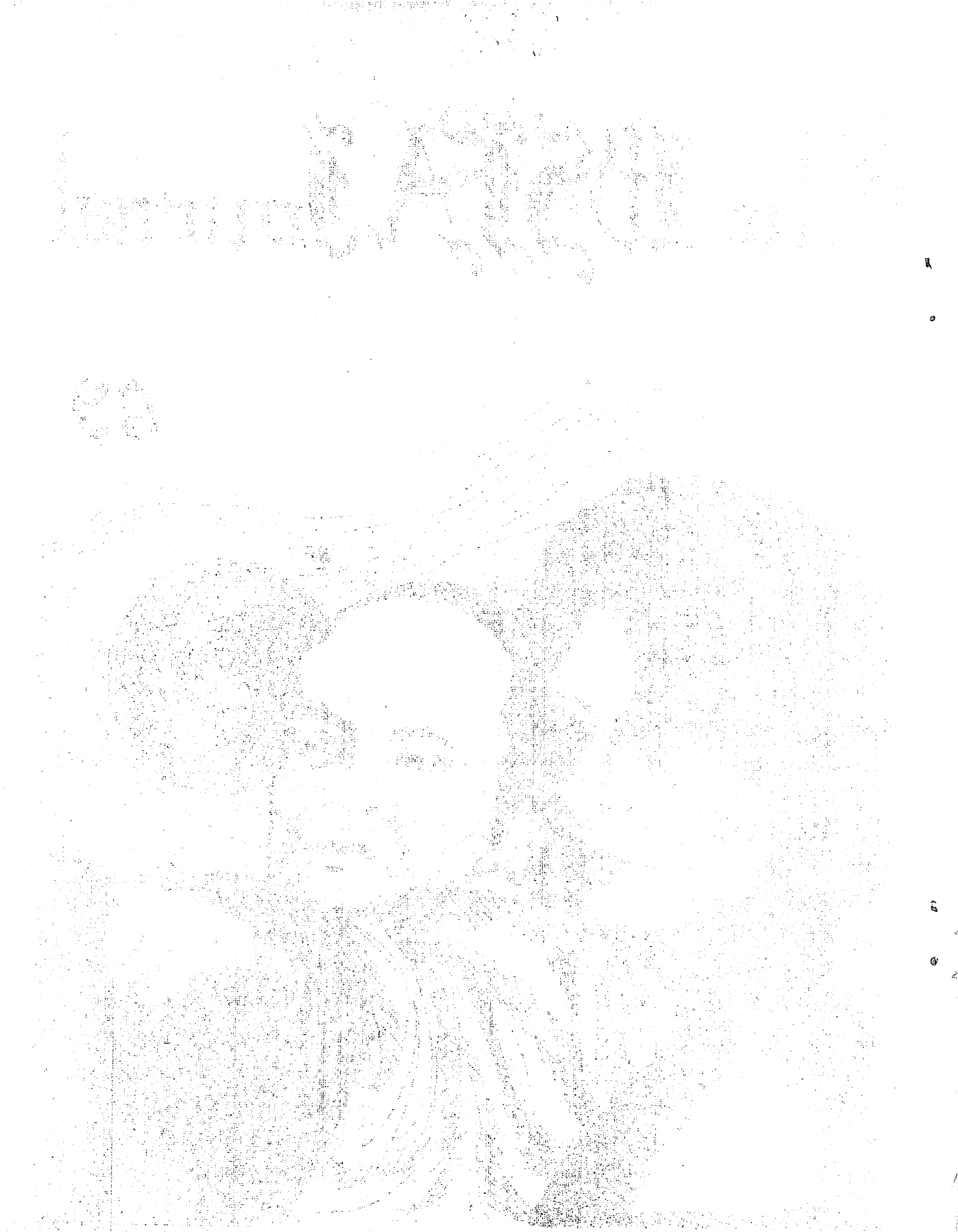


The WSFA Journal

69





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-- DLM

IT'S D.C. ONCE MORE IN '74!

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THE DRYAD

by

Thomas Burnett Swann

It is a curiosity of Greek religion that the most lustful of all mythological creatures, the Satyrs and the Centaurs, except in a few rare myths are not supplied with females of their own race. True, they did not disdain mere mortals; they abducted and ravished with indefatigability, and any unescorted maiden traveling in the forest, luckily or unluckily -- depending on her inclination -- was in constant danger of falling prey to a hoofed or horned pursuer. But Fauns and Satyrs, after all, were demi-gods. In spite of their partial bestiality, they were ranked above, not below, men, and worshipped for their semi-divine powers of forecasting the future and bringing fertility to field and forest. The mythologists rightly decided that mortal maidens were less than their due and, compensating for the lamentable lack of Satyresses and Centaureesses, supplied them with those demi-goddesses, the nymphs: of streams, Naiads; of mountains, Oreads -- both of them generally amenable to the solicitations of Centaur or Satyr; and perhaps the most beautiful of all Greek mythological creations, the Dryads or spirits of trees.

We know that Dryads sometimes loved Fauns and Centaurs; we know that they sometimes loved mortal men, as Landor tells us in his charming idyll, "Rhaicus". But there was sometimes a spirituality about them which was totally lacking in their male admirers. Just as the Greeks respected both courtesans and virgins -- worshipped both Aphrodite and Athena -- so they envisioned some Dryads as yielding to male embraces and some as dedicating themselves to chastity and to the care of the trees in which they dwelt.

The Greeks were wise enough not to describe the relationship between demi-goddess and tree in concrete terms. We know only that she lived in or under her tree and that the woodsman who felled her dwelling murdered the dweller. Whether she carved a room in the trunk or dug a warren among the roots, we are never told. At times we are almost left to suppose that she merged with her tree -- passed immediately into its trunk and branches, becoming root of its root, cell of its cell. Such a notion at first glance does not appear to belong to what we consider the practical, material-minded Greeks. It seems almost a Celtic or Japanese concept, misty and even mystical. Certainly the Greeks as a whole, like the Etruscans, and the Romans, were not mystics. And yet the range and variety of their genius is continually astonishing to us -- the charming inconsistencies, the pure white marble statues painted with garish colors, the lordly pediments adorned with phallic symbols. The Greeks, quite simply, were not a simple people. They were capable of creating the earthiest of creatures, the Satyrs, whom they often portrayed in a state of blatant sexual excitement. At the same time they could create a Dryad who was a spiritual extension of her tree, the two of them linked without sex but absolute and indissoluble.

It was a lovely concept, and we who today love mythology must lament the fact that so many of the old beings have been debased and cheapened in modern parlance. A Satyr is an all-too-human lecher without the piquancy of hooves, horn, and tail. A nymph is not a dweller in a stream but a woman insatiable for men. And "Dryad" is the name for a deodorant. Thus we need poets and novelists to project themselves backwards in time and see through Greek eyes, with Greek wonder or Greek laughter, to return the Satyr to his forest, the nymph to her stream, the Dryad to her tree.

Edna Millay knew her function when she wrote of trees imprisoned in yards and stifled between houses:

Oh, little leaves that are so dumb
 Against the shrieking city air,
 I watch you when the wind has come, --
 I know what sound is there.

DOLL'S HOUSE ANNEX
by Doll Gilliland

Just sitting here thinking about all our old and new friends in fandom and their warm wishes and expressed hopes (throughout the year) that they'll see us at this con or that con or the latest con (Phillycon). For those of you who wonder why the Gillilands are rarely in evidence, except at the Disclave (and sometimes that's a close thing, too), let me relay to you some jottings from my calendar pre-St. Louiscon:

Sunday before C-day: All arrangements made for care of the boys and the cat. Ye gads, WSFS meetings plus summer equals ice-bound refrigerator. Quick, let's defrost now. Hm, where might we have a St. Louis map?

Monday: Alexis to the deli and Doll to the supermarket to replenish our dwindling food stocks.

Tuesday: Shoes to the cobbler. Car to the garage for servicing...They're busy; don't know if they'll be able to take care of us. Pick up a new pad for the playpen -- sleeping accommodations for the boys when away from home. Cat sitter suffering from allergies...begs off. Doll has a magnificent head cold -- where's the Kleenex? Who's going to take care of the cat? Where's the cross-country road-map? Score one for our side: they serviced the car.

Wednesday: Score two for our side: found a willing volunteer at work who will care for the cat. Pick up cat food. Pick up shoes. Pick up babyfood. Calamity has struck the babysitter...Her sister is angry with her because of an auto accident and also nervous about caring for the boys while Peggy is at work (Friday and Tuesday), so she begs off...Peggy's mother is recuperating from a stroke...Peggy's aunt is caring for her uncle, a cab driver, who was jumped and stabbed by a couple of passengers...Peggy's neighbor is in the hospital...Peggy has no leave and already has used too much leave without pay...Alexis and Doll have no babysitter. Doll has a magnificent cold -- where's the Kleenex? After work, take cat to new abode... Oof, they have a dog...Well, if they don't care, we don't. Hell, our nursemaid decided to do the wash tomorrow instead of today, our regular wash day, so we can't complete packing. Why bother?...No one to care for the boys...We could take Charles along, but Mike (an abnormal child) couldn't take such a trip...Help, help.... Do we tell our nursemaid to come in Friday and Tuesday? Where's the Kleenex?!

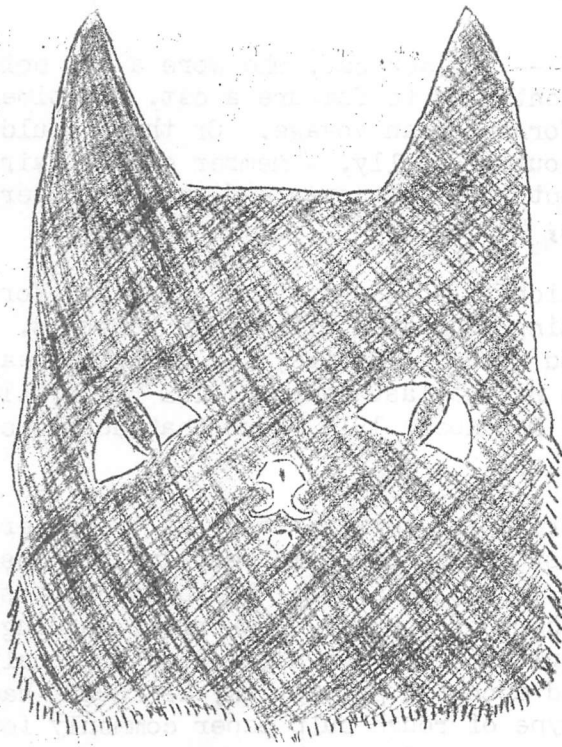
Thursday (Convention Day): A tip on a prospective nursemaid...She takes over for people going on brief business trips, weekend jaunts, etc...Charges an arm and a leg, but what the hell...Heavily booked, but available until September 3...Quick, quick -- get requested food supplies for babywatcher. Home from work -- sort laundry; pack; pick up sitter. Give full orientation on the boys; grab a quick snack; load the car; soothe Charles (Ha!); it's 8:45 p.m. and we're off. Oops, forgot Kleenex; doesn't really matter...head cold easing up...but have no fear, laryngitis setting in. Hell's bells, where are the maps?...Oh well, we were there once before -- last year on our way to Baycon...so we'll navigate by the seat of our pants.

(Friday: After 14-hour drive straight through, no rooms available -- not even for those people who had reservations.)

Anyway, something similar precedes almost every planned absence on our part, so we don't get away too often. But we appreciate your thoughts, and invite you to drop by should you be in the area.



meg 8/69



The

Black

Cat

THE PULP SCENE

By Bob Jones

"THE BEST TEN CENTS' WORTH ON EARTH"

It was many years ago that I first heard about THE BLACK CAT magazine. Just the name and an oblique reference to the publication in respect to imaginative fiction. Then some years later, the name popped up again. And once more, the reference was to weird-type stories. As I recall, something was said about THE BLACK CAT being the first fantasy magazine. Finally, last year, in some publication or other appeared a comment about the magazine's early policy of paying for prize stories. It was also mentioned that the magazine discovered several authors, among them Jack London.

This meager information, tantalizing as it sounds, was not particularly compelling when heard like that in snatches. However, the cumulative effect was irresistible. What was THE BLACK CAT? What kind of stories did it print? Was this a completely overlooked anthology source, with, perhaps, some long-forgotten masterpieces of the macabre? Were the issues, in fact, worth adding to a science-fiction and fantasy collection? These burning questions could not be put aside. They had to be answered, no matter what the cost, even if it meant doing original research myself. So there was no help for it -- I ended up in the Library of Congress labyrinths, or stacks, as they are called, to do a little checking up.

When I say little, I'm afraid that's exactly what I mean. The magazine ran for twenty-five years; there were three-hundred-and-one issues. (At least, that is how many there were at the Library of Congress, although there may have been a few more than that.) In any case, with that many unread bound copies staring one in the face, even the hardest annotator would think twice before tackling them. I'm far from the hardest; I'm still thinking. But to set your minds at rest (now that I've stirred them up), I can answer the above questions and even a few more.

When THE BLACK CAT appeared -- October, 1895 -- the cover carried the title, A Monthly Magazine of Original Short Stories. The publisher was Shortstory Publishing Company of Boston. The cover artwork showed a pretty girl dressed for Halloween,

putting a wreath on -- you guessed it -- a black cat, who wore a big polka dot bow around its neck. Succeeding issues continued to feature a cat, sometimes playing a banjo, other times all spruced up for an ocean voyage. Or there would simply be a large whiskered black face staring out. Usually, a member of the fairer sex shared the space. There was no attempt to match cover and story. Later, the publisher moved to, appropriately enough, Salem.

The first issue, and the ones which followed for some time, had forty-six pages, plus several pages of advertising, numbered with Roman numerals. The cover wrapped around, and was saddle-stapled twice. In size, the magazine measured six by nine. In keeping with periodicals of the last century, THE BLACK CAT printed across the page. It wasn't until the December, 1913 issue that double columns appeared.

In the 1890's, pulp magazines were not a familiar part of the literary scene. There were a few, ARGOSY being the most conspicuous and best known. Most publications were printed on a white, fairly expensive paper. The pulp process which proved such an economy boon to publishers of popular, low-priced reading matter, had been developed but a few years earlier. THE BLACK CAT didn't go pulp until April, 1913. With that issue, it used a coated pulp stock, as ARGOSY had been doing. This is far superior to the type of rough pulp paper commonly found in science-fiction and other thriller magazines of the thirties. It remains pliant and doesn't grow brittle. However, before long, further economizing took place. If you open a later issue, part of the page may waft away in flecks of brown. In trying to keep production costs down, THE BLACK CAT didn't realize that it would literally be cutting corners later. It did appear to be a solvent publication, despite such cost-cutting practices. It conducted a story contest, with cash prizes. The advertising ran some twenty-eight pages an issue -- what pulp of the thirties wouldn't be envious of this revenue bonanza? And additional money came in as the publisher raised the single-copy price several times.

Originally a 5¢ magazine, THE BLACK CAT by 1908 was 10¢, then 15¢ by 1918 and 20¢ the following year. The last issue, dated October, 1920, had one-hundred and twenty-eight pages, for 20¢. But the increased wordage couldn't compete with the declining readership. There were other changes. In 1913, for instance, the logo on the first story page, after eighteen years still read: "A Monthly Magazine of Original Short Stories". Then, in quick succession, this became: "Best Short Story Writers"; "The Best Ten Cents' Worth on Earth"; and "Short Stories of the Kind That Have Made This Magazine a Success for 18 Years". In 1917, it was, "Clever Short Stories". By 1920, the following pretentious blurb was seen: "For 25 years the only magazine that has devoted itself exclusively to the advancement of short story writing". Actually, this immodest boast apparently was legitimate. Most other fiction magazines, such as ARGOSY and Street and Smith's AINSLEE'S, carried a mixture of short stories, novelettes, novels and serials, as well as articles. THE BLACK CAT never strayed from the short story format, and at that time undoubtedly was the longest-running publication of its type. Its success in this respect led, naturally enough, to imitators. There was the GRAY GOOSE, a five-center published in Cincinnati by James Knapp Reeve, which ran from 1894 to 1906 or so. Like THE BLACK CAT, it featured amateur writers, who were not as good, however. THE OWL, 1896-1899, published from Boston, played follow the leader, with its own story contests.

After the turn of the century, the magazine inaugurated a short story contest. The prize winner was paid \$25, and had his story printed. Later, the winning entries did not appear in the magazine. Instead, a department called The Black Cat Club analyzed them. Finally, in the final issue, the magazine made one last fling and offered a total of \$5,000 for prize stories.

It was a boast of the magazine that it paid for strength, not length. This legend appeared each month: "The Black Cat is devoted to original, unusual, fascinating stories -- every number is complete in itself. It publishes no serials, translations, borrowings or stealings. It pays nothing for the name or reputation of a writer, but the highest price on record for stories that are stories..."

So there we have a few of the distinguishing characteristics of the magazine. But what about the stories themselves? Besides being strengthy instead of lengthy, and "original, unusual and fascinating" (so the publisher tells us), would they be of interest to followers of imaginative fiction? Well, after this suspenseful pre-
amble, I hate to disillusion you, but the answer has to be, no. A sampling of various issues over the years fails to uncover any gems. There may have been some here and there, but my interest gave out before the magazines. There were occasional fantasies, as a matter of fact, but they were mild. In the November 1917 issue appeared one, called "The Curse of Ali Khan", by H.P. Holt. It is typical of the type of tale, whether fantasy, adventure, or regional piece, that the magazine bought: a quiet unfolding, with an anticipated denouement.

On board the Syren, Ali Khan, a gentleman from the East, is struck by shifting cargo in heavy seas. Before he dies, he puts a curse on the ship. Soon, a series of misfortunes takes place that almost sinks the Syren. A cylinder head blows. Then a bad leak develops. A fire breaks out in the hold, near some gunpowder. The cargo, worth \$10,000 and with no insurance on it, is destroyed when water is sprayed on the fire. The usually phlegmatic Captain Silas Flagg at last is convinced that Ali Khan's hoodoo is causing the trouble. As they approach Hong Kong, one final blow is dealt, and they almost hit a reef. In port, Flagg wastes no time in selling his ship and signing on with another one. Before he sails, he saves an old man beset by Congolese. Flagg asks him how to undo a curse. The old man answers, "When the moon is full, and thou knowest not whether to go to the right or left, keep straight on."

ORGY OF GRUESOMENESS

In VANITY FAIR for June 1933, Marcus Duffield wrote an article about the pulps called "Day Dreams for the Masses". He said, in part:

"Among the forebears of the pulps, there was, for example, a magazine called THE BLACK CAT, each issue of which was an orgy of gruesomeness. One of its star authors was a Judge Crandall, a gay dog who suffered nightmares. These he wrote up for THE BLACK CAT.

"His doctor told him he would have a nervous breakdown if he didn't stop, but he kept on, and later events bore out the doctor."

Flagg's new ship leaves port, and soon runs afoul of a heavy fog. Another ship is heard; but of course no one can see anything. The sound approaches, and a crash seems inevitable. It is then that Flagg remembers the old man's advice. Above the fog, he knows, the moon is full. So instead of swerving, as his mate wanted him to do, he steers straight ahead, and just scrapes by. But the other ship suffers damage and starts to sink. Flagg picks up a small boat, with the captain aboard. He identifies himself as master of the Syren (naturally). There's no indication if Holt was a man or woman, since the magazine gave out no particulars on its authors. But many of them were women, and most of the authors seemed to be amateurs.

Many of the stories were fairly well written, although they moved slowly. Now and then one appeared that was downright bad. Take this example from a 1903 issue: "If he could have evoked a gleam of pity, or of something better, from her beautiful blue eyes, either would have cheerfully submitted to being carved into the most ghastly fragments, had they not felt that this would be the very worst way to make an impression."

Toward the end of the publication's run, there appeared a few familiar names (at least, they are familiar to me), such as George Allan England and Octavus Roy Cohen. An author seen frequently was William Hamilton Osborne, certainly no household name today. But it's appropriate to mention him now, to correct an oversight. He was mentioned in last issue's article on THE WITCH'S TALES. At that time, I implied that the authors in that magazine were all unknowns. Now it appears that at least Mr. Osborne was a man of some literary substance, in quantity anyway, if not in quality. (See the significant facts my arduous research uncovers, to enrich the world's knowledge -- well, about THE BLACK CAT, anyway.)

The Magazine was owned and edited by a man named Umbstaetter. He liked to help authors get a start. It was the magazine's boast -- another of its many claims, and one that was justified -- that it discovered Jack London. The story is that the same day London received an acceptance from the OVERLAND MONTHLY, a literary magazine with a national reputation and an empty treasury, he heard from Umbstaetter. These were his first two sales, although his appearance in the OVERLAND MONTHLY was earlier. He had been offered \$5 for his story there but was never paid. On the other hand, THE BLACK CAT sent him \$40 promptly.

Fantasy stories appeared but infrequently in the publication. Yet it gained a degree of attention for its occasional offbeat offering. Certainly the advertisers must have been convinced that THE BLACK CAT readers were a peculiar group, who not only believed in esoteric subjects, but were afflicted in some way themselves. Readers with too much hair could send for Velvine, guaranteed to remove, instantly and permanently, superfluous growth. Readers who were blind, if this was possible, could see again through the Madison Absorption Method. Too fat? Then let the Hall Chemical Company take it off. Nervousness was eliminated by Winchester's Specific Pill. Never-Force promised to reestablish the most sluggish circulation, and even cure cerebral meningitis. If the problem wasn't too much hair, but too little, Miss Emma Emond would send a trial package of a wonderful remedy. Drug users could kick the opium and morphine habits through Opacura. Indeed, no ill or disability existed that a BLACK CAT advertiser couldn't cure, it seemed. Professor K. Leo Minges, a cartilage system specialist, offered to make any man or woman tall. (How tall, he didn't say.) Hydrozone took care of skin diseases. The Vestro Method could make Miss Flat-Chested a commanding presence.

Testimonials, glowing promises, flowery descriptions...considerable ingenuity was lavished on the advertising copy in each issue. It certainly made for lively and provocative reading. When THE BLACK CAT appeared, the publisher may have felt that what this country needed was a good 5¢ magazine. That's what it could have been, even though the price kept going up; the imaginative element was there; it was just in the wrong place.

(NEXT ISSUE: Two super-heroes: Captain Hazard and Captain Zero.)

WANTED: AMAZING STORIES, Aug'30; AMAZING STORIES QUARTERLY, Wint'28, Spr'28; OTHER WORLDS, Aug'57; TALES OF WONDER (British), Wint'41 (#13); UNKNOWN, Jul'39, Sep'39, Dec'39; AIR WONDER STORIES, Jul'29. When offering, please specify price and describe condition. Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Md., USA, 20906.

12TH ANNUAL ROCHESTER WORLD (AND NATIONAL) POETRY DAY CONTEST RESULTS

The 12th Annual Rochester World (and National) Poetry Day was held in Rochester on October 15, 1969. Feature of Poetry Day is the Contest, which this year was the largest in the history of the event, drawing (as of Oct. 1 deadline date) a total of 4,037 entries. Represented were four countries (U.S., Canada, England, and Spain), 30 States, 23 (known) schools and universities, and 53 New York State cities and towns. The event was broadcast to eight countries, and was carried over radio stations in New Orleans, New York City, and Toronto, and over Toronto TV.

Judges for the Contest were the Golden Atom Team, Poetry Day Founders and Sponsors, Larry & Duverne Farsace (note that Larry is a Charter Member of First Fandom); the Wilson MacDonald Poetry Society of Toronto (for Modern Poetry); Langford Dixon, lecturing poet, of Toronto (together with Jacob Kisner, poet, of Park Ave., New York City). Advisory Consultant to the judges was Vera Bishop Konrick, nationally published poetess, Assistant Director for World Poetry Day, and Western New York Chairman for National Poetry Day, Inc.

The winners (and some of the prize-winning poems) are as follows:

#1 First Prize (the Clark Ashton Smith/Lilith Lorraine Memorial Award, \$25.00 cash), won by Stanton A. Coblentz, of Mill Valley, Calif., for his poem:

Consecration

It matters not if I, the priest, vanish from mind
and sight,
So long as the temple columns rise and the temple
lamps burn bright.
It matters not if the driving crowd pass me with
eyes of stone,
So long as the altar scroll endures, and the psalm
that I intone.

It matters not if I, the priest, fade in the swirling
dust,
So long as the Law and Light remain, and I never fail
my trust.
For by the sparks our lives have lit, when form and
name expire,
We serve the pulse of the timeless Breath that fanned
the stars to fire.

#2 First Prize; Modern Category (the Wilson MacDonald Poetry Society Award, \$25.00 cash), won by Robert Palmateer, of Ashland, Oregon, for his poem:

Dali, Searching the Black, Discovers the Space Elephant

Ageless, the silence
of the universe,
the silence that goes on
forever mocking, regulating time
in the domain.
Silence beyond comprehension.
...that I am,
even in the midst
of the black sun,
is.

(cont'd)

10
Dali, Searching the Black, Discovers the Space Elephant (cont'd)

Doubt can only be a matter
of logistics, for
out there is the womb,
and here is the seed, passive,
yet prepared
to traverse the ultimate,
colorless vastness
of the void.

#1 Second Prize (the American-Canadian; Jacob Kisner/Langford Dixon Award, \$10.00 cash), won by Patricia Murdock, of Whitby, Ontario, Canada, for her poem:

Stars and Jewels

Which way are you riding tonight, young sir?,
May I go along with you?
I will climb up behind with my arms 'round your waist,
There is plenty of room for two.

Your horse is as black as the heart of a knave,
But his hooves never touch the ground;
And his mane and tail blow free in the wind
As we gallop without a sound.

Then a trumpet call from the mountain peaks
In the clear and frosty air,
Like a magnet, draws us to a place
Where stars hang like jewels everywhere.

And you reach out your hands and pluck them down,
Rubies and sapphires from the glistening sky,
And fashion a crown for me to wear,
As we gallop silently by.

Ghostly riders on a demon horse,
Through rainbows of time we race,
To the green world, the black world, the shimmering pink world,
Which lie beckoning there in space.

#2, Second Prize (the Rudolph Konrick Memorial Award, \$10.00 cash), won by Stella Craft Temple, of Charleston, Illinois, for her poem:

Universe of Jewels

The universe wears precious gems:
A diadem of stars,
The moon, an amber beryl stone
Begirt with silver bars.

She wades the chrysolitic grass,
Ascends a sapphire throne;
She points a jasper scepter
Toward firmamental dome.

She holds her mountains, emerald-topped,
Wears opals in her shoe,
Deep onyx shadows line her woods,
Repearled with silver dew.

(cont'd)

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Universe of Jewels (cont'd)

Her amulets are serpentine
With Ethiopian gems,
Her skirts have garnet sunsets
Embroidered in their hems.

A rainbow girdle spans her waist,
At dawn, a cameo:
She spills the argent waters
And drops the sparkling snow.

She looks through feldspar emeralds
As Nero viewed the games:
Her pens are points of diamonds
That write in agate flames.

Bright topaz mornings, sapphire noons
And eves of morganite,
The sun, her brightest diamond--
With moon of chrysolite.

Bespangled universe of gems,
Resplendent in God's might,
Reveal in us the wisdom
To interpret thee aright!

Third Prize (a check for \$5.00, from Dr. George W. Noel-Cooper, President of the Louisiana State Poetry Society, and Chairman of the New Orleans Poetry Day Committee), won by Charlotte Holmes, of New Braunfel, Texas, for her poem:

Through You We Touched...

Child of the sun, with smiles rainbow-peeping,
Grave-eyed Saturnian, able and wise,
Orbiting imp, steeled by loving and laughter,
Mankind has mirrored himself in your eyes--

Rider of phoenixes, tamer of tempests,
Harvesting desert and conquering sea,
Warring and burning, yet loving and building,
Slave to himself, yet eternally free.

Indomitable three, of our race you are vanguard--
Stretching to grasp, ever lengthening span;
Lower than angels, but higher than moonbeams,
Child of the sun, O how lovely is man!

A Book by Dr. George W. Noel-Cooper, New Orleans, La., was won by each of the following poets:

1. Florence Beck Unangst, of Brooklyn, N.Y., for her quatrain:

Pretty Puss

Inscrutable and beautiful,
Graceful, sleek, and lean,
The cat takes over households,
Courting powers unseen.

2. S. David Davis, of Rochester, N.Y., for his successful exercise in poetry, "The Purple Season".

3. Dorothy F. Barton, of Chautauqua, N.Y., for her poem:

No Great Mystery to a Woman

The solder-like deposits left
in craters of the moon,
Have mystified the astronauts,
not me!

They are her sequin ornaments
That dazzle space at night
And silver paths on every lake
and sea!

Special Children's Category (a check for \$5.00 from the Golden Atom Team), won by Jeffery Brone, age 12, a pupil at St. Theodore's School, Rochester, N.Y., for his poem, "Jazz".

Humorous Category, a tie (each a check for \$5.00 from the Golden Atom Team) between: "Mr. Businessman", by Thomas Norman, a full-time student at Monroe Community College, Rochester, N.Y., and "It Might Have Been as Well", by Arthur G. Cromwell, of Ontario, N.Y.

Mr. Businessman

Rush--rush--rush through the busy day,
Taking no time for laughter or play.

Fame and fortune is your only goal;
Forget your mind, forget your soul.

You are a man with a programmed life,
A computer-card son and a computer-card
wife.

Punch in at eight to start your game;
Remember your number, forget your name.

You are no longer mr. leonard b. knorr--
Because you are known as six-seven-nine-
four.

Your name is now nothing--your number is
all;

Oh! There's the phone--better answer
your call.

You cannot feel sorrow or pain;
You only care about capital gain.

I know you've no time for poetry like
this;
You've got a big deal with some mr.
bliss.

But life itself is another big deal;
Are you a phony or are you for real?

It Might Have Been As Well

When Adam was a single man
The world was free from sin,
No playing cards, no rolling dice,
No women, wine, or gin.

The days were long, the nights were dull,
No social life at all,
And this, I think you will agree,
Caused Father Adam's fall.

When Mother Eve came on the scene,
Dressed as September Morn,
He took one look and then he said,
Here's something I can't scorn.

Then right away he dated her
Beneath the apple tree,
And what happened there, the story goes,
Accounts for you and me.

But think what might have happened
If Eve had been a nun;
The project in the garden
Would never have begun.

No Rabbi, Priest, or Preacher,
No Christian heaven or hell,
A peaceful earth,--just spinning around,--
It might have been as well!

Honorable Mentions -- Both were in the Modern Category, chosen by the Wilson MacDonald Poetry Society: "To Zella", by Vivian Trollope-Cagle, of Las Vegas, Nevada, and "Sour Rice", by Jaye Giammarino, of Coatesville, Pennsylvania.

SMOF MINORITY REPORT
by David Halterman

The more things change, the more things stay the same.

St. Louis decided to call the Hugo an English-language award. It always has been. It will continue to be as long as the majority of fans speak English. Nothing has changed. A sanction has been given to a fact of life. Something else is needed, but was not even proposed.

An interim two-year rotation plan was proposed, which allows Europe the Worldcon title in even years and North America in odd years. Countries outside these two zones may bid at any time, so Australia can still have a chance at 1975. This means that Heidelberg remains a Worldcon in 1970, and that Boston (sigh!) will be a Worldcon in 1971. If Heidelberg ratifies this, the West Coast convention, which more or less has to be voted on at Heidelberg, and which will be held, might find itself called a NASFiC. If there is a con in both Noram and Europe, it is apparent that the NASFiC, which will be giving the "Hugos", and which will get the lion's share of fandom, will be the major convention of the year. The European "Worldcon" will have an empty title, and a largely empty hotel. Again, the names have been changed to defend the idealistic.

A decision was made to allow voting by mail for the 1972 Con on the West Coast. (The decision to allow voting by mail as a routine thing was tabled until Boston.) I shall be adding the votes very carefully, because there are some very nasty possibilities inherent in this idea. The least horrible is the distinct chance that some corrupt and/or wealthy fan or group of fans might decide to buy enough ballots under assorted pen names and stuff the ballot boxes. Similar things are reputed to have happened in the past. But worse things are possible, under the existing rules, if vote-by-mail is allowed.

A science fiction convention is worth a cool 50 grand to a hotel. Minimum. We are less destructive than the average sort of convention, so there is more profit for the hotel. We are such a good group, in fact, that hotels have been known to send observers to scout the cons we have held. A representative from Miami, in fact, was present at St. Louis, as well as the Washington convention manager.

In order to present a convention bid, a committee must be "known to fandom". Let us suppose that some hotel decides that they want a Con. They start to circulate a big, fancy, beautifully-illustrated offset fanzine, put together by professional ad men, with all the cost written off as business expenses. A real professional-seeming fanzine. They saturate fandom with progress reports. They send a few people to all the regional cons. They "become known". Figuring the tax write-off, and the fact that their ad men are on salary anyway, they have spent perhaps \$2,000.00 at most. Comes the voting, they buy about 200 mail ballots at \$3.00 a piece, and throw a few parties. They put on a real good presentation, for show. Some of the people present will probably vote for them anyway; and the 200 write-in votes are enough to give them a clear majority. And fandom finds itself in the sheer unmitigated Hell of having the hotel running the convention, setting the prices, and controlling the program.

There are things to be done. If they are not done at Heicon, they must be done in Boston.

The vote-by-mail should be blocked. It is too dangerous to be permitted to continue.

A true International Fantasy Award should be instated, its recipients selected by representatives of every country.

This award should be presented at the Worldcon, thus giving both the Worldcon and the International Fantasy Award some real substance. (The award could include a monetary prize, as well, to give it some real teeth.)

The rotation plan should be expanded to include five continents -- six if Africa has any significant groups. (It is not anticipated that Antarctica will have an adequate hotel for some years.) There are groups in North and South America, Europe, Asia, and Australia, all of whom have announced a willingness to hold a Worldcon.

If a true Worldcon, with world-wide activity, is established, the NASFiC should be made a reality. It should be so constructed, however, that it will not detract from the World Convention.

These are necessities. There are some other possibilities to consider for the Noram convention.

It is not necessary for a con committee to be from the city being nominated, though this has been the case in the past. The bids at Westercon for Tijuana, the Virgin Island and Bermuda bids, and others, have been intended as hoaxes. (Possibly only an assumption on my part; though Jack Chalker made that statement more than three weeks before St. Louis.) The interest that hotels have in our convention can be used to our advantage, by certain techniques.

I am most emphatically not suggesting a permanent convention committee. That would be most unsuitable, and probably boring. I am suggesting that we let the hotels present their own bids, and their written promises. I think they would. And I think that they are more capable than fans of footing the bill in a bidding contest.

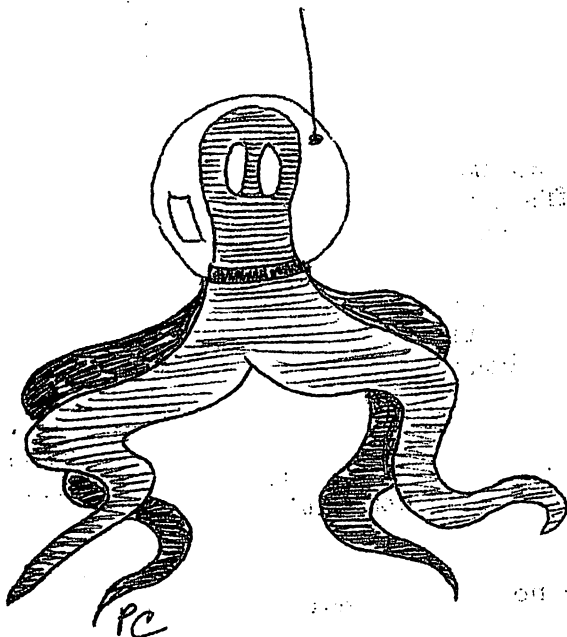
It could be done like this. In 1973, we elect, from among the interested parties, the 1976 convention committee. They then examine the available hotels in the indicated zone, and request that they submit their propositions to the 1974 con.

At that con, the bids are presented, and the hotel is chosen. Since the proposals are in writing, they may be construed to be either advertising or contract; and noncompliance may be handled in a court of law.

This is, of course, a proposal only. It probably has its faults; and I shall hear of them. It seems to me, however, that at best, this idea could result in better cons than before. At worst, it could be little different from what has gone before.

The more things change, the more they remain the same.

((For more on the Rotation Plan Controversy, see FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK, Section II, elsewhere in this issue of TWJ. --ed.))



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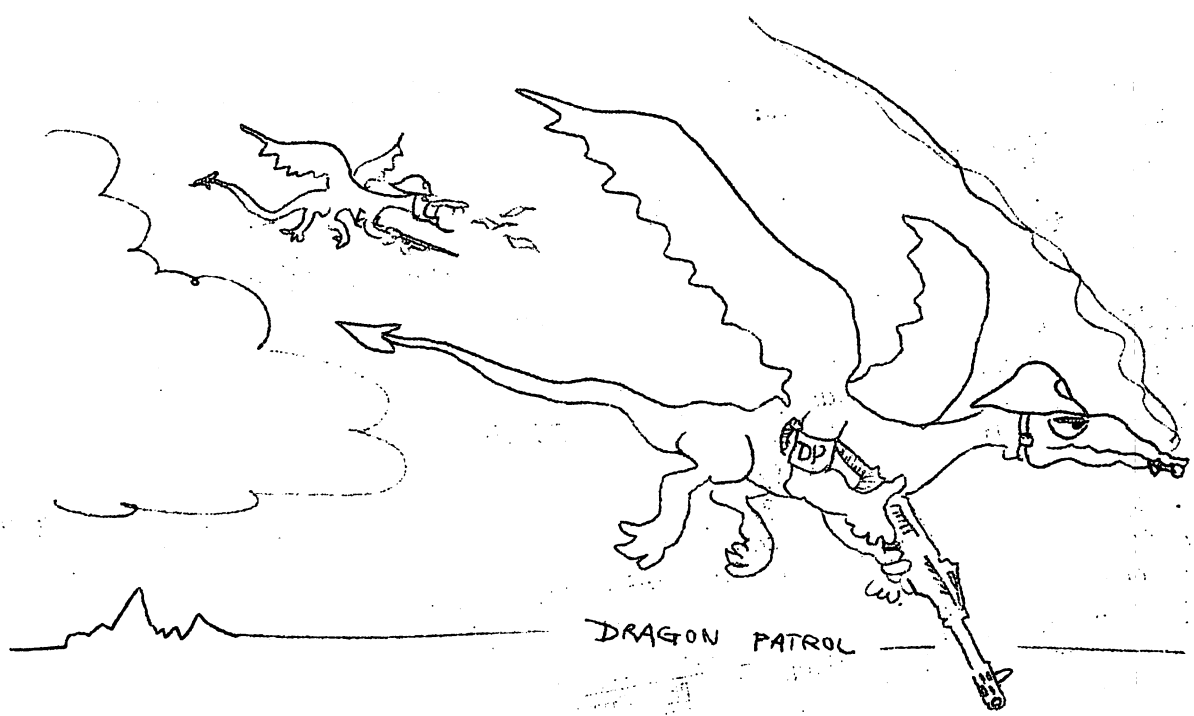
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by Mark Owings

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- Marque and Reprisal -- F&SF 2/65; in The Star Fox (q.v.).
- Martian Crown Jewels, The -- EQMM 2/58; rep F&SF 4/59; included in A Treasury of Great Science Fiction, ed. Anthony Boucher (Doubleday: NY 1959, 2 vol., 527/522, \$5.95) (SFBC ed); included in The Science-Fictional Sherlock Holmes, ed. Robert C. Peterson (Council of Four: Denver 1960, pp 137, \$2.50).
- Martyr, The -- F&SF 3/60; included in The Best from F&SF: 10th Series, ed. Robert P. Mills (Doubleday: NY 1961, pp 262, \$3.95) (Ace: NY 1965, wpps , 40¢); included in Best SF Five, ed. Edmund Crispin (Faber & Faber: London 1963, pp 256, 18/-).
- Master Key, The -- ASF 7/64; in Trader to the Stars (q.v.).
- May-Day Orbit -- see A Message in Secret.
- Memory -- see A World Called Maanerek.
- Message in Secret, A -- FAN 12/59; Ace: NY 1961, wpps 126, 40¢ with Kenneth Bulmer's No Man's World, as May-Day Orbit; in Agent of the Terran Empire (q.v.).
- Mill of the Gods, The -- original in Orbit Unlimited (q.v.).
- Missionaries, The -- OW 7/51.
- Mr. Tiglath -- TALES OF THE FRIGHTENED 8/57.
- Moonrakers, The -- IF 1/66; in Beyond the Beyond (q.v.).
- Mustn't Touch -- ASF 6/64.
- My Object All Sublime -- GAL 6/61; included in 12 Great Classics of Science Fiction, ed. Groff Conklin (Gold Medal: NY 1963, wpps 192, 50¢).

- Nest, The -- SF ADV 7/53.
- Night Piece -- F&SF 7/61; included in The Worlds of Science Fiction, ed. Robert P. Mills (Dial: NY 1963, pp 349, \$4.95) (Paperback Library: NY 1965, wpps , 75¢).
- No Truce With Kings -- F&SF 6/63; in Time and Stars (q.v.), with "Epilogue" as L'infiltrazione I mostri, tr. Bianca Russo, Mondadori: Milan, 1965, pp 155, 200 lire. 1964 short fiction Hugo winner.
- No World of Their Own -- see The Long Way Home.

- Only Game in Town, The -- F&SF 1/60; in Guardians of Time (q.v.).
- Operation Afreet -- F&SF 9/56; rep F&SF (Aust) #11, 8/57.
- Operation Changeling -- sr 2 F&SF 5-6/69.
- Operation Incubus -- F&SF 10/59.
- Operation Salamander -- F&SF 2/57, rep F&SF (Aust) #12, 3/58.
- Orbit Unlimited -- Pyramid: NY 1961, wpps 158, 40¢. Contents: Robin Hood's Barn/
Condemned to Death/The Burning Bridge/The Mill of the Gods.
- Out of the Iron Womb! -- PLANET Sum/55.
- Outpost of Empire -- GAL 12/67.

- Pact -- F&SF 8/59 (as by Winston P. Sanders).
- Peacemongers, The -- F&SF 12/57.
- Peek! I See You! -- ASF 2/68.
- Perfect Weapon, The -- ASF 2/50.
- Pirate, The -- ASF 10/68.
- Plague of Masters, A -- sr 2 FAN 12/60-1/61; Ace: NY 1960, wpps 110, 35¢ with Wilson Tucker's To the Tombaugh Station, as Earthman, Go Home!; in Flandry of Terra (q.v.).
- Planet of No Return -- see Question and Answer.
- Poulinch's Mythology -- GAL 10/67. "Non-fact article", magnificently illustrated by Virgil Finlay.
- Progress -- F&SF 1/62; in The Horn of Time (q.v.).
- Prophecy -- ASF 5/49.

- Question and Answer -- sr 2 ASF 6-7/54; Ace: NY, 1956, wpps 105, 35¢ with Andre Norton's Star Guard, as Planet of No Return.
- Quixote and the Windmill -- ASF 11/50; in Strangers from Earth (q.v.).

Rachaela -- FANTASY FICTION 6/53.

Robin Hood's Barn -- ASF 1/59; in Orbit Unlimited (q.v.).

Sam Hall -- ASF 8/53; included in Science Fiction Thinking Machines, ed. Groff Conklin (Vanguard: NY 1954, pp 367, \$3.50) (Bantam: NY 1955 wpps 183, 25¢).

Sargasso of Lost Starships -- PLANET 1/52.

Satan's World -- sr 4 ASF 5-8/68.

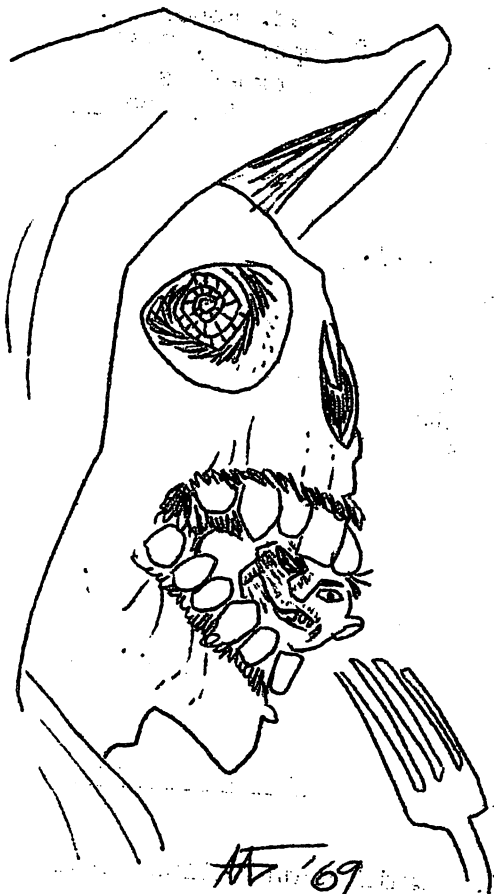
Say It With Flowers -- ASF 9/65 (as by Winston P. Sanders).

Security -- SPACE 2/53.

Security Risk -- ASF 1/57.

Sensitive Man, The -- FU 1/54; in Beyond the Beyond (q.v.).

Sentiment, Inc. -- SFS #1, 1953; included in The Weird Ones, ed. Ivan Howard (Belmont: NY 1962, wpps , 50¢).



Seven Conquests -- Macmillan: NY 1969, pp , \$4.95.

Contents: Wildcat/License/Kings Who Die/Cold Victory/Inside Straight/Details/Strange Bedfellows. Sharing of Flesh, The -- GAL 12/68. 1969 novelet. Hugo winner.

Shield -- sr 2 FAN 6-7/62; Berkeley: NY 1963, wpps 158, 35¢; as Saigo no shōheki, tr. Inoue Kazuo, Hayakawa shobō: Tokyo, 1964, pp 179, 220 yen.

Silent Victory -- TWO COMPLETE SCIENCE-ADVENTURE BOOKS, Win/53; Ace: NY 1958, wpps 108, 35¢ with John Brunner's Threshold of Eternity, as The War of Two Worlds; as Världar i Krig, tr. Eva Håkansson, Wennerberg: Stockholm, 1959, pp 144, 2:25. A nice and terribly neglected story.

Sister Planet -- SATURN 5/59; included in Get Out of My Sky, ed. Leo Margulies (Crest: NY 1960, wpps 176, 35¢).

Sky People, The -- F&SF 3/59; included in A Decade of F&SF, ed. Robert P. Mills (Doubleday: NY 1960, pp 406, \$4.50).

Snowball -- IF 5/55.

Snows of Ganymede, The -- STARTLING Win/55; Ace: NY 1958, wpps 96, 35¢ with War of the Wing Men (q.v.).

Soldier from the Stars, The -- FU 6/55.

Star Beast, The -- SSS 9/50; in Strangers from Earth (q.v.).

Star Fox, The -- Signet: NY 1966 wpps , ; Gollancz: London 1966, pp 274, . Contents: Marque and Reprisal/Arsenal Port/Admiralty.

Star Plunderers, The -- PLANET 6/52; rep SF MONTHLY (Aust) #12, 8/56.

Star Ship -- PLANET Fall/50.

Star Ways -- Avalon: NY 1956, pp 224, \$2.75; Ryerson: Tor. \$2.75; Ace: NY 1957, wpps 143, 35¢ with Kenneth Bulmer's City Under the Sea, rep 1963? separately at 35¢; as La Route Étoilée, tr. Collin Delavaud, Editions Satellite: Paris, 1959, pp 208, 4.50 NF.

Starfog -- ASF 8/67; in Beyond the Beyond (q.v.).

State of Assassination -- see A Man to My Wounding.

Strange Bedfellows -- original in Seven Conquests (q.v.).

Stranger Was Himself, The -- FU 12/54.

Strangers from Earth -- Ballantine: NY 1961, wpps 144, 35¢; as Extanjeros en la Tierra, tr. Juan de Luzón, EDHASA: Barcelona, 1963, pp 237. Contents: Earthman Beware/Quixote and the Windmill/Gypsy/For the Duration/Duel on Syrtis/The Star Beast/The Disintegrating Sky/Among Thieves.

Sun Invisible, A -- ASF 4/66; in The Troubletwisters (q.v.).
 Sunjammer -- ASF 4/64 (as by Winston P. Sanders).
 Supernova -- ASF 1/67; in Beyond the Beyond (q.v.) as Day of Burning.
 Superstition -- F&SF 3/56.
 Swordsman of Lost Terra -- PLANET 11/51.

Temple of Earth, The -- ROCKET STORIES 7/53.
 Terminal Quest -- SSS 8/51; included in Children of Wonder, ed. William Tenn (Simon & Schuster: NY 1953, pp 336, \$2.95) (Perma: NY 1954, wpps 355, 35¢ as Outsiders: Children of Wonder); included in Looking Forward, ed. Milton Lesser (Beechhurst Press: NY 1953, pp 400, \$4.95) (Cassell: London 1955, 400 pp, 15/-) as The Last Monster.

Territory -- ASF 6/63; in Trader to the Stars (q.v.).
 Teucan -- COSMOS 7/54.

Third Stage -- AMZ 2/62, GREAT SF #7 (1967).

Three Hearts and Three Lions -- sr 2 F&SF 9-10/53; exp Doubleday: NY 1961, pp 191, \$3.95; SFBC ed; Avon: NY 1961, wpps 160, 40¢. A set of illustrations (by Poul Anderson) were printed as a supplement to a 1963 issue of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES.

Three Wishes -- FAN 4/53, 1/66.

Three Worlds to Conquer -- sr 2 IF 1&3/64; Pyramid: NY 1964, wpps 143, 40¢ (1968, 60¢); as Kontakt mit Jupiter, tr. Werner Gronwald, Heyne: München, 1965, pp 159, DM 2.40.

Three-Cornered Wheel, The -- ASF 10/63; in The Troubletwisters (q.v.).

Tiger by the Tail -- PLANET 1/51; included in More Adventures on Other Planets, ed. Donald A. Wollheim (Ace: NY 1963 wpps 190, 40¢); in Agent of the Terran Empire (q.v.).

Time and Stars (Doubleday: NY 1964, pp , ; SFBC ed; MacFadden: NY 1965, wpps 176, 40¢; as Die Zeit und die Sterne, tr. Walter Brumm, Moewig: München, 1965, pp 174, DM 2.40; see also "No Truce With Kings". Contents: Escape from Orbit/Eve Times Four/Epilogue/No Truce With Kings/The Critique of Impure Reason/Turning Point.

Time Heals -- ASF 10/49.

Time Patrol -- F&SF 5/55; included in Guardians of Time (q.v.).

To Build A World -- GAL 6/64.

To Outlive Eternity -- sr 2 GAL 6-8/67.

Trader Team -- sr 2 ASF 7-8/65; in The Troubletwisters (q.v.) as The Troubletwisters.

Trader to the Stars -- Doubleday: NY 196 , pp , \$3.95; Berkeley: NY 196 , wpps , . Contents: Hiding Place/Territory/The Master Key.

Tragedy of Errors, A -- GAL 2/68.

Troublemakers, The -- COSMOS 9/53, rep SF MONTHLY #5, 1/56 (Aust).

Troubletwisters, The -- see Trader Team.

Troubletwisters, The -- Doubleday: NY 1967, pp , \$3.95; Berkeley: NY 1967, wpps 190, 60¢. Contents: The Three-Cornered Wheel/A Sun Invisible/The Troubletwisters.

Turning Point -- IF 5/63; in Time and Stars (q.v.).

Twelvemonth and a Day, A -- FU 1/60.

Twilight World -- Dodd Mead: NY 1961; pp 181, \$3.95; SFBC ed; as Die Menschheit sucht Asyl, tr. Tony Westermayr, Goldmann: München, 1961, pp 187, DM 4.00 (rep 1964, pp 172, DM 2.40); as Na de derde weredorlog, tr. Ton Stam, Het Spectrum: Antwerp, Belgium, 1965, pp 188, 25 fr (rep 1965 by Spectrum in Utrecht, Netherlands ta Fl. 1.50); as Skumring over Jorden, tr. Thorstein Telle, Fredhøi: Oslo, Norway, 1965, pp 223, 5.00; as El Crepúsculo del Mundo, tr. Francisco Cazorla Olmo, EDHASA: Barcelona, 1965, pp 240, 5 pts.

Un-Man -- ASF 1/53; included in All About the Future, ed. Martin Greenberg (Gnome: NY 1955, pp 374, \$3.50); in Un-Man and Others (q.v.).

Un-Man and Others -- Ace: NY 1962, wpps 158, 40¢ with The Make-Shift Rocket (q.v.). Contents: Un-Man/Margin of Profit/The Live Coward.

Valor of Cappen Varra, The -- FU 1/57; included in Swords and Sorcery, ed. L. Sprague de Camp (Pyramid: NY 1963, wpps 186, 50¢).

Vault of the Ages -- Winston: Phila. 1952, pp 210, ; Avon: NY 1969, wpps , 60¢; as Gohyakunen go no Sekai, tr. Mitsuko Hirata, Sekisen-sha: Tokyo, 1956, pp 262, 180 yen; as Den Fortabte By, tr. Knud Müller, Nyt Dansk Forlag: Tønder, Denmark, 1958, pp 94, ill., Kr. 1.75.

Virgin of Valkarion, The -- PLANET 7/51.

Virgin Planet -- VENTURE 1/57; Avalon: NY 1959, pp 224, \$2.75; Galaxy/Beacon: NY #40/#B270, 1960; wpps 160, 35¢; Mayflower: London 1969, wpps , 5/-. Long overdue for a new pb here.

War of the Wing-Men -- sr 3 ASF 2-4/58 as The Man Who Counts; Ace: NY 1958, wpps 108, 35¢ The Snows of Ganymede (q.v.); as Die Wing-Dynastie (no translator listed), Balowa-Verl: Dalve i W., Norway, 1959, pp 254, 6.80.

War of Two Worlds -- see Silent Victory.

War-Maid of Mars -- PLANET 5/52.

We Claim These Stars -- Ace: NY 1959, wpps 125, 35¢ with Robert Silverberg's The Planet Killers; rep 1968 separately at 50¢.

We Have Fed Our Sea -- see The Enemy Stars.

Welcome -- F&SF 10/60.

What Shall It Profit? -- IF 6/56.

"What'll You Give?" -- ASF 4/63 (as by Winston P. Sanders).

When Half-Gods Go -- F&SF 5/53, rep F&SF (Aust) #3, 5/55.

Wherever You Are -- ASF 4/59 (as by Winston P. Sanders).

White King's War, The -- GAL 8/69.

Wildcat -- F&SF 11/58; in Seven Conquests (q.v.).

Witch of the Seven Seas, The -- PLANET 1/51 (as by A.A. Craig).

Word to Space, The -- F&SF 9/60 (as by Winston P. Sanders).

World Called Maanerek, A -- GAL 7/57; in Beyond the Beyond (q.v.) as Memory.

World of the Mad -- IMAGINATION 2/51.

World to Choose, A -- FAN 11/60, MOST THRILLING SF #1, 1966.

World Without Stars -- see The Ancient Gods.

Written with --

Karen Anderson:

Innocent at Large -- GAL 7/58; included in Space, Time, and Crime, ed. Miriam Allen de Ford (Paperback Library: NY 1964, wpps ,

Isaac Asimov, Robert Bloch, Murray Leinster, & Robert Sheckley:

The Covenant -- FAN 7/60, MOST THRILLING SF #2, 1966.

Theodore Cogswell:

Contact Point -- IF 8/54.

Gordon R. Dickson:

Adventure of the Misplaced Hound, The -- UNIVERSE 12/53; included in The Science-Fictional Sherlock Holmes, ed. Robert C. Peterson (Council of Four: Denver, 1960, pp 137, \$2.50); in Earthman's Burden (q.v.).

Don Jones -- original in Earthman's Burden (q.v.).

Earthmen's Burden -- Gnome Press: NY 1957, pp 185, \$3.00; dj & ill. Edd Cartier.

Contents: The Sheriff of Canyon Gulch/Don Jones/In Hoka Signo Vinces/The Adventure of the Misplaced Hound/Yo Ho Hoka!/The Tiddlywink Warriors.

Full Pack (Hokas Wild) -- F&SF 10/57.

Heroes Are Made -- OW 5/51; in Earthman's Burden (q.v.) as The Sheriff of Canyon Gulch.

In Hoka Signo Vinces -- OW 6/53; in Earthman's Burden (q.v.).

Joy in Mudville -- F&SF 11/55.

Sheriff of Canyon Gulch, The -- see Heroes Are Made.

Tiddlywink Warriors, The -- F&SF 8/55; in Earthman's Burden (q.v.).

Trespass -- FSQ Spr/50; included in The Best Science Fiction Stories: 1951, ed.

Bleiler & Dikty (Frederick Fell: NY 1951, pp 351, \$2.95) (McLeod: Tor.) (Grayson

& Grayson: London 1952, pp 240, 9/6 as The Best Science Fiction Stories: 2nd Series).

Undiplomatic Immunity -- F&SF 5/57.

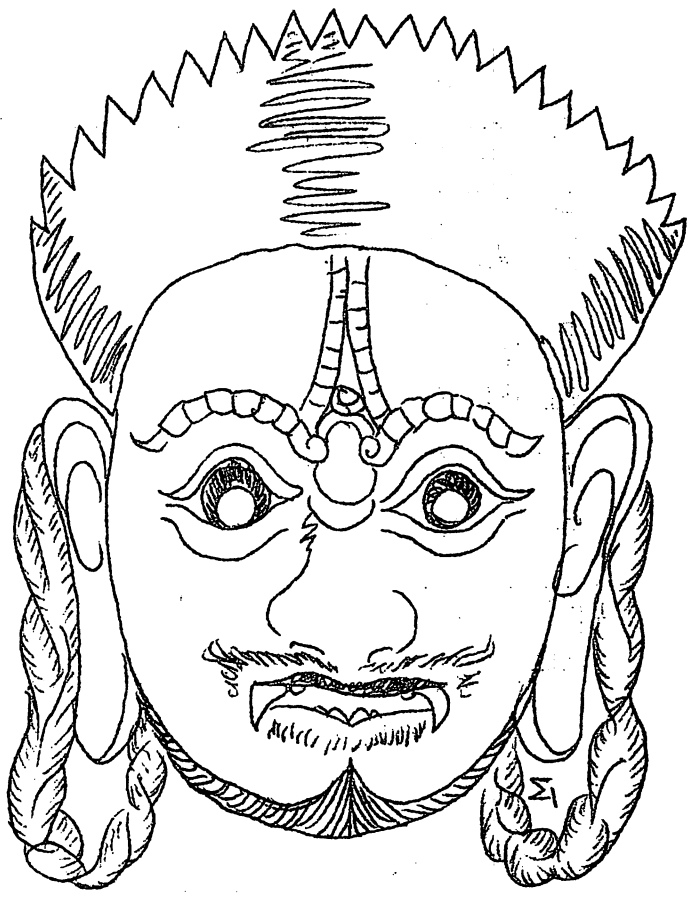
Yo Ho Hoka! -- F&SF 3/55; in Earthman's Burden (q.v.).

John Gergen:
 Entity -- ASF 6/49.
Kenneth Gray:
 Survival Technique -- F&SF 3/57.
F.N. Waldrop:
 Tomorrow's Children -- ASF 3/47;
 included in A Treasury of
 Science Fiction, ed. Groff
 Conklin (Crown: NY 1948, pp.
 517, \$3.00); included in
First Flight, ed. Damon
 Knight (Lancer: NY 1963,
 wops 160, 50¢) as by Anderson
 only. This, with Anderson's
 "Genius" was written into
Twilight World (main section)
 with much new material.

* * *

There exists: Le Troi-
 sieme Race, tr. B.-R. Bruss,
 Editions Fleuve Noir: Paris,
 1960, pp 192, 2.50 NF, which
 can't be said to be any Ander-
 son novel I've read.

Poul Anderson has also ap-
 peared as a character in Theo-
 dore Cogswell's "Conventional
 Ending" (FUTURE 10/54) and
 Philip K. Dick's "Waterspider"
 (IF 1/64).



Anderson's series are rather long and complex, wherefore the following listing
 (obtained mostly from Ned Brooks):
 the "Asteroid" stories (as by Winston P. Sanders): What'll You Give/Indus-
 trial Revolution/Sunjammer/Say It With Flowers.
 the "Burning Bridge" stories: contents of Orbit Unlimited.
 the "Sky People" stories: The Sky People/Progress.
 the "Wing Alak" stories: The Double-Dyed Villains/Enough Rope/The Live Coward.
 the "Gunnar Helm" stories: contents of The Star Fox.
 the "Nikolas Van Rijn" stories: Margin of Profit/War of the Wing-Men/contents
of Trader to the Stars.
 the "David Falkyne" stories (with the same general background as the "Van Rijn"
 stories): contents of The Troubletwisters/Starfog.
 the "Dominic Flandry" stories: Ensign Flandry/The White King's War/contents
of Agent of the Terran Empire/contents of Flandry of Terra. The Flandry stories
 are slightly connected (separated by a few millenia) with the Van Rijn stories.

 A Book Review Index? Some time ago one of our subbers, William P. Meyer, suggested
 a "SF Book Review magazine": "Take THE WSFA JOURNAL's review of books and magazines,
 the other fan magazines, the commercial reviews, mix them together. Report:who said
 what:about which title. . ." Doll Gilliland, in her fanzine reviews, gives the title,
 author, and (usually) gist of reviews which appear in the various fanzines she covers;
 we do the same (only without the gist) for books reviewed in the prozines in SOTWJ,
 and we also try to do this for reviews appearing in the local press. Should we for-
 malize this info into an Index of Reviews? It would certainly be a most useful in-
 novation. Would anyone out there like to help us in this by checking thru his local
 papers and the various non-SF mags he gets on a regular basis? R.S.V.P. --DLM

A FANNISH ANACROSTIC

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | |
| 14 | | 15 | 16 | 17 | | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| 26 | 27 | | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | 32 | 33 | | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 |
| 38 | 39 | | 40 | 41 | 42 | | 43 | | 44 | 45 | 46 | 47 | 48 | 49 |
| 50 | | 51 | 52 | 53 | | 54 | 55 | 56 | 57 | | 58 | 59 | 60 | |
| 61 | 62 | 63 | 64 | | 65 | 66 | 67 | 68 | 69 | 70 | | 71 | 72 | |
| 73 | 74 | 75 | | 76 | 77 | 78 | 79 | | 80 | 81 | 82 | 83 | 84 | 85 |
| 86 | 87 | 88 | 89 | 90 | 91 | 92 | | 93 | 94 | 95 | 96 | | 97 | 98 |
| 99 | | 100 | 101 | 102 | | 103 | 104 | 105 | 106 | | 107 | 108 | 109 | 110 |
| 111 | 112 | 113 | 114 | 115 | | 116 | 117 | 118 | | 119 | 120 | 121 | 122 | |

Definitions

Words

- A. A fannish gabfest. 70 33 100 28 117 113 25 26 87 34 42 19 62 111
- B. Various fan groups have held this title. 58 36 5 77 98 45 71 37 85
- C. An APA. 50 67 7 88 24 74 118
- D. A period of 5 years. 56 29 76 82 12 55 109
- E. Home of the King of the World. 89 103 94 14 119 9 83
- F. A Tuckerism. 15 65 110 4 16 97 17
- G. DECEMBER 27TH, 1968, e.g. 63 54 11 107 6 35 102
- H. Harlan Ellison. 84 32 53 13 78 79
- I. Those which are dis-
timmed by the Gostak. 106 23 91 40 99 115
- J. "Last and First Fen",
e.g. 72 43 122 59 2 116
- K. Australian fan. 68 90 22 30 73 81
- L. Riva Smiley. 51 47 108 86 120 20
- M. He or she. 21 3 95 39 52
- N. Nickname of
Ackerman's. 18 80 114 64 96
- O. Famous
author. 44 92 75 57 8
- P. What Finlay drawings used
to be characterized by. 38 101 93 69
- Q. Interlineation. 31 41 60 27
- R. "Drink _____". 1 61 104 66
- S. Rather heady
stuff. 121 48 112
- T. "_____
Pasture Us". 46 10 105 49

NOTE: Two of the words in the above list are comprised of two words, and one is a hyphenated word. Answers will appear in next issue.

MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY -- July, Aug., & Sept.: Prozine Reviews
by Banks Mebane

Like the lumpy lady in the Thurber cartoon, I have the true science-fictional spirit, but sometimes I get fed-up. It was during one of those periodic bouts of fedupness that I tackled most of the sixteen magazine issues for this three-month period, so my eye may be more jaundiced than usual -- please allow for it.

Fritz

Leiber can usually pull me out of apathy, and his novella "Ship of Shadows" in the July F&SF managed it. That was a special Leiber issue, and included an Emsch portrait on the cover, an appreciation by Judith Merrill, and a bibliography by Al Lewis. "Ship of Shadows" puts a vampire on a spaceship -- something only Leiber could get away with -- and a billowing, weblike ship it is, a perfect Gothic setting. Leiber's "When They Openly Walk" (Aug GAL) is a short story also showing how he makes reality out of the oddest material; I recommend it for everybody except ailurophobes.

Bruce McAllister also shows a talent for readable stories based on improbable ideas with "Life Matter" (Aug GAL) and "And So Say All of Us" (Sep IF).

AMAZING and FANTASTIC are passing through a renaissance under Ted White's editorship, and while the full effects of it show in the later issues, the Jul and Sep AMZ and the Aug FAN give clear indications of the improvement. These magazines are highlighted by twoparters from Robert Silverberg and Jack Vance. Silverberg's "Up the Line" (Jul-Sep AMZ) is a tight-packed temporal romp through Byzantine history that's great fun, marred mainly by the fact that the time-travelling hero is a complete idiot. In "Emphyrio" (Jun-Aug FAN) Jack Vance embellishes a trite revolution story with one of his exotic and appealing backgrounds. Both of these novels are now available in paperback, but there are a few shorts in these issues too. Alexei Panshin's "What's Your Excuse" (Aug FAN) and Ted White's "Only Yesterday" (Jul AMZ) succeed more from careful background and craftsmanship than from the story ideas, which are not startlingly new. Panshin gives us a satirical portrait of the academic jungle and White paints a time-travelling nostalgic picture of Arlington, Virginia in the Thirties.

Harlan Ellison's

"Dogfight on 101" (Sep AMZ) is a pyrotechnic wonder, extrapolating hot cars and violence into a future nightmare. His "The Place with No Name" (Jul F&SF) is not quite so successful, possibly because it winds up in too neat an allegory.

Dean R.

Koontz is a writer who pulls out the emotional stops even more than does Harlan Ellison. I think he overdoes it in "Muse" (Sep F&SF), a short story so packed with hate and violence that its ostensible message of love is drowned out in the screaming -- but it is a powerful thing, for its demonstration of how close love is to hate, if for nothing else. His "Dragon in the Land" (Aug VENTURE) also gets too intense -- when everything is shouted out at the top of the lungs, very little is communicated. "Where the Beast Runs" (Jul IF) is a novelet in a more muted voice, and in it Koontz uses a simple adventure story as a base for conveying points about his favorite subject -- violence.

"Out of Phase" (Sep GAL) is Joe Haldeman's first published story, and it's a good one. It has a punchline, but one that only brings a suitable conclusion to a short story that is worthwhile in its own right. The plot is the one about the alien loose on Earth and causing unpredictable problems, but the details are handled well enough to keep up the interest.

On the other hand, the punchline that is the whole point of a story is only good in the very short lengths, and there're two current examples of these one-punch vignettes, both well done: Randall Garrett's "The Briefing" (Aug FAN) and Dannie Plachta's "Revival Meeting" (Sep GAL).

COVEN 13 is a new magazine, designed to fill the WEIRD TALES gap. The copy of the first issue that I have is dated September (although I believe some

copies have an earlier date), and it has been appearing more or less bi-monthly since then. The only story that struck me as worthwhile in the first issue was Alan Caillou's "Odile", a novelet of witchcraft in a French village. The other stories are routine re-workings of routine creepy-crawly ideas (I don't know about the sword-and-sorcery serial -- haven't tried it yet), but the editorial intentions sound good, and I have hopes for it in the future.

GALAXY and IF were still in the throes of the editorial changeover in these issues, and they were having printing problems also. GALAXY has been delayed at times, and the August issue of IF was re-dated September. Besides the stories I've already mentioned from this group, some others should be noted. James Blish's cover novelet "The City That Was the World" (Jul GAL) is a good but not outstanding example of this author's always careful work. Poul Anderson's "The White King's War" (Aug GAL) is a Dominic Flandry novelet, which ought to be enough of a recommendation for devotees of the age before the Long Night; it isn't one of Sir Dominic's brighter adventures but is, as always, readable fun. E. Clayton McCarty's "Robot 678" (Sep IF) is a whimsical adventure that is saved from being too cute by a wry touch and a good gimmick. A. Bertram Chandler's "The Kinsolving's Planet Irregulars" introduces Commodore Grimes to Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson and provides evidence that Chandler is getting tired of his Rim World series. And of course Frank Herbert's "Dune Messiah" is running in GALAXY -- I won't read it till it's complete.

In addition to the stories already mentioned from F&SF, I also recommend two novelets: Vance Aandahl's "An Adventure In the Yolla Bolly Middle Eel Wilderness" (Aug) and Julian F. Grow's "Bonita Egg" (Sep).

I see I haven't mentioned a single thing from ANALOG. That's because there's nothing unexpected in these issues -- July, August, and September are all filled with typical Campbell "problem" stories, mostly readable but not very memorable. If you're an ANALOG fan you'll know what to expect and you'll like it, which is its excuse.

But I can find no excuse for Julius Fast's "The League of Grey-Eyed Women", a novel that takes up most of the space in the August VENTURE. It jams weak-kneed science fiction into a routine suspense-story plot and retains the worst features of both genres.

 MORE DOLL'S HOUSE: Fanzine Reviews
 by Doll Gilliland

GRILS #2 (Joyce Fisher, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis, Mo., 63108; Sue Robinson, 2627 Sims, St. Louis, Mo., 63114; and Pam Janisch, 5960 Dowing, St. Louis, Mo., 63134. LoC's, trades (to Pam & Sue), or contribs -- 40¢ as a last resort.) Lastish it was Pam on the earthquake; thish it's Sue on the flood at the office. Joyce's tale of her search for a new chair with fan appeal is worthy of us. Oops, what have we here? -- interlopers Bob Tucker and Bob Bloch back to back, the latter recounting visions of some of the past Worldcons. Fanzine reviews and LoC's. Art by Rotsler, Kirk, and Pam Janisch. 29 pp. Light pleasant reading.



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

Up the Line, by Robert Silverberg (Ballantine Book 01680; 75¢; 250 pp).

A rather interesting cover by Walotsky combining abstraction and decoration in rather subdued shades. Busy, though....

The story itself is a skillful blend of a number of threads. Thus, the future of 2059 is projected as highly permissive with drugs and sex, although the use of alcohol is unknown. Privacy is gone, thanks to the Universal Data Bank, and for money you simply write checks with your thumbprint -- the ultimate credit card -- while the computer takes care of your balance.

Then there is the history -- the background, "up the line", of the action, all carefully researched, giving a solidity to the book which is quite impressive. Louisiana and Byzantium, mainly; the assassination of Huey Long and the fall of Constantinople.

Then there is a very tightly-constructed plot, tying down all sorts of chasing around and sexing it up.

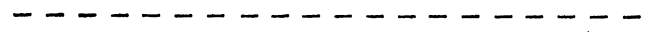
The development of the side characters is excellent, and, in fact, everyone except Judson Daniel Elliot III, the narrative I, comes across very well.

This may be because the type of character he is -- or is portrayed as -- simply wouldn't be making it the way Silverberg has him doing in our present culture. Thus, by being faithful to the science-fictional universe he has created, Silverberg has made his main character somewhat unbelievable.*

Finally, and most important, there is a lot of very funny writing, funny ideas, funny situations and just plain fun. Up the Line is not particularly great, but it is immensely entertaining.

-- Alexis A. Gilliland

*He is presented as straight and innocent, i.e. square. However, he acts like an operator, i.e., the antithesis of square. I was unable to make the synthesis. --AAG



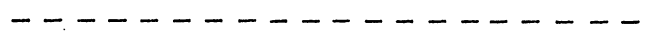
Science Fiction Worlds of Forrest J. Ackerman and Friends (Powell Sci-Fi #PP-142; 45¢).

This is a fanthology made good. If you don't mind strange sfannish stscribblings (and you probably don't, if you're reading this) and ackrocious prices, go ahead and get a copy.

Like most fan fiction, including my own, the stories included tend to be short when they should have been long, long when they should have been short, and published when they should have been folded into paper airplanes and sailed off the top of a convention hotel. They are entertaining, but I should like to see the face of the non-fan who mistakenly buys a copy.

Parody on parody, pun on pun (some even worse than mine), even a few professional quality stories; but buy it for laughs, not serious reading.

-- David A. Halterman



The Men In the Jungle, by Norman Spinrad (Avon N228, 95¢).

So after all of the intense comment about the book, pro and con, I finally, two years late, got around to reading The Men In the Jungle, and what so you know -- it's a juvenile.

I hear the mutters of consternation interspersed with shrieks of, "What?! A JUVENILE?!" What defines a juvenile as opposed to an adult novel in the final analysis has nothing to do with superficial trappings such as language, explicit sex and explicit violence. Rather, the distinction is one involving depth of character, and the relation of individuals to the situation and to each other. Spinrad tosses in what he undoubtedly believes to be all of the "adult" ingredients -- rough language, toughly "realistic" political philosophy, fellatio, gore in wholesale lots -- but like Mickey Spillane he winds up writing a juvenile of a very particular sort, an unrestrained adolescent fantasy. And as with Spillane's detective stories, this novel of Spinrad's has achieved a considerable degree of popularity precisely because it is what it is -- after all, it is a rare man who

does not dream in some dark corner of his psyche of towering over an army of men frantically chanting his name or having a Sophia O'Hara "drink deep from the bottomless well of his triumph-engorged ego".

Bart Fraden is amoral, greedy, corrupt, brutal and ruthless, and he always comes out the winner, which makes him the perfect hero for this kind of orgy of childish make-believe. In a society which has seen the apotheosis of Billy the Kid, Al Capone and Clyde Barrow, Fraden is a natural. He began his career with a term as governor of Great New York Province, "a term distinguished by a record for graft and corruption impressive even for that den of political backscratching and baking". After fleeing Earth, he joined forces with a hijacker named Willem Vanderling, and together they managed to take over and plunder the asteroid colonies. As The Men In the Jungle begins, a revolution supported by Earth is overthrowing their pocket empire in the asteroid belt, so Fraden flees again, along with Vanderling, Sophia O'Hara and a large supply of drugs (universal medium of exchange). They go in search of a planet with a high revolutionary potential, so that Fraden can lead the downtrodden masses in rebellion, seize power, and set himself up as El Supremo.

In his hard-nosed, survival-of-the-fittest, might-makes-right political/philosophical outlook, Bart Fraden bears some resemblance to a Heinlein hero. He is, in fact, what a Heinlein hero would be if ever Heinlein lost all his inhibitions (an unlikely eventuality -- RAH is too detached, scholarly and prudish to allow his subconscious such a free reign). One also thinks of some of the work of Poul Anderson. Both Heinlein and Anderson frequently position themselves as spokesmen for the laissez-faire ideal, of which piracy and brigandage on the Fraden model are the fullest expression.

Our Heroes proceed to the planet Sangre, on which the proper revolutionary potential exists. Sangre is ruled by the Brotherhood of Pain, a decadent oligarchy which maintains the vast majority of the population in a state of servitude, engaging in orgies beyond the dreams of the court of Caligula, mass cannibalism (an entire class of people are maintained as meat animals), torture and crucifixion for pleasure, and so on. These fellows are, to put it mildly, stinkers. They have to be, because Spinrad's Good Guys are such filthy bastards that it requires truly monstrous Bad Guys to make them look good by comparison. Vanderling goes into the jungle to begin organizing guerilla warfare, while Fraden contacts the Brotherhood and insinuates himself into their midst while plotting their destruction. He is initiated into the Brotherhood, said initiation consisting of chopping the head off a living infant. Fraden promises himself that he will make the Brothers pay for forcing him to commit that act of butchery, by butchering the lot of them (typical Mickey Spillane reasoning).

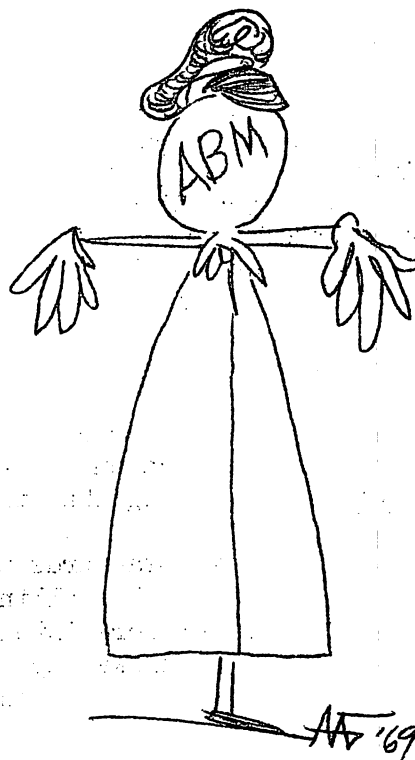
Fraden and Vanderling organize and lead a guerilla war against the Brotherhood of Pain. This allows Spinrad to get into insurgency theory and practice deeply enough to show us all how shallow his understanding of it is. The guerillas win, of course, because the author stacks all of the elements on both sides in such a way that they could not lose if they tried. But Fraden as the supreme strategist of a political-military revolutionary movement is laughable. He might be believable as the captain of a gang of white mercenaries in the Congo, but he lacks the intelligence and subtlety for any more responsible position. Bart Fraden wouldn't last ten minutes in the Tay Ninh jungle.

As the moment of their victory approaches, the two leaders not unsurprisingly have a falling out and begin to scheme against each other. The author offers us a moral distinction between them: Vanderling enjoys killing, torture and cannibalism; Fraden doesn't enjoy them, but sanctions them because they are a means to power, which he does enjoy. Sort of like the difference between Rinehard Heydrich and Sepp Deitrich. In any event, Fraden wins out (of course), but is finally so appalled by the slaughter that he becomes almost real for a few pages, jumps in a ship with Sophia and flees Sangre. However, this does not last (it would never do to end this kind of novel on such a downbeat note); by the final page, Fraden is once again happily plotting his next piratical venture, egged on by the ubiquitous

Sophia. The reader can imagine that before long Bart will be king of the hill again, perching on a pyramid of human bodies whose death he can conveniently blame on somebody else.

The Men In the Jungle, then, is a disappointing book. It is not a bad book technically, although it has its less-than-adequate aspects (characterization is limited, to say the least, though of course there really isn't much you can do about characterization in a novel where by their very roles the characters aren't and can't be "real"). Spinrad is a good writer, and there are many effective passages here. The pacing is good throughout. But good writing and pacing cannot change what The Men In the Jungle is, and science fiction ought to have outgrown that kind of thing by now. I know I have.

-- Ted Pauls



The Ring, by Piers Anthony & Robert E. Margroff (Ace A-19, 75¢).

It would seem that Piers Anthony even collaborates well. At least, every one of his books that I have read so far was worth reading, and most of them were enjoyable. This one was quite enjoyable.

The plot is 317B. To quote the blurb, "Jeff Font...after a distinguished space service career,...had come back to the planet of his birth with vengeance in mind -- vengeance against the powerful man who had framed Jeff's father and caused his whole family to be sent into space exile."

So he tries a little well-planned breaking and entering, and gets caught. So, after a well-described trial that, very carefully, gives a considerable amount of detail about the world and culture in question, Jeff is ringed. A Ring is placed on his finger in such a way that it cannot be removed without a lot of pain, a ring that is made to sense any desire to break the law, or to commit a violent act, and to stop that act or desire by inflicting pain. Sounds pretty good, really, as a punishment for criminals, but before the book ends, the authors come up with every possible situation in which the Ring can foul up the works. Self defense, the need to violate a traffic law to survive (looks like they've driven in Washington, or New York). You name it, it happens. It's truly fascinating to watch the frustration of the hero as he tries to live with it.

Actually, the Ring is not a completely original concept, though the treatment of the idea seems to be. See, as another example of artificial conscience, The Analog Men, written, if I remember correctly, by Damon Knight. And there are others. Devices implanted and more or less unremovable, for the purpose of preventing unwanted acts, go back to the chastity belt, and none of them have ever worked as well as expected. In the future, the present, or the past, the rule still holds: where there's a will, or should we say won't, there's a lockpick.

-- David A. Halterman

Stand on Zanzibar, by John Brunner: A Few More Words.

Peter Weston's excellent short review of Stand on Zanzibar (TWJ #67) crystallized my own reactions to SoZ and inspired the following observations on this ambitious but unreadable book.

First, as Weston points out, SoZ seems like a triumph of extrapolation but is not plausible. A trivial example: feminine fashions change faster than Brunner's estimate. Designers are showing stained-glass bras and copper breast shells now; chrome nipples are just over the horizon.

More significantly: given the rigid reproductive controls and social pathologies of 2010, why isn't the birthrate declining or at worst stable? There seem to be more factors at work in the Happening World shortening lives rather than prolonging them. Despite considerable effort, the average American lifespan has not increased appreciably in recent years.

The very pressure of dense population should brake further expansion. In famous experiments rats and rabbits provided with ample food and ideal care soon bred themselves to destruction in a closed environment. Their social behavior disintegrated, mortality rose, and fertility declined. Brunner refers to these studies but does not apply all their conclusions. Brian Aldiss' "Total Environment" provides an interesting contrast to SoZ -- there humans subjected to the overcrowding experiment transcend their environment. Aldiss argues the novel view that men's responses might be superior to animals'. Brunner finds them inferior.

The overwhelming horror and hopelessness of the human predicament in SoZ is unrelieved by the "tranquilizer ex machina" ending. The gloomy repetition of problems is simply numbing. Decadent parties are described much more vividly and economically in Nova and The Ring than the crucial episode in SoZ, "Be Kind to Your Forfeited Friends".

There are no explicit standards to measure the failings of Brunner's characters against -- they seem to be falling off the floor. The president of Beninia and the American ambassador were intended as heroic figures but are onstage so briefly. The happy-happy Shinkas are thoroughly unconvincing.

In NIEKAS #20 Brunner explains that Bronwen, the Indian beauty, is a symbol of Life threatened by Death. Although a moribund, sterilized sex goddess may be fine irony, Bronwen has all the human tenderness of the Black Stone of Pessinus. On the whole, the wretched people who stand on Zanzibar arouse neither admiration nor pity.

-- Sandra Miesel

Zanthar at Trip's End, by Robert Moore Williams (Lancer #73-836; 60¢).

When I reviewed the last Zanthar book (At Moon's Madness) I expressed what may have been taken by some to be total and absolute disgust. It was. Since it is normally a cardinal rule of series novels and stories that the trend is always downhill, you can understand that I approached this story with a certain degree of trepidation.

Imagine my surprise when the story actually turned out to be quite good.

I do not deny that it has its weaknesses; but most of those present are concomitant necessities to the type of series Zanthar is intended to be. In a storyline with continuing characters, the author can either assume that the reader has already been introduced to the characters and go on from there (which is fine only when it is true; otherwise, the reader is rapidly lost -- try, for instance, reading the Tarzan series starting with Tarzan and the Golden Lion), or the author can take the time to repeat the introductions (which is helpful, but blows the pacing **completely**). It is usually easier to beg the question and skip the series entirely, rather than try to strike the proper middleground between the two alternatives. Unfortunately, the series can be used for certain ideas that cannot be handled nearly as well in a single story; so skipping the point is not a valid answer either.

At any rate, the weaknesses in this story are almost entirely those involved with the problem of filling in the reader with what has gone before. The rest is imaginative, quite active, and definitely entertaining. This is possibly the best of the Zanthar series, and a decent job of work in its own right.

Recommended.

-- David A. Halterman

A Specter Is Haunting Texas, by Fritz Leiber (Walker & Co., \$4.95, 245 pp).

This is a mixed bag of goodies which should have considerable appeal for some people. Thus we have political and social satire directed against a burlesqued Establishment, an epical heroic trek, wheels within wheels, the deus ex machina to keep them turning, and an unobtrusive dollop of sex and sadism.

Taking the story first, we have a post-atomic war society in which Texas has taken over most of the North American continent except for the Acificpay Ackblay Epublicray in California and the Negro Hip Republic in Florida. Up in space, Circumluna is the Russo-American moon colony and the Sack is the Lunar-orbiting hippie haven. The Texans are growing to prodigious size by use of growth hormones and hold the downtrod Mexes and residual Nigras in abysmal slavery. Bent-backs, they are called. All this is the scene upon which our hero makes his inadvertant entrance when he is misrouted from Yellowknife (in northern Canada) to Dallas.

Said hero is the top actor in the Sack, and stands 8'8" tall while massing 147 pounds. Unused even to Lunar gravity, he wears a battery-powered titanium exoskeleton to get around on Earth, and a black cape. His obscure mission is to raise funds to keep puritannical Circumluna from deporting the miserable denizens of the Sack back to Earth, and particularly his Theatrical Company.

He becomes involved in the Bent-Back Revolution through his love for Rachel Vachel, beautiful defector from the Establishment and Rosa Dolores, beautiful Mex revolutionary.

This leads to wild and farcial action (if you ignore the slaughter of the extras) and a scene where he winds up naked and helpless under Terran gravity, with his exoskeleton bent in drunken knots. He escapes by dragging himself across flagstones littered with broken glass using mainly the muscles of his hands and feet.

The epic trek is doing one-night stands as the prophesied Spirit of La Revolution, El Esqueleto, Death Incarnate, on the way to Yellowknife. He rashly attempts to woo both his loves simultaneously, and protests that his intentions are honorable -- he wants to marry them simultaneously, too. Predictably, this turns out to be almost as debilitating as the gravity he has to fight.

Leiber, who is very tall and lean, has used the skeleton figure before, but never explicitly as Death, and never as the narrative I. The central figure, Skully, Capt. Skull, El Esqueleto, is superbly realized.

The satirical elements are witty and very current, and suffer the drawback of being dated. There are all sorts of references to Lyndon Johnson, mostly praises by villainous Texans, and a few to John Kennedy (mostly in connection with his assassination), but Nixon is never mentioned.

Since "Lyndon overseas" and oblique references to the disaster in Vietnam form the base of the story's background, the implication is that the atomic war derived from Vietnam and that it was Lyndon's baby. This seems unlikely at the moment, and as a result much of the satire fails to ring true. Particularly the Texas-sized fallout shelter and the Texas-defending ABM's to explain the survival of Texas.

Also, the target Texans are gross caricatures, with the classical American virtues writ so large as to become vices almost automatically.

The New Left and the uncritical will be delighted with Leiber's putdown on LBJ and the Establishment, and I would urge them to buy the book. My own feeling is that the satire was a drag on the story, and while the book is good, it isn't worth \$4.95. Wait for the paperback.

-- Alexis A. Gilliland

The Tin Men, by Michael Frayn (Ace Books #81290; 60¢).

The Tin Men is a novel by a new British author, ECHO IV, a computer presently residing in the Rothermore Vulgarian Ethics Wing, of the William Morris Institute of Automation Research. TWJ usually doesn't review books by computers, but it was felt that, for various reasons (not the least of which was the fact that Ace sent us a review copy), an exception should be made in this instance.

Echo IV has been assisted in this volume by Hugh Rowe, a staff member presently engaged in the automation of Cricket, and a budding novelist held back from writing his first novel only by the fact that he has not, as yet, written a sufficiently satisfying dust jacket blurb for it; by Dr. Macintosh, Head of the Ethics Department, and chief motivator in the construction of the Samaritan Robots, designed to solve the problem that has plagued designers of automatons for ages -- the ethical decision of a robot who is the second entity on a one-man raft; and by Dr. Goldwasser, in charge of setting up the ultimate computer-written tabloid, comforting to all, intelligible to none, and totally unrelated to the world at large.

The book has been called "The Catch 22 of the Computer Age". There is, of course, some merit to this, although it must, in all fairness, be mentioned that the book is smaller, less funny, and different in both content and intent. After all, it does have pages, and the pages have words, unlike some of the real new wave material now being published.

To best sum up our opinion of this volume, it is necessary only to repeat the words of the British Secret Agent who, when detected in the body of the computer, teletyped, "NP CO?MENR".

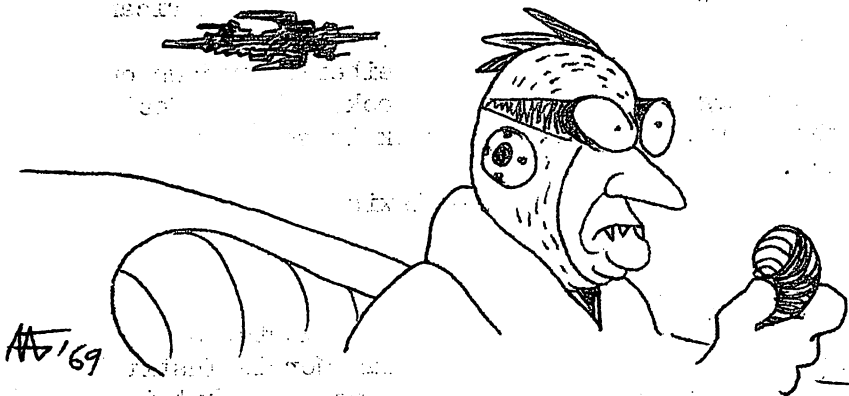
-- David A. Halterman

FILM REVIEW -- The Valley of Gwangi (Released by Warner Bros.--7 Arts. In Technicolor. Starring: James Franciscus, Gila Golan, Richard Carlson, Laurence Naismith; introducing: Curtis Arden. Directed by James O'Connolly. Screenplay: William E. Bast, with additional material by Julian More. Photography: Alec Mills. Editor: Henry Richardson. Music: Jerome Moross. Special effects (Dynamation) created by Ray Harryhausen. Running time: 95 minutes. Code rating: G).

The distributor is apparently banking on the special effects magic of veteran Harryhausen -- who, as associate producer, seemed to get most of the film's financing tied up in the photographic frame-by-frame work -- to make this abominable piece of drivel click at the boxoffice. It's a sure thing the last-minute title change (originally: "The Valley That Time Forgot") wasn't a good thing for anyone but the customer, who hopefully may steer clear of a film with a name almost as ridiculous as the content.

A Wild West show, teetering on the brink of financial ruin, rides into a small town and plays shows to a huge arena peopled with sparse clusters of Mexican peasants. The show's owner, T.J. (Golan), meets up with her ex-lover, Tuck (Franciscus), and they pass off the first quarter of the film in a nauseating banter of broken-romance clichés. Things look up briefly when T.J. comes into possession of an itty-bitty horse, identified by the handy archaeologist (Naismith) as an Eohippus, the "dawn horse" of the Cenozoic era. No one is overly concerned with the anomaly of the little critter, however, except the local gypsies who, with much oh-ing and woe-ing, steal and return him to the "forbidden valley".

The show people, of course, are hot on the trail, and soon find themselves in a secluded world preserved intact for millions (!) of years. The Eohippus is quickly forgotten when they catch sight of a Tyrannosaurus, obviously worth his weight in pesos if made into a star attraction back at the ranch. Show people seem to be prone to good luck, for after surviving battles with an assortment of varied monsters, they are



From here on the basic plot is the adventures of Carmody in search of Earth. To make matters worse, Carmody has death at his heels. It is logically explained to him that since he is not on Earth and subject to normal Earth dangers he has upset the Law of Predation. As a result, a predator -- a Carmody-eater -- has sprung out of Carmody's life-force.

Carmody is directed to Melichrone, who perhaps can help him. And here we have a very interesting extrapolation of Spinoza's philosophy -- for Melichrone is a shape-changer and a god; he has changed himself into an entire planet and all its inhabitants!

Some of Carmody's other adventures include meeting Mausley, who is an engineer who builds planets to order (Earth was one of his early efforts, and he had to cut corners to save expense); an alternate Earth where people rise in consumer ratings depending upon how many advertising slogans they incorporate into their speech; and so on.

Sheckley is at his humorous best in this book. Next to Watchbird, it is the best thing he has ever done. It wasn't on the Hugo ballot, but to me it's the best novel of 1968.

-- Michael T. Shoemaker

The Nets of Space, by Emil Petaja (Berkeley #X1692; 60¢).

Giant spaceflying crabs from a larger space-time continuum. Crabs who eat men, alive (chilled, of course, so they don't move too much, and with a pungent sauce; the brown ones are best -- they have more muscle meat, and less fat).

For the good guys, there are humans who can read the invaders' minds, and a smaller, temporally more rapid, cosmos which manages to develop a gas which can transport the crabs into limbo -- a gas, for crabs flying through deep space.

Such a story can only be the result of too many sea-food dinners and too many Hollywood horror movies. Not recommended. Rating: D.

-- David A. Halterman

Perry Rhodan #1: Enterprise Stardust, by K.H. Scheer & Walter Ernsting; Translated by Wendayne Ackerman; Introduction by Forry Ackerman (Ace Book 65970; 60¢; 185pp).

This is two or three episodes put together with very little stitching. This results in a lot of repetition, which editing as well as translation would have eliminated.

We start off with the Department of Space Explorations about to land a man on the moon. DSE is the German idea of what the Americans might do with NASA, before NASA ever got underway. The result is quite funny in an ironic way. The General in charge is, naturally, too busy to hold a press conference, so he deigns to toss the reporters a few crumbs over closed-circuit TV. Then he locks them up so they won't tell about some crisis or other until it gets resolved.

Anyway, our team, headed up by Perry Rhodan, is die-cut German cardboard. They might be described as living literary fossils, being left over from The Skylark series and JWC's Mightiest Machine. Rhodan is terribly prone to make long-winded moralistic speeches when he isn't clenching his jaw heroically.

Anyway, when they get to the moon they have a little accident, so they are out of contact with Earth. Determined to carry out the mission anyway, our heroes go exploring, and...Lo! What do they find but a Mighty Alien Space Ship, inhabited by a brother and sister(?) of a race with the highly suggestive and religiously symbolic name of "Khrest".

The brother, it seems, has leukemia, and needs medical attention. They crash-landed on the moon four months ago and think that the situation on Earth (as explained by Fulton Lewis Jr., perhaps) is Very Grave.

Well, in return for the promise of medical aid, the ~~Christ~~ Khrest give Perry all their super-duper weapon-shop specials, because he seems like such a nice fellow.

Whereupon he proceeds to declare himself Peacelord of the Universe. With his

superior technology, he can bat armies and secret police around like so many toys. Needless to say, he does so. This is good low comedy.

The biggest laugh of all is when everybody, East Bloc (Russia), West Bloc (America), and Asiatic Federation all shoot off their atomic missiles. He arranges them to all be duds. (A pity he couldn't do anything about the chemical and biological components of the attack. Lucky for everybody concerned that there weren't any.)

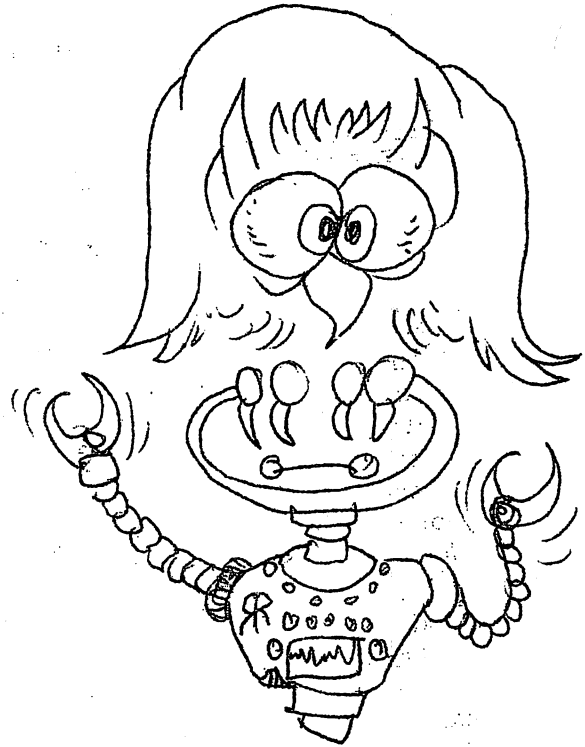
"We'll ram peace down their throats!", he says in effect.

Nevertheless, there is a lot of action, the story moves despite moralistic maunderings and a somewhat stiff translation, and quite a lot of genuine excitement is stirred up. All the heroes (and villains, for that matter) are antiseptically pure. Even Fletcher, the expectant father, evidently conceived by artificial insemination.

This should make the series very popular with John J. Pierce and the Second Foundation. It may be a large part of the series' popularity -- the wave of the future...really clean writing.

Gray Morrow has a pretty good cover, featuring the Khrest.

-- Alexis A. Gilliland



The Sword of Morning Star, by Richard Meade (Signet P3774; 60¢).

Swords, sorcery, and a Jeff Jones cover! What more can we ask? Maybe a little, at that.

The story begins with a boy, who could be claimant to the throne of Sigrieth, King of Boorn and Emperor of the Gray Lands, which lie between the Barbarian Dark Lands and The Lands of Light, in the time after the Worldfire. The boy is to be banished, but to insure that he would not return for vengeance, his sword hand is cut off.

Adrift, feverish, in a small boat bound for the deadly marshes, he is found by a magician, Sandivar, who heals him, but who cannot return his hand.

Helmut, with his thirst for vengeance, and Sandivar, who wants a strong and independent Boorn, to protect the new learning in the south from the barbarians of the north -- such are the enemies of Albrecht and his many half-wolf, superhuman allies.

Helmut is sent to another world to learn to fight. He returns, to tell a little, but not quite enough, of a place that must have been Avalon, or Faerie, or Valhalla. He can only say that it was a freezing of the soul, a freezing of laughter and of love.

With his skills, he tames an untamable stallion, two great wolfhounds, has a sword made of a magic metal, and armour, and has the head of a Mace and Chain placed upon his naked wrist. And he gets a new name, for his terrible right "hand", Morning Star....

And the prophecy came to pass, that he returned into the Gray Lands, Vengeance carrying him, striking out with Rage, Death, and Destruction at his heels, with a right hand more deadly than his left, to claim the throne usurped by Albrecht over the bodies of Helmut's kin.

The story is damned good for its type. I only wish that an extra chapter had been included about that strange Valhalla, where ten years pass in ten minutes. That is not, however, enough fault to keep me from recommending it highly.

-- David A. Halterman

SNEAK PREVIEW -- Dr. Who (British Broadcasting Corporation: TV; SF Serialized Stories).

A new series of Dr. Who will be screened by the B.B.C. this Autumn, leading this program into its 7th year, and making it the longest-running SF program in the world -- with a TAM-rated audience viewing capacity of 20,000,000, or about half the total population of Great Britain. Dr. Who, originally conceived as a juvenile SF series, has steadily increased in popularity, and has so far run through two leading British actors and experienced numerous changes of cast without faltering in its stride. Probably the high spot in Dr. Who's long career was the creation, by Terry Nation, of the DALEKS -- which resulted in a Dalek craze that swept the country among young viewers, and brought letters to the TIMES (England's most staid and respectable daily newspaper) commenting on the horrific contents of the series. Although many experienced SF fans would balk at the mention of juvenile SF TV series, Dr. Who has the distinction of having progressively "grown up", until as many adults now view it as do children -- and for this reason, the new Dr. Who series has been uprated to meet adult demands for more sophisticated plotting and action.

Although Dr. Who, recently played by Patrick Troughton, has developed from the earlier model, played by William Hartnell, the new Dr. Who, played by actor James Pertwee, promises a revolution in TV SF. Pertwee, for many years famed as one of the leading British comedy stars, has turned to drama "for the change", and his mastery of mimicry and facial expression promises well for lovers of emotionally-charged episodes in the Star Trek idiom. Dr. Who will replace Star Trek, screened as a stop-gap SF program.

Dr. Who has also evolved to the Big Screen in a mish-mash production entitled Dr. Who and the Daleks, a color production run off in six weeks during the height of the Dalek craze, for U.S. markets, netting more than £2,000,000, as a juvenile feature film, but stepping well outside the usual format of the TV productions with actors not associated with the TV castings. Not recommended except for the kids!

Story types in Dr. Who vary wildly from Space Opera ("The Space Pirates") to New Wave ("The Toymaker"), concentrating mainly upon cleverly thought-out plots evolving around tried and tested villains -- for example, the Cybermen, half-machine, half-human creatures intent on the conquest of Earth; the Daleks, alien creatures from outer space encountered regularly in Dr. Who's space-time travels; the Yeti, automated Abominable Snowmen controlled by a mysterious Intelligence; and the Ice Warriors, cold creatures from Mars. Central to every theme is the TARDIS (Time and Relative Dimensional Intergalactic Spaceship) which has a built-in fault which takes the good Doctor Who and his frequently-changing companions to all corners of the Galaxy. This plot element has formed the basis of several subsequent U.S. TV SF serials, notably The Time Tunnel, The Invaders, and Land of the Giants, along with that SF lunacy Lost In Space which does not deserve viewing time even from juveniles.

To conclude the present series, Dr. Who embarked on its most ambitious serial yet, called "The War Games", in which Dr. Who meets with his own race, the Time Lords, and the plot (reminiscent of October the First Is Too Late) concerns the division of a planet into time zones so that aliens can practice warfare preparatory to a grand take-over of the entire inhabited Galaxy. Foiled, of course!

The B.B.C. has already begun to prepare British audiences for a radically new Dr. Who series, in which most of the space opera elements will have been eliminated, including the time and dimensional travel, limits have been set on the time period, and the program now aims at sophistication rather than adventure in the traditional Flash Gordon manner. The B.B.C. pioneered SF on television with the two brilliant Quatermass series I and II followed by a disappointingly bad Quatermass and the Pit.

All have been filmed and put out on general release some ten years ago. Dr. Who is distinguished only by its persistence and longevity, due only to public demand, and appears to have catered exactly to the current requirements. Its theme music, composed by Ron Grainer, is in itself a masterpiece of electronic wizardry for which the B.B.C. is rightly famed, and is as well known to TV audiences as the War Time V-for-Victory signal broadcast on sound to the Continent. The team of writers in the new series will be new, which augers well for SF generally, and I have heard shop-talk of exporting the series to the States, in which event you will be able to sample this record-breaker for yourselves. It is expected eventually to go over to full-color production -- as soon as the B.B.C. has prepared the audiences for the shocks it must inevitably bring.

-- Erasmus Spratt

((Miniature Bibliographic sketch of the Author: Erasmus Spratt is the pseudonym for an exiled BEM from a far-distant star system, exiled to Broadmoor after losing a four-dimensional chess game, who takes time off from weeping to pen an occasional SF story which, he regrets, is never read! --E.S.))

Masque World: An Anthony Villiers Novel, by Alexei Panshin (Ace Books #02320; 60¢).

This story revolves around Anthony, Torve the Trog, a die-hard bureaucrat who wants to check Torve's papers, a masquerade, a man with a Trog costume, a scavenger hunt that collects people and things, and a lot of confusion. This particular part of the series seems to have lost a little of the tongue-in-cheek quality, in favor of straight farce; to my way of thinking, this is something of a loss. But it's still good. **RATING: B-**

-- David A. Halterman

The Double:Bill Symposium, Created by Lloyd Biggle, Jr., Edited & Published by Bill Bowers & Bill Mallardi; 111 pp. (\$3.00, available from the publishers at P.O.Box 368, Akron, Ohio, 44309.)

This neatly-printed pamphlet contains the answers that 94 science fiction writers and editors gave to a set of eleven questions about sf writing. The questions were designed to elicit a response and did so; it impresses me that so many professionals took the time to write such detailed and considered responses.

The project was the idea of Lloyd Biggle in 1963; he compiled the first set of 72 responses and the result was serialized in the fanzine DOUBLE:BILL, published by Bills Bowers and Mallardi. Additional questionnaires sent out in 1969 brought in 22 more authors for this printing of the enlarged Symposium.

The questions ask the writer's opinion of the value of sf, the reasons he writes it, its relation to mainstream fiction, and the like. Some questions are designed to find out what other writers influenced each author and to bring out what he considers the most fruitful sources for sf ideas. Some questions ask for advice to beginning writers and one asks about fandom and the writer. In fact they are, in more sophisticated form, just the questions that fans do ask writers ("Why do you write sf?" "Where do you get your ideas?").

The answers are extremely varied, of course, but most of the respondees took the thing seriously and wrote in enough detail to make their answers a good expression of their opinions.

The answers to each question are printed together, so each section of the Symposium reads rather like a seriatim panel discussion on one particular point. This arrangement brings out the wide differences of opinion between the individual writers and gives a statistical idea of how many hold each view.

To get a more detailed look at a single writer, the reader can flip through the pamphlet reading that man's answer to each question. I wish the editors had kept a fixed order (say alphabetical) to the listing of the responses to each question, to facilitate this sort of flipping, but they did provide an index by author which helps.

The Double:Bill Symposium should be indispensable to anyone, fan or pro, who is interested in how science fiction is written. In fact, if you have a copy, you can skip the program sessions at sf cons and devote more time to the bar.

-- Banks Mebane

Planet of Adventure #3: The Dirdir, by Jack Vance (Ace Book #66901; 60¢).

On Tschai, there are many races, human and nonhuman. The Dirdir are hunters. They hunt Adam Reith.

Adam hunts a spaceship to get home in. For a spaceship, he needs money. The money is in the Carabras, the hunting land of the Dirdir. The sequins grow there, and are taken by the hunters from the bodies of the treasure-seekers they catch. So Adam Reith decides to hunt the hunters. He does it very well.

Quite good. Jack Vance's ability, in this series, to make up such fascinating names, and his tendency to keep the hero so totally devoid of emotion, both enchant me. **RATING: B/.**

-- David A. Halterman

PLAY REVIEW -- Edith Stein, by Arthur Giron (World Premiere at Arena Stage, Oct.23-Nov.30).

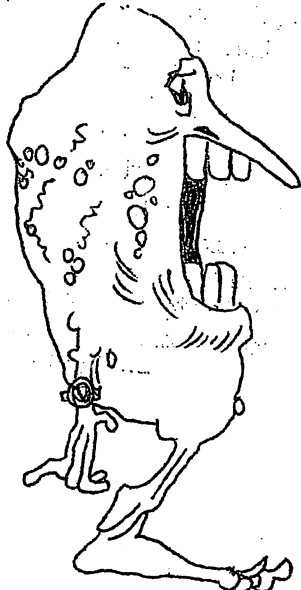
A review of a play should not attempt to rewrite the play as the author perhaps never intended. However, THE WSFA JOURNAL, of which I am Associate Editor, has a very liberal policy in these matters.

To begin with, Edith Stein is not a very good play. It has a tremendous heroine, and an inherently dramatic situation, but the play's Edith is obliged to play against the wrong foil. The ardent SS officer, reeking with masculinity and whiskey, baits her with piddling sexual temptations. To sustain his infatuation for her, the author destroys the play's logic and discards much useful historical material.

The besetting sin of Edith, as the Carmelite Sister Theresa, is pride, both intellectual and spiritual. Were the SS officer to tempt her to pride, perhaps by provoking her resistance to the demands of Nazi authority, a genuine tension would exist between the pride so generated and the demands for submission to Carmelite authority. And her flight to Holland would be the logical result of the Church yielding to Nazi pressure to demand her submission to Nazi demands.

The third act has a dramatic confrontation in which Edith reveals to ardent SS man that she is Jewish. To achieve this, the author is obligated to have the SS officer -- a bureaucratic functionary -- state earlier that there is no file on Edith Stein/Sister Theresa. And him an Elite German Bureaucratic Functionary at that. Unbelievable.

What we should have had in the third act is Edith urging the Dutch Catholic authorities to speak out against the persecution of the Jews, as she had previously urged the German Catholic authorities and the Pope. Her dilemma should have been made explicit: a protest of Nazi atrocities would not help her people, and would be damaging to her church. Yet she cannot in good conscience permit the destruction of the Jewish people to pass in silence.



If you want drama, she gets on the train with her Swedish passport, prepared to leave the country, and on impulse gets off at Utrecht, where the Bishop was sympathetic to her cause, to make one last appeal. His conscience moved, he makes the appeal, the Nazis crunch on the Church, and Edith is picked up at the border.

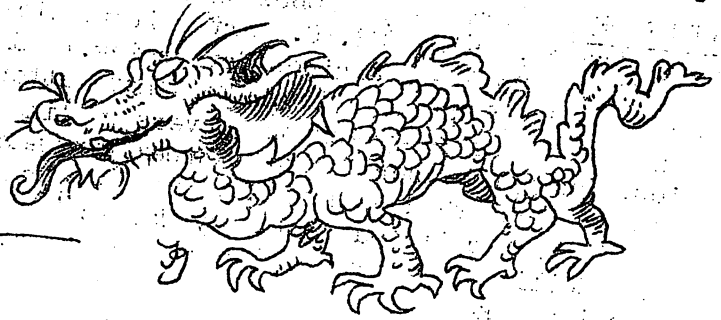
What you actually have is a finale in the gas chambers at Auschwitz which leaves the stage covered with the dead bodies of extras. Tactically this is fair, but strategically it is disastrous. A drunken SS officer for comic relief is also no help.

As I said: Edith Stein is not a very good play, but it has a great heroine.

-- Alexis Gilliland

DOLL'S HOUSE

fanzine reviews



BEABOHEMA #4, June '69 (Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa., 18951. Contribs, LoC's, trade, 60¢, 2/\$1. Art editor: Jim McLeod, 7909 Glen Tree Drive, Citrus Heights, Cal., 95610. Fanzines for review to Al Snider, Box 2319, Brown Station, Providence, R.I., 02912.) Impressive full-page illos from McLeod, Gabe Eisenstein, and Jack Gaughan. This 'zine seems to be a gathering place for the newer pro authors. Piers Anthony has moved and details the financial aspects of same; also, his theories of child-rearing and the effect his daughter has on his way of life. Dean Koontz joins the crowd, addressing some of his thoughts to Anthony's remarks; also, some autobiographical notes re his writing habits and production. Leo P. Kelley's column is a potpourri -- comments on a couple of fanzine editors he met at Lunacon, Belmont cover art, new members of SFWA, WEIRDBOOK TWO, etc. (Both he and Piers pen personal tributes to the late Seth Johnson.)

We also have a rather ingenious article in defense of John W. Campbell -- Gary Hubbard's skillfully written "The Pawn of Time", with a splendid McLeod frontispiece. Bill Marsh comes forth with the Ultimate Foundation for the goodfen, with a creed of sweetness and lightness. Seth Dogramajian's art column thish discusses the whys and wherefores of the increase in good fan art, and he gives a quick once-over of the work of George Barr, Vaughn Bodé, and Steve Fabian, with a pat on the back for Doug Lovenstein, Art (Atom) Thomson, Mike Gilbert, and Dave Ludwig. Excellent fanzine and book reviews, as well as a stimulating LoColumn, proving their creature Faith Lincoln served the purpose for which she was created. 73 pp. Aggressively entertaining.

DMSFF #2, Spring '69 (David T. Malone, Bacon Rd., Roxbury, Conn., 06783. Trade, contrib, LoC, 35¢, 3/\$1). Splendid Bergeron wraparound cover. Entertaining interior illos by Alexis Gilliland, Nico Sheers, Jack Gaughan, Kevin Erwin, John D. Berry, Bill Rotsler, Robert Malone, Gordon Titcomb, etc. Bob Shaw's autobiographical "Tommy Johnson vs. Science Fiction" (from the pages of a 1963 HYPHEN) merits the reprinting. And here is the last letter/column Piers Anthony wrote to anyone not on his list in BEABOHEMA -- talking about his writing habits, his daughter, a speed-reading course, etc. Faith Lincoln (whose creators are exposed by Dave at the end of thish) tears into "Dunderbird", that incredible product of a collaboration between Harlan Ellison and Keith Laumer. (Sorry, but I liked the humor.) Dave took exception to Kingsley Amis' statement that Yevgeny Yevtushenko is a "pseudo-liberal", as reported in a recent NEWSWEEK. The response from NEWSWEEK is also reproduced here.

Stanley Weinbaum's The Black Flame is reviewed by Darrell Schweitzer, as is Larry Niven's A Gift from Earth. As for the poetry, I've seen far worse; however, Alexis' little gem on the front page is one of my favorites. Other book and fanzine reviews, the latter being terse, concise, and pertinent. Hey, hey, here is Scott Fulton writing on The Dead Sciences -- the installment thish on phrenology and physiognomy, complete with pertinent illos and footnoted references. (Fascinating -- have always been interested in learning about these but never found the time to inquire into them. Much appreciated.) Fiction from Kevin Erwin, with a fine frontispiece by Shona Jackson. Ike Asimov reveals the basis of his Foundation series in an article reprinted from a 1967 SFWA BULLETIN.

Last ish's ANALOG lampoon resulted in a sparkling LoColumn. This, the lampoon is on AMAZING -- cover and editorial by Richard Delap, ##### A pleasure to look at, a pleasure to read, with an undertone of gentle good humor. This 80-page frolic -- David Malone's science fiction fantazine -- is a pleasure to recommend.

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TRUMPET #10 (Tom Reamy, POBox 523, Richardson, Texas, 75080. Contribs, LoC's, arranged trades, 75¢, 5/\$3.50. Art editor: Alex Eisenstein, 6424 N.Mozart Ave., Chicago, Ill., 60645 -- fanzines for review.) Exquisite fantasy cover by George Barr reproduced in glorious color. For that matter, Bruce Berry's bacover illo is nothing to sneeze at. And between the covers we find such goodies as Rob Pudim's Little Old Ladies, Johnny Chambers' Little Green Dinosaur, "The Castle" -- an illustrated epic by Steve Kelez (shades of MAD!), plus two folios -- Jim Nielson, and "Ghormangast" by Tim Kirk. Additional illos by Wallace Wood, Jerry Mayes, Bill Rotsler, Steve Fabian, Hollis Williford, and more Barr, Kirk, and Pudim (accompanying his autobiographical sketch).

With all that going for them, I guess one can't really expect too much word-wise. There is one bit -- a framework constructed by Larry Niven and Norman Spinrad, wherein they do in Niven's previous work by shooting holes in the universe he has constructed and sending it "Down in Flames": The Pornographic Soapbox finds Phyllis Eisenstein reviewing The Love Tribe by Peggy Swenson (alias Dick Geis). A puzzling article by Ron Wilson on cigarette smoking; a curious article on old-time villain Tod Slaughter by James Martin, which starts out as an appreciation and ends up with some half-baked psychological gunk, which manages to victimize "Cool Hand Luke" in the process. A thing on the science/fantasy films of years past has beautiful layout with stills or such from the films illoing the data, but judging from the comments, the films themselves didn't seem worth revisiting.

What with the microscopic size of the type and all, you do much better just looking at the artwork. It's fine. 48 pp.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #31, June '69 (Richard E. Geis, POBox 3116, Santa Monica, Cal., 90403. 50¢.) Fantastic Fabian cover and fanciful foldout. Interior art by Bill Rotsler, Vaughn Bodé, Ross Chamberlain, Cynthia Goldstone, Art Thomson, Mike Gilbert, Doug Lovenstein, Tim Kirk, Al Andrews, George Foster, and Ray Nelson. Yes!

Down under in Australia, John Foyster produces a personalzine with a circulation of about 20; it's a good one, and feeling that some of the material should get wider distribution, Geis reprints Sten Dahlskog's comments and questions on sf and mainstream, followed by Samuel R. Delany's well-structured, beautifully written response -- with John Foyster's afterwords. A long letter from Ted White comprises a column, with personal remarks on J.J. Pierce, Panshin's Star Well and Thurb Revolution, Barbarella vs. the Black Flame, editors, etc. Dean Koontz recounts the experiences that moved him to resign from his teaching position. John Boardman looks at the political implications of George Orwell's 1984 and Hayden Howard's Kendy's World.

The soft cover/hardcover situation is viewed by Piers Anthony, as well as the early issues of IF: WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION, and ultimately James Blish's A Case of Conscience. Excellent reviews by Richard Delap, Ted Pauls, Geis, etc. Anne McCaffrey and her prozine works are the subject of Banks Mebane's fine commentary. 62 pp. Attractive format and layout, with writing that is consistently good. Recommended.

CRY #182 (Elinor Busby, 2852-14th Ave. W., Seattle, Wash., 98119 -- contribs and LoC's; Vera Heminger, 30214-108th Ave. S.E., Auburn, Wash., 98002 -- trades and money (40¢), and Wally Weber, 5422-16th Ave. S.W., Seattle, Wash., 98106 -- egoboo.) Major highlights this include Roy Tackett backtracking to the Spring 1932 issue of WONDER STORIES QUARTERLY for a not-so-classic review -- "Rebels of the Moon" by M.W. Wellman and M. Jergovic. Also a trip report by Buz Busby on his travels East this spring, including the goings-on at Disclave. 66 pp.

FOMA #2 (Ann Arbor Fandom, 1011 Student Act. Bldg., Ann Arbor, Mich., 48104. 30¢.) The narrow margins and page-long paragraphs are enough to put anyone off, but duty called, so I dipped in...to discover the transcription of a quite interesting speech by Arthur C. Clarke on the future. The fanfiction by John Pettengill and Tom Dreheim is a cut above the usual. Kathryn Arvedui looks at Larry Niven's tales and Melville's "The Encantados". An interview with Larry Niven, Marcon report, and a report on the

2nd Annual Cryonics Conference also make for interest. 47 pp. Quite competent. Give it a try.

TOMORROW AND... #4 (U. of Chicago SF Society. Mike Bradley, 5400 Harper, Apt.1204, Chicago, Ill., 60637, and Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Dr., Pittsford, NY, 14535. 50¢, 6/\$2.50, trade, contrib, printed LoC.) A handsome fanzine, with attractive format and art by Jack Gaughan, Steve Herbst, Connie Reich, Richard Delap, Mike Gilbert, Mike Jump, Joni Stopa, and Lee Barker. It is unfortunate that the print is so small, because the contents must be worth reading -- what with three short pieces of fiction by Harlan Ellison (the only ones that never sold), a pair of reviews on Barbarella, as well as andy offutt's sketched impressions of same, commendable poetry by Michael Jensen and Rose Hunt -- and other things, too, including numerous typos. But it's evening, I'm tired, and it's just too much trouble making it through all that tiny print. Another time, maybe. 52 pp.

AMRA, v.2 n.50 (Box 9120, Chicago, Ill., 60690. 50¢, 10/\$3.) 'Tain't what it used to be. Fine sorcery cover by Dennis N. Smith. Poul Anderson discusses the Society for Creative Anachronism and how it came to be, the tournaments, dancing, attire, methods of tournament fighting, etc. Limericks by Jim Cawthorn, John Boardman, and Tim Powers. Illos by Jim Cawthorn, Tim Kirk, and Roy Krenkel. 17 pp.

PERIHELION #7, Summer '69 (Sam Bellotto, Jr., 76-17 Broadway, Elmhurst, N.Y., 11373. 50¢, 6/\$3, 12/\$5.) Pro format, advertising and all. Cryonics is the subject of an informative article by Astin W. Wench. Christine Giglio writes well on dreams and dreaming. Derek Carter illoes part 2 of Dean Koontz' "The Face in His Belly". "Tubs" -- numerous fascinating creatures drawn by Vaughn Bodé, a Craig Robertson art folio, a few reviews, and lesser fiction. 38 pp.

ONE SMALL ROCK #2 (Frank Denton, 14654-8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, Wash., 98166.) A plug for N'APA, Unipen, the Seattle Pilots, "Then Came Bronson", wooden shoes, Larry Paschelke's sf collection, Glen Goodknight's fanzine MYTHLORE, Fawn Brodie's biography of Sir Richard Burton entitled The Devil Drives, Ned Brooks, mystery authors Nichol Freeling and Dick Francis, etc. Six pages of breezy, entertaining writing.

ERBDOM #26, June '69 (Camille Cazedessus, Jr., POBox 550, Evergreen, Colo., 80439. 75¢, 4/\$2, articles, art.) Splendid action cover by Harry Borgman, color overlays by Sam Grainger; bacover by G.M. Farley after St. John. Interior illos by Larry Hancks and Roy Krenkel. "Basic Burroughs I" by Caz lists the 76 ERB published stories by original mag. publication title and the subsequent book title, with suggested title abbreviations. He also discusses changes made in the text in the transition, as well as title changes. From Frank Brueckel comes an article On St. John and Dinosaurs, pointing out that his prehistoric monsters were based more on imagination than fact. Would you believe an article discussing whether Tarzan was more the produce of heredity than environment? G.M. Farley reports on a "jungle boy" found in El Salvador in 1934. John Roy defends the stance he took in #24, that John Carter was a Virginian. The British Book Scene 1917-1950 is discussed by Peter Ogden (editor of ERBANIA), complete with repro'd British dust jackets. News oddments. 15 pp. A handsome 'zine.

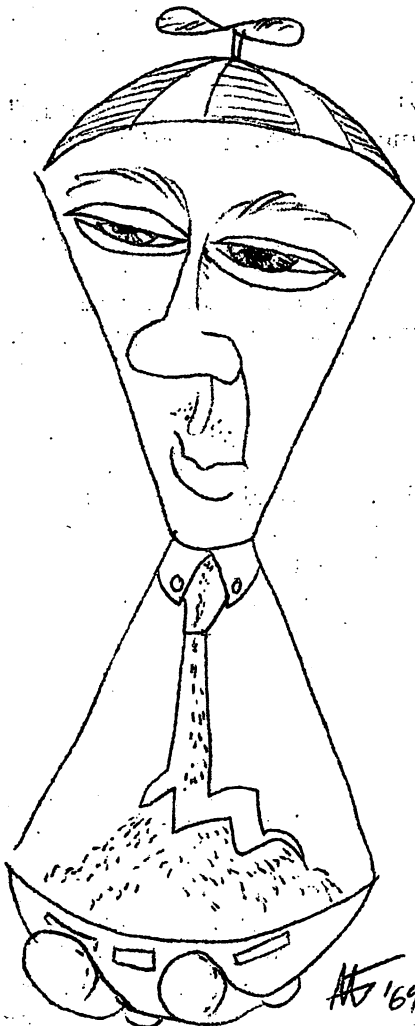
THE GREEN TOWN REVIEW (GreenTown Review Press, 2760 Crescent Dr., Yorktown, NY, 10598. Ed.: Justin St. John. Subs to Dennis Raimondo, Business Mgr. -- \$1 a copy; \$3 yearly.) Part I of Erik MacTyre's "Basic Principles of Speculative Fiction" starts with a statement that what is helping Naturalism turn sf and mainstream into muck is the doctrine of "literary agnosticism...that no one can really write valid literary criticism" -- I must admit that this is the first I've heard of it -- and closes with a proposal to provide standards or definitions, altho he didn't say for whom, the writers or the critics -- but there's no question that MacTyre takes himself seriously. I note that GTR Press plans a book containing a collection of pieces taken from fanzines; wonder whether they sought permission.

Justin St. John pens an essay on the Novels of Ray Bradbury -- and, oh my, he also takes himself seriously. Wonder if I should tell him that "media" is plural, "medium" the singular form...and oh, the unique spellings and punctuation throughout. St. John's tale "Summer Boy" is a charming idea, badly overwritten. The Conan review is incredible. The artwork is striking, but not theirs.

I don't know; I don't think it unreasonable to expect decent spelling and punctuation (if little else) from people who consider themselves "Bradbury's literary heirs". Physically attractive, but badly overpriced. 19 pp.

THE PULP ERA #71, March-April '69 (Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokee St., Wauseon, Ohio, 43567. 50¢, 5/\$2.25, 10/\$4.) Terry Jeeves writes on the science educational function of the early pulps, coming up with a conclusion somewhat akin to Ike Asimov's belief that sf might well be a stimulus of a youngster's interest in the scientific fields. "The Many Lives of Nick Carter" is an intriguing article by J. Randolph Cox. (I had no idea that Carter had first appeared in 1886. I do know that he was quite in vogue in Europe, because the SATURDAY REVIEW has an item recounting how the author single-handedly dispersed a group of stickup men on the streets of Paris by merely declaiming, "Je suis Nick Carter." Haven't seen Nick Carter yet in his new James Bondian form, but his development does follow logically.)

Hm, what do you know? Here on the contents page of the February '28 TRIPLE-X is a "New Novel of the Cow-country" by Murray Leinster. Another Spider novel, Grant Stockbridge's Prince of the Red Looters, gets the treatment from Mac McGregor...a battle of wits between the Spider and the Fly...and it even has sexual elements essential to the plot. Book news and reviews, and Gary Zachrich covers a whole slew of entertaining reading. 23 pp. Pulp fans will like this one.



QUARK 10 (APA45, SFpa. Lesleigh & Chris Couch, Rt. 2, Box 889, Arnold, Mo., 63010. Art, record reviews, articles, LoC's, etc.) Greg Shaw writes on rock criticism, the rock-and-roll life style, Greil Marcus, etc. Jerry Kaufman's column this is on three fanzines. Jim Reuss makes good reading -- his observation that gafiation is an escape from an escape, his comments on Simak's The Goblin Reservation and how little simple beauty is to be found in New Wave work, his boost for Brunner's The Jagged Orbit, suggestions for improved fanzine layout, etc. Very fine.

Jim Schumacher reports on a speech by Tom Hayden concerning revolutionary student power (what else?). Lesleigh looks at the Hugo drama nominees, as well as some experimental films, her disillusionment with University administration restrictions, Piers Anthony's Omnivore, and Alexei Panshin's Villiers series. Also, a recounting of Create Thorne's progress from childhood fantasies to fanzines, extended Record reviews, poetry (with a pat on the back for Tom McKeown), mc's be Lesleigh, LoC's, and illos (George Foster, Doug Lovenstein, Bill Rotsler, etc.). A very good issue. Recommended for those of similar interests.

ASMODEUS #3 (Doug Smith, 302 Murray Lane, Richardson, Texas, 75080. Trade, contrib, LoC, 50¢.) Interesting REGilbert cover, Mike Gilbert bacover; interior illos by the Gilberts, Seth Dogramajian, George Foster, John Boland, Al Jones, Doug Lovenstein, Judy Weiss, etc. Named for the demon of lechery, probably why "some people say Asmodeus is just a minor devil". Gary Grady writes on the new wave, the Chicago incident, and the sounds squirrels make (never thought about it before). Dave Szurek holds forth on witchcraft, including its distinction from satanism. Here's Mike Benton on reconstructed Conan, sex and the movies, the decline of the comics, "Doc Savage as a homosexual", and a review of Manly Wade Wellman's The Solar Invasion -- he liked the Frazetta cover. Delightful little poetic postlude by Benton.

Book reviews by various people -- and along with the usual, they cover Adolph Galland's The First and the Last (Ballantine -- "the rise and fall of the Luftwaffe, 1939-45"), The Walker Report (on the Chicago incident), 4 Conan books, and 5 Doc Savage books. Hector Pessina discusses the SF scene in Argentina and reports on a horror/sf/fantasy film festival on one of the local TV channels Saturday afternoon, which includes a number of Japanese films, "Ultraman" being the least of them ("I can't imagine American fen watching such bad shows."), and a local air-space military mag. which includes very short sf in its pages.

Lots of fanzine reviews, film reviews -- including Don Willis on some lesser epics, e.g., "Spy in the Sky" which he rates 0 -- "the worst film ever made". Bill Kunkel entertains on "King Kong". Add ab artucke on "The Fine Art of Stealing Traffic Signs", some fiction, a column by Pat Dhooge, LoC's, etc. 75 pp. Much improved, considering the 'zine it replaces.

DASFS JOURNAL #2 (Dallas SF Society o-o. Joe Bob Williams, 8733 Boundbrook Ave., Dallas, Tex., 75231. 4/\$2, contribs, trades.) Art by Mike Gilbert, Tim Kirk, Alex Eisenstein, Bill Rotsler, Jerry Mayes, and Bernie Zuber. The ed reports on Harlan Ellison's visit to Dallas, wherein HE reports on his visit to Texas A&M. Great fun. Dan Bates discusses SF and the Oscars. Extensive fanzine reviews (send to Larry Herndon, 1830 Highland Dr., Carrollton, Tex., 75006), including a number of comics-related which I have not seen, as well as book and film reviews. 49 pp.

EXILE 6, Aug. '69 (Seth Dogramajian, 32-66 80th St., Jackson Hgts., NY, 11370. Trade, contrib, LoC, art, 50¢.) Illos by Gaughan Gilliland, REGilbert, Lovenstein, Boland, and the editor. Leo P. Kelley writes on the cop-out of sf authors on and the need for characterization. Richard Delap reviews the Hugo novel nominees. A Mike Gilbert folio...an amusing rumble from Piers Anthony...and, ach, microelite print -- evidently Dave Szurek on the rock scene...Mark Stevens' "Planet of the Apes" folio...Lisa Tuttle charming on the topic of simple-minded teen books...Ed Livingston's poem "Orion's Tail"...LoC's. 22 pp. Certainly worth a look.

RENAISSANCE #3 (Semi o-o of the 2nd Foundation. J.J. Pierce, 275 McMane Ave., Berkeley Hgts., N.J., 07922.) The Apollo 11 liftoff -- as seen from the west bank of the Indian River at Titusville, Fla.; and the moonwalk as viewed at the home of Lester del Rey in Red Bank, N.J. "None So Blind" is Pierce on romanticist sf (which he supports) "based on the idea of plot and dramatic conflict, and on the belief that man can understand and cope with the universe", as opposed to the school of writing "based on the idea that man is evil, or helpless, or both, that the universe is incomprehensible (usually hostile), and that intelligence is either evil or useless or both...(the) New Wave Thing". Quite frankly, I can't see getting exercised over this quibble. Both concepts and approaches are valid -- it all depends on the individual and his particular outlook -- both attitudes exist and are certainly not new -- I believe they are termed idealism and cynicism. Anyway, Pierce is great -- all the good stuff being written today is what he supports, and all the rest is New Wave. How can you say he is wrong condemning the New Wave when (in his mind) it comprises such junk?

Anon, we find Pierce on his Hugo preferences -- and two of them made it: Bob Silverberg's "Nightwings" and Poul Anderson's "The Sharing of Flesh". A poorish

parody of New Wave writing by Darrell Schweitzer. Pierce comments commendably on critics' cliches, e.g., "unconventional", "indescribable", "prophetic", etc. His review of Spinrad's Bug Jack Barron is a gem -- "one feels subjected to a constipation of thought and a diarrhea of words" -- and he does equally by Philip Jose Farmer's Image of the Beast ("Yecchh") and Flesh ("sociological science fiction at its best"), Harry Harrison's Deathworld 3 ("great adventure novel"), and Michael Crichton's The Andromeda Strain. 15 legal-size pp. It's interesting, and the quality of Pierce's writing is good -- altho this isn't necessarily true of his logic.

DOUBLE: BILL 21, 7th Annish (Bill Mallardi & Bill Bowers, POBox 368, Akron, Ohio, 44309. This issue \$1. Future ish 75¢, 4/\$2, printed LoC's, prearranged trades, accepted contribs.) D:B has a new look -- new size, new repro, new format -- and it certainly is worth looking at. Wraparound cover, art folio, and several interior illos by Steve Fabian; other art folios by Eddie Jones, Terry Jeeves, and Bill Rotsler. The latter two also contrib other interior illos, as do Alicia Austin, George Foster, Tim Kirk, Doug Lovenstein, Sandra Miesel, Connie Reich (perhaps the best I've seen by her), Dave Prosser, Dave Verba, Bill Bowers, etc., as well as a centerspread by Tim Dumont. One hundred beautiful pages -- justified margins, to boot.

From Harry Warner, Jr., comes One Last Look at the Moon (June 1969) before the landing. Banks Mebane explores the Novels of Ursula K. LeGuin in depth. Hank Davis reviews sf. Andy Offutt draws attention to Essex House, publishers of witty, sexy sf and fantasy, with a rundown of some of their books, i.e., Farmer's Image of the Beast and A Feast Unknown, Hank Stine's Season of the Witch, Mindblower by Chas. McNaughton, Jr., and Michael Perkins' Evil Companions. Let us not overlook S.A. Stricklen's thought-provoking article "Science Fiction is Mainly Juvenile Trash, and Rightly So", defining his term "juvenile" to mean (lacking) "any serious comprehension of humanity" -- and makes a good case for himself; however, he does note changes coming into being -- what he (and many others) consider new-wave writing. A fine article.

Terry Jeeves speculates on space warfare, considering the craft and the weapons. Following up comes Rick Brooks comparing Space Wars as visualized in the works of E.E. Smith and J.W. Campbell, Jr. "The Iron Womb and I" is a delightful piece of writing -- a confession of a pulp addict -- Joni Stopa on pulps ("I contemplate the joys of the eternal triangle -- Babe, Bem, and Bum."). Faan fiction by Rick Norwood. SF and Fantasy in the Theatre is Mike McQuown's topic. The wonderful Miesels are at it again, with a great bit of whimsy that really should have been in TWJ, pursued by Bob Tucker's true-life confession "I Went to a Hippy Happening and saw a little gang-bang". (That man gets himself into more things.) Leo Kelley knocks the crudity and inanity of current "up-tight" infighting. I found Roy Tackett's comments on "2001" interesting, despite all I'd read before. Mike Schulzinger reports in statistical detail on responses to the D:B 2001 Poll -- the only trouble being that without a copy of the poll, you do not know the questions whose answers he is enumerating. LoC's.

July 20, 1969, man touched the moon, and touching tribute is paid by Bill Bowers. Don't know what they'll do for an encore; #21 is one of the finest fanzine issues I've seen. Get it, by all means.

SPECULATION #23, July '69 (Peter R. Weston, 31 Pinewall Ave., Masshouse Lane, Birmingham 30, U.K. 35¢, 3/\$1 ("currency, not cheques"), trade, contrib.) Oxford conrep via 2-page 40-plus photospread with editor's comments. Also, a transcription of the discussion panel on the "new wave" movement -- which opens with the panelists defining their terms. (Brunner: "Well, for me the new wave is largely an optical illusion" -- but ultimately it turns out that he's the only one with an interpretation of the term -- treatment of the material rather than the material itself.) Chris Priest discusses sf book reviews ("an ideal review should be able to be read either independently from or in conjunction with the book itself"), the new sf mag. VISION OF TOMORROW, and the late John Russell Fearn -- followed by Phil Harbottle on the last two topics.

A one-line letter from J.G. Ballard, with the reply Pete would like to make. Brain Stablefore (a neopro) reviews Piers Anthony's Omnivore. Two well-written, completely distinctive reviews by Bob Parkinson and Pam Bulmer of John Brunner's Stand On Zanzibar. Charles Platt looks at Philip Jose Farmer's books from Essex House. Mike Moorcock's column is tagged a critical fiction -- and it is, yes, it is. Book guide of recent titles, LoC's, art by Pamela Yates. 46 pp.

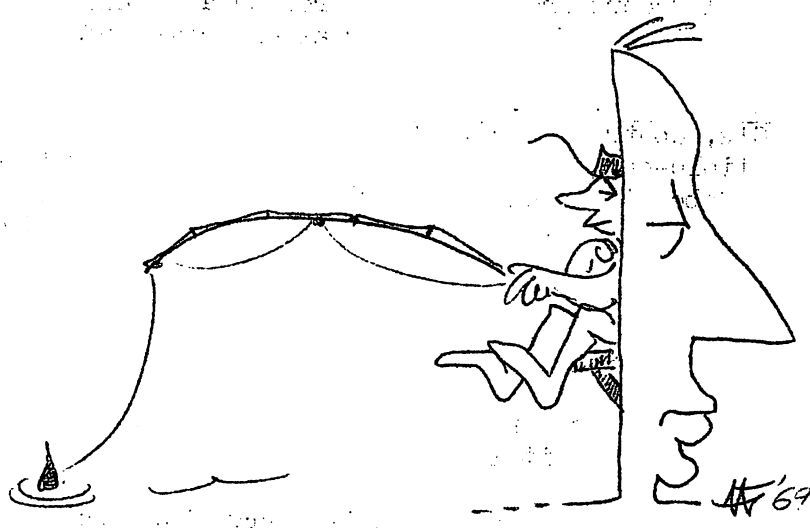
By far the most interesting of the sercon 'zines. Can't understand why it doesn't pull a Hugo nomination; SPECULATION is consistently good, consistently interesting.

LOCUS #39 (Charlie & Marsha Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, NY, 10457. 6/(\$1.)) THE newszine for sfandom. Thish contains myriad changes of address, Philcon news, Bob Tucker notes, NYCon III preliminary financial report, Bernie Zuber's report of the annual Bilbo and Frodo's birthday picnic held by the Mythopoeic Society in LA, Tolkien news, Bob Silverberg writing on the "World" vs "North American" conventions (voicing sentiments akin to Alexis'), all kinds of fannish doings (marrying, pubbing, etc.), con and mag. news, quickie fanzine reviews, not to mention the excellent artwork scattered thru its 8 pages. Recommended.

CONGLOMERATION #2 (Brad Balfour, 5129 Newfield Ave., and Joe Small, 1242 Section Rd., Cincinnati, Ohio, 45237. Art, LoC's, contris, trade, 25¢.) Joe pens an interesting column of scientific tidbits of more-than-passing interest, e.g. John W. Gully's claim to having developed a near-perpetual motion by use of electromagnetic stimulation; but gee, if it can be stopped by "any foreign material" -- considering the pollution problem -- well, I don't know. There's a back-handed salute to Apollo 11 through Charles Tanner's "The Spirit of Science Fiction Speaks", written in 1957 after Sputnik. Dale Tarr writes an entertaining essay of denunciation of fledgling semanticists. Brad's fanzine reviews are brief and to the point. Poetic philosophical comment from Joel D. Zakem, an article on battle games from Mark Schulzinger, backdoor comments on a Cincinnati Fantasy Group meeting, LoC's. 21 pp.

CONGLOMERATION comes on like a crudzine, but is a sleeper -- the contents and pics are different, and a goodly part of the writing is quite acceptable. Keep an eye on this one; it may shape up quite well. The layout is reasonably good, but the quality of the repro (or is it the typing?) varies throughout the ish. Worth a try.

HAVERING'S #39 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage Hse., 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, U.K. U.S. Agent: Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, Calif., 94701. 6/(\$1.)) "A fanzine of comments upon fanzines received." Excellent reviews of fanzines from everywhere, thish mostly U.S. -- albeit AD INFINITUM no. 4 (Angel Rodriguez Meton, Navas de Tolosa, 238, 303a, Barcelona 13, Spain) sounds interesting in that it comes in both Spanish and English. They are keen on making contacts, so this might be a good one for trade. Ethel, by the way, lists her Hugo choices, and she picked the winners, by darn. 10 pp. Recommended.



THE PROPER BOSKONIAN #5, Aug. '69 (NESFA, Box G, MIT Branch P.O., Cambridge, Mass., 02139. Ed: Richard Harter. Contris,

etc., 35¢, 3/\$1.) A really fine cover by Jack Gaughan, and interior illos by Alpajpuri (a name new to me, but I like his work), G.Barr, A.Gilliland, Bill Rotsler, etc.

Oh woe. I got sidetracked and missed the Georgette Heyer Tea at St. Louiscon, which means I missed getting a taste of the Ratafia which brewing Sue Lewis details in "Flower Power", as well as their homemade icecream. Richard Harter (who replaces Cory Seidman, now Panshin, as editor of PB) writes on "The Clement Problem" -- which is, considering the enormous space of time involved in the galaxy, the diverse factors affecting the evolution of life, and the shortness of recorded history, how could one justify intelligent aliens having cultures and technologies at approximately the same level as ours?

Miniconrep by Tony Lewis. (Hm, he goes to a good German restaurant for Idaho rainbow trout.) Dainis Bisenieks translates the preface to a translated version of Richard Wormser's Pan Satyrus; the Russian edition of The Space Merchants has no preface. Says Dainis: "They must have thought that the book spoke for itself." Mike Symes takes a curt concise look at fanzines. An article reprinted from the BOSTON GLOBE recounts the wild tale of Russell Seitz and his ICBM -- a rape-recorded interview. Part I of Cory Panshin's Bayconrep. 47 pp. or so. An enjoyable ish.

THE NEW CAPTAIN GEORGE'S WHIZZBANG, v.1 n.5, July/Aug. '69 (Vast Whizzbang Organization, Memory Lane Publications, 594 Markham St., Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada. Ed: Peter Harris. 10/\$3.) "The Tabloid Magazine of Nostalgia", this is a delightful 16-page newspaper with all kinds of little goodies in it, besides reviews of an unusual choice of current films, books, and mags. From a 1947 issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST comes Errol Flynn on the role he liked best (Robin Hood). Capt. George's Whizzbang thish is Space-Vision (3-D TV). The Collector discusses Walt Disney's first color film; the defunct pub SHADOWLAND, Expressing the Arts; and books written by Wm. S. Hart, the cowboy star.

Thish features an exclusive interview with Westerner Ben Johnson (currently featured in "The Wild Bunch"), and includes full-page repro of a "Mighty Joe Young" ad -- wowie! The centerspread is of J. Allen St. John art "In the World of Edgar Rice Burroughs". There's an article on Frank Gruber and his Johnny Fletcher/Sam Cragg detective stories. Derek Carter continues his riotous renditions and recountings of transit troubles, graduating from trolleys and hoppers to balloons; who knows what the future has in store? William "Hopalong Cassidy" Boyd stars in the Whizzbang Gallery. Radio is represented with a reprint on Superman from a 1941 RADIO MIRROR, complete with illos. 1937 is the year of the comic strip excerpts -- Alex Raymond's Flash Gordon (in French), Scorchy Smith, Oaky Doaks, Charlie Chan, etc. Movie ads are from 1936, with "Tarzan Escapes" as the really big show. Great fun.

I understand they also produce a CAPTAIN GEORGE'S COMIC WORLD (same address, same price). Wonder if it's as entertaining?

BEABOHEMA #5, Aug. (69 (Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa., 18951. Art, LoC's, contris, 60¢, 2/\$1, 3/\$1.50. Thish -- 75¢.) The Annish, it features a multiple-page cover comment on the Second Foundation and J.J. Pierce by Jim McLeod and Gabe Eisenstein. Interior illos by same, as well as Rotsler, Lovenstein, Gilliland, Bill Peon, etc. McLeod, the art editor, does some very nice work.

Frank bares all of Faith Lincoln. (Oops, what did I say?) Piers Anthony reveals how, for want of a review index, he got involved with fandom, comments on Spectrum and Lin Carter, assorted fanzines (his comments on the notices accompanying TWJ are hilarious and merited), Derek Carter's art work, and less kindly words and a guide to his new novel Macroscopic for J.J. Pierce. Good stuff.

Ron Smith pens a commendable comparative study of "The Graduate" and "Goodbye, Columbus", but it looks as if he missed the final point. No, Ron, Neil didn't have any choice at the end except to "just quietly leave", because what Brenda was telling him was that she couldn't marry him, because she couldn't bear to face her family with him, since they "knew" -- 'twould be too much of an embarrassment -- and he certainly didn't leave her in her hour-of-need (she wasn't); he left her in mild disgust. Nonetheless, the article is an insightful one.

Janet Fox writes well, and her story here is quite readable; unfortunately, "rejuvenation" is the main theme, and it is misspelled the whole way through. The upcoming sf cinematic scene is reported on by Dean Koontz; those bits on Son of, I mean "Beneath the Planet of the Apes" sound like that "Mighty Joe Young" ad in THE NEW CAPTAIN GEORGE'S WHIZZBANG. Joe Hensley insists he is not a ~~number~~ pseudonym but a real man. Art and reality and science fiction writers and schizophrenics are combed and carded by Leo P. Kelley, and the material has substance.

Gary Hubbard writes an interesting variation on the theme of "beauty is in the eye of the beholder", asking the question, "Is physical addiction evil while psychological addiction is not?" Gary, how do you separate them? And as to whether addiction is evil, yes it is, because it is a form of slavery resulting from a search for freedom. Of course, to those who feel that addicts deserve their debilitation, the slavery is what results from too free behavior.

The Fan Artist Hugo nominees are discussed by Seth Dogramajian. His own personal choice, ultimately the winner, is Vaughn Bodé, whose name is misspelled throughout. Dale Goble speculates that J.J. Pierce is pulling fandom's leg...or is Goble? More on the Ultimate Foundation from Bill Marsh -- an organization for non-dissenting fen. (Gee, I thought it was the Playtex Living Girdle...or else my Maidenform bra.) A very good book review section. 104 pp. or so. It's a big one, with lots of things going on.

AVESTA #1 (Don Blyly, 825 W. Russell, Peoria, Ill., 61606. Trades, contribs, LoC's, 35¢, 3/\$1.) Former editor of SCIENCE FICTION NEWS (Peoria H.S. SF Club o-o), he graduated and now plans to do his own thing fanzine-wise, and he has some interesting things to say about apa waiting-listers, the system, and the post office. Don looks at the con bidders and touts Minneapolis for '73. Joanne Burger tosses in some comments on Heinlein, preferring his juveniles to his adult books. "Sand" is an excellent example of W.G. Bliss' whimsical tales. From Ed Connor come fannish reminiscences, dating back to the early '40's, and comments on fanzines in general, poetry, and Harlan Ellison. Alan Belt's poem deserves mention, if only for the restraint he exercises in commenting on subjects about which he evidently feels quite deeply. Randy Powell's personality comes through in his fanzine reviews. Ish closes with Don's refreshing approach to the Old Wave-New Wave shtick. 28 pp. Promising.

ENNUI #2, Sept. '69 (Creath Thorne, 706 Hudson Hall, Columbia, Mo., 65201. LoC's, trades, contribs, 25¢.) Creath Thorne is a pleasure to read, as is his pub. (Really, will have to solicit something from him for TWJ so that those of you who don't have 25¢ for ENNUI can still get to see what his stuff is like.) Comes an essay on science fiction per se, and in this segment he discusses the role science plays in science fiction. Then there are selections from an irregular diary, dealing with a recalcitrant coke machine, scientology, and student types (from Joe College to hippy radical). St. Louis Conrep -- and I find that the more reports I read, the more we seem to have missed -- including people -- and we were there. Toss in a poem by Redd Boggs (reprinted from a 1965 ish of Boggs' Apalzine SPIROCHETE) and LoC's, and you have an interesting, well-written 18-page 'zine that has a lot more to offer quality-wise than many of the larger mags.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #32, Aug. '69 (Richard E. Geis, POBox 3116, Santa Monica, Cal., 90403. 50¢.) What a handsome 'zine! Spirited Jack Gaughan cover, hucksterroom bacover by Tim Kirk, and interior illo credits reading like a fan ed's dream: Andrews, Bodé, Chamberlain, Fabian, Foster, Gaughan, Gilbert, Gilliland, Green, Kinney, Kirk, Lovenstein, Reich, Rotsler, Shull, and Zuber. And double-columned pages make for easy reading.

Geis reports on the film "Journey to the Far Side of the Sun" -- incredible; get the impression his review was far more entertaining than the picture. In response to a query from Dick, Terry Carr talks about the Ace Specials -- and a fascinating tale he tells. Poul Anderson's column is both entertaining and thought-provoking. Charles Platt of NEW WORLDS writes on the real essence of New Wave and

evaluates several books within his terms of reference. A panel at Westercon on "The Sexually Explicit Novel in SF" evoked a series of cartoons from Bill Rotsler, one of the panel members, and some are printed here. (Hm, wonder what the others were like?)

Reviews by Robert Toomey, Rick Norwood, Geis, Richard Glass, Richard Delap, Creath Thorne, John Foyster, Ted Pauls, Meade Frierson III, and Piers Anthony. Urp, Banks Mebane offers a discerning if disconcerting glimpse of what sf mags may have in store for us. Stimulating LoColumn. 51 pp.

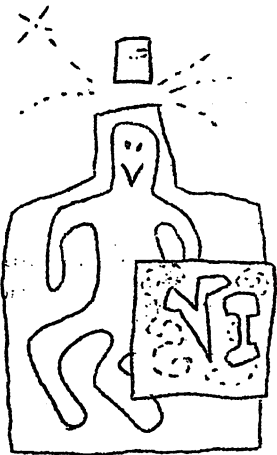
Ah, this is more like the Geis productions of old, entertainment-wise. Heartily recommended.

GRANFALLOON #7, Oct. '69 (Linda Eyster Bushyager, 5620 Darlington Rd., Pittsburgh, Pa., 15217. Trade, substantial LoC, art, articles, fiction, humor, 60¢, 2/\$1, 5/\$2.) Richard Delap's cover and the striking Bill Bowers bacover are both worthy of mention. Interior art by Delap, Connie Reich, Mike Gilbert, Tim Kirk, Kevin Erwin, Doug Lovenstein, Jeff Schalles, etc.

Piers Anthony plays with Dick Geis' sexy novel Ravished in good Geis alter-ego style. Very witty. ("It behooves us, then, to lay bare the private, so to speak, and erect a seminal structure of conjecture.") Satires of fanzines and reviews of same by Jesus Cumming (!). Delap's look at the SF mags of '68 is very well done; had GF come out with this months earlier, they would have been doing Hugo-voting fandom a real service. The Mike Gilbert folio is adequate but not particularly impressive. I did like his poem "The Brotherhood". Book reviews by Delap, always worth reading. The LoColumn helps immeasurably. 49 pp. An entertaining issue, even 'tho some of the material is dated.

SFCOMMENTARY #5 (Bruce R. Gillespie, POBox 30, Bacchus Marsh, Victoria 3340, Australia. 40¢, 9/\$3 -- bank drafts or money orders, not checks; LoC's, contribs, trade.) Lots of LoC's. Reviews by Bruce Gillespie (looking at the British mags NEW WORLDS and VISION OF TOMORROW); John Bangsund (Zelazny's Isle of the Dead and Silverberg's The Masks of Time); and Andrew Escot (Brunner's The Jagged Orbit, Paul Ableman's The Twilight of the Vilp, and Frontier of Going, An Anthology of Space Poetry, ed. by John Fairfax). 45 pp. (Curious, it is dated August 1969, yet it contains the results of the Hugo voting.) An interesting 'zine.

HECK MECK #22 (Manfred Kage, Schaesberg, Achter den Winkel 41, Netherlands.) Art-work by Mario Kwait. The Oxfordcon is reported on by Manfred's wife Margot, "who became a neo-fan by despair" -- delightful. Manfred's report is more fannish -- with some interesting comments and suggestions re Worldcons. LoC's. 28 pp.



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MOEBIUS TRIP #2, Nov. 1, 1969 (Edward C. Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, Ill., 61604. Trade, LoC's, art, article, 35¢. 3/\$1, 6/\$2.) A unique cover. Leon Taylor proposes a drastic plan of action for making science fiction respectable -- which, oddly enough, just might serve the purpose in the public schools. Ed gives us just a glimpse of Bob Tucker at home, has at the SST, discusses fandom as a way of life, Forry Ackerman, etc. Cartoons by Jeff Schalles and Bill Rotsler. Plus 16 pp. of LoC's. 28 pp., all told.

SCHAMOOB #4, Nov. '69 (Frank Johnson, 3836 Washington Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio, 45229. Contrib, LoC, 20¢, 6/\$1.) Frank speculates on the birth of the "Paul McCartney is dead" put-on. From the pages of the CINCINNATI POST-TIMES STAR comes a J.R.R. Tolkien interview and article by William Carter of

the LONDON EXPRESS...and I note that Tolkien states emphatically, "...it is not an allegory. I dislike allegory." The film review of "Journey to the Far Side of the Sun" is the second I've seen rating it a real loser. Fanzine reviews and LoC's. 14 pp. Rough repro.

I. GENERAL.

Bob Jones, 205 N. Emerson St., Arlington, Va., 22203

(20 Oct 69)

As the author of a new series ("The Pulp Scene") in THE WSFA JOURNAL, it was, of course, gratifying to read some kind comments from the readers. I would like to reply to their remarks.

Yes, Mark, I have seen the reprint paperback series from the horror pulps. They were published by Corinth, out of San Diego. This company may have run afoul of the copyright law. In any case, it is now out of business. Two collections of stories from TERROR TALES appeared. The selections were from the first two issues of the magazine (September and October 1934), and included what, to my way of thinking, was at least one "classic", Arthur Leo Zagat's purple prose melodrama, "House of Living Death".

Dennis Lien mentioned selling some seventy copies of TERROR TALES, HORROR STORIES and the like, without reading them. I'm sorry to hear this, Dennis. There were many fine stories there, and the swine droppings couldn't hold a candle to the pearls, to mix a metaphor. Also, two quibbles on your two quibbles. You reported that you couldn't find any stories by John Hawkins in ASTOUNDING, nor in Day's Index. Did you check the November 1941 issue of the magazine? "Direct Action", by Hawkins, appeared there on page 81. Day neglected to list this in the author section, but did carry it in the alphabetical title compilation. Of course, an indexer lives a perilous existence. Day was less prone to mistake than many others, but he did miss out occasionally. Even his later correction sheets failed to catch some significant omissions, such as The Chronicler, Van Vogt's two-part ASTOUNDING serial.

Also, you say that nobody wrote novels for FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES. That may be. But it was my impression that FFM, at least after becoming a Popular Publications magazine, bought some original material. This may well have been only in the shorter lengths, like Murray Leinster's "Planet of Sand" (February 1948), which has no copyright or publication dateline. Ark of Fire, by Hawkins, the author under consideration here, may not have been written specifically for FFM. His story does include the line, though, "First magazine rights purchased from the author." Many reprint publications now and then accepted original material; perhaps FFM was one of them.

Fred Lerner, 95 College Hill Rd., Clinton, N.Y., 13323

(21 Oct 69)

Received TWJ #68 today. Who does Hank Stine think he's kidding? "% SFWA", indeed! If all it takes to join SFWA is the authorship of a sex novel or two, then I suppose we shall be able to look forward to a lot of fuggheadedness from its membership. Now, I can't imagine even so volatile a personality as Harlan Ellison putting down a teen-aged neofan in quite the manner that Hank Stine uses to call Banks Mebane a "brazen young snot". It's not my intention to defend Banks; he doesn't need it. I'd just like to suggest that we stop playing in Stine's sandbox until he learns some grown-up manners. One last comment on Stine's letter: "I hope your policy will not include such matter in the future."

Mark Owings, 2486 Elm Place, Bronx, N.Y., 10458

(21 Oct 69)

According to Sam's Science Fiction by Gaslight, THE WITCH'S TALES reprinted at least three stories from ca.1900 magazines, so it's possible others came from the same source, wherefore the unfamiliar names.

((Mark's next comments -- on non-English Hugos -- appear in Section II.))

Galaxy 666 is a reprint of a Badger book (1964) and is by Robert Lionel Fanthorpe (alias Bron Fane, Trebor Thorpe, and others), who wrote 80 other books just like it. Tower may reprint all of them. Isn't that wonderful?

Dennis Lien: WEB TERROR STORIES ran at least one story by Marion Zimmer Bradley, so it had something readable, though probably never much. It may still be going.... I never saw an issue on the stands after 1963, but some months ago I ran across a copy dated in 1965. ((June '65 (v.5,n.2) is the latest of our 3 ish.--ed.))

I have no objection to doing deceased authors, and was planning to cover H. Beam Piper anyway. I don't recognize the possibility of retired authors; I mean, Ross Rocklynne, Harl Vincent, and Neil R. Jones have had newly-published fiction in the last few years. You can't trust these people.

The story Avram Davidson refers to is Caduceus Wild, by Ward Moore & Robert Bradford, in SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, 1,2,3,&5/59.

Doll, it's this way. "Best fan writer" is defined in the minds of most fans (and I think officially) as the best writer appearing in the fanzines. Now of all those items I listed, only one had been from the fanzines, and then not all of it. My idea was to have a non-fiction Hugo with voting on items (books or pamphlets), rather than writers, parallel to the fiction Hugos. My motives were (and are) somewhat selfish; I realized that if I (or Sam Moskowitz, or Mark Hillegas, or Brad Day, or Don Tuck, or even Alexei Panshin) produced the book of the century on sf, there'd be no Hugo for it.

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

(4 Nov '69)

Re TWJ 68. ##### Two very good covers this time, with Carter's being a little more interesting. Simonson's alien is very well done, but the Carter castle is not only a departure for the artist, but concerns a subject we don't see very often in sf art. To me, the illo seems to match some alternate or parallel universe story, perhaps even Randall Garrett's universe in Too Many Magicians.

My only quibble with the Swann pieces is that -- like his fiction -- they're entirely too short. He just about begins to examine some intriguing idea, when he stops. Aside from his own work, the only Pan story I recall was a short story in some forgotten anthology, possibly a "Best from F&SF" series volume. The title was something to the effect of "The Pipes of Pan", and it concerned Pan in our day. Basic question was, "What happens to a god when all his worshippers leave him?" In this case, he apparently became mortal, and as the story ended, Pan was playing lead clarinet in a jazz band. Actually, the story was much more endearing than it seems here, in retrospect. ((Day's Index lists a "Pipes of Pan", by Lester del Rey, in the May 1940 issue of UNKNOWN WORLDS. Same story? -- ed.))

((Jerry's next comments -- on Alexis' St. Louiscon report -- appear in Sect.II.))

Haven't yet read The Andromeda Strain; I have read three or four fan reviews of it, however, and most panned it badly. What really annoyed me, though, was the piece on it in LOOK. Quite obviously, the reviewer was one of those who had read sf in high school and college, but eventually had been disillusioned by much of the immature writing. Now, he's read this book and immediately calls it, "undoubtedly the best science fiction written in the last 20 years" -- completely disregarding the recent work of people like Delany and Zelazny, not to mention "old" masters like Clarke, Heinlein, Asimov, Sturgeon, and others.

I'm surprised how close Mike Shoemaker's poll results agree with my own opinions on Simak. Had I participated in that poll, in fact, I would probably have placed the four stories mentioned (Way Station, City, "The Big Front Yard", The Fisherman) in exactly the same order. Choosing Heinlein favorites is much harder, as one must make a choice between quality and personal favorites. Glory Road and Have Space Suit, Will Travel certainly are two of my favorite Heinlein stories, but I can't call them his best. Forced to name two, I'd probably pick Double Star and Stranger in a Strange Land, as I did in a card to Michael. In shorter fiction, "All You Zombies---" would be by far the best.

Rack up another point for my side. Richard Delap and I have been arguing over the merits of The Jagged Orbit since it came out, he damning it strongly (see his SFR review, which he sent me prior to its appearance), and I praising it highly. Since then, I've sort of been keeping track of the fan reviews, and I think I'm ahead by quite a bit. I don't think I'd give it the '70 Hugo, as there are just too many structural and ideational similarities between TJO and Stand on Zanzibar (which I did support for the '69 Hugo). But 'tho I'll probably vote for either Bug Jack Barron or Left Hand of Darkness, I'd certainly like to see Brunner make the finals again with this one.

One major quibble with the ending -- like Stand on Zanzibar, after 500 (or, in this case, 300) pages of brilliant plotting, Brunner pulls a rabbit from his hat and calls it an ending. In neither case does the "ending" fit, and both annoy me. Delany is right -- "Endings, to be useful, must be inconclusive."

Yeah. "Bug Duke Jackson" annoyed me too. Served no purpose as criticism, and wasn't even that funny. As a "feature" it failed; however, I think Hank doth protest a bit too far.

Does one LoC a SON OF WSFA JOURNAL along with a regular JOURNAL? One tries, anyway. ##### Thanks for the TOMORROW AND... blurb. If things ever get rolling in Chicago, TA...5 should be out soon, complete with some good stuff from Delap, Toomey, Gerrold, and others, as well as bunches of St. Louiscon photos.

And as for TWJ #67... Sam Delany? Yeech! ##### For some reason, I find Masque World more interesting than either of the earlier Villiers books. ##### If David Halterman doesn't want to review John Jakes S&S, fine. But his "review" of the latest Brak tale is almost totally useless, and any humor it has is quickly gone. ##### That was quick.

Derek Carter, 188, Wychwood Ave., Toronto 10, Ontario, Canada (6 Nov '69)

. . . Re Sandra Miesel's letter -- "Sheila" is not a British word for girl -- it's Australian. &r -- could it be a play on "Twiggy"?

Further -- if it had been a term for girl it would have been English -- slang varies around my home isles -- the Welsh, the Scots, the Irish and us -- we're all different. The various words (in English) for girls since about 1950 have been, "stuff", "skirt", "bint", "bird", "dolly", in roughly that order. I used them from about "bint" (mid-'50's) onwards.

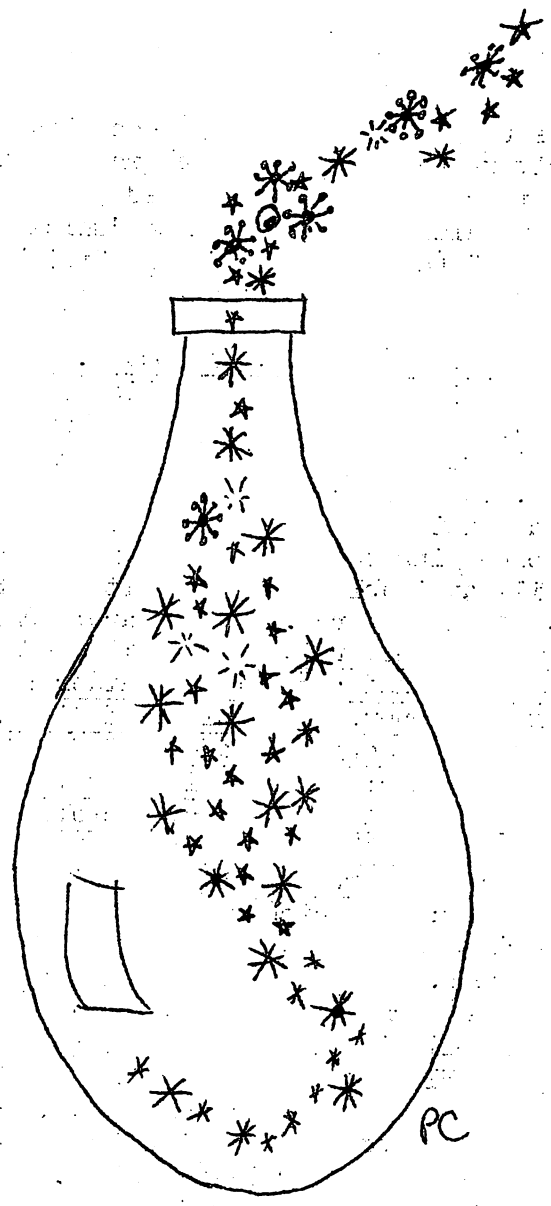
((Hey, Derek, is that a CoA? It's not the address we have for you in our records. Also, as a matter of interest, just what are the recent and current slang terms for girl in Welsh, Scotch, and Irish? And in Canada? -- ed))

John Brunner, London, England

(6 Nov '69)

Many thanks for WSFAJ 68 with that kind notice of Jagged Orbit. I especially liked that summing-up of Anthony Gottschalk as the guy who thinks kids ought to play cops-and-robbers with real guns. Wish I'd thought of that line.

Couple of points for Sandra Miesel. My derivation of "whaledreck" in SoZ is not a hoax -- it is, cross my heart, the honest-to-Ghu technical term for the horrible muck left behind after boiling down whale-blubber to extract the oil. The fact that dreck also means shit, and has entered present-day American via Yiddish, may perhaps -- I don't know -- indicate that the whaling term was introduced by Dutch or Scandinavian sources, at any rate from some member of the Teutonic language-family.



As to "shiggy": I had no conscious source in mind when I coined the word -- I simply wanted a term for man which ended in -er (codder was an obvious choice) and another for girl which ended in -y or -ie. Thinking back, I find that my sub-conscious almost certainly used "shicksa" as a starting-point and crossed it up with "shag" (equals "screw") and "frig". Which cluster of implications happens to fit the SoZ attitude towards women rather well, I think.

Joe Kurnava, %Route #40, Allwood P.O., Clifton, N.J., 07012 (6 Nov '69)

Migawd! What happened? Did everyone stop writing at the same time? Three-and-a-half pages of letters accumulated over a few months should be a new low, but mayhap it was attributable to lack of space caused by the birth of SON OF TWJ. Or, perhaps, your recurrent illness? ((No -- you were right the first time: everyone stopped writing at the same time. Back-to-school time, perhaps? --ed.))

Concerning the Corinth reprints mentioned by Mark Owings: Some of these books are still available from Dick Witter's F&SF Book Co., P.O.Box 415, Staten Is., NY, 10302, at 60¢ a throw. Titles are: DR. DEATH -- #2, Grey Creatures; #3, Shriveling Murders; #4, Terror Tales; DUSTY AYRES AND HIS BATTLE BIRDS -- #2, Crimson Doom; #3, Purple Tornado; #4, Telsa Raiders; #5, Black Invaders; PHANTOM DETECTIVE -- #15, Murder Money; #19, Uniformed Killers; #20, Forty Thieves; #21, Death Under Contract; #22, Corpse Parade; OPERATOR #5 -- #1, Legions of the Death Master; #2, Army of the Dead; #3, Invisible Empire; #4, Master of Broken Men; #5, Hosts of Flaming Death; #6, Blood Reign of Dictator; #7, March of the Flame Marauders; #8, Invasion of the Yellow Warlords; SECRET AGENT X -- #1, Torture Trust; #2, Servants of the Skull; #3, Curse of the Mandarin's Fan; #4, City of the Living Dead; #5, Death Torch Terror; #6, Octopus of Crime; #7, Sinister Scourge.

Dick should be handling Nostalgia Press' issuings for any comics buffs among your readers. Ready at the present time is THE PHANTOM at \$6.00 a copy. These are in the same format as the BUCK ROGERS reprints being published by Ed Aprill.

The following items that may be of interest are culled from THE COMIC READER (ON THE DRAWING BOARD) #75, which is published by Mark Hanerfeld, The Academy of Comic Art Fans and Collectors, G.P.O. Box 449, Flushing, NY, 11352: Nostalgia Press will issue a hardbound KRAZY KAT in November at \$7.95, two volumes of TERRY AND THE PIRATES will soon be released at \$7.50 apiece, and POPEYE and MINUTE MOVIES volumes are scheduled for the near future. Also on the agenda is a bi-monthly NOSTALGIA COMICS, "...which will reprint several old newspaper strips (mostly adventure, some humor)..." at \$5.00 an issue (6 for \$25.00). ## "In January, ACE will publish the twentieth in their series of MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. novels. I am not sure whether or not this will be The Final Affair, a novel being written by David McDaniel in which all of the U.N.C.L.E. characters are supposedly 'killed-off' once and for all, or one of the four British U.N.C.L.E. novels that have yet to be published in the U.S. Let me correct that last statement. There are 4 MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. and 3 GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E. books that have been released in Great Britain and not in the U.S." ## "Bantam's fourth STAR TREK book, an original novel by James Blish, is not scheduled for publication before next fall. My guess is that they're hoping N.B.C.'s negotiations with Gene Roddenberry for several, two-hour, movies-for-television episodes of STAR TREK will be successful." ## "Berkley Medallion will begin its issuing of the old SPIDER pulps in paperback format in November. That month will see the release of #1 - 'The Spider Strikes', and #2 - 'The Wheel of Death'. The G-8 AND HIS BATTLE ACES pulp reprints will start to be released in April; #1 - 'The Batstaffel' & #2 - 'The Purple Aces'. May will be the release date for #3 - 'The Ace of the White Death'. BERKLEY now has in the stalls 'Flame Winds', by Norvell W. Page (#X1741, 60¢), a swords & sorcery novel of Prester John, reprinted from UNKNOWN, circa 1939." ## "S & S fans should keep an eye out for THE WORLDS OF FANTASY magazine which will be reinstated on a quarterly schedule starting this Fall.... SF fans should also be happy to hear that WORLDS OF TOMORROW will again begin publication, on a quarterly schedule."

There's much more concerning other SF books being published, though the bulk of the zine is devoted to information on forthcoming comic books. But I tire....

What constantly amazes me, though, is that primarily comics-oriented fanzines/newsletters such as the above and the Thompsons' NEWSFANGLES have access to information concerning forthcoming SF books that does not appear in SF publications such as TWJ. Well, it may come to pass that SON OF TWJ will have something to say about that. Still, couldn't some sort of liaison be set up between TWJ and the aforementioned newsletters? It seems to me that the interchange of news items between the two fields would be beneficial to both. ((Okay with us. How 'bout it, comics fans? Hmmm...say, Joe, how about covering the comics field in a regular column for TWJ? Or for SOTWJ, if it's to be a news-type column. (If in TWJ, we'd like to see a serious-type column, covering comics as a medium of expression, etc.) Please get in touch, Joe (or anyone else, for that matter), if interested. --ed.))

David C. Piper, 24 Dawlish Dr., Ruislip Manor, Middx. HA4 9SD, England (undated)

. . . Nothing less than readable and some stuff was very good. I enjoyed especially (OH-oh...better mention I'm talking about No.68) Bob's "Pulp Scene"... they don't hardly write 'em like that anymore do they? Except in the pages of IF, and ANALOG, and VOT, and....and.....!

The Electric Bibliograph was...(pew!)...very thorough. At least it seems very thorough. And the same comment applies to the SON OF THE WSEFA JOURNAL.

Ted Pauls' "another perversely brilliant book which skates in dazzling patterns along the very brink of incomprehensibility" (review of Dick's Android/Sheep) is, for me, a brilliant little remark. That's exactly how I feel about Dick's books. And I love 'em. . . . ##### P.S. . . . Carter's cover was very good.

II. RE ALEXIS' ST. LOUISCON REPORT.

Mark Owings (see above for address)

(21 Oct '69)

As far as non-English Hugos go, the Germans have their own set of awards, and any other national fandom that felt like it could do the same. Omnilingual awards just wouldn't work, since translating sf into English is a thing very infrequently done. Almost no British or American fans are familiar with Kurd Lasswitz, V.H. Rosny or Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer, though we've had a century in which to get acquainted, and the modern writers are much less known. And we've got the same problems in the other direction, since the publishers (Germany, Portugal, and maybe Argentina excepted) much prefer a Winston juvenile to an Ace special. Space Cadet has been translated seven times, while Stranger in a Strange Land has one foreign edition.

If anything really outrageously good appeared in Italian, say, I imagine Italian fandom could pressure some American publisher into a translation, but the average is likely a bit lower there. There aren't as many lutiers.

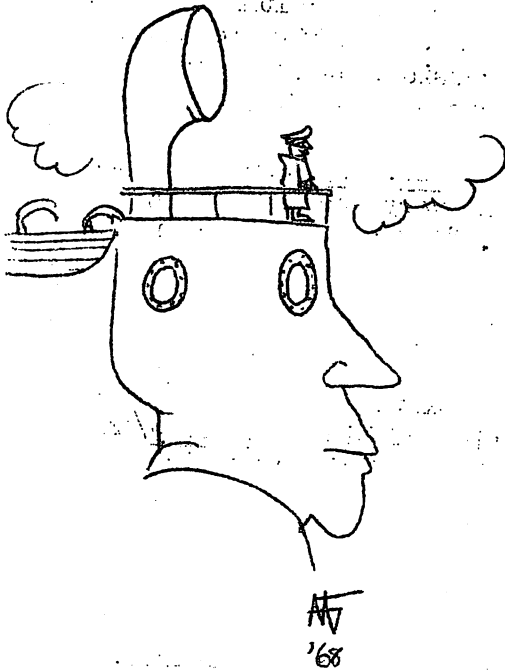
((The only practicable way to internationalize SF Achievement Awards would be for the various countries/areas to hold their own national/regional conventions the year following publication, voting their own national/regional "Hugos"/SFAchievement Awards, with some enterprising company then picking up the winners and publishing them simultaneously in several different languages the following year, to be voted on towards the end of that year by all fandom for the granddaddy Hugo, the International award. Of course, this would be a lot easier to do for the short stories and novelettes than for the longer works.... This would require a considerable amount of coordination, too, which would only be possible with much closer communication between the various national fandoms than now exists. ##### As for the publisher, GALAXY and F&SF have editions in several languages, so why couldn't one of the publishers of books do the same? We would think the sales of such a printing would be quite heavy (assuming, of course, that the winners were worth reading).--ed))

Jerry Lapidus (see above for address)

(4 Nov '69)

A few comments, here and there, on Alexis' excellent St. Louiscon report.

I was forced to stay at some other hotel down the block for the first two nights of the con, along with the Chicago bunch. Luckily, we were able to get



into the Chase-Park Plaza on Saturday, which means I didn't have to wander the streets of St. Louis in my Lorq Van Ray make-up, complete with large scar, during the Costume Ball.

All right, Alexis, what would you suggest be done with the Worldcon-NASCON situation? I see what you're driving at, but I don't see a viable solution here. Basically, we have two extremes. Under the previous plan, foreign fandom in general would have a chance at a World Science Fiction Convention, complete with Hugos, pros, and similar goodies once every five years. With the fast growth of foreign fandom, this means that it can be some 20 years before some out-of-the-way but fair-sized fan group (like Japan or Australia) would get to host a world convention. At the same time, the U.S. gets big World things four out of every five years, with (probably) an especially big Westercon or Lunacon the offyear. Ideally, under the new system, the title of Worldcon will eventually rotate between various regions and/or countries, throughout the world (the present US/Europe split was designed to be temporary). Each area would ALWAYS have a yearly convention, with its own system of awards; the World title would be primarily of prestige value. Unfortunately, this system of

national or regional cons is not yet really well-established. Until it is, the U.S. convention is going to be THE big convention in everyone's eyes. So, I ask again, what is the solution? I see no real way out, tho I do think the new system is not nearly as inequitable as you imply. After all, some countries and areas (Japan, Germany, England, Australia, Sweden) either have or are presently organizing yearly conventions. I feel that in a matter of a few years, these will expand to the point where THEY will play premier importance in their country's fan scene.

Banks H. Mebane, P.O.Box 938, Melbourne Beach, Fla., 32951 (undated)

It wasn't just at the St. Louiscon business session that Alexis Gilliland was sleepy, to judge from his con report (TWJ #68). He must have been asleep all year to be so completely ignorant of what was happening in the separation of the Worldcon and the North American Con. I do think he could have made some effort to find out (even at the late date at which he woke up) before writing the sort of hate literature he put in his con report.

First, Alexis, this thing was not sprung on a surprised and unsuspecting fandom as you imply. It was the result of a committee set up by the Baycon a year before. The matter was thoroughly discussed in fanzines all year and was hashed out at sessions on and off the programs at every regional con held between the Baycon and the St. Louiscon. The only ones who didn't know what was going on were those who have nothing to do with fanac except to show up at the convention business session once a year to cast uninformed votes.

Second, the thing is not a chauvinistic power grab by the American fans, but an attempt to give the Europeans what they have been clamoring for -- an honest-to-Ghu Worldcon. It is you, Alexis, who are being chauvinistic in saying that a Worldcon is not a Worldcon unless it has more Americans than the BMT during rush hour. If an American convention with a few Europeans can be a Worldcon, so can a European convention with a few Americans. It has the support of European fandom, and if they do decide they don't like it, they can un-do it at Heidelberg.

The report, Alexis...no, I'd better get back to third person, since this is a letter to TWJ, not to Alexis. The report that Alexis refers to as the "Raybin report" should be called the "Stopa report" if it is to be given one man's name (another example of how Alexis didn't know what was going on). It was the report of

the committee of which Jon Stopa was chairman (George Nims Raybin was a member, as were Al Lewis, Tony Lewis, Banks Mebane, Elliott Shorter, and one or two others whom I can't think of in the heat of the moment).

The thinking of the committee has been so widely discussed in fandom, that I'm sure everybody but Alexis must be familiar with it by now, but I'll recap briefly. The British have their national con, as do the Germans, the Japanese, etc. The so-called Worldcon has always been primarily an American, or North American Con (Canadian Fandom is integrated with U.S. Fandom); it was only called Worldcon because the first one was held in New York the year of the 1939 World's Fair. The Europeans resent our hogging the Worldcon, even if we grudgingly let them have one every four or five years. So why not separate the two things, Worldcon and North American Con? The British and the Germans don't cancel their national cons for ours, why should we cancel ours for theirs and, alternatively, why should we try to dominate their Worldcons? Let the Worldcon title rotate and the cons continue. If it doesn't work out, we can change it again.

As for the Hugoes, a multilingual award is unworkable. Who reads enough of enough languages to make a choice? Each language should give its own award.

James Blish, Marlow, Bucks, England

(18 Nov '69)

I am wholly in sympathy with Alexis' comments on the Worldcon/Nascon proposals. If this decision isn't somehow modified or reversed at Heidelberg (and I will be there howling that it be thrown out) there is another consequence Alexis hasn't mentioned: Heidelberg will be the last con whose Hugo awards will mean a damn thing. Were anything of mine ever nominated again, on so limited a base, I would withdraw it, and I suspect I wouldn't be alone.

I wonder how many of the people involved in that discussion have ever been outside the U.S.? The stifling insularity of the recommendations suggests that the answer is, Nobody. The suggestion that a European con would be worried to pieces over major U.S. competition also suggests this; instead, it seems to me, European cons might well become the only worldcons eventually, whatever the U.S. meetings continue to call themselves. I talked to several of the officers of the Heicon while we were in Trieste, and saw no sign that they were worried; indeed, Heicon already has so many people who have paid up as attendees that there was some worry about accommodations; and this was back in early July.

Anybody want to tell us now about the superior mental horizons of the fen?

((See also Dave Halterman's "SMOF Minority Report" elsewhere in this of TWJ. --ed.))

III. ELECTRIC BIBLIOGRAPH ADDENDA/CORRIGENDA.

Jeffrey D. Smith, 7205 Barlow Ct., Baltimore, Md., 21207

(10 Oct '69)

. . . I'd like to correct a mistake and make an addition to Owings' Blish compilations ((TWJ #68)):

New Dreams This Morning, ed. James Blish (Ballantine: NY 1966, wpps 190, 50¢); contents: "Preface", by James Blish; "Dreaming Is a Private Thing", by Isaac Asimov; "A Work of Art", by James Blish; "The Dark Night of the Soul", by James Blish; "Portrait of the Artist", by Harry Harrison; "The Country of the Kind", by Damon Knight; "With These Hands", by C.M. Kornbluth; "A Master of Babylon", by Edgar Pangborn; "A Man of Talent", by Robert Silverberg.

"The Dark Night of the Soul" is a retitling of "The Genius Heap", for which Owings lists no reprintings.

James Blish (see above for address)

(18 Nov '69)

Mark Owings has just saved me a hell of a lot of trouble. I enclose some additions and corrections. I presume that Owings omitted my non-fiction and my non-sf stories on principle, so I have left them out too. The additions still don't complete the job, as you'll see, but they're the best I could do with the books at hand.

I've also included some upcomes. These are not complete either, since there are some foreign editions due whose titles I won't know until I see them; and I've got

three books in circulation which nobody's bought yet, at least one of which looks quite unsalable. Hazard of the trade. (None of the three is sf.)

I haven't grasped the principle behind Owings' occasional comments -- that is, why he chooses to comment in some places and not in others -- and I'm quite baffled by his remark about "Testament of Andros". But I repeat, his work has obviated much labor on my own behalf, and I'm grateful.

Case of Conscience, A -- from Tokyo Shobo: Tokyo, 1966; pp 292, 180 yen; as Un cas de conscience, tr. J.-M. Deramat, Editions Donoel: Paris 1959, pp 214, ; as Paradis-planeten, tr. Jannick Storm, Hasselbalch: Copenhagen 1969, pp 218, ; as De Goddeloze Tuin van Eden, tr. C.A.G. van den Broek, Born: Amsterdam 1969, pp 191, ; Brit SFBC ed.

Beanstalk -- None of the magazine, anthology or collected appearances is expanded; the only expanded version is Titan's Daughter.

Box, The -- included in Omnibus of Science Fiction, ed. Groff Conklin (Crown: NY 1952, pp 562, \$3.50); included in Strange Adventures in Science Fiction, ed. Groff Conklin (Grayson & Grayson: London, 1955, pp 240, 9/6); included in The Shape of Things, ed. Damon Knight (Popular Library: NY 1965, wpps 206, 50¢); included in Roboter, ed. Peter Naujack (Diogenes: Zurich 1962, pp 383,).

Bridge -- included in Spectrum II, ed. Kingsley Amis & Robert Conquest (Harcourt Brace & World: NY 1962, pp 271, \$4.50) (Berkley: NY 1964, wpps 256, 50¢).

Common Time -- included in Second Orbit, ed. G.D. Doherty (John Murray: London 1967, pp 218,); included in Yet More Penguin Science Fiction, ed. Brian Aldiss (Penguin: London 1966, wpps 205, 3/6).

FYI -- included in The Mathematical Magpie, ed. Clifton Fadiman (Simon & Schuster: NY 1962, wpps 300, \$1.75).

Hero's Life, A -- included in Four for the Future, ed. Harry Harrison (Macdonald: London 1969, pp 188, 21s).

Hour Before Earthrise, The -- was bought for filming.

Jack of Eagles -- as Terras Letzte Chance (Widukind: Balve 1961, pp 255,); as Der Psi-Mann, tr. Wulf Bergner (Heyne: Munchen 1969, wpps 141,); as Mondi Invisible (Mondadori: Milan).

Life for the Stars, A -- Putnam ed. \$3.50; Avon ed. wpps 144, 50¢; Faber ed. 15s; was bought for filming.

Mission to the Heart Stars -- Putnam ed. pp 158; Faber ed. 13/6.

Okie -- included in Cities of Wonder, ed. Damon Knight (Doubleday: NY 1966, pp 252, \$4.50).

Seedling Stars, The -- Faber ed., 2?s; as Zvezdane Spore, tr. Darko & Truda Suvin (Kentaur: Beograd 1967, pp 177,); as Semailles Humaines, tr. Michael Deutsch (Galaxie-Bis: Paris 1967, wpps 253,).

Seeding Program -- not original in The Seedling Stars; it is "A Time to Survive" (q.v.).

Star Swellers, The -- Putnams ed. \$3.50; Faber ed. 13/6.

Star Trek 3 -- wpps 118.

Sunken Universe -- included in Worlds to Come, ed. Damon Knight (Gollancz: London 1969, pp 337, 21s; Harper & Row: NY 1967, pp 337, \$4.95).

Surface Tension -- included in Category Phoenix, ed. (Bodley Head: London, 1955, ,).

Testament of Andros -- included in Novelets of Science Fiction, ed. Ivan Howard (Belmont: NY 1963, wpps 173, 50¢).

There Shall Be No Darkness -- the version in the collection is the long form.

They Shall Have Stars should be indicated as the first of the "Cities in Flight" novels, and Owings has the order of the middle two wrong: A Life for the Stars is the second, Earthman, Come Home is the third.

Tiger Ride -- included in Backdrop of Stars, ed. Harry Harrison (Dobson: London 1968, pp 222, 25s); (as SF: Authors' Choice, Berkley, NY 1968, wpps 224, 75¢).

Torrent of Faces, A -- Doubleday pp 270, Faber 25s.

Turn of a Century -- included in Things, ed. (Belmont: NY 1965, ,).
Vanished Jet, The -- pp 117.
 We All Die Naked -- included in Three for Tomorrow, ed. Robert Silverberg (Meredith: NY 1969, pp 204, \$5.95).
 Work of Art, A -- I was the editor of New Dreams This Morning, not Fred Pohl; wpps 190.

My contemporary novel in its British edition is called Fallen Star (no "The").

Doctor Mirabilis -- 25s; also published privately in the U.S. by the author; 96 legal-length mimeod pp in micro-elite type, no covers, \$5.00.

COMING UP:

Anywhen (collection, Doubleday) (also Faber).
The Day After Judgment (n, Doubleday).
Cities in Flight (omnibus edition, Dell).
Spock Must Die! (n, Bantam).
Star Trek 4 (anthol., Bantam).
More Issues at Hand (essays, Advent).
Thirteen O'Clock (Kornbluth collection, Dell, ed. Blish).
Beep (n, Dell).
King Log (n, Avon).
Getting Along (nt in Again, Dangerous Visions).
More Light (nt in Alchemy and Academe, ed. McCaffrey, Doubleday).
Statistician's Day (s, in Science Against Man, ed. Anthony Cheetham, Sphere: London).
 ed. Nebula Award Stories 5.

Steve Lewis, Farmington West Apts., #3-6, Hiltbrand Rd., Bristol, Conn., 06010 (16 Nov '69)
 ((Steve lists additions for "The Box", "Bridge", "Okie", and "Testament of Andros", all of which were covered above by Jim Blish. However, he also includes one more addition not included in Jim's listing.))

A Work of Art -- included in Worlds of SF, ed. Mills, pb.

IV. WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

George Fergus: ". . . I still find Alexis' reviews and Banks' column the most interesting things in each issue, though I enjoyed some of David Halterman's also. I still haven't decided whether I like Doll's fanzine reviews; at times they summarize contents so unimaginatively that quality fanzines and crudzines sound exactly the same. But then I suppose there is still a place for that kind of descriptive rather than critical reviewing -- I just don't often happen to like it."

Joe Green: "Thank you very much for the copy of WSFA JOURNAL with Banks Mebane's excellent report on the Apollo 11 flight and associated events occurring in and around the Green household. . . . And an especial thanks for the SON OF WSFAJ -- since it is the first item I have received with the Hugo winners. I find it fascinating to note not a single duplication with the Nebulas this year. Can fan and pro tastes be moving that far apart?"



into the frey -- reviews of the double s.f. book club editions
by david halterman

ubik
philip k dick
doubleday
book club edition
peter rauch cover

this is yngvi
yngvi the cockroach
who is not a louse

this book is like
television
a commercial
in every chapter
a commercial
for ubik
which is
ubiquitous
gene runciter
runs an association
an anti psi
association
which goes
to the moon
to stop something
but they are stopped
instead
they get killed
or runciter gets killed
or something
and the world
starts
falling apart
everything regresses
to an earlier state
of reality
cadillacs
become lasalles
bodies
turn to dust
and the only
thing that stops
the process

is ubik
which changes
everything back
for a while
it works
or does it
when dick
tells the story
you never know

the book is good
but the cover
is obscene
i think so
it looks like
raid
so say i
i am ubik
before the universe
was i am
i made the suns
i made the worlds
i created the lives
and the places they inhabit
i move them there
i put them there
they go as i say
they do as i tell them
i am the word
and my name is never spoken
the name which no one knows
i am called ubik
but that is not my name
i am
i shall always be
yngvi the cockroach
who is not a louse

In Brief --

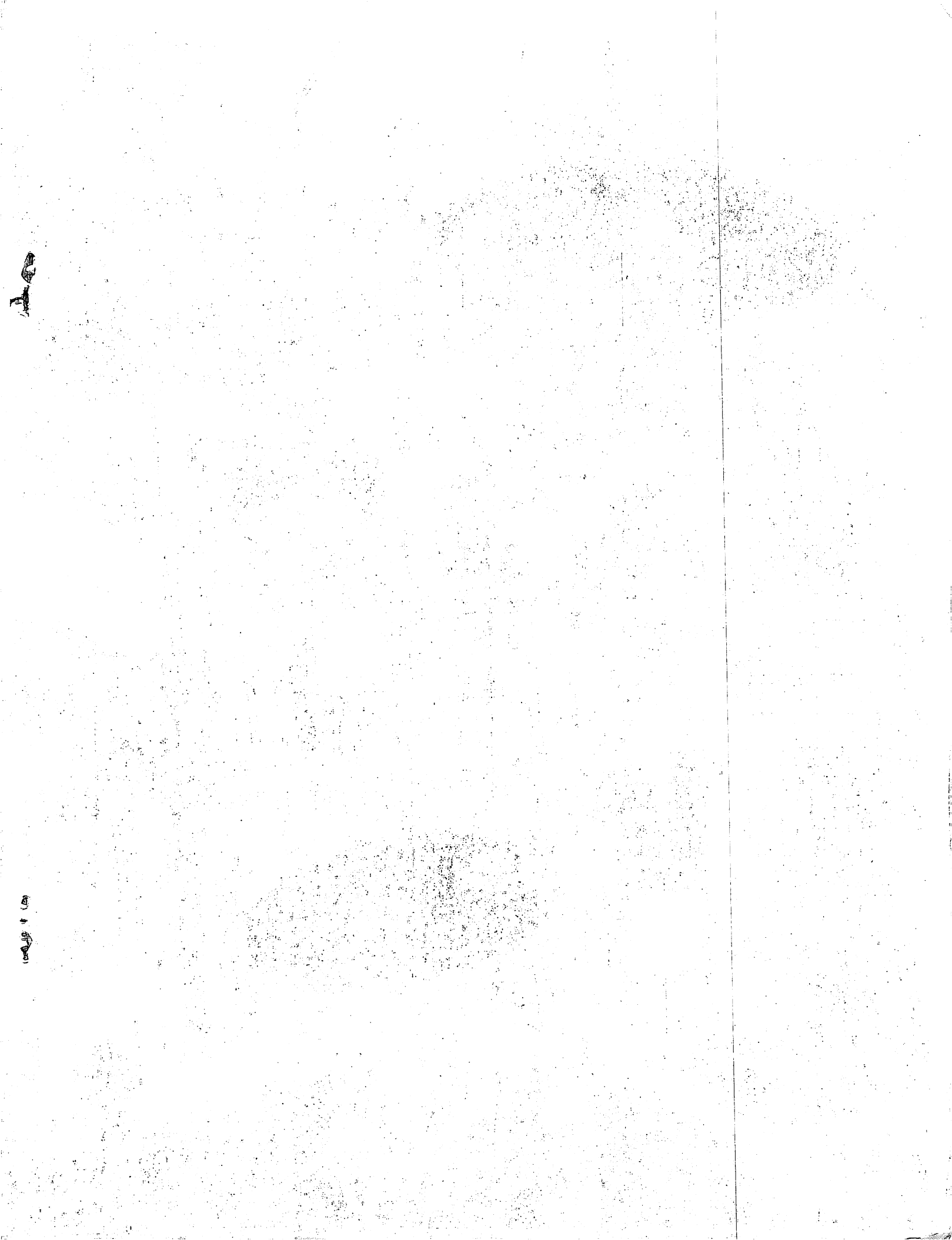
Still more persons heard from include Tom Disch (who asked that his letter not be printed) and Ron Smith (comments in next TWJ).

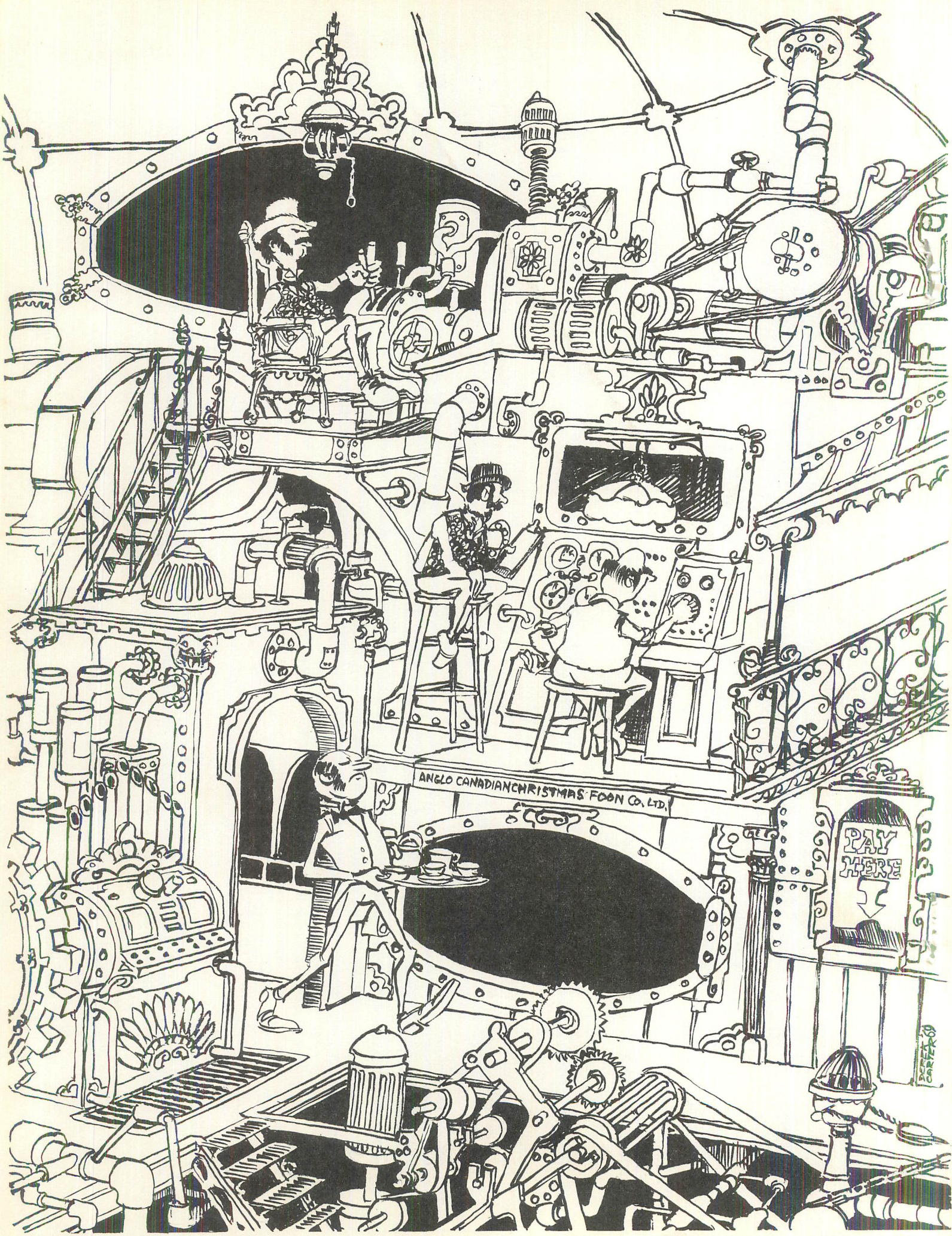
We urgently need short filler material for TWJ, since news material now goes into SOTWJ. Also, better start thinking about stories/poems for 1970 DISCLAVE Special.

Hope you enjoyed the "Famish Anacrostic" in this issue. Answers in TWJ #70.

Address of the Golden Atom Team, for those who want more info on the Poetry Day events of this year or of next year: P.O. Box 1101, Rochester, N.Y., 14603.

Included with this issue of TWJ, for those of you who do not subscribe to the news supplement via 1st-class mail (6/40¢, 12/75¢), are issues 3 and 4 of SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL.





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