



T H E   W S F A   J O U R N A L

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IN BRIEF (Misc. notes/comments) --

This issue will be out before the snake-bitten #80; see page E-1 for info re new subscription policies and other changes/info re THE WSFA JOURNAL and SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL.

We will note here, however, that this is the last issue of TWJ on all subscriptions; hereafter it will be available only as part of subscriptions to SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL (and by separate single-copy purchase, for as long as limited supplies last). Subscribers who had more than one issue remaining on their TWJ subs will receive 50¢ credit for ea. issue, plus a form for you to fill in (if you haven't already received one with SOTWJ) concerning disposition of this credit. Please note following changes: (1) If you apply credit to extend your sub, please note that it will be extended immediately (your SOTWJ sub, i.e.) for as many issues (in multiples of \$2) as your credit will go; we will not hold credit for future extensions, as this makes too much bookkeeping; but you may extend for as many multiples of \$2 as you choose. If rates go up, and you have more than 12 issues remaining on sub, sub will be prorated backwards at new rate. (2) We will take advance orders (until we start running it off--in early March) for TWJ #80, but not for #82 or future issues (again, too much bookkeeping); the only way you can be sure of getting TWJ in the future, is to keep your SOTWJ sub current.

THE WSFA JOURNAL is published irregularly (see pg. E-1). This issue is 75¢; prices for other issues vary. It is not available on its own by subscription, but all subscribers to its former news/review supplement, SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL, will automatically receive any issue(s) of TWJ published during sub (ea. issue of TWJ counting as 3 or more issues on SOTWJ sub, depending on length). SOTWJ is 12/\$2 or multiples thereof. Ads accepted for SOTWJ (but not for TWJ). Both TWJ and SOTWJ are free for published contributions. Trades by arrangement only. Views expressed by contributors do not necessarily reflect those of WSFA or ed.

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AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL:  
THE LITTLE  
GIANT

by

Thomas Burnett Swann

The Bosses of England's Hammer Productions recently reported that the business on their horror films has declined by thirty per cent in America because of competition from American companies. They lamented the many bad pictures being produced for the drive-in trade but remarked that they did not particularly mind losing business to American International, the "little giant", which has learned the secret of Hammer's inexpensive yet elegant horror pictures.

Though they did not give an example, they might have mentioned the currently flourishing Return of Count Yorga. Given the title, we might envision yet another tasteless, tedious imitation of Dracula. We would be mistaken. Its sets are lavish, its Technicolor lush, its count is played with eloquence and wit, its vampires are numerous and horrendous. Original touches abound, perhaps the most startling of which is the ending, when the hero has battled manfully to rescue the heroine and slain the wicked count. She flies into his arms. He lunges not for her lips but for her throat.

Other American International pictures come to mind, for example the recent Abominable Dr. Phibes, which, even more lushly mounted than The Return of Count Yorga, led to a write-up for its star, Vincent Price, in TIME MAGAZINE and, needless to say, is leading to a sequel, Dr. Phibes Rises Again. American International has made uncountable bad beach and motorcycle pictures--some bad horror pictures, too, like the current Murders in the Rue Morgue--but all in all their product has improved to the point where they have begun to remake classics like Wuthering Heights and The House of the Seven Gables, and meanwhile their horror pictures threaten not only to equal but to surpass the productions of the esteemed Hammer. Aficionados of horror owe a sizeable debt to the Little Giant.

\* \* \* \* \*

DYZAR'S WELL

"I sent my soul through the Invisible",  
The words of an antique poet tell;  
But as one peal of a tolling bell,  
Or a drifting spar with its rag of sail,  
They do not tell all of the tale.

For I met that soul, in contented spell,  
Singing bright songs by Dyzar's Well,  
Where it sounds new Heavens, refuting Hell,  
All within contented spell,  
There in the calm by Dyzar's Well,  
A long way from home.

-- JAMES ELLIS

NO BARS TO THE STARS

When will you, Man, at last reach out and grasp the stars?  
Poor earthbound soul, alone in all your own creation,  
Caught up in coils of iron, you're building tougher bars  
Of thoughts that halt your passage up. And even if Elation  
Comes, unseen like wind that gently stirs tall stalks  
Of grain, to you it's just a stranger passing once this way;  
For you, the Earth is where Creation lives and walks.

Poor blinded Man, you miss the cogent point each day,  
And pass away each wondrous night in empty, barren dreams  
Of how unique, how ultimate, an entity you are.  
You think the Universe awaits fruition of your idle schemes  
With baited breath, but build up greater barriers by far  
Within your shallow mind than any shackles made  
Of steel; you bind your ego fast in its charade.

Still, there is a path which you can follow, even with its peril.  
Forget yourself; true Glory lies within your reach,  
Shining, rising up immaculate above your sterile  
Span of Life. The stars themselves will teach  
You how to shake away the dust of your small earth.  
You only need to listen....Listen, Man, and hear  
The beacons shining there. Then count the worth  
Of grubbing in a dirty little mind, filled full of fear  
And hate and lust, against the jewelled glory-shine  
Of suns ablaze with wonder. How patiently they wait,  
Not just for you alone, but for the chance to twine  
Their own unspoken yearnings with an equal sort of mate.

Why don't you cleanse yourself, O Man of Clay?  
Why not strike down those thoughts which make you stay  
A lower order? There really are no solid bars,  
Except yourself, that halt a welcome from the stars.

-- JAMES R. NEWTON



## SOME RINGING NOTES ON CHANGES

by

Alexis A. Gilliland

Predicting what science will do when has lately become very difficult, since unless you are very current, you may find that your imagination-curdling prediction has been reported in some prosaic journal as a fait accompli. Moreover, unlike the '30's and '40's, when the future technical advances were clearly in mind...ray guns and rocket ships, remember?...we don't know even what to imagine.

This is a failure of nerve and a failure of vision, and the cop-out is to write about post-disaster situations in which one's claim to relevance is to cry shrilly...and unspecifically...LOOK OUT! Which is not very helpful, and may even be in the same category as the little boy who cried "Wolf!".

I am of the opinion that Western Civilization may very well suffer a series of cataclysmic disasters in the foreseeable future. To cite only one: we have averted the consequences of the population explosion by the introduction of new strains of high-yielding rice and wheat. These cereals are based on an extremely narrow genetic base, and are increasingly in use throughout the world. Once a plant pathogen solves the problem of attacking them, said pathogen will eat its way from Suez to Singapore, Mexico City to Mandalay, and leave ruined crops and world-wide famine in its wake. The Green Counter-Revolution, if you will.

However, the heartland of the West, the vital core areas, would not be physically affected by such a disaster. For one thing, the West proper has a much smaller overburden of people to carry. For another, to a very large extent Western Civilization is the instrument of coercion on which the governments embracing it depend. A science-caused disaster is far more likely to be whitewashed and dismissed than to result in a repudiation of science. For a third, we have no longer any real alternative to letting science bail us out of the difficulties in which science embroils us.

So what is science going to produce to bend the future out of shape? Granted we no longer have faith that it will be for the best or even for the good. What will they do?

Well, if we assume that Western Civilization will rise and fall like others in the past, we can rephrase the question from an historical perspective.

A century or a millenia after the fall of Western Civilization, what mementos will remain to astound the living? This leaves us with all sorts of impressive fossils, such as a silted-in Boulder Dam, or the gantry at Cape Kennedy. But what about mementos with continuing, living influence?

Well, going back to the Green Revolution...that artifice sustaining the population explosion...it is not unreasonable to expect the use of genetic manipulation to keep the wonder grains one step ahead of rusts and root rots. The people may consider Western Civilization as utterly discredited, but there will be altogether too many of them to live without its support.



For something more immediate, dramatic and unanticipated, let us turn to computers. Now the late John W. Campbell had been riding the hobby-horse of psionics for years...the alleged powers unique to the human brain. Computers, however, are far superior at tasks we, the humans, have learned to make routine.

Also, computer technology is advancing very rapidly, both conceptually, in its ideas, and by the "slow", evolutionary one-small-step-at-a-time changes in its hardware. Put them together, psionics and some hitherto undreamt-of computer circuitry/program and you have a computer doing routinely what humans could only do in flashes or by accident.

Specifically, I am thinking of teleportation as a means of space flight. If a computer can redirect the flow of electric current to provide lift at a distance, then we are suddenly space-bound as we never could be with rockets or reaction engines.

Here is the dream of space flight cut free from the reality of liquid-fueled rockets. The space drive, featured as a conceptual black box in a myriad stories.

We may also leave the foundation for a new religion.

As cosmology and cosmologists overleap the thick, eye-binding, mind-boggling atmosphere in which they must perforce live, they will see God in all His glory, and describe Him in paeans of mathematics. This leaves the theologians up a creek. Ever since Galileo, their theological imperatives have clashed with observed facts and lost. Now they must reconcile the knowledge of the universe with as much spiritual wisdom as can be salvaged from the pietistic past. Einstein may very well come to be revered as a major prophet.

What else? The conquest of death, perhaps, or at least the enhancement of life. Great, messy changes involving hundreds of millions of people.

We may also have to learn to live in a world in which there is no work, no function, for 70% or 80% of the "work force". Automation and machine technology and computers will do most of what is needed. This is interesting, but terribly diffuse, vague and general.

What will science do now, this year or this decade? We ride a wild stallion; we want to know which way will he buck, not that he may sire a future Derby winner.

Well, how about the abolition of privacy? A central data bank will record all your checks, stripes and bruises; all your lawsuits, earned semester credit hours and alimony payments; the letters you write to the papers and the letters you write to your mistress. Technically, this is already feasible; only our own craven hesitation stops it from coming to pass. At a concert, one may carry a pen-sized microphone which looks like a pen, and broadcast a few hundred yards to high-fidelity taping gear. An infinite array of bugs, telephonic listening devices and parabolic antennae are already available. Perhaps all we need is a computer to listen to these covertly-prepared tapes played at high speed to detect treason or aberrant thinking.

How about a genuine aphrodisiac? Give the lady a shot and she is absolutely unable to resist the advances of any amorous cretin who has contrived to get in her company.



How about smart pills, when we are already so smart we make ourselves sick? (What we really need are work pills, that will give motivation and a sense of urgency to the people who take them.) And as long as we are on mood-bending chemicals, how about an aspirin for ennui?

Perhaps a computer outlet that will take a series of drawings and a script and create an animated cartoon would help. If the author and the artist could put together a whole half-hour cartoon in the time it takes to write a short story, perhaps the networks wouldn't have to make situation-comedies.

Perhaps science will multiply nine or fourteen or twenty-six TV channels into 1,000 or 10,000. (Yes, ladies and gentlemen, ABC's great new show, "Future Schlock", comes to you on channels 0360 to 1973 inclusive and 9898 to 10,001.)

Perhaps a new perversion...although the science of anatomy holds few surprises on that level. Maybe a 12-prong dildo to plug into a computer?

On another level, perhaps the scientific method, an archaic device by which men once sought truth, will come into general use. For whatever good it would do people to seek truth.... (In politics it couldn't hurt, at least.)

For the next decade, the looked-for advance will be fusion power. Somebody will put lasers, cryogenic magnets and topology into a neat package and generate clean power. Somehow, this fails to grab the imagination and fire the brain. A rocket shuttle to an orbiting space-station is on the drawing boards, and that fails to grab the imagination either.

Both steps are powerful moves consolidating earlier gains, but they lack drama. The unlooked-for, dramatic advances have been made. Genes have been synthesized, so what if we finally synthesize one according to plan? Men have been in orbit, so what if we do orbit a laboratory?

After the Great Pyramid had been built, there were any number of skilled pyramid-engineers familiar with every detail of the work. Why did they stop? Did the Pharaoh lose faith, or was there simply no way to defeat grave-robbers by building ever greater pyramids? How would one consolidate an advance in pyramid technology?

The monuments our own age will leave behind may well shine like stars in the sky.

There is something else. No advance, on which large numbers of people depended to live, has ever been lost. And if high technology is required for the farms of the future, then we shall have that technology.

And that, finally, is our last and greatest monument, the last masterwork of science...the world itself, supporting 10 billion people of whom most are superfluous.

Post-Western Civilization will have to answer the question: What Am I Here For? If past civilizations are any guide, the great legacy from our own epoch may be the means of feeding, clothing, and housing so many people.

The pygmies of the future will stand on our giant shoulders.

\* \* \* \* \*



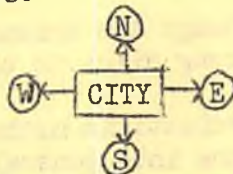
SCIENCE FICTION GAMES: An Occasional Column

Lost In Time?

As a follow-up to the description of Assassin! in the column on Time-Travel games in TWJ #79, Alistair Macintyre answers two of the most commonly-asked questions about Assassin!:

Q. What is the directional relationship between London and Moscow and to Peking? What do the four partial circles in the trade routes mean?

A. You may circle the globe in either direction east-west between Peking and Capetown; London is west of Moscow. A glance at the trade route diagram is the key to all spatial relationships:



If the trade route connects with the top of a city then it enters the city from the north. For example, you may leave Cairo by the trade route going to the west and arrive in New York from the south.

Q. I would understand your rules a lot easier if I could see the board.

A. Assassin! is played with paper and pencils like Salvo, Go Moku, Tic-Tac-Toe, Sprouts and many other popular games. No board is involved; it is a game of logic which pits player against player instead of player against rules.

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About This Column --

We had originally planned (even started typing) a column on games based on "Star Trek" for this issue, but were unable to get information on one game (a commercial version, called Star Trek, which was on the market a few years ago; if anyone has information on this game--name of manufacturer, etc.--or has such a game they are willing to sell us, please get in contact with us as soon as possible), and release of another was delayed past deadline for this issue (Lou Zocchi's Alien Space). So, we had to make a quick substitution at the last minute--and all of the material on hand except the above was in excess of the one page we had set aside this issue.

We expect future columns to grow in length, as we get down to the specifics of some of the more interesting SF/Fantasy/S&S & Space Warfare games available. On tap are discussions on Interplanetary (several versions, including a new one we've developed), Jetan ("Martian Chess", by Edgar Rice Burroughs; probably in the form of a reprinted article from THE GAMESMAN and possibly some additional material), Foundation Game (based on Asimov's Foundation series), several Middle-Earth games, S&S games, several space warfare games, and many others; also, reviews of games, discussions of books and/or magazines available on the subject, info on organized SF/space gaming, etc.

We have lots of material in our files--but, to make this column successful, we need help from you, our readers. We need your eyes, your ears, and sometimes your thoughts. If you see a new game of possible interest to this column, let us know about it (manufacturer, price, name, what it's about); if you play one, tell us about it (needn't be a review (altho reviews are always desired)--just tell us how you liked it, at least); and if you know of any clubs/magazines/books on the subject, let us know about them. And let us know what you'd like from this column.

-- DLM

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## SOME THOUGHTS ON EDITING

by

Scott Edelstein &amp; Stephen Gregg

If the science fiction magazines are to attract us, they must provide good, readable short stories. Most of them have not been providing such in recent issues.

In general, the best items in the SF magazines today are the serials. This is not merely our opinion, but the opinion of many magazine readers (note that serials consistently rate higher than shorter works in ANALOG reader's poll column). And these serials can almost always be bought in book form soon after (and occasionally even before) their magazine appearances. (There have been a few exceptions, such as Piers Anthony's Hasan and Philip Dick's The First in Your Family, but there have been no exceptions in the past three years.)

Serials, then, can not be the major content of the SF magazines, else the magazines will not survive (is it significant that four of the five SF magazines which consistently publish novels are in very bad financial shape?). The shorter fiction work, therefore, and the nonfiction are what the SF magazines must provide to interest their readers and, in turn, to stay alive.

Okay--opinions first: we feel that only two of the seven SF magazines are consistently worth reading: FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION, and ETERNITY.

Which brings up a question: why should two of the magazines that pay their authors the lowest rates (2¢ and 1¢ a word for fiction, respectively) have the finest material? Perhaps it is nothing more than a question of taste, and we admit that possibility. But let us go beyond that for the moment. Perhaps it is a question of editing. ANALOG, GALAXY, and IF have strict limitations on what they may and may not print; the other four magazines do not. Could it be, then, that freedom for writers has something to do with quality?

We at ETERNITY, like editors Ferman and White, do not believe in censorship of any sort. We, like the other two men, do not believe in categories and pigeonholes; we are simply interested in good fiction. And, while Ferman and White demand that at least some SF or fantasy element must be present, we do not. We look for fine writing. Nothing else.

There is a conflict here: why do AMAZING and FANTASTIC not publish stories on the level of F&SF and ETERNITY? Editorial taste is a large part of it, we believe, for which no editor can be blamed. However, there is more to the situation. Ted White carries on some practices which are highly unfair to his authors. For instance, he loses a large fraction (estimates range from 10 to 50%) of all stories submitted to him. (Yes, he can be blamed for this; with care, virtually every loss could have been prevented.) Don't ask how it is possible; this information comes from a member of the AMAZING/FANTASTIC staff itself, who is as baffled as we are about just how those stories get lost. As a result, many authors--many good authors--are not sending their work to him. (White apparently has several friends/favorite authors whose stories he reads immediately; the rest he doesn't bother much about.)



In addition, if a story sent to White is purchased, the author is not notified of the purchase until the magazine containing the work is on the stands (six to twelve months later). And repeated queries to White are consistently ignored.

The GALAXY magazines, by far the poorest of the lot, garner more complaints about Ejler Jakobsson than about any other SF editor. Examples include:

(1) The butchering of stories; some authors' work has been completely disemboweled by Jakobsson's blue pencil; in one case (a story by Dean Koontz), most of the punctuation was removed from the story for apparently no reason other than to make it a monstrosity of English.

(2) The blacklisting of authors whose views, political or otherwise, differ from the editor's.

(3) The greedy UPD contract, which buys all rights forever from the author (payment for subsequent publication of any story goes to UPD, not the author).

As a result, many authors no longer allow Jakobsson to see their work.

Okay, four of seven SF magazines have already lost many of their good authors. What about the other three?

Well, ANALOG has such narrow perspectives that only a very specialized audience can enjoy it--and only a very specialized group of writers can write for it.

Leaving, as before, F&SF and ETERNITY.

Our recommendations: if the science fiction publishers want their magazines to stay alive, they had best change editors. Put people in charge who care about the people writing for them--people who will take care of the stories instead of losing them; people who will respond in a reasonable amount of time to their authors' submissions; people who will accept the viewpoints of others instead of refusing to listen.

We could go one step further. We could ask for editors with better taste--with discrimination. Yes, more Ed Fermans, we suppose. But arguing on the grounds of taste is strange business, and our first recommendation is therefore the one to be considered most seriously.

We would love to see what Ellison, or Silverberg, or Terry Carr (or we) could do with any of the SF magazines today.

And we have put our money where our mouths are. We have our own magazine, ETERNITY (available for \$1 per copy, \$3.50 for 4 issues, from Box 193, Sandy Springs, SC 29677), and we are determined to bring our readers the best writing in speculative fiction today. So far, that's what we are doing.

\* \* \* \* \*

To move on to the question of non-fiction: here taste seems to be the only criterion. Readers of ANALOG really love their monthly science article, while readers of FANTASTIC dig their fifteen or so pages of letters each issue. F&SF's following like their fine book and film reviews. Solution? There is none, really; you simply can't cater to everyone--although we at ETERNITY are running science articles, reviews, interviews, columns, and letters--in addition to our fiction.

\* \* \* \* \*



How do the SF magazines compare to the original anthologies? ORBIT, UNIVERSE--in fact, all but INFINITY are better than the SF magazines as a whole. And all (except INFINITY) are about on the level of F&SF.

Why? Why aren't they better?

Let's examine authors' rates. NEW DIMENSIONS and ORBIT pay the highest rates (5¢ a word /) of any SF magazine or anthology, and, consequently, they see many stories first (but not all, by a long shot). But their editors' tastes are somewhat narrow; both editors only buy a certain type of story. This also holds true with CLARION. (CLARION, INFINITY, UNIVERSE, and PROTO-STARS all pay their authors about 3¢ a word.)

The editors of UNIVERSE, INFINITY, and PROTOSTARS have much wider tastes. But INFINITY, despite high rates, remains decidedly inferior. The series has printed some fine stories ("Caliban" by Robert Silverberg, for instance), but so what? Every magazine or series, no matter how poor, has printed a couple of fine stories.

This leaves PROTOSTARS and UNIVERSE. David Gerrold's tastes are not confined. Nor are Terry Carr's (not much, anyway). As a result, these are probably the finest of the bunch.

\* \* \* \* \*

Conclusions: editing is the important factor, not rates of payment. And if you want further, more objective proof, here it is: many of the stories purchased by ETERNITY were submitted there before any other market, even though other markets pay more.

A good magazine or anthology can be put together no matter what the budget is (although there probably is some sort of minimum rate that can be paid by a magazine or anthology if good fiction is to be submitted).

Maybe the way to upgrade the standard of modern SF is for readers to write to publishers. If a story stinks, write the editor. Tell him he stinks. Write the publisher and complain, not about the stories, but about the selection of stories; not about the authors, but about the editor.

We can assure you that there is not a lack of good writing around today. But there is a sorry lack of good editing.

The SF field has plenty of good writers, old and new. What we need are some competent editors if we want our field to rise from stagnation.

\* \* \* \* \*

FEVER QUEST II

I have borne the illusion  
 Of burnt and broken lips  
 Healed by the drippings  
 From a condered burgundy sun;  
 Suffered the delusion  
 That here was hell,  
 Time's struggle with hope was won.

-- JAMES ELLIS



## SOME THOUGHTS ON "SOME THOUGHTS ON EDITING"

((We sent advance copies of the preceding article by Edelstein & Gregg to several editors for their reactions and any thoughts/ideas they might wish to put forth on editing in general. Responses were received from Ben Bova (who said, "Other than the fact that Messrs. Edelstein and Gregg don't seem to know what they're talking about, I have practically nothing to say about their article. More people buy, read and enjoy (judging from the mail) ANALOG than FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION, GALAXY, and ETERNITY combined."), Ted White and Ed Ferman (whose responses are printed below). We failed to hear from Ejler Jakobsson and all of the original anthology editors who were contacted. Space permitting, we'll have more to say on the publication of the article and the responses thereto at the end of this section. --ed.))

TED WHITE, editor FANTASTIC & AMAZING --

Thanks for the advance look at "Some Thoughts in Editing" by Scott Edelstein and Stephen Gregg. I appreciate the opportunity to reply to it, but in all truth there's not much here to reply to. The piece seems to boil down to a rather conceited and certainly opinionated bit of puffery for ETERNITY.

Now I've seen only the first issue of ETERNITY, which Scott gave me at last year's Disclave. If there have been subsequent issues, I'm not aware of them. However, I was no more impressed by the first ETERNITY than I was by the last (issue ?) WITCHCRAFT & SORCERY. Both are fanzines which publish semi-professional fiction. In both cases, the fiction is not up to professional standards. Frankly, I've never considered the would-be prozine that is really a fanzine a workable idea. The presentation always forces a comparison with real prozines, and the comparison--if made by anyone but the editors themselves--is always unfavorable.

But the editors of ETERNITY unblushingly state, "we feel that only two of the seven SF magazines are consistently worth reading: F&SF and ETERNITY." There is no way I can dignify such a statement by reply or comment; I simply don't take it seriously.

That being the case, I don't take most of the rest of what Edelstein and Gregg say very seriously either.

In your letter you asked for four levels of response to this piece. Taking them in order, let's see what I can do.

(1) My reaction to the discussion of me as an editor: Neither Edelstein nor Gregg have the foggiest notion of my tasks as an editor, nor are they very well informed about my "practices".

For instance, while it is true that I have on occasion lost a manuscript, the cause has much to do with the working conditions: mss. sent to New York are collected and mailed in bulk to Falls Church. Here they are turned over to Grant Carrington, who reads them, rejects the bulk of them, and passes what he likes on to me. (In the cases of stories sent directly to Falls Church, these are turned over to Grant immediately.) Grant is not paid for his work (he volunteered) and works on his own time, at whatever speed he chooses (usually pretty fast). The stories he turns over to me are placed in a stack which I attack periodically. This means that sometimes a story will have taken several months before I read it. I apologize for that, but as I have stated in ALGOL, I am paid damned little to do this job and of necessity it must sometimes take a back seat to work which will pay the bills and put food on the table.

Now, my rate of manuscript loss is considerably less than 10%. What is being confused here is the loss of a ms. and a delay in its final acceptance or rejection. The delays, I agree, have often been unconscionable, and I regret them as much as those affected by them do. As I continue to refine my working schedules, these delays will be less common; at present I would guess that the bulk of those who submit stories to us get a rejection within two weeks.



Before departing this subject, I'd like to point out that I am not the only editor who ever lost a story. During my period as an agent, Fred Pohl lost several stories I'd sent him--including one he solicited (for a Hugo issue of IF). On another occasion I worked for several months for Larry Shaw at Lancer Books, dealing with a backlog of unread manuscripts which went back more than a year and a half, and filled most of his office. I point this out not to say, "See, they did it too," but to illustrate that this is not an uncommon problem. I will not repeat any of the rumors of other editors' practices which reach my ears from time to time. I will say this: if AMAZING and FANTASTIC could afford to pay its tiny staff what the staff of GALAXY and IF is paid, we would have no problems at all in this department.

In any case, we suffer in terms of submissions not for any such "practices" as Edelstein and Gregg describe, but simply because we are well-known to pay the lowest rates in the field, and many authors (some of them good friends of mine) see no reason to take less than the 3-5¢ they know they can get elsewhere for their stories. Nonetheless, I believe that the quality of the stories we buy is high, taken overall, and I do not apologize for it.

The line about "White apparently has several friends/favorite authors whose stories he reads immediately; the rest he doesn't much bother about," is simply not true. The stories which I receive from authors whose work I know, either by reputation or because I've bought earlier work by them, and which I may reasonably expect to like, I read immediately. Everything else goes to Grant Carrington to first reading. This is standard editorial practice.

"In addition, if a story sent to White is purchased, the author is not notified of the purchase until the magazine containing the work is on the stands (six to twelve months later). And repeated queries to White are consistently ignored." This too is simply not true. I don't know how either Edelstein or Gregg presume to make this statement; neither ever sold me anything.

The fact is that when I "buy" a story, what I do is to notify Sol Cohen of the fact that I want to buy Such and such a story, by So & so, which runs X-number of words, and for which I suggest a payment of Y-dollars. At this point, control over the situation is out of my hands. Payment depends upon Mr. Cohen's financial state (never very good), and the urgency with which I suggest to him that the author needs the money (usually by long-distance phone call). On occasion, the checks go out immediately. (Geo. Alec Effinger was startled to receive the check for his first sale to us within a very short time, after hearing stories of delayed or late payment. He was not a special case; I assume that on occasion the payment went out immediately upon receipt of my voucher.) On other occasions they do not. Sometimes when I know that payment may be late and I know the author needs the money, I schedule the story immediately. Mr. Cohen always pays for any story not yet purchased, when it is scheduled for publication. Under such circumstances, I doubt very much that anyone ever waited to find out his story had been purchased until "the work is on the stands".

Under the circumstances, I agree that an earlier notification is a good idea. (I've never ignored a query from an author whose story we've purchased, by the way.) I've drafted a form letter (an Acceptance Letter) which now goes to each author whose story I "buy".

I might forestall future criticisms from Edelstein & Gregg by pointing out that although I suggest a price for a story, my suggestions are not invariably followed.)

I've gone into my actual working practices here in some detail, because I think it's important to describe what really does go on, rather than simply issuing blanket denials. But the simple fact is that Edelstein & Gregg are repeating hearsay, and the rumors they state as "fact" are simply false.

(2) My reaction to the discussion of AMAZING/FANTASTIC (goals; etc.): Well, there wasn't much, was there?



"Why do AMAZING and FANTASTIC not publish stories on the level of F&SF and ETERNITY?" they ask. "Editorial taste is a large part of it, we believe," they add. Indeed. My editorial taste tells me that AMAZING and FANTASTIC publish stories "on the level" higher than ETERNITY's. I'm willing to listen to other points of view, but preferably from those who are not closely connected with ETERNITY.

As for the differences between our fiction and F&SF's, I'd like to suggest that inasmuch as I was responsible for a percentage of the fiction which appeared in F&SF for a five-year-period, these differences may be less real than apparent. I try to publish a broader spectrum of sf than F&SF does and I am less concerned about "literary" qualities than Ed Ferman is, but I am willing to bet that I've published stories Ed wishes he'd found first...and vice-versa.

Was there any other discussion of my magazines' goals, etc.? I missed it. Do I have anything to add? Not a lot.

Basically what I am trying to do is to make a job which is of necessity a part-time job do the work of a full-time job: putting out two bi-monthly magazines. I oversee nearly every aspect of each issue, from story selection to cover art and package. Within these very tight limitations--and others as well--I feel that my four years as editor of AMAZING and FANTASTIC have created two magazines in which anyone might take pride. A simple comparison of the current issues of AMAZING or FANTASTIC with those of March and April of 1969 (the last two to be edited by my predecessor) should make my point. I suggest Edelstein and Gregg do this.

What would I like to do with the two magazines? I'd like to get them on a more solid financial footing (this apparently has almost nothing to do with content and almost everything to do with distribution and display, as recent experiments have once again demonstrated), and increase both the number of pages in an issue and the budget for material and production. My problem is that I am almost powerless, on my own, to do this. In the meantime, we all do what we can. (It's an old story, isn't it?)

(3) My reaction to the question of editing in general: Well, let's get one thing stated first: Edelstein and Gregg demonstrate no knowledge of editing, either in general or in particular, in their article. I don't see one legitimate comment on what editing is or should be in this piece, and I doubt their experiences with ETERNITY have improved their understanding of the subject.

For instance, every writer in the field (and most readers as well) is aware of the fact that Ben Bova is a much more liberal editor than John Campbell was. He has opened ANALOG to writers and artists who never considered appearing there before. But Edelstein & Gregg state, dogmatically, "ANALOG has such narrow perspectives that only a very specialized audience can enjoy it-- and only a very specialized group of writers can write for it." (If that's true, why has ANALOG sold so many copies, and placed first and second so many times in the Hugo voting?)

But the fact is that Campbell was never a closed market. He published Norman Spinrad's first story. He published a swipe at Keith Laumer set in fairy-tale form by Alexei Panshin. He published--consistently--stories which Bob Shaw was convinced he wouldn't like (but which I, as Bob's agent, submitted to John anyway). His horizons were never as narrow as popular myth would have it. People who have had some experience in the field know this.

The thing is that once a magazine develops an established personality, that personality--that image--shapes what the editor can do thereafter. The simple fact is that most authors know, in their own minds, what kind of story is "an ANALOG story" or "a F&SF story", and submit accordingly. Thus, ANALOG receives an overwhelming preponderance of "ANALOG stories", and F&SF mostly "F&SF stories". No editor likes this sort of thing, but it's a vicious circle to break.



I, for instance, am still fighting the image formed of my magazines when they were largely reprint vehicles and Sol Cohen was feuding with the SFWA. No matter that the "feud" was ended years ago, or that we phased out the bulk of the reprints in mid-1969, and the remainder more than a year ago. Images die hard.

(4) Anything else I might like to say: (that covers a lot of ground, doesn't it?)

I could say a lot about comparing peaches and pears--sf magazines which meet frequent and rigid deadlines, with anthologies which are put together over a period of half a year to a year. I could mention the fact that ORBIT has been dead for a matter of months, a fact which has not yet reached the insular world of the editors of ETERNITY. I could suggest that for Edelstein & Gregg to call for my replacement by someone like themselves is the height of self-serving gall.

But I don't know. It's hardly worth mounting the old soap box to trot this stuff out in detail. Talk to the authors who have worked with me and ask them if I "care". Ask Gordon Eklund. Or George Alec Effinger. Or Jay Haldeman. Or Greg Benford. Or Jack Dann. Or--? Hell, ask Bob Silverberg how he felt when he saw "The Second Trip" in print--as he wrote it. Ask Piers Anthony (a self-confessed prickly-pear) how he was treated when I published "Hasan" and "Orn".

Talk to someone who knows something about me and my editorial practices. Not Edelstein & Gregg.

Finally, I'm struck by their closing lines of wisdom. "If a story stinks, write the editor. Tell him he stinks."

I read ETERNITY. Scott Edelstein and Stephen Gregg, you stink. How's that?

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**F** FERMAN, editor F&SF --

I do not see how I can comment on the main point of this article--which seems to be that sf editors are no good because of a combination of narrow tastes and lack of editorial courtesy--since the authors exempt me from the complaints. I think that you should reserve most of your space for responses to the negative comments. I would be interested in these myself, since I find it hard to believe that UPD "buys all rights forever" or that Ted White loses 10 to 50% of all stories submitted to him (although I suppose it is possible that he simply throws them away or uses them as insulation).

However, . . . I will try to make some general comments on some points mentioned in the article.

Serials: The obvious reason for their use is that it enables an editor to publish the work of popular writers who produce little or no short fiction. I think it is also true that it is getting harder to find literate sf that also has a strong story line and is dramatically involving. This encourages use of serials. Personally, I do not like to publish many serials; I would much prefer to offer novellas in the 20-30,000 word range, complete in one issue.

Rates of payment: I think they are more important than Messrs. Edelstein and Gregg believe, however I would agree that this is not the most important factor in producing a good publication.

Editorial courtesy: As Damon Knight once pointed out, writers are human and are entitled to a certain minimum of editorial courtesy. I would say that this would include: 1. Prompt and courteous reports on all submissions and correspondence; 2. prompt payment; 3. careful copyediting and proofreading, with permission from the writer for all major changes; 4. advance notice of publi-



cation, and authors' copies. I know that I am often too slow in reporting on submissions; I think we provide all the rest. If a writer has complaints, he should bitch about it, first to the editor; editors are human too.

((Both Ted White and Ed Ferman appended some comments on Delap's prozine column, in response to our request for them to do so. These will follow our comments on the Edelstein/Gregg article and responses thereto.

Our first reaction to the article was: If they want to write an LoC for TWJ, or an editorial for their own magazine, plugging the virtues of ETERNITY, fine...but to do so in the guise of a serious article on editing in general is not the way the game is (or should be) played. After due consideration, we decided to prepare the article, run off some advance copies, and send them out to as many editors as possible for their reactions--with the hope that their responses to our request for their commentary on their own magazines and policies, and on editing in general, would provide the basis for a "symposium" of sorts on the subject of editing.

We first sent advance copies to those editors who were mentioned negatively, as they should be the ones--as Mr. Ferman stated--to have their responses aired most thoroughly (and because, if any of them objected too strenuously to the allegations in the article--which we doubted they would--we were quite prepared to pull the article and substitute something else from our files). We then mailed copies to as many other editors as time would permit. (We didn't have much lead time--the article had originally been scheduled for #80--but when we realized that #81 would be out before #80, we pulled it from the #80 stack and typed it up for #81--leaving us only 2-3 weeks to send it out and get a response.)

We were not particularly surprised that only three out of 10 responded--but we were surprised to hear nothing at all from Ejler Jakobsson--and delighted with the interesting and informative responses from Ted White and Ed Ferman.

With respect to Ted's letter--we should note that, in all fairness to Edelstein and Gregg, their article was received (if memory serves) in Oct. or Nov.--and so their statements about ORBIT are now a bit dated.

We had some thoughts about including fanzine editors in this discussion, but decided against it because of the time factor--and because of the vast differences between editing a prozine and editing a fanzine. (We hope some of the fanzine editors out there will read these pages, and send in some comments of their own--but our feeling is that prozines and fanzines serve two entirely different functions, and should not try to compete--and fanzines should not attempt to dress themselves up like prozines. This was our feeling when we reviewed ETERNITY some issues of SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL back.)

In closing, we'd like to note something about the prozines (nothing to do with editing, however: A while back, the mails lost issues of ANALOG & FANTASTIC, and mutilated an issue of GALAXY. We wrote to ea. magazine, requesting another copy. FANTASTIC & GALAXY sent new copies immediately; ANALOG never replied. --ed.))

Commentary re Delap Prozine Review Column --

TED WHITE -- Better than 50% of almost every issue of AMAZING & FANTASTIC is occupied by either an instalment of a serial or a short novel. Anyone who refuses to read or comment on these serials and/or short novels is ignoring no less than 50% of my magazines and is, in my opinion, serving very little function for his readership. Beyond that, well, Richard Delap's tastes and mine rarely intersect. He hated Lord of Light, for instance; I loved it. Judge his criticisms of my magazines in this light. . . .

ED FERMAN -- I would like to thank you for running Richard Delap's magazine reviews. Editors and magazines do need more criticism, and this is the best kind. I find his comments consistently intelligent and tough and yet not impossibly demanding, in the sense that I think he'd find a way to fill a 160-page magazine every month.

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STRANGE TALES BIBLIOGRAPHY  
by Dennis Lien

## (Abbreviations Used:

- AFR -- AVON FANTASY READER (18 issues; 1947-1952)  
BFF -- BIZARRE FANTASY FICTION (2 issues; 1970-71)  
MOH -- MAGAZINE OF HORROR (35 issues; 1963-1971)  
SMS -- STARTLING MYSTERY STORIES (18 issues; 1866-1971)  
WTT -- WEIRD TERROR TALES (3 issues; 1969-1970)

Last four named were the "Lowndes Magazines.)

## BARKER, S. OMAR

- Back Before the Moon (March '32)  
Repr: MOH 33.

## BERTHOUD, FERDINAND

- Webbed Hands (Nov '31; cover)  
Repr: SMS 9.

## BRANDON, MARION

- The Dark Castle (Sep '31)  
Repr: SMS 6.  
The Emergency Call (June '32)  
Repr: MOH 34.

## BURKS, ARTHUR J.

- Guatemozin the Visitant (Nov '31)  
Repr: in Burks, Black Medicine  
(Arkham House, 1966; MOH 29).  
The Place of the Pythons (Sep '31; c)  
Repr: MOH 3.

## CAVE, HUGH B.

- The Door of Doom (Jan '32)  
Repr: SMS 3.  
The Infernal Shadow (Oct '32)  
Repr: SMS 17.  
Murgenstrumm (Jan '33; cover)  
Repr: none.  
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Repr: WTT 3.

## CUMMINGS, RAY

- The Dead Who Walk (Sep '31)  
Repr: MOH 8.

## DE REZSKE, EUGENE

- The Veil of Tanit (March '32)  
Repr: SMS 13

## DERLETH, AUGUST

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## DERLETH, AUGUST (Cont.)

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## DIFFIN, CHARLES WILLARD

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The Terror by Night (Jan '33)  
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## DOLD, DOUGLAS M.

- The Thirteenth Floor (Nov '31)  
Repr: MOH 23.

## DRAPER, GILBERT

- The Feline Phantom (March '32)  
Repr: SMS 14.

## ELLIS, SOPHIE WENZEL

- The White Lady (Jan '33)  
Repr: none.

## ERNST, PAUL

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The Duel of the Sorcerers (March  
'32; cover)  
Repr: MOH 31-32.

## FEIST, AUBREY

- The Golden Patio (June '32)  
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(Continued on next page)



## STRANGE TALES Bibliography (Continued) --

- FLAGG, FRANCIS (pseud. of GEORGE HENRY WEISS)  
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 Repr: SMS 15.  
 The Smell (Jan '32)  
 Repr: SMS 16.
- HAMILTON, EDMOND  
 Dead Legs (Jan '32)  
 Repr: WTT 1.
- HAZLETON, PHILIP  
 After Sunset (Nov '31)  
 Repr: SMS 11.
- HOWARD, ROBERT E.  
 The Cairn on the Headland (Jan '33)  
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 The People of the Dark (June '32)  
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- MAC CREIGH, GORDON  
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 Repr: MOH 12.
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 Repr: MOH 8.
- MEEK, COL. STERNER ST. PAUL  
 The Black Mass (Nov '31)  
 Repr: SMS 9.  
 Nasturtia (Sep '31)  
 Repr: MOH 21.
- MEYRINK, GUSTAV  
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 Tiger (March '32)  
 Repr: SMS 12.
- ROUSSEAU, VICTOR  
 A Cry From Beyond (Sep '31)  
 Repr: MOH 20.  
 The Curse of Amen-Ra (Oct '32)  
 Repr: A Book of Weird Tales (1960); MOH 17.  
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- SCHORER, MARK  
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- SMITH, CLARK ASHTON  
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STRANGE TALES Bibliography (Continued) --

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Repr: in Whitehead, West India Lights (Arkham House, 1946); BFF 1.

The Moon-Dial (Jan '32)

Repr: MOH 32.

The Napier Limousine (Jan '33)

Repr: in Whitehead, West India Lights (Arkham House, 1946).

Sea-Tiger (Oct '32)

Repr: none.

WHITEHEAD, HENRY (Cont.)

The Trap (March '32)

Repr: in Whitehead, West India Lights (Arkham House, 1946); AFR 6; in Donald Wollheim, ed., The Macabre Reader (pb: Ace, 1959); WTT 3.

WILLIAMSON, JACK

Wolves of Darkness (Jan '32; cover)

Repr: in MOH 18 (cover reprinted also, as a b&w interior illustration).

WRIGHT, SEWELL PEASLEE

The Dead Walk Softly (Oct '32)

Repr: A Book of Weird Tales (1960); WTT 2.

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The following remarks were appended to the above bibliography, and we include them here for your information:

The British STRANGE TALES is, of course, the two-issue horror-reprint magazine of 1946-1947, bearing no real kinship to the American STRANGE TALES (though the British magazine reprinted a few stories therefrom). A BOOK OF WEIRD TALES is a one-shot British horror magazine of 1960, mostly reprint (or all reprint?).

My major source for the basic story list was T.G.L. Cockcroft's Index to the Weird-Fiction Magazines (in two volumes; John Milne Ltd: Wellington, New Zealand, 1962 and 1964). I doublechecked the copyright information supplied by Lowndes in his reprints, and against my other sources, which included Tuck's Handbook and his Author's Works Listings; Cockcroft's biblio of C.A. Smith and Weinberg's of R.E. Howard; Derleth's 30 Years of Arkham House; and the M.I.T. Indexes, plus my file of the Lowndes magazines. The information on contents of the never-published MOH 36 and BFF 3 comes from LOCUS.

I'd like to do a bibliography of the Canadian prozine UNCANNY TALES (21 issues; 1940-1943). I have most of the issues, but need information on #7 (July '41), #11 (Nov '41), #19 (Sep '42), and #20 (Dec '42); any help on this would be greatly appreciated. (I also have the Canadian 1941 one-shot, EERIE TALES, and could also include that.)

For my own collection, I'd like to buy MOH #4, BFF #1, the British STRANGE TALES #2, A Book of Weird Tales, and the four missing issues of UNCANNY TALES, if anyone has any of them for sale.

The bibliography is as complete as I could make it, but I suspect I may have overlooked one or more reprints in recent fantasy anthologies (perhaps the paperback collections from AFR?). Additions and corrections would, of course, be welcomed. I did not try to list Canadian editions of AFR, etc.

\* \* \* \* \*



First, an apology for the long delay between issues. Issue #80 (the 1972 DISCLAVE special) didn't make it (for various reasons, most of which will be discussed in #80 when it finally does come out; suffice it to say here that we lost our former publisher (Gary Labowitz) and have been unable to find a new one with Gestetner (9-hole, legal-length) stencils; had a mimeo breakdown of our own (and can just barely manage with mimeo in its current condition (with all the problems of old age and approaching death)); had a flare-up of our eye problem (still have it); and the person to whom we gave most of the artwork for electro-stencilling misplaced it (he still hasn't found it); there's more, but....).

With all the turmoil last year, we had to take a long look at our very heavy publishing schedule and make some hard decisions. Our last remaining Diplomacy-zine, DIPLOPHOBIA, is being phased out as soon as games therein are completed (just a few more issues to go....); THE GAMESLETTER and THE GAMESMAN are being partially combined; THE WSFA JOURNAL and SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL are being partially combined. Subscriptions are being taken for THE GAMESLETTER and SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL only (TGL subs include membership in Games Bureau for duration of sub, plus any issue(s) of TG which may come out during sub; SOTWJ subs include any issue(s) of TWJ which may come out during sub). TG and TWJ will be published irregularly; we will put material on stencil as it comes in, and when we have enough on hand we will cut it off for that issue and start running off the stencils. TGL and SOTWJ will be published every 1-2 weeks. All magazines will be published via mimeo (unless/until our machine goes and/or we get that offset that has been promised to us). All material which must receive timely publication will go into TGL and SOTWJ; this includes all news; most reviews, letters, and convention reports; and other appropriate material. Articles which do not date rapidly and other material of a like nature (bibliographic material, some article-type reviews and letters, etc.) will go into TG and TWJ. TWJ will contain some artwork, but not much (we will concentrate on full-page work and portfolios). Most issues of TWJ will contain some fiction and poetry. TG and TWJ may someday be completely combined with TGL and SOTWJ, but hopefully not in the foreseeable future.

Subscriptions to TGL and SOTWJ are 12/\$2.00 (12/75p), or multiples thereof. Single issues are 20¢ ea. Persons wanting to be sure of getting TWJ or TG should try to keep a "cushion" of at least 8-10 issues on their subs. TGL and SOTWJ are sent as published, via 1st-class mail, to all subbers (except that collectors may specify that they be sent 2-at-a-time, in envelopes, unfolded--cost still 12/\$2); overseas subscribers may get TGL or SOTWJ either 2-at-a-time, folded, w/o envelope, or in punches, unfolded, in envelopes (both ways via printed-matter rate). Traders receive TGL/SOTWJ 2-at-a-time, 3rd-class mail, folded, w/o envelopes. They (and WSFA members) may get them via 1st-class mail as published, or 2-at-a-time, in envelopes, unfolded, 3rd-class mail, by paying surcharge of \$1/12 issues (or multiples thereof). (TGL and SOTWJ subs are, of course, separate from ea. other.)

In order to keep TWJ going--and even to keep SOTWJ going--we are going to have to rely upon others for help much more than we have done in the past. We need a staff of regular contributors on whom we can depend for a reasonably steady stream of material (particularly reviews); and we need a steady stream of "free-lance" material--articles, reviews, letters, fiction, poetry, etc. We need full-page art for interiors and covers, and both full-page and smaller for portfolios, and occasional interior use. We would like a couple of staff artists on whom we can call for specific illos (like for a given story, e.g.). We need publishing help, and stand-by back-ups in case of emergency. We need help in collating (and sometimes in typing), addressing, and mailing. And we need the support, both financially (with your subs) and "spiritually" (with your moral support, encouragement, and contributions) of our readers.



About This Issue --

We had planned to end the editorial section on the last page, but at the last minute decided there was more that should be said--particularly as this is probably the last issue of TWJ that a lot of you will receive.

First, note the change in policy with respect to art. We mentioned this briefly on page E-1, but want to cover it in more detail here. We will continue to use covers--and, when we receive them, full-page illustrations. We also plan to include occasional art folios--and, on occasion (particularly in the fiction section), to solicit illustrations for a particular piece of material. Covers and full-page illos should be sent to our art editor, Alexis Gilliland (address on page four), as should illos for portfolios. These will all be reproduced by offset, and should be in black ink on white paper. Illos for specific stories will either be drawn directly on stencil (when the artist himself can do this) or will be produced via electro-stencilling (in which case, illos should be in black ink on white paper); illos for specific pieces should be sent to Managing Editor, Don Miller. (As we said on page E-3, we need volunteers to fill the positions of staff artist, so we'll have someone available to ask for illustrations when needed.)

Looking at this issue in general, readers will notice several changes in addition to the minimal amount of interior art. Colored paper is being used in TWJ for the first time (we have been using it in SOTWJ for most of the past 20-25 issues); this started in an attempt to find a paper which would cause less glare when being mimeoed--the glare off the white paper was too much for us, particularly for large issues such as TWJ. The various sections in TWJ are color-coded; yellow is used for general material/articles; buff for bibliographic material (and in this issue, editorials); pink is used for the lettercolumn (of which we have none in this issue; more on this below); goldenrod is used for the fiction section; blue for book reviews; green for review-type material other than book reviews (prozone, fanzine, movie, nostalgia-type items, e.g.); and white for special-purpose items, such as indices (other than those which will appear in bibliographic section), section title pages, and the like.

The magazine is divided into sections; this is in line with our new policy of typing up material as it arrives, and cutting it off and going to press when enough material is on hand to put out a given issue. Most issues will have four sections: one for general material (articles, bibliographia, features), one for letters, one for fiction (and art folios) and poetry, and one for review-type material. Not every issue will have every type of material (this one, e.g., has no letter section, as it precedes #80, which is full of letters on #79, but about which no one has of yet, of course, had the opportunity to write LoG's....). Most letters and reviews (and con reports and such) will go into SOTWJ rather than TWJ, to insure their timely publication. Only those letters and reviews will go into TWJ which are of such a nature that delay in their publication would not adversely affect their value, which are more like articles than letters/reviews, or which arrive just before an issue goes to press and so will not be unduly delayed by putting them into TWJ rather than SOTWJ.

With respect to the specific articles and other material in this issue: Jim Newton's poem, "No Bars to the Stars", originally was to have had some kind of border surrounding it, but our art editor thought it should be alone on the page rather than be accompanied by other material which would detract from the poem, and we agreed. The SF Games Column was really just a one-page filler item; we badly need one-page filler material for future issues. The games column can be expanded into something more substantial, however, if TWJ readers so desire. Please let us know how you feel about this. Most of our commentary on the Edelstein/Gregg column appears after the article; but we would like to note--and apologize for--the strange indentation which appears in the section of commentary following the article (bet you never noticed it!). This was unintentional



at first, but when we realized our error it was too late to change it without messing up the page (and we had no time to retype it), so we followed the same pattern throughout (can you spot the pattern?). At the last minute we decided to transfer some of the 22 pages of fiction from #80 to #81, but then discovered that we were completely out of goldenrod paper. (We started with a small section because we were planning to run only one story per issue from this issue on, to keep the issues small and to help maintain balance within the issues.) So this section in #81 is rather skimpy.... (But we need more fiction--lots of it--for future issues, in order to keep the fiction section going....)

We would like, in particular, to encourage our readers to send us reviews of anything and everything even remotely related to SF/fantasy. We don't care if it's only a couple of sentences--those couple of sentences may be the only notice many of our readers will ever read about those particular books/movies/plays/records/TV shows/etc. Nice, long, meaty article-type reviews are always welcome, and will in most cases be run in TWJ rather than SOTWJ. Most short reviews/notices will be run in SOTWJ. (If you read a book, see a movie, etc., and don't feel like writing a scholarly essay about it, just take a couple of sentences to tell us what you thought of it. The short reviews/notices of books which appeared in the "Recommended Reading" section of F&SF some years back were immensely helpful in alerting us to books which otherwise might have gone by unnoticed, and a similar section in SOTWJ can be of equal value to SF fans today. And, of course, you will always receive (for free) any issue in which your material appears--or will have an issue added to your sub if you are a subscriber.)

Please pay particular attention to Mike Shoemaker's fanzine review column in this issue. This is an experiment--an attempt to find a more meaningful way to review the hordes of fanzines which continually pop into our mailboxes. It is, as Mike says, a lot more work than reviewing them fanzine-by-fanzine--so please let us know what you think of it. (This column is a bit dated, as it was received last fall, while we were having mimeo problems; future columns will appear in SOTWJ, with an occasional foray into TWJ.) And we should note here that Richard Delap's prozine review column has also been appearing in SOTWJ (just published Dec. '72 column a couple of weeks ago).

Miscellany --

Please note that we need several new Overseas Agents (see page 4); it seems that every one of our agents who was holding money for subs for us "disappeared" into the woodwork somewhere; repeated inquiries/requests have failed to elicit a response from any of them, and our financial situation with respect to overseas subs is a bit chaotic (don't even know how many subs were received by them that they never told us about--know of at least one case for certain--and expect there were others). If you know of any overseas reader who subbed to TWJ or SOTWJ and never got any issues, please let us know posthaste. Agents who owed us money at time of their "disappearance" were: Peter Singleton (approx. \$75), Brian Robinson (both UK), Mike O'Brien (Australia), Per Insulander (Sweden); disappearing without fulfilling misc. commitments to us were Patrice Duvic (France), and Hector Pessina (Argentina). If you know any of these people, please nudge them.

Also note the absence of a Consultant list this issue. If you were a former TWJ consultant, or would like to be one, please let us know and we'll find a spot for you on our staff. Otherwise, the Consultant staff is abolished for lack of activity in the past couple of years.

Available back-issues (only one copy of some, so pls. give alternates):

TWJ: #'s 7,16,17,18,20,21 (@.20), #22 (.50), #23 (.30), #'s 25,27,28,30 (@.20), #'s 31,32 (@.35), #33 (.20), #34 (.35), #35 (.20), #'s 36,37 (@.50), #38 (.20), #'s 39,40,41 (@.35), #42 (.75), #43 (.35), #43-1 (.05), #46 (.20), #47 (.35), #47-1 (.05), #50 (.35), #51-1 (.05), #'s 53,54,55 (@.35), #56 (1.00), #'s 58,62,63, 64 (@.50), #'s 65,69,72-75,77-79,81 (@.75), #76 (2.00), #'s 72-1,72-2,73-1,73-2, 75-1 (@.20). SOTWJ: #'s 2,3,6-9,11-82 (@.20). Also have large number of misc. SF-related items, Diplomacy 'zines, and misc. gaming 'zines for sale.

FABULAE





TALES TO WAG YOUR DOG BY: Fiction, et al

J. C., by Lee Smoire.

Henry Janiford was a nebbish. At least, that's what everybody (including Henry) thought. But, most importantly, that's what Mrs. Gloria Janiford thought. Henry had a routine job with a routine company in the city of New York. (If anything can be said to be truly routine in New York.) He had a routine semi-detached in a middle-class neighborhood in Queens. He played golf (badly) once a week, watched 2.714 hours of TV a night, and read the DAILY NEWS. Henry Janiford was a drag.

"You're a drag, Henry," Gloria would say.

"Ummm," Henry would reply from behind his DAILY NEWS.

So it went--Gloria trying to stir a little life into Henry (and failing), and Henry trying (and succeeding) to ignore her attempts. Gloria wasn't a bad sort, really--but she did pursue the subject rather strongly at times.

All his life, Henry had been overlooked, ignored, and overshadowed. Such is the fate of some people. He had gotten used to it, and almost began to like the privacy it afforded him. So Henry, ever a man for peace and quiet and the status quo, was getting a bit peeved at Gloria for disturbing his routine. And Gloria, on the other hand, was getting a bit peeved at being ignored and overlooked; Henry's inattention and inactivity were getting to her. (Besides, she hated to stay home on New Year's Eve.) Thus, as you may gather, life was not a bed of roses at the Janifords.

In fact, Henry and Gloria annoyed each other so much that they soon got to hate each other quite thoroughly. And that played hell with the Janifords' home life.

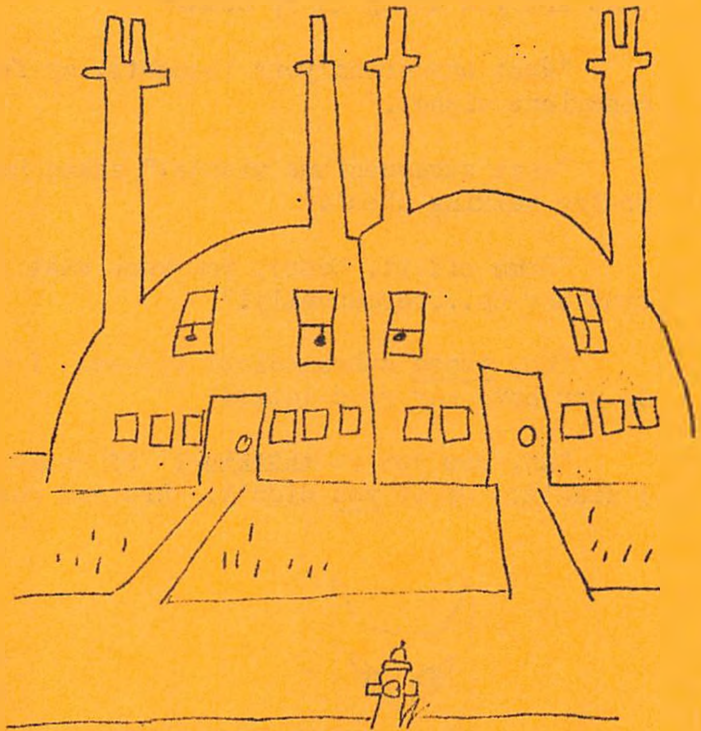
One day, as he sat reading his DAILY NEWS, with Gloria pouring forth her usual tirade in the other room, Henry heard it. Or rather, at first he didn't hear it. Gloria became tuned out, as if he had turned down the volume on a well-worn recording. She went on talking, but he couldn't hear her. At first, Henry thought his hearing had gone, but he could still hear his watch ticking. Then, he definitely heard something. It was a little voice.

Now, Henry was not such an unworldly person as not to know that something strange was happening. Had he not been such a stable person, he might have suspected insanity. But, no, there was this little voice talking in his head.

"Boy, and she talks about you being a drag? Man, she can go on and on!"

"What, who is that?" said Henry.

"Oh, just a friend. You can call me J.C." said the voice.





"Well, what do you want, J.C.?" said Henry, always the pragmatist. "And what are you doing in my head?"

"Just answering your thoughts, my friend--or, to be more specific, your subconscious wishes."

"What subconscious wishes?" asked Henry suspiciously. "I don't know what you're talking about!"

"Come off it, Henry, you know what I mean! Your wife, Gloria. How to shut her up...permanently!"

"Oh, those subconscious wishes. I don't want to talk about it.... Why, do you have any good ideas?"

"Ah, now you're thinking! Of course I have ideas. I wouldn't be here if I didn't. Or if you didn't. Are you really interested in hearing them?"

"Yes, but...well...."

"Out with it, man, out with it! No, I am not going to ask you for your soul or any crap like that in return for my help. That's not my style, and I don't work for anyone, either. But I won't lie to you. I'm very experienced. I've been advising people for a long time. Let's leave it at the fact that I enjoy my work, mmmm? Good! You know, you're not nearly as much of a dummy as people think you are!"

Henry was not sure he cared for J.C.'s manners, but who was he to turn down some constructive advice? He now realized that the voice was correct--he had been thinking about eliminating Gloria, but he never could admit it to himself before.

Henry Janiford was not quite the nebbish everyone thought him to be.

"The problem at hand, as I see it," said J.C., "is how to eradicate Gloria without getting caught. That, my friend, is (as they say) easier said than done! These things must be done delicately. No traces, if possible, to tie you in, as you'll be the prime suspect. Even though you're a perfect lamb to most people, the police tend to have a more jaundiced outlook on such things!"

"What, then, would you suggest?" asked Henry. He was really getting into it, by this time.

"Here's a method I've always rather enjoyed. It's not the neatest way, but I hope you'll indulge my sanguinary ideas; I told you I enjoy my work. I suggest that when you serve dinner tomorrow night, you give her a strong dose of some sleeping pills that you can buy over the counter. When she drops off, get out that old waterproof tarp you have from when you were in the Boy Scouts and...."

"How did you know about that?"



I DON'T WANT YOUR  
SOUL, AND I NEVER  
LIE.





KILLING IS FUN...

"What do you have for brains, sawdust? I know lots of things. But, we're digressing. Take the tarp and spread it over the kitchen floor. Get Gloria and bring her over. Take her slant board and tie her upside down to it, her head turned to the side. Take a few double-lined plastic trash bags, a butcher's knife, and a disposable gallon container (you don't want the blood running all over). Take the knife, slit the throat about two inches below the ear, and go in about two inches. You should now have severed the inner and outer jugular veins. Be careful, because they spout with the pulse. You should now be able to drain the body in a short time. (This is similar to the way Kosher butchers kill their meat, Henry, just for information's sake.) Anyway, you can now

proceed to dispose of the body. I would suggest dismemberment, and immolation. It's really not all that bad, and I can direct you. The viscera can be a little slippery, so make sure you have plenty of paper towels and the plastic bags handy. Most of the body and insides, and the cleanup evidence will burn quite nicely. A good hot flame should do it in your basement furnace.

"Remember to wash the cutting-block well, as it tends to stain easily. Burn the solids, and drain the blood slowly down the tub in the bathroom. If you like, the bones can be ground to dust in a mortar with a pestle, after burning. Put those ashes in the furnace and mix them up with the rest. Just make sure to clean up well afterwards, and make the house look as if your wife and you had had a normal evening. Spray the house with a room deodorizer. (Burned flesh has a ghastly odor.) You can claim you went to work, came home and your wife just wasn't there.

"Well, Henry, what do you think?"

After Henry was finished being sick, he agreed that it was a good plan, and followed through two nights later. J.C. had given Henry get-up-and-go he had never known before. Inspiration is a wonderful thing!

They say there is no such thing as the perfect crime, and this sure as hell wasn't it either. Henry hadn't counted on such things as the tub drain backing up on him three days later, or the furnace going out because Gloria had set it to save heating expenses; or the chopping board being a neighbor's borrowed one. Nor did he think that the nosey neighbor would come prying when Gloria didn't return it when she said she would. Henry and Gloria hadn't communicated much.



BUT THE BEST PART IS CLEANING UP!



Of course, the police finally caught up with Henry, and by piecing together evidence, managed to get an indictment. And then dental records successfully identified the skull as belonging to the late Mrs. Janiford.

J.C., it seems, was not very good with advice on what to do until the verdict comes. The defense was based solely on the fact that a model, subdued, respectable citizen such as Henry Janiford obviously had been, could never have committed such a heinous crime as this without being insane. The plea was backed up by Henry's actions during the proceedings, which consisted of sitting there, alternately staring dully into space and cooking his head, as if he were absorbedly listening for something. Even when he took the stand, all he did was sit and cry, as if he had lost his best friend.

Defense rested its case, and the jury deliberated for a total of one hour. The verdict came back as not guilty for reason of insanity. Henry Janiford was confined in a mental institution, until further proof could be given that he was mentally competent. Henry heard the verdict, and just kept on straining to hear something else.

The two orderlies sat and played gin rummy. In the total restraint room next door, Henry Janiford struggled and pulled at his bonds, his face reflecting in every grimace a struggle deeper than just ther external physical one.

"Boy, but it gives me the creeps to hear that guy cry and moan like that! We had to tie him down, 'cause he kept on running around, searching for something, and he had this weird habit of constantly hitting his head with his hand, like he has water in his ear, or something!"

"Aw, most of these nuts hear things in their heads! I don't blame that one, though, for hearing voices. My conscience would bother me too if I'd 'a done what he done to his wife!"

"Yeah, you're probably right. Poor bastard. Somewhere along the line, he sure lost his Jimminy Cricket."

\*\*\*\*\*

From The Orc of Bree, Ch. 1, "A Supper at Butterbur's"

The heavy tramp of Man's footfall  
Nor stain upon the world was known,  
When Ea, the Ancient One, devised  
The Powers he took where they abode:  
The heat of Sun, the glow of Moon,  
And breathed upon them by the Wind  
Thus Ea dwelt in Middle-Earth,  
Until the Shadow came to creep;  
Yet ere they parted in their ship,  
They gave their lores to the Edain

Was never heard in Eahal,  
No Shadow fell on leaf or stone;  
To give the Law unto the Wise.  
The silver waters of the flood,  
Inscribed by Ea in magic rune,  
To make a charm for Elvenkind.  
The Father of its ancient birth.  
Now Ea and the Valar sleep.  
Before they let the anchor slip,  
Until the day they come again.

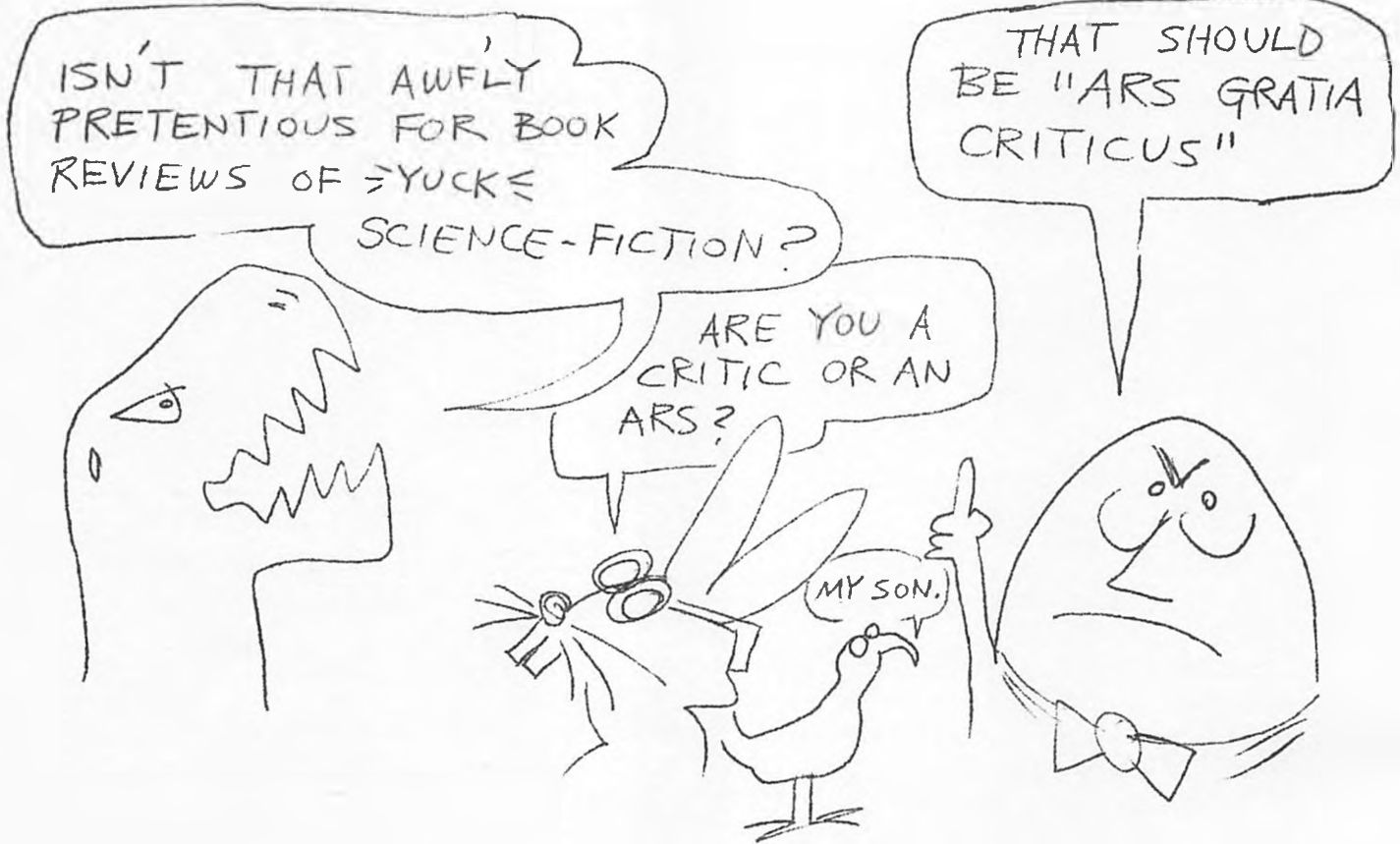
-- FRED PHILLIPS

NOW THAT  
THE MOON  
IS WANING  
IM MY-  
SELF  
AGAIN.





# ARS CRITICA



## THE S. F. SCREEN: Movie Reviews

Silent Running (Universal Pictures; screen story & screenplay by Mike Cimino, Deric Washburn, & Steven Bochco; directed by Douglas Trumbull; starring Bruce Dern, Cliff Potts, Ron Rifkin, Jesse Vint; in Technicolor).

THE RUNNING IS NOT SILENT

by Mark Mumper

Perhaps the most disappointing film of the year is Douglas Trumbull's Silent Running, an effort that received decent if not rave reviews in LOCUS, and one which I was looking forward to with some expectations of excellence. Such expectations were not unwarranted, since Trumbull is the one man (save Stanley Kubrick himself) most responsible for the special effects in 2001. His realization of the beauty of space was truly stunning, and hopes were raised when I heard he was busy directing his own film. Even the title Silent Running evoked a sense of wonder that held me for days trying to guess what the subject matter would be.

The sad truth is that Douglas Trumbull is no director. The film is glaringly lacking in any cohesiveness or evidence of story guidelines. It stumbles along, its purpose lost in the first half hour. The theme has great potential, but it is destroyed in a much of melodrama and slippy sentimentality. The story concerns the crewmen of an American Airlines space freighter (!) whose duty is to tend the last remaining forests of a defoliated Earth, somewhere beyond the orbit of Saturn. A total of three or four ships contains all of Earth's trees and plants, their purpose being to remain in space until the time comes when the mother planet can again support the lives of her exiled greenery. But the urbanized, mechanized Earth has forgotten the need for wild life, and orders the crewmembers to abandon the ships and return home.

This idea provides for an intriguing, relevant situation that could have become beautiful poetry in the hands of a competent film-maker. However, Trumbull seems to have let his fame and ability as a technician go to his head--to the point where he thinks he can control the entire works. It is not so simple, though, and the promising story suffers terribly, giving the viewer the feeling that no one is in charge. It is ruined very early, when we learn that not only must the crewmembers return to Earth, they must also destroy the forests (which are contained in ejectable pods) by planting dozens of mini-nukes and exploding them. The reason for this is never given, and we are supposed to chalk it up to the blindness of bureaucracy.

Not only is the conflict plainly ridiculous, but the characters are flatly unbelievable. They are exact replicas of 1970 college jocks, who get their thrills by racing tiny electric-powered dune buggies through the ship in total disregard for any of the responsibility they are supposedly delegated with. (Note that this is taking place sometime in the next century; note also that there are no women on the ships, and the only thing the men ("boys" is a more apt term) can think of is the orgies they're going to have when they go home.)

All of the characters are unbelievable, that is, with the noble exception of The Hero. We first see him as some sort of modern-day St. Francis, tending his multitudes (the trees, rabbits and birds) in a gray monk's robe. He is a likeable sort, however, mainly because he's not as obnoxious as his jock buddies. They kid him about his love for the forests, and he sleeps with a Smokey-the-Bear type creed pinned on the wall by his bed. When the news comes through that they must destroy the forests and leave, he freaks out at the lunch table, delivering a five-minute oration on the wickedness of man and the simple beauty of his forests. Heavy, to say the least. Also heavy-handed.



The time comes to jettison the forest pods and explode them, and Our Hero decides to take action. He succeeds in killing his three companions (inadvertently, of course), and jettisons two of the pods to make it appear to the other ships that everything is going smoothly. He fakes a malfunction in the third pod, and reports that he cannot change course. Mission control then announces he will intersect the rings of Saturn, and that a rescue effort would be hopeless. (They send one anyway.)

Now we realize that his plan is to continue to roam the deeps of space with his sole forest, out of reach of the authorities. His deception is so good they consider him a martyred hero, giving him up for dead until just before the end of the film. His trip through Saturn's rings is the high point of the film's special effects, an obvious debt to 2001; but this time it seems intentionally psychedelic, as the rings are portrayed as transparent ice crystals that are more like spots before the eyes than physical barriers to the ship.

Silent Running does have its moments, though. The ship employs drones, short squat robots that do all the heavy mechanical work. They are endearing, more so than any human character. Our hero christens them (ready?) Huey, Dewey, and Louie. In an excellently-done, hilarious segment that would make a great short (but which is entirely out of context in the film), he teaches them to play poker. It succeeds on its own terms, but contributes nothing to the story.

The soundtrack music is by Peter (P.D.Q. Bach) Schickele, and it is sung by Joan Baez. It's beautiful music, but it belongs more to the late '60's than to the 21st Century. Its ecological sentiment is more evidence of the film's jumping on the bandwagon than it is of any original contribution.

Trumbull portrayed the solitude of space in 2001 with grandeur and a sense of poetry. The sets in this film are more reminiscent of a 1950's space opera. The models look like nothing more than models, and we hear explosions across the vacuum! We don't know how the gravity is maintained on the ships (certainly not by centrifugal force), nor do we understand how the forests survive by the light of the sun when they are orbiting beyond Saturn.

The maverick ship wanders through the desolate wastes of space, with the protagonist haunted by loneliness and depression. He feels guilt over the murders of his friends, but his mental flashbacks are clumsy and hackneyed. Subtlety enters the film at no point--we are constantly hit over the head with the moral, whatever it might be. The ending is that of Elvira Madigan transposed to the 21st Century; the lovers are the man and his forest. It is the only satisfactory ending, given the events of the story, but the theme could have been treated much more effectively, with as much pathos, if handled differently.

The character's moral dilemma and feelings of loss and emptiness should be the perfect material for the metaphor of the void of space, but the director has fumbled the job and leaves us with nothing more than a sense of pity and failure--not from identification with the subject matter, but from the awkwardness of his creation. The running is not silent.

\* \* \* \* \*

((Gary Arnold's WASHINGTON POST review called SR "a moving elegy in advance to the human nature and natural resources we seem fated to destroy", and "the most original and interesting science-fiction melodrama since Planet of the Apes and a new classic of the genre". Frank Getlin, in THE WASHINGTON STAR, praised the "hard-ware" but was non-committal on the film in general. ## A paperback, by Harlan Thompson, is available from Scholastic Book Services (NY; Sep '72; #TK2227; 75¢; 116 pp., / 12 pp. of photos from the film; cover photo by Universal. --ed.))



## DCWN MEMORY LANE: Nostalgia Section:

COMICS -- Two Reviews of All in Color for a Dime, ed. Dick Lupoff & Don Thompson (Arlington House, New Rochelle, NY; 1970; 263 pp. / 16-pg. color supplement; \$11.95; paperback edition from Ace Books, \$1.50).

View 1, by Jeffrey W. Taylor.

Histories of the comics are appearing all over these days. The nostalgia movement is manifesting itself in revivals of the comic strips of the 1930's and 1940's, in hardback reprint forms. These books, so far, have been available only in hardcover form.

All in Color for a Dime is something different. It is a series of articles by various contributors on the history of comic books, particularly the superhero comics of the 1940's. It is not the only history of comics on the market today; there are Jim Steranko's History of Comics, Jules Feiffer's Great Comic Book Heroes, and a new book entitled Comix, by Les Daniels (which I have yet to read).

But whereas the other aforementioned books are the work of one or two authors, All in Color contains articles by as many different authors. Most of them are professional writers or editors; all are comics fans, and many will be known to SF fans as well: Dick Lupoff, Don Thompson, Roy Thomas, Harlan Ellison, Tom Fagan, Jim Harmon, Ted White (the editor of AMAZING, not the comics fan artist), Richard Ellington, Bill Blackbeard, Chris Steinbrunner, and Ron Goulart.

The subjects of the articles range from Superman and Batman to Captain Marvel, the Justice Society of the 1940's, the Boy Commandos, the Marvel Comics big three (Human Torch, Captain America, Sub-Mariner), Superhero Saturday Serials, and other minor characters, with other articles describing such non-superhero comics as PLANET (from Fiction House), POPEYE, and JINGLE JANGLE. Many of the articles are illustrated in black-and-white reproductions from the original comic books. In addition,

a center-spread section gives color reproductions of "Golden Age" comic book covers, all of which are shown complete, with no parts of any covers cut off at the top or bottom. Each article is introduced along with its author by editors Lupoff and Thompson, who also briefly discuss the history of comics in general in a separate introduction to the whole book.

Many of the articles are reprinted from a series of articles in the fanzine XERO. XERO may truly be said to have started the modern (present-day) comics fandom. In its first issue (edited by Lupoff) an article appeared by the editor on Captain Marvel, billed as a trivia/nostalgia item for those tuned in to such things. It was well-received, and other writers contributed more articles to the series. After XERO folded, the now full-fledged comics fans started their own fanzines, and as non-SF oriented comics readers discovered fandom, comic-zines came into existence. But this is not too relevant to the book itself, especially as not all of the original articles are included, and many of the articles in All in Color . . . are new.

The highlight of the book is Ted White's "The Spawn of M.C. Gaines", which gives a complete history of Superman and Batman from their origins to today, and in which the history of comics is pictured as a sort of epic saga itself, in which men--publishers, editors, artists, writers, and readers--interact. Ranking with this article as the best of the book are two others: Lupoff's "The Big Red Cheese", which contains a lot of information presented in an interesting and engrossing manner; and Bill Blackbeard's "The First (Arf, Arf!) Superhero of Them All", concerning Popeye, who is considered the first super-powered character in paneled graphic stories. Bluebeard describes vividly Popeye and his creator, Elzie



Segar, in a way that makes them seem far more sophisticated and deserving of attention than the hundreds of comic book superheroes. Profuse black-and-white reproductions and illustrations illuminate the article and give it an authority of completeness. All these come from original strips, and are reproduced better than any others in the book (which include 1930's and 1940's illos of Superman, Batman, the Justice Society, and Captain America, each adjoining the appropriate piece).

All of the other articles are informative, competent, and generally understandable. SF fans may be interested particularly in Richard Ellington's PLANET COMICS article, which describes a science-fiction comic book from the same publisher that put out PLANET STORIES, and which featured the same kind of lurid fiction. (Well, shall we say, more "mature" stories than are usually found in comics.)

View 2, by Patrick Garabedian.

This book is composed of eleven chapters of uneven quality by different authors. If you are a fan of "superhero" comics, this is your cup of tea, as it seems to survey the field down to the last Bucky and Robin. If not, forget it! Nothing about "funny animals" in this book!! A few illustrations supplement the text.

The book suffers from the same drawback as most textual treatments of graphic stories--the impact of the originals can be recreated by the written word alone only if the writer has generous doses of talent and luck. Not everyone in this book

One other article that deserves mention is the Harlan Ellison article on JINGLE JANGLE COMICS. Personally, I have never cared for "cute animal" comics, but in a review such biases must be discarded. Ellison gives, at the least, a new insight into one of his own favorite comics (which is not really as much of a prejudice on his part as it may seem from the statement). Unfortunately, only one reproduction is included, but it is an excellent one and serves its purpose.

For anyone who wants to find out about comics--what they were like in the old days--this book is a must (especially for young fans). For the die-hard fans, the \$12.00 hardback edition from Arlington House may be better; for the rest of us, the \$1.50 paperback edition is a steal. It's part of that 10% of everything which isn't crud. Although the Popeye article held my fancy, the whole book is extremely valuable.

has both. Even Bill Blackbeard's article on Popeye (called a primitive superhero) cannot compare with actually seeing the original strips as reprinted in Nostalgia's recent Popeye the Sailor; fortunately for fans of regular superheroes, many of them are also being reprinted.

All in Color for a Dime is a useful supplement to Jules Feiffer's book on superheroes, Great Comic Book Heroes, but the impact of comic books in America cannot be understood without more general works like the recent Comix by Les Daniels (Dynapubs).

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In case anyone is interested in any of the other comics-related books mentioned in the above reviews, the following titles are available from F&SF Book Co., PO Box 415, Staten Island, NY, 10302: History of the Comics, by Jim Steranko (Vol. I, \$3; Vol. II, \$5); Great Comic Book Heroes, by Jules Feiffer (\$4.95; orig. \$9.95); Comix, by Les Daniels (\$7.95); Popeye (1st adventures, b&w, \$7.95); F&SF Book Co. also lists several other titles of books about comics, and a large number of books reprinting comic strips (Buck Rogers, Dick Tracy, Flash Gordon, Mandrake the Magician, Phantom, Batman, Superman, Prince Valiant, to name a few)



1972 SF/FANTASY MAGAZINE WRAP-UP  
by Richard Delap

AMAZING STORIES and FANTASTIC:

White's magazines presented four complete novels and half of two others, but the only one to have yet sparked much comment is Bob Shaw's Other Days, Other Eyes, and even there the remarks seemed to be more inclined to mild enthusiasm rather than real praise or condemnation. From a total of 59 new stories I selected one from each magazine to make the year-end runners-up listing, which isn't really much of a showing. (I could have added one more but decided not to include a Panshin story because it didn't qualify as SF or fantasy, though it is quite a good story nonetheless.) I used to believe that Ultimate's payments were too small to attract much good writing, but now I wonder if White's editorial capabilities are simply too plebeian. Many of the stories he publishes are incredibly awful, even by the most lax of standards. There is one saving grace, however--the really good selection of articles and features, including the Panshins' "SF in Dimension", a deliciously arguable but fascinating study of the SF/fantasy genres, de Camp's "Literary Swordsmen & Sorcerers" series, and a heavily fan-oriented letter column. The interior illustrations are still none too good but the exteriors are usually excellent (an important selling point if the magazines can manage to corner some display space, White's major problem at present). I may not find much enthusiasm for White's tastes in short fiction, but he deserves credit for the revitalization of two magazines which seemed headed down a blind alley a very short time ago.

ANALOG:

I only managed to place one story from ANALOG on the final listing, from a total of 60, so this doesn't sound very good either. Yet there are other considerations to be made. For one thing it's Ben Bova's first year as editor, and if he's still filling space with staple authors and subjects that became depressingly familiar (and similar) under Campbell, he's also slipping in some items that, by ANALOG standards, are sizzling. Frederik Pohl's "The Gold at the Starbow's End" has been extremely popular, and though it only placed third on ANALOG's own poll it's become one of the most discussed stories of the year. Stories by Ken W. Purdy, John Strausbaugh, Joe W. Haldeman (who didn't stint when it came to sex) and others show that Bova is trying to broaden the magazine's grasp on speculative fiction, and some of the stories have been good if not among the year's best. Although disappointed by this year's total output, I am eager to see if 1973 will find Bova inaugurating even greater reach for a magazine that has the ability to sell to a larger audience than any of its competition. Bova has also brought in some new artists to plump out an already impressive group. There is promise here, and I for one truly hope Bova will live up to it.

FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION:

F&SF had no trouble holding top spot for yet one more year, placing 17 (from a total of 82 new stories) in my year-end list of bests and runners-up, well over half the final 28-story tally. F&SF runs a definite advantage over its competition in that Ferman allows a very broad spectrum of styles and ideas to appear in F&SF's pages. Ferman gets some good work from well-known authors (Pohl, Bestor, Ellison) but perhaps even more gratifyingly he is publishing the most impressive (if not always the most energetic) of the new writers (Raylyn Moore, Robert Thurston, Bruce McAllister). With most of the space devoted to short stories--F&SF publishes only one novel yearly--this magazine may not be considered a major market by writers but it is certainly a major supplier of some of America's best short fiction. Superiority is not limited to fiction either--Isaac Asimov's science column is consistently quality work, the books column has a fine rotating staff,



and the lack of story illos is not important when we get a beautifully macabre cartoon every month by the incomparable Gahan Wilson. F&SF's only sour note through the year has been the problem of poor quality printing, but this is to be cleared up early in 1973, Ferman has announced. F&SF has won the Hugo each year since 1969...add this year as well for another deserved win!

### GALAXY and IF:

With five novels (and half of two others) between these two magazines, Sjler Jakobsson seems to prefer the longer stories, which is fine when he can score the major publishing coup of the year--namely Isaac Asimov's first SF novel in many, many years, The Gods Themselves. But with the shorter works Jakobsson seems to have some trouble. For every good novelette or novella we get another which is not only minor work but often very bad indeed, and short stories have ranged from excellent to awful, with a preponderance of the latter. Even with such a varied group, however, GALAXY places on the final list with six stories and IF with two. (When she was good, she was very, very good; but when she was bad....) Jakobsson, also, has been giving some new writers a chance to flex their literary muscles, and two or three of them are showing fine progress after only a handful of stories. Lester del Rey, much to my surprise, turns in a book review column much superior to Theodore Sturgeon's--I don't know what's happened to Sturgeon, but I know it's not just my nostalgia that convinces me he's letting past laurels lend him support. Both magazines have a letter column...if you can call them letter columns...I won't tell you what I call them. Again, a mixed bag, but some of the goodies are really worth having.

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My selections for 1972:

### BEST SF/FANTASY MAGAZINE STORIES:

Benford, Greg: "In the Ocean of Night" IF, May-June  
 Ellison, Harlan: "Corpse" F&SF, January  
 Farmer, Philip Jose: "Seventy Years of Decpop" GALAXY, July-August  
 Friedberg, Gertrude: "For Whom the Girl Waits" F&SF, May  
 Kearny, Gene: "A Sweet Little Pool of Low-Cost Labor" F&SF, September  
 McAllister, Bruce: "Ecce Femina!" F&SF, February  
 Moore, Raylyn: "Lobster Trick" F&SF, December  
 Pohl, Frederik: "The Merchants of Venus" IF, July-August  
 Scortia, Thomas N.: "Woman's Rib" GALAXY, July-August  
 Thurston, Robert: "Carolyn's Laughter" F&SF, January

### RUNNERS-UP:

Bates, Russell L.: "Get With the Program" AMAZING, March; Bester, Alfred: "The Animal Farm" F&SF, October; Bongianini, Wayne: "A New and Happy Woman" F&SF, July; Coney, Michael G.: "Esmeralda" GALAXY, January-February; Fisher, Sandy: "The Langley Circuit" GALAXY, May-June; Fritch, Charles E.: "If At First You Don't Succeed, To Hell With It!" F&SF, August; Gotlieb, Phyllis: "Son of the Morning" F&SF, June; Green, Joseph: "A Custom of the Children of Life" F&SF, December; Macfarlane, W.: "Changing Woman" GALAXY, September-October; McAllister, Bruce: "Triangle" F&SF, December; O'Neil, Dennis: "Mister Cherubim" FANTASTIC, June; Pohl, Frederik & Kornbluth, C.M.: "The Meeting" F&SF, November; Pohl, Frederik: "Shaffery Among the Immortals" F&SF, July; Purdy, Ken W.: "In the Matter of the Assassin Merefirs" ANALOG, November; Shore, Wilma: "Is It the End of the World?" F&SF, March; Siodmak, Curt: "Variation of a Theme" F&SF, June; Taves, Ernest: "Mayflower One" GALAXY, November-December; Wilson, Robin Scott: "For a While There, Herbert Marcuse, I Thought You Were Maybe Right About Alienation and Eros" F&SF, July.



IEWS, REVIEWS, & ARCHIMEDEAN SPIRALS:  
Book Reviews

To Live Again, by Robert Silverberg  
(Doubleday, 1969; 231 pp.)

THE SILVERBOB CHANGES FEATHERS, by Leon Taylor.

"The sum of a human soul--hopes and strivings, triumphs, pains, pleasures--is nothing more than a series of magnetic impulses, some shadowed by noise, others clearly and easily accessible. The beautiful Scheffing process provided instant mechanical duplication of that web of magnetic impulses."

With a single swing of the scalpel, Silverberg chops away the joys, fears, and afflictions of man's six-millennium mystic awareness. Religion and philosophy, the shining depths of his tortured raison d'être, are reduced to diverting footnotes and man's creative fertility in the face of mortality is alleviated by the most noxious golden apple of them all, eternal life. Materialism becomes the sole mentor of mankind; because there is nothing to die for, there is nothing to live for except living itself. So the man-gods live, playing the weary power-struggle game of Mt. Olympus and regularly swapping the role masks of Greek drama.

Having accomplished all that, the Silverbomb then proceeds to sire us a crackerjack tale of suspense and dispense--of incriminating clues, that is. And the Pope makes Erle Stanley Gardner look like a papal tiger.

To Live Again extrapolates the use of persona, not as that beep-beep razor blade but as the mechanical duplication mentioned in the quote above, injectible into another human mind after the personal/physical death of the persona's original owner. The technique is simplicity itself: while he is alive, our person makes periodic trips to his local Scheffing Institute to have his memory (which Silverberg equates with soul) recorded on magnetic tape. After he is dead, this latest tape is impressed on the mind of the chosen (living) applicant and...viola! a persona is born!

But even the meters of eternity have to scrape up bread somehow, so the price of the Scheffing process is exorbitant in the proudest tradition of capitalism. Immortality for the very rich only, as it is.

To Live Again is thusly a story about power and immortality. Like the Pel'ans gods of Zelazny's Isle of the Dead, the elitist personae leap from body to body, locked in undying combat against one another. After all, when you are assigned to living forever you might as well indulge your ambitions of becoming #1. The specifics could have been lifted from Dreiser: the Kaufmanns, the most aristocratic snobs in town, are challenged to their position of prestige by that smart-alecky John Roditis fella (from the other side of the tracks, yet!). Tradition vs. Democracy--and altho Silverberg's sympathies should rightly lie with the latter (I assume that Bob does not steal more than \$35,000 a year?), he instead detaches himself with an expression of amusement flitting about his lips and maneuvers his mandarin chesspieces to a fisty stalemate.

Not a bad vehicle for a time-killer, all in all. But Silverberg upstages the conventions for this format's usual result of plotclot, ornamental scabs free of charge--and he does so in (a) the offbeat (well, more articulate than usual, anyway) extrapolations mentioned above and (b) the multi-character view-



point. Now multi-character viewpoint writing is supposed to be impossible, particularly in SF swordplay. Not only do you have to blueprint five or six plausible characters and relate them to each other (that alone consumes more time than necessary to knock off a couple Mack Reynolds blockbusters), but you have to puzzle out some way to subordinate all that surplus characterization to the natural action emphasis of your story. Small wonder that the normal advice to attempters is: "Rotsa ruck, amateur".

Somehow, it all comes off for Silverberg. Nor is this the first time. In "How It Was When the Past Went Away", he applied this same device with moderate success altho in a more character-oriented story. I think that he does even better in To Live Again--perhaps because the triumph over his more hostile material is more impressive, perhaps because it is a lot less similar to Hersey's Hiroshima. But Hersey is still the aptest analogy to explain Silverberg's triumph in TLA--the character is defined through his actions, and defined with a lean, fast style:

"Charles Noyes awoke slowly, reluctantly, fighting the return to the waking world . . . Morning was here. Time to rise, time to toil. He fought it." (page 31)

Not the deathless prose of Nightwings, certainly. But you get Silverberg's point with a reasonable minimum of effort and are quite content to read on. Mediocrity can be competent, if nothing else.

But the real clincher of Silverberg's characterization is the way he couples each character with a fitting and memorable scenic background. Meet Risa Kaufmann, impetuous tomboy of the ol' tycoon himself:

"A thousand feet below, traffic madly swirled and bustled. But up here on the ninety-fifth floor everything was serene. The April air was cool, pure, fresh. The slanting sunlight of midmorning glanced across her body. She stretched, extended her arms, sucked breath deep. The view down to the street did not dizzy her even when she leaned far out. She wondered how some passerby would react if he stared up and saw the face and bare breasts of Risa Kaufmann hovering over the edge of a terrace. But no one ever did look up, and anyway they couldn't see anything from down there. Nor was there any other building in the area tall enough so that she was visible from it. She could stand out here nude as much as she liked, in perfect privacy. She half hoped someone would see her, though. A passing copter pilot, cruising low, doing a loop-the-loop as he spied the slinky naked girl on the balcony."

That is artistry.

This strange and fascinating device is virtually ignored by SF writers. Instead they drape behind their characters drab and faded drops borrowed so mechanically from the traditionalia of SF that they instill stasis in their stories--what could be Experience is cancelled into ritual, and one reads their work with the sensation of being embedded in clichés. Furthermore this unfeeling consideration results in a chasm between characters and background--they are seemingly unrelated elements that just happen to be sharing the same story. And there you have a glimpse at what is wrong with SF: to many writers level off at minimal competence rather than grasping for artistry--too many robots collecting Conde-Nast checks with no anxiety over poetry, passion, or the Experience that spawns the souls of all of us. Let us name them and shame them:



W.D. MacFarlane, Mack Reynolds, Larry Eisenberg, Christopher Anvil, far too many more.

And now if we're through besmirching them, I should point out that Silverberg toed exactly the same line in the fifties, when there were a dozen ANALOGs. As we all know, his was a plot to Beat-The Market. So Eisenberg, et al may even be struggling to reach the same shore--I don't know. But I sure wish they would send an ms. in a bottle.

Even if they do, however, it's debatable whether they will weave stories with the same cunning intricacy as Bob. Silverberg may not have done much else in his hack decade, but he really sweated out the plots: Needle in a Timestack and Dimension Thirteen contain some prime examples of the pumping Silverberg, streaming out those eventful surprises and twists as fast as they gather at the forefront of his mind. With the new, introspective Silverberg of the sixties came a similar reversal of plot cogs: now all of that elaborate machinery is in characterization, where Silverberg connects every character to every other with such a dizzying series of straight lines, ellipsoids, elliptical curves, zig-zags and hyperbolas that the finished result looks like one of those optical illusions IBM is forever running on its TV commercials. Silverberg seems to be one of the few SF writers who recognizes that human relations is based on an infinity series--that is, my behavior affects yours, your subsequently revised behavior affects mine, I then readjust mine and...etc, etc. Character relations cannot be extracted, cut down to size and fossilized. One must either present them in their entirety (like writing out every single word of the Encyclopedia Britannica!) or fake a reasonable facsimile thereof. Since To Live Again is primarily an action novel, alternative (a) is stricken out. But Silverberg puts (b) to complex use.

Consider a mere sampling of the character-relating playoffs that Silverberg sets:

John Reditis, who pursues life with a Namathian lust, is contrasted against Charles Noyes who has a not-so-secret deathwish;

Voluptuous, sensual Elena Kaufmann is compared with slim, businesslike Risa Kaufmann;

Masochistic Mark Kaufmann and his wife, selfish Elena;

Mark Kaufmann, the embodiment of "old money" prestige, vs. John Reditis from the Horatio Alger corner;

etc.

Then the fun really begins. You see, Elena is attracted to Reditis who is despised by Mark Kaufmann who loves Elena who hates Risa who incestuously adores Mark Kaufmann who is contemptuous of Noyes who loves Elena who....

Well, nobody subplots like Silverberg. And the whole affair would come off like the epic soap opera were it not for a couple of factors: One, all characters and all motives revolve about the great source of power, Paul Kaufmann, late half-lamented tycoon whose brilliant persona everybody is faunching after. That provides a home plate for those of us who persist in getting lost. Two, Silverberg is not switching emotions on us just to get thru Tuesday's show; every maneuver, every additional layer of tangled emotions has already been planned and fitted to a comprehensive Master Plan. Silverberg has reasons, other than the usual green ones. In that context, Silverberg's emotional regatta moves instead of drags--takes meaningful turns rather than wander haplessly thru the woods somewhere. Moreover, Silverberg applies that character-relations principle to motives and plot--every change in attitude results in a change in events which



results in another change of attitude which results in another.... Er, Silverberg does finally call a halt to matters, obviously, but they could have just as easily gone on--under the guise of a sequel.

"Soap opera is half soap and half dirt." (Leon Taylor) And that is Silverberg you see nodding his head off.

Oh yes. Protestations to the contrary, Silverberg did not get Dick out of his system with Time Hoppers. If anything, it seems to have entrenched the nodding guru in him even deeper, as witness To Live Again. Silverberg doesn't openly assault the fabric of reality like Dick; but he does throw an occasional pencil at it. Let's see.

And let's get the obvious connections out of the way first. Ubik's half-life is analogous to persona; Gene Runciter is To Live Again's Paul Kaufmann. From there the beaten path starts flogging the path-walkers. Ubik is about a man in half-life; TLA, about a number of live men fighting half-life (or persona). In fact, Joe Chip of Ubik seems rather like the afterimage of Charles Noyes; Noyes dies in the end, you know. And where TLA is a neatly-tied, pink-bow-up package mystery, Ubik runs in all different directions as a mass of indistinguishable pseudopods. But there are definite tenuous connections. I haven't read Ubik for a while, but there seems to be a worthy article for someone on the associations between these two novels.

And if y'll ignore me, I'll just have to do it myself.

\* \* \* \* \*

But if all of TLA were merely fancy dancing, it would just be another diverting time-slayer. What sets it apart is what sets science fiction apart from every other literature: the open end of strong, healthy extrapolation.

As I said in the beginning, the technological emergence of personae represent the destruction of human foundation--religion. No longer is there any need to try to worry a saving tidbit out of the question (no, the answer) of death--no more frantic hours spent in devising a foolproof battleplan in How to Beat the Nothingness. Man and life and eternity are now one--the urgent consciousness of man's limits is dead. Subsequently man must find a new rationale for living.

Well, that one isn't hard to answer. Even today we can see that as technology progresses (demolishing death and its watered manifestations in poverty, sickness, hunger), materialism marches on. Before personae life was evaluated in terms of quality: since a death-bound man could not possibly sample all of the world's experiences, and to scurry about in search of as many as possible would be losing Religion in the shuffle, generally he settled down into a pre-computed pattern, content to milk it for what he could. But this new man, liberated from death, wants no more of that--since he has all of time, he is after quantity, relishing every available experience and devising a few originals of his own. And that gives rise to the thesis of selfishness: for the death-bound man who must operate in a limited range of sensual experiences will eventually turn to the spiritual experiences (which, after all, is the meaning of quality; quality--depth, and probing the hidden levels of experience is certainly depth)--altruism and co. But as long as the liberated man can find sensual experience, he'll stay there--and mathematics tells us that the combinations of sensual experiences could be limitless. Meaning that the persona-man will be in there pitching for himself, and meaning that the code of altruism will most likely die out.



So, in Silverberg's world of personae, the main pursuit of man is sensual delectables, and that pursuit is selfish. But there now enters a new twist here: among the worldly goals is the amassing of money. So whoever develops the persona technique will be doing it for money, and for a lot of it.

And the only people with a lot of money are rich people.

In passing, I would like to mention that, since wealth eradicates those milder forms of death that I listed above (poverty, sickness, hunger), the wealthy will already be advanced along the road of sensual materialism. But the crux of immortality for the rich exclusively is critical--namely, the rich are in a minority while the majority will surely want a hunk of that eternity pie as well. What to do?

Spinrad's infamous Bug Jack Barron explores this same problem, and he correctly answers that the rich's only solution would be to take over the apparatus of the government, squelch the poor's rights until they are beyond the ability of overthrow, and use the ultimate bribe of immortality as a lever to accomplish these ends.

Hence TLA's world is essentially a pleasure palace for the immortal rich; the poor, lacking eternity, power, and the ingenuity that could possibly bring them the first two, are an extraneous, diminishing breed. The rich couch their demise with elaborate amusement parks (Chapter 7 is devoted to a traipse through Jubilisle) and implied hero-worship mechanisms, but their way has no return. By being born in a family with a few less zeroes on the end of the annual account, the poor are sentenced to extinction.

So government is of the rich, by the rich, for the rich (not so alien a concept, eh what?). But there is--hang on to your hats now--another level above the rich--the rich with multiple personae. Simple arithmetic here: an ordinary man is inferior to a rich man with a persona because the latter represents two sets of experiences and intellects. Therefore any addition beyond that keeps going higher, altho there is a limit--too many personae can disrupt the control of the body's original intellect. Silverberg includes one side story of a man bedeviled by seven personae, and a helluva tic problem. But from the original class of the rich must emerge the new rulers of rich-with-multiple-personae; these shall be led by those with the strongest wills (hence able to govern the most personae). At the stage of TLA, this new class is just becoming aware of itself, but hasn't done anything to stir up hurricanes--yet.

That still isn't the end. As each richman-with-multiple-personae dies, he will of course become a persona himself. But pity his new host!--he must cope with controlling this new, supercharged persona. Only his chances aren't very good--if a persona does upstage a host, the persona destroys the host totally (usually) and takes possession of the body as a dybbuk. Obviously, these potential dybbuks pose a lethal threat, and the only way they can be controlled is to destroy any multiple person with, say, over 10 personalities.

And that means goodbye to the cherished dream. At the maximum, a person(a) can only run thru five bodies before he racks up 10 personalities. So the rich won't be immortal after all.\*

..But they'll sure as hell live long enough.

(Over)

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\*However, there's a way out. Any technology capable of developing personae is surely capable of manufacturing "blank bodies". That way each persona could have its own body, merely switching to another fresh one out of the oven when his old one winds down.



And that longevity promises a mightily complicated social life. This is where Silverberg's head is really at--he is most content fiddling with love-hate relations gone awry, the sex that sires guilt and the guilt that destroys man. In his fiction, technology seems to do little but emphasize the wrongness, the gnarled snarls of communication, and the barbed wire that technosociety cum repression encircles man's range with. In The World Outside, it was nature that was inaccessible; in Masks of Time, innocence; in "Ishmael in Love", untrammelled love. Hence, TLA, which opens up endless pastures (tho at the price of the poor), is somewhat of a departure for the new Silverberg--a study in freedom, rather than repression. As I must incessantly repeat, this novel will satisfy no one who approaches it with the assumption that this "freedom study" takes priority over the thriller-story; but it's a fascinating new attitude for Silverberg, I think, and one that bears encouragement in developing.

However, one element is reminiscent of the same old new Silverberg: manipulation of power on a stinging, personal level. I don't know...does Silverberg want to write about people or puppets? These is always the sense of the larger mass in his work, Fate looming large and directing shadows in a silent, ritualistic pavan. Not that the shadows don't struggle! But Silverberg seems to be moving in the direction of genuine tragedy: Greek style, where neither of the opposing humans can help the impetus that propells him, nor can he alter the explosion that awaits him. It is prepunched. Silverberg's closest effort to this ideal was Nightwings, and evidently Bob associates sincere tragedy only with baroque writing. So it may be a while before we see another Silverberg novel that openly dares this again, but it is still a textural if misty influence on the backstage of TLA, and I wanted to be sure that you were aware of it. Beware, you.

\* \* \* \* \*

TLA does have faults. One is the flaccid style which I've already mentioned--flaccid because, although it is concerned with tight action, it is imprecise and stale. There must be a more challenging, sparkling way of unobtrusive writing rather than making one guiltily aware that he is reading A Paperback. Zelazny seems to have uncovered part of the key with his jargony, off-color verbs and snappy similes. What is now needed is something a little less highschoolish than the Z usual...something on the order of Lord of Light, perhaps, but a bit lighter.

Another are a couple of elements that Silverberg just doesn't tie in. Rodatis' naiveté, of which we are made Significantly Aware in the early chapters, is a potential powerhouse for later motivated actions. After mentioning it obviously, Silverberg drops it. Another is the new religion that has flourished as a result of the personae (flourished among the minority of personae-possessors, that is--the remarks that I made about the general absence of religion still hold); for altho it appears at several peak passages, it never fits snugly in with the plot. Is Silverberg outsubtleling me? Very possible.

Nevertheless, TLA is a sprightly game of tag with some provocative trapings. My favorite projection is the evolutionary one of this personae bit. Is Silverberg aware that his development would lead to a communal conscious?

He should be. It would make a damn good novel.

We may have been obsessed--too obsessed--with Delany and his ilk representing the poetic voice that will make us Respectable; Silverberg, closer to the imaginative heart of science fiction and a better logician with extrapolation, may be the best science fiction writer. Personally I would argue for Blish, but Silverberg does have the advantage of being prolific. One never seems to get over the impact of one novel before he slugs you with another.



So be faithful, and pay a little more attention to this man who tugs at your intellect rather than overwhelms your senses. I've squandered quite a bit of this article suggesting possible areas in Silverberg for exploration, so don't make a fool out of me, guddammit--throw away that 145th rave of Left Hand of Darkness and write something meaningful. One of S F COMMENTARY's most stinging remarks about American sercon fandom is that it is all reviewers and no critics. Dead true.

People like Silverberg, I think, deserve better than just silver blurbs. The most honest tribute that we can offer is to recognize the reader-writer partnership in the drama of fiction, and to develop our end by lending our personalized experience to the unfinished manuscript of the published edition.

Who knows?--Mebbe if you're good, the Pope'll grant you clemency.

\* \* \* \* \*

The God Machine, by William Jon Watkins  
(Doubleday, 1973; 208 pp.)

Reviewer, P.R. Weston

In The God Machine, author William Jon Watkins has repeated some of the same "pollution" background which he used so unsuccessfully in his previous Ecodeath. It is not in any sense a sequel, although the new book repeats most of the faults of the former volume--but there are some redeeming virtues and it is on balance a somewhat better work.

For instance, although our hero is once again a typical science fiction "superman", mentally and physically, some attention has been given to building his character, and to sketching in outlines of several other personalities. Once again, however, our hero (Walsh) apparently does not possess a first name; one would feel a normal minimum requirement to expect one from his parents and from a successful author of fiction.

The story opens in a badly-polluted future society, so much so that you are likely to literally drop dead if the wind blows in the wrong direction. If that in itself weren't bad enough, the society (apparently the USA, although this is not specified) is in the grip of a ruthless Police State, given to such excesses as the "Great Purge", during which 26 million individuals were interrogated!

No particular justification is given for this tyranny, and indeed there is none. Along with the pollution, it is simply the author's silly but necessary background for a book of this type. And while pollution may be so terrible in chapters one and two, it is surely odd that it is only mentioned twice more, cursorily, in the remainder of the novel.

Our hero is contacted by the Underground, does not join them, goes off to preach his usual mutinous doctrines at his University, and gets mixed-up with the beginnings of a new purge. He is captured, interrogated, escapes, and joins the Underground, who have a miraculous device to shrink things down to a fraction of their size. This is the God Machine:

"You are now half an inch high."

"That much I could have figured out for myself. I want to know how!"

"Well, it's kind of intricate, but basically it's a series of opposing mirrors . . ."  
(page 110)



All done with mirrors, yet. And not only does the device shrink things, it sets up its own "time frame", which makes the person so shrunken virtually immortal. It will also:

- (a) Cause Galactic cataclysm (page 112);
- (b) Cure small cuts and abrasions (page 134).

From here, very little else happens. Our hero explores the superlatively-equipped Underground, is instrumental in defeating an attack of Governmental forces, and in the end shrinks the building and takes it literally Underground for safety (where it should have been in the first place). Here the book ends, obviously promising a sequel (Heaven forbid!) in which the wicked Government is defeated.

Throughout the book the standards of writing and of consistency are extremely poor. Typically, Chapter Two has three consecutive paragraphs beginning with the work "Welsh", followed by another four beginning with "And". This sloppiness is annoying, as are passages like:

"Stark bent down again and picked up the unconscious Squadman. He was already awake . . ."

Worse, there is an unpleasant surfeit of violence in the book. The numbers killed (without the slightest shred of remorse) during the course of the story must run into hundreds. The ways in which they die are ingeniously varied and nasty:

". . . He stiffened the first two fingers of his right hand and drove them upward through the socket of the man's left eye. He uncoiled his body with the blow and hooked his fingers upward as he felt them go through the flimsy bone at the back of the socket. The tips of his fingers anchored themselves behind the forehead and he snapped his arm back, drawing the thug forward by the inside of his skull. . . ." (page 50)

In summary, this book is a mess. Fast yet idiotic action, weak plot, silly story-situation, poor writing and too much violence. This is best compared with the nonsense once published by Badger Books, and as such it is the sort of thing which continues to give SF its bad name.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Metallic Muse, by Lloyd Biggle, Jr.  
(Doubleday, 1972; 228 pp.; \$5.95)

Reviewer, James R. Newton

In the past, the larger percentages of science fiction collections have been anthologies, often thrown together around some central theme (frequently a rather nebulous thread). Some were very well done; many were strictly reheated hash. Only a few included original, never-before-in-print pieces. These kinds of collections still appear today.

But a refreshing SF publishing trend seems to be on the upswing. A number of one-author collections, with content selected by the author himself, also afford him an opportunity to comment in foreword and introduction on the genesis, development, and implications extant at the time of writing. If the author can keep his--or her--ego under reasonable check and axe-grinding to a minimum, the insights afforded can add seasoning and flavor to many a tale.



Author Biggle, well-known to SF fandom through his several novels and regular appearances in SF magazines, uses exceptionally well-done introductions to add a dash of relish to the seven outstanding stories that make up The Metallic Muse. All saw print first in magazines in the 1957-67 decade, and two were included in "best" science fiction series.

One of these, "The Tunesmith", is perhaps more timely today than when penned 15 years ago. It describes a future in which there is no entertainment except the TV (or Visiscope, as Biggle calls it) commercial. Artistic expression in music, art, literature, and the drama appears only in the visiscope "coms". This even includes comedy of the "Try it, you'll like it!" variety. Although Biggle claims he was only satirizing, not predicting, he may yet be proven a prophet.

One thing about the author: he is not all doom and gloom. Too many SF writers are, seeing only black in the future of homo sapiens. Biggle sees the dark side of human nature, and delineates it sharply, but his recurrent theme says the human qualities that made Man carve a unique niche for himself (in the known universe, at least) also gives Man some control over his destiny. And that destiny, Biggle implies, will contain enough light to hold back complete oblivion.

In "Tunesmith" Erlin Baque is a musician (the "tunesmith" of the title, obviously) who foments a social revolution by re-introducing music outside the context of the visiscope. The bad guys represent the multi-tentacled Visiscope International conglomerate, whose control of the airwaves makes it a virtual law unto itself. Well you know the plot, but knowing it does not detract from the expert treatment Biggle gives it.

Baque (pronounced B-A-C-H, by the way), with some sympathetic help, bucks the power of Visiscope International. In ultimately losing on a personal basis (he has to, you know) by being framed, jailed, and mistreated, Baque really wins for Mankind. The power of music, of art as free expression of the human animal, regains its rightful place in the social scheme. And, presumably, the world is thereby a better place.

It would be nice if today's social problems were as neatly soluble. In each of the seven tales in Muse Biggle examines a different facet of the human social milieu. The futuristic settings he chooses to display them in actually showcase them better than in the often-somnific guise of contemporary life and times pieces.

In "Leading Man" he treats an asylum where therapy takes on a reality for both patient and healer. "Spare the Rod" echoes the premise that a machine may outperform Man in all but one area--the soul. For the rootless, "Orphan of the Void" describes one man's search for his home world, during which he finds himself pitted against a seemingly ruthless interplanetary government; finding his origins changes several worlds. "Well of the Deep" "Wish" will touch the raw nerve ends of those who yearn to break out of their ruts as Biggle spins the story of escape from an artificial simulated "tank" where writers live backgrounds. What happens when one man's egomania is placed in conflict with another warping force is laid out in "In His Own Image". Finally, in "The Botticelli Horror", written in 1960 as an assignment for FANTASTIC SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, the search for a way to halt the ravages of an inimical alien being touches the lives of everyone in the community.

Biggle's work illustrates the loftiest purpose of science fiction: examination of Man. Although most SF authors are "viewers-with-alarm" (Biggle's description), they frequently recognize genuine dangers to our civilization that are largely ignored or unseen by the pedestrian herd. Science fiction specula-



tion most often is an effort to postulate probable directions. Call them flights of imagination if you will, but do not dismiss them. For what Biggle and his contemporaries do is public service of the highest order.

We would all do well to heed Biggle's messages in The Metallic Muse. We'll be entertained in the bargain.

\* \* \* \* \*

Again, Dangerous Visions, ed. Harlan Ellison  
(Doubleday, 1972; 760 pp.; \$12.95)

Two Views.

The Book: An Overview (reviewer, Dave Bischoff).

I find myself curiously ambivalent to this new collection of science fiction stories edited by Harlan Ellison.

As the name indicates, this volume portends to be a kind of sequel or continuance of Mr. Ellison's highly successful original story anthology of 1967. It is huge (46 stories), nicely packaged, and pleasing to the eye (thanks to the art of Emsh).

Obviously a painstaking labor of love on the behalf of the editor, one is very excited as he begins reading it, expecting something just as good (if not better) than Dangerous Visions. This reader found it a disappointment.

Why? Ignoring the stories as separate entities, I shall instead examine the over-all spirit of the book and explain what I found to be at fault with it. (I have a precedent here: Theodore Sturgeon, in his glowing review of it in GALAXY, mentions no stories either.)

To begin with, what made Dangerous Visions such a delight mars this book a great deal: Harlan Ellison's introduction and forewords to the stories. In DV, they served as salt and spices highlighting the collection's total flavor. In ADV, Mr. Ellison has simply added too much salt to the stew. His forewords, intended to introduce the authors, instead seem to deal mainly with Harlan Ellison and his view of the world and himself. This was just about the same in DV, but not to the same degree as in ADV. Assuming them to be intended for reading, I did so--and found them to be just too much. The introduction is an outrageously egotistic pat on the back by the editor about what a great job he did on DV, and how many awards he got for it. And in his forewords he is something I never had to complain about before of Harlan Ellison: a bit boring. He goes on and on, where only a few brief words would have done nicely. It is my opinion that a book is to be judged by whatever it may contain. Mr. Ellison's words seem to detract from the stories he has selected, rather than to augment those which most need it.

In his introduction, the editor requests that critics evaluate the volume on the merit of the stories alone. My reason for commenting on the forewords I have stated, and I'll now look at the collected fiction Mr. Ellison offers.

I must emphasize the fact that I entered into the reading of this book with much enthusiasm. And I was disappointed in my own disappointment, mainly because it is so much more enjoyable writing a favorable review.

To be sure, there are some really good stories within ADV, but hardly as many as there were in the much smaller DV. Of the remainder, a few are readable, but the rest are very forgettable, if not just plain bad.



Because this book represents such a great amount of collective work, much of it very worthwhile and excellent, it is actually not the failure that my above words seem to imply; in fact, it compares most favorably with the best of the current story anthologies. It is just not as good as Dangerous Visions was. Perhaps the forthcoming The Last Dangerous Visions will be. I certainly hope so.

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The Stories (reviewer, Michael T. Shoemaker).

Don Miller has asked me to review this book story by story, to go with a review he has of the book considered as a singular entity. This is going to be quite a job, and since I have many words ahead of me to write, I will squander no more on this lead-in.

"The Counterpoint of View", by John Heidenry.

This piece of writing (I will not call it a story, because it has no plot) is presented as a scholarly literary paper of some future author. It progresses "logically" to the conclusion that the reader is the author; thus we have a second-person viewpoint on the level of Ralph Milne Farley's famous story. The whole thing is not convincing, however.

"Ching Witch", by Ross Rocklyne.

It is very painful to see an old-time author like Mr. Rocklyne try to imitate the loose and informal writing style of many modern authors. I would prefer to see him tell a good story in a straightforward manner, as in his classic "Quietus".

Some stories start out confusingly, and then resolve with utmost clarity (e.g., Fear by L. Ron Hubbard). Mr. Rocklyne starts off in a confusing way, too:

"The tintinabula was very ching that night, just before old Earth blew.

"The dance appropriately enough was the ching-maya."

The first couple of pages are like this, but nothing is ever definitely clarified for the reader.

Another weakness is that almost no background is ever given. The reader must simply accept the "witches", the planets Flora and Zephyrus, etc.

There is present in the writing a self-conscious concern for style-for-style's sake:

"(Everybody on the planet was listening to this conversation, except that it was the gort season, and therefore a hundred thousand Zephfrans were out hunting gorts. These gorts--however, that is not a part of this story.)"

"The bewinged television screens flipped and sailed and a myriad thin screams sounded."

That last example still does not seem coherent to me.

All in all, the story achieves no effect whatsoever.

"The Word for World Is Forest", by Ursula K. LeGuin.

In this novella, which may be a Hugo contender, LeGuin has once again displayed her expert skill as a writer and artist. The theme is of the relationship between Federation colonists and the indigenes of the colony planet. Its conception has a bare-bones similarity to Campbell's "Forgetfulness", in that the aliens turn out to be much more civilized, intelligent, and capable than the Earthmen believe. (In fact, the aliens consider themselves superior to the Earthmen.)

In the Afterword it is revealed that LeGuin ". . . wanted to describe a certain ecology from within, and to play with some of Hadfield's and Dement's ideas about the function of dreaming-sleep and the uses of dream." Apparently,



Ellison wanted her to "talk about the destruction of ecological balance and the rejection of emotional balance". This interference by the editor did produce a good story, but LeGuin is a very imaginative writer and one wonders what she would have produced without being stifled by the editor. The situation is somewhat ironic considering that it contradicts some of Harlan's self-espoused precepts for the Dangerous Visions anthology (i.e., allowing the author greater freedom). I say that LeGuin was stifled because the dream function in the aliens is not essential to the story as written, even though it seems she had originally intended it to be.

LeGuin's attention to detail in characterization and in depicting the culture of the aliens is what brings the story to life. In addition to this, her writing style makes the story eminently readable.

"For Value Received", by Andrew J. Offutt.

This is a humorous "beat the establishment" tale which brings to mind "The Form Master" by Jack Wodhams. Robert Barber wants the hospital to mail him the bill, but the hospital has a rule that says the bill must be paid before Barber's new-born daughter leaves. Consequently, Barber leaves his daughter to grow up in the hospital, to the hospital's ever-mounting distress. The story is mildly amusing in conception, but is rather lacking in execution. In the Afterword, the author tells how the story is half-true.

"Mathoms From the Time Closet", by Gene Wolfe.

Two of the three stories under this collective title are utter nonsense. The third, "Loco Parentis", tells of robot foster parents who are employed so as to give the actual human parents more leisure time. Now this is a viable theme, but all that Wolfe does with it is merely state it in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pages. Do not bother to read it. My one-sentence description above is as developed as the story itself.

"Time Travel for Pedestrians", by Ray Nelson.

Sam Moskowitz relates how Campbell severely criticized Theodore Sturgeon's first submission on the grounds that "when the protagonist is the same at the end as he was at the beginning of the narrative, the result is not a story but an anecdote". There is a lot of truth in that, and I've never forgotten it. In recent years these "anecdotes" have become rather prevalent.

Which brings me to the anecdote at hand. Looking at the title, one expects a time-travel story. Ray Nelson reminds one, though, with his first sentence, that this kind of time travel is strictly "for Pedestrians": "Masturbation fantasy is the last frontier." One remembers that this is supposed to be one of those "taboo-breaking stories", but actually all the "taboo" material is incidental to the anecdote. In reality, Nelson has written an account of a free-wheeling, episodic, drug-trip.

"What is it all about? What is the point?", you ask. I gather from certain oblique clues that the point is: what we call the real world is meaningless, and only the drug-influences imagination is of any importance. Whether you agree with this theme or not, the handling of it is rather inept.

"Christ, Old Student in a New School", by Ray Bradbury.

This is a poem dealing with Man's inhumanity and failures, but containing a belief in his basic goodness and a ray of hope for future greatness; and of Christ as a representation of both Man's failures and hope.

As poetry the piece is only competent, but the presentation of the theme is good. It is not science fiction by any definition I know of, but is well suited to be a sermon.

"King of the Hill", by Chad Oliver.

A good story, highlighted by clever handling of an old idea. Its theme is Earth doom; but the pessimism is all the more chilling because it is treated so matter-of-factly:



"Sam Gregg decided that mankind could not be saved. Not should not (although Sam, it must be confessed, did not get all choked up at the thought of human flesh) but could not. It was too late, too late when Sam was born."

It is interesting to note that Sam Gregg (multi-billionaire hero of the story) was born in 1969; Sam decides that even though Earth is doomed, life must go on elsewhere. Therefore, he concentrates all his resources on a secret project which, in the end, successfully establishes plant and animal life on Titan, by purely automated means. The story ends on a note of pessimism, however, with raccoons taking the place of Man in the new order.

The style (with the narrator using short, conversational sentences) is unusual, but is very successful in engaging the reader's interest. This is an important factor, because it compensates for the weak story-line.

"The 10:00 Report Is Brought to You By...", by Edward Bryant.

A sad commentary on humanity, directly descended from "The Prize of Peril" by Robert Sheckley and similar stories by others. The difference is that Bryant's story is more realistic. It tells of a television network that contracts a motorcycle gang to ruthlessly invade a town, so as to gain exclusive first-hand coverage of the event. It is an effective story.

"The Funeral", by Kate Wilhelm.

This story is weird, well-written, and vivid. Its setting and background are rather sketchy, making it very detached from reality, or even the myriad of clichéd alien worlds.

The problem is that the point of the tale is not at all evident. Reading the Afterword revealed that the authoress intended the story to be a parable on the subjugation of children to adult standards. Whether one agrees with her on this point or not, the story, by itself, does not achieve its intended effect.

It is true that in retrospect (after having read the Afterword) the story can be seen to reflect the authoress' morale to a limited extent, but it is not effective on its own.

For a story like this to be effective it must either be a gross, surreal exaggeration which is unbelievable even on its own terms (thus causing the reader to search elsewhere for the meaning), or it must have some link with reality with which the reader may identify. "The Funeral" has neither of these qualities, and so, even though it is a good piece of writing, it fails as a story.

"Harry the Hare", by James B. Hemesath.

It is extremely difficult to write a good short-short story. This one is another 1½-page failure with no redeeming qualities. By the admission of its author, it is nothing but a lament for the passing of the big studio cartoon. It is not SF and does not pretend to be. It is a poor man's fantasy that does not entertain.

"When It Changed", by Joanna Russ.

This is a fem-lib story through and through, but not a hysterical, preachy one--thanks to the fact that Miss Russ is an intelligent writer instead of an ardent crusader. Unfortunately, this tale of Earth re-establishing contact with a colony in which a plague killed off the men, and the women constructed their own society, does not come off. The reason is that the background is poor (for instance, why were the colony and Earth out of contact for so long?), and, more importantly, the details of how the society functions are both inadequate (e.g., how do they breed?) and not explored one iota. Miss Russ preferred to write a story with a morale instead of one that truly speculates.

"The Big Space Fuck", by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

Mr. Vonnegut's contribution is a scenario of the future. Typically, it is filled with relentless pessimism, but I must grudgingly admit that it is not at



all bad. It contains such frightening and thought-provoking tidbits of the future as: the idea that progeny may sue their parents for giving them a poor upbringing; 39-foot long, man-eating lamoreys inhabiting Lake Erie; an idea similar to Chad Oliver's, of starting life elsewhere in the universe because Earth is doomed; etc.

"Bounty", by T.L. Sherred.

Here is an example of a good short-short. It offers a future, not at all implausible, in which "law and order" is established by unlawfulness, which then leads to an extreme form of gun control. It is presented nonchalantly, and with an inexorable logic that leaves the reader thinking, "This could happen!"

"Still-Life", by K.M. O'Donnell.

Ho-hum, another dud. First of all, let me admit a bias. I am biased against bad writing. O'Donnell's (Malzberg's) fixation on the use of the present tense in every one of his stories has made it just about unbearable for me to read any more of his stories straight through. Use of this style can be nice for diversion, or for achieving a very special effect in certain circumstances, but O'Donnell's constant use of it borders on the fanatic.

Content-wise this story says nothing to me. An astronaut cracks up because of the pressures of home, etc., and abandons two fellow astronauts in space.

"Stoned Counsel", by H.H. Hollis.

I am having difficulty in reaching a conclusion regarding the worth of this story. It shows the reader a future in which drugs and electronic paraphernalia make it possible for the lawyers to hallucinate their own version of the case rather than argue verbally (with the judge and jury "plugged in", so to speak). Given this premise, which is an imaginative idea, Hollis develops the story well and the descriptions hold the reader's interest. The story's major weakness is that no rationale is ever given for its premise. This flaw gnaws away at the reader's credulity and detracts from an otherwise fine tale.

"Monitored Dreams and Strategic Cremations", by Bernard Wolfe. ((1) "The Biscuit Position"; (2) "The Girl With Rapid Eye Movements".)

". . . the two stories presented here are not SF", says Bernard Wolfe in the Afterword. That is absolutely true, which is one of the reasons I am not going to review them. The other reason is that I have never come across a person whose views on every subject were so diametrically opposed to my own. Because these views permeate his stories in the most heavy-handed manner imaginable, I (as I'm sure anyone who shares my views would be) was disgusted to read such utter trash.

"With a Finger in My I", by David Gerrold.

Many people will probably think this story to be very imaginative and highly original. It is based on the old idea that reality is what the individual imagines it to be. The greater the number of people who believe the same notion, the stronger their form of reality becomes. Gerrold describes a cataclysm of sorts, brought on by too many alternate realities interacting.

Most of this was done much better in the early '50's by Charles Harness in his classic, "The New Reality".

Wondering how the story will resolve, the reader is led to the conclusion, in which Gerrold speculates that maybe drugs really are altering our collective perception of reality, and without Man knowing it.

The only annoying thing about this tale is the flippant writing style, which strains to be humorous:

"At first I thought it had something to do with the contact lenses, but then I realized that I don't wear lenses. I never have.



"If I hadn't been able to see out of it, I wouldn't have worried. It would have meant only that during the night I had gone blind in that eye."

Gerrold does not seem to realize that the best humor is that which results from the conception of the story (e.g., Kuttner's "Gallagher" series) rather than from the writing style.

"In the Barn", by Piers Anthony.

This is probably the raunchiest SF story ever written. At least, however, the shock value of all the "vulgar detail" is there to serve a specific purpose. It does help to put across the story's theme forcefully. On the other hand, it is not in any way pleasing to read, and is that not, after all, what literature is all about--to please?

"Soundless Evening", by Lee Hoffman.

If the reader accepts this tale on its own terms, disregarding its unlikelihood, then it can be somewhat effective. The authoress recognizes this when she says, "It isn't a prophecy, but an exploration." The story deals with a zero-population-growth future in which parents are allowed to have more than two children, providing the extra children are killed once they reach the age of five.

● , by Gahan Wilson.

This story creates a unique form of storytelling which Harlan Ellison calls "vieword". It calls for a perfect integration of words and drawings, but so clever and well-done is Wilson's story, that I doubt anything more along this line can be done. In the final analysis, however, this piece is really nothing more than an interesting diversion.

"The Test-Tube Creature, Afterward", by Joan Bernott.

This is a very fine example of a short-short story. Its shortness is very effective because it succinctly expresses, in the simplest terms, a human tragedy of gigantic proportions. For this reason it is worth more than stories many times its length and development.

It tells of a man to whom the love of a test-tube creature means more than the "love" of his girl friend. This is related, by implication, to the idea that God created Man so as to have something to love. When I do my Hugo voting, I'll be keeping this story in mind.

"And the Sea Like Mirrors", by Gregory Benford.

A well-told and somewhat suspenseful tale of Man encountering aliens. It is not especially notable, however, for it follows purely traditional lines of development, and resolves with the notion that open-mindedness and understanding are necessary when Man meets alien.

"Bed Sheets Are White", by Evelyn Lief.

Just another tired variation on the 1984 syndrome. The punchline of the story is set up beforehand with:

"There's one thing they can't make a law against. Can't stop the sky from being blue."

Then, the punchline:

"See, you're looking at the sky. Don't you know there was a law passed against that today."

"Tissue", by James Sallis. ((1) "at the fitting shop"; (2) "the 53rd american dream".)

"at the fitting shop" is a completely worthless piece of raunch because, unlike "In the Barn", it makes no point whatsoever. Extrapolation in SF can function in only two different ways. First, as a stepping stone from which the author may



explore his theme. In this instance, little (if any) background need be given by the author for what he extrapolates. The extrapolation serves as the basic premise and does not need to be justified. Secondly, extrapolation may function in a story by being the most important element. If this is the case, then the extrapolation must be explored to the fullest possible extent. Background concerning what is being extrapolated must be given, and the consequences of the situation created must be dealt with.

James Sallis in both of these stories eschews these principles. In both he extrapolates a future situation which serves as the only important element. Yet, he does not explore what he has extrapolated--he merely presents it, and the story ends.

"Elouise and the Doctors of the Planet Pergamon", by Josephine Saxton.

Josephine Saxton has a good idea here. She probes the consequences of an Elixir of Life that gives everyone perfect health. The elixir causes an ecological imbalance, however, and consequently no one has perfect health. The picture of a diseased and starving world is delineated very well. Unfortunately, the ending does not quite come off as well as the rest of the tale.

"Chuck Berry, Won't You Please Come Home", by Ken McCullough.

Once again, this is not much more than the presentation of an idea: growing a tick to the size of a dog by feeding it voluminous amounts of blood. Hardly a subject capable of producing a dynamic story, and it does not. The ending is very predictable.

"Epiphany for Aliens", by David Kerr.

There is not really anything here than is in any way new. The idea of the discovery of Neanderthaloids who have survived until modern times is not new, nor is the author's "stark realism" treatment of the idea new. As a matter of fact, it is a darn sight less imaginative and interesting than de Camp's "The Gnarly Man".

"Eye of the Beholder", by Burt K. Filer.

This is just about the best story concerning Science Vs. Art that I have ever read. I do not mean to say that it is a great story--it does not reach that level, probably because of the very nature of its subject matter--but nevertheless it is a good story.

The characterization is very good, and I found myself sympathizing with the artist. I wonder now if this is because of the way the story was written, or because of the orientation of my own outlook.

"Moth Race", by Richard Hill.

This is a most peculiar tale that will leave you uncertain in the end. It utilizes the idea of an annual "race" held for the purpose of purging people's emotions. Participants in the "race" face almost certain death, as only one person, the Champion, has ever survived.

As the author says in the Afterword, the reader is left to wonder why the Champion did what he did at the conclusion of the story, and whether his action ". . . liberated or further enslaved the world . . ." This is a difficult piece to judge, but I liked it.

"In Re Glover", by Leonard Tushnet.

In this excellent story, Mr. Tushnet has written the ultimate exploration of the question, "When is a person legally dead?" The question is raised here in connection with cryogenics. What makes the story so good is that the author piles on complication after complication, until the maze of legal ramifications is so intricate that there is no solution. The ending is a cop-out, but does not really weaken the story because, as I have pointed out, there is no solution possible.



"Zero Gee", by Ben Bova.

Sex in space, and not much else, contrary to what Bova would have one believe. Terribly padded out and deadly dull.

"A Mouse in the Walls of the Global Village", by Dean R. Koontz.

A good future setting of the theme of a man who is an outcast from society because he is different or deficient. Koontz handles the tale with an uninhibited outpouring of emotion. This is very good and makes the story work, since it causes the reader to sympathize strongly with the main character.

"Getting Along", by James Blish.

This is a story told in nine letters. In each letter Blish parodies some famous fantasy/SF author. Sometimes the parody is a matter of style and sometimes of content. The parodies are okay, as is the story; but as Blish says, "It's only a game and meant to be enjoyed as one."

"Totenbüch", by A. Parra (y. Figueredo).

I must confess that I don't understand what this is all about. I sense, though, that it is almost purely mainstream stuff (not SF), and very poor even at that.

"Things Lost", by Thomas M. Disch.

Disch examines herein the interrelationships of a number of people on a starship which has a very long journey ahead of it. The whole story hinges on the fact that these people are immortal, and shows the attitudes that have arisen within these people because of their immortality.

Like Bova's tale, this one is padded out in the extreme. Also, no explanation is given for the mask-wearing fad that is present in the story but which serves no useful function.

"With the Bentfin Boomer Boys on Little Old New Alabama", by Richard A. Lupoff.

Harlan predicts great things for this story. No less than seething controversy and a Hugo.

I, for one, am going to disappoint him by being brief. The story alternates between good straight writing and pseudo-artsy idiocy like:

"Nuthermuther dirtydoor loose dingy brass knob stapaglass pane  
in top half frostordirty anyway he couldn't see through (so what  
he knew) old overpainted mailflap slot set in wood a few inches.....  
he tapped it with starsprickled finger didn't linger door opened  
just a wee crack he saw a . . ."

on and on and on--and that's all just one sentence!

The story in itself is rather ordinary and is actually hampered to a great extent by the stylistic nonsense.

"Lamis Mutable", by M. John Harrison.

Incoherence seems to be the keynote as this volume draws to a close. Whereas I could not understand "Totenbuch", I believe there was, nevertheless, something in it to be understood. It simply was not presented clearly. The problem with the piece immediately preceding this one was that portions of it were stylistically unreadable, and this rendered it rather foggy in its execution.

All of which brings me to the story at hand. By contrast to those other two, this one is simply incoherent in content. It does not mean a thing. Just mumblings/ramblings/vague imaginings, which form no unified whole whatsoever.

". . . the ash-flats of Wisdom"; indeed...what garbage!

"Last Train to Kankakee", by Robin Scott.

This tale tells of a thoroughly rotten character, and the unusual end to which he comes. It is not by any means an outstanding effort, but it is at least



readable and mildly interesting, which the last few stories have not been. Besides the fact that the theme is not new, the story's primary weakness is that the reader does not become involved with the main character. For the tale to come off properly, the reader should be made to hate the main character.

"Empire of the Sun", by Andrew Weiner.

The author says his story reads like a parody of SF, and that it was written as a tribute to the comics. In both cases I find the connection to be, at best, tenuous.

Instead, it is a disjointed dream-fantasy comprising many short scenes. It has no unified plot, no underlying theme, and its overall effect is the same as that of a blank piece of paper.

"Ozymandias", by Terry Carr.

In a post-atomic war setting, the remnants of Man, possessed by superstition, rob the cryogenic vaults. That may not sound like much of a plot, but Terry Carr has written here a superlative companion piece to Shelley's famous poem by the same title. That is to say, it is a science-fictionalization of the same theme, which is very well-written, and has a chilling ending which is downbeat in the extreme (if one gives it some thought). Read it.

"The Milk of Paradise", by James Tiptree, Jr.

In connection with this last story I would like to make a few comments as an Afterword, of sorts, to these reviews. I am afraid people will accuse me of rushing through these last few stories because I am tired of writing all these reviews. I assure you this is not the case. The problem is: what can one say about a plotless, almost unreadable, meaningless story? Or they may object that I am repetitious at times in my criticism. Is that my fault? The faults I find recur in story after story, so it is inevitable that my criticism of them will be repetitious.

Harlan touts this last story for a Hugo, but all I have to say is: "And so it goes!" (to quote Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.).

(By way of explanation: I imagine you would be disgusted if I left my review at that, but if Vonnegut can get away with such pretentious garbage, why not I? What can I say about it, though, that I have not said already of other similar stories? Reread my reviews of "Lamia Mutable" and "Totenbuch" if you want to know what I think about it. If it is a plot summary you want, only the author knows.)

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SONNET XXXIV

I hear no catapult, nor whirring stones,  
No clash of arms 'mid standards proudly borne;  
No fear of Death by combat stirs these bones,  
No pallor hath this face in battle worn.  
No hall of justice ever feels my tread,  
No ship hath carried me to shores unknown;  
No plague hath marked me weeping for the dead,  
Or kinfolk by whose writ I am disowned.  
I neither sow, nor reap, nor till the field,  
I scribble verses on no public wall;  
No maiden by my arts is swayed to yield,  
No horse awaits my bridle in his stall.  
I stay among my shelves and sell my scrolls  
To scholars and to those with curious souls.

-- FRED PHILLIPS



FANZINE FRICASSEE: Fanzine Reviews  
by Michael T. Shoemaker

Any praise or condemnation for the manner in which this column is presented should be directed towards Don Miller. The idea of discussing the content of fanzines topically is his. I am particularly interested in the reaction of the readers and will continue presenting the column in this manner only if the response is favorable. (It is a lot more work this way.) Because of a number of circumstances, one of which is the recent infrequency of this publication, many of the fanzines reviewed in this column are out of date. I will try to keep future columns current, however.)

I. The Editorials in Fanzines.

These can be broken down further into a number of categories:

(1) "You wouldn't believe the problems I had with this ish."--This category can also include general information concerning the issue at hand, a statement of policy, short items of interest, etc. It seems that almost every fanzine at one time or another has some editorial material of this type. MOEBIUS TRIP is a fanzine without a regular editorial; instead it only contains items of interest under "Editorial Notes". SPECULATION 29 and GRANFALLOON 14 are also like this. ENERGUMEN 10 & 11 contain some statements of policy and an explanation of how Mike Glicksohn split his material and put out an all-fannish issue and a sercon issue. First issues tend, of course, to fall into this category, and such is the case with STARWORLDS 1, MECHTA 1, and AWRY 1. Fanzines featuring full-fledged griping about reproduction are PREHENSILE 3 & 4, SCOTTISHE, PHANTASMICOM 9, TOMORROW AND... 8 (with Jerry admitting the visual failure of #7), and YANDRO 213 (this is a rare occurrence for this staid fanzine). This griping is usually informative and sometimes amusing.

(2) "Did you hear the story about...."--These are chatty editorials usually relating overpersonalized incidents. They often strain to be funny and are meaningless except to a small group of readers. In SCHAMOOB 11, Frank Johnson rambles on about his entry into college. Frank Lunney succeeds in being entertaining in his highly personalized

BEABOHEMA 19 & 20, as does Dave Locke in AWRY 1. Chris Couch in CIPHER 5 is a little less successful; and Terry Hughes, in MOTA 2, even less yet.

(3) "What must be done to save fandom from the Glups"--These are editorials that actually editorialize on some burning issue of fandom. Whether one agrees with them or not they are sure to be of interest and to spark comment. These are the sort of editorials-disguised-as-articles that Pierce writes in RENAISSANCE. In AWRY 1, Dave Locke has an excellent tirade against obscenity in fanzines, which is blunt and forceful.

(4) The article-editorial--This is where the editor disguises an article as an editorial. Also in this category can be included discussions of Hugo preferences. Hugo preferences can be found in the editorials in YANDRO 212, GRANFALLOON 15, and TOMORROW AND... 8. STARLING 21 has an article on comics disguised as an editorial.

II. The Book Reviews in Fanzines.

Since SFR gave us such a surfeit of book reviews there has recently been a de-emphasis of book reviews in fanzines. In general, there are three types of book reviews:

(1) Short buyer's-guide reviews--These are just a few lines long describing the plot and giving a personal reaction, without any pretension of literary criticism. They can be very valuable in fulfilling their function. The best of these are to be found in every issue of YANDRO. SCOTTISHE also has good short reviews,



but they are not as extensive, regular, or blunt as in YANDRO. Also very good are those by Jerry Lapidus in the review supplement to TOMORROW AND... 8.

(2) Medium-length reviews that try to review and criticize simultaneously with conciseness. (I myself prefer to read and write reviews of this sort.) These are indeed the most common to be found. In the batch of fanzines I have on hand at the moment good reviews abound.

In MOTA 2 Terry Hughes has an angry review of two O'Donnell books. He makes a justified accusation that O'Donnell is exploiting fandom. SCHAMOOB 11 has some competent reviews by Ted Pauls and Joel Zakem. In STARLING 21 Creahte Thorne takes a good retrospective look at Of Worlds Beyond. Wayne Connelly takes a scholarly look at Genesis Two and The Alien by L.P. Davies in RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY V5, N2.

MOEBIUS TRIP consistently has a small number of good reviews, but suffers from the fact that frequently the reviews are of "less-than-major" books. PREHENSILE is similar although the choice of books is a little better. Thus #2 had reviews of All the Myriad Ways, The Traveler in Black, and excellent reviews of Hellstrom Chronicle and A Clockwork Orange; #3 had excellent reviews of Jack of Shadows and Silent Running; and #4 has a fine review of The Dramaturges of Yan.

GRANFALLOON 15 has reviews by Richard Delap (whom I never agree with, it seems), Ted Pauls (whose review contains an excellent capsule discussion of the development of Robert Silverberg as a novelist), and Andy Offutt (who writes convincingly enough to make me want to read Thomas Disch).

The reviews in RENAISSANCE are among the best around. Pierce has prejudices, but at least he makes them known. Pierce writes well and is a perceptive critic well-acquainted with the mainstream. The reviews are mainly of major books (like The

Lathe of Heaven, A Choice of Gods, The Gods Themselves), and are always timely.

Among the best reviews to be found anywhere are those in PHANTASMICOM 8 & 9. Such books as The Devil Is Dead, A Time of Changes, Jack of Shadows, The World Inside, Operation Chaos, Prctostars, etc. by reviewers like Jeff Clark, Jeffrey D. Smith, Don Keller, and Ted Pauls.

(3) Long critical articles on books. The only fanzine featuring these regularly is S F COMMENTARY. These are good because they are logically presented, valid criticism and not overly boring. In TOMORROW AND... 8 Bruce Gillespie takes a typical extended look at And Chaos Died. On the other hand, reviews like Paul Walker's review of Love In the Ruins in MOEBIUS TRIP #13 are not needed. It is pretentiously padded out and deadly dull.

### III. The Fanzine Reviews in Fanzines.

The number of these has dropped off greatly in recent years.

Once again, YANDRO has claim to the best short reviews around, plus Buck Coulson's valuable ranking system. SCHAMOOB 11 is a close rival to YANDRO for short reviews. STARWORLDS 1 also has short reviews but is hindered because the zines covered are mostly obscure. In GEGENSCHWEIN 3, Eric Lindsay introduces his A.R.T. code for fanzine appearance. MOEBIUS TRIP has a good short review column that only tries to keep up with "Recent New Fanzines". Harry Warner writes a complimentary review of T.W.J. in RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY V5, N2 (and so true).

PHANTASMICOM 8 & 9 has very well-done, middle-length reviews by Jeffrey D. Smith. Florence Jenkins' reviews in PREHENSILE 3 & 4 would be vastly better if they were more organized.

Jeff Glencannon writes the long kind of fanzine reviews in GRANFALLOON 14 & 15. My one criticism is that both columns cover mostly the same fanzines. Other fanzines deserve equal time.



Lastly, there is Jerry Lapidus' "I Fell Into an Avalanche" (great title, because that's what it feels like). Jerry definitely writes the best in-depth reviews around. He likes to take one or two fanzines and discuss their development. Besides the fact that these reviews will make great fan-history someday, Jerry also gives one a lot of insight into fanzine publishing in general. For instance, in BEA-BOHEMA 19 Jerry puts forth an excellent theory concerning active vs. passive editors. He then reviews the history of BEA-BOHEMA, tying it in with his theory. He continues this in BAB 20 with detailed looks at ENERGUMEN and GRANFALLOON.

In ENERGUMEN 10 Jerry puts forth his views on reproduction and layout in a more lucid manner than I have seen anywhere else. The discussion continues in #11 with Jerry replying to his critics.

#### IV. The Lettercolumns in Fanzines.

There is little that can be said about lettercolumns in general. The important ingredient of a good LoC is either to be funny in an original manner, or to contribute an original thought when commenting on an article (rather than simply saying one liked or disliked this or that).

The lettercolumn in YANDRO gives me the impression of being sort of a closed group. I usually find the letters dull because they are too personal, diverse, and rambling.

The lettercolumns in SCHAMOEB 11, SCOTTISHE 60, CIPHER 5, MOTA 2 & 3 and GEGENSCHWEIN 3 are all lacking in substantial comment, while BEA-BOHEMA 20 has none at all.

Like the rest of the zine, the lettercolumn in STARLING 21 is too diverse in subject matter to be of much interest.

SF COMMENTARY, RENAISSANCE, and SPECULATION all have lettercolumns

which are hardly more than an extension of the serious discussion that goes on in the zine itself.

PHANTASMICOM 8 & 9, ENERGUMEN 10 & 11, GRANFALLOON 14 & 15, TOMORROW AND... 8, and PREHENSILE 2, 3, & 4 all have a good mix of serious comment and humor in their lettercolumns.

Consistently, my favorite lettercolumn is the one in MOEBIUS TRIP. It too has a good mixture, and something extra that I just can't put my finger on. (Possibly mine is just a wholly personal reaction.)

#### V. The Articles in Fanzines.

These can be divided into the "sercon" and the "fannish". SF COMMENTARY is perhaps the leading serious fanzine. In #25, Hank Davis has a fine article in rebuttle to John Foyster, which contends that SF is not going to "hell in a handbasket". Davis theorizes that anthologists feel they must put together a balanced anthology, spanning the decades, and to reanthologize older, out-of-print, stories. In the same issue Philip José Farmer has a very deprecating rebuttle to Stanislaw Lem; and Richard Delap discusses original anthologies, concluding that they are not usually outstanding.

The highlight of the issue is a discussion of Tau Zero by Sandra Miesel and Bruce Gillespie, each taking opposite viewpoints. Characteristically, Sandra views the book in terms of the theme, symbolism, and scientific conception, concluding that the novel is superb. Bruce, on the other hand, dissects the novel on the basis of its prose style, characterization, and certain practicalities, concluding that the book falls flat. It seems to me that both views are valid and that the true worth of the book is a median.

Larry Niven writes a fascinating article in SPECULATION 29, explaining that he can not continue the "Known Space" series because the stories already have created too many restrictions to continue. Also featured in



this issue are two opposing views of Philip K. Dick.

PHANTASMICOM 8 & 9 contain very extensive and carefully written critiques, by Don Keller, on the Ballantine Adult Fantasy series. . . .

ENERGUMEN 10 has a nice reprint by E. Hoffman Price, which gives a personal look at R.E. Howard. In #11, Angus Taylor writes an article that is somewhat distressing to me, because I had plans for doing something similar... Now I can not, because I have nothing new to add; Angus presents thoughts on Sheckley's themes which are identical to my own, concluding that more critical attention should be paid to Sheckley. Oh well, someday when I finish reading all of Sheckley's works I will write an article discussing them all.

Ray Nelson has an article on the mental outlook of SF readers in CYPHER 5.

PREHENSILE can always be counted on for some good serious discussion. For example, #4 has a round-robin discussion on Roger Zelazny, by Leon Taylor, Cy Chauvin, Darrell Schweitzer, Rick Stoker, and Murray Moore. I will not say anything more about this article, which is "must" reading, except that it was culled from a 78-page manuscript, and represents a truly remarkable editing job on the part of Mike Glycer.

MOEBIUS TRIP 12, 13, & 14 have featured some very insightful interviews (of Richard Matheson, James Blish, and Joanna Russ, resp.) by Paul Walker. #12 also had a very controversial article by Mike Glycer concerning SF predictions, for which Mike was harshly and justifiably criticized. #13 is a better-than-average issue with additional articles by Alex Vitek, on the Sense of Wonder, and Angus Taylor on "Science Fiction: Definitions and Implications".

As many people have noted lately, RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY has become almost

unbearably dull. The only articles of note in V5,N2 are Leland Sapiro's "Clichés in the Old Super Science Story", which is weakened considerably by being split into five parts; and "Moskowitz on Kuttner", in which James Blish refutes Moskowitz in a devastating manner, much to my delight. This is also a "must".

Much of GEGENSGHEIN 4 is devoted to a lengthy argument on Velikovsky which I think Asimov should see (hello Ike? are you out there?). STARWORLDS 1 has a good reprint article by Francis T. Laney, concerning the famous round-robin story, Cosmos. MECHTA 1 has the makings for a good fanzine, but would you believe that out of four articles, three are to be continued? That is very poor editing. In addition, the zine needs more diverse material and a much better layout.

Of all the fanzines I'm reviewing at the moment, the best non-"sercon" article is by long-time fan Walt Liebscher in ENERGUMEN 10. It is a beautiful piece of nostalgia and the last four paragraphs are so touching they actually bring tears to the eyes. I would certainly love to meet this wonderfully warm, long-time fan Walt Liebscher.

"Travelling Blind" by Bob Toomey in ENERGUMEN 11 is a hilarious account of how to make money from a book without it ever being published.

Darrell Schweitzer writes a very funny account, in BEABOHEMA 19, of how he and another fan perpetrated a hoax in an attempt to expose the screwed-up Hugo rules. In the same issue, the nauseating Justin St. John writes about his idea for an SF convention à la Woodstock. #20 has a fannish story by Jeff Schalles that I split my sides laughing over when I first read it.

Arnie Katz has a humorous and pointed article in MOTA 2 that speaks out against the recent commercial exploitation of fandom. The article centers primarily on Al Schuster's ridiculous Star Trek con.



Two articles in MOEBIUS TRIP 14 are worth reading. In one, George Turner is his usual self, downgrading SF and SF fans. The following quote should be a good example of what I mean:

Then ASFR ceased publication and I told myself that at this point I could retire to the tower with Tolstoy, Henry James and such dependable com-

pany and thereafter pay proper attention to the serious business of literature."

Well, Mr. Turner, if you don't like it why don't you just get out?! It would be a lot more pleasant for all of us.

Eric Lindsay writes an interesting travelog of his 4,000-mile motorcycle trip across Australia.

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### The Shoemaker 0-10 Rating System.

My system may seem lenient compared to a certain famous "Brand X" system, but this is only because I regard a "5" as average. I believe most fanzines have something of value in them, and so even if a zine gets a low rating it probably has at least one item of interest. My rating does not take into account the price, therefore on occasion I may add a note such as: "overpriced".

DYNATRON 48 & 49 (25¢ or the usual from Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd., N.W., Albuquerque, NM 87107. No art. 19 & 17 pp., resp.) I have not talked about this zine at all because it defys classification. It is a very personalized and interesting zine. #49 announces an SF artists poll (including fantasy). My picks for the best ten of all time are: Freas, Schoenherr, Emsch, Cartier, Rogers, Finlay, Hunter, Wesso, Dold, and Brown. This is a very good idea for a poll, which I would like to see conducted on a large scale. .... 5

MOEBIUS TRIP 12, 13, 14 (50¢ or 5/\$2 or the usual from Edward C. Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, IL 61604. Good covers and art. 50, 53, 56 pp., resp.) .... 7, 8, 7

PREHENSILE 2, 3, 4 (35¢ or 3/\$2 or the usual from Michael D. Glycer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, CA 91342. Good covers and art. 39, 42, 40 pp., resp.) .... 6, 5, 8

GRANFALLOON 14, 15 (75¢ or 3/\$2 or the usual from Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, PA 19076. Excellent layout and art, but a bit overpriced. 52 & 56 pp., resp.) .... 7, 77

ENERGUMEN 10 & 11 (75¢ or 3/\$2 or LoC's, contribs or arranged trades, from Mike Glicksohn, 32 Maynard Ave. #205, Toronto 156, Ontario, Canada. Best layout and art of any fanzine. 50 & 52 pp., resp.) .... 9, 8

PHANTASMICOM 8 & 9 (75¢ or 3/\$2 or the usual from Donald G. Keller, 1702 Meadow Ct., Baltimore, MD 21207. Good layout, little art. 88 & 88 pp., resp.) .... 7, 7

YANDRO 211, 212, 213 (40¢, 4/\$1.50, 12/\$4 from Robert Coulson, Rt. 3, Hartford City, IN 47348. Fair art. This fanzine is too staid and dull for me. 34, 37, 38 pp., resp.) .... 5, 5, 5

BEABOHEMA 19 & 20 (50¢ or the usual from Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, PA 18951. Poor layout and reproduction, and overpriced. 33 & 20 pp., resp.) .... 5, 4

RENAISSANCE V4, N1 & 2 (25¢ or the usual from John J. Pierce, 275 McMane Ave., Berkeley Heights, NJ 07922. No art. 15 & 19 pp., resp.) .... 6, 6

MOTA 2 & 3 (25¢ or the usual from Terry Hughes, 407 College Ave., Columbia, MO 65201. Poor art. 26, 31 pp., resp.) .... 3, 2



S F COMMENTARY 25 (9/\$3 or the usual from Bruce Gillespie (USAgent: Charlie Brown, 3400 Ulloa St., San Francisco, CA 94116). No art. 50 pp.) ..... 9

SPECULATION 29 (4/\$2 or the usual from Peter Weston, 31 Pinewall Ave., Kings Norton, Birmingham 30, U.K. No art. 52 pp.) ..... 8

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY V5, N2 (60¢ or the usual from Leland Sapiro, Box 40, University Station, Regina, Canada. Poor art. 80 pp.) ..... 6

TOMORROW AND... 8 (50¢ or 5/\$2 or the usual from Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Dr., Pittsford, NY 14534. Good art and layout. 61 pp.) ..... 7

STARWORLDS 1 (30¢ or 4/\$1 or the usual from Verne F. O'Brien, 1320 Arthur Ave., Las Vegas, NV 89101. Poor reproduction. 35 pp.) ..... 3

MECHTA 1 (3/\$1 or contrib or trade from Bob Wilson, 210 Markland Dr., Apt. 1001, Etobicoke, Ontario, Canada. Poor layout, no art. 20 pp.) ..... 3

GEGENSCHHEIN 4 (35¢ or 3/\$1 or the usual from Eric B. Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave., Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, Australia. Little art. 22 pp.) ..... 2

AWRY 1 (2/\$1 or the usual from Dave Locke, 915 Mt. Olive Dr., Duarte, CA 91010. Good art. 25 pp.) ..... 3

OUTWORLDS 3.3 (60¢ or 4/\$2 or arranged trades or printed LoC's, from Bill Bowers, POBox 354, Wadsworth, OH 44281. Excellent art, good layout. 22 pp.) ..... 3

SCHAMOOB 11 (25¢ or the usual from Frank C. Johnson, 3836 Washington, Cincinnati, OH 45229. Poor reproduction. 26 pp.) ..... 2

SCOTTISHE 60 (10/\$3 from Ethel Lindsay (USAgent: Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, NY 11201. 26 pp.) ..... 2

CYPHER 5 (35¢ or 3/\$1 or the usual from Chris Couch, Rt. 2, Box 889, Arnold, MO 63010. 22 pp.) ..... 3

STARLING 21 (50¢ or 3/\$1 or the usual from Hank Luttrell, 525 W. Main #1, Madison, WI 53703. Poor art. 31 pp.) ..... 3

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((Fanzines for review should be sent to one or both of our reviewers: Mike Shoemaker, 2123 N. Early St., Alexandria, VA 22302, and Mike Glycer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, CA 91342. (We have dropped Barry Smotroff from the reviewer list as we have yet to hear from him.)

Traders who want their 'zines reviewed promptly should send review copies to one or both reviewers; trade copies should still go to the ed.

Please let us know what you think of this type of fanzine review as opposed to separate reviews of 'zines. --ed))

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FOR SALE OR TRADE --

- #204. Some magic bubble gum (square bubbles).
- #205. A right-angled, coiled trapegon. --Will trade for left-angled one.
- #206. An unlikely object. Maybe the wick from a Roman Candle?
- #207. Packet of seeds for growing one's own sequoias.
- #208. A rainy summer afternoon, seen through an open casement window.

-- DON JAMES

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