within the truck until after their Sabbath; they wouldst make the barter Tuesday.

Goodwill was beseeched by the fair wife, and they vowed to remove the old couch and chair upon that same day.

M calleth Friday to affirm that credit had been granted the goodly pair, and the new couch and chair would be forthcoming Tuesday.

Woe, saith the wife, for the morrow was the appointed day.

Aye and Go morrow, saith M, it is not possible but we shall deliver them unto ye the next Saturday (January 11).

Tuesday cometh. M cometh and replaceth said blemished bed. Selah!

Goodwill also cometh and removeth chair, and sorrowfully refuseth couch, lest they damage the walls. But they cry, Fear not, for shouldst thou remove the couch to the lower level, gladly wouldst we take it.

Stalwart husband and miniscule wife ponder yet upon this heavy burden.

Go ye not yet from these pages.

Lo, this past Saturday, when couch and chair cometh not, the goodly couple didst procure vinyl tile to allay the kitchen floor, which suffereth mightily.

And on the Monday the weary wife doth kneel to cleanse the sores and crevasses.

And on the Tuesday night the saintly husband doth kneel and lay said tile on a major portion of the sorely afflicted floor.

And the little children and the faithful pussycat did rejoice. Selah!

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SLEUTHING AROUND FOR CLUES: Book Review
by Albert E. Gechter

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, The Annotated Sherlock Holmes, edited by William S. Baring-Gould (New York: Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., 1967; 2 vols., boxed; \$25.00).

My reaction to this massive work can be summed up in one word: Wow! Twenty-five dollars is a lot of money, all right, but believe me, readers, this is a lot of book for the price, and it is well worth the cost of it, every cent. It contains all four novels and all fifty-six short stories of the original series, arranged for the first time completely in chronological order with dates assigned to them, indicating exactly when they occurred. These yarns are interspersed with "biographical paragraphs" about the author, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and his three principal characters, Sherlock Holmes, Dr. Watson, and Professor Moriarty, telling what occurred IN BETWEEN the various recorded adventures.

The two volumes have wide margins, are printed on excellent paper, well-bound, and most profusely illustrated, with every conceivable scholarly addition, and nothing spared in the way of "extra touches" to increase its desirability -- explanatory footnotes, commentary, complete discussions of all controversial points, photographs, diagrams, maps, charts, plans, coats-of-arms, currency conversions, identification of actual persons, places, and events that occur in the series, bibliographies for further study and reading, coverage of the artists who illustrated the series and the various dramatizations based on the series, plus the pastiches and parodies derived from this cycle of tales, as well as the activities of the Baker Street Irregulars fan-club devoted to these "Sacred Writings" about the Great Master Detective. In short, WOW! What a tremendous job it was to prepare these two massive tomes! It's too bad that the editor, Baring-Gould, author of the pseudobiography Sherlock Holmes of Baker Street, did not live to see this final work of his in print. This is, for Sherlock Holmes and related topics, what St. Jerome was for the Holy Bible or what James Boswell was for Dr. Samuel Johnson. It's colossal!

I have just about run out of superlatives to describe this definitive, two-volume boxed set, but it must be admitted that in a work of this magnitude, there are bound to be a few minor omissions and errors, such as typographical mistakes here and there; if Baring-Gould had proofread the final printing, he would probably have caught and eliminated these imperfections, but his widow and the publishers handled this for him, and, therefore, it's not quite perfect. I myself wish that someone would publish a synopsis or summary of each one of the more important pastiches by other authors, which sequelize further the original Holmes series, including radio, TV, movies, stage plays, and comics, as well as books and magazine stories; surely the Irregulars are capable of collaborating jointly to prepare and publish such a digest of the Apocryphal additions to their sacred literature! Such a work should also attempt to evaluate and discuss each of these interpolated yarns as to its merit as a story and general worth (or lack of it) on an objective basis, rather than simply praising everything or damning everything on a wholesale basis, which seems to be the way that many of them react toward this kind of material.

At any rate, the die-hard fans of Sherlock Holmes will need to get the Annotated edition, and would consider the illustrations by Sidney Paget and Frederick Dorr Steele in themselves to be worth the price -- but the notes, essays, and scholarly additions put this edition in the "must-buy" category.

For the benefit of the newcomers, I should probably point out that Sherlock Holmes was not only the greatest detective of all time; he was also a secret agent for the British government, an investigator of strange occurrences on the borderline between science-fantasy and real-life crimes, and a most extraordinary adventurous personage.

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

Twilight Journey, by L.P. Davies. (Doubleday & Co., 1967; 191 pp.).

The precept upon which this story turns is a technique called sensduction, a method whereby verbal descriptions are recorded, and played back directly into the brain, in the form of dreams. Certain limitations are set, and countered; as, for example, the need for the recordings to include adequate personal data to permit the subject to retain his sense of identity. This minor facet is vital to the story; it seems that a certain female reporter has given false information, and, after being released from the apparatus, has found it impossible to accept reality as anything but a dream. (Which reminds me of the Chinese philosopher and the butterfly, but that's not important.)

The inventor of the process has proceeded to follow the same course, by giving a false name, etc., and is involved in a recorded episode involving contemporary England. Because the physicians are aware of the dangers involved in awakening such an individual, he is permitted to sleep, and relives the recorded episode in three forms: as originally intended, but with a certain feeling of disorientation; then modified, to fit his present (a sneaky flashback, that); and finally, in a future in which he finds the misuse he fears may be made of his discovery is an actuality. It finally develops that he was not actually trying to commit a novel form of suicide, but that would be giving away too much of the ending.

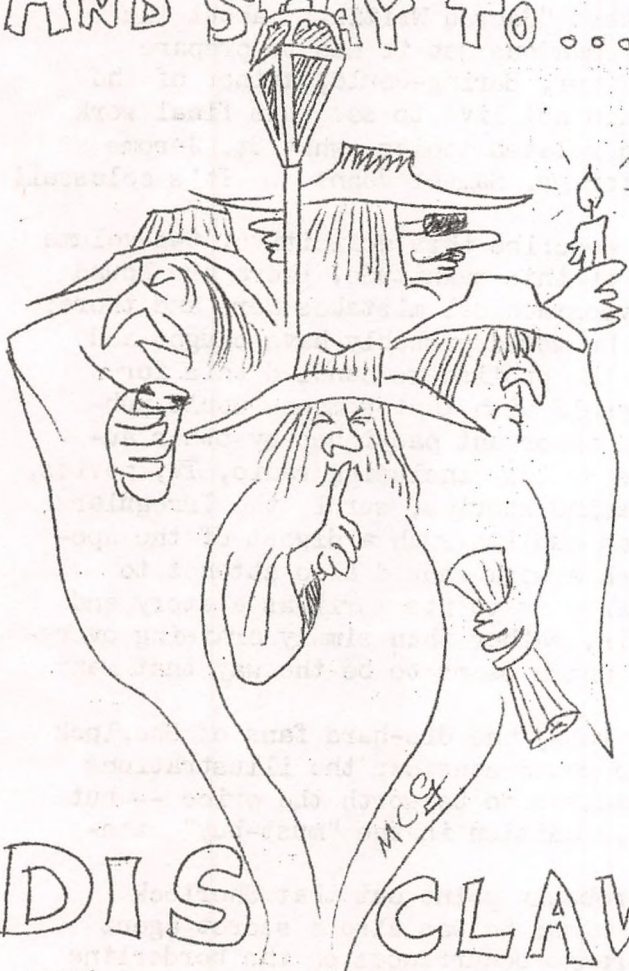
The story is quite good and competently written, and the gimmick is explained so well that it seems quite possible. In fact, it seems a much more plausible form of sensory induction than the methods more commonly described, as for example, in Mead's Big Ball of Wax. It is certainly a better way of teaching history than the one I was subjected to.

This is an example of the sort of story that should be done more often. Well-written, well thought out, it has the qualities that could convince almost anyone that science fiction has gone beyond its Buck Rogers days.

In fact, if a director could come up with some decent actors and a willingness to underplay the special effects, this story could very easily be made into an award-winning screenplay.

((Doubleday Science-Fiction Book Club's address is Garden City, N.Y., 11530. They publish two books every two months, usually \$1.49 ea. plus postage/handling. Well worth looking into. --ed.))

YOU SEEK ME WHERE
DARK WATERS* LIE
YOU COME TO SMOFF
AND SPRAY TO...



DIS CLAVE

MAY 9, 10, 11 SKYLINE INN
S. CAPITAL & I STS SW
WASHINGTON, D.C. * THE POTOMAC

Moondust, by Thomas Burnett Swann (Ace Book G-758; 50¢; 153 pp.)

First off, the cover by Jeff Jones is absolutely lovely. The portrait of the winged heroine has a gentle, dream-like quality which captures the feel of the book very well. Also a Gaughan spot.

This time Swann has left the forest and follows a little family of Cretan exiles in Jericho. At the time of Joshua.

In fact, his story is framed with the Israelite seige, and the opening lines are Joshua saying: "Is there any reason why I shouldn't kill you?" to our hero. The story which the hero then proceeds to relate is the tale Swann tells. It is not biblical, it is pagan; and it is not Israelite vs. Jerechite (except very incidentally). It is about the clever little foxes of the desert, the fennec, and particularly the haughty and aristocratic Chaekal, and the strange winged people they have enslaved. Also about friendship, and love, and a hyena named Hat (for Hatshepsut) and change-lings.

There are a few discordant notes, mostly intrusions of 20th-century terminology in ancient Jericho. For instance, the hero remarks that the average life-span is 33 years, so at 16 his life is half over. This may be historically true, what with infant mortality, lack of sanitation and what not, but it is psychologically false and I doubt very much whether our boy would have had the concept of average, much less the statistical information needed to make such a statement. I mention this because the passage in question threw me bodily out of the story.

Or in the underground city of the fennec, all manner of artificial flowers are woven of exotic stuffs, including "rubber". If silk becomes cloth woven by worms, why can't rubber at least become something like Vulcanized tree sap?

However, this is really of very little import.

Swann's writing maintains its usual beautiful clarity, and in the present story his fantasy is colored rather strongly with science fictional ideas. His portrait of the fennec -- Winged People symbiosis, for instance, with its telepathy and master/slave arrangement is set up very logically and emphasizes the esthetic sense of the fennec. They take a lot of trouble with their slaves because they are beautiful as well as useful.

Note that it is a symbiosis, by the way. The point is made that the winged people were dying out on their own, but under their fennec overlords they are surviving, after a fashion.

In line with the introduction of s-f ideas, we also have a somewhat firmer plot line than Swann usually bothers with. Almost as if he is experimenting with form, it is, and the effect is very good.

In short, Moondust is fun to read, entertaining to think about, historically informative (Jericho was six acres with 1,500 people), and leaves a delightful after-taste.

It will almost certainly be in contention for the Hugo.

-- Alexis Gilliland

Sos the Rope, by Piers Anthony (Pyramid #X-1890; 60¢).

Piers Anthony is going to win a Hugo soon. He impresses me as one of the best new authors in the business, what with Chthon and his other stories.

This particular story is the winner of a contest run a while back in F&SF which involved a \$5,000 prize plus magazine and book publication. I think it deserved it. The story involves a young man in a post-Armageddon society which settles arguments and confers status in the dueling circle. Sos finds himself involved in a fight with Sol over a nominal subject and loses. The rules of the game leave him a virtual slave to Sol, and the two of them strike a bargain, deciding to use Sol's fighting abilities and Sos's brains to found an empire. They do pretty well; but eventually, Sos gets tired of Sol fighting his battles, and, since he can't use any of the standard weapons for dueling, goes to school to learn to use a new one, the rope. Now this isn't just

a piece of cord. It's a bolo of almost unbreakable material. And he gets to be pretty good with it. But not good enough.

The story is excellent: a forthright blend of some of the best elements of extrapolative science fiction and sword-and-sorcery fantasy. In fact, the only thing in the story that bugs me is the name "Sos". I keep reading it as S.O.S. or a distress signal. And I have a feeling that it shouldn't bother me, that, in fact, the name was carefully chosen to derive just that connotation. (Piers?)

The story is a good example of the Carter Complex -- juxtaposition of swordplay on a background of more advanced technology. Unlike most such stories, however, the idea is perfectly convincing, and appears to be the logical outcome of a world such as is being described in the book. In fact, this story again points out Piers Anthony's ability to make a strange world seem completely real.

Recommended, even if you have read it already.

-- David Halterman

Croyd, by Ian Wallace (Berkley Book X1616; 60¢; 184 pp.)

Croyd is the hero of the book of the same title, and make no mistake about it, he is a heroey hero. What's more, he is about as super as they come, mind-hopping from brain to brain, traveling in time and space, both embodied and as an astral projection, and acting as the ace trouble-shooter for the Solarian Government at a high salary and unlimited expense account.

In fact, the only reason he isn't head of the Government is that he finds the job tedious and offering insufficient play to his immense scope. Shades of Robert ~~Rockhead~~ Hedrock! In fact, Shades of Gilbert Gosseyn at his least latent!

We have an honest-to-Ghu superman, operating at the fullest levels of his super-capacity from the very beginning. Which is a good thing, because he has problems.

As, for instance, his organization has taken over the administration of the Solar System by virtue of being low bidder (more schools, more highways, less air pollution and lower takes!). However, a rival ~~organization~~ gang has infiltrated, bent on sabotage and avial take-over.

Meanwhile, Lurla, the Superpussycat Princess from the Greater Magellanic Cloud, has taken over the body of a human female and has caught Croyd in an unguarded moment to force an exchange of minds with him. She chose Croyd because his reputation had extended even to the Magellanic Clouds.

It seems her race is paranoid about what humanity, which has now occupied 32 worlds in the Milky Way Galaxy, and poses a clear and present danger to the Universe.

Anyway, she represents the Liberal faction which wants to hypnotize and enslave humanity. The Conservative faction, a bunch of gadget-happy fascist murderers, wants to blow up the Milky Way Galaxy and be done with it.*

So Princess Lurla is out to save the Galaxy and the Universe by hypnotizing and enslaving humanity before etc.

Meanwhile, all unmindful of the deadly peril in which they stand, a group of human insurgents have seized Ceres, mounted huge reaction drives, and are going to kamakazie-crash her against the headquarters of Croyd's organization on Ariel (the satellite of Uranus) where Lurla is having trouble coordinating the mighty Croyd body. Croyd, on the other hand, finds himself locked in the forebrain of the carrier female body, and cannot exercise motor control. He must sweet-talk this dumb broad into saving the Universe!

The action boils madly along, bodies get exchanged and minds find themselves in precarious predicaments. We watch the Universe blow up from Croyd's mind's vantage point inside a giant computer at the center of the Galaxy, and, lucky for us, uptime.

In short, we have the classical wheels-within-wheel's wheel's wheels formula so dear to the heart of the Old Wave. It is, moreover, extremely well done, being derivative of Van Vogt without being either an imitation of a parody (two traps the Master himself has fallen into on occasion).

*The Milky Way Galaxy is nothing but trouble! We should bomb it back to the Stone Age!

Besides all that good action, we find time for a couple of love stories, a dab of philosophy (Government going to the low-bidding corporation!?), and an utterly stunning speculation on the nature of the mind and brain. The latter inspired a short article which is here appended.

For the rest? A thoroughly enjoyable piece of light entertainment.

 SOME NOTES ON GROYD

One of the major themes orchestrated in Croyd is the brain/mind dichotomy, and if one accepts the premises presented in the story, then the mind-swapping action is wholly sound and logical.

However, the difference between mind and brain is worth looking into, because it is such an intriguing question.

We start out innocently enough by saying that the brain is the blob of nervous tissue in the head while the mind is the divine spark that activates it.

Neither definition is true, unfortunately.

The brain is a good deal more than a mere mass of tissue, and the mind is far more likely to be activated by the brain than vice versa. Take, for instance, the memory function. Sensory impressions are recorded and stored, evidently by chronological order and forever, unless for some reason they are taken out and reinforced. (...POKO MOKO! Slowly I turned, step by step...) The presumption is that the mind reruns the memories which give it the most pleasure or satisfaction. However, there are soecific centers in the brain where pleasure and satisfaction originate. In other words, the brain reruns memories because they stimulated the pleasure center in the brain. (And then I began to undo her blouse...)

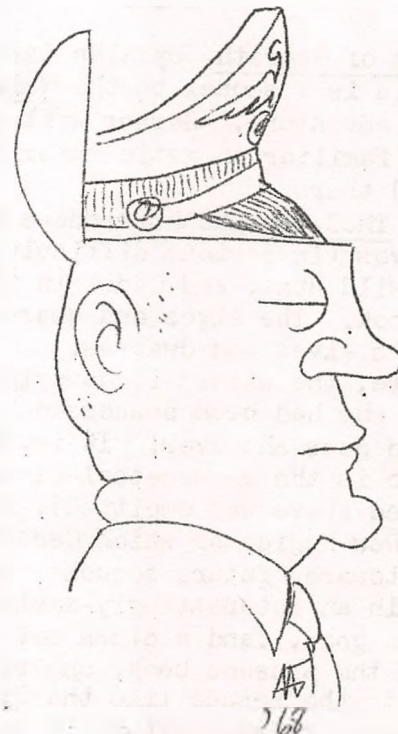
So the brain controls the memories, which are the past, and the sensing/calculation/nerve pulse that guides action in the present. Perhaps the mind is left to sort out the actions available in the present which lead to a superior future? Probably not. The brain is probably in control on the gross level all the way down the line.

So what about the mind? The spark of divinity? There is no such critter, apart from the brain. Within the brain, the mind is the brain's conception of itself. The brain pictures itself as inspired by noble motives (just thinking about those motives sets the pleasure centers a-tingling) and immortal, and of great concern to God and the Universe. Poor little sweetbread computer...who could tell it any different? And how can you get across the notion that "I" am I while "you" are merely a blip reported by my sensory perceptions? Especially to another "I".

However, to say that the mind has no existence except as a figment of the brain's deluded imagining is not to say that it is without influence, or that it is non-existent. The most powerful forces in the world are firmly-held ideas. And few ideas are held more firmly than a flattering picture of oneself. Especially when it is not subject to shocks like seeing one's double-chin in profile.

The result is that the brain tries to act up to the image it holds of itself. Instead of going around looking to push its pleasure buttons it reads good books...because it -- the brain -- feels it derives more satisfaction that way.

Some people choose to push their pleasure buttons directly and we say they have no minds.



Others read good books without pleasure or understanding and we say they have no brains.

You need both.

Even if one of them doesn't exist.

-- Alexis Gilliland

Brrrak the Barrbarrian, by John Jakes (Avon S363; 60¢).

In this, the glorrious prresent, we have, forr ourr folk herrroes, beatniks and Hell's Angels. In the Golden Days of Yorrre, we had such buckleswashing men of courrage as Conan, Fafhrdd (Gesundheit) and Grrrey Mouserrr, Elrrrik, Ogierrr Danske, and, last but not least, ourr latest contenderrr forr Hyborrrrian Legion-immorrrality ((sic)), Brrrrrrak the Barrrrrrbarrrrrrrian. Orrrrrrriginally appearrrrrring in FANTASTIC (Yes, Virrrrrrrginia, they used to publish good o-rrrrrrriginal storrrrrries), this charrrrrrractererrrrr has become one of the best of the new crrrrrrrop of trrrrrraditional sworrrrrd and sorrrrrrcerrrrrry prrrrrrota-gonists.

It might be said, in fact, that as a man of might, he has, to my way of thinking, but one flaw; everrrrrrry time I type the name, Brrrrrrrrrak, my typewrrrrrrrrrit-errrrrrrrr thinks it's a Brrrrrrrrronx Cheerrrrrrrr and has ape fits. I'm going to have to tie the rrrrrrrrr key down if I type the name Brrrrrrrrrrrak one morrrrrrr-rrrrrrre time.

The e! Now back to the book at hand.

B ak the Ba ba ian is, unlike most of his fellow-t avelles, a swo dslinge with a pu pose. He has left his beloved No the n Hills to jou ney to fabled Khudisan, land of booty, beauty, and...well, who eve hea r of a celibate ba ba ian?

On his way, he meets such nice people as Yob Haggoth, Doomdog (who was b aking up the w ong t ee), and ~~Abb/gb WALLAB~~ Septegundus. Cha ming, one and all. The book tells of these and othe t avails that t ouble him on his t avels. Pe sonally, if he we e me, and I we e he, I think I'd wite the whole thing off as a bad t ip.

But a good ya n.

-- David Halte man

The Moon of Gomrath, by Alan Garner (Ace Book G-753; 50¢; 153 pp.)

This is a sequel to the Weirdstone of Brisingamen, and frankly a sword-and-sorcery adventure. Garner writes with clarity and power, but he is dealing with extremely familiar thematic material, and consequently one gets the feeling déjà vu here and there.

In TMoG we have horrendous villians, a free-form soul-eating thang from a deep pit, elves (in serious difficulty due to air pollution), dwarves, the Mound Dwellers of the Wild Hunt, and Cadellin the Wizard, the good, friendly father-figure of the first book. The elves and dwarves, unfortunately, have a tendency to fuse with Tolkien's elves and dwarves.

Here, the wizard is downright standoffish, and finally completely indifferent as Sue, who had been possessed by the thang, proceeds to ignore his advice and meddle.

And does she ever! It is, in fact obvious to the reader, if not to Cadellin, that she is the chosen tool of the Old Magic (which is the means by which the thang mentioned above was empitted), now seeking to make a comeback after being deactivated by the New Magic, of which Cadellin is now a leading practitioner. Garner is clearly headed towards future sequels, and Sue is already a clearly-delineated person who is moving in an interestingly-ambivalent direction. Hostile to evil, she is alienated from the good...and a clash with Cadellin is a very real possibility.

In the present book, one of the best scenes is the appearance of the Wild Hunt, coming to the rescue like the U.S. Cavalry...but the Wild Hunt is blood and moonlight, and fierce, savage delight in slaying...and their bugle is the night-winded hunting horn.

TMoG is not great, but it is excellent entertainment, and very fast reading. A suitable cover by Jeff Jones, well done, but not exceptional.

-- Alexis Gilliland

DOLL'S HOUSE

fanzine reviews



15

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #28, formerly PSYCHOTIC (Richard Geis, P.O. Box 3116, Santa Monica, Cal., 90403. 50¢, 12/\$3. U.K.: Ethel Lindsey, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, England. 4/-, 3 for 12/-.) Well, he's gone and done it. Despite all the kudos he has received for PSYCHOTIC, Dick has changed the title, format, and method of repro as he moves to scale the heights. Thus comes the digest-size, photo-offset, 2-column 64-page (black and white) SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW. Great eye appeal (despite reduced type size), the artwork being no small part of the attractive layout -- a Dick Bergeron "robot" cover, interior illos and cartoons by Bill Rotsler, John D. Berry, Alexis Gilliland, Jack Gaughan, Dick Flinchbaugh, Mike Gilbert, George Foster, Ray Nelson, and Doug Lovenstein.

The ed's "Dialog" is entertaining, newsy, and afflicted by the wrong continuation page numbers -- oh well. Comes Philip Jose Farmer's Raycon speech. John D. Berry discourses on fuggheadedness, extols St. Louis in '69, bemoans the Con costume parades, and states his choice of the four top fanzines extant today. (Which, you ask. He says QUIP, PSYCHOTIC, WARHOON, and LIGHTHOUSE, albeit the latter has not appeared since last year. ((I.e., 1967 --ed.))) Leo Kelley takes a gander at "Barbarella", and like the star, bares all -- thereby negating what slight surprises the picture does offer...Entertaining reading, yes, but all that's left the movie-goer is the view -- which is undoubtedly pleasant but.... Earl Evers' "Primer for Heads" concludes with Part Five on STP and speed.

Reviewwise, Earl, Richard Delap, Bill Glass, and the ed cover James Blish's Black Easter (Doubleday -- derives most of its appeal from B's "interpretations of the workings of magic"), Fred Hoyle's October the First Is Too Late (Fawcett -- "a hodgepodge of a novel...yet...so many of the individual fragments are so good...they make up for the lack of continuity"), P.J. Farmer's A Private Cosmos (Ace -- "a very finely delineated story of human relationships" says Bill Glass, but Delap feels the characters lack appeal or interest), Dick Geis' The Endless Orgy (Brandon House -- looks that way, but the resume reads riotously), and Once and Future Tales from THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION, ed. by Edward Ferman (Harris, Wolfe & Co. -- unhesitatingly recommended) among others, plus quickie reviews.

The installment of Arthur Jean Cox's "Fans We All Know...and Perhaps Wish We Didn't" brings us an insightful probing of the Punster. Even the LoColumn is loaded: there's Harlan Ellison's response to Sam Moskowitz's campaign against the "New Wave". Geis, the sly dog, follows this with a letter from Andy Porter deploring the vitriol in the 'zine. And there's Robert Bloch on Bill Rotsler's playmate (oops, what have I said), and Jack Gaughan's "Confessions of an India Pale Drinker", plus numerous other big and little names.

The only issue of PSYCHOTIC that I chanced to read I found adequate but hardly worth the raves; however, SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW impresses -- and I recommend it.

TINTINNABULATIONS #2 (Donald E. Cochran, 151 Valley, Jackson, Miss., 39209. Free. Don also offers free publicity for announcements or news.) The ed promises another issue of DECAL (contrihs of art, articles, fiction, or 35¢ solicited). Recent book releases. News excerpts from the WINNIPEG TRIBUNE on the filming of "The Molly Maguires" and the BIRMINGHAM NEWS on The Last Bookman, a tribute to Vincent Starrett. 2 pp.

BADINAGE #5 (The Journal of the Bristol and District S.F. Group. Rob F. Johnson, 175 Oxford Gardens, Stafford, Eng. LoC, contrib, art, trade, review, 20¢(?), etc.) Striking fantasy cover by Moy Read. The Bristol group's headquarters moved last year -- what's that you say? So what? Well, BAD is hosted by the Mercers who moved, you see. You don't? Well, check out Beryl's "Saga of the Mercatorial Move". (Hey Beryl, that line "All the land concerned will eventually belong to the University..." strikes home. The Gilliland digs, home of WSFA, abuts George Washington University territory. The building was already menaced when we moved in, and we're still parked here, some nine years later, watching the whole neighborhood metamorphose into high-rise office buildings, luxury apts., fancy restaurants and discotheques frequented by the young diplomatic crowd, a new art theatre adjoining the excellent movie theatre across the street, and new dormitories, shop facilities, etc. to the rear, vanishing parking space, etc., but we're still here.) Archie Mercer's contribution is a saga of another sort, mysteriously titled "The Great Miniature Railway Robbery" -- most properly entertaining and eminently proper to the illos by Paul Knapp for which it was written. "The Way It Is" by Mike Scantlebury is an unusual and unusually good piece of poetry.

American fanzines are reviewed by Gray Boak. (And you're right, Gray, I rarely criticize. I do not consider myself a fan, and lacking their outlook, do not feel it correct to criticize their work per se. Whereas as a reader I can praise -- and as you noticed but perhaps had not noted, in Doll's House faint praise can damn, or not, just as the fans choose to interpret in the light of their own special interests. Mine are not fannish -- I just happened to be there when Don came looking for a fanzine reviewer, and being Alexis' loving wife, figured I could get in on this particular phase of his interests without intensive educational effort. Fortunately, the quality of the writing in most of the pubs I see ranges from fair to excellent, so that perusing them is not too painful. However, I find it difficult to wax enthusiastic over much of the fan or faan fiction, and a lot of the poetry tries me sorely. Cannot comment cogently on the record reviews because I don't have the time or opportunity to keep up with what's happening. Books are another matter, but then so is my attitude toward SF, which I read because it's on hand; therefore, remarks on reviewers and reviews are tempered accordingly. I like my husband's writing -- there's a bald statement of fact -- his writing may not be the most polished, but his articles are witty, knowledgeable, perceptive, and well-structured -- and often based on purposely weak or fallacious premises. He's fun!) Rob looks penetratingly at the British 'zine scene. Book reviews and LoC's -- including Archie Mercer's inane take-off from Pam Storey's Artie Fishle tale in #4. 58 pp.

Here I am, getting all encouraged, and there's the editor on the final page saying that they'll be reducing their pubbing schedule to perhaps two a year -- costs, etc. In the meantime, Rob refers you to MOR-FARCH.

PLAK-TOW #10, Oct. 28, 1968 (Shirley Meech, Apt. B-8, 260 Elkton Rd., Newark, Del., 19711. 5/\$1.) A Star Trek fanzine. Fine Spock cover and bacover by DEA and Kathy Bushman, resp. Other illos by Alicia Austin, Connie Reich, Jari Wood, etc. Rhyming ST editorial. Baycon ST report, as well as a visit to the ST set. Rick Norwood furnishes some helpful hints on building the new Enterprise model. Data re currently-available ST items, other TV and radio appearances by the cast, new record releases, etc., ST clubs and fanzines. Additional bibliographic data. 14 pp.

THE PULP ERA #69 (Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokoe St., Wauseon, Ohio, 43567. 50¢, 5/\$2.25, 10/\$4.) Robert Madle takes a brief look at Air War magazines, and a closer one at TERENCE X. O'LEARY'S WAR BIRDS, with the Rudolph Belarski covers reproduced herein. Other interior art by Jack Gaughan, Richard Flinchbaugh, Terry Jeeves, and Jay Kinney. Prolific writers seems to be the principal theme this. "A couple of million words a year" man Arthur J. Burke writes on his own experiences at pulpsmithing (reprinted from GRUE 27). The output of Edgar Rice Burroughs is John Harwood's principal topic for discussion (he also touches on Max Brand, Otis A. Kline, and H.P. Lovecraft), and

includes a bibliography of ERB's stories in magazines. The bibliography of another great pulpsmith, John Russell Fearn, The Multi-Man by Philip Harbottle (27 Cheshire Gardens, Wallsend-on-Tyne, Northumberland, England or the F&SF Book Co. or Collector's Book Store) is reviewed later in the issue and recommended.

Jack Gaughan's illos enhance Nick Carr's pleasure-filled article contemplating Jim Harmon's The Great Radio Heroes (Ace), with a Flinchbaugh western illo tossed in for good measure. News from Ace, Ballantine, Avon, and Bantam. Reviews -- Leiber's Swords of Lankmar (Ace -- "a well-earned AA rating"), Keith Laumer's Greylorn (Berkeley -- a "A" rating), John Brunner's Bedlam Planet, Ernest Hill's Pity About Earth, and R.A. Lafferty's Space Chantey (all Ace -- 2 B's and a C. I dispute the last; found it an uproarious saga. Oh well, each to his own taste). In a note on Silverberg's The Masks of Time (Ballantine), the reviewer says: "I've never been a real Silverberg fan...but this one is class A." (And it is!) LoC's. 34 pp. A must for the pulp fan, pleasant reading for anyone.

OSFIC (Ontario Science Fiction Club pub. Peter Gill, 18 Glen Manor Drive, Toronto 13, Canada. LoC's contribs, 40¢, 10/\$3.) Hurray, somebody cares; Bjo Trimble for one -- she is considering the matter of Child Care Centers in Convention Hotels for SFcon goers, is interested in your thoughts and suggestions -- would you use the service, how many children, for certain times or all day, what would you be willing to pay, etc. -- write Bjo Trimble, 417 N. Kenmore Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., 90004). Meeting report. LoC's. The ed's coverage of "Barbarella" is a gem. He also reviews a new tabloid-size paper CAPTAIN GEORGE'S WHIZBANG (Peter Harris; sorry, no address). fanzines, and Chester Anderson's The Butterfly Kid. SF: The Best of the Best, ed. by Judith Merril, is lauded by Angus Taylor. John Mansfield's interview with Forry Ackerman concludes thish. Gar Stevens contributes a bit of fan fiction and poetry. Cover by Derek Carter. 26 pp. ((We need John Mansfield's address. Peter? Anyone? --ed.))

TRUMPET #8, Sept. '68 (Tom Reamy, 6400 Forest Lane, Dallas, Texas, 75230. 60¢, 5/\$2.50 -- Foreign subs \$3. Contribs, printed LoC's, etc.) If I haven't said it before, I say it now. TRUMPET rates a fanfare plus. Beautiful artwork, attractive format, quality writing. The cover in color features a magnificent Jeff Jones painting (a stellar NTCon III Art Show attraction, if I remember rightly), while the bacover is a fine b-and-w by Bernie Wrightson. Mike Gilbert's two interior illos are the best I've seen by him; cartoons and such by Tom Reamy, Doug Lovenstein, Rob Pudim, and especially Jerry Mayes are charming, and George Barr is George Barr.

Featured in the "Trumpet People" dept. is Hollis Williford, whose Dracula adorns Andrew J. Offutt's superb column on hypnotism. Dave Ludwig's witty monsterisms ornament Dan Bates' exceptionally good movie column, covering underrated pictures of the recent past, the 5th NY Film Festival, and Stanley Kubrick films.

Editorially, Tom Reamy discusses pubbing costs, the film situation at NYCon III, Worldcons in general, and "2001". Co-editor Alex Eisenstein takes a look at Hugo awards for "novelet" and "novella", tabulation by the Australian ballot system, Fred Pohl's remarks on "2001", and Fritz Leiber's A Spectre Is Haunting Texas. From a speech at the '68 Southwesterncon comes H.H. Hollis' intelligent and entertaining discussion of space law. Pictorial features include "Og" -- cartoon strip by Irwin and Lawrence, "Walden Pond" -- an art folio by Stan Taylor, and the remarkable "Bode's Machines", with a bonus chapter from their history (Bluestone Battle No. 8) and a black comedy. Toss in fine fanzine reviews by Eisenstein, and LoC's by several good people, and it adds up to a handsome 41-page 'zine.

DIFFERENT, Vol. 3, no. 3, Oct. '68 (FAPA pub. Sam Moskowitz, 361 Roseville Ave., Newark, N.J., 07107.) The Second Foundation is come into being, "an aboveground organization dedicated to overt and covert attacks on The New Wave or The New Thing Movement in science fiction". The prime mover is John J. Pierce and the First Speaker is Lester Del Rey. Anyhoo, thish contains a 39-page exposition by Pierce, "Science Fiction and the Romantic Tradition". Whether you agree or not, this is a remarkable

essay and well worth reading. Sam remarks that he overran several hundred copies thish for wider distribution, so if you don't have a copy, get one. There's enough fuel here to fan discussion and controversy all up and down the realm.

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, Vol. 3, no. 3, Aug. '68 (Leland Sapiro, Box 40 University Station, Regina, Canada. 50¢, \$1.50/yr.) Digest-size, 83 pp. including errata sheets. RQ is becoming more and more humanized -- perhaps it's the artwork, maybe the eds. Anyway, Leland has kind words for the U. of Wisconsin's "Secondary Universe" conference and the Triple Fan Fair at Toronto, comments on Ray Bradbury, and Twain, Kipling, and SF, etc. Charles Schneeman furnishes the whimsical cover illo, ATom the sterling spaceships adorning the inner and outer bacover, and REGilbert the delightful colophon panel. George Foster's squibs lighten the heavy going in Richard Mullen's "Blish, van Vogt, and the Uses of Spengler", complete table of "Contemporary Epochs in the Spenglerian World and the Blishian World". Mike Higgs and Dan Adkins provide horror fantasy illos. Freeform visual effects thruout are furnished by Mike Gilbert and Gretchen Schwenn.

Roger Zelazny turns out a touching tribute to Cordwainer Smith. Femmefans extraordinaire, Sandra Meisel writes on "Some Religious Aspects of Lord of the Rings"; DEA doing the artwork. Kris Neville's tormented twisting tale "Jewelled City" is a jewel of a critique on Ballard's writing, ornamented by Jay Kinney's spare illoings. Part III of Jack Williamson's dissertation on H.G. Wells goes into The Island of Dr. Moreau, The Invisible Man, and various short stories, with some Jack Gaughan sketches interspersed. (The one from a paper airplane and the Bode'esque creation on p. 204 -- ah, Jack, you are a delight -- actually that last looks like one of my boys' musical tops.) The saga of two biographical articles on Ray Bradbury -- one by William Nolan, the other by Sam Moskowitz -- is recounted here by the latter. John Boardman rends three short plays (as well as the author and the stories from which they were derived) which appeared off-Broadway as "The World of Ray Bradbury".

Harry Warner is a pleasure -- viewing the controversy over pro-eligibility for fan Hugo awards, he pulls an Alexis and questions the eligibility of fans for pro Hugo awards -- preliminary to his look at some of the fanzine material appearing of late. And there's one of my favorite RQ columnists, Jim Harmon, thish enlarging on a few of the radio series that got a mere mention in his book The Great Radio Heroes, i.e., Witch's Tale, The Saint, The Green Hornet, The Lone Ranger, and Buck Rogers. LoC's. Yes, indeed, RQ is an stfanzine with a vengeance.

DYNATRON #38, Nov. '68 (FAPA, CAPA, & N'APA. Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd., N.W., Albuquerque, N.M., 87107. Trade, LoC, 25¢.) A brief 8-page issue due to time's swift flight and the August ish still awaiting distribution, but enjoyable nonetheless. Page 1 is a continuation from p. 8 of his column which is introduced at the end of p. 2 and starts on p. 3. And there you are, sly ol' Hortac is at it again. A look at TV -- Journey to the Unknown, Land of the Giants, etc. His visit cum family to the Star Trek set, a review of Stephen E. Whitfield's The Making of Star Trek (Ballantine), the New Mexico political scene. Enthusiastic applause for Fritz Leiber's The Swords of Lankhmar, Swords Against Wizardry, and Swords In the Mist, seconding his own nomination of the first for a Hugo, commendatory comments for John D. McDonald's Wine of the Dreamers and Ballroom of the Skies (Fawcett Gold Medal -- Hear, hear!), and the inability to communicate. Great Stuff.

EUROPEAN LINK (Jean G. Muggoch, 15 Balcombe House, Taunton Place, London N.W. 1, England.) News from Italy, Germany, Scandinavia, Netherlands, France, Belgium, Spain, Russia,



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Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and Britain on people, clubs, books, fanzines, prozines, conventions, film and TV, festivals, awards, etc.

TAPEWORM 7, Aug.-Sept. '68 (Jay Haldeman II, 1244 Woodbourne Ave., Baltimore, Md., 21212. LoC's, art, articles, poetry, jelly beans, magic rings, 25¢ or soft, warm stamps.) The WORM returns, with a Thrilling Tapeworm Stories cover by Alexis Gilliland, whose mad cartoons romp on the inner pages, including what must be the final statement on navel contemplators. Other interior illos by Ray Ridenour, Jack Gaughan, Jay and Joe Haldeman. "Dust to Dust" is a superb poem by brother Joe, reprinted from #6 because of the poor legibility that ish and certainly worth the extra exposure. Joe is in Vietnam (wounded last year), and the contention there is the subject of much contention here in the States. Fred Hypes, who also is in the service (and will shortly be on his way to Vietnam), takes a look at war and sentiments on some from the pages of Tolkien's Lord of the Rings, and "War" is Ray Ridenour's short story. From THE REALIST 81 (The Digger Papers) comes philosophical comment in the delicate form of "Crack at the Bottom of It". Lest you be misled, the foregoing material is not wild-eyed, but unusual in the gentility of the protest registered.

Fanwise, there's

Alexis' shaggy tapeworm epic, "Tapeworm Men of Gharr", and his little horror "The Tarot Reading", not to mention Jan Slavin's "First Contact" and Joe Haldeman's page of "Show and Tell", as well as Ned Brooks' "Glossary for East-Coast Neofen". The poetry is good: in addition to Joe's aforementioned "Dust to Dust", we have Ed Chamberlain's "Berserker's Song", three little gems by Ray Ridenour, and another three by Fortunato Comunalo (I especially liked the last both for content and structure), "Longing" by Wayne R. Loiacono, and from THE REALIST, "All Watched Over By Machines of Loving Grace" (a beauty). Joe H. reviews Harry Harrison's Make Room! Make Room! (Berkley) and Sam Moskowitz's Seekers of Tomorrow (World & Ace). LoC's.

I don't know.

TAPEWORM has something that sets it apart from other fanzines -- perhaps it's the humor, perhaps it's the attitude, perhaps it's the philosophy, perhaps a combination of these factors -- but TAPEWORM is a fun thing while still saying something and saying it well. 44 pp. If you haven't seen it, by all means give it a try. Relax and enjoy!

And while I'm in this lovely benign mood which comes over me every time I read TAPEWORM, I would make the observation that if you read both TWJ and TAPEWORM, you might have yourself a fair picture of the Washington Science Fiction Association -- eggheads and meatheads, wits and half-wits, male and female. A great group -- don't forget Disclave coming up in May, bigger and better than ever, and oh yes -- WASHINGTON IN '71! Yep, Discon I was a great success, and Washington hopes to make it II.

ID 2, Autumn '68 (James Reuss, 304 South Belt West, Belleville, Ill., 62221. Contributions, printed LoC, trade, 25¢.) Lovenstein cover, Kinney bacover. Contents of more consistent quality than the reproduction. Poetry is quite good -- by Jerry Kaufman, Kerry Brouk, and Thomas McKeown (whose "Exodus" is exceptional both in theme and thought). Reviewwise, there are Mike Novak going ape over the film "Wild in the Streets", James Schumacher reacting similarly to the Simon & Garfunkel album "Bookends" (I thought the review especially well written, comparing the contents and performance with S & G's previous recordings and the structure with "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band"), and Bill Briner & Keith Fieldhammer enthusing over Norman Spinrad's The Men In the Jungle (Doubleday), Sideslip by Ted White and Dave Van Arnam (Pyramid -- unrefined, unpolished writing, but enjoyable and engrossing), Arthur C. Clarke's 2001:etc (Signet -- "Equal in every way to Childhood's End"), Logan's Run by William F. Nolan and George Johnson (Dial -- similar to "Wild In the Streets"), and Ira Levin's Rosemary's Baby (Dell). Columnwise, James S. Dorr talks about computers, and Bill Kunkel entertains with notes on the Village, Simon & Garfunkel, bubble gum and "Bobby Kennedy Cards", et al. Fanzine reviews and LoC's. 34 pp. Keep your eye on ID.

NOZDROVIA #1 (Roger Zelazny & Ricky Patt. Mailing Address: Richard Patt, 6106 Westcliff Dr., Baltimore, Md., 21209. LoC's, contribs, 50¢.) Ricky has been going to put out a fanzine for years -- well, not too many; after all, he is only 14 -- but he's finally come through. Yes, indeedy. The whole 'zine, some 47 pp., is photo-offset, with a fine Jack Gaughan cover and a bacover by Jeff Jones. There is a Johnny Chambers 6-page spread, "Flash Dinosaur", an interior illo by Jones, a few by Gaughan, cartoons by Ray Nelson, and lots of Berni Wrightson work, including a 12-page illo'd fantasy, Michael Clayton of Galvan (the poor fan's Conan?).

Roger's short story is a tale of a philosophy computer, and Ray Nelson is entertainingly philosophical on the way we act and why. Joanna Russ and her Picnic on Paradise provide the topic for "Chip" Delany's extended review, and Ricky offers an extended interview with Kier Dullea on "2001".

There are some faults: an unusual amount of misspellings (or typos), and Delany's article is continued in the front of the issue, but all in all, NOZDROVIA is as good a first ish as I've seen and better than a number of older fanzines. Nozdrovia is the Russian equivalent of the toast "To Your Health", I believe, and it certainly holds promise of a healthy future.

WRR, Vol. 4, no. 2 (Box 267, 507 3rd Ave., Seattle, Wash., 98104. Eds: Otto Pfeifer & Wally Weber. Trade, contribs, LoC's.) Fine cover by Doug Lovenstein. John Berry (the Irish John Berry) entertains with his canny observations on collar doves. Art Rapp recreates the probable reaction of the local postmaster to the reappearance of WRR. Wally heads up the CCC (Committee for Criticizing Criticisms), to whom you submit your criticisms or questionings on SF material and they explain. In report #1, he tackles a couple of "questions" on Star Trek, a phrase in Dean Koontz's Star Quest, and a symbol in the film "Five Million Years to Earth". Original and much fun. Steven Muir pens "The Return of the Neo". "Start Wreck" is a comicventure by Irene Warner, about as well done as the present ST episodes. (Take that as you will.) LoC's and other things. 48 pp. A fun thing.

MAELSTROM I (Sp/4 Fred Hypes, RA-18825213 ((we have no address for him -- he's back in Calif. on his way to Vietnam --ed.)); 50¢. Fred's last fling before going overseas.) The big M pulsates with Fred's fannish enthusiasm and enthusiasms. There's adulation for and an interview with Ray Bradbury (his idol) -- portrait by Ray Ridenour, as well as Gary Hypes' interesting essay on the man. An interview with Lin and an interlude with Noel Carter. Fan fiction -- Fred's is interesting in concept but not too well executed; Alexis Gilliland's excerpt from "The Secret of Gopher Nebula" is a travesty of rip-roaring space opera, and one can almost hear him snicker as he dashed it off.

Artwise, there's Art Thompsom (ATom) with the cover and full-page interior illo, a Discon 2-Washington in '71 bacover (by Alexis), and Johnny Chambers, who furnishes a 4-page cartoon'd detective fantasy, "Sherlock Dinosaur", as well as the little green dinosaur in a couple of other guises -- playboy and superhero. Book reviews are listed in the Table of Contents but are missing from this copy (deadline difficulties). News items, often scoops, mentioned in passing. 38 or 42 pp. Fred has a tendency to overwrite, but his intentions are honorable and his sincerity unquestionable; hence, MAELSTROM comes on a warm and enthusiastically personable fanzine. S'okay!

WONKITY (N'APA. Ray Ridenour, 7507 Hopkins Ave., College Park, Md., 20740. After June, Cherry Point, West River, Md., 20881. 25¢, 5/\$1, trade, LoC, contrib, etc.) Mostly FanFiction, poetry, and art. Ray's editorial supports Washington's bid for Discon 2 in '71, and his bacover is a delightful plug for Disclave this May. (See you there?) Ste Calvert pens a BEM tale -- not bad. "Communication" is a diverting bit of Governmenteze by Ron Wolz. And the ed adds two -- one: a mood piece with some interesting images, and the other, "The Adventures of Nebulon Nebulus", chapter 2, with some clever lines (e.g., "The fuzz is not confined to our navels."). The poetry is acceptable: of Ray's three, I preferred "A Farmer of Mars"; and then there's Alexis Gilliland's "Dirge for Teeny Boppers". Lots of art work, mostly Ray's, mostly fun. Attractive format and layout. 15 pp. Ray is doing his own thing, and WONKITY has its own unique charm, assuming you like this kind of thing.

FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK: Lettercolumn

Satoshi Hirota, 27-1 Jingumae 5 Chome, Shibuy-ku, Tokyo 150, Japan (Undated)
 . . . ((TWJ)) was a little different from the American fanzines I had received earlier. WSFA JOURNAL more resembled the Japanese fanzines I have. Why? Well, first your 'zine has articles on other fan groups' meetings. Japanese fanzines sometimes do this. The main reason, though, is because WSFA JOURNAL is made by the "WSFA" and the JOURNAL mentions much about the club. Japanese fanzines are almost all made by clubs and mention things about their own club or other clubs. . . .

Robert Willingham, 21934 Millpoint Ave., Torrance, Cal., 90502 (30 Dec 68)

I notice with a warm feeling that Anne McCaffrey suggests, "Let's all start a conspiracy, Bodé-boosters, to get him back in SF." I have liked Bodé's work ever since I first got used to his style (those who don't like his work just have not gotten used to his style, that's all) and have always wondered why he did not get on the Hugo ballot, either as Best Pro or Best Fan (he has done enough work in both categories to be eligible) Artist. With all of his output, much of it excellent, and with little or no recognition (especially from the editors of the prozines) from the SF field, I can readily understand why he is not eager to continue creating for us. He once said in a brief correspondence we had, "I sometimes feel as though nobody sees my work." Now, I am sure Gaughan does not have this trouble. I am also sure that Bodé has a great following but that this great following just is not vocal enough. So "Bodé-boosters" get vocal! You can still see his stuff in the zines but from what I can gather this is all backlog that will soon dry up as Bodé is not working for the prozines any longer. Don't wait until he is nowhere to be found before you put up a holler; holler now.

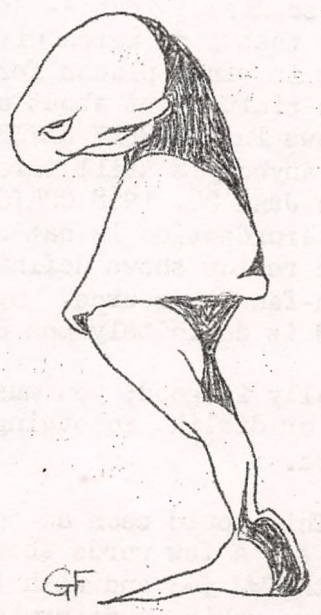
It should be noted here that aside from non-recognition Bodé has other problems which prevent his illustrating. But if we put up a loud enough clamor I am sure he could find time for, say, a cover a month or something. Don't allow this great talent, a new vitality in SF illustration, to disappear!

From Gilliland's "Bug Duke Jackson by N*rm*n Sp*nr*d" it would appear that "Bug Jack Barron" was to Gilliland merely "obscenity, obscenity, OBSCENITY, O*B*S*C*E*N*I*T*Y, O*B*S*C*E*N*I*T*Y". I must say that, having read only the first installment, this was not my impression of Spinrad's work at all. Indeed, BJB was more a fresh breeze in that it represented new freedom in the SF press. If the "obscenities" were all edited out BJB would still be a good story -- at least, it was not the obscenities that kept me interested -- though perhaps a less accurate representation of what Spinrad was trying to show. In closing I would like to say that I am sorry Alexis could not see past the naughty words.

I hear that some of the viewers of "Hair" are having the same problem.

((As far as Bodé is concerned, it may be too late already. That is to say, he seems to have already disappeared! The last couple of JOURNALS we have sent to him have been returned with the notation, "Moved left no Order". And from the latest LOCUS, we note that Charlie Brown seems to have had the same problem. Does anyone out there know Bodé's new address, perchance??

The burlesque on "Bug Jack Barron" was written by Banks Mebane, not Alexis Gilliland. We haven't yet read BJB, and probably won't for some time, as our publishing ventures are consuming all of our available free time. So we can't comment on whether or not Banks' work was appropriate to the original or not (we've heard both pros and cons on this -- anyone else have an opinion?). --ed.))



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

(2 Jan. 69)

. . . 62 is probably the best-looking WSFA JOURNAL I've seen yet. The Bergeron cover is, of course, excellent, and the back cover is passable; both look extremely good, of course. And since Alexis has gotten out of that pop-open-head bag, the interior illos are looking considerably better. Hope you can keep it up.

Mebane's reviews are good as usual, and, thank Ghod, more up to date than usual. His comment about Zelazny's "Creatures of Light" reading as a fragment reminds me of Delany's "House-a-Fire" from AMAZING, a fragment from NOVA. Although Delany's work IS always worth reading, the fragment makes little sense to me as it stands, and since I won't be getting the novel til it comes out in the book club, I suppose I'll have to wait.

I might also take the opportunity to cast a vote in support of Peter Weston's SPECULATION. To my mind, this rates with ALGOL as one of the really top -- but somehow little-known -- fanzines. SPEC does some of the same sort of things RQ does -- but in SPEC they're interesting as well as scholarly. Everyone SHOULD have it.

And talking about reviews, I do hope you can get Doll's fmz reviews up to date. I mean, the way it is now exactly all that anybody gets is egoboo. There's no chance for anybody to send for the mags any more, and you can't even profit from criticism -- since you've put out four issues since the one reviewed!

In response to Leo Kelly's letter, I would say that too many people search for -- and possibly even expect -- very obvious "morals" in fiction, before they can consider it "good literature". This I call the English Teacher syndrome, and it derives from high school English classes in which every story had a "hidden meaning" or theme, and every student had to find that same "hidden meaning". The story, for itself, was almost secondary to the "meaning" of a story. It may, as Mr. Kelly says, be difficult to write a story with an obvious moral, but it does seem to me that any competent writer is going to say something with virtually any story he writes, even if what he's saying can't be boiled down to a simple declarative sentence. Certainly one can write, as Mr. Kelly says, "social science fiction", or, in the mainstream, social criticism; this sort of work does have an obvious moral, an obvious statement about life and/or society. But I can't help feeling that almost any story, even the most blatant space opera (to use an sf example), is going to have something to say about man and/or society, whether the author intends a specific "moral" or not.

I most definitely do NOT want to talk about "2001"; I love the picture, but am beginning to get sick and tired of all these discussions -- usually repetitious -- of various aspects of the picture. I will say that I do agree with most of Mr. Gechter's comments, many of which I've been making in other places for months. Just one comment is in order, tho, and that not about the picture but about a review. Probably most of you are familiar with the good reviews in SATURDAY REVIEW and NEW YORKER, probably the best two for mainstream reviews. If anybody's still interested in reviews, let me also suggest the review of "2001" in the June 26, 1968 CHRISTIAN CENTURY. The reviewer is one Fred Myers, and while his interpretation is naturally religiously inclined (something many fans have also done), the review shows definite insight into the picture, particularly from an apparently non-fannish source. Myers' review shows much more of this than many fannish reviews, and is definitely one of the best around.

Gee. I guess I'm out of commentary. Which really is good; you must know that people have a tendency to write more if they object to or dislike something than if they like it. Let that be explanation for the brevity here.

((This would seem an opportune place, in light of your comments above re DOLL'S HOUSE, to say a few words about the column. As you will see from the supplements distributed with TWJ #63 and with this issue (and possibly another will have to go out with #65), we're making a determined effort to use up the accumulated pile of fanzine reviews, so that all future reviews will be the ones handed to us by Doll since the publication of

the preceding issue of the JOURNAL. However, this does not mean that all fanzines will be reviewed within a month of their receipt (or of their publication). Consider it takes up to a month after publication for a third-class-mailed fanzine to reach us (even longer, if the editor doesn't mail it right after its publication -- in fact, there will be a review of the June, 1968 HAUNTED in TWJ #65; this wasn't even received from editor Russell for review until December). Then consider that over half of the fanzines Doll reviews are ones which we receive because of subscriptions or for other reasons. And consider that a month or more sometimes elapses before we get the 'zines to Doll for review (we don't make every WSFA meeting -- although this may change in the future, now that the transportation problem has been resolved). Then allow Doll time to read them, then more time to write and rewrite her reviews, and still more time for us to get them back from her. And finally consider that the WSFA meetings we have been making are almost invariably the ones on which we deliver the freshly-printed JOURNAL -- which means that any reviews picked up from Doll at that time will have a month to wait before they can see print in the next JOURNAL.

The moral to all this? If you want Doll to review her fanzine, send a review copy directly to her (we still want to receive our subscription copy, though) -- Doll Gilliland, 2126 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C., 20037. Be sure and mark it plainly, "FOR TWJ REVIEW", on the outside wrapper or address page. This will insure it will be reviewed and that the review will see print the shortest possible time after the 'zine's receipt -- i.e., either in the JOURNAL following its receipt or in the succeeding issue, depending upon how close to a JOURNAL deadline the fanzine is received.

It should also be noted here that the JOURNAL has a "no trades" policy. However, all persons sending their fanzine for review receive the issue of the JOURNAL in which their fanzine is reviewed -- so, in effect, persons sending their fanzine for review get a "one for one" trade.

And don't let the language-barrier stop you from sending your fanzine for review -- we have some prospective translators now, so we should be able to do justice to your 'zine. Note that foreign-language fanzines are an exception to the "send to Doll for quickest service" rule stated above. Please send all foreign-language fanzines (in fact, all foreign fanzines) directly to the editor, who will then pass them on to the appropriate translators. (After things have been worked out, we may ask you to send them directly to the translators -- but, for now, the editor will do.)

And while we're on the subject of trades, we'll be glad to send copies of American prozines, paperbacks, and the like in exchange for copies of foreign prozines, whether in English or not. Just drop us a line and we'll try and set up such an exchange. --ed.))

Joe Kurnava, Route #48, %Allwood P.O., Clifton, N.J., 07012 (4 Jan 69)
 . . . Some belated comments on Alexis Gilliland's statements in TWJ 62:

Though I feel as if I'd been jumping to "conclusions", I'm afraid Mr. Gilliland is guilty of jumping to conclusions.

I suspect Mr. G's comments were tongue-in-cheek, as I doubt that anyone of his obvious intelligence could have misconstrued my remarks regarding Kazantzakis as being in the nature of a "review". Hell, I don't even consider them as being a valid criticism. Just an expression of my personal dislike of that particular type of literature in general, is all. I don't mind reading a clinical dissertation on paranoiacs and the like, but I just don't care for fiction that casts them in the roles of the major protagonists. Especially if that fiction seems to be the result of an author's personal hang-up, religious or otherwise.

And -- "What can you expect from a comics fan?"Ah, yes. It seems to me I've heard that song before. The lyrics have been slightly changed, it seems. I've danced to the tune of "What can you expect from a guy who reads science fiction?" for more years than I care to remember. And now this.... Oh, well. "The more things change, the more they remain the same." Indeed, they do.

I realize this is only nit-picking, but I am no more of a comics fan than I am a science-fiction fan. I buy comic books because I enjoy studying the techniques of various artists. I buy books, science-fiction or what-have-you, to read. I subscribe to comics fanzines for two reasons: To scoop up a little nostalgia via the characters that romped through the comic fields during the so-called Golden Age, when I was in my teens. And to purge the artist in me by contributing art (poor, by my standards) to some of them. I subscribe to SF fanzines because I enjoy reading the comments on the field, not to mention the incunabular stirrings of prospective authors. Simple, no?

One more thing: I shed a tear (there it is, trickling down my cheek) for any individual who can't respond with a chuckle to the trials and tribulations, the antics, the downright foolishness, of characters like Beetle Bailey, Pogo, Mr. Tweedy, Peanuts....

At any rate, I am thankful that Mr. Sallis and Mr. Gililand limited their incisive comments of me to two sentences or so....

A lengthy quote from Aldous Huxley's book of essays, Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow, might serve to illustrate my feelings. It's from the section entitled "Adonis and the Alphabet" (under which title this book was published in England) ((reprinted here with the permission of the publisher, Harper & Row, Publishers, Inc., 49 East 33rd St., New York, N.Y., 10016 --ed.)):

"It was Sunday, and in the Crusader's elegant little church a Maronite service was in progress. The words of an incomprehensible liturgy reverberated under the vaults, and above the heads of the congregation a family of sparrows was going unconcernedly about its business. Nobody paid any attention to their noisy impudence. The little creatures were taken for granted. Along with the ancient stones, the altar, the intoning priest, they were an accepted feature of the Sunday landscape, an element in the sacred situation. In this part of the world, birds seem to be perfectly compatible with monotheism. These Maronite sparrows are matched by the Mohammedan pigeons in the Omayyad Mosque at Damascus. That splendid sanctuary is alive with wings and cooing, and when droppings fall on the head of some grave and bearded worshipper -- we actually saw it happen -- there is no indignation, only a tolerant smile. Birds, after all, are God's creatures; and if Allah chooses not to provide them with a colon and a capacity for prolonged retention, who are we that we should dare to complain? Let us rather give thanks that dogs were not allowed to fly."

If the mice of memory have started nibbling at your collective brains, let me say that there was an SF book, published years ago, with a similar title: Tomorrow and Tomorrow, by Hunt Collins (Evan Hunter), dealing with a future drugscum-sex society....

An item of possible interest to all of TWJ's Vaughn Bodé fans, pirated from NEWFANGLES (a comic newsletter pubbed by Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Rd., Mentor, Ohio, 44060 -- 10¢ ea., 10/\$1: "Vaughn Bodé is no longer working for GALAXY and IF -- and he turned down an offer of \$10,000 from Will Eisner to illustrate a series of children's books."

He has, however, been doing full-page ads for the Douglas Recording Corporation, which have been appearing in EVC. The



December 28, 1968, issue of this sheet carried a review of Samuel Delany's Nova. Interesting, if only for the fact that the reviewer, Michael Perkins, didn't resort to the shocking (....I assume its purpose is to shock, anyway), sophomoric Anglo-Saxon terminology that pervades this paper.

Hmmm....Two sentences ago, I had meant to say "issue of this paper", but it came out "sheet". A Freudian slip, perhaps?

By the way, THE HARVARD LAMPOON'S parody of Tolkien's Lord of the Rings is scheduled to hit the news-stands in late January or early February. I suppose you'll have the news in TWJ, but that depends on which publishing house is handling it, doesn't it? ((Right. We're trying hard to get advance announcements from all of the major publishing houses, at least, but have had little success so far. They don't seem to want free publicity.... Any suggestions from you other faneds? Or is it that one has to live in N.Y. in order to get such announcements? --ed.))

Thomas Burnett Swann, Boca Raton, Fla. (9 Jan 69)

The new WSFA JOURNAL ((#63 --ed.)) has just arrived, and I can't adequately describe my surprise and pleasure at finding the cover given over so excitingly to my Rockwood article. Looking inside, I was delighted to find not only my article, with your interesting note on Bomba (whom I never read, though I wish I had), but those very gratifying letters. You've brought me great pleasure indeed.

((Thank you. And may we take this opportunity to say how much your JOURNAL articles -- and your science-fiction/fantasy writings -- have brought to us in the way of pleasure and enjoyment. We look forward eagerly to what the future will bring from your pen; the delightful blend of fantasy/history/mythology which characterizes so much of your work sets it apart (and above) anything else being written in the field today. --ed.))

James Blish, Brooklyn, N.Y. (16 Jan 69)

Jerry Lapidus' letter in #63 moves me to some comments about cover stories. I of course have no influence on whether or not the practice is continued (it will be), but I have done a fair number of such stories and have another one cooking now.

While I think two of them ("Common Time" and "Testament of Andros") were among my best, I agree with Jerry that such stories are seldom an author's best work, but the situation can be remedied. It is the author's fault and since to some extent it's a mechanical problem, it can be corrected.

The core of the problem is that most science-fiction artists, left to themselves, have very little imagination in the story sense of the word. What they present you with is a cartoon -- that is, a picture that tells its own very simple story and really needs no elaboration. I offer as an example a cover Ed Emsch did some years ago for Cele Goldsmith's AMAZING, which showed a spaceship plainly labelled "Conestoga" surrounded by a group of aliens on six-legged beasts who were shooting at it with crossbows. This is a pure case of what Damon Knight calls a translation (a poorly-chosen term, I'm afraid): that is, the artist has taken a basically Western situation and put some s-f trappings on it. Aside from the fact that it's well drawn, the best that can be said for it is that it is mildly funny, or so it struck me.

Most of the covers an author is handed to write a story around are like that. And the basic mistake many authors make is to accept the obvious situation as a "given". This immediately makes his story superfluous. The very first question he should ask himself is, what other possible explanations are there for this scene, other than the one which was obviously in the artist's mind? He should at least hope to come up with one which wouldn't occur to the reader in a million years; then set out to write a story which makes that explanation plausible and essential.

Sometimes, of course, the cover traps you, but it is usually possible to think of at least one alternate explanation simply by standing the situation on its head. (The robot which appears to be menacing the

little boy is actually his guardian; furthermore, the little boy is several hundred years old.) This is not the best way to go about it, but it is better than accepting the obvious, or sticking the cover in the story as a dream (as Larry Shaw once actually did with an awful Luros cover, and cop-out though it was, I can hardly blame him -- nothing could have made that picture plausible).

I hate to give away trade secrets like this, but I too wish the general run of cover stories were better.

((Okay, all you budding young authors -- would you believe a free JOURNAL sub for the best cover story written around/about a JOURNAL cover from #56 through #64, inclusive? If you do believe it, try for the April 15th deadline for the DISCLAVE special. If you don't believe it, how about a story on any subject, SF/fantasy/weird/etc., for the DISCLAVE special...or an article...or a poem...or.... --ed.))

Robert Bloch, Los Angeles, Calif.

(Undated)

I did indeed enjoy Jack Gaughan's article -- and a good many other things in THE WSFA JOURNAL #62. Glad to see the item on John D. MacDonald, and I think Alexis Gilleland, in his article on interstellar commerce, has come up with the one suggestion, regarding Einstein, which has never occurred to me.

Albert Gechter's letter on "2001" makes me wish I had this kind of audience on my side: believe me, it would help if somebody merely pointed out how I too bend over backwards to keep things deliberately hum-drum and matter-of-fact. . . .

Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Rd., Ottawa 8, Ontario, Canada

(21 Jan 69)

. . . One brief comment about Doll's reviews, especially the one of MOR-FARCH 2; there seems in my mind to be a moral inconsistency in the labelling of a Canadian as "American agent". But I'm not just a Canadian agent, of course; so how about the label "North American agent"? Then I can only hope Peter Roberts has a South American agent. If not, I suppose I could always be "Agent of the Americas"....

Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Court, Lake Jackson, Texas, 77566

(26 Jan 69)

I enjoyed THE WSFA JOURNAL #63, but there were a couple of things in it that move me to comment.

David Halterman's review of Omnivore read oddly to me. I didn't recognize the book he was describing. (a) Subble didn't ask the three people to return to Nacre. He was investigating on Earth to see if the mantas that they had brought with them were dangerous to Earth. (b) I don't think that Subble is the usual example of a cyborg. He was fully human, with human responses, but conditioned a little differently from most of us. Which does not make him a cyborg. (c) The three people and Subble didn't need to capture a manta, the three people were keeping them as pets. ##### I agree that the book is worth reading, but I don't think I read the same book David did.

Re George Fergus' LoC, I have just finished making a search for the Manning Coles books published to date, and when I find time to type it up, I'll send you (Don) a copy. #22 of the list, Duty Free, is not a Tommy Hambleton story. In fact, it is not a spy story at all. ##### Deadfall is still available at the local (in Houston) magazine store. Don't they have stores specializing in paperbacks in Chicago? ##### Come and Go, The Far Traveller, Happy Returns, and Brief Candles are all ghost stories. If that makes them fantasies, then they are all fantasies.

I am trying to get more info on the Southwestercon from the club sponsoring it, and when I do I will let you know.

((Thank you, Joanne. This is a good place to mention that the expanded "The Con Game" will not, after all, be appearing in #64. The only con on which we have received more information is the BALTICONFERENCE III, so we see little sense in repeating the whole list so shortly after its last publication. Instead, we'll just go a couple of months at a time for now. ##### Just received an LoC from Al Gechter re TWJ #63. As this page closes out the Lettercol for this issue, Al's letter will be #1 in TWJ #65. --ed.))

THE BOOKSHELF: New Releases

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

The Jagged Orbit, by John Brunner (38120; 95¢; "Science Fiction Special") -- "A long, major novel of the 21st century, and the forces that are driving mankind to the edge of total destruction. . . ."

The Silkie, by A.E. Van Vogt (76500; 60¢) -- "Were the Silkies truly man's own creations as helpers -- those wondrous beings who could move through space, water, or on land with equal ease, could think like computers, and change form -- or were they from some unknown alien world? What makes this novel by the master original thinker of science-fiction so great is that the Silkies themselves did not know."

For the Flag, by Jules Verne (24800; 60¢) -- "What would have happened if the guided missile -- and an atomic-style bomb -- had been invented last century? And had fallen into the hands of the last of the world's pirates: . . .and that pirate's band was using these Twentieth Century weapons to terrorize America's East Coast? . . . a novel of high adventure a hundred years ahead of its time!"

Meeting at Infinity, by John Brunner (52400; 60¢) -- "Allyn Vage was once a beautiful woman, but an accident had left her a hopeless, disfigured cripple without the use of her five senses. Her doctor, the famous Jome Knard, had no choice but to employ a certain device, incomprehensible even to him, imported from a seemingly primitive people on the world of Akkilmarr. They had allowed it to be exported, but they couldn't -- or wouldn't -- explain its mystery. Little did the doctor suspect that he and his patient had now become the lever that could topple a world!"

The Rim Gods, by A. Bertram Chandler (72400; 60¢) -- "Anything can happen on the galaxy's outer edge!" and

The High Hex, by Laurence M. Janifer & S.J. Treibich -- "Man all rockets -- this satellite is haunted!"

The Devil's Own, by Peter Robson (14300; 60¢) -- "The shocking, true accounts of men and women who made bargains with the devil -- who joined the ranks of Satan, delighting in his evil powers and taking part in such erotic orgies, human sacrifices, and pagan rites as to stagger the imagination."

Also, Cupid and the Stars, by John Pendragon & Brad Steiger (12680; 60¢; "An astrological guide to a more romantic future"); The Man in the Glass Booth, by Robert Shaw (51780; 95¢); The Improbable Irish, by Walter Bryan (36990; 75¢; history); Sleep No More, by Margaret Erskine (77050; 50¢; #6 in the "Inspector Finch Gothic" series); A Ghost at Noon, by Alberto Moravia (28550; 75¢; "A modern psychological novel"); Dead Ringer, by James Hadley Chase (14150; 60¢; crime); Fallout for a Spy, by Richard Hershatter (22680; 60¢; espionage); Wolftrap, by Nelson Nye (89600; 50¢; Western); Last Stand Mesa, by L.L. Foreman and Mad Morgan's Hoard, by Philip Ketchum (47200; 60¢; Westerns); The Two Loves of Nurse Ellen, by Adeline McElfresh (83400; 50¢; romance).



ACE -- March Releases (a few titles of possible interest; details and full listing in TWJ #65):

The Left Hand of Darkness, by Ursula K. LeGuin (47800; 95¢); The Planet Wizard, by John Jakes (67060; 60¢); The Tin Men, by Michael Frayn (81290; 60¢); Envoy to New Worlds, by Keith Laumer (20730; 50¢); The Best From FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION: 9th Series, ed. Robert P. Mills (05448; 60¢); The Green Millennium and Night Monsters, by Fritz Leiber (30300; 60¢); Ghosts of the Golden West, by Hans Holzer (28620; 60¢); The Unfair Fare Affair, by Peter Leslie (51701; 50¢; THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. #18).

IN MEMORIAM:
 William Henry Pratt
 1887-1969

William Henry Pratt, who was known to the world as Boris Karloff, passed away on February 2, 1969, in a hospital near London, England. He was 81.

Born in Dulwich, England, on November 23, 1887, Mr. Karloff was the youngest of nine children of Edward Pratt, a member of the British Indian civil service. At the age of ten, he played the part of a demon in his parish's annual Christmas pantomime. This turned him from a career in the consular service to an acting career. He appeared in two more of his parish's pantomimes before his brothers discovered what he was doing and put an end to it.

Mr. Karloff attended the University of London's Kings College before going to Canada in 1909. While in Canada, he worked as a farmhand in eastern Ontario, as a logger in Vancouver, and spent a brief time with a repertory company in Prince Albert. Because of a bad heart he was turned down from World War I service; he then emigrated to America, where he toured with various stock companies.

His Hollywood career began in 1919, when he played a Mexican bandit in "His Majesty the American", which starred Douglas Fairbanks. It wasn't until 1931, however, when he landed the role of Frankenstein's monster, that he achieved recognition. At this time he chose a new name, taking his mother's family name of Karloff, and adding Boris to keep the Slavic flavor. (He played the monster in only three films, but these set the standard for hundreds of "chillers" to come.)

Karloff's Broadway debut was in 1941, in "Arsenic and Old Lace"; he made 1,400 appearances in this play before returning to Hollywood. His later starring roles on Broadway included "The Linden Tree", "The Shop at Sly Corner", "Peter Pan", and "The Lark"; he received critical acclaim for his role as a bishop in the last-named play, French playwright Jean Anouilh's saga of Joan of Arc, and called this 1956 role "the high point of my career as an actor".

His horror/weird roles, according to Jack R. Jones' Fantasy Films and Their Fiends, were (at least through 1963; we seem to recall him appearing in at least one new film since then, but can't be sure about this -- anyone?) in the films: "Abbott & Costello Meet Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde" (1953), "Abbott & Costello Meet the Killer" (1949), "The Ape" (1940), "Bedlam" (1946), "Before I Hang" (1940), "Behind the Mask" (1932), "The Black Castle" (1952), "The Black Cat" (1933), "Black Friday" (1940), "The Black Room" (1935), "The Body Snatcher" (1944), "The Boogie Man Will Get You" (1942), "Bride of Frankenstein" (1935), "British Intelligence" (1940), "Charlie Chan at the Opera" (1936), "The Climax" (1944), "Corridors of Blood" (1963), "The Criminal Code" (1931), "The Devil Commands" (1941), "Devil's Island" (1940), "Dick Tracy Meets Gruesome" (?), "Doomed to Die" (1940), "The Fatal Hour" (1940), "Five Star Final" (1931), "Frankenstein" (1932), "Frankenstein 1970" (1959), "The Ghoul" (1934), "The Haunted Strangler" (1957), "House of Frankenstein" (1945), "The House of Rothschild" (1934), "The Invisible Menace" (1938), "The Invisible Ray" (1936), "Isle of the Dead" (1945), "Juggernaut" (1936), "The Lost Patrol" (1934), "The Mad Genius" (1931), "The Man They Could Not Hang" (1939), "The Man Who Changed His Mind" (?); "The Man Who Dared" (1933), "The Man With Nine Lives" (1940), "The Mask of Fu Man Chu" (1932), "The Miracle Man" (1932), "Mr. Wong, Detective" (1938), "Mr. Wong in Chinatown" (1939), "The Mummy" (1932), "The Mystery of Mr. Wong" (1939), "The Night Key" (1937), "The Old Dark House" (1932), "The Raven" (1935), "The Raven" (1963), "Sabaka" (1955), "Scarface" (?), "Son of Frankenstein" (1938), "The Strange Door" (1951), "The Terror" (1963), "Tower of London" (1939), "Unholy Night" (1929), "Voodoo Island" (1957), "The Walking Dead" (1936), "West of Shanghai" (1936), "You'll Find Out" (1940). (Some of the above -- "Scarface", e.g. -- were gangster rather than horror films.) All-in-all, Mr. Karloff is supposed to have made more than 130 films.

He made a television series, "Colonel March of Scotland Yard", in the early '50's. He returned to England in 1950 (he missed rugby) but came back to Hollywood in 1960 to host the TV series "Thriller".

Karloff was married five times, the last, in 1941 to Evelyn Helmar, with whom he lived, in recent years, in an apartment in London's Chelsea district and in a cottage nearby. He also is survived by a daughter, Sara Jane, child of his fourth marriage.

He had been hospitalized since November at Midhurst, near Sussex, under treatment for arthritis, heart trouble, and lung complications.

THE CLUB CIRCUIT: News & Minutes

EASTERN SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION (ESFA) meets informally the third Sunday of every month at the homes of various members, and formally on the first Sunday of the month, at 3 p.m., at the YM-YWCA, 600 Broad St., Newark, N.J. No info on the next meeting (Feb. 2), but by the time you read this, it will be too late, anyway. March meeting is the annual OPEN ESFA -- March 2, at the YM-YWCA (see "The Con Game" for more info).

Minutes of ESFA Meeting of 1 December, 1968 --

The meeting was opened at 3:00 p.m., with an attendance of 26 persons. The report of the Secretary and Treasurer were read and accepted.

Ed Meskys announced that the proceedings of the recent Tolkien Conference would appear serially in the TOLKIEN JOURNAL as typed, and would eventually be published in book form. Fred Lerner announced the first of a projected annual S-F Bibliographic Conference to be held at Columbia University on March 1st. Sandra Deckinger reminded all N3F members to renew now. Fred Lerner has the proposed ESFA Constitution on typed stencils. They will be distributed for consideration as soon as mimeographed. Tom Bulmer will host the December informal meeting.

The featured speaker was Hans Stefan Santesson, who spoke of, and deplored the present controversy dividing some segments of sf. This involves adherents of the New Wave, and members of the unofficial "Second Foundation", among whose leaders are John J. Pierce, Lester del Rey, and Sam Moskowitz. Mr. Santesson said that because s-f writers could always write with more freedom and fewer inhibitions than could mainstream, some of the most really challenging writing has been done in the past in the s-f field. It has been prophetic, socially valid, and encouraging. While generally in accord with the traditionalists, Mr. Santesson does not see the New Wave as quite as sinister or dangerous as some persons feel it is. Its writings will not be as lasting as either its defenders or its critics imagine. Mr. Santesson is, however, skeptical of the writers. New Wave is attempting not only a variant of mainstream, but a bastard mainstream without the protection of sf. Its writers are people who have worked hard to justify themselves and their sins. They write in this style because they are ashamed of their participation in the field in which they made their mark.

Enumerating the various outstanding critics in the field, Mr. Santesson finds that all of them, at their best, are representing only one aspect of this fascinating field. He feels that no one definition or approach is entirely valid, for sf is an inclusive term, meaning all things to all men.

During the course of his talk, Mr. Santesson gave some biographical data on his forty years' interest in sf. He also took the occasion to give full credit to John W. Campbell's contributions to sf, and to say that he has been very often right. Mr. Santesson closed by saying that s-f fans should take an interest in the world around them, and in the future. It is for them to work for a better world.

The meeting adjourned at 5:08 p.m. The membership committee admitted Irving Gelb, Annette Saphire, and Fred Phillips.

Minutes of ESFA Meeting of 5 January, 1969 --

The meeting was opened at 3:06 p.m. with an attendance of 29. The Secretary's minutes were read and accepted. Director Burley said that plans for the March Open Meeting were working out well and expected it to be one of the best to date. Announcements and information were given for the simultaneous March 1, S-F Bibliographic Conference given by the Fantasy & Science Fiction Society of Columbia University in New York, and the Star-Trek Conference to be held at the Newark Public Library. Items of interest were contributed by various members, including Les Mayer, Paul Herkart, and Fred Phillips. The Treasurer's report included the information that the club has 37 members at present, although not all are currently paid up in dues. Brian Burley displayed new club letterheads.

Under new business a motion was made and carried that ESFA cooperate in publicity for Bibliographic and Star Trek conferences. This cooperation is to in no way obligate the ESFA to any responsibility, financial or otherwise, for these functions. The club further voted to reimburse the Director for expenses for the new letterheads.

The featured speaker, Joanna Russ, discussed the question, "Why is sf so weak when it comes to characterization?" Admitting to being hard-pressed to think of a memorable s-f character, when compared to those outside the field, she read from Chekhov's "Lady With a Pet Dog" as an example of good characterization. She also recommended Milton, Dickens, and Shakespeare.

Miss Russ said that while the emotional energy, or life force, can inhere in different parts of a story, in most modern realistic fiction it is concentrated in the characters. Horror stories, for example, are mostly stories of situation, with characterization peripheral. Sf can never concentrate on characterization in the classic sense because the story concerns the relationship between the character and the institution or the character and the experience. A writer concentrating on character had better stay out of sf because he will not be writing sf, but rather, mainstream in disguise.

Perhaps sf has given us no memorable characters because everything happens on the surface. It lacks inner tension, or what she calls "suggestive power". Miss Russ said that first-rate literature always has two stories: the surface, or dramatic story, and the inner story, or thematic development. When the two parallel stories meet you have one that is all-perfect. Miss Russ found this quality in Frank Herbert's Dune and in an Asimov robot story.

Finding that many mainstream writers are apparently in retreat from realism, Miss Russ remarked that sf is not just a department of mainstream, but an alternative. One reason so many people are reading sf now is because it is one of the last places you can still find good, interesting realistic fiction.

The meeting adjourned at 5:15 p.m. After the meeting the Membership Committee admitted Doug Murray.

-- Allan Howard, Secretary, ESFA

LOS ANGELES SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY, INC. meets every Thursday at 8 p.m., at the home of Tom Digby, 330 South Berendo, Los Angeles, Cal. Their newsletter, DE PROFUNDIS, is free to active and honorary LASFS members (\$19 per year, \$1.75 per calendar month, or 50¢ per meeting attended), 6/\$1.00 to others. The latest issue (#36, Jan. '69) was published by Bruce Pelz (Box 3004, Santa Monica, Cal., 90403). A few items of possible interest borrowed from it: Procedural officers of LASFS elected for first half of 1969 are: Procedural Director, Dave Hulan; Procedural Secretary, June Moffatt; Procedural Treasurer, Bruce Pelz; Senior Committeeman, Fred Patten; Junior Committeeman, Cathy Koningsberg. Elected to the Board of Directors were: John Trimble, Lee Klingstein, Tom Digby (to serve with other incumbents Dave Fox, Fred Patten, Ken Rudolph, Paul Turner, Forrest Ackerman, Chuck Crayne, Walt Daugherty, and Bruce Pelz). ##### LASFS is accepting donations for its Building Fund in Lee Jacob's name; \$49.97 still needed for Lee to become a Patron. Send donations to LASFS (same address as Pelz, above). ##### Jerry Pournelle was still leading in the Fugghead of the Year Contest, with Dave Gerrold a close second. The Contest ended Jan. 30, so you should soon be reading the results in LOCUS. ##### Next LASFS meeting a special auction on Feb. 6 (again, over by the time you read this). After that: Feb. 13, Talk #2 on History of Fandom ("The Convention Roundabout"); Feb 15 (7:30 p.m.), Lee Jacobs Memorial Wine-and-Cheese Party at The Tower (1534 15th St., #3, Santa Monica); Feb 22 (7:30), Open Party at Tom Digby's; 6 Mar, Auction for Building Fund. ##### "The Squirrel's Tale", Ron Ellik's TAFF Report, is now available for \$1 plus 25¢ postage from Bruce Pelz (Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Cal., 90024;



A BUM IS A HIPPIE WHO
AIN'T WITH IT ANY MORE.

yes, we know this is not the same as the address given above -- the earlier address is actually the LASFS address, and this one is Bruce's personal address). The Report runs 43 pages, and was originally published in 1962-63 in SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES.

And remember WESTERCON XXII (FUNCON II), July 3-6, Miramar Hotel, Santa Monica. Memberships \$3 from Box 1, Santa Monica, Cal., 90406 (make checks payable to Ken Rudolph). GoH Randall Garrett, Fan GoH Roy Tackett, Toastmaster Harlan Ellison. PROGRESS REPORT 2, with hotel reservation cards, promised for February 1.

Attached as a rider to DE PROFUNDIS 26 was a rider advertising The Star Trek Concordance, ready 15 March from Bjo Trimble, 417 N. Kenmore Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., 90004. Price is \$5, plus 25¢ postage and handling (mailed "book rate"; postage 60¢ extra for USA and Canada, \$1 airmail, USA and Canada, \$1.80 airmail overseas (plus an additional 25¢ Canada and overseas to cover monetary exchange). The book is photo-offset, with over 75 pages of print and more than 110 illustrations, including works by George Barr, Tim Kirk, Don Simpson, and others. It sounds like the definitive work on Star Trek. (With the show due to end this April, we hope a supplement will eventually be published to update the book to include the final part of S.T.'s existence.) If ordering from this notice, please mention TWJ. We'll try to obtain flyers to send out with either TWJ #64 or #65, depending upon how fast they get here.

NEW ENGLAND SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION ^{INC.} (NESFA) meets every other Sunday at 2 p.m., at the homes of various members. Club newsletter (bi-weekly) is INSTANT MESSAGE, available to members only (Regular, \$10/year; Affiliate, \$5/yr.; Corresponding, \$2.50 per yr.) from NESFA, Inc., P.O. Box G, M.I.T. Branch P.O., Cambridge, Mass., 02139. Latest issue, #30, was dated 18 Jan., so we assume a new one with the info on the Feb. meetings will probably arrive tomorrow. At any rate, Feb. meeting dates are Feb. 10 and 24, sites currently unknown. ##### A couple of items of interest from #30 are: Ed Meskys plans to hold a Tolkien Society meeting in connection with the BOSKONE on Sat., March 22 (free to BOSKONE members, \$1 to others); Isaac Asimov is now a NESFA member, and will probably go broke paying into the club's pun fund.... ##### Oh, yes, and remember the BOSKONE VI, March 22-23, Statler Hilton, Boston; GoH, Jack Gaughan; fee, \$2 (address above) (a bit more info in "The Con Game").

MINNESOTA SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY (Minn-Stf) meets second and fourth Saturdays at home of Walter Schwartz, 4138 Wentworth Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn. The club publishes a monthly newszine, RUNE, available from Jim Young, 1948 Ulysses St., N.E., Minneapolis, Minn., 55418; no price given for 'zine, and no rates given for club dues. ##### The latest issue of RUNE (#13, December '68) is the club's first anniversary issue, and contains a couple of features in addition to the usual news-items: "Pizza, Pi, and Science Fiction", by Redd Boggs reprinted from DISCORD #11), and "Ticket to the Past", by John Kusske (history of APA-45). ##### RUNE 13 reports that the Minn-Stf movie, "I-7", has been cancelled until next summer because of a lack of money (\$200 still needed). ##### "Doll's House" will have a review of RUNE 13 in TWJ #66 -- we'd have had it in #65, but we held it back for this report; in the future, please send informational copy to us, review copy to Doll (addresses elsewhere in this issue). ##### And remember MINICON II, April 4-6, Hotel Andrews, Minneapolis, Minn.; GoH's, Charles DeVet, Gordon Dickson, Carl Jacobi, & Clifford Simak. Fee \$2, to Jim Young ("Mrs. Margaret Lessinger" on check or money order) (more info in TWJ #65, hopefully).

PENINSULA SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION (PensFA) meets on alternating Saturdays at 6:30 p.m., at the homes of various members. Feb. 1 meeting was at home of Adamski's, and featured showing of two NASA films. Feb. 15 meeting will be a theatre party for "Charlie", the movie based on Flowers for Algernon. ##### Club magazine is WINNIE the P.O.O., published bi-weekly; no sub rates and no info on club dues, but editorial address is: 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, Cal., 94301. ##### Latest issue, Vol. II, #9 (27 Jan 69), contains news that the Golden Gate Futurian Society (GGFS) is resuming operation, with next meeting at Carfax Abbey, 2008 Green St., San Francisco, on Feb. 8 at 8:00 p.m. Also news that bashing practice is being held regularly (every Sunday, weather permitting) and medieval-type dancing practice irregularly, at Mayhem House (1360 Emerson) ##### And then we have Chapter Five of Mike Ward's ~~last published~~ "Brigid Brophy and the Forty-Nine Thieves". (there's one chapter per thief....).

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THE FOREIGN SCENE

News from AUSTRALIA (thanks, Michael O'Brien) --

The Sydney Science Fiction Foundation celebrated its first year of existence in December with a party and a series of trips out to a local observatory for members to peek at Alpha Centauri, site of uncounted SF stories.

The AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW has not been issued for three months. AusFandom is being served by two more or less monthly 'zines, RATAPLAN in Melbourne and THE MENTOR in Sydney.

The '69 Melbourne SF Convention will be held April 4th-6th at the Melbourne SF Club (19 Somerset Place, Melbourne, Victoria 3000, Australia). The organizers claim they are trying to break away from the "Film Festival" type of Con, and to get more SF discussions onto the programme. Foreign membership is \$1.00.

Next issue of CARANDAITH, Journal of the Australian Tolkien Society, will carry an actual interview with Prof. Tolkien himself. (Secretary: Michael O'Brien, 158 Liverpool St., Hobart, Tasmania, Australia 7000; U.S. Agent: Paul "Alpajpuri" Novitski, 1690 E. 26th Ave., Eugene, Oregon, 97403; \$2 per year.)

The Australian APA, APA-A, had its second mailing recently, with 11 members contributing 53 pages.

The address of Leigh Edmonds and John Bangsund is now P.O. Box 19, Ferntree Gully, Victoria 3156, Australia. Pat Terry has moved to 26 Lyle St., Girraween, NSW 2145, Australia.

On 24th October 1968, Ron Graham in Melbourne announced his intention of publishing an Australian SF Magazine, to be called "VISION", and published simultaneously in Australia and Britain. First issue predicted for June or thereabouts.

((You other overseas readers, take note -- a good way to get free issues of TWJ is to send an occasional item of news from your part of the world -- and if you send news regularly, you'll get the JOURNAL regularly. It'll just cost you an aerogramme or stamp and a few moments of your time.... --ed.))

ODDS AND ENDS

This was intended to be the fourth page of the "Club Circuit" section, but the last-minute Karloff obituary pre-empted the remaining club news. OSFA, ACUSFOOS, and SOC. CREATIVE ANACHRONISM, your news will appear in TWJ #65, if not outdated by then. And NEOSFS, we have nothing from you since December.... ##### Also squeezed out of this issue and appearing in TWJ #65: IN THE PROZINES and a "trivia quiz" by Cele Grim.

Re the contents this issue: Most of the text for the Karloff obituary was paraphrased and excerpted from a notice in THE WASHINGTON STAR, February 3. We had planned to type page one, run off, and collate this issue tonight (Feb. 3), and mail it out tomorrow, but the Karloff obit threw us off schedule. Now, with meetings Tues. & Wed. nights, it will probably be Thurs.... This will date some of the club and con news, but it can't be helped. Now if the P.O. will just be kind.... ##### For a listing of all the '69 cons of which we are aware, see "The Con Game" in TWJ 63.

Tidbits --

And the dead continue to rise -- latest fanzine to emerge from the grave: DEGLER! (Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, NY, 11201; 8/\$1; UK Agent, Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, UK; 5 for 8/-; Australian Agent, John Bangsund, POBox 19, Ferntree Gully, Victoria 3156, Australia; 5/\$1). Welcome back!

Remember the ST. LOUISCON -- Aug. 28-Sept. 1. \$4 attending, \$3 supporting or foreign non-attending: St. Louiscon, Box 3008, St. Louis, Mo., 63130 (check to "St. Louiscon").

And perhaps we should note here that WSFA meetings are the first and third Fridays of each month, at the home of the Gillilands (address on page one) at 8 p.m.; meetings are informal. And on fifth Fridays WSFA holds parties at homes of various members.

-- DLM

THE CON GAME -- FEBRUARY/MARCH

BALTICONFERENCE III, with the theme "Modern Fantasy in a Scientific Age", will be held Feb. 14-15, at the Lord Baltimore Hotel, Baltimore St., in Baltimore, Maryland. Parties on 14th and 15th from 8 p.m. ("all booze free"), program Saturday 1:30-5:30. Pre-registration ended Feb. 1; fee is now \$2 either in advance or at door. Make checks payable to Jack Chalker (5111 Liberty Heights Ave., Baltimore, Md., 21207).

OPEN ESFA, March 2, at YM-YWCA, 600 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey, 07104. General theme of meeting is "Looking Backward: 1969-1939", covering changes in the science-fiction field during the past thirty years. GoH (Featured Speaker), L. Sprague de Camp. Starting time apparently 3 p.m. Admission fee, \$1.25. Write: Allan Howard, 157 Grafton Ave., Newark, N.J., 07104.

BOSKONE VI, March 22-23, at the Statler-Hilton, Boston, Mass. G-H: Jack Gaughan. Registration fee, \$2. Write: Leslie Turek, NESFA, Inc., P.O. Box G, MIT Branch Station, Cambridge, Mass., 02139. Program includes awarding of the SKYLARK Award, sale of artwork (b&w), etc. Flyer mentions Anne McCaffrey, Isaac Asimov, and Hal Clement, so we assume they are on the program. T.S.A. meeting night of March 22.

MARCON IV, March 28(?) -30 (Dannie Plachta sent us the 28-30 dates in a post card, but we note that both IF and SF TIMES give the convention dates as March 29-30 -- so you had better write (Bob Hillis, 1290 Byron Ave., Columbus, Ohio, 43227) if you are thinking of going on the 28th...). At the Holiday Inn East, 4701 Broad St., Columbus, Ohio, 43227. GoH, Terry Carr. Panel discussions, banquet, open party. Registration fee, \$2; Banquet ticket \$5. (Both from Bob Hillis, address above).

The above are all regional conventions (although there might be some argument in the case of the OPEN ESFA, which is really an "open meeting" expanded into a regional. The following are special meetings, conferences, and the like:

CONFERENCE ON LITERATURE AND THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT, Feb. 7-9, at the Univ. of Calif. For info write: Letters & Science Extension, Univ. of Cal., 2223 Fulton St., Berkeley, Cal., 94720. (Thanks, SF TIMES -- P.O. Box 216, Syracuse, N.Y., 13209; 30¢ ea., \$3/yr.)

FIRST ANNUAL CONFERENCE ON THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SCIENCE FICTION, Sat., March 1, from 1:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m., at the Harkness Theater, Butler Library, Columbia University, New York City. Program: "Introduction: Problems and Opportunities", "Presentations: The State of the Art", and "Question and Discussion Period". ##### "There will be an exhibition of bibliographical and scholarly works on science fiction. The Conference is scheduled in conjunction with the annual expanded Open Meeting of the Eastern Science Fiction Association, which will be held the following day. ##### "The Program of the Conference will include introductory remarks and presentations by librarians, bibliographers, collectors, and others active in the science fiction field. The Proceedings of the Conference will be published later in 1969. ##### "Anyone interested in science fiction, bibliography, or both, is invited to participate in the Conference. For more information, write or call the Chairman: Fred Lerner, 98-B, The Boulevard, East Paterson, New Jersey 07407. #201 SW 6 2747."

STAR TREK CONFERENCE, Sat., March 1, from 1:00 to 5:00 p.m. in the Newark Public Library. Also being held in conjunction with the OPEN ESFA on Mar. 2. Program includes a slide show, an exhibition, and various speakers as of yet not announced. For info write: Sherna Burley, 1480 Rt. 46, Apt. 123A, Parsippany, N.J., 07801.

SFWA BANQUETS, March 15, in New York (Les Champs; Bob Silverberg, Chairman; Ben Bova, Toastmaster); Anaheim, Calif. (site not yet known; Joe Poyer, Chairman; Ray Bradbury, Co-Chairman; Harry Harrison, Toastmaster); New Orleans, La. (site not yet known; Don Walsh, Chairman). A one-day conference held in the Carousel of Progress Pavilion in Disneyland will precede the California banquet.

WSFA BUSINESS SECTION

Minutes:

December 20, 1968, at home of the Gillilands, in Washington, D.C. --

Present: Alan Huff, Richard Greenblat, Alexis & Doll Gilliland, Don Miller, Jay & Alice Haldeman, Gay Haldeman, Bill Webster, Ron Bounds, Ray Ridenour, Cele Grim, Ricki Patt, Bill, Phyllis, & Betty Berg, Jack Chalker, Nancy Webb, Dave Halterman, Ron Huntsinger, Bill Anderson, Eileen Inglesby, John Guzowski, Dainis Biseniecks, Ron Kennedy.

Called to order: 9:20 p.m.

Jay reported for the Publications Committee that the next JOURNAL should be out by the first meeting in January. The Disclave Committee has advance memberships available from Alice. There will probably be a two-day program this year. ##### Alan Huff announced that Star Trek will be shown tonight. Cele added that there is a possibility of getting 3-D films for the Disclave.

Fred Hypes has orders for Viet Nam. Ray Ridenour has Fred's fanzine, MAELSTROM. WONKITY is still for sale. The script for RUR is available.

Jack Chalker announced that the Balticonference will be held Feb. 14-15 at the Lord Baltimore Hotel. The theme is modern fantasy. Baltimore is not bidding for 1971. ##### Cele gave a gift to the Gillilands -- a box of drinking glasses of all sizes.

Alan Huff moved that Beethoven be made an Honorary Member of WSFA. This motion was once again ruled frivolous. This is an annual event. Phyllis Berg moved to send Fred Hypes THE WSFA JOURNAL while he is in Viet Nam. This passed unanimously.

Ricki Patt announced that NOZDROVIA #1 is out. ##### The New Year's Eve party will be held at Jay and Alice's. ##### Cele mentioned that William Shatner has a record out, and it's good, because he doesn't try to sing.

Joe Haldeman is still at the convalescent center, doing OK. ##### There will be a carol-sing and birthday cake after the meeting, for Jay's and Beethoven's birthdays.

Adjourned: 10:00 p.m.

January 3, 1969, at home of the Gillilands, in Washington, D.C. --

Present: Bob Pavlat, Jack Chalker, Doll & Alexis Gilliland, Cele Grim, Alice & Jay Haldeman, Gay Haldeman, Alan Huff, Fred Cisin, Richard Greenblat, Nick Sizemore, Dave Halterman, Ricki Patt, Don Miller, Eileen Inglesby, Ron Bounds, Ron Huntsinger, Bob Weston, Kim Weston, Bill & Betty Berg, Nancy Webb, Debbie Kravette.

Called to order: 9:31 p.m.

Bill Berg reported that we have one new Regular member, Eileen Inglesby. Don Miller said that the JOURNAL is out. Material is needed for the Disclave issue of the JOURNAL. Fiction, too. The deadline is April 15. Bob Pavlat reported for the Treasurer that there are 21 paid-up members, and the treasury has \$11.12, plus or minus. Alan reported that the Entertainment Committee is presenting Star Trek tonight. Disclave advance memberships are available from Alice. Jay said he saw the Skyline Inn and liked it.

There will be a swap-and-sell session, then an auction with a 50-50 split at the 5th Friday party at Ron Bounds' on January 31.

Jack Chalker reminded us of the Balticonference, Feb. 14-15. Free booze. There'll be a one-day program on a fantasy theme. Bob Weston said that there's a new bookstore near Woodies' with 18 shelves of SF. ((The Academy Bookstore, most likely -- 720 11th St., N.W. -- but it's been here at least three or four years. --ed.))

-- Gay Haldeman, Secretary, WSFA

 U.K. Agent -- Peter Singleton, Block 4, Broadmoor Hospital, Crowthorne, Berkshire RG11 7EG, England, has consented to be the U.K. agent for THE WSFA JOURNAL. New U.K. rates: 3/- a copy, 10/- for four issues, 20/- (one Pound Sterling) for ten issues. Now how about a German agent? French? Australian? Martian? --DLM

