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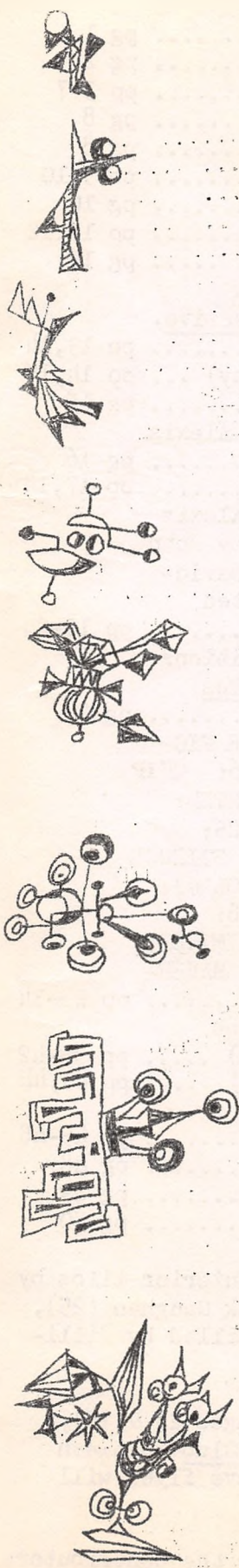


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OF CABBAGES -- NO KINGS

by

Robert Moore Williams

I want to thank Dave Halterman for his review of Zanthar at the Edge of Never and THE WSFA JOURNAL for publishing it. ((TWJ #57. --ed.)) I thought his analysis was penetrating, his knowledge of SF history was excellent, and that the review was well done. It was also -- kind. Orgasms of joy often go along with reviews by the insider group of the work of writers riding the crest of the New Wave, but a man who has been carefully labelled "an old hack" rarely sees much kindness.

Mr. Halterman ends his review with two words -- "have fun." I am sure Mr. Halterman does not know how many years I have insisted that the words "have fun" describe the first and only law of living. I appreciate very much that this reviewer had the insight to discover and put into two words an essential factor that lies back of all my stories.

Mr. Halterman enjoyed the book. On this point I rest my whole case. For over thirty years I have been meeting all comers -- insiders and outsiders -- on the stands, with one idea in mind: that the reader would enjoy the book. Many writers never grasped how important this is; still other writers have wandered through the brainwashings of the school teachers and of the insider group, and others have swung to the left, thinking that in this direction was the coming new day. All I ever hoped to do was write a story that my reader would enjoy, that would incline him to buy the book the next time he saw my name on the stands -- and which would make my publisher a buck.

During this period my name has gone across the stands many millions of times. Readers do remember it. They do buy books because of it. On Madison Avenue the advertising agencies spend billions of dollars yearly making the public familiar with brand names. Not a dime has ever been spent on me, not a reviewer has ever been asked to have an orgasm over one of my stories, and my publisher, getting for free the drawing power of a name that has been across the stands so many millions of times that I have lost count of them, has always made a profit.

How well have these stories sold? Ace has published two doubles of mine which had an original novel of mine on one side and a collection of my reprinted shorts on the other. Out of a print order of 110,000 on one book, about 90,000 copies sold, this according to Ace's royalty reports. On the second book, the print order was about 101,000, and something close to 85,000 sold.

I showed these returns to an old SF publisher who has gone over into the much more lucrative field of sex books, of which he prints 32 each month. He absolutely refused to believe my figures, baldly stating that I was a liar. His sex books were not selling anywhere near these figures. I have also been back to back with many other writers on Ace doubles and I know how their books sold when paired with mine. I sell much better when I am not riding piggy-back. However, sales correlate very closely with distribution, and unless your publisher has the latter, nobody has the former.

How have I survived the New Wave, plus a brazen attempt to control the SF market by a careful definition of that word "quality," plus the efforts of those close to the feed-trough to sell stories by taking editors to lunch? I have stayed alive. I practice assiduously the first law of existence, "Have fun," plus the only rule for writers -- Thou shalt hook thy reader with the first sentence and not let him escape until the last word. Hooking the reader with the second sentence may be too late. Hooking him with the second paragraph -- there is no second paragraph unless you hook him with the first sentence.

I feel very stupid saying these things. We have courses in writing in every college, we have schools for writers, we have conferences. I never go to any of these schools and I never attend any conferences. I know nothing about writing, but about the life force expressing itself through the creative imagination I know a little. Every day I learn more. I have been labelled an "old hack." This label turns aside all serious-minded newcomers and leaves me all alone. Because of this, nobody imitates me -- and I have more markets than I have production.

If you know how to hook the reader with the first sentence and how to continue hooking him until the last word, all you need is a typewriter and a direction in which to point it. If you don't know how to do this, all the schools of writing on earth are not going to teach it to you. Oh, yes, it can be learned -- but it can't be taught.

How do you learn to do it? The first step is -- you had better bring it with you. Kids write me letters wanting to know how to write. I tell them what I have said here, that you had better bring something with you, that one life-time is not enough to learn the essentials of story telling. If this is a belief in reincarnation, this is all right with me. This is a most hopeful belief; it belonged to my people when we were known as the Cymri and lived around the Black Sea perhaps five thousand years ago, it was ours before the Christian brainwashing took place -- and it belongs to me today. It says you get what you earn and you reap what you have sown. I know I can't prove reincarnation scientifically -- but I am under no obligation to do this. I said it was a belief. Day after day after day it helps me rise above the hucksters in the market. What more is required of a belief?

How do you discover if you have brought anything with you? The only answer I know is to get a typewriter and start aiming it in some direction. If you didn't bring anything with you except the imitative ability of the ape, the knocks you get on the noggin will soon send you into other work.

I remember making a talk to a class in writing at Washington University in St. Louis, Mo., so many years ago I choose not to count them. At that time, there were more slicks than I can remember, the SEP came out on Wednesday and cost a nickel, and there were about 140 pulp magazines -- including five weeklies. Everybody dreamed of selling to the POST, except me. I sat there in St. Louis and sold 97% of my production via the unrush mail to editors I had never met. If you think this is not a neat trick, try it sometime.

What happened to all of these magazines? One thing that happened was that in 1950 Harry Truman told a cavalry division to stand and fight at some river in Korea. It stood and it fought. The Canadian paper mills, eager for the chance to grab a Yankee dollar, boosted the price of pulp paper from \$40.00 to \$120.00 a ton. The pulp magazines rolled over and were dead. Also about this time some inventor was experimenting with an electronic device called TV. In addition, the men who set the stories in type were getting more money than the men who wrote them. (They still are!)



This was the big squeeze. Writers who hadn't brought it with them, who didn't know the meaning of the word story at the level of their guts, who thought that pretty writing was the way to go, who decided that the green pastures of heaven were on the left, who thought they could form secret clubs and get by with having orgasms over each other's work -- these gentlemen, in the main, went elsewhere and found other work. Also the amateur writer who works full time at a job and writes in the evenings began to come into existence -- to the joy of the publishers, who didn't have to wonder whether they were paying him enough money to keep him alive. Eventually there was a gimmick called the "new wave." Then came the gimmick of the awards. The idea went around that books could be sold on the stands by giving them awards.

Sometime during this period one award-minded reviewer said of the work of the old hack, "All I can say for this is that it is not for me." I suppose this was supposed to give a sense of direction to alert writers and to erase me from existence.

Dear God, I hope it wasn't for him! If he had liked it, I would have junked it.

I don't know anything about the new wave or the awards. The insider group of the SFWA seem to have set up an award system and have arranged things so that all SFWA members will receive free copies of all books that have been nominated for said awards. The general idea is that each member will read these books, then will give his presumed expert opinion, after which a firm of lawyers will count the votes. Nobody ever told me what would have really interested me: why it became necessary to have a firm of lawyers count the votes. Are writers unable to count beyond their fingers and toes, and hence need lawyers to help them?

They don't need a firm of lawyers to count my vote. I don't read any of these books beyond the lead and I don't vote. If anyone wants to know why, one reason I might give might be that I do not wish to risk possible contamination of my pure pulp style by exposing it to this new wave garbage. Another reason might be that the writers have not been able to lure me past the first sentence of their books. Beautiful writing alone does not do the job. Another reason I do not read these books might be that I suspect the whole awards idea as being an imitation of Hollywood that is about the equivalent of the 5-cents-off offers in the supermarkets. Another reason might be that even with a firm of lawyers counting the votes, I still am not told how the voting went. Except in Chicago, even the Democrats count the votes. Really, is anybody voting? Other reasons might be that I definitely want to avoid plagiarism in every form, conscious and unconscious, and if I read all of these books, I may find myself unconsciously imitating them. And lack of time -- my time is spent writing books, not reading them.

If the awards bit is a cheap imitation of a Hollywood gimmick, is the whole SFWA more than a publicity stunt?

I do not wish to criticize the many splendid writers and fine gentlemen who belong to the SFWA, but I do want to call attention to what I usually call "the insider group". (In my more bitter moments, I use other words to describe them!) From the direction of this group, which is not clearly defined, I occasionally get whiffs of a stink that makes me want to run up the flag and start singing, "I am an American!" If this be treason to the new wave, then call me traitor.

What happened to the magazines? Is it happening now in SF? Besides the boost in the cost of paper, the high cost of union printers (writers have never been smart enough to form a real union and thus earn as much as typesetters), and TV, I think something else happened. I think the main purpose of the whole show -- story -- was lost. I think refinement led -- let us say -- to the discovery that there are 39 different positions. However refinement carried too far becomes an offense against the theory of limits (dramatized by the Greeks as Nemesis, by the Romans as

Terminus, from which we get the word terminal) and the main flow of the life force may then turn aside into perversion, into over-refinement, into what Ray Palmer used to call "pretty writing."

This is the rest of the way the magazines went, I suspect.

The solution, if there is one? Although I have heard editors say, crisply, "Read my magazines if you want to sell me," the solution is not in the direction of imitation, but is in the direction of individualism -- the man with a story to tell who can tell it.

The practicing artist, pulp or pornographic (You have no idea how much skill is required to stink 'em up just right!) is an individualist. He is also a story teller. When no story is told, the magazines perish. When there are no editors with the wit to recognize story tellers when they turn up in the slush pile, and with the guts to encourage them, the publishers go bankrupt.

There is another impossible-to-define factor in this matter of being a story teller. When I was telling these kids they had better bring something with them, I suspected I was pulling their legs by giving them an impossible assignment, and thus getting rid of what could easily become nuisances.

There comes a time when even the oldest hack gets what he has coming to him. I got mine. This way.

A couple of months ago I awakened from sleep in an early dawn to find I was literally crying my eyes out. An old hack crying! It comes on nonsense.

The fact that I was sobbing heavily gave me no concern. This is a reaction with which I am very familiar. A writer who can't cry and who can't swear will tear his guts out for the lack of these abilities. Objectivity is a myth of scientists and psychoanalysts. All objectivity says is that I am not in this game, I am not in this story. It also says that the emotional overtones are not riding the words in their secret language of symbol, and as a result the story is dead.

Why this burst of weeping on this morning? I will not here describe the explorations I have done over the past twenty years. It is enough to say that when I write stories, as I did in The Blue Atom, and describe the whole solar system as seen bathed in a soft blue light, with miniature planets circling a smallish sun, what I am writing is not exactly fantasy but is something I have seen with an inward-turning eye. (No psychedelics or other drugs -- they're not necessary.) The same can be said for bits in most of my other books. The semi-mystical experiences I often describe rest on the foundation of vision.

Many people, including the reviewer of Zanthar at the Edge of Never, read past these bits without seeing what is there. That is, without being conscious of what they are seeing. There are levels of mind far deeper than the conscious which know what they are seeing and which respond to it. These bits form the bigger story within the story.

Why was I crying? When such things happen I can usually go exploring in my inner worlds and find, if not the reason (nothing is ever so simple as to have just one reason for its existence), at least reasons. I went exploring.

What I found was that there was a time among men when poetry was not a word describing rhymed sentences in a book, that there was a time when it was spoken, sung, danced, shouted, drummed, and was alive. In those days my people no longer possessed books, we had lost them beyond the Caspian gate -- but we had what might be called poets, men who spent their lives in the process of what might be called spiritual

growth. For them, poetry was the rhythmic, oral, spontaneous outpouring of what I have called the higher love and which included, as often as not, the foreseeing of the shape of coming things. In those days whole tribes lived because the poet saw the coming horsemen before they were at the edge of the horizon. Poetry was song; poetry was the pound, pound, pound of rhythm; poetry was the beat, beat, beat of ideas fashioning a far-off tomorrow in which our sons, who were then learning to live by them, could write these words among many others: "We hold these truths to be self-evident." In those ancient days, we were the Cymri, the Welsh, one of the Celtic tribes. Through almost two thousand years of Christian brainwashing, through eleven generations of life on this American continent, I still remember that my name, properly spelled, is ap Gwylhym -- and that I am a Celt.

I was crying because I was either in tune with some poet from the time when we were known as the Cymri, or because I had once been such a poet and the higher love in which this old poet had so thoroughly trained himself was pouring through me. When this cannot be adequately expressed -- and it never can -- it comes out as tears.

When I understood this, I saw before me all of my life in terms of an effort and a desire to express the higher love of this old poet of long ago. This was why I had become a writer, this was why I have remained one all my life. In this hidden and secret -- and boundless -- higher love I have found the courage to face all the rejection slips that come my way, all the sneers of the inner circle of the SFWA, all the yips of ever-educated yaps yelling, "Hack!"

I am a hack. But in me is still the boundless love of the old poet for the word story -- and now and then his ability to glimpse the coming horsemen while they are still below the horizon.

The experience of this higher love was not new to me. I have encountered it before, fixated in other ways, and have used a word, Agape, to tell a little of its story -- blending a feeling of reverence, awe, and wonder for all of this mighty universe with that love which gives with no thought of return to the giver and no regard to the merit of the receiver. But this dawn was the first time I had ever found it rising from what I now regard as its true source -- an ancient poet who loved very much his people and his world -- and the far-off tomorrows of both.



Am I describing a real feeling tone? I most certainly am!

If this love is in you, it will ride a secret language into your stories and people will come back to buy your books on the stands -- and come back and come back and come back -- because they sense what is under the hack -- and love it!

Nobody will quite understand how you manage to get by without the new wave or the approval of the insider group or the school teachers -- except those people who in the long-gone time have also been such poets as I have described here. For them, no explanation is necessary. For others, no explanation is possible.

A writer lives in his emotions and his emotions live in his guts. When you read my stories listen to what your guts are saying. I talk no other language. Nor do I need to.



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DOLL'S HOUSE TRAUMA  
by Doll Gilliland

There's a new kitten around our place these days, a Siamese bluepoint named Hatdama Thurb Gadou (What? Oh, that's Hot Damn, a Thurb cat!). He wasn't the only outsider to enter our home that day; the other was a burgler. Clothing and jewelry and money were not the only household loss that day; the other was Morlake, our noble Siamese sealpoint, who succumbed to uremic poisoning.

From the beginning? Well, February 22 is George Washington's birthday, a legal holiday, Chopin's birthday, day of vast sales here in the District of Columbia. But February 22, 1969 was a black-edged day here. The whole family had been in somewhat of a funk most of the week, since our cat was in a coma, and the vet called that dismal afternoon to tell us of his death. Responding to a hint from WSFA's hobbit (our youngest, Charles), who had placed a picture of a cat on the floor beside the dishes from which our pet supped, we departed the premises to seek another.

Returning from Seat Pleasant, Maryland, with our newly acquired kitten, we found ourselves going in circles around a gigantic dry-docked flying saucer -- no, D.C. Stadium -- and heading back toward Seat Pleasant, so Alexis turned at the first opportunity. Unfortunately, a U-turn is illegal there; we were stopped in short order and presented with a ticket. Despondently we returned home -- to find our door ajar. Apparently someone decided to take advantage of our absence rather than the downtown sales to pick up some new finery. Empty dresser drawers lay on the floor and the bedspread had disappeared. Enter the police officer who surveys the disarray and queries: "Did they take anything?" Ha! He told us to check to see what was missing, and the detectives would be up in a few days to fingerprint. (Hah! And there's Charles climbing in and out of the drawers.)

Our burgler must have been in a hurry, considering his indiscriminate haul -- we surmise he just dumped the contents from the drawers onto the bed, bundled up the spread, and took off...for among the things missing were needles and thread, buttons and scissors, makeup, old spectacles, empty boxes, etc. Of course he also took my entire store of lingerie, sweaters, jerseys, shirts, shorts, slacks, swimming suit, shawls, etc., as well as Alexis' undershorts and socks. (Yes, he left the T-shirts. Curious.) Most unfortunately, he took Alexis' jewelry chest, which really grieves us...and, oh yes, my purse. (The following Monday, when I went to the bank to withdraw some funds, they asked for identification, bless their hearts. Seems they couldn't locate the signature card.)

'Twas a bad scene all around. We miss Morlake --- he was a big, friendly, soft-spoken, constant companion.

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IN MEMORIAM -- ELIZABETH O. CULLEN

Elizabeth O. Cullen, 73, died on Feb. 24, 1969, of cancer at the Hyattsville Nursing Home in Hyattsville, Md. She was born in the District of Columbia and lived here all her life, although she travelled extensively in the U.S., Western Canada, and Europe. She received both Bachelor's and Master's degrees from George Washington University. She joined the Association of American Railroads in 1918 and was the librarian for the A.A.R. Bureau of Railway Economics for more than 20 years until her retirement in 1960.

Miss Cullen had a wide range of interests and was active in many fields. She was one of the founders of the Eugenia Washington Chapter of the D.A.R. and held, at various times, every office in the Chapter, being Regent several times. She was a former President of the Columbia Women of George Washington University and was also a member of the Quota Club, the D.C. Historical Society, the Washington Bridle Trails Association, and the Northminster Presbyterian Church. She was an active horsewoman for many years, riding regularly in Rock Creek Park and with some of the hunt clubs in the area.

She joined the Washington Science Fiction Association in 1948, and provided a permanent meeting place for WSFA at her home from 1955 to 1967. She was for many years Secretary of WSFA and was made a Life member in 1962. She will be missed.

--- Phyllis K. Berg

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THE 1969 SFWA NEBULA AWARDS BANQUET (EAST COAST)

by Don Miller

Since I am not a member of the Science Fiction Writers of America, I was a bit surprised when the mails brought an application blank for the purchase of tickets for the Fourth Annual SFWA Nebula Awards Banquet. Feeling highly honored by the "invitation", I quickly decided to set aside my long-standing policy of attending only those SF activities (Worldcons excluded) within 50 miles of home (a policy dictated by lack of time and money rather than by lack of interest), and trek up to New York for the East Coast Banquet. (Other SFWA Nebula Award Banquets were held simultaneously in New Orleans and in Anaheim, Calif.)

So it was that, on March 15, Bob Rozman (whom I invited to accompany me) and I set out for New York in Bob's 1969 Dodge Dart. After four hours of driving (highlighted by four hours of very stimulating conversation), we arrived in New York at approx. 5:30 p.m. That is, we arrived at the address printed on the ticket: 250 East 40th Street.

Unable to accept the plain-looking red-brick building at 250 East 40th St. as the famous "Les Champs Restaurant", but also unwilling to believe that the people in charge of the East Coast Banquet would make such a gross error, we drove around the block and came back for a second look. I don't remember exactly what the tiny plaque alongside the locked and barred door said (something about a "Buyers' Club, I believe), but it definitely wasn't "Les Champs Restaurant". So we navigated through the maze of one-way streets and made our way back to the building called "Les Champs Restaurant" which we had noted some distance back on East 40th St. on our way to 250 East 40th St. (It turned out to be 25 E. 40th St.)

We finally made it back, parked, and entered the Banquet room. (We could tell at a glance we were at the right place from the various costumes and brightly-colored ties which abounded at this "black tie-optional" affair.) Our watches said it was 6:15; the tickets said we shouldn't have long to wait, as the Banquet was to start at 6:30; and our stomachs said "Hurrah" -- but Bob Silverberg said we wouldn't start eating until 7:15....

So we circulated a bit, chatting briefly with Bob and Barbara Silverberg, Raymond Z. Gallun, Ted and Robin White, L. Sprague de Camp, Alexei Panshin, Andy Porter, J.K. Klein, Jack Chalker, and others.

Finally the time came, and we eagerly partook of the fare of Sliced Filet of Beef with Sauce Bordelaise, Pomme Anna, Supreme of Fresh Fruit, Mixed Green Salad, and Frozen Eclair -- oh, yes, and the rolls and pretzels which sustained us while we waited for the main course.... Seated with us were Ted and Robin White, Bob Mills, and eight others whom we never did get to meet. (I would estimate that over 100 persons attended -- of whom 40 to 50 percent were wives and other non-members.)

Well-satisfied by this delicious meal, we sat back and listened to Master of Ceremonies Ben Bova introduce the first speaker, Toby Roxburgh, the new S-F Editor for Walker & Co. Mr. Roxburgh then followed with a stimulating talk, in which he stressed the point that S-F writers should throw off their inferiority complexes and the "S-F" label which contributes to these complexes, and go forth with confidence into the "mainstream". These writers, he stated, are not really writing "science fiction" -- they are writing novels. Of those few works from today's fiction output which withstand the test of time and are still read by future generations, the S-F writer will have more than his proportionate share. S-F writers, instead of accepting the label "hack", should assert themselves and let their books compete with the "mainstream" output (which is largely trash) -- not as "science-fiction" novels but simply as novels. The Walker S-F output, said Mr. Roxburgh, will not carry the "S-F" Label on their dust jackets.

The next speaker was Dr. Gerald Feinberg, Professor of Physics at Columbia University, who spoke on the topic "Is Anything Impossible?" In his talk, Dr. Feinberg suggested the possibility of faster-than-light travel through the use of an as-yet-undiscovered something-or-other which he called

"tachions". The use of tachions as fuel in place of conventional fuels, he speculated, would enable interstellar ships to approach (but not exceed) the speed of light after one year of acceleration. To actually obtain faster-than-light speed, however, one would have to transmit the coded identity of a person from star system to star system via tachions and "reassemble" him at the other end. In other words, ordinary matter still couldn't exceed the speed of light, but "tachions" could.

Dr. Feinberg also mentioned that some recent work with Einstein's theories indicated that movement backwards in time was necessary under the theories -- but he didn't go into what form such "time-travel" would take. Actually, he seemed during his talk to be groping for something substantial to say to illustrate his point -- which was really nothing more than the oft-spoken statement that nothing that man can conceive should be considered impossible (nothing, that is, said Dr. Feinberg, except developing a 100-percent accurate system of predicting the future).

To keep the attendees in suspense a bit longer before the presentation of the awards, the NASA film, "Apollo 8 Moon Flight", was shown, courtesy of Jim Blish. The color photos of the moon, the inside of the space capsule during the flight, and the earth as seen from the capsule were magnificent. The dialogue was somewhat inane in places, except for a brief appearance by Isaac Asimov near the end of the film. However, the picture really "bombed" at the very end, when it finished up with some anti-intellectual comments by ex-Teamster-turned-philosopher Eric Hoffer.

Finally came the long-awaited reason for the Banquet -- the presentation of the 1969 Nebulas. Anne McCafferty, the hard-working SFWA Secretary, did the honors. She reported that 134 ballots were returned by SFWA members (although some of them were blank) -- and that all of the awards this year went to East-Coast writers!

In the Short Story category, the winner was Kate Wilhelm's "The Planners" (from Orbit 3, ed. by Damon Knight and published by G.P. Putnam & Sons). Winning Novelette was Richard Wilson's "Mother to the World" (from Orbit 3). As Anne was herself a finalist in the Novella category, she turned the microphone over to Ike Asimov for the presentation of the award -- but it took Ike ten minutes to get there, during which time the attendees were entertained by a series of mocking songs by the good Doctor -- in which he "serenaded" various magazine and book editors in his "magnificent" tenor tones. His final serenade was to the winner of the Nebula for best Novella -- Anne McCaffrey, for "Dragon Rider" (ANALOG serial).

The number one award, the Nebula for the best Novel of 1968, went to Alexei Panshin, for his Rite of Passage (Ace S-F Special, ed. Terry Carr). (A run-down of the finalists and the top three places in each category appears in TWJ #66.)

The presentation of the Nebulas ended the Banquet and the evening (except for those who returned to the bar), and Bob, Jack Chalker (to whom we gave a ride back to Baltimore) and I hit the road for our long journey home.

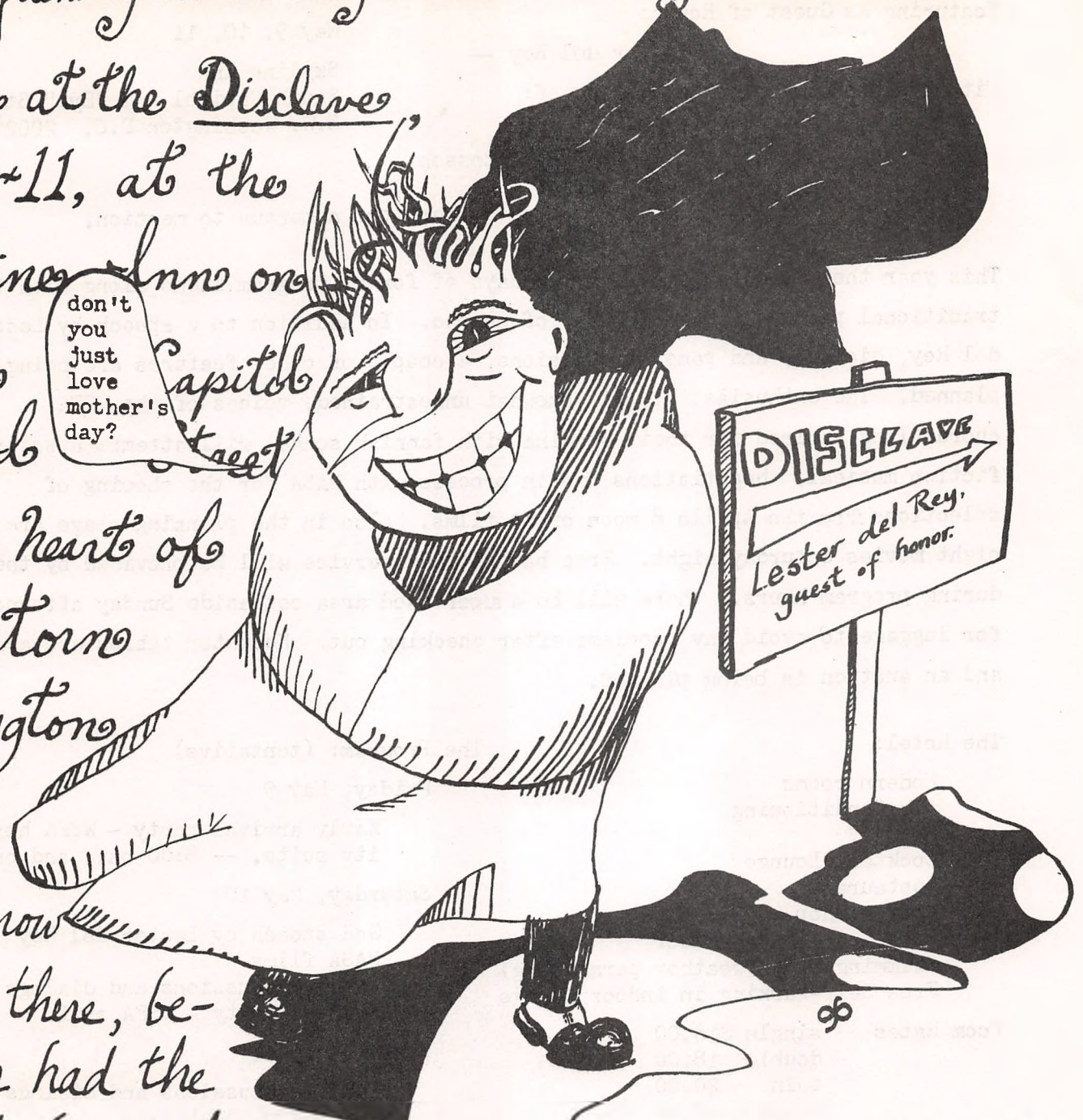
A most interesting and enjoyable evening! I look forward to attending next year's affair, if I am so fortunate as to receive an application blank through the mails next spring....

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More Bad News -- SETH ALEXANDER JOHNSON passed away the night of March 10-11 as the result of a heart attack while in St. Barnabas Hospital, Livingstone, N.J., for the treatment of emphysema. Born 3 April 1911 in New York City, Seth began reading SF in 1928, and entered fandom in the early '50's. Best known for his activities in the National Fantasy Fan Federation and for single-handedly running the Fanzine Clearing House (and thereby introducing many a person to S-F fandom), Seth's past activities also included ESFA, Federation of East and West, ISFCC, ISFS (Vienna), N'APA, Fan-artists; he also used to publish a fanzine, VAUX HALL FANATIC. In addition, he was a collector and a very active correspondent. His passing leaves a void which it will be hard to fill.... ((Our thanks to Steve Goldstein for the info on Seth's passing, and to Lloyd Broyles' Who's Who in Science Fiction Fandom (1961) for biog. info. --ed.))

Your friendly local neighborhood Gorgon Medusa  
will be at the Disclave,  
May 9+11, at the  
Skyline Inn on  
South Capitol  
and C Street  
in the heart of  
riot-torn  
Washington  
D.C.

don't  
you  
just  
love  
mother's  
day?



- We know  
he'll be there, be-  
cause he had the  
farsight to make an advance registration at \$1<sup>50</sup>  
(from Jack C. Haldeman II, 1244 Woodbourne Ave., Baltimore,  
Md. 21212 [honest]) rather than pay the full \$2<sup>00</sup> at  
the door.

Of course we'll see you at

DISCLAVE 1969

sponsored by the Washington  
Science Fiction Association

Featuring as Guest of Honor:

-- Lester del Rey --

May 9, 10, 11

With a supporting cast consisting of:

Roger Zelazny  
Hans Stefan Santesson  
Danny Placta

Skyline Inn  
South Capitol and "Eye" Street  
S.W. Washington D.C. 20024

and others too numerous to mention.

This year the Disclave is having two days of formal program items along with the traditional parties. Free drinks, of course. In addition to a speech by Lester del Rey, dialogs, and panel discussions, a couple of other features are being planned. The enthusiastic, if somewhat unrestrained, voices of the WSFA chorus (long admired for their stamina with fannish songs) will attempt a science fiction musical. Negotiations are in process with NASA for the showing of selections from the Apollo 8 moon orbit films. Also in the planning stage are all-night movies Saturday night. Free babysitting service will be provided by the club during program hours. There will be a supervised area set aside Sunday afternoon for luggage to avoid any problems after checking out. Huckster tables are available and an auction is being planned.

The Hotel:

Modern rooms  
Air Conditioning  
Free TV  
Cocktail Lounge  
Restaurant  
Coffee Shop  
Free Ice - Every Floor  
Swimming Pool (weather permitting)  
Free Self-Parking in indoor garage

Room Rates    single \$16.00  
                  double  18.00  
                  twin   20.00  
                  triple  22.00  
                  quad   24.00  
                  quint  27.00

The Program: (tentative)

Friday, May 9

Early arrival party - WSFA hospital-  
ity suite. -- 8:00 on...and on ...

Saturday, May 10

GoH speech by Lester del Rey  
NASA films  
Panel discussions and dialogs  
Evening party - WSFA suite

Sunday, May 11

Panel discussions and dialogs  
Musical presentation  
Auction

Advance registration \$1.50 -- \$2.00 at the door.

For additional information and advance registrations write --

Jay Haldeman  
1244 Woodbourne Ave.  
Baltimore, Maryland  
21212

D.C. in 1971 -- Discon II

11

MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY: 1968 AUTOPSY REPORT  
by Banks Mebane

Unlike the real world, last year was placid in the magazines -- no assassinations and no moon-shots. GALAXY finally returned to monthly publication and INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION was shelved to make room for WORLDS OF FANTASY. Lester Del Rey became managing editor for the GALAXY group, and the chair at AMAZING and FANTASTIC was batted into a triple play -- Harry Harrison to Barry Malzberg to Ted White. ANALOG and F&SF sailed on.

Going back over the year's issues, I encountered too few stories that'll stay gentle on my mind for long. My impression is that the general level of writing quality in the rags has improved significantly over what it was as recently as two or three years ago but that the writers are mostly displaying their competence as a commercial routine. There's little excitement on the news-stands.

What excitement there was, last year, was mostly in the serials and in the shorter fictions that are segments of forthcoming novels.

The top serial, to my mind, was Fritz Leiber's wild farce, "A Spectre Is Haunting Texas" (GALAXY), and I'm surprised it didn't place in the GALAXY-IF subscribers' poll. But then it had stiff competition from Robert Silverberg's "The Man In the Maze" (IF), Clifford D. Simak's "Goblin Reservation" (GALAXY), and Larry Niven's "Slowboat Cargo" (IF). ANALOG has Anne McCaffrey's two-part "Dragonrider" and James H. Schmitz's ditto "The Tuvela", and F&SF came up with Piers Anthony's "Sos the Rope". Other, readable serials were by Harrison and Anderson (ANALOG), Pohl-Williamson and Reynolds (IF), and Chandler (FANTASTIC). I was disappointed by James White (IF) and Frank Herbert (AMAZING).

The most exciting piece of fiction in the '68 magazines was Samuel R. Delany's "House A'Fire" (AMAZING), a segment of his book Nova (which is getting my nomination for the Hugo novel award). Other notable parts-of-novels published as stories were Robert Silverberg's "Nightwings" and "Perris Way", Damon Knight's Thorinn stories (all GALAXY), and Roger Zelazny's "Creatures of Light" (IF). Anne McCaffrey's "Dragonrider" is included in her book Dragonflight (another probable Hugo contender). Possibly some of the stories I'll mention below will turn up inside novels, but if so, I don't know about it yet.

If these annual reviews of mine have any value, it should be in that they may suggest possible Hugo nominees to you. In this we're handicapped, for some of the most interesting stories appear elsewhere than in the genre magazines -- places like PLAYBOY and books like 1967's Dangerous Visions, 1968's The Farthest Reaches, and Damon Knight's Orbit series. The sf writer, unlike those in other categories, has a hard-cover market for short fiction. However let's look at what our zines do have to offer.

In the novella category there was "House A'Fire", but I think any award there should go to Nova. Delany did have another entry, "Lines of Power" (F&SF); he has said that in this one he set out deliberately to write the story as Roger Zelazny might tell it, and the result is a strong yarn with something of two of our best writers in it. Anne McCaffrey's "Dragonrider" and Dean McLaughlin's "Hawk Among the Sparrows" are also eligible in this category.

In novelets, there was Robert Silverberg's "Nightwings", which I think is able to stand apart from the rest of its novel. Other contenders were Brian Aldiss with "Total Environment" (GALAXY) and "Send Her Victorious" (AMAZING), and a clutch from F&SF: the Sheckley-Ellison collaboration "I See A Man Sitting On A Chair, And The Chair Is Biting His Leg" (whew!), Daniel F. Galouye's "Flight of Fancy", Dean R.

Koontz's "The Psychedelic Children", and Hayden Howard's "Beyond Words" (this last is not technically sf or fantasy, but wothehell).

Among short stories, I liked Roger Zelazny's "Dismal Light" (IF), Samuel R. Delany's "Cage of Brass" (IF), and Fred Saberhagen's "Young Girl at an Open Half-Door" (F&SF).

Besides the stories singled out in the categories above, there are other things to mention. I was impressed by the work of K. M. O'Donnell (Barry Malzberg) and by the steady progress in the writing of Burt K. Filer. Dean R. Koontz ran hot and cold but was always interesting, even when dishing up formulas. David Redd struck me as refreshingly different. Lawrence Yep's "The Selchey Kids" (IF) was an outstanding first story. Poul Anderson, Keith Laumer, and Gordon R. Dickson maintained a consistent high level. Zelazny's "He That Moves", Delany's "High Weir" (both IF), and Leiber's "One Station of the Way" (GALAXY) were minor for these writers but still good enough for anybody. Other stories that left tracks in my mind were Harvey Jacobs's "The Egg of the Glak" (F&SF), Piers Anthony's "Getting Through University" (IF), James E. Gunn's "The Listeners" (GALAXY), Robert Lory's "However" (WORLDS OF FANTASY), Stephen Goldin's "Sweet Dreams, Melissa" (GALAXY), and Ron Goulart's "Gadget Man" (F&SF). Oh, there were reasons to read the magazines in 1968.

There were reasons to look at them too, of which the three best were John Schoenherr, Jack Gaughan, and Vaughn Bodé. Schoenherr we didn't see enough of -- only one ANALOG cover. Gaughan was constantly experimenting, never content to remain with one established style or technique; I liked him best when he was using those quick, nervous strokes that spell "Gaughan" to me, but I liked some of his other directions too. 1968 was Bodé's year, the year he brought his stylized cartoon technique to a high polish and appeared frequently in the Pohlzines; I'm sad to hear he's deserted our field. How about giving Vaughn Bodé a great send-off with pro and fan Hugoes this year?

Which magazine deserves kudos for 1968? GALAXY, I believe. It went monthly, it published a high proportion of the best fiction, it's my choice. If it doesn't grip you, try F&SF; if you haven't tried it lately, it really is a far, far better thing than it was a few years back.

Of course, ther're all good. You bet your sweet bippy they are. Or that's what we've got to like to believe.

They beat Walnettos.

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Contributors Please Note:

Scheduled publication dates for the next few issues of the JOURNAL are as follows:

Issue #66 (April/May; DISCLAVE SPECIAL)	-- May 8
Issue #67 (June)	-- June 5
Issue #68 (July)	-- July 3
Issue #69 (August)	-- July 31
Issue #70 (September)	-- September 4

In order for us to keep this schedule, and for us to be able to guarantee that specific material will get in a particular issue, all material must reach us as far in advance of the scheduled publication date as indicated below:

- Cover and interior art -- two months in advance of publication date.
- Articles and feature material -- one month in advance of publication date.
- Reviews -- two weeks in advance of publication date.
- LoC's and lengthy news items -- one week in advance of publication date.
- Short news items -- three days in advance of publication date.
- Advertisements -- one day in advance of publication date (but we must know at least a week in advance that advertisement is coming).

-- DLM

13

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

Sherlock Holmes of Baker Street: A Life of the World's First Consulting Detective, by William S. Baring-Gould (New York: Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., 1962; 336 pages, \$5.00; paperback reprint by Popular Library, 1965, 35¢).

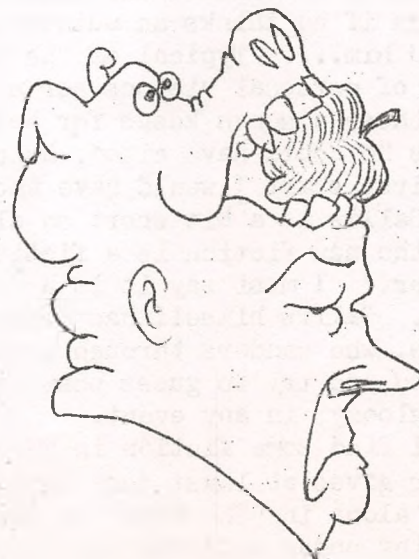
The late William S. Baring-Gould, a science-fiction and fantasy fan, editor of the monumental and definitive work The Annotated Sherlock Holmes, also was the author of a "biography" of Sherlock Holmes. Make no mistake; this is no mere paraphrase or rehash of the original series of novels and short-stories narrated by Holmes' friend, Dr. John H. Watson, M.D., and given to the world by their "literary agent", Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, although a certain amount of overlapping material is necessarily involved, and some duplication of incidents does occur.

What Baring-Gould has done is to give us an account of the entire life-story of William Sherlock Scott Holmes (1854-1957) from birth to death, with all of his principal investigations, exploits, and adventures -- far more than Watson and Doyle could or dared tell us about the private detective -- including intimate details of his origin, background, education, family, personal affairs, love-life, and so on. The new biography delves deeply into hitherto unknown and unrecorded aspects of Holmes' career, such as: his studies at Oxford and Cambridge -- with Professor Moriarty, not yet a master-criminal, as one of his teachers --, Holmes' early efforts to become established as a detective at Montague Street in London, his work as an actor on the stage in England and America, his return to England and resumption of work as a detective, and previously unrevealed information about Watson. At this point, Baring-Gould tackles such controversial and much-debated questions as Watson's early life, his various marriages, the number and location of his battle-wounds, and so on, then he tells how Holmes and Watson obtained lodgings together on Baker Street and Watson becomes Holmes' helper and official chronicler.

He also explains, much more fully and completely than Watson ever could, the exact nature and extent of the relationship between Holmes and Miss Irene Adler, the beautiful opera star; "for Sherlock Holmes, [she] was always the woman" -- and its surprising result; she bore Holmes an illegitimate son, who became a great and famous American detective, who lives and works in New York City and resembles Sherlock's older brother Mycroft Holmes instead of his father. (Here's a hint; Baring-Gould also wrote another book, similar to this, titled Nero Wolfe of West Thirty-Fifth Street (New York: The Viking Press, 1969; \$4.95), published posthumously).

Baring-Gould goes on to tell us about Holmes' investigation of Jack the Ripper, and his version of this case is entirely different from Ellery Queen's account of this mystery, A Study In Terror, reviewed here previously. Baring-Gould's account of Holmes' efforts to bring his arch-enemy Professor Moriarty to justice are much more full and complete than Watson's, which had to be incomplete "to protect the innocent".

It is well known that Holmes disappeared for several years after that, and this book tells us for the first time what he was doing



AG  
'68



while he was missing from his old address in Baker Street and mistakenly believed by Watson and the public to be dead. Baring-Gould tells us how Holmes came back (apparently from the dead) and resumed his career, and describes in detail his subsequent cases -- including details about the cases Watson mentioned but never told in full -- and he tells us what happened in between the various recorded adventures. For instance, did you know that Holmes was related to Professor George Challenger, the great scientist who explored the Lost World and investigated the Poison Belt, and did you know that Holmes had an amazing and perilous encounter with one of Challenger's dinosaurs? Everyone knows about Holmes' investigations of the spectral Hound of the Baskervilles and the Sussex Vampires, but many of his other cases had a weird-fantasy background or a superscience angle or involved international espionage and supercriminals, so there is much here to interest SF fans.

Watson told how Holmes retired to become a beekeeper in Sussex and gave up being a London detective, but, even in "retirement", Holmes had numerous subsequent encounters with mystery, international crime, and foreign intrigue, and Baring-Gould tells us quite a bit about the part played by Holmes in World War I, World War II, and the years between, and Holmes' own postwar efforts at authorship and scientific research.

There is a complete chronology, bibliography, and footnotes, but no index, and an "authentic" portrait photograph (on the dust-jacket) of Holmes as a young man, and no other illustrations, but the British edition contains a great many pictures not included here -- if you can get it. Among works consulted by Baring-Gould was the delightful anthology, The Science-Fiction Sherlock Holmes, edited by Norman Metcalf. So you may read this authoritative book with confidence. Probably you will find some areas of possible disagreement with the author, but you will definitely enjoy this book. It is unreservedly recommended.

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 THE BRITISH PROZINES -- NEW WORLDS NO. 187

NW rarely has an editorial. In its place one can put an article by James Sallis upon the subject of the novel and the way that literature will now go. He quotes the history of literature that lies behind an author who sits down today to write. One wonders if he thinks an author could not be good unless he has this detailed knowledge behind him.... Typical of the Sallis style is: "They want to produce neither fragments of personal visions nor novels that seem all method, each reminiscent of charts, like those a woman keeps for her menstrual cycle." How odd, I think, that of all the charts he could have cited, he chose this one. Goodness knows, as a woman, it is not the first chart I would have thought about!

Sallis is a bit short on clear and simple statements, but I've nailed one down: "For the new fiction is a fiction of misdirection; it points one way and happens another." I must say it is a very helpful statement as one approaches the fiction of NW. Sallis himself has "Jeremiad", which features a character called Jerry Cornelius, who wanders through a world of war -- and one has to piece together the bits offered and try to guess what is happening, and what is meant to be happening. All very gloomy, in any event.

I find some fiction in NW open to my imagination; these are the ones where the author gives at least some facts on which I can fasten -- such as the story of the woman alone in "The Kite" by Barry Bowes -- and the people who climbed a fifty-story building under construction (or did they?), written by Giles Gordon and called "Construction". John T. Sladek has a cleverly constructed tale of madness, "The Master Plan". Thomas Pynchon has "Entropy", which also gives vivid scenes for disentangling. However, I really have no patience for the stream-of-consciousness ones such as J.M. Rose's "Period Piece".

High praise can always be given to two parts of NW -- one to the articles and the other to the book reviews. The first is represented this time by Ballard writing  
 (Continued bottom of next page)

MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY: Prozine Reviews  
by Banks Mebane

Fritz Leiber's "Richmond, Late September" (Feb. FANTASTIC) is an account of one of Edgar Allan Poe's last days and of his meeting with a Lady who may be Death or who may be more than Death, that Señorita del Rio Amargo of E. R. Eddison. It is an odd, powerful story, somewhat flawed to my mind by too many allusions to Poe's works and by the attribution of prophetic powers to him.

David R. Bunch's "Any Heads At Home?", also in FANTASTIC, is a fitting companion piece to the Leiber. Bunch has a bleak outlook and a sense of fantastic horror impinging on reality that are like Poe's brought up to date, although Bunch is only himself and a superb stylist.

"To Jorslem" (Feb. GALAXY) is the concluding novelet in Robert Silverberg's series of three that includes "Nightwings" and "Perris Way". The plotlines are tied up satisfactorily, the principal character undergoes a transfiguration that resolves, literally and symbolically, the human problems of isolation and death, and mankind itself seems on the way to redemption at the end. Somehow I got a sense of anti-climax out of this story, perhaps because the action and characters were so strong in the earlier stories and here tail off into a kind of serenity. Then too, such potent symbols are hard to shoehorn into what, after all, is a science-fiction adventure story. Read the book when it comes out; I think it'll be better that way as one gorgeous kaleidoscope instead of being strung out over months of novelets.

In the February ANALOG, Anne McCaffrey has taken up Campbell's favorite psidea for her novella "A Womanly Talent". She treats psi not as an excuse for action or a universal panacea but as it would be if it existed -- a thing that brings new problems, political and personal, as it brings new benefits. Be very thankful that we have in her a writer who can both satisfy Campbell and make sense. That ain't easy!

It's good to have James E. Gunn back in sf and he's a far better writer than he was, but if his novella "Trial By Fire" (Feb. IF) is any indication, he's still concerned with themes that have been long since milked dry and passed over in the field. This novella is a very well-done story of an anti-intellectual future in which book-larnin' is the ultimate evil. Surely the fictional possibilities of this have been thoroughly explored, as if they needed any further investigation after "Fahrenheit 451".

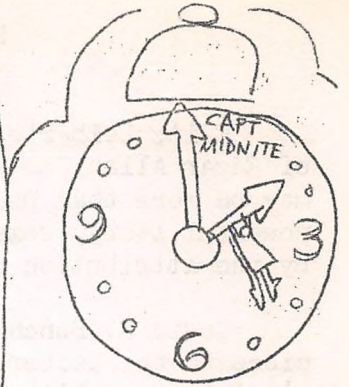
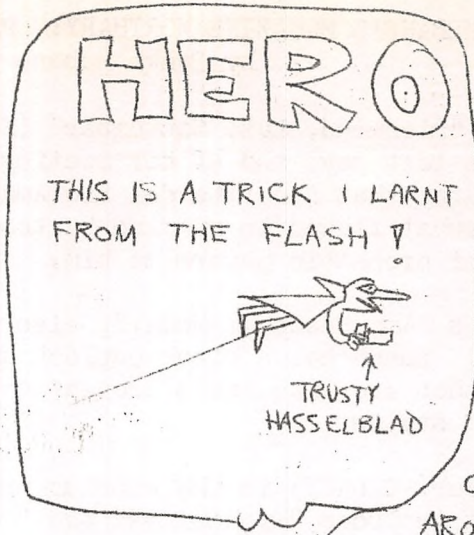
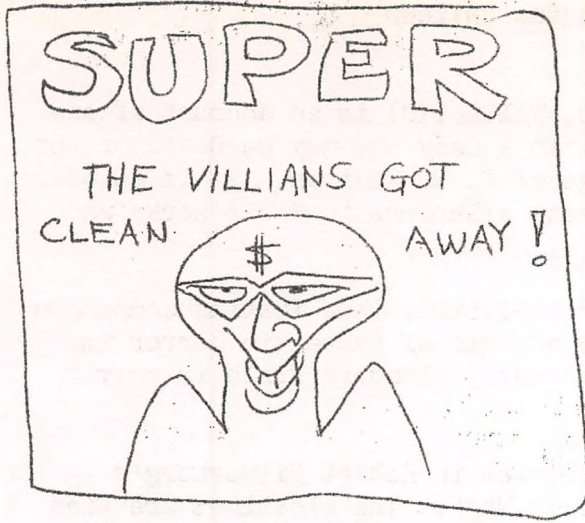
"Pater One Pater Two" (Feb. F&SF) by Patrick Meadows is about a de-populated post-bomb world further troubled by a surviving birth-control satellite that permits human conception only every five years. It has the standard technologically-based evil priesthood and the routine ignorant heroes who nevertheless manage to shoot down the satellite. The plot is mostly chase. It all sounds nauseatingly familiar, and yet there is a freshness about the writing and the background that held my interest all the way through the ritual dance.

Also recommended: Hayden Howard in GALAXY; Yevgeny Zamyatin in F&SF; Pierce, Reynolds, and Scott in ANALOG; Filer and Harrison in IF.

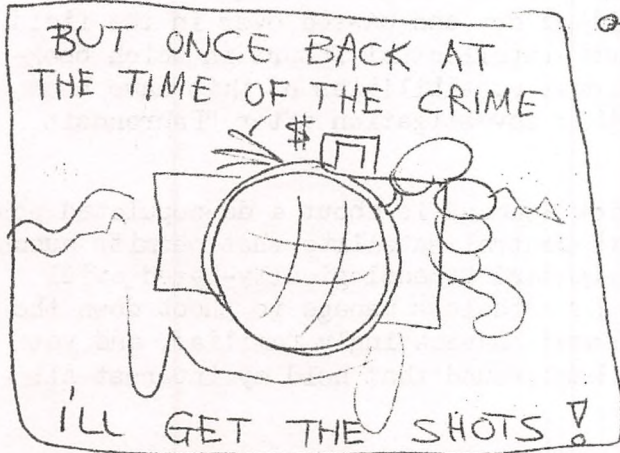
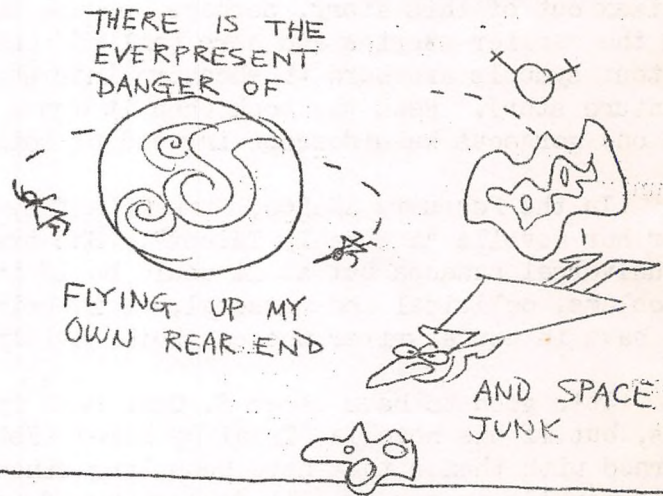
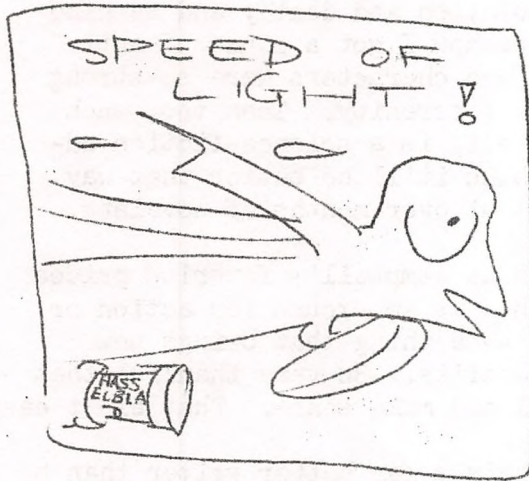
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THE BRITISH PROZINES (Continued from preceding page) --  
about Salvador Dali. It is richly enhanced by many fine reproductions (though one longs for colour) of Dali's works. Mike Moorcock writes about Mervyn Peake and has some photographs of Peake with his family that cannot have been shown elsewhere; I thought this the best item in the issue. A poem by Peake is quoted, the last lines of which are: "When every heart-beat hammers out the proof

That life itself is miracle enough." (The only optimistic note!)

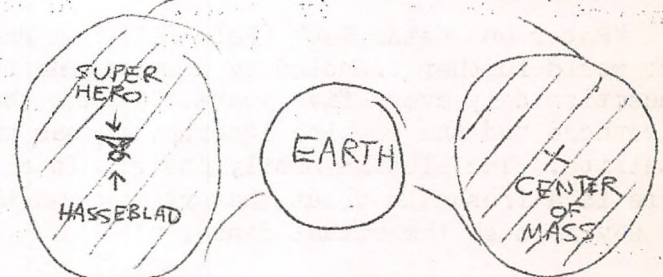
(Available from New Worlds Pubs., 271 Portobello Rd., London W11, U.K.; 12 issues/\$10.)  
-- Ethel Lindsay



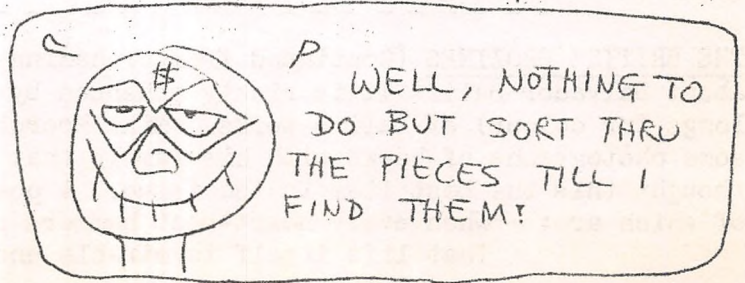
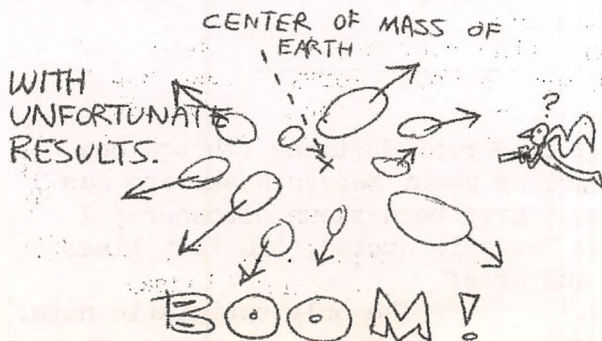
PUSHING BACK THE HANDS OF TIME BY FLYING AROUND THE EARTH FASTER THAN THE...



HOWEVER... AS  $v \xrightarrow{\text{LIM}} c$   
 $m \rightarrow \infty$ , WHICH MEANS



↑ SUPERHERO BECOMES EQUIVALENT TO TORUS OF INFINITE MASS



PHYSICAL MEDICINE IN SCIENCE FICTION  
by Bob Rozman

I. Introduction.

The medical and paramedical professions have touched specific parts of science fiction steadily throughout the years. This association can be divided into three major and at least one minor parts. First we have stories by those intimately connected with the field: physicians such as David Keller, biochemists such as Isaac Asimov, etc. Some of these stories may have a medical or genetically supplied background (e.g., David Keller's "The Revolt of the Pedestrians"), but most do not.

The second part consists of stories written around physicians dealing with diseases of humans or the diseases or medically important changes of people. A good example of the former is Murray Leinster's Med Service series. Here the main character is a medical practitioner who spends much of his time ferreting out the causes and cures of odd, often man-made, maladies. George O. Smith's Highways in Hiding represents the latter type. In this novel the disease victim is the major character.

The third area, although much smaller in output, is often very entertaining. This is disease in or the physiology of alien beings. James White treated this type well in his novel Hospital Station and its sequel Star Surgeon.

The fourth area, though much more diffuse, is more pervading. Many stories simply ignore inconvenient basic human physiological processes. After all, in a space romance it would take the edge off the plot for the hero to discover the beautiful stowaway only twelve hours after blastoff because she will otherwise become either highly odoriferous or a bladder rupture victim. It is highly refreshing when a good writer takes this into account, as in Isaac Asimov's Second Foundation.

It is anticipated that articles relating to the medical sciences will appear regularly in the JOURNAL. Contents will vary. Sometimes a book will be discussed. Sometimes a series, a short story, or perhaps just general random science-fiction medical thoughts will be looked into.

II. Highways in Hiding and Mekstrom's Disease

Highways in Hiding started out as a four-part serial in IMAGINATION, the first installment appearing in the March, 1955 issue. The story was modified for Gnome Press and subsequently reprinted in paperbacks both under the original title and as Space Plague. George O. Smith wrote a fast-paced yarn about a future Earth where medical science has conquered most of the physical ills now plaguing man. Infectious disease as we know it is no longer a problem, until mechanic-tech Otto Mekstrom's left fingertips start growing rock-hard two weeks after the return of the first ship to the moon via Venus and Mars. Whatever the treatment, those few unfortunates contracting Mekstrom's Disease experience progressive hardening of flesh toward the body at the rate of exactly 1/64-inch per hour. Other limbs start the irreversible hardening process; the sufferer eventually dies when vital organs are reached. Not even amputation works against the



unknown causative agent. The hardening just starts at the end of the stump.

The hero, Steve Cornell, enters the scene twenty years after discovery of the disease. He eventually discovers that he is the only carrier (known vector) of the disease ever encountered. He is shunted around during most of the book by two groups: the Medical Center people (Mekstrom supermen with rock-hard bodies who have found the "cure" but are keeping it to themselves), legitimate but evil, and the Highways in Hiding people (Mekstrom supermen with rock-hard bodies who have found the "cure" but are keeping it to themselves), illegal but good. Both groups collect Cornell's victims to swell their ranks. After much travel, blood, thunder, general idiocy and other standard items, Cornell and the good guys triumph.

I have no quarrel with most of the non-medical plot elements. They have proven themselves in the market place many times over. I do want to get picky in the general areas of epidemiology, genetics, and physiology.

Up to Cornell's advent about thirty persons a year have been known publicly to have contracted Mekstrom's Disease. For plot purposes the actual number can be charitably estimated at three times this number. This is therefore a disease of incredibly low contagion potential. Why then, when transmittal is practically impossible until Cornell's entrance, do entire Highways' families have Mekstrom's? No one knows what causes it, no one knows how to transmit it in spite of intensive effort, and apparently no one has ever caught it working with patients -- handling them, working with tissue slices, body fluids, or even cadavers. This ability to transmit, found only in Cornell, is one of the major plot props. Where then did these Mekstrom families come from? The author doesn't say. I don't blame him.

The next point also revolves about transmission, but perhaps in a subtler way. Only two babies are important to the plot. Both are Mekstrom offspring of Mekstrom parents. Is this the "family" coincidence again? Or is this meant to be true mutation? Probably the latter since the book's last sentence, referring to Cornell's month-old offspring, declares, "He's a healthy little Mekstrom, and like his pappy, Steve Junior is a carrier, too." (Sic!) It is conceivable that, if the disease is caused by a filterable virus, incorporation into reproductive nucleic acids could cause this specific mutation. In addition, if the infants were infected in utero, they probably would have been dead rocks at delivery since presumably no one could have gotten to the fetuses for the prolonged treatment required.

A third question of transmission arises. Cornell finally contracts the disease from being bitten by the other infant. A way is actually found to pass the disorder on -- early in the novel -- and for the rest of the book it is almost entirely ignored. Everyone is trying to find the big secret, backed up by telepaths, and no one but Cornell even idly associates his being gummèd by the baby and his contracting the disease. He even eventually bites one of the Medical Center women, giving her Mekstrom's. This lead is never really followed up. Does anyone stop to think of how much saliva a human secretes in just one day? Trained people abound but not one ever thinks along these lines. Perhaps they all had advanced cerebral atherosclerosis and didn't know it.

If you consider it, all of the Mekstroms of necessity had hardening of the arteries. How did blood get pumped to the tissues? Presumably all the supermen were hard-hearted, but this wasn't even considered. With all tissues hardened, how did the eyes accommodate to near and far vision? How did the people hear with immobile eardrums? A number of other fascinating questions of this type come to mind. Some are rather crude but one is basic. How does a woman with a rock-hard body give birth to a rock-hard baby?

((As he stated in the introduction, Bob plans to continue with medically-slanted material of various kinds in future issues of the JOURNAL. --ed.))

Past Master, by R. A. Lafferty (Ace S-F Special, H-54, 60¢).

When Ace sent this along for review, it arrived on the afternoon of a WSFA meeting, and some enterprising WSFAN borrowed it immediately. After a delay of some months, I borrowed it back and read it.

The Past Master of the title is Sir Thomas More, the hero of "A Man For All Seasons", which was approximately straight biography. Sir Thomas coined the word and concept of utopia in his book of the same name, and was the ablest lawyer in England. He was the first non-clerical Privy Councillor, and had the job of keeping the King happy and the King's Law in good order. Ultimately, Henry VIII drove him to the wall in the matter of divorcing Catharine of Aragon so Henry could marry Anne Boleyn. Sir Thomas did not approve, and his thunderous silence cost him his high office, his liberty, and his life. He was sainted in haste by a Roman Catholic Church eager to embarrass the newly-minted head of the newly-minted Church of England.

Lafferty writes with passion and wit, and his subject, his central character, was a man of wit and passion. Lafferty draws him bigger than life, in circus poster colors, and brings him off absolutely, poetically true.

There is a grandiloquence of language, a majestic sweep and abandon of image that matches the strength of Lafferty's ideas, the power of his conceptions. Because Lafferty is not blowing for the sake of blowing, nor indulging in empty rhetorical fireworks. He has something to say, something he has thought about at some length, and it comes across on the gut-feel level.

Other reviews I have seen have been either highly enthused or darkly denigrating. Myself, I hit the climax of the story at 2:00 a.m. Monday, sitting up in bed and shaking so hard I couldn't turn the page.

What is Lafferty saying? He is talking about the present by means of allegory, and he is saying that Man the Manipulator has always been tinkering with his society, trying to make it better. Then he makes the point that man's tools, and man's society have become sufficiently powerful, so that man can be molded to fit the social order he has created, or to fit the social order which has created itself to the imperatives of its machines.

He doesn't think that any good will come of this, whether the manipulation is done consciously, by men of good will, or in default, by scientists having neither conscience nor love of humanity.

He says, passionately, that a man is more than a programmed machine, that a qualitative difference exists. This qualitative difference constituted a line which can be crossed in either direction, and, indeed the "King's men" of More's time are exactly equated to the "Programmed killers" of the book's present, while the programmed man, the robot device, the Golem of Chaos, who should have felt no emotion at the climax, is sitting on the ground, weeping and piling ashes upon his head, his defeat compounded by becoming human. Lafferty feels what a man is, and what a thing is ("Gentle contrivances", More says), and strives to demonstrate by example.

There are other levels to PM, and hilarious incident as well.

The girl-woman Evita, for instance, is a fantastic creation, imbued with legendary vitality as Eve, Lilith, Faustina, and the witch of Endore, and she is believable. You meet her, and belief is not merely suspended, but abolished.

In one sense, this book is like "2001". Either you feel it, or you do not. If you don't...well, too bad. I did, and Past Master is my unquestioned choice for the 1969 Hugo.

The Dillons have provided a cover suitable to the book.

-- Alexis Gilliland

The Phoenix and the Mirror, by Avram Davidson (Doubleday & Co., \$4.95).

In the Middle Ages, a number of legend cycles developed; some, like Arthur or Charlemagne, concerning a more romantic version of a real historical figure; some, like Robin Hood or Coo-Cullen, concerning a more legendary figure. In most cases,

some scholars trace some parts of each legend to the early religious beliefs that were prevalent on the continent before the advent of Christianity. Thus, Arthur contains more than a smattering of the ideology of the Fisher King; and Robin Hood is purported to be a revision of the Nature God variously named as Hob, Puck, or Pan.

The legends of such characters as Arthur and the Paladins of Charlemagne have been populatized by such authors as Bulfinch, and have been used by modern authors as inspiration for realistic or fanciful tales of diverse types. Examples include The Once and Future King, by T.H. White, Sword at Sunset, by Rosemary Sutcliff, Huon of the Horn, by Andre Norton, Three Hearts and Three Lions, by Poul Anderson, and many others. One cycle that was prevalent in the Middle Ages that has been neglected by the myth collectors, and therefore largely ignored by most authors, was the cycle telling of the greatest of all magicians, the teacher of such sages as Merlin and Malagigi. I speak of the tales of Virgil Magus, known to us moderns only as a poet and a cypoccat of Homer.

The powers of Virgil Magus were great, indeed. He was first, before even Bacon, to create a speaking robot head, and an homunculus. He knew the means to make the mandrake root speak, and how to silence it before it could drive him mad with its death cry. It was said that he commanded dragons, made gold, and, once, built a bridge across the Mediterranean.

Avram Davidson has resurrected this Mage, and has captured much of the feel of the old legends. While this is an original story (first printed in FANTASTIC or AMAZING a few years back), it nonetheless manages to have the feel of one of the original legends. Manticores, phoenixes, and basilisks are real, in this story, as are the powers of the magicians and alchemists mentioned therein.

In the story, Virgil, because of the kidnapping of one of his souls, is required to make a virgin speculum, a mirror that has never been used -- a mirror of brass, using only virgin materials, the original ores themselves.

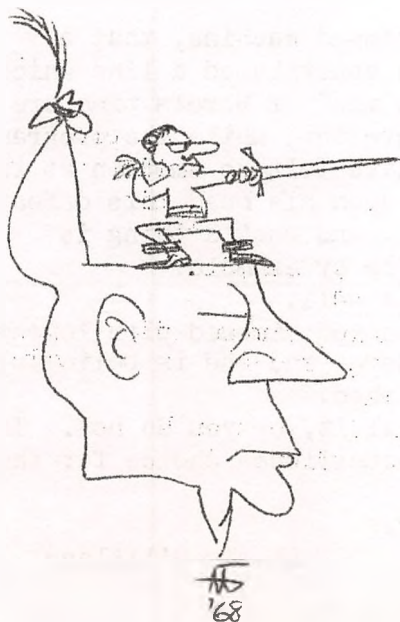
Most of the story deals with the seeking of the copper ore, on the Island of Cyprus, a land blocked by pirates. With the help of a Phoenician, a Red Man of strange visage and powers and an even stranger nature, he eventually succeeds.

The mirror is made, and given to the lady Cornelia, in exchange for his soul; and she uses it to see her niece, who was lost on a journey. Virgil falls in love with the face he sees, and peradventure, goes off to rescue her from the Cyclops. But the story is not that simple.

This story is not quite like any fantasy I have read of late. It is an adventure story, but does not partake of the brawling common to sword-and-sorcery type stories. Nor is there any of the childlike innocence that makes The Last Unicorn what it is. Nor does it deal with a completely imaginary world, as is common nowadays.

This story uses, instead of modern modes of fantasy, one of the most traditional forms of all, that of the Middle Ages, with its strange creatures, its awesome, but strangely limited magical powers, and its strange, but oddly real confusion of ancient and (for the Middle Ages) modern history. Modern fantasy is fairly easy to write, since it involves no more research than a good memory for the author's own creation. Trying to write in this complicated a mode of traditional fantasy, however, is as touchy as trying to write a scientifically-accurate science fiction story, since it necessarily involves a lot of careful research, as well as a double standard of consistency. In my opinion, Avram Davidson has done his homework well. My only complaint is that the story is too damned short.

This book is commended to all fantasy lovers, all Arthur fans (who will appreciate seeing Merlin as some-



thing other than an omnipresent wizard), Hyborian Legionnaires (who might like a little realistic magic), and just about anyone who likes a good, well-worked-out story. Avram says this is part of a series. I'm waiting....

-- David Halterman

Movie Review: "Twisted Nerve" (Released by National General Corporation. In Technicolor. Starring: Hayley Mills, Hywel Bennett, Billie Whitelaw, Phyllis Calvert, Barry Foster, Salmaan Peer, and Frank Finlay. Directed by Roy Boulting. Screenplay by Roy Boulting and Leo Marks, from a screenplay by Roger Marshall from an idea by Roger Marshall and Jeremy Scott. Photography, Harry Waxman. Editor, Martin Charles. Music, Bernard Herrmann. Running time, 118 minutes. [Code rating: M])

Remember what Alfred Hitchcock did with Robert Bloch's eerie psychological suspense yarn, Psycho? It, of course, became an instant classic and led to a rut of two-bit imitations ("Straightjacket", "I Saw What You Did", etc.) of shallow characterizations and thimble-depth plots. Four years ago, film buffs were treated to another feast of top-notch psycho-horror, namely William Wyler's masterful adaptation of John Fowles' The Collector. Another long famine -- but now movie-fans may start scraping their pennies together to get a peek at a new (not based on a book this time, but an original screenplay) goose-pimpler from the Boulting Brothers. It's titled "Twisted Nerve", and if your psyche's got a few kinks in it (and whose hasn't?) this film will nail you to the floor with some suppositions that are all too believable to be sluffed off lightly.

Martin (Hywel Bennett) comes from a well-to-do family -- his mother (Calvert) has over-indulged him since his birth, partly in repentance for the fact that she had before given birth to a Mongoloid (who, at the time the film begins, is spending his final days in a "special" hospital); his stepfather (Finlay) abides him but is distressed by the fact that the boy is irresponsible and "childish", and gives him the choice to do as told or leave the house. Martin leaves, ostensibly for Europe, but craftily wangles his way into the suburban London boardinghouse of Mrs. Harper (Whitelaw) and her daughter Susan (Hayley Mills), the latter of whom he met in a department store where he tried to steal a toy duck. Posing as a helpless retard with the mind of a child (he is actually mortistic rather than schizophrenic), he garners the sympathy of these two who never realize until too late that the babyface conceals a mind that is both brilliant...and homicidal!

Sneaking out one night, Martin returns to the family home and there murders his stepfather with a pair of scissors. The police are baffled by the seemingly unmotivated murder, and it is only shortly thereafter that Susan begins to realize Martin is infatuated with her, not quite the harmless lump of clay she first took him to be. When at a party Susan's boyfriend begins to fondle her rump as they dance, Martin frustratedly smashes the phonograph. Later, after a swimming session alone together in the woods, he exposes his nude body to Susan while changing clothes, and later still, is overcome by his desires and kisses her with a very un-littleboylike passion. Understandably, from then on, Susan is nervous about Martin's presence in her home, even more so when she finds a copy of Psychopathia Sexualis as she is putting away clothes in his dresser drawer...well, you know, childlike minds aren't usually interested in Kraft-Ebbing.

With the help of another border, a medical student from India (Peer), she discovers Martin's real identity (to this point, she has known him only by his little boy name, "Georgie"), the strange death of his stepfather, and with the help of a lecture at the medical center (very ingeniously woven into the plot, by the way), finds that Martin must be the physiologically normal but mentally deranged product of damaged chromosomes. Meanwhile, Susan's mother, embittered and lonely since her lover (Foster) finds more pleasure in booze than in her, makes a pass at Martin in the woodshed and is hacked to pieces with an axe for her trouble. When Susan returns, she is trapped in her room by the now-raving Martin/Georgie, and the climax is a nail-biting ten minutes that will rivet you to your chair tighter than a skin on a sausage.



In England, the film is already under attack from medical authorities who claim that it suggests that parents of a Mongoloid child are dangerously likely to produce another child who could be homicidal. As the Boulting brothers have maintained, such accusations are completely unfounded, as the lecture sequence clearly explains that chromosomal damage is an accident of nature that can happen to anyone at any time -- which, in itself, is not a pleasant thought but is a reality that should be faced.

Hywel Bennett gives a remarkable performance in a role that calls for stark, sudden changes of mood and expression that in less skilled hands could have easily become a melodramatic mess of scene-stealing and overacted scenery-chewing of the kind that mars almost every picture of this type. His performance is touching and terrifying at the same time, proving once again that he is one of the finest young actors England has produced in the last few years. Hayley Mills has finally overcome the stigma of being a child-star and has turned into one of the most lovely young actresses around; she brings to the role a dramatic craftsmanship that makes it far more than merely an ingenue part. (Mills and Bennett were teamed last year in another fine Boulting Brothers' production, "The Family Way".) The supporting cast is excellent (à la Hitchcock) with especial mention going to Billie Whitelaw (who last year made a strong impression in Albert Finney's otherwise dreadful "Charlie Bubbles") as the mother who finds her sympathy for the young "simpleton" turning, in desperation, to sexual desire.

"No Puppet Master pulls the strings on high  
A twisted nerve, a ganglion gone awry  
Predestinates the sinner or the saint."

These lines, Calvinistic in the belief of predestination, anti-Calvinistic in the denial of a supreme control -- are given twice in the film, very well establishing the scripters' point-of-view (and I feel sure I have heard them somewhere before, although the local library has at this date yielded nothing...does anyone know?). Roy Boulting must be credited with a masterful directorial (and writing) success, building his tension step-by-inevitable-step until it culminates in the mind-numbing climax. The dialogue is crisp (there are even some lines of delightfully witty humor, again very Hitchcockian) and avoids the tired cliches -- "I'll tell you why I must kill you my dear" -- for lines that are uncluttered and, importantly, natural-sounding. Boulting shows a genius for knowing exactly how much to say and show; there is an early scene of implied masturbation, as Martin stands naked before a mirror, that is far more emotionally effective than the all-out deep breathing and rolling eyes seen in "The Fox"; and in the final confrontation between Martin and Susan, where he gives her a detailed description of his erotic dreams and reveals his masochistic cravings, his dialogue fades slowly away and is replaced by the thoughts scrambling frantically through the girl's brain. The murder scenes are superb, especially in the woodshed where Martin insanely swings the axe directly into the camera and the screen cuts to a brilliant red which reveals itself to be a magnified close-up of a chromosome wall chart. It's a masterful touch, and just one of many that make the film a terrific combination of talents that merge extremely well.

And last, but certainly not least, Boulting was very wise in securing the talents of one of the finest film composers of the day, Bernard Herrmann, who, incidentally, did the fascinating score for "Psycho". Herrmann has an uncanny ability for creating haunting themes, especially for suspense films, and the music he wrote for this film is both melodic and cannily appropriate.

God knows how many years it will be until we get another really good psycho/suspense/horror drama...so get out and see this one before it gets away (or is unmercifully chopped for television). If you enjoy having your nerve twisted a bit, you now know where to get it done. Go, then ask yourself if it were "normalcy" to do so, hmmm?

-- Richard Delap

The Last Unicorn, by Peter S. Beagle (Ballantine 01503; 95¢).

Someone once said that only the innocent or the fool could see the real magic in the world. Perhaps that is why legend has it that unicorns and virgins had a certain affinity. Perhaps, also, that is why, in these days of being in on what's happening, of doing our thing, that those stories that try to capture a real and earthly magic, and the childlike qualities of innocence and awe, are suddenly becoming very popular.

The Last Unicorn has just this quality of innocence, and is quite awesome in its scope and sweep. The song of a butterfly; the lament of the last unicorn; the plight of a magician, so inept that his master, who was the greatest of all, bound him in immortality until he could find himself; a circus of illusions, presided over by a woman who could have been the sister of Dr. Lao; a harpie; a spider who thought she could net the moon; a land cursed with plenty; a woman who was not a woman, who was afraid to love, and who could not cry; and the Red Bull of King Haggard, who was blind, but who could not be avoided -- all these elements combine to produce a symphony of enchantment that must be read to be appreciated.

If there were still an International Fantasy Award, this would be my nominee.  
-- David Halterman

Catch A Falling Star, by John Brunner (Ace Book G-761; 50¢, 154 pp.).

A pleasant cover by Schoenherr shows two tiny figures scrambling around the colossal ruins of the past.

The story begins with Creohan, an amateur astronomer, discovering that a star is approaching Earth, and will, in 288 years, collide with the sun. This upsets him, and he tries to tell the people of his city. However, the local population is divided into Historickers, Druggists, and Couplers, and is decadent as all get out. Druggists and Couplers are self-explanatory. The vice of Historicking depends on access to the Trees of History, subtle mutations of vegetables which strum the chords of race memory, and allow telepathic access to the mighty ages of the more recent past (i.e., 25,000 years or so ago). They act as a powerfully addictive narcotic, and are a sinister variant of the common house tree, which is telepathically responsive to its owner's wishes, and provides him with light, food (vegetable, at least), drink, and clothing -- and even telescopes. In any event, Creohan has very little luck with his fellow citizens, although he tries all three kinds, and then by accident he stumbles on a girl, Chalyth, who is young and beautiful and willing to go along with him. She points out that it is ridiculous to mourn for Earth when maybe they can save it. And so off they go, looking for someone who, with 288 years' advance notice, could move a star.

For a start, they decide to follow the meat trail back to its source and from there to locate another, less decadent city.

In a sense, the story resembles Jack Vance's The Eyes of the Overworld, since there is the same oppressive weight of the past, and a good deal of bizarre invention. However, the adventurers do not meet with unalloyed crudeness as in the Vance book, rather they get a much more believable mix of wariness and hospitality. And as they go from place to place there is a diversity of adventure, rather than the same formula being repeated with variations. One gets the feeling that progress is being made, as indeed it is.

In the course of this trekking around we also get a good look at the slow rise and fall of civilizations, first a mechanistic rise which falls and gives way to a life-manipulative rise (the tree houses are the residue of a great culture that somehow let things go badly to seed) which falls to be succeeded by another mechanistic rise. Creohan's hopes center, reasonably enough, on the notion that the present is the decadent tail-end of a life-manipulative rise that started with the Mending of Man 1,000 years before. Hence, the time is ripe for a mechanistic upsurge which will rise to meet the challenge of moving a star, if only they can get away from all this interesting decadence going on.

What they eventually find is the logical climax of the story, and what comes after that is a sort of coda, explaining things that had only been hinted at. Brunner might

have been listening to the "William Tell Overture" as Rossini struggled to end it when he plotted his conclusion.

Basically, CAFS is an epic journey yarn which has been carftily blended with a novel of ideas. As far as sex is concerned, Brunner leaves it entirely to the reader's imagination, a not-unwelcome treatment of the subject. In any event, CAFS is first-rate Brunner, different from most of his other work, and a thoroughly entertaining bit of writing.

Coming out in Nov. '68, it should be worth at least a nomination for the Hugo on the current ballot.

-- Alexis Gilliland

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

The Werewolf Principle, by Clifford D. Simak (Putnam; 216 pp.).

Once upon a time, some one wrote a book called The Cosmic Engineers, and another book called City, and they were pleasing in the eyes of the Lord. More recently, that someone wrote Why Call Them Back from Heaven?, and the Lord saw.

Now that Clifford D. Simak has written The Werewolf Principle, we're back where we started. In other words, it's a winner.

A body belonging to Andrew Blake is found floating in a capsule in space. Upon thawing, he is found to be a "man" from the past, and, for a time, is accepted as such. Certain phenomena are noted, however, and it develops that he is, in reality, an android, with a built-in werewolf principle, able to become, in body and mind, a being of another planet. Owing to the Finagle Factor, however, it turns out that he does not have the ability to totally unbecome those aliens he has been. He is, at once, a man, a "wolf", and a pyramidal intellect able to control energy. For some reason, his neighbors find him somewhat objectionable, and the action begins.

I find Simak's selection of parts for this triune entity very interesting, in that it parallels so closely the triple focus of Socratic (read Platonic) thought with regard to man and the state. Man, the body, the worker; wolf, the vital spirit, the warrior; and the Thinker, the intellect, the leading scholar. The Perfect State, the Republic, is constructed from these elements, according to Plato, but the Perfect State, like Andrew Blake, lacks in its body one necessity -- a sense of humor.

The Last Starship From Earth, by John Boyd (Weybright & Talley).

The story begins with the Johannesburg Address, concerning the dangers of lasers, by one A. Lincoln. If you didn't notice that, however, it will take a while to realize that the story deals with a radically-different parallel world, rigidly stratified in both caste and category. It takes even longer to determine what turning point in history brought this cacotopia about. But thereby hangs the tale -- what the nodal point was and what was done about it. I think that this is the first time in history that this individual was the hero of any story.

The world of the story is well drawn, reminding me of the People's Capitalism of Mack Reynolds, but carried to extremes. The hero, Haldane IV, M-5, 138270, 3/10/46, the fourth in a line of M-5, Fairwethian mathematicians, falls in love with a girl called Helix, A-7, 148361, 13/15/47, a poetess who was no better than she had to be, and nowhere near what she seemed. This love affair reaches the usual, illogical conclusions, with pregnant possibilities for trouble, since that sort of thing is not supposed to be done between members of different castes and categories. In fact, it's illegal.

So he is arrested, sentenced to Hell, and deported. But not before he discovers the key that will change history. The fact that the Fairwethian equation  $2(LV)=S$ , the secret of the interstellar drive, equates to  $LV^2=(-T)$ , or negative time. Whereby, as I have said, hangs one Hell of a stinger of a tale.

Heartily recommended, but read it before 4 April 1969.

WHAT IS SPOCK'S BLOOD TYPE?

WHAT DO TRIBBLES DISLIKE MOST?

HOW MANY OF THESE QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?



WHO IS:

John Gill  
Ben Childress  
David Gerrold  
Roger Korby  
Decius

???

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"KROYKAH!" means:  
"carry on"  
"Earthman, go home!"  
"greetings"  
"stop!"

ON WHAT PLANET IS WATER DANGEROUS?

GIVE SYNOPSIS FOR:  
Metamorphosis  
Obsession  
The Enemy Within  
Space Seed  
The Deadly Years  
& FULL CAST FOR EACH

WHY IS IT DANGEROUS TO TRAVEL OUTSIDE OF OUR GALAXY?

If poisoned by a pod-plant, would you apply:

TRANYA  
TETRA-LUBISOL  
STOKALINE  
RODINIUM  
MASIFORM D

Can you identify the others?

HOW OLD WAS MIRI?

"KOON-UT-KAL-IF-FEE" means a ceremonial challenge; what does "GAN-TA-NU-I-KA-TAN-RU" mean?

WHO PLAYED THE PART OF "THE KEEPER" IN THE EPISODE OF "THE MENAGERIE"?

IDENTIFY REFERENCES

Colonel Fellini  
Psi 2000  
Foolie  
The Body  
Exciever  
Samurai Warrior  
Berthold Rays  
Sasir  
Negaton Hydrocoils  
Area 39  
Star Base 9  
The Old Ones

IS "MURASAKI 312" THE 22nd CENTURY FORM OF ASIATIC FLU?



IF YOU WERE ON...

a system inhabited by a Vulcan race, with a double planet...

--or--

a planet favored for shore leave because of its hedonistic culture...

--or--

the outer of two inhabited planets of M43...

--or--

on an uncharted asteroid populated by androids...

--or--

a dark world where no sun ever shone...

WHERE WOULD YOU BE?

WHY WAS CAPTAIN JOHN CHRISTOPHER IMPORTANT TO THE 22ND CENTURY?

SAREK MARRIED:

Miss Piper  
Miss Karidian  
Miss Grayson  
Miss Jamal

WHO ARE THE OTHERS?

WHAT TYPE OF LIFE INHABITED NEURAL?

If you wanted to make a bet on Triskellon, would the units of money be: Romii

Quatloos  
Garum  
Lithium crystals  
???

WHO POSED AS LEO FRANCES WALSH?

IF YOU COLLECTED:

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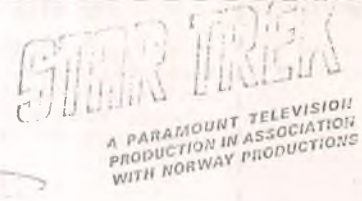
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November 20, 1968

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So that you will have no doubts, indeed you do have my permission and my blessings to publish the Concordance.

Best regards,

Gene Roddenberry Executive Producer



GR/ad

An Errata and Addenda supplement will follow if there are enough additions and corrections to warrant it. Due to the loose-leaf nature of the CONCORDANCE, any extra pages may be inserted easily. Questions and letters on this subject should be addressed to Bjo Trimble, acting as agent for Dorothy Jones.

THE MAKING OF STAR TREK by Stephen Whitfield is available in paperback from BALLANTINE BOOKS, INC., 101 Fifth Ave., NY, NY 10003; if not at your dealer's, send 95¢ plus 5¢ postage directly to the publishers. Be sure to include your name, full address and ZIP.

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As a courtesy to Ballantine Books, and to Gene Roddenberry, the above advertisements were printed free of charge by the publishers of the STAR TREK CONCORDANCE.

# DOLL'S HOUSE

*Fanzine Reviews*



AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #17: Also Sprach Kubrick, Sept. '68 (John Bangsund, Box 19, Ferntree Gully, Victoria 3156, Australia. U.S. Agent: Andrew Porter, Apt. 3-J, 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11201. 6/\$2.40.) New size, new look. Dimitri Razuvaev sires the dramatic cover illo, interior art by Dimitri, Rona Devlin, and the ed. "2001: A Space Odyssey" is the theme, and the editorial comments on the film, reviews of same, and the book. The symposium features George Turner, Lee Harding, Mungo MacCallum, and Bruce Gillespie. George's preface is excellent, as is his presentation of the "fable" and the real story portrayed therein; he then discusses various components -- the characters, the monolith, the bone, space, the computer, its fallability and death, the transition, the room...and ultimately, "2001's" importance as a film. Lee sees it differently, considering it a religious allegory of sorts. The two of them then exchange interpretations of symbols. Mungo MacCallum's remarks on the preceding discussion are delightfully irreverent, probably bugging everybody -- and from his ensuing ones we get the distinct impression that he thought it pretty poor. Bruce looks at it from all sides; after the first viewing, he was somewhat inclined toward Mungo's sentiments, but after talking to Lee and reading the correspondence of all three, he returned for a second viewing, and comes up with yet another interpretation. The whole makes for entertaining and provocative reading. Great stuff!

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, John Foyster looks at Pacific Book of Australian SF, ed. by John Baxter (Angus & Robertson -- "to assemble a book as good as this out of the available material is a considerable feat."); George Turner finds Logan's Run by William Nolan & George Johnson artfully entertaining (in the pop art sense) and fun; Bruce Gillespie turns to the pages of IF and lauds James White's All Judgment Fled; Bob Toomey praises R.A. Lafferty's talent if not his books, Past Master and The Reefs of Earth (Ace & Berkley. "You'll probably like The Reefs of Earth. You'll probably like both books. Or you'll hate them both."). A letter from Ursula K. LeGuin reports on the West Coast Nebula Awards banquet. 39 pp. Recommended.

THE NEW MILLENNIAL HARBINGER #1, Oct. '68 (APA-A. John Bangsund, address above under ASFR. Trade, also in lieu of ASFR trades, letters, services rendered, or interest, but no money.) Oh my, this is a honey...all Bangsund thish...that frothy entertaining stuff that is not usually in evidence in ASFR...and TNMH is fun. Out of respect to the chap who published the original MILLENNIAL HARBINGER more than a century ago, one Alexander Campbell, John begins a "small scholarly dissertation" on one of A.C.'s interests -- this gem of composition is entitled "The Precursors of the Religious Body Known Simply As Disciples or Churches of Christ in English Fiction". Next, a recounting of the thrills, chills, and mile-a-minute mystery which accompanied the screening of the old Universal Flash Gordon serial for MSFC's Fantasy Film Group. (Wonderful, wonderful.) And then there's some chat on clairvoyants, and some concern for NEW WORLDS, a delightfully written bit of comment on history and time travel, via the tale "Evenings at Northclump", and more on the Mia Mia Music Bowl. Eight or so pages, with a splendidly pseudo-classical cover. Yes, yes.

#2, Nov. '68. Wild photo-montage cover. John, who dubs himself Professor of Asfragism, defines the term...and elsewhere in thish we find such delightful words as "chrononhotonthologos" and "churrigueresque" which he found in his Brewer's Dictionary.

(My Webster's had the latter but not the former. Help, somebody.) The Democratic Convention and Chicago blow-up move Bob Toomey to pen a quite moving lament on same. R.D. Symons writes on The Velikovsky Affair (Alfred de Grazia, ed.) -- from what one reads here, I wonder whether V might not be another Galileo, in a manner of speaking. John's review of Brian Aldiss' Report on Probability A is fascinating; I have not read the book, but I have a strong suspicion that he has caught it exceedingly well. (Would be interesting to see the author's comment on this review.) APA-A mailing comments. Further notes on Alexander Campbell. Great 15 pp. Recommended.

SANDWORM 6 (Bob Vardeman, P.O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, N.M., 87112. Trades, 20¢, contribs (?).) Bob is a witty one and so is his WORM (albeit not quite the same as Jay Haldeman's TAPEWORM) -- his interliners, his parenthetical expression definitions, his word play -- the whole shtick...which, of course, means highly entertaining editorial meanderings. And then there's Alexis Gilliland hopping aboard the current fanzine bandwagon and reporting on "The 'Coffee-Mate' at the Sonic Boom." And Auntie Fannish strikes again (Groan!). Book reviews: Bob Shaw's The Two Timers (Ace -- "a good solid story worth reading"), Alexei Panshin's Rite of Passage (Ace -- "Get the book. Read it."), John D. MacDonald's Wine of the Dreamers and Ballroom of the Skies (Fawcett -- both enjoyable, but he prefers the former, as do I), etc. Fanzine reviews, and since in previous ish the ed put down on Vaughn Bodé as an artist, he prints a special section devoted to the view from the other side -- Ken Fletcher, Jay Kinney, and most notably Paul Walker. LoC's -- 14 pp. worth. Cover by John Godwin, interior illos by George Foster, Jack Gaughan, Alexis Gilliland, REGilbert, Rick Seward, Jim Young, and Raki. The pagination is something else, all 30 pp. The SANDWORM's in fine form. Fun. Plus a 14-page Baycon report, complete with Don Simpson cover.

QUIP #10 (Arnie Katz, Apt. 3-J, 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11201. LoC, trade (no monster or Star Trek 'zines), contribs, 50¢. Fanzines for review to Greg Benford, 874 Juanita Drive, Walnut Creek, Cal., 94529.) The QUISH III marks another year of pubbing, and Arnie reviews his motivations -- commendable writing. The Fano-clasts parade on the cover, courtesy of Ross Chamberlain's artistry, and scattered thru the ish are illos and such by George Foster, Jack Gaughan, Jay Kinney, Doug Lovenstein, and Joe Staton, not to mention Steve Stile's pennings for his TAFF trip report, which begins this. The Cosmic Circle and the cryptic escapades of Claude Degler are revived in retrospect by Harry Warner, whereas Arnie gazes into the future to contemplate the possibility of Robin White as an active fan. John D. Berry takes all into consideration and comes up with an illustrated guide on "How to Publish a Focal Point". My compliments to Greg Benford on his excellent fanzine column this, wherein he takes three 'zines -- BEABOHEMA, ODD, and WARHOON -- and explores the overview of each, the gestalt, and whether it works. LoC's. 45 pp. Nice layout, good writing. Pleasant and personable.

BEABOHEMA #2 (Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakerstown, Pa. LoC, contrib, trade, 40¢.) Can't put my finger on it exactly, but for some reason this 'zine comes on like a crudzine -- perhaps it's the indiscriminate use of multi-color pages -- and this is unfortunate because the contents are quite good. Leo P. Kelley offers some excellent suggestions toward making fans a more integral part of Worldcons. Comes a most interesting analysis of the subsequent writing careers of sf short story contest winners and an also-ran from Piers Anthony. The Men In the Jungle by Norman Spinrad gets a going-over by Will Bog, and Faith Lincoln does likewise by Philip K. Dick's Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep? Pyramid has revived E.E. Smith's The Master of the Vortex (The Vortex Masters), and Steve Goldstein thinks it's a waste.

Dale A.

Goble reports on some of the negative aspects of Baycon and the lack-of-progress report, with eminently apt illos by Jim McLeod. In his Bull Artist column, Seth Dogramajian comments on Jack Gaughan, Frank Frazetta, and Jeff Jones. From Robert Bloch comes an insider's special on "Journey to the Unknown". Leonid Doroschenko compares

Irwin Allen's "Land of the Giants" and "Lost In Space". A condensed resume of warfare weaponry in modern sf is Ken Scher's topic, beginning with the Buck Rogers' infantry type to the bred superman with remarkable physical and mental powers; he leaves lots of room for expansion by the readers. R.H. Racwain pens an interesting short story, "Fit". Fanzine reviews. Of the 62 very full pages, the last 23 comprise the LoColumn. Art by Jon Bordner, Seth D., Gabe Eisenstein, REGilbert, Gene Klein, Bill Marsh, etc. As I said, BEABOHEMA may not look the part, but it really is worthwhile.

HOLLAND-SF, #3 (NCSF pub. Leo Kindt, Heilostaat 206, 's-Gravenhage 9, Nederland. 30¢, 6/\$1.50, trades, news, LoC's, etc. Pubbed bi-monthly, editor -- Paul van Oven; English summary and foreign distribution by Leo.) Thish is the 2nd National Dutch SF con report. Held in April in Amsterdam, it opened with an NCSF business meeting, election of the Committee, discussions on the clubzine, short story contest, etc. No precise tally, attendance estimated at 70-75. Pb importers and Dutch editors supplied stock for the Book Stand. No parties, but then Nederland readers are sercon and not fans per se, generally speaking. Three speakers -- Jan Hes (film expert, on the history of SF-films as they reflect contemporary sociology and culture), Mrs. Maartje Draak (prof. of Celtic Language and Culture, who remarked that an SF author need not write Literature, but be a convincing narrator and give the reader "a touch of strangeness"; she felt that really good writing is a necessity if medieval mythological literature is used as a base.), and Rein Blijstra, author. Group discussions in the afternoon were followed by Sherre Arden's entertaining lecture, ostensibly on the "problem of time in SF" but mostly on Burroughs and Williamson. Then, a forum dealt with the gap between pulp writers and "literary" authors. The day and formal proceedings concluded with the presentation of small gold robots to the participants. In the evening, two films were shown -- "Tenth Victim" (story by Sheckley) and "War of the Worlds" (Wells). LoC's. And a translation from the NEW YORK TIMES of Hugo Gernsback's obituary. Two-page English summary.

#4. A dramatic Bert Grotjohann etching entitled Space Being is reproduced on the cover. The NCSF reports 82 entries in its short story contest as of thish, the winners to appear in #5, a special ish to be done by offset. Frank Schoonhoven reviews new SF pubs in Dutch, lauding an original Dutch novel by Jakob Carossa, De naakten en de speyers (The Naked and the Spitters -- intriguing title, that), the latest releases from Meulenhoff publishers -- John Brunner's Times Without Number, Tom Disch's The Genocides, Brian Aldiss' Starswarm, Isaac Asimov's The Naked Sun and Caves of Steel, etc., as well as a Dutch fantasy, Duvels en Oranje Moeren (Devils and Orange Mothers), and Flemish author Paul van Herck's Sam, of de Pluterdag (Sam, or the Pluterday -- this offers the intriguing idea of an 8th day of the week for a few privileged people). Born, a pb publisher, has started a new series of translated SF, and Frank reviews D.F. Jones' Implosion and Poul Anderson's Orbit Unlimited. (Born also advertises Philip Jose Farmer's Night of Light and Phil Dick's The Man in the High Castle.)

Frank Schoonhoven also contribs an article on "SF in Roumania". Interesting to note that his contact in Bucharest sent him ROUMANIAN REVIEW in English. "Planet of the Apes" is reviewed by Jan Hess. And there is a translation of a short story (Ben Bova and Myron Lewis, I believe, are the authors) which appeared in World's Best Science Fiction 1965, ed. by Wollheim & Carr.

For the benefit of Nederland readers, Leo discusses the whys and wherefores of fandom. In his English summary, Leo remarks for the benefit of foreign readers that Dutch "fans" don't know what fandom is and he hopes to educate them in the ways of things fannish. He hopes to go on to fanzine reviews in future ish in an attempt to lure them into fannish activity. Nederfandom, by the way, supports Heidelberg in 1970. A 20-page digest-size Dutch language fanzine, it includes a two-page English summary insert.

TOMORROW AND... #3, Oct. '68 (U. of Chicago SF Society pub. (?); Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Drive, Pittsford, N.Y., 14534, and Mike Bradley, 5400 Harper, Apt. 1204, Chicago, Ill., 60637. 50¢, 8/\$3.50, trade, contrib, printed LoC.) Very impressive



format -- 46 pp. offset, with lots of illos by Jack Gaughan, Steve Herbst (I like this lad's work -- rather witty), Mike Gilbert, Richard Delap (who also did the nicely executed cover) and Connie Reich (bacover creature creator), splendid layout and all that. Unfortunately, the print is so small that my eyes gave me trouble for some hours afterward. (I kid you not; the only other pub I can think of offhand with such tiny print is the telephone directory.)

The Quiz Dent. thish has a series of quotes -- you name the author and source. In his editorial, Jerry reports on issues of non-sf mags that might be of interest to fandom, and the latest craze for model rocketry. Mike, however, looks to Chicago in '73 (or is that '72?), and shrewdly seeks more cohesiveness of fans in the Great Lakes region, proposing an area newsletter with data on local SF clubs, pubs, cons, and fans. Jerry proffers an extended Bayconrep, with two pages of photos. (Am wondering how many Worldcons he has attended, considering his statement, "Baycon...was a poor worldcon at best." Gadzooks, should hate to see remarks on NYCon. Granted the costume parade was a fiasco, and the sound system at the banquet was not so hot, but nobody's perfect.) "Death Lab" by Jim Kinney is an acceptable fan fiction effort. In the "2001" dept., there are remarks by Mark Aronson, Bob Bloch, and Jerry (with denigrating asides by Prod Exp.).

Perhaps the highpoint of thish is an excellent article, "On Talking to BEM's," by Dr. J.M. Williams, who is both interesting and entertaining. Poetry. Good fanzine reviews. Three books by Harlan Ellison draw enthusiastic reviews from Jerry. In the crucificion dept., Mike comes to John W. Campbell's defense. LoC's. A good ish.

HAUNTED: STUDIES IN GOTHIC FICTION, Vol. 1, No. 3 (Samuel D. Russell, 1351 Tremaine Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., 90019. 50¢. Contribs should be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope.) This is an excellent 52-page issue, but it should be -- the editor had three-and-a-half years since he last published to gather his material. (That was a nasty crack; hopefully his next issue will appear in a few months and be as good.) Fine stylized cover by Chas. W. Stewart. The typeface is quite large (in startling contrast to TOMORROW AND...). The editor introduces the contributors in his editorial, and the issue opens with Fritz Leiber's "Marbles and Cadavers", wherein he discusses the weird Gothic output between the two World Wars in the guise of detective stories, especially The So Blue Marble by Dorothy Hughes (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 1940) and The Cadaver of Gideon Wyck by Alexander Laing (Farrar & Rinehart, 1934). Alvin F. Germeshausen follows along the same path with "Detectives of Darkness", bridging the gap between the supernatural and the detective story, and presents a few psychic investigators.

In part two of a 3-part series on M.R. James ("perhaps the finest purveyor of ghostly lore" -- said Germeshausen), Russell discusses James' ghosts and demons, as well as his characters and settings -- very well written, interesting, and informative. Arthur Jean Cox debunks Felix Aylmer's The Drood Case (Rupert Hart-Davis, 1964 -- a protracted discussion of Chas. Dicken's The Mystery of Edwin Drood); altho I have read neither, I was highly entertained by the article (reminded me of the erudite and esoteric revelations of "Bonnie & Clyde", "Bullitt", "The Graduate", etc., in a recent issue of SATURDAY REVIEW). "Two Worlds of Fantasy" are delineated by Marion Zimmer Bradley, the bright and the dark, and it is in this context that she explores major influences on Lovecraft. The man himself is the subject of Muriel Eddy's reminiscence on his marriage and divorce, and Ben Solon sees him in HPL's "The Thing on the Doorstep" (no, not the "Thing", the story). The two pieces of fiction by A.L. Keck and Janet Fox are quite respectable, and poetry is interspersed thruout the issue. LoC's. 52 pp.



An erstwhile RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY of gothic fiction, HAUNTED is far more readable. A must for those of similar interests, pleasant diversion for others. Recommended.

HYPERMODERN #4 (Allan B. Calhamer, 518 N. Spring Ave., La Grange, Ill., 60525. 5/\$5.) 23 pp. Allan discusses the validity of the over-population thesis, psychiatrists and politics, "The enraged sadist", using people for computers in underdeveloped countries (nicely written), reducing blunders in chess, and government employees and the right to strike. Interesting, but to my mind overpriced.

ERB-DOM #25 (Camille Cazedessus, Jr., P.O. Box 550, Evergreen, Colo., 80439. 4/\$2.) Cover is an oil painting by G.M. Farley adapted from a St. John illo in Tarzan the Terrible, and within is a Caz article on St. John, complete with repros of St. John covers and illos, and checklist. Color bacover by Sam Grainger; interior illos by Jeff Jones, Roy Krenkel, Bob Barrett, etc. John Martin points out that in The Moon Men Burroughs forecast a peace party and gun controls and termed them disastrous. The Argentinian radio series had Tarzan roaming other planets, too, according to Luis Skoczek, as recounted by Darrell Richardson. At the Baycon Dum-Dum, Philip Jose Farmer mentioned as essay he was working on considering the infra-human aspects of Tarzan caused by his Great Apes upbringing; Russ Manning speculates on the approach Farmer may take. Whee -- an info sheet cum photos on the 15-chapter Republic serial "Jungle Girl". John Roy ponders Burroughs' fondness for the State of Virginia. LoC's, eds. 15 pp.

IMPRESSIONEN, Vol. 3, No. 4 (Harold Fischer, 14 Waller Str., 28 Bremen-Walle, W. Germany and Hans-Werner Heinrichs, 129 Frankfurter Str., 6079 Sprendlingen, W. Germany.) One of these gentlemen spent a year here as a foreign-exchange student and issued his German fanzine from the U.S. He now forwards this from Germany in English -- a nice gesture toward international fandom. All kinds of news, including notes that the German Con Committee is planning such things as a moonlight cruise with a fan dress party on the boat (the costume ball?), a banquet in the old Heidelberg castle, and a Bavarian beer night. A listing of current SF pubs in Germany -- including a new Perry Rhodan-type series, Ren Dhark. Also, the first installment of a report on the SFCD (Science Fiction Club Deutschland) 12th annual convention, held in Heidelberg. (Help, someone, what is Verguzz?) 4 pp.

GORE CREATURES #14 (Gary J. Svehla, 5906 Kavon Ave., Baltimore, Md., 21206. 30¢, trade, contrib, LoC. Ad rates: \$1-full-page, 25¢-¼. Ready sheets inserted free if in trade with another fanzine.) Two-column pages make for easy reading, particularly well-suited to the contents. Gary remarks in re "Dr. Gyllas' Philosophy Hour" by V.D. Phillips that the "errors in grammar are intensional". (Shall we assume that this is also true of the spelling thruout the ish?) Harry Wasserman, editor of FANTASY NEWS, explains that the fanzine review advises the reader, and the LoC advises the editor; Gary takes exception, feeling that there are no good or bad fanzines as such -- that it's a matter of sincerity and that this is what the reader seeks. They both agree that LoC's are for constructive criticism, but Gary feels that a fanzine review column is not the place to take a fmz apart. (As for me, I cite the old adage: "The road to hell is paved with good intentions"; sincerity doth not a fanzine make -- the contents and presentation do.) Craig Hughes reports that FM is failing, financially and otherwise. Gary editorializes on violence and horror movies. Film news comes from Larry Reichman (a late release from Japan, would you believe -- "Gamera vs Outer Space Monster Virus").

"The test of any movie critic would have to be how well he could attempt to review the epic space adventure..."; thus begins the ed's intriguing if simplified interpretation of "2001". (On musical sources, he remarks on "ancient, classical music -- mostly Richard Strauss material. The 'Blue Danube' is the most noticeable..." Ahem. As for HAL's malfunction, "In the machine's history since 1992, not one of the 9000 Computer series has ever been known to malfunction, and Hal does not want to be the first!" Hm-m-m. As for the ending, "...rising from the corner of the screen is the 'Star Child' with its 'embryo' being enlarged into a rounded sphere --

the reborn Dullea apparently is becoming a star.") Gary finds further insights in Clark's short story "Sentinel" and remarks by Kubrick in a NEW YORK TIMES interview. Am thinking this film has something to say to everybody, albeit it may be something else. The ed enthuses on the Baltimore premiere of "2001", complete with photo of him and Dullea.

Dave Metzler refutes a few of William Bracero's comments on "The Classic Vampire" in an earlier ish. Lin Carter's Thongor vs the Gods is Gene Klein's topic, and he marks points of contrast between the hero and Conan. From Hammer Films (who received the Queen's Award for their outstanding contribution to dollar exports) comes a scoop preview of "Dracula Has Risen From the Grave". Gary's "The Pastel Blue Room" story seems superior, at least on the surface.

In a past ish, I believe I commended to you a charming Hans Holzer book, The Lively Ghosts of Ireland, which told of some of his ghost searches in company with Sybil Leak. Well, Gary saw her on the Today Show last June, and recorded the delightful proceedings. (Joe Garagiola: "Now, you make a point in your book about the bad publicity witches are getting." Sybil: "Yes, the press has never been good over the last 300 years.") Chatty fanzine reviews, movie reviews (on "The Conqueror Worm", "the most arty scene is a nude love bedroom scene which proves Reeves has the talent if he would only use it." As it is, Mike Reeves merely directed the film.) 39 pp. Illos by Omar Torres, Dave Metzler, Tom Doran, etc. Much improved over past ish I've seen.

MONSTROSITIES #2 (Doug Smith, 302 Murray Lane, Richardson, Texas, 75080. Trade, contribs, LoC, 35¢, 6/\$2. Ready sheets included free -- send 350.) Cover by Carl Bobke; interior illos by Clare Smith, Doug Smith, Bob Gersman, REGilbert (I liked these), and Tom Satani (prolific but varying in quality). 76 pp., many two-columned.

The ed really liked "Planet of the Apes" (escapism is his bag), and made this a special PoTAish. So, comes a 5-page review and a 30-page tapescript, with photos. Doug reviews "2001". Bill Jonathan terms Keith Roberts' The Furies (Berkley) a poor Wells' imitation, Pierre Boulle's Planet of the Apes (Signet) different from the film, and William Hodgson's The House on the Borderland (Ace -- written in 1907) "a cross between Howard and Lovecraft". Bernhardt J. Horwood's Monsters Galore (Fawcett) is dubbed "a rather 'sick' book, undoubtedly written under the influence of Money". Bill Gaskell has praise for Mike Moorcock's The Stealer of Souls (Lancer), was a bit disappointed with Ted White's The Great Gold Seal (Bantam), etc. Doug reviews three old Doc Savage books. "The Strange Case of Mr. John W. Alden" is a computer tale by Patrick Dhooge. LoC's, fanzine reviews. Fanzine changes its name to ORB next ish.

SCIENCE FICTION NEWSLETTER #1 (Peoria High School SF Club pub. Don Blyly, 825 Russell St., Peoria, Ill., 61606. LoC's, contribs, trades, 15¢, 10/\$1.25, 20/\$2.50.) This was a special ish introducing SFN, and we learn that because of the club's generosity, the Peoria High School library now carries ANALOG, GALAXY, IF, and F&SF. Reprinted from last year is "The History of the Masked Nemesis" (protector of flowers everywhere), whose adventures appear here periodically. Also, the introduction to W.G. Bliss' The Time of the Ottos, a novel-length collection of short stories which will be printed in ensuing issues. Fanzine reviews, ads. This brief 7-pager promises bigger and better things with its regular ish. Would be interested in seeing one.

WE MADE IT! (N'APA. George Heap, Box 1487, Rochester, N.Y., 14603.) A two-page one-shot recounting the ed's pubbing activities, coming up with #179. (Wonder how many our esteemed editor has published? Would probably take a month or more to compute.) And they have moved (from apt. to house), but their mailing address remains the same, and they expect to be in Rochester for another year or so.

RATAPLAN Two, The Magazine of the Arts (Leigh Edmonds & Diane Bangsund, Box 19, Fern-tree Gully, Victoria 3156, Australia, and Bernie Bernhouse, 61 Military Rd., Avondale Heights, Victoria, Australia. A monthly. Trade (2 copies) on an all-for-all basis, LoC's, pubbed contribs, 30¢, 6/\$1.80.)

Leigh bemoans the deteriorating Melbourne SF Club (House?) and introduces the two co-editors. Bernie does a riotous bit on ASFR #17's "2001" Symposium and symbolism and amphetamines and all that jazz. Diane reveals how she got involved in fandom. Her husband, John (ed of ASFR), who drew the cover, also contributes a waggish gem of a tale, "The Beheading of Basil Pott" (which appeared in a slightly different version in CANTO 1, 1964). Fanzine reviews by Leigh. Interior illos by George Foster, Doug Lovenstein, Burt Kauffman, and Mike Lawson. Lots of LoC's. 23 pp. A personable fannish 'zine, this RATAPLAN.

DOL CIRITH UNGOL #3 (Cultzine. George Heap, see WE MADE IT!.) Roster, business, and letter comments, from which we learn the difference 'twixt a blimp and a dirigible, that a Coni Com -- if it wishes -- can ignore any Convention business meeting decisions passed prior to its term (with explanation from Alva Rogers), and why the plural of Xerox would be Xeroxes rather than Xeroeces, among other more important things.

THE LEGAL RULES (Cult. Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Dr., Pittsford, N.Y., 14534. 10¢ or two 6¢ stamps.) Exactly what it says. Jerry bases this document on George Scithers' final rules as pubbed after NYCon, and on the Baycon business meeting which he taped. Thus comes the Rules of the World Science Fiction Society.

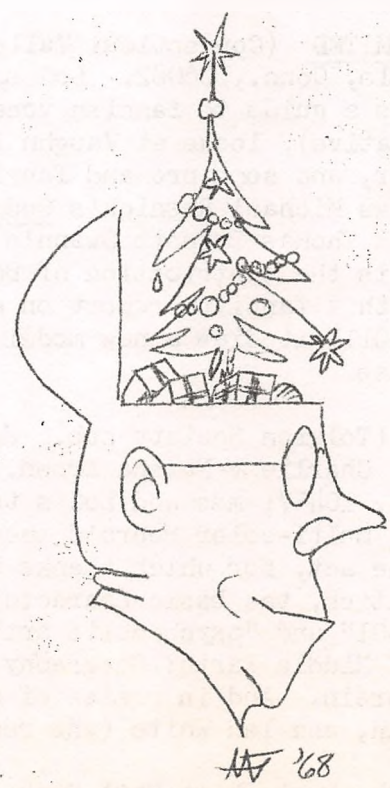
MERETRICIOUS, SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES Christmas Art Supplement 1968. Aptly named. Contributors: Gabe Eisenstein, Greg Baer, Tim Kirk, George Barr, Dian Pelz, Jim Neilson, Marie Uhl, Wendy Fletcher, Dick Glass, Kathy Kieth, Bernie Zuber, Cathy Hill, Don Simpson, Katherine Cribbs, Ken Fletcher, etc.

PLAK-TCW #11 (Shirley Meech, Apt. B-8, 260 Elkton Rd., Newark, Del., 19711. 5/\$1.) Annish. A Star Trek newszine, it carries appropriate items on the show, its stars, clubs, etc. Bibliography. Brief report of the Los Angeles Mensa group's SF party. Good art work by Kathy Bushman, Daphne Hamilton, Vera Heminger, Connie Reich, etc. 13 pp.

DECEMBER 27th, 1968 (Beryl Mercer, 10, Lower Church Lane, St. Michael's, Bristol BS2 8BA, U.K.) A Moon-shot One-shot, this is a 3-page love letter from Beryl to the U.S. for the Apollo 8 trip. Beautifully written, it is a touching tribute.

LOCUS (Charlie & Marsha Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, N.Y., 10457. 6/\$1.) A bi-weekly newszine, it varies in size, content, cartoon artists, etc. Excellent coverage. Recommended.

ZINE-O-PHOBIA #2 (John Hatch, 12 Pine Rd., Glen Falls, N.Y., 12801 and Kevin Maul, 7688 Marine Dr., South Glen Falls, N.Y., 12801. Contrib; LoC, 10¢.) John's commentary includes a cryptogram, possible Hugo contenders, and some words on religion and birth control. Kevin meditates on "responsible adults", furnishes brief autobiographical info, and asks for material. The lone article by James Corrick concerns James Blish. Kevin reviews four Star Trek episodes and has praise for The Prisoner. John gives the nod to William Tenn's Of Men and Monsters and the five books of his short stories released simultaneously by Ballantine; also Delany's The Jewels of Apor (Ace) and Men and Apes by Ramona & Desmond Morris (Bantam). The LoColumn occupies 13 of its 28 pp.



Poor art repro -- or maybe it's just uninspired art. Save for Corrick's article, it offers little. Perhaps next ish....

DMSFF #1 (David T. Malone, Bacon Rd., Roxbury, Conn., 06783. Trade, contrib, LoC, 30¢, 4/\$1.) Mostly ditto repro, and it's good. Art by Robert Malone, Thomas Pat-senka, John Paul Sullivan, and Nico Sheers, who also does the eye-catching cover and bacover. The ed. discusses Nebula nominees and possible Hugo contenders, the Ace SF Specials, and Vaughn Bodé for fan artist. A faanish allegory on neofaneds; fanzine reviews; prozine satire -- thish; ANALOGUE -- complete with editorial, short story (repeated twice), and LoC's; fantasy book reviews -- Dave discusses the Chronicles of Narnia -- an 8-Book series by C.S. Lewis, and Norton Juster's Phantom Tollbooth and Alburic the Wise and Other Fables. The sole material from outside is Leo P. Kelley writing on the birthpangs of his Odyssey to Earthdeath. 29 pp. Dave does his own thing and does it well. DMSFF looks like a sleeper; keep your eye on this one.

TANSTAAFL ((#6? --ed.)) (John Godwin, 2426 Belvedere Dr., Wilmington, N.C., 28401. LoC, trade, contrib, 25¢.) TANSTAAFL has switched to regular size. Artwork and repro vary in quality. Short reviews of some very topical books, e.g., Anne McCaffrey's Dragonflight (Ballantine), Ted White's The Spawn of the Death Machine (Paperback Library), Walter M. Miller, Jr.'s A Canticle for Leibowitz (Bantam -- "See how good SF can be." I agree. Very fine.), Piers Anthony's Sos the Rope (Pyramid -- same type as Spawn, but better), Alexei Panshin's Rite of Passage (Ace -- "Panshin has a way of getting into the mind and actions of a young child that is better than any I've ever read before"), Robert Rimmer's The Harrad Experiment (Bantam -- "A beautiful utopian novel"), etc. Two femme h.s. students write on Capt. Kirk and Dr. McCoy. David Woodcock's "Your Other Brain" is an interesting and well-written report on a Cal Tech experiment. Gary Grady recounts a trip to Nag's Head, North Carolina. John comments on the December IF Bok cover, a chess variation called Chi-Chi, his new status as a Radiotelephone 3rd Class Operator Licensee, cruddy monster movies, and Dave Woodcock's comments on "The President's Analyst" and "Wild In the Streets". 21 pp.

INFINITY LIMITED (Connecticut Valley SF Society pub. Daniel Hatch, 13 Donna St., Thompsonville, Conn., 06082. LoC's, art, contribs.) Poor repro. For the newcomers Dan includes a guide to fannish vocabulary, discusses "constructive" sf (as opposed to extrapolative), looks at Vaughn Bodé's The Man (Syracuse Univ.), a chapter of TV's The Prisoner, and some pro and fanzines. Also pens a review/reaction to "2001". Gene Klein reviews Michael Resnick's Goddess of Ganymede (Paperback -- "a bad copy of Lin Carter") and Thomas Burnett Swann's Weirwoods (Ace -- "engrossing reading"). A bit of fiction is the contribution of Bob Toomey (lately departed from England). Dan comes up with a fanciful report on a new model spacecraft -- the Neidelmann Corsair, while John Gill studies a new model weapon -- the Hunting Phaser. 33 pp. IL has possibilities.

NIEKAS 20 (Tolkien Society pub. Ed Meskys, Box 233, Center Harbor, N.H., 03226, Felice Rolfe, Charlie & Marsha Brown. Fanzines and art to Charlie at 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, N.Y., 10457; mss and LoC's to Ed. 60¢; 4/\$2.) Whee -- a big, thick (108 pp.), art-filled, multi-color repro'd spectacular. Ed's editorial details how the Browns got into the act, for which thanks be given since thish resulted. Felice writes on theatre critics, the basic characteristics of a hero, and "don't twiddle the red knob". "2001" and "psychedelic art" are Diana Decles' topics. Bob Foster offers A Glossary of Middle Earth: Geography. Don Wollheim's '68 Lunacon GoH speech is reproduced herein. And in praise of Georgette Heyer come Alexei Panshin, Charlie Brown, Cory Seidman, and Ted White (who really is writing on Love & Sex).

Other goodies include a very short short Phil Dick story for Harlan Ellison's Dangerous Visions, Harry Warner, Jr., explaining the problems of translating a fantasy from German into English, and a realistic look at the Worldcon concept by Tony Lewis. Lawrence Janifer

reviews "five lost books" by Charles Einstein; children's fantasy is covered by Marsha Brown, with high praise for Zilpha Snyder's Season of Ponies and Black and Blue Magic, Ruth Arthur's A Candle in Her Room, Robert Newman's The Boy Who Could Fly (all the former from Atheneum), Lloyd Alexander's The High King (Holt, Rinehart & Winston -- the last of the Taran series, and an award winner, I noted in a recent SATURDAY REVIEW); Piers Anthony reviews Roger Zelazny's Lord of Light (Doubleday), comments on John Brunner's commentary on his Stand on Zanzibar; Eddison's The Worm Ouroboros and other works are discussed by Dainis Bisenieks. Charlie Brown's fanzine reviews thish are more a buying guide. LoC's.

Strong on eye appeal, thish features a cover mermaid by John Boland and a rousing bacover by Vaughn Bodé, plus all kinds of entertaining interior illo'ing by the cover artists, Dan Adkins, Johnny Chambers; Pierre Fournier, Jack Gaughan, REGilbert, Alexis Gilliland, Terry Jeeves, Greg Keith, Tim Kirk, Glenn Prim, Joni Stopa, Arthur Thomson, Bernie Zuber, etc. Yes, indeed. Recommended.

LE ZOMBIE #66 (Bob Tucker, Box 506, Heyworth, Ill., 61745.) 30th annish. What the heck, it's only been 10½ years since the last ish, and Bob is evidently joining the new wave of reincarnations. The magnificent Ronald Clyne cover is from #52, March 1943. Dedicated to his early confederates, Tucker is a delight. A Willis article -- Madeleine; Walt's wife, that is -- and she's fun, too. Great mailing comments -- on what?, you ask -- well, Wallace's Rebel Yell, Kelley's Real McCoy, etc. Robert Bloch reports on his trip to London to attend the '65 Worldcon. Poetry is not overlooked; there's a salute to the Chicago ruckus entitled "The Charge of the Billy Brigade". The LeZ Quiz is a romp, and there's Hoy Ping Pong interviewing Dr. Josef Fann. Add some comments on Whitfield's The Making of Star Trek (Ballantine), excerpts from LeZ #64 (Jan. '55) and contemporary 'zines, not-classified ads, and his salute to Dean Grennell, including #25 in the latter's Little-Known Game Animals of the World: The Depressing Spectacle. 24 pp. Wonderful, wonderful.

DEGLER! (Andrew Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11201. UKAgent: Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey. Comment, fillos, or 8/\$1.)

#233. Ditto repro. Andy reveals the truth behind the DEGLER! revival, a hoax perpetrated by Charlie Brown and Elliott Shorter. However.... A most entertaining single page.

#234. Letraset headings, commercial advertising, halftones. A letter from Harry Warner, Jr., and quickie comments on recent SF pubs.

SCOTTISHE #50 (Ethel Lindsay, see DEGLER!, above. USAgent: Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, Cal., 94701. 4/\$1.) Delightful cover and interior illos by Art Thomson, with a page of heads by Alexis Gilliland. Ethel comments on Norman Spinrad's Bug Jack Barron (perhaps the most intelligent I've seen so far); R.A. Lafferty's Past Master; Apeman, Spaceman, Anthropological Science Fiction, compiled by Harry Harrison & Leon Stover (Rapp & Whiting), as well as some Dobson pubs (giving the nod to Keith Laumer's The Monitors) and Ace books. She comments on the need for a history of British fandom; the Worldcon concept; and the latest NEW WORLDS. LoC's. 17 pp. Warmly personable.

HAVERINGS (Ethel Lindsay, see above). A fanzine reviewzine par excellence.

TRISKELION #2 (D.E. Dabbs, P.O. Box 3923, Bryan, Texas, 77801. 50¢.) A kind of SPOCKANALIA in fancy dress, this is a bound 'zine abounding in Star Trek-related art and articles. Hal Clement writes logically on the Enterprise. The Space Academy is V. Linea's topic. Jean Lorrh deplures D.C. Fontana's duplicity in violating Mr. Spock's integrity ("The Enterprise Incident"). Captain Kirk's love for his ship is eyed by Sylvia Stanczyk, whereas JAD views his ability as administrator and strategist. Some constructive suggestions for ST episodes come from D. Schweitzer. Paula Dobrovolsky considers the Vulcan's green blood and what it all means. S.A. Wolfe reports on the Empire and what it all means. Vulcan Ethnography: the Ancient Clan Period is

Adrien Spectra's contribution. K.E. Sky writes a weak ST tale. V. Linea's short short SF is much better. A brief Baycon report by the staff covers five pages loaded with pictures of authors, eds, and all that. 96 pp. If you like ST, you'll like TRISKELION.

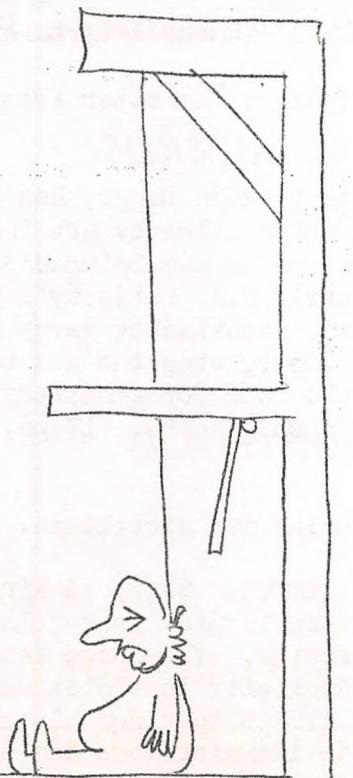
THE PROPER BOSKONIAN #3, Nov. '68 (NESFA pub. Cory Seidman, 20 Ware St., Cambridge, Mass., 02138. Contribs, art LoC's, 35¢, 3/\$1, \$2.50/yr. subscribing membership to NESFA.) Fine Fabian cover, DEA bacover. Repro of interior illos by such as Gaughan, Alexis Gilliland, Gene Klein, Langsam, Park, etc. varies in quality. (Odd, no?) The ad talks about the Boston in '71 bid (but we all know you should vote Washington in '71), NESFA doings, the Tolkien Conference, Leslie Turek's Great Outdoors kick; and Tony Lewis' Halloween party. Trivia Quiz by Jim Saklad. Bill Desmond pens an entertaining travelog on his trip to Andorra. Comes a computer filk song from Bruce Bomgart. Alexis, my everlovin', comes up with an Emergency special for thish. (I liked that, Alexis.) Mike Symes reviews the crudzines, Sue Lewis the ST fanzines, and Tony Lewis some of the remainder. Judy Krupp reports on the Labor Day Non-Con in Paramus, N.J. Mike back with an extended pun. LoC's. 31 pp. Easygoing and enjoyable.

GENOOK #5, Spring '68 (Bill Kunkel, 72-41 61st St., Glendale, N.Y., 11227. 35¢, 4/\$1.35, accepted contribs, printed LoC.) Lovenstein cover, R.E. Jennings bacover. Interior illos by same plus Rick Seward, Chuch Rein, etc. Quickie record reviews, movie reviews. A rip-snortin' editorial on the revolution in America today and crummy exploitation and what will you. (The crude sensational style of writing makes it hard to judge the worth of his arguments, but it's interesting nonetheless.) Simon & Garfunkel and their "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary, & Thyme" album are Ed Smith's subject. Bill covers their "Bookends". James Devlin is splendid on Gilbert & Sullivan. Witchcraft is discussed somewhat analytically/allegorically by Pat Kelly, Jr. The ed. reviews "Wild In the Streets". (Concludes, "Nonetheless, let the Revolution come, not as in 'Wild in the Streets', but with intelligence and wit. Let it come." Come on, Bill, where is the intelligence and wit in today's revolution or any revolution for that matter? Except maybe Panama's against Columbia, which was a public relations man's doing. The Yippies may be witty in their antics, but their antics are hardly intelligent. Bobby Kennedy was intelligent and witty, but you said in your editorial it was true he was "pure politician.... He was dishonest and he lied...." -- the very attributes you are protesting, right? Wonder if this is all really a matter of semantics.) John Goldsmith writes on Ellison's Dangerous Visions, while the ed. does several quickies. Fiction by James Koval, more by Kunkel. Lots of fanzine reviews. Dave Shea looks at last year's TV SF -- was amused by Lost In Space. Chuck Rein writing on aliens and VW's is delightful. A Gene Turnbull art folio of questionable merit, maybe moreso to comic fans. 75 pp.

((Only two more reviews to run before we're finally caught up.... #### Send fanzines for review to Doll Gilliland, 2126 Penna. Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C., 20037, plainly marked "For TWJ Review". --ed.))

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Remember, D.C. IN '71 -- and HEIDELBERG IN '70!

NOTE: The views expressed by the writers of letters and LoC's in the JOURNAL do not necessarily reflect the views of the Wash. S.F. Assoc. or the JOURNAL staff. --ed.



AW 69

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***DON'T WAIT! GET IN ON THE ACTION NOW!***

Jim Ashe, P.O. Box 253, Cambridge, Mass., 02138

(25 Jan '69)

I thought Alexis Gilliland's discussion of the super-race problem was extremely interesting. Oh yes...sorry to be so late about it, but I'm commenting on THE WSFA JOURNAL #57, received some time ago. ((No problem -- comments on any issue, no matter how old; are always welcome here at the "editorial desk". --ed.))

Anyway, I think he's perfectly right that we are more super than we think. The thing that hides this is society's tremendous complexity, so that if you are looking for a superman you have to search through a terrific noise level of super corporations, universities, and maybe some organizations like Mensa -- though I know (or knew) a Mensa member, and I am no longer impressed by Mensa.

So when you go out searching for your superman, you just cannot find him! Practically anything you might think a super human could do, there is a committee somewhere doing it better. Take the stock market, for example. Going to get rich there? But you have to compete with corporations of analysts, and I suspect here we see a part of the key to Gilliland's super-race. It's very likely the super-race is those people who survive well in society outside the routine of society. In short, those who don't really seem to need a niche to survive. The non-niche?

Probably Gilliland's best comment on the subject appears at the end where he says, "The superrace will probably turn out to be the maintenance men who keep all of those stupid machines running." If we rephrase that to "programmers", I think he has it.

Still, I guess you cannot sink the superman idea that easily. I missed Gilliland's preceding two articles, but I wonder if he caught some of the ideas that are floating around now about using viruses to modify people's genetic makeups.

That works in a very simple way, aside from the probably considerable detail of actually doing it. Past research has determined that our chromosomes carry most of the design information that determines our sizes, shapes, etc. If you can change those molecules you change the man. But how can you do that? It turns out certain viruses will do the job for you. They infect the cell, upset its chemistry, and when the attack is over the cell is still alive but its engineering blueprints are modified. I have read that this has actually been done, and work is well along on curing one of the simpler hereditary diseases. The baby is born with a minor design defect, and you simply redesign the baby -- after birth! What will this come to, finally?

At least one writer has caught up the idea -- E.C. Tubb, in S.T.A.R. Flight (a better book than you'd think, judging from the cover), supposes some aliens cure old age in just this way. Research going on now makes an excellent case that aging is simply a gradual breakdown through successive reproductions of the body's built-in design records. As the records are gradually obliterated and smudged, the man ages. Tubb imagines a controlled virus infection that goes in and corrects the design; the body reshapes itself to the re-minted plan, and is no longer old.

Well, if the solution to the problem of age is as close as it seems to be (far less effort than that going into Vietnam should knock it over quickly), then it looks as though we can expect an early appearance of some real supermen -- men who have been done over in a larger and better-than-average design. I wonder which characteristics the biologists will choose as "super-human"?



WINE FAN

Albert Gechter, 1316 N. Francis Ave., Apt. 6, Oklahoma City, Okla., 73106 (26 Jan '69)

The esteemed and admirable Thomas Burnett Swann seems to be rather uninformed about Roy Rockwood, but he at least has the good grace to admit it, thus disarming

all criticism! I agree 100% with his ideas about Rockwood's relative lack of enduring merit as compared to Edgar Allan Poe, Jules Verne, and Edgar Rice Burroughs. Yet the Rockwood stories probably must be considered to have served the purposes for which they were written:

- (a) they made money;
- (b) they pleased and entertained their young, uncritical, inexperienced, unsophisticated readers;
- (c) they introduced those readers to the world of SF.

Now, who was Roy Rockwood? Why, he was Edward S. Stratemeyer and his crew of hack-writers of the Stratemeyer Syndicate, Inc., who mass-produced one juvenile fiction series after another under a multitude of pen-names (for hire) for such publishers as Grossett & Dunlap, Cupples & Leon, and so on, from the early days of this century, through several generations, down to the present time, with the work presently being carried on by Stratemeyer's heirs and assigns.

Stratemeyer was Victor Appleton, the author of Tom Swift, besides being responsible for the Hardy Boys, the Rover Boys, the Bobbsey Twins, Nancy Drew, the Motorboat Boys, Honey-Bunch, and Lord only knows what all else -- in collaboration with his gang of hired ghost-authors-and-authoresses, hiding under a battalion of pseudonyms; best of the bunch was Roger S. Garis, creator of the Uncle Wiggily books -- in competition with Stratemeyer.

Swann makes frequent mention of Verne, as did Don Miller on p.2 of #63 of the JOURNAL, quoting from THE EVENING STAR. Well, I've got news for that newspaper and for Miller: In his novels, From the Earth to the Moon; and, Around the Moon, Jules Verne had a space-travelling French journalist named Michel Ardan, not Andan. Or did Miller make that "typo" instead of the STAR? ((We checked -- it was the STAR, which, judging from the number of errors in the Boris Karloff obit., doesn't seem to be too good a source from which to quote.... --ed.))

I note with glee the letter of Buck Coulson on pg. 24 in which he attacks me for being an insufferably arrogant know-it-all, followed by the letter on pg. 25 from George Fergus in which he concedes that I really did know what I was talking about and was absolutely right all the time....

Now, in case Buck is in suspense about it, permit me to reassure him; I do like his two Man From U.N.C.L.E. novels and won't retaliate by "panning" them in the pages of the JOURNAL. He'll get no "feuding" from me.

Since I'm a rabid Red-baiter from 'way, 'way back, I'll exercise great restraint and avoid "feuding" with John Boardman, too. He can think what he likes, and I'll think what I like -- so long as John doesn't go around exercising his "oppressed people's right" to carry out the dictates of "revolutionary justice" by some direct action, such as liquidating the Republican governor of New Jersey, one of John's pet peeves; I mean, as long as he keeps it on the level of theoretical discussion, it's all right with me. It's when some character like Lee Harvey Oswald starts DOING IT that I get sore about it. Comprehend the difference?

Now I say that all my Liberal Democrat friends had better PRAY HARD for the continued good health of Richard Milhouse Nixon. Why? Well, would they consider the possibility of facing PRESIDENT AGNEW as the alternative? See my point?

Bob Vardeman, P.O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, N.M., 87112

(28 Jan '69)

. . . A few comments on Interstellar Commerce Is a Phoney by Alexis Gilliland ((in TWJ #62. --ed.)). What he is trying to do (apparently) is very unfannish -- namely, knock down the idea of FTL commerce. Granted that it will never really be profitable for such things as iron ore, but what about that special commodity; the luxury item? Perhaps a really high price can be put on Capellan spider lace, spun only by Capellan spiders (who have a strong union and refuse to leave their private hearths)? Or some rare spice only grown on Vega VII? What about precious gemstones not to be found on Earth? Perhaps pelts from some far off world creature finer than chinchilla? Or goods manufactured in such a manner that it would cost more to build the plant on Earth and import the raw materials than to just import the finished commodity? Or, and this might really be worth interstellar trade, the exchange of know-

ledge? Or from a more mercenary point of view, pirating copyrighted books on other planets and then selling the mss. on Earth? The possibilities are endless. But to be limited only to heavy commodities like bauxite...Fout on you, Alexis!

Next, why not shoot our garbage into the sun? I've always thought this would be a dandy solution. Use a shuttle garbage can to get the stuff into orbit and then, using a big scoop-like space ship, aim the stuff at the sun and turn on the rockets. After an appropriate velocity is attained, fire retro rockets on the ship; this way you just have the garbage going on its merry way. The sun neatly uses the grabage as fuel, and we are rid of all sorts of otherwise unpleasant stuff.

Agree most wholeheartedly about Panshin's Villiers novels. Both of the ones I've read have been delightful and the periodic philosophizing is well worth the price of admission. While I can't say they are actually saying anything, it is certainly intriguing how Alexei goes about doing it.

Enough for now since it is much too late and I'm still trying to recover from the King Kong flu (which is much like the Hong Kong flu except you start growing hair all over your body and have the insatiable desire to climb the Empire State Building from the outside while madly clutching Fay Wray).

Rick Brooks, P.O. Box 5465, Milwaukee, Wisc., 53211

(28 Jan '69)

I rather enjoyed Alexis Gilliland's "A Diplomatic Memoir" ((TWJ #63 --ed.)), as I was the other party in the incident he mentioned. And I told Chalker at the time that I disagreed with his decision. I could afford to as I was ahead. Still I owe Alexis a lot as he and Banks Mebane helped me get on my feet in Diplomacy. I've never put in near as much effort or thought into another game as I did in that game and in the Chalker half of XF. ##### Now most of the glitter has gone out of Diplomacy, and I'm reduced to griping about minor things like your failure to print my linkage moves in SCC. ((You put 'em in your orders and we'll print them. --ed.)) But that's life.

Saw "Barbarella" over Christmas vacation and really enjoyed it. More ribald than sexy, a sort of super-PLANET STORIES with the damndest settings. "2001" will undoubtedly bug me with its scientific inaccuracies, but "Barbarella" didn't. It is hard to take seriously. I got a big kick out of the Ketchman's sailing when there was no wind, and broke out laughing when the iceboat began going in circles and the band played that old song about "Down, Down, You Dragged Me Down" as Barbarella was being seduced. The show was good fun except for the sadistic scenes, and I studied the teenyboppers in the audience during them. . . .

Jerry Lapidus, 514 Clearview Dr., Pittsford, N.Y., 14534

(30 Jan '69)

. . . Most welcome item this time ((TWJ #63 --ed.)) is the fmz review supplement. Up to now, the extreme lateness of these have been one of the major deficiencies of the magazine. Hopefully, with a bunch of old fmz out of the way, Doll'll be able to review things as they come out. Her comments on TA...2 . . . are particularly interesting and, I fear, unfairly favorable. I love to parallel such reviews, particularly in specific features. Doll talks about the fiction in these words, for example: "Steve Herbst pens a charming tale of a computer, 'Zoftic', and Mark Aronson a quickie 'How We Won the War'." Charlie Brown, in the latest NIEKAS, says: "unreadable fiction". Similarly, Charlie calls the artwork "worst I've seen in years", while Doll says, "Mike Jump's interior illos rather fun". While I certainly didn't think TA...2 was quite as bad as Charlie did, I'm also inclined to think that Doll may be a bit too generous. Should be interesting to see her thoughts on TA...3. ((See "Doll's House" in this issue, Jerry. --ed.))

It's been a few years since I've reread the Rockwood things, but even so, I don't consider them nearly as bad as Mr. Swann does. Certainly they weren't of the caliber of the Heinlein or Asimov (Paul French) juveniles, but I felt they were as good as "Carey Rockwell's" Tom Corbett books, and probably better than the other kids' serials (Hardy Boys, Bobbsey Twins, etc.). Although they don't hold up under adult scrutiny, there is a great "sense of wonder" to the young mind inherent in the series.

Are you certain Vardeman's tale takes place in 1984: With what's been happening with fmz I've sent and received recently, I wouldn't be at all surprised to find the same sort of idiocy going on today.



I've already commented on Mr. Virgil's letter in an N3F (horrors!) pub., but I'll say a few things a second time. Certainly he has some valid gripes, but to a large extent what he says echoes similar comment over here, but in a slightly different vein. In the first place, the cry of "Why didn't we get to vote?" is by no means uncommon over here. Fans on the East Coast who couldn't come to Western Worldcons have complained that decisions on rules, and voting on the consites, have been unfairly banned from them. Your problem, while more acute, is quite similar. Any foreign fan CAN come to a worldcon held in the States; it's merely financially difficult if not impossible. The trouble is, it's impossible to make any other sort of voting decision under the present organization. The Worldcon, whether held in North America or elsewhere, is the only large gathering of fans from all over the world. Even your International Con, as you call it, would almost completely exclude fans from North and South America, Japan, and Australia. This is by no means a new problem; perhaps part of it could be solved by having consite voting by mail, but this would eliminate the actual bidding to a large extent, and still wouldn't solve the question of rules changes, since rules are normally presented right AT the con. What's the answer? I don't know.

The question of foreign fans resenting the switch from four to five years WAS indeed brought up at Baycon; at that time, Andy Porter, speaking (I believe) on behalf of the Melbourne Worldcon bid, said that the group he represented would support the ruling. As you know, the rule change was not made to eliminate foreign conventions, but rather to make bidding for American cons more reasonable. It's quite possible, seeing the fast-growing interest in Worldcons abroad, that another change will soon be necessary; Tony Lewis, in the latest NIEKAS, examines a number of aspects of the problem. Again, I don't know the answer.

The Hugo question is a different one altogether. Under the present rules, it's really quite simple to get a foreign work nominated. If a group wants a particular work nominated, all it really has to do is get together and do it. This past year, for example, The Butterfly Kid made the finals with only 11 nominations; Lord of Light, the winner, had only 32 or 33. ((But the ballots were sent out so late not too many fans really had the opportunity to send in their nominations. ---ed.)) Certainly a group of, say, Spanish fans could get an exceptional work by a Spanish author on the ballot. Winning is another problem entirely, but this is much more complex. When we have works in eight or ten different languages being published, it's difficult to pick the best, if not impossible. But since more fans speak English than any other single language -- U.S.A., Canada, Australia, United Kingdom, plus many others in each individual country -- it's just logical that works published in English usually win.

Basically, though, the problem is far more complex. The only possible way to get any answers is through discussions between fans on both sides, on all continents. Nothing will be gained by American fans ranting about their number and history. Nothing will be gained by foreign fans muttering about their rights today. What we have to have is discussion -- like this. . . .

((The solution to the Hugo problem might be to have the fans in each country or language-group nominate two or three of the best works in their own language (or just vote for the best such work), and then for some enterprising U.S./U.K./or other English-language publisher to have these works translated and publish them in paperback

and possibly in hardback annual anthologies of the "best foreign-language S-F stories" of such-and-such a year. Given enough publicity and proper distribution, in theory, at least, enough of the fans likely to vote in the Hugo balloting would read the foreign stories to give them a chance in competition with the English-language works. Besides the copyright problem, however, the greatest problem would be that of getting the anthology into print in time for the fans to read them before the Hugo balloting takes place -- unless a special ruling were made that foreign-language stories would be eligible in the year following their original publication. --ed.)

Joe Kurnava, Route 48, Allwood P.O., Clifton, N.J., 07012

(4 Feb '69)

The inclusion of Alexis Gilliland's illo facing my LoC in TWJ 63 tickled my funny-bone. I wonder...was it deliberate or just a coincidence? I sorta think it was the former. It strikes me as being what I imagine his conception of me would be. Daft as a daisy, even.... Oh, well. Deliberate or no, I did get a charge out of it. Thanks.

An amazing resemblance, though. But the daisy is somewhat misplaced. Actually, it's growing out of my right ear....

Bob Vardeman's witty interview with Mr. Dimwitty in "Automation--1984" more or less prompted this letter.

There have been many complaints over the past few years, in fanzines as well as in mundane circles, because of the fact that the ZIP code seems to have failed in its supposed purpose of adding "zip" to the delivery of mail. Well, I personally do not believe the code will succeed in this purpose until the U.S. Snails are fully automated. For that matter, I don't think the government expected ZIP to facilitate delivery at the present time, but has been trying to indoctrinate the general public into its use before automation becomes an inherent part of the postal system.

My ZIP code, as you know, is 07012. Okay. The first two digits, 07, stand for New Jersey. The second two, 01, stand for Clifton. The final digit, 2, stands for the Allwood section of Clifton. (In my town, 1 designated mail to be delivered from the main post office, 2 for the Allwood branch, 3 for the Athena/Richfield branch, 4 for the Delawanna brance, and 5 for mail addressed to the Postmaster or his subordinates.) Now, if the ZIP code were being used the way it's supposed to be, wouldn't it be perfectly logical to assume that the postal authorities would have instructed patrons to eliminate the written address? After all, the ZIP code does make it superfluous.

Eventually, I suppose, the written address will be done away with and rendered obsolete. Then, and only then, can you be sure that the ZIP code will be used as it was originally intended.

However, the ZIP code may not live up to its promise, even with the advent of automation in the postal system. The mitigating factor would be, of course, the ever ubiquitous "junk" mail. Yet...who knows? Even that particular Gordian knot may be sliced some day....

Seems as though you have a budding author/artist in Stephen. A vivid imagination, indeed! May he never lose his "Sense of Wonder"....

Alex B. Eisenstein, 3030 W. Fargo Ave., Chicago, Ill., 60645

(8 Feb '69)

Some of Swann's remarks anent Le Grande Jules resemble the assertions often made by persons who have never read Verne ((in TWJ #63 --ed.)); they derive from the body of popular myth that surrounds many of Verne's stories and Verne himself. Verne presented plausible marvels, says Swann ("an atomic-powered submarine, a rocket-ship circling the moon"), and implies that Verne's writing was "scientifically sound". If your readers swallowed all that, they're a naive lot. Most of Verne's calculations are inaccurate; much of his science, just as poor (even for his time); though undeniably electrical, his sub was hardly "atomic", and his moonship was but feebly augmented by rocket-powered steering jets.

And whence the notion that Verne wrote for "young adults"? Verne wrote for full-fledged oldsters, who had the money to buy his books!

As to THE EVENING STAR's roster of "parallels" between the Verne and Apollo 8 circumlunar expeditions, I find them less than startling and not really coincidental

enough to warrant such comparison. Certainly a tepid list beside the coincidences invoked for the Lincoln and Kennedy presidential assassinations.

I think Madalyn Murray was right; I found the reading from Genesis a pathetic example of Man's atavistic nature -- clinging desperately to a cozy, outmoded belief in the face of an indifferent, mechanistic Universe. They read the lines as if chanting a dirge -- so sombre into the lunar night! And all that about the desolation, bleakness, and hostility of the lunar vistas; I wanted to say, "Where's your Sense of Wonder, boys?" (Back home, obviously; it must've weighed too much.) But all I said at the time was, "Jeez, what're they trying to do -- kill the Manned Space Program?" Credit where it's due, certainly; they accomplished their mission with utmost efficiency, under heroic conditions. But they failed the true test of morale; they may be gung-ho for The Corps (or the glory), but they don't possess the spirit of The Dream. The psychic trauma of ultimate isolation oozed from their pores and flooded their throats, just as it has in all the bad s-f yarns written by nerveless authors with psych primers lying open beside their typers.

I suppose Andy Porter has written an irate letter by now, but for what it's worth, I'll comment on Luis Vigil's misapprehensive missive. The five-year plan (does sound a little Red, doesn't it?) is not designed to oppress or frustrate eager foreign fans; it's simply a guarantee that no U.S. area will be consistently stuck behind the eight-ball of a previous Worldcon; with the four-year plan, a particular section of the country could theoretically bear the brunt of bidding overseas indefinitely. Observe the series: 1-2-3-F-1-2-3-F, etc.; now: 1-2-3-F-1-2-3-1-F-2-3-1-2-F, etc. ((Of course, a three-year plan would do the same: 1-2-F-3-1-F-2-3-F, etc. --ed.))

As for "U.S. Imperialism", two comments: Item #1 -- the Hugos are not called "world-wide", nor does American fandom consider itself "world opinion" of any sort. The official title for the silver rocket is "Science Fiction Achievement Award" -- that's it; nothing more. "The World S-F Convention" is an unfortunate misnomer, perhaps, but one which American fans are trying to correct, the hard way -- by making the Worldcon a truly international affair, rather than deleting the word "World". If Heidelberg cops the 1970 Worldcon (and I think they will), it won't be attributable to the efforts of Continental fandom (outside Germany, that is), but rather to the activities of Anglo-American fans who do want to internationalize the Con. European fans did not institute or invent the four-year plan; American fans did, to promote goodwill among their foreign brethren.

Item #2 -- the Hugos are awarded to English-language stories and magazines because, very simply, 95% of the electorate-membership are English-speaking fans. There aren't enough Continental fans in the membership of any Worldcon to affect the vote. Besides, the foreign-language sf is hardly a torrent: 90% of the German and French s-f magazines or books are translations of English-language sf. Much of the indigent material is on a very low literary level, also. Do you think "Perry Rhodan" is sf of stature?

No decision made at any Worldcon is binding on foreign fandom; it is binding only on future Worldcon committees (on their honor, at that). If foreign fans really want a larger voice in the affairs of the Worldcon, they have only to join the Worldcons; they have no right to cry from afar over the legitimate actions of the recent membership.

I've been overseas for two years, and I've met some German fans and a whole slew of Anglofen; I love 'em all, I think they're great fun. I wear my "S-F Club Deutschland" lapel button proudly, as both a memento of past encounters and a talisman of future togetherness. A great many American fans desire closer contact with foreign fandoms ((Hear, hear! --ed.)), but this is the beginning, initiated by Americans -- it's not a beer-hall putsch from Europe. (Nor will it be limited to Europe -- our first representative from Asia attended Baycon courtesy of American-sponsored fund-drive: Takumi Shibano of Japan became the first TOFF delegate to a U.S. convention.) Rocking the boat won't make it move any faster, nor more surely -- however, it might very well sink the wobbly vessel and all the lovely prospects contained therein. It is sad, to see it encounter storms so soon out of port.

Another one ecstatic over "Barbarella"! I simply can't see it. The credits striptease is very poor -- all downhill after the first glove is lingeringly removed, and very choppily spliced together (no, I don't think I saw a censored version). Your justification for the "terrible continuity" strikes me as a self-deception (anyway, it's less a matter of bad continuity than lifeless pacing and poor staging of physical drama -- the very unspecial "special effects"). The



poor editing and static camera-view of the strip are symptomatic of what's wrong with the whole picture; I don't see where Barbarella's depth of involvement (ignore the Freudian connotation for the nonce, please) becomes the essential excuse for the countless defects of the picture. In fact, Barbarella seems to be quite sufficiently involved (as do Jane Fonda and most of the other cast-members) in the events portrayed -- the person who really seems so uninvolved is the director! (I have heard that Vadim is incapable of producing a better-than-mediocre film and I now believe it.)

The sense of reality is the most important factor missing from the picture. Its notable absence starts with the choice of Jane Fonda for a role so obviously drawn from the Bardot image (Miss Fonda tries hard and acts well enough, but her physique is simply -- shall I say "inappropriate"?) and extends through almost all aspects of the picture -- the props, the sets, the lighting, the costumes, the tired opticals (few as they are), the poor miniatures and their cruder mobilization (actually much less accomplished than any of the model work in the old Flash Gordon serials). The diminutive scale of all miniature sets and models is readily discernible, and all special motion effects are incredibly undeceiving. Much of the costumery is obviously uncomfortable, patently unwearable, and aesthetically displeasing (Barby's plastic corset is the #1 offender), and many of the stage sets and props are so absurdly designed or constructed as to defy belief in their purported utility (the exterior of Barb's spaceship, the proverbial flying wedge; the interiors of the Black Queen's pleasure-dome, a jumble of unstructured glass, plastic, and steel spread randomly over a polished ballroom floor; the Angel's ridiculously ineffectual pair of wings, flexing like a feathered and stiff-hinged erector-set). On a sheerly physical, perceptual level, the viewer cannot suspend his disbelief during 90% of the scenes. Call me a purist if you must, but I find this a fatal flaw -- a picture of this nature should depend on a very solid sense of physical reality, as does the movie "Goldfinger", for example. The viewer should be impressed by an acute concreteness of image and effect, a physical verisimilitude at its peak; otherwise, there is no basis on which to lay the rug that later will be snatched from under the viewer's mental footing.

A few specific examples should serve to illustrate the principle: in "Goldfinger", the insidious Auric threatens the helplessly-pinned Bond with emasculation, and eventual longitudinal bisection, by the scarlet beam of a high-powered laser. The satiric parallel to Pauline's old sawmill is immediately obvious, but the moment is a tense one; the laser is eminently real, and so is the sweat on Sean Connery's forehead. Goldfinger says, "Good night, Mr. Bond!" and proceeds to leave the darkened chamber. Bond cries out, "What do you want, Goldfinger?"

"What do I want? Why, I want you to die, Mr. Bond!" This is a funny line for more than one reason, but a large share of the humor derives from the bursting of the bubble; i.e., there is no point in this torture mechanism if Goldfinger wants nothing from Bond, for there are countless methods of dispatch much more efficient than the laser. The taut reality of the sequence suddenly explodes like a blimp hit by lightning; without the impressive physical realism of the film, there would be no collapse, because there would be no height from which to fall. (Of course, the film reality



recovers when the viewer recalls Goldfinger's established predilection for outré and sadistic forms of murder; on another scale, Goldfinger's remark is funny because its implication, that Bond has nothing to offer the evil magnate and has not gained any valuable information to pass on to compatriots, is quite true.)

Another scene from "Goldfinger": Inside the vault of Fort Knox, as the bomb ticks off the last seconds, Bond's hands frantically search the wires, wheels, and whatnot of the deadly mechanism, vainly seeking a sure, safe method of disarming it. He tugs a cable here, a cord there, but never yanks anything free, for fear that he will, in his ignorance, set it off prematurely. As the last ten seconds are clocked, Bond is still so engaged, intent and uncertain -- and a third hand reaches in deftly for an inconspicuous switch. With a click!, the newcomer renders the device inert, scant seconds ("007", to be exact) from detonation.

Again, the situation unfolds a composite wryness; however, a goodly measure depends on the following: the switch is a logical safety factor to a Westerner, but would the fanatical Red Chinese risk their master plan by including it? In any event, the switch is so unexpected that it jars the viewer from his unconscious involvement with the imposing, convincing sets of the vault (and all that has gone before to establish the downfall of Ft. Knox). Suddenly, the reality slews a bit, and the contrast is funny -- the continuing physical realism versus the ambivalent reality of the plot.

"Barbarella" does have its moments. The carnivorous dolls are chilling as they snap their steel teeth and advance on Barbarella -- but the scene is aimed at exciting the kinky set; I think Barb. could have been saved before the dolls sunk their fangs in her flesh without greatly impairing the drama of the moment.

The best love scene in the picture, as you note, is the gag love-scene with the leader of the underground; his delay of climax is the high point of the picture. Certainly Marcel Marceau is a marvelous mime -- his mimickry of British actor David Hemmings is the most convincing I've ever witnessed. Marcel Marceau?

As I've mentioned elsewhere, Barbarella's attire and weaponry are far-fetched, even silly; not so the wardrobe of the Black Queen, whose leather outfit for incognito ramblings well evokes the back-alley image she uses as a mask. Especially intriguing are the rotary dueling dirks she clasps in each open hand; a truly striking innovation, much more compelling than the bloated bauble that poses as the "positronic ray" projector.

The architectural sets were fairly disorganized and ungainly, and none of the sets and props was especially convincing. Some of the "decorations" in the maze were interestingly surreal -- weird, embedded figures, encrusted or cocooned. Mostly it looked fake, though. The interior corridors of the city of Sogo evoked memories of the Sargasso Asteroid in The Stars My Destination, but the rooms of the city generally evoked only junk. The giant pendant lenses in the Queen's Chamber of Dreams were mildly stimulating as decorations, and the snip-computer, though asinine as a computer, was a nice bit of kinetic-op. The control room upholstered with fur, though probably allergenic, was also a nice touch, but the reproduction of Seurat's Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte ruined it for me...it's a sign of the culture-snob.

Gee, I note that Don Miller is the Real Editor of your clubzine, but this LoC is addresses to you, Alexis, so I'll send it to you; OK? ((And he did. --ed.))

((A few comments from the Associate Editor: Verne's scientific technology was contemporary. His concepts took the great leap forward. Thus, his "atomic-powered submarine" is never called atomic, and shows no atomic details which are by now so familiar, but it acts like an atomic submarine. ##### Verne's "rocket ship" was shot from a big cannon, but if you ignore this (we find it easier to build gigantic, complex rockets), he is talking about a circumlunar ballistic missile. The coincidences between the fictional version and the actual flight simply indicate that Verne figured it out. ##### In context, Rockwell was writing for "young adults", and he was derivative of Verne. ##### We obviously disagree over what "Barbarella" is supposed to be. Since no attempt was made to generate a sense of reality, the audience is obviously invited to suspend belief at a much lower level than in the James Bond movies. ##### The credits striptease evidently distracted me enough so that I missed David Hemming's name, and when I thought "mime", Marceau came to mind. Apologies. --- AAG))

## THE BOOKSHELF: New Releases

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

The Left Hand of Darkness, by Ursula K. LeGuin (47800; 95¢; "S.F. Special") -- "This long, utterly fascinating novel of life on a strangely alien planet has already been compared to Dune and The Lord of the Rings."

Envoy to New Worlds, by Keith Laumer (20730; 50¢) -- "The adventures of the cosmic diplomat Retief, who does his best for the Earth when confronted by the weird people, outer space scheming and unearthly problems of a dozen far-space people. This is the first book of Retief's adventures -- and now a classic for s-f readers everywhere."

The Planet Wizard, by John Jakes (67060; 60¢) -- "Magus Blacklaw was sent in a skysled provided by the High Governors of Pastora to the demonic planet Lightmark, to exorcize its fearsome Brother Plume and its Hauntplace. If he admitted he was a false wizard, he was doomed...But if he went, could he evoke the magic of his dead forebears?"

The Tin Men, by Michael Frayn (81290; 60¢) -- "In this wildly comic novel of a research center for the study of computers and their impact on Man, Michael Frayn has considered just about everything: computerized newspapers, computerized ethics...even computerized sex."

The Best From FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION: 9th Series, ed. by Robert P. Mills (05448; 60¢) -- "Flowers for Algernon", the Hugo-winning novelette by Daniel Keyes, on which the great s-f movie Charly was based, made its first book appearance in this top-rated anthology. This all-star sci-fi collection also features: Robert A. Heinlein, Theodore Sturgeon, Ron Goulart, William Tenn, Avram Davidson, Damon Knight and others...."

The Green Millennium and Night Monsters, by Fritz Leiber (30300; 60¢) -- "A double book bonus package for the master sword-and-sorcery storyteller's army of enthusiasts."

The Man From U.N.C.L.E. #18: The Unfair Fare Affair, by Peter Leslie (51701; 50¢).

Ghosts of the Golden West, by Hans Holzer (28620; 60¢).

Also, "The Ghost Who Danced with Kim Novak" and Other True Tales of the Supernatural, by Dick Kleiner (28590; 60¢); April's Grave, by Susan Howatch (02680; 60¢); The Silent Place, by Rachel Cosgrove Payes (76400; 50¢); Moon of the Wolf, by Leslie H. Whitten (54000; 60¢); Friday's Child, by Georgette Heyer (25300; 75¢); and others.

ACE -- April Releases:

The Preserving Machine, by Philip K. Dick (67800; 95¢; "S.F. Special") -- "A huge, omnibus edition of the best novelettes and short stories by the Hugo Award winning author called 'the most consistently brilliant sf writer in the world'."

The Zero Stone, by Andre Norton (95960; 60¢) -- "A mysterious stone, born of worlds long extinct, is the key to powers unimaginable to man -- powers that could enable its owners to control the universe. Fantasy, man's primitive past, and a space-age adventure have been fused to create one of Andre Norton's best novels."

Ipomoea, by John Rackham (37250; 60¢) -- "Science is never neutral -- and neither are the stars!" and

The Brass Dragon, by Marion Zimmer Bradley -- "What he'd forgotten could change the world."

The Prisoner, by Thomas M. Disch (67900; 60¢) -- "Part spy series, part science fiction, 'The Prisoner' has been acclaimed as the most exciting series in TV history. Viewers who saw this enigmatic show last summer will rush to buy the book to find out more about 'Number 6' and the strange Village where he is imprisoned."

A Pocket Guide to the Supernatural, by Dr. Raymond Buckland (67400; 60¢).

Also, While 6 Million Died, by Arthur D. Morse (88325; 95¢); The Men of Bastogne, by Fred MacKenzie (52440; 75¢); Modern Sex Practices: Encyclopedia of Sexual Behavior, Vol. 1, by Dr. Albert Ellis & Dr. Albert Arbarbanel (20650; 75¢); The Crystal Crow, by Joan Aiken (12420; 75¢); To the Castle, by Dorothea Malm (81540; 60¢); and others.

BALLANTINE BOOKS -- February/March Releases (101 5th Ave., NY, NY, 10003):

The Last Unicorn, by Peter S. Beagle (95¢; 248 pp.) -- PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY (20/1/69): ". . . it's going to take some doing to outdo the beauty of the Ballantine cover for this book and for the other Peter S. Beagle fantasy, 'A Fine and Private Place', which Ballantine is also releasing on the same date at the same price . . . We didn't mean

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to make Mr. Beagle take a back seat to his covers; his fantasies are extravagant and funny, very literate and mercifully short. . . ."

Caves of Karst, by Lee Hoffman (75¢; 224 pp.) -- PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY (20/1/69): "The surface of the planet Karst is rocky and arid, but its underground water-filled caves are rich in minerals needed by mother planet Earth. Griffith, a Karstian diver who has a surgically-provided gill system, discovers a lode of rare thelemite. When he gives a sample to the captain of an Earth-bound space ship and that ship explodes on takeoff, all hell breaks loose. The Colonial Authority of Earth suspects a Karstian revolution, imprisons Griffith and tries to make him talk, but he escapes and starts his own hunt for the sinister Earthies who are conspiring to plunder Karst's mines. The world of Karst is an ingenious creation, the story well plotted and suspenseful."

Xenogenesis, by Miriam Allen deFord (75¢; 232 pp.) -- PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY (17/2/69): "These 15 stories concentrate on the domestic and conjugal aspects of future societies -- computerized mating, state birth control, artificial insemination, women's rights, child-rearing. The stories range in time from the 19th to the 29th centuries, and in space from Earth to the edge of the galaxy. . . witty, caustic, and different."

The Aliens Among Us, by James White (75¢; 218 pp.) -- PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY (17/2/69): "In these seven science fiction short stories with a British accent the aliens are from outer space and they come in many odd shapes -- resembling crabs, slugs, caterpillars and starfish -- but all of them are more technologically advanced and more fiendishly intelligent than the blundering 20th century Earth people they descend upon. The author has some clever ideas and he is particularly good on the biology of his aliens, but too often he sets the stage for major conflicts that only fizzle out and end in anti-climax."

TOLKIEN: A Look Behind "The Lord of the Rings", by Lin Carter --- PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY (17/2/69): ". . . this book provides a clear and helpful guide to Middle-Earth. It contains detailed plot summaries of the trilogy and its precursor, 'The Hobbit'; a brief biography of the professor's quiet, academic life; opinions of critics and associates of Tolkien (Auden, C.S. Lewis); indications of Tolkien's sources (mainly the Elder Edda, a bible of Norse mythology); and analyses of related genres like allegory, folk tale, fairy tale and epic. . . For all Tolkien buffs named Legion."

Smith of Wootton Major and Farmer Giles of Ham, by J.R.R. Tolkien (95¢; 160 pp; reprint of hardbound edition) -- ". . . The two short fantasies in the volume . . . were not written for children in particular, but many will enjoy them all the more for that. . . illustrated by Pauline Baynes."

BELMONT BOOKS (185 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y., 10016):

Odyssey to Earthdeath, by Leo P. Kelley (B60-085; 60¢; 174 pp.) -- ". . . the first of a new series of science fiction novels of special interest and merit to be published under the imprint, 'Belmont Select Science Fiction'. ##### "Odyssey to Earthdeath is the story of a society gone 'sane'. Sanity in the Cityside of a future-time Earth, is controlled and created by a caste of brutal Priestmen who both manipulate and implement morality. Their morality is designed to preserve Cityside against the threat from the Landsenders who prowl the perimeters of the citadel and who must be destroyed at all costs. ##### "When a rising tide of psych-sickness engulfs the citizens of Cityside, Supreme Priestman Simon Pume is driven to desperate measures which run counter to the drives and desires of such people as Phillip Villane, biochemist and ethical dropout; Ruth Cameron, driven almost mad by her work in the genetic Nursery; Sister, a lost child capable of teleportation; and Grandsir, a venerable, if occasionally irascible, centenarian who wants only to tend his own garden but finds himself unwillingly transformed into a professional clown as part of Pume's grand guignol design for the salvation of Cityside. . . "Mr. Kelley's/ vision of the world of Cityside is both bitter and compassionate. . . ."

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

The Others, ed. by Terry Carr (R2044; 60¢; 192 pp.) -- "The Others is a collection of science-fiction tales by seven of the finest writers in the field. Robert A. Heinlein, Daphne Du Maurier, Richard Matheson, Damon Knight, Philip K. Dick, R.A. Lafferty, and Ray Nelson consider the possibility that other beings exist outside the earth's atmosphere: other creatures who may take control at any moment -- or may already control the universe."

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. Next meeting is on Sunday, April 6; no info on speaker.

Minutes of ESFA Meeting of 2 February, 1969 --

The meeting was called to order at 3 p.m., with an attendance of 23 persons. The Secretary's minutes were read and accepted. Announcing the program for the March Open Meeting, Director Burley said that L. Sprague de Camp would be GoH, talking on Swords & Sorcery. Also on the program, in addition to The Amazing Randy (not Garrett) there would be a Lovecraft Panel consisting of J.C. Henneberger, Donald Wollheim, Frank B. Long, and Dr. Kenneth Sterling. As a contrast to this panel of men who knew and worked with HPL, there would be a second panel of Lovecraft fans. Sam Moskowitz will present a plaque to the GoH and put on a de Camp slide show.

Mike Deckinger announced that he has for sale, at 50¢, a Robert E. Howard fantasy bibliography by Robert Weinberg. Sam Moskowitz said that in conjunction with his consulting work he had assisted on a 30-minute TV s-f program with Walter Cronkite, to be shown Feb. 16. Bob Weinberg said that Slan had definitely been bought for the movies, and that James Gunn's The Immortal had been made into a TV film. He also said that Tony Randall will star in "The Girl, the Gold Watch, and Everything". Les Mayer said that he had heard of a TV pilot film of "The Time Machine". Alex Osheroff recommended a TV educational program called "Eye on the Universe".

Sherna Burley announced progress on the Star Trek Conference, and said that Star Trek slides, donated by Bjo Trimble, would be raffled off at the Open ESFA to defray expenses. A motion was made by Sherna and seconded by Weinberg that the slides be raffled, with 25% going to ESFA and the remainder to the Star Trek Con. It passed unanimously. The Treasurer's report was then given.

Under new business Les Mayer said that he had been contacted by Joanne Burger, head of the N3F Tape Bureau, about borrowing his four-year collection of ESFA meeting tapes. Copies would be made and circulated to members of the Tape Bureau. Because of the very special problems this would involve, the consensus of opinion of the members was that Les inquire for further information from Miss Burger.

Because there was no scheduled speaker, talk throughout the meeting was in general and on many topics. Sam Moskowitz told of his adventures in research at the New York Public Library and of a recent trip to Tarzana, Calif., where he looked into the Burroughs files for material for his new book on the Scientific Romance.

Adjournment came at 5:07 p.m.

Minutes of ESFA Annual Open Meeting of March 2, 1969 --

The meeting was opened at 2 p.m., with welcoming and introductory remarks by Director Burley. There was a paid registration of 100, and an attendance of approximately 125.

The first speaker was James "The Amazing" Randi, magician and radio personality, who spoke on the subject of psychic frauds and popular idiocies such as spiritualism, psychic writing, feeling colors, blindfold reading, and "target pictures". He cited the credulity of such persons as Conan Doyle, Oliver Lodge, Sir James Jeans, and William James. Although telling of the exposure of many of these frauds, Mr. Randi feels that we are entering into a widespread era of belief in the ridiculous. The True Believer will refuse to accept confession or exposure, and will turn his wrath on the exposer, rather than the perpetrator.

Science-fiction writer Harry C. Stubbs (Hal Clement), having written himself into a situation he would like to get out of, requested suggestions from the audience. He, and many other s-f writers, having taken it for granted that there are many habitable planets within reasonable distances, have then peopled them with cultural stages comparable to ours. Since this presumes a planetary age equal to ours, Mr. Stubbs is having second thoughts when he realizes that the suns of these planets are very often younger or older than Sol. Many of the forthcoming suggestions seemed helpful to him.

Announcements were made by Lin Carter on the new series of fantasy books he is editing for Ballantine. Jack Chalker on the Disclave, Fred Phillips on the Society

for Creative Anachronism, Andy Porter on the revival of VENTURE, and a supporter of Boskone VI.

Following a 15-minute break, Sam Moskowitz introduced L. Sprague de Camp, the Guest of Honor, and presented a plaque on behalf of ESFA. Mr. de Camp then spoke on the history and evolution of the sword from its crude Neolithic beginning to its disappearance as an everyday weapon early in the Nineteenth Century. Mr. de Camp pointed out that the continued popularity of the sword as a standard prop in fiction derives from the expense of its manufacture, which ensured that only gentlemen could afford them.

There were two panels on H.P. Lovecraft. The first, consisting of fans and students of HPL, included Yonah ibn Aharom, Fred Phillips, and Mark Owings, with Jack Chalker as moderator. The panel admitted its admiration for Lovecraft, with some minor reservations. Mr. ibn Aharom wondered if perhaps Lovecraft actually believed in his pantheon of gods and assorted horrors. The second panel with Chalker as moderator presented Frank Belknap Long, Dr. Kenneth Sterling, and Donald Wollheim, men who knew and worked with HPL. They were unanimous in pronouncing Lovecraft a thoroughgoing materialist (except at moneymaking) who believed in very little. Wollheim, however, qualified this by saying that HPL would have liked to have been a believer.

The meeting adjourned at 6 p.m.

-- Allan Howard, Secretary, ESFA

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THE LUNARIANS meet on the third Saturday of the month, at 8 p.m., at the homes of various members. For info write Frank Dietz, 655 Orchard St., Oradell, N.J., 07649. Next meeting should fall on April 19. Guests of members and out-of-towners only.

Unofficial Account of Meeting #123, November 16, 1968 --

The meeting was called to order at 9:45 p.m. Minutes of the Oct. meeting were read by ex-Secretary Andy Porter, due to the absence of the new Secretary. As the copy of the minutes sent in by Andy were missing, the minutes were read from THE WSFA JOURNAL. They were accepted by a vote of 4 to 0.

A motion was introduced by Sherna Burley that smoking ships' hawsers and cigars be banned at meetings. George Raybin was the prime target, having polluted the atmosphere with one of his horrible cigars. However, the motion was defeated, 7 Aye, 8 Nay.

A discussion followed concerning the publication of the Lunarian minutes before they were officially accepted at the following meeting, such as has been done in THE WSFA JOURNAL. It was decided, effective immediately, that any account of a meeting be termed an unofficial account until they have been accepted by the membership as the official minutes. A motion to table the discussion was defeated by 10 to 4. A motion putting this decision on the minutes into effect was passed with 12 in favor, no dissention.

Changes in the dinner party before each meeting were outlined. For meetings held in Brooklyn, a variety of restaurants will be chosen in Manhattan. For meetings in Oradell, local N.J. locations will be tried.

News of the Lunacon was called for; the only progress (?) reported was that there would not be a banquet. Prices were the main problem. Plans were suggested for dinner Saturday evening at the Lunacon at the Gate of Cleve restaurant in the hotel, with a count being taken of those interested so reservations could be made.

Sherna Burley announced the Star Trek Conference for March 1. Fred Lerner announced the First Annual Conference on the Bibliography of SF for March 1.

A motion to adjourn for coffee and cake was finally recognized, and the meeting was adjourned at 10:25 p.m. with a vote of 9 for, 2 against.

-- Franklin M. Dietz, Jr., Acting Secty.

Minutes of Meeting #124, December 21, 1968 --

Meeting number Christmas Party (124) was reluctantly called to order at 9:17, 9:18, 9:18½, or 9:19 (depending on whose watch you chose to believe). The consensus seemed to be 9:18, but no formal vote was taken. There were no minutes of the previous meeting available.

Jack Chalker was introduced as an out-of-town guest. He did not give a half-hour speech. Neither did Bill Osten, who was introduced next.

The Treasurer was reported to have absconded to Mexico. She personally denied it, but no vote was taken. John Boardman then said that the Treasurer's report would be ready when the bill from the party was added up. The Treasurer's report was accepted as not read. There followed a discussion of the virtues of absconding to Brazil instead of Mexico.

It was decided that old business consisted of the membership.

Elliot Shorter reported that 1750 Walton Ave. in the Bronx was no longer in fan-nish hands. There followed a discussion, relevant at the time, of the relative merits of middle class Jews...or perhaps it was on the merits of middle class Jewish relatives.

George Raybin told a joke. This has been an unpaid political announcement.

Under new business, Brian Burley moved that, "This organization declare a public holiday on December 25, to be called 'Christmas'." Ted Greenstone seconded. Mike McInerney said he found it too controversial. John Boardman brought up the subject of holidays involving slum families who have children of uncertain paternity. Elliot called the question. It didn't come, so instead, a vote was taken on whether to vote. It passed 9-2. The motion was passed 6 for, 4 opposed, 3 apathetic, confused, and cheating.

Elliot reported that the Heicon date has been moved up to the next-to-last week-end in August, to make room for a flower show.

Jack Chalker announced that the 1971 Baltimore worldcon bid had been withdrawn for lack of financial support. He also announced that the Balticon would be from the night of Feb. 14 to Feb. 16 at the Lord Baltimore Hotel. Brian moved and Sherna se-  
conded that the Balticon date be changed because it conflicted with the February Luna-  
rians meeting. The motion was ignored.

Jack Chalker announced that the Necronomicon is out of print.

Brian announced that Joanna Russ will be the speaker at the January ESFA, and that at the ESFA Open Meeting in March, the GoH will be L. Sprague de Camp.

Andy Porter announced that he has revived DEGLER!, formerly SF WEEKLY. He was roundly booed.

Tom Bulmer moved that John Boardman be commended on his excellent travelling directions. There was general applause, and Frank Dietz declared the vote to be unanimous.

Elliot moved, Mike seconded that the meeting be adjourned. The vote was 7-2 and 1 apathetic.

The meeting was adjourned at 9:43, 9:44 or 9:45. The acting secretary was in-  
structed to compromise on 9:44, but no vote was taken.

-- Sherna Burley, Acting Secretary

((January meeting minutes and any coming in during the next few weeks will appear in TWJ #66. --ed.))

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NEW ENGLAND SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION, INC. (NESFA) meets every other Sunday at the homes of various members. Club newsletter (bi-weekly) is INSTANT MESSAGE, available to members only (Regular, \$10/yr.; Affiliate, \$5/yr.; Corresponding, \$2.50/yr.) from NESFA, Inc., P.O. Box G, M.I.T. Branch P.O., Cambridge, Mass., 02139. (Oh, yes, meet-ings are at 2 p.m.) Last issue of IM received was #33, which contained mostly business and news of the forthcoming BOSKONE VI. No dates given yet for April meetings, but we assume they will be April 6 and 20.

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PENINSULA SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION (PenSFA) meets on alternating Saturdays at 8:30 p.m., at the homes of various members. It is assumed that coming meetings will be March 29, April 12 and 26. Club magazine is bi-weekly WINNIE the P.O.O.; no sub rates or info on club dues, but editorial address is: 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, Cal., 94301. Latest issue (Vol. II, #12) contained news of the forthcoming March 15 theatre party to see "Charly", and a couple of jokes (but no adventures of Brigid Brophy, which saw publication of "Chapter 7" in WINNIE #II-11 -- could it be that it's over -- or it ran out of gas -- or it was printed in invisible ink?).

NORTH EASTERN OHIO SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY (NEOSFS) meets on the first Sunday of the month at 7:30 p.m., at the homes of various members. The next meeting, however, will be held Sunday, April 13, at 3 p.m., at Joan Baker's, 17300 Pearldale, Cleveland, Ohio, 44135. The March issue of the club's monthly newsletter (#6), NEOSFSCENE, contains news and appeals for larger attendances at NEOSFS meetings if the club is to survive. So how about all you fans in the Cleveland area turning out for the April 13 meeting? And bring along a couple of friends.... NEOSFSCENE is 20¢ a copy, free to members (Associate, \$2; Regular Individual, \$6; Regular Family; \$9; rates are per annum).

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 THE CON GAME -- APRIL/MAY

MINICON II, April 4-6, at the Hotel Andrews, 4th St. at Hennepin, Minneapolis, Minn. Guests of Honor: Charles V. De Vet, Gordon R. Dickson, Clifford D. Simak (last word was that 4th prospective GoH, Carl Jacobi, may not be able to attend). To join, send \$2 to Jim Young, 1948 Ulysses St., N.E., Minneapolis, Minn., 55418 (make checks payable to "Mrs. Margaret Lessinger"). Two Progress Reports are already out, and a Program Book is planned. For program details, times, etc., write for a copy of P.R. #2.

GALACTIC FAIR 1969, April 4-6, at the Randolph Hotel, Oxford, England. (This is the annual British SF Convention) Overseas registration fee \$1 (brings Progress Reports and Program Book). U.S. Agents: Sam & Florence Russell, 1351 Tremaine Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., 90019. To join in Britain, send 10/- part-fee to the Treasurer, Anne Keylock, 67 Shakespeare Rd., Hanwell, London W.7. GoH is Judy Merrill.

MELBOURNE SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION, April 4-6, Melbourne, Australia. Non-attending membership, \$1. For info write Bill Wright, 53 Celia St., Burwood, Victoria 3125, Australia. Site of con: Melbourne SF Club, 19 Somerset Pl., Melbourne, Victoria 3000.

LUNACON/EASTERCON, April 11-13, at the Hotel McAlpin, Sixth Ave. & 34th St., N.Y. City. GoH: Robert A.W. Lowndes. Advance membership, \$2.00 (\$2.50 at the door). Two Progress Reports are already out, and a Program Book is planned. For membership or info, write: Frank Dietz, 655 Orchard St., Oradell, N.J., 06749. (Note that bidding will take place at this year's event for the site for next year's LUNACON.)

CONFERENCE ON MIDDLE-EARTH, April 25-26, at the University of Illinois at Urbana. For info write: Jan H. Finder, 809 W. Illinois St., Apt. 4, Urbana, Ill., 61801.

DISCLAVE, May 9-11, at the Skyline Inn, S. Capitol & I St., S.W., Washington, D.C. GoH: Lester del Rey. Membership fee, \$1.50 in advance, \$2 at the door. For further info and/or membership, write: Jay Haldeman, 1244 Woodbourne Ave., Baltimore, Md., 21212. (There's supposed to be a detailed Disclave flyer in this issue; however, it has not yet arrived...if it doesn't get here tomorrow, you'll probably get it separately, as this will be the last issue of the JOURNAL before the Disclave.)

LUCON (14th Swedish S.F. Convention), May 24-26 (according to LOCUS 21; other fanzines have it listed as May 31-June 2 -- so take your choice), in Lund, Sweden. Membership is \$2. For further info, write: Ingvar Svensson, Magistratsvägen 55F:114, 222 44 Lund, Sweden.

And don't forget Marcon IV, March 28-30, at the Holiday Inn East, 4801 E. Broad St., Columbus, Ohio, 43227; GoH, Terry Carr; registration, \$2, from Bob Hillis, 1290 Byron Ave., Columbus, Ohio, 43227. If the postman is kind to this issue, it may not be too late to attend....

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 AND REMEMBER, WHEN YOU'RE THINKING WORLDCONS, THINK D.C.

IT'S WASHINGTON IN '71!

WSFA BUSINESS SECTION

Minutes of Meeting of 17 January 1969, at home of the Gillilands --

Called to Order at 9:09. It was moved by Peggy Rae Pavlat and seconded by Phyllis Berg to have a WSFA supporting membership in the St. Louis Con. The motion was passed. ##### The question of exchange memberships with other clubs was raised by Don Miller. He asked for an official opinion. ##### Treasury has \$25.12. ##### It was moved and seconded that Bob Pavlat be auctioneer at the 5th Friday meeting at Ron Bounds'. ##### Ron Bounds had a birthday. ##### Adjourned, 9:44 p.m.

-- Peggy Rae Pavlat, Acting Secretary

Minutes of Meeting of 7 February 1969, at home of the Gillilands --

Present: Ray Ridenour, Jay & Alice Haldeman, Nick Sizemore, Gay Haldeman, Peggy Rae Pavlat, Dave Halterman, Alan Huff, Richard Greenblat, Bill & Betty Berg, Cele Grim, Bert Trotter, Mr. Trotter, Doll & Alexis Gilliland (& Charles), Bob Weston, Ron Bounds, Ron Hunsinger, Eileen Inglesby, Richard Rieve, Tira Saum.

The meeting was called to order at 9:45 p.m. Doll reported for the Publications Committee that THE WSFA JOURNAL is out. Everyone get their copy from Doll. Bill Berg reported no new members since last meeting. Alan Huff said that due to NBC, the Entertainment Committee would not present Star Trek tonight. There is the possibility of a play and films at the Disclave. Jay asked Alan and Ron about their survey of the restaurants near the hotel. ##### Peggy Rae reported that the auction made \$26.97, so now there is \$38.59 on hand. We also have a supporting membership in the St. Louiscon. The left-overs from the auction will be auctioned off at the next meeting. ##### Discon report: We're working on a party at the Balticon. We have an ad in the St. Louiscon Program Book and in the Boskone Program Book. ##### Under new business, Cele suggested a pun fund. Punsters would be fined 5¢ a pun. There would also be fines for disrupting the meeting. The motion was tabled. ##### Bert announced that the T.C. Williams High School in Alexandria is showing the Apollo 8 films. Star Trek is being moved to Tuesday nights, and appears to be cancelled for the next season. ##### The Gillilands saw "The Time Machine" and "The Day the Earth Caught Fire" in a double-feature. ##### Gay has received a new professional magazine from Spain, called NUEVA DIMENSION. The format is very good, and it appears to be very well-done. There is also going to be a Latin American S.F. Convention, probably in Argentina or Uruguay, in the next few years. No details yet. ##### Adjourned: 10:35.

Minutes of the Meeting of 21 February 1969, at home of the Gillilands --

Present: Jay & Alice Haldeman, Gay Haldeman, Ray Ridenour, Nancy Webb, Ron Kennedy, Richard Greenblat, Alan Huff, Igor Wing, Vega, Ron Hunsinger, Ron Bounds, Dave Halterman, Eileen Inglesby, John Noble, Bert Trotter, Mike Schumaker, Bob, Peggy Rae & Kathy Pavlat, Doll & Alexis Gilliland, Bob Madle, Paul Schauble, Cele Grim, Jack Chalk-er, Bill Berg.

The meeting was called to order at 9:30, Alice Standard Time. Treasurer Peggy Rae Pavlat reported that there is \$38.67 in the treasury and dues are due the first meeting in March. Bill Berg said that forms are available for membership, and that no new members had been admitted since the last meeting. The Publications Committee reported that the next WSFA JOURNAL will be out in March. ##### Jay Haldeman reported that the Disclave program is solidifying, Entertainment Committee chairman Alan Huff said that Star Trek would not be shown -- no TV set. ##### It was moved that the motion on a pun fund be untabled. It was untabled and retabled. ##### Gay announced that Joe will be home this Monday or Tuesday from Vietnam, and that Jim & Jackie Harper have a baby boy, James Theodore Harper, 6 lbs., 14 oz., born February 15, 1969. ##### Alexis asked if anyone is interested in teaching a class on SF at Walt Whitman High School one week in March. Jay announced that Star Trek had been dropped, at last word. Peggy Rae mentioned that there is a Scientology Convention in town, if anyone is interested. Jack said that L. Ron Hubbard is back in the U.S. and has an article that is not on scientology in a fanzine. Jay said that D.C. in '71 buttons are available. ##### Bob Pavlat explained some aspects of the new Worldcon voting rules. You join a con year, then you can vote on that year. ##### Vega recommended that we all try to see "Charly". Alan mentioned that "2001" is leaving in April. ##### Adjourned, 10:10.

-- Gay Haldeman, Secretary



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ODDS AND ENDS

This is the section wherein we squeeze the remaining five pages of material into one-and-one-half (unfortunately having to omit the one-half)....

This started out as the February issue -- but more than two weeks of back trouble smashed our publication schedules, and we were forced to combine the February and March issues. Hence you will find this issue a bit heavier on the reviews than usual. We had to omit a great deal of material (about 20 pages), most of which will now appear in #66. Speaking of #66, that will now be the DISCLAVE SPECIAL, and will cover the months of April and May (we had already decided to make the DISCLAVE SPECIAL a bi-monthly). With #67 (the June issue), we'll be back to monthly.

In case you haven't heard yet, the May and June, 1969 selections for the Double-day S.F. Book Club are, resp., *Nova*, by Sam Delany, and *A Specter Is Haunting Texas*, by Fritz Leiber (\$1.49 ea., plus handling; book club address: Garden City, N.Y.).

Re the JOURNAL Staff listing on page one: Be sure and send art, items for review (books, fanzines, etc., plainly marked "For TWJ Review", etc.) to the appropriate Contributing Editor. This will avoid delays. Also if you publish a foreign-language fanzine (or wish to send a contribution, sample prozine, etc. in a foreign language), send it to one of the "Translators" (also plainly marked "For TWJ").

We still need "Consultants", "advisors", "experts", or whatever you wish to call them in the areas of Physics, Biology, Psychology, and Computer Science. We also need Translators for Italian (and, hopefully, Russian), and Agents for France, Germany, Italy, Scandinavia, Spain, and South America. We are trying very hard to broaden our overseas contacts, and would appreciate any names and addresses our readers may have of potential interested parties.

Biographic note re our new Medical Consultant -- Robert Rozman was born on a cold December day right here in Washington some 37 years ago. Something about the city must have appealed to him, since he has lived no further than 40 miles away during the intervening years. Schooling involved the usual public school education to win a high school diploma. Not content to let well enough alone, he finagled a B.S. in Zoology, an M.S. in Biochemistry, and a Ph.D. in Pharmacology from the George Washington University. Experience includes research at the Warwick Cancer Clinic, Pharmacology research and teaching in the Medical School of the University of Maryland, and currently research and administrative chores at the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research. He is now Deputy Chief of the Department of Pharmacology there.

SUPER HERO is in honor of National Crime Prevention Week, 1969, which usually takes place in February. The only problem is, no one seems to know anything about it this year, so we can't give you the dates. (Maybe someone stole it?)

Remember, we still need fiction, articles, etc. for the DISCLAVE SPECIAL.

Lots and lots of letters have come in -- we cut them off thish at the logical spot, between the ones commenting on #'s 63 and 64 -- so if you wrote one on #64, you'll see it in TWJ #66, along with the other LoC's which come in between now and then.

We couldn't squeeze all the club news in thish, so ACUSFOOS, LASFS, OSFA, Minn-Stf and the rest will appear in #66.

Buy from our advertisers, please -- and tell them you saw their ad in TWJ.

No room for a Balticonference report now. Briefly, there were interesting Lin Carter/L. Sprague de Camp and Don Benson/Hans Stefan Santesson panels. In the former, the participants discussed their forthcoming works, locating missing Conan material, the problem of choosing names in constructing imaginary worlds, etc. Lin also reported on the forthcoming Ballantine Adult Fantasy Series, which he said represents the first time a major publisher has attempted a major fantasy revival. First titles are: May: *The Blue Star* (Fletcher Pratt); June: *The King of Elf Land's Daughter* (Lord Dunsany); July: *The Wood Beyond the World* (William Morris); Aug.: *The Silver Stallion* (James Branch Cabell); Sep.: *Lilith* (George MacDonald). Lin asks that fans send him suggestions for future books in the series. In the latter panel, Hans Santesson said he is doing an anthology on crime prevention and police procedures in SF, and wants suggestions for titles. Don Benson stressed the importance of fans writing letters to publishers backing up efforts in the field (one letter = several hundred readers). (Send letters to Carter & Santesson %THE WSFA JOURNAL, and we'll forward them.)

No room now for address code or Nebula finalists -- deferred to TWJ 66. --DLM



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