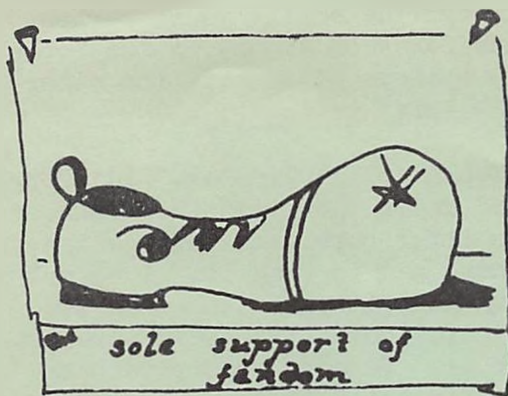


27

((There is a saying, in a group too horrible to mention even here, that goes "if it doesn't grow, pick it up; if it's too big to pick up, paint it." Well, the case here is:))



I F I T D O E S N * T E S C A P E ,
R E V I E W I T . . .

I F I T C A N W A L K A W A Y ,
D I S C U S S I T . . . -- Michael T. Shoemaker--
(among others))

A TRACE OF DREAMS, Gordon Eklund, Ace82070; 1972; 256pp; 95¢.

Gordon Eklund can no longer really be considered a new writer. He is in high

gear production now and has turned out a number of very good stories since he began in 1970. As a novelist, though, he has not done too well so far. His first novel, THE ECLIPSE OF DAWN, was nothing more than a promising failure. This latest novel of his is also a failure, and much a less promising one.

For some obscure reason, Eklund frames the story as being told by the hero, in his old age, to his grandchildren. The story itself is nothing new, and Eklund adds no new wrinkles to it. It tells of the ultimate hopelessness of violent revolution against an unshakable status quo civilization. At some point, when the revolutionaries do achieve some degree of success, they then settle into the establishment themselves.

The story has a terribly artificial feel to it. The author never achieves an air of reality in the story, and so, the reader does not ever become deeply involved. Part of the cause for this may be the aforementioned framing technique. The rest of the reason is the way the story is written. It is mechanical rather than smooth.

The biggest fault with the novel is that it has a Big Message which is extremely heavyhanded. Aside from this it has little else which is of substance. This is not a very entertaining book and I found it pretty much a drag to read, which is a shame since one expects so much more from Gordon Eklund.

SLEEPWALKERS WORLD, Gordon R. Dickson, DAW Books #28; 1972(orig. 1971); 158pp,95¢.

In this non-Dorsai(*) novel, Gordon Dickson exhibits almost the entire spectrum of his strengths and weaknesses as an SF writer. He embodies that rare union of the craftsman and the artisan. The novel is smoothly written in an unhampered style that allows for effortless reading. At the same time, the artist in him unleashes an almost poetic handling of Man's humanity.

On the other hand, the plot hinges a little too much on gimmicks. Broadcast power is being used on an overcrowded Earth to virtually sustain life by keeping the food factories in production. The drawback, however, is that almost all of the Earth's people go into a coma whenever the power is being broadcast. As presented in this book, this is just a poor gimmick that borders on sheer fantasy. It is a shame that the entire story is linked to this ridiculous premise.

It becomes apparent that someone is taking advantage of this fact for his own benefit. At this point another of Dickson's characteristics surfaces, and that is his ability to write absorbing action with lots of intrigue. Rafe Harald and Lucas, an intelligent, talking work, set out to search for that mysterious "someone." Their search leads them to all corners of the world and a wide variety of puzzling and interesting situations.

This jumping around of the plot between locales is not used very well. It tends to disorient the reader somewhat and makes the over-all conception of the book seem like patchwork rather than a unified whole. In the long run, though, the novel's prime weakness is that it is not of serious import. It is a book that is moderately entertaining, but not very memorable.

((*Next time I catch Gordy telling about the CHILDE series, if even he hasn't

given up what I believe he said the name of the series was, I hope someone has a tape recorder. The entire multi-series is fascinating and also his plans for such "money in the pocket" books as SLEEPWALKERS WORLD and, believe it or not, the other two parts of the HOKA(EARTHMANS BURDEN) trilogy(!.)

BLUE FACE, G.C.Edmondson, DAW Books #17; 1972(orig.'71);128pp,95¢.

This novel originally appeared under the title CHAPAYECA. Its first appearance here is its first paperback publication and is the first opportunity I have had to read it. I do not recall any discussion of the book when it first appeared two years ago. That it aroused so little comment then is strange, since it is really a very fine book. Perhaps this paperback publication will bring to it the attention it deserves.

There has not been much SF dealing with anthropology or anthropologists, but from as singular a source as Van Daniken's theories a wealth of material can be drawn. Admittedly, Weinbaum first touched upon such ideas in 1934, but they have never been adequately treated. G.C.Edmondson has used some of these ideas here: an alien who has crashed among the primitive Yaqui indians of Mexico and whose people have served as the inspiration for the indian's demon masks.

The background seems well worked out and is very convincing. One would guess that the author has either done a lot of research or is personally well-acquainted with the colorful locale of his story.

Characterization in this novel is very fine and goes as far as being essential to the very fabric of the story itself. In particular, the alien is portrayed as a pitiful character; alienated from, and rather ignorant of his own culture and personal past.

All these elements are built into an imposing web of puzzling mysteries. This web is unraveled by a surprise ending that can be seen, in retrospect, to be a well constructed, wholly logical conclusion.

To sum up: Good solid fiction. Fast-moving and able to sustain reader interest.

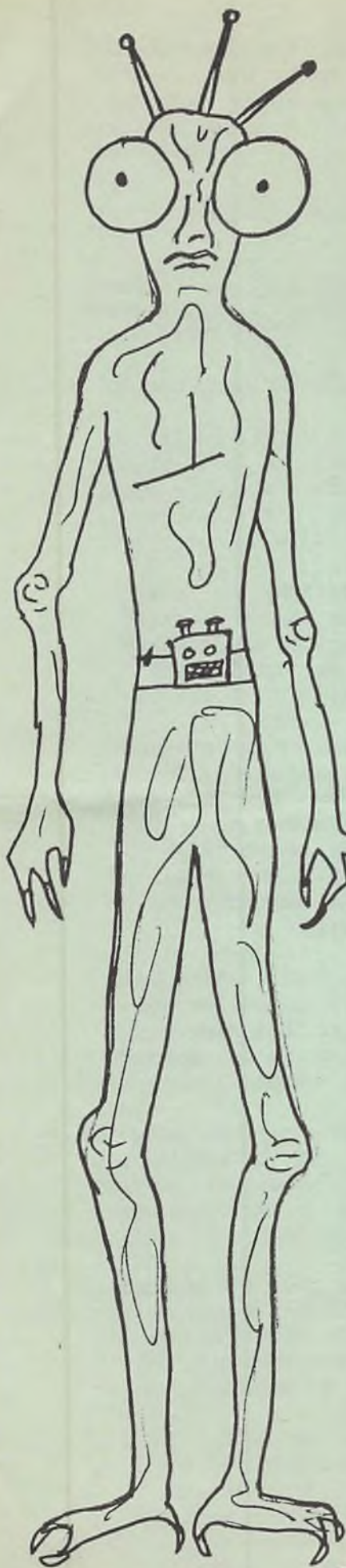
I found Kenneth Faig's piece rather interesting. It gave me quite a jolt to reach the bottom of page 7, "Fortunately, todays...", turn the page, and be faced with a blank page which even now mocks my curiosity.((It was replaced--blank pages, for all the other faults this zine is accused of, are kept to nearly non-existent.))

Kenneth Faig raises an interesting question: why do people collect SF? Of course in the case of people like Ackerman there is the very practical reason of providing a comprehensive library for future generations. But what about smaller collectors such as myself? My own reason(besides the fact that many fine stories are never anthologized)is primarily the "feeling" for the times that one gets from the old zines. As for saving books after reading them, the reason is that I intend to reread them after I've finished reading all the SF ever published.

Seriously though, having the books as reference is very valuable. They can serve to jog one's memory when discussing SF.

As for his friend being not interested in fandom, I can understand this on many levels, but I do find it incredible that anyone with a real love for the

Barnwell
((From N3F
MSS
BU))





genre is not interested in the sercon side of fandom. To me, finding out what other fans think about different stories is as interesting and important as reading the stories themselves.

Frank Love's piece raises some points also;

(1) A movie which "depends on flashy gadgets and/or monstrous aliens for its entertainment is not the same as a movie which just happens to incorporate these things. There have been a number of previous SF movies that did not "depend on..." etc, and which did rely on plot and character rather than background (see my letter in #23).((By the way,if any back issues are available,

#25 is the only one besides this issue.))

(2)Space battles, rocket ships, and aliens are the "farout" aspect of SF? Not to any regular reader of SF, I don't think. These things are standard fare in most SF, and is only startling to the mundane. In fact there is precious little written SF similar to THE PEOPLE in that it doesn't have these elements.

(3)"Unless you can remove the SF trappings and continue to have a story, an SF movie will not be worth anything." This is completely wrong! To be able to remove the SF trappings and still have a story is the worst kind of SF. It is the old western set on Mars bit. The best SF is that in which the story arises out of the SF elements and is inexorably fused to those SF elements.

My Hugo pick for Dramatic Presentation this year is No Award.

I enjoyed Bruce D. Arthur's article, but you really should let Mike Glickson see it, it's sure to get you at least a loc.((He got one, and there was a loc. But it was sent to INWORLDS, not me. Very nice, but funny.)

-oOo-

Lord Jim Kennedy
Master of Tyme, Space, and . . .
Other Eldritch Terrors

I enjoyed THE PEOPLE, but, like Frank Love, didn't find it "great." It's obvious that Love hasn't seen many SFilms, though...some of the very best have been without "gadgets and/or monstrous aliens." What of Byron Haskin's THE POWER, or Milland's PANIC IN THE YEAR ZERO((??))? There are several fine post WWII SF flix without "gadgets" or "monsters." Witness, FIVE, MicBride's GLEN & RANDA or, not quite "post" WWII, Kubrick's DR STRANGELOVE. WILD IN THE STREETS and Godard's ALPHAVILLE, both SF of the highest calibre, neither with gadgets or monsters.

The gadgetry to be found in the SF of recent years is also to be found in the literature it comes from; the kraken & sub were in Verne's 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA before it was a movie, just as the futuristic locale was in A CLOCKWORK ORANGE and the underground Wildfire lab in ANDROMEDA STRAIN.



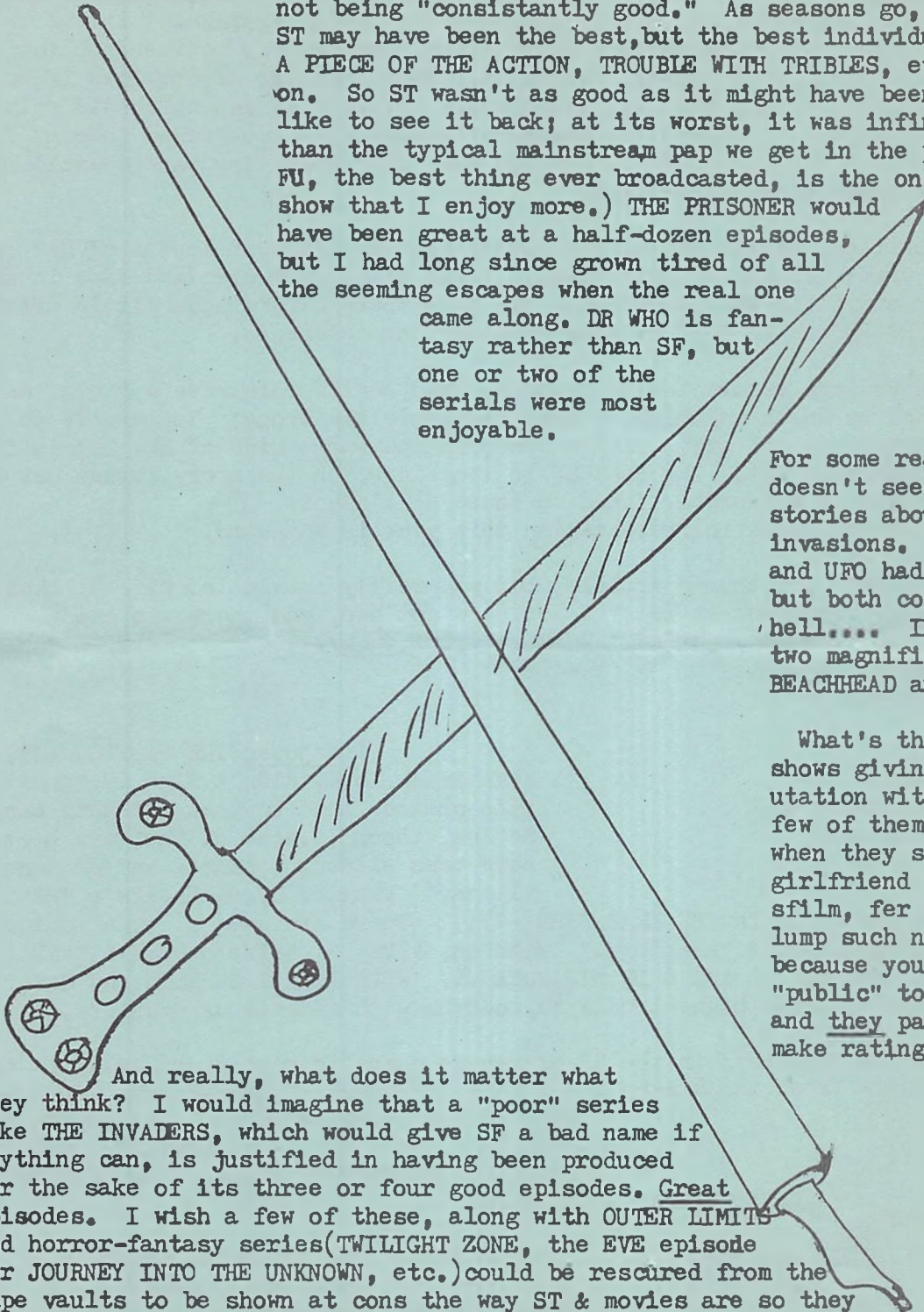
GODZILLA movies are built around giant monsters, but these are fantasies, not SF. There are few enough SF movies being made, and what few there are use what "gadgetry" they may because it's essential to the plot, not for its own sake. Would there be a THX-1138 without the inhuman robot cops & long-distance pain projectors? Can you make

any SF film, set in the future, without futuristic sets & gadgets? What sort of PLANET OF THE APES would there have been without apes, or what would 2001 and SILENT RUNNING have been without spaceships? Frank must've had 007 and Harryhausen on his mind.

As for SF on TV, I think that, of what's been seen in America anyway, and shown to me, OUTER LIMITS was by far the best, although Mike Shoemaker's right about it not being "consistently good." As seasons go, the first of ST may have been the best, but the best individual episodes, A PIECE OF THE ACTION, TROUBLE WITH TRIBLES, etc. occurred later on. So ST wasn't as good as it might have been--I'd still like to see it back; at its worst, it was infinitely better than the typical mainstream pap we get in the prime-time. (KUNG-FU, the best thing ever broadcasted, is the only mainstream show that I enjoy more.) THE PRISONER would have been great at a half-dozen episodes, but I had long since grown tired of all the seeming escapes when the real one came along. DR WHO is fantasy rather than SF, but one or two of the serials were most enjoyable.

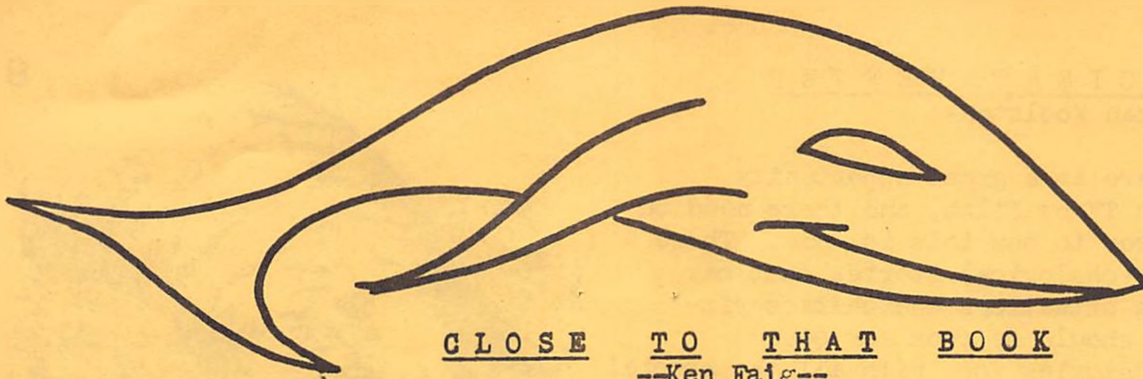
For some reason, TV just doesn't seem the place for stories about secret alien invasions. Both THE INVADERS and UFO had vast potential, but both come out boring as hell.... INVADERS did have two magnificent episodes, BEACHHEAD and SPORE.

What's this about poor SF shows giving SF a bad reputation with the non-fen? few of them probably know SF when they see it anyway. My girlfriend calls DRACULA an sfilm, fer chrissakes! ((I lump such non-sf with sf too-- because you can't get the "public" to tell the difference and they pay for movies and make ratings for TV.))



And really, what does it matter what they think? I would imagine that a "poor" series like THE INVADERS, which would give SF a bad name if anything can, is justified in having been produced for the sake of its three or four good episodes. Great episodes. I wish a few of these, along with OUTER LIMITS and horror-fantasy series (TWILIGHT ZONE, the EVE episode for JOURNEY INTO THE UNKNOWN, etc.) could be rescued from the tape vaults to be shown at cons the way ST & movies are so they wouldn't have to "die" as they are syndicated less & less. Even the first three LOST IN SPACE episodes are worthy of being circulated this way. Having been a legitimate serial at the beginning, these could be spliced together as a sort of feature length show. ((You may have something there--and there are other series with a few good shows or enough to make a feature or two out of--if only I had the money and time....))

J. Annwell



CLOSE TO THAT BOOK
--Ken Faig--

It doesn't look like the energies of the bibliographers themselves are declining. Dennis Lien had a fine index of STRANGE TALES in the WSFA JOURNAL 81. This was especially interesting for its listing of the reprintings as well as the original appearances of the stories concerned. (Doc Lowndes reprinted many of the stories which originally appeared in STRANGE TALES in his magazines.) In addition, Caz has announced a \$2 chapbook on GHOST STORIES, which will apparently be similar to the one he published on THE WEIRD MENACE (pulp). This one will have a complete index, a Moskowitz essay, and a Howard reprint from GHOST STORIES. Sounds like a nice reference work on a rather obscure contemporary of WEIRD TALES, STRANGE TALES, and the other greats.

Time to give up nostalgia for the past, though! WEIRD TALES is back--in the traditional pulp format (I think the paper used is hardly better than newsprint--if it is better!). (And the purple cover was an improvement over the umpteen red and a couple green covers of old WT.) Moskowitz really did a fine job with this first issue of the new series, gathering together a fine selection of reprints which are almost all still eminently readable. And apparently there is even a chance WT will ultimately go monthly again and feature a majority of fresh stories. I hope poor distribution doesn't rule this out--I have yet to see WT in the biggest magazine store in Chicago. The publication address is Renown Publications, Inc., 8230 Beverly Blvd., LA, CA 90048, and single copies are 75¢. This one deserves a lot of support.

Maybe it's heresy, but I think the physical appearance of MAYBE is improving. on p25((#26issue))you have quite a nice drawing. Of course that Victorian lady in the boat is dipping into Mrs. Oliphant or one of the other Victorian "gentlewomen of evil." That's a far-fetched interpretation, but it appeals to me since I've lately been reading Mrs. Radcliffe, one of the precursors of that movement, and D.R.'s drawing seems eminently appropriate to her mood.

I read Mary Shelley's FRANKENSTEIN lately, and I guess my suggestion a few issues back that the Frankensteins of ((Rick Cross's column)) might be connected with Mary Shelley's Frankensteins has to be seen as a little far-fetched in view of her setting of the familial seat in Switzerland. Reading Mary Shelley's preface, though, made me wonder precisely which book of German ghost stories she and her husband and Byron got ahold of in their travels in Italy. It would surely be an interesting book to have a look at, if anyone has succeeded in identifying it.

The FRANKENSTIEN HORROR SERIES seems to be going from bad to worse--Otto Binder's THE HOSPITAL HORROR, Sidney Stuart's THE BEAST WITH THE RED HANDS, and who knows what's next!

I found a job (finally) recently and haven't had the time to read much, let alone write about it. 'Bout the only thing I feel like writing about now is an article on men of great girth, but unfortunately beyond what's available in THE GUINNESS BOOK OR WORLD RECORDS (a really fine book to page through when you're too tired to concentrate on anything else) and a few scattered books on giants, dwarfs, and prodigies, I haven't found enough to do an interesting job. The tall men and the small men have always gotten copious attention--but never the fat men!

To me there is a great opportunity for good SF on TV or films, and there need be no single answer to how this is done. There is room for psychological stories that may involve strong situations and characterization. There should be room for sound science based stories too, with all the special effects and microsets. Perhaps a breakthrough in preparing believable but simple sets for different worlds, different space craft and so on, could be worked out as hobby activities of interested fan (well, there are such things as community theater so why not have an armaments or hardware contest or competition with no set prize, just the chance to have the item used in some SF series? Dimensional gates, futuristic scanning devices, weapons, shields, robots, android and other-world creature-masks or animation methods for getting "alien life" before the audience). Then these could be sent to a special SF wardrobe center, to be photographed and have copies before all studios to draw on perhaps on some priority basis.



(Maybe some might be reserved for certain series with others in reserve.) Much can be done with miniaturized sets--rubber masks from individually made clay, paper maché, or other material. Preparing walls that could be put up on need, or with parts made to snap off so they could be recombined in different ways...a sort of construction-belt set-up...vats, glass tubes, electronic gadgetry that could be used in the story sequence with little special change.

When Hollywood did so many movies, many studios were centered in the Southern California section of the country. Now there is TV here, so probably we could try to see if SF might become the new activity for storytelling in the entertainment field. If it were, maybe there could be a concentrated effort to prepare a center for gadgetry, sets and so on to be rented to suitable shows.

Enough authors live out here to write the scripts too. Probably Harlan could do several himself. Bloch could block out a series with one (make that two) hands behind him--by dictating. Others might do the same. Once a publisher or so--or an editor or so--had artwork done in advance, showed the authors the illo and had them write something around it. Maybe having gimmickry might help stimulate the authors --or a set area might be suggested to fan who like to work with plastic and other 3 dimensional stuff to get a backlog of things organized. And this could easily include wardrobes that might be used as designed (copying some, maybe, if only one or two were prepared in advance.)

A serious series that uses human nature and otherworldly background needn't be childish--or a humorous situation in the SF field. How about a series where some people frozen with the intent of being thawed out centuries hence are packed away somewhere by unscrupulous exploiters out after wealth, and they are found and actually thawed out--and so able to form a sort of colony of 20th century men in the 27th century? Perhaps there could be situations where these primitives might be able to solve problems on Earth or other worlds more than the people who take the wonders of their century for granted. A genius or so among the 20th century people.... Some might want to get immersed in the new century, some might be fascinated by some things but want to stay with their own group for the sake of familiarity of language and so on....

And a humorous series could be spelled out too, with it not being slapstick or childish humor--only humor that does not assume everyone need be idiots, or have the same situation played over time and again.

I'm one who has enjoyed Star Trek, and still saw flaws in it from the first year on. So a little preperation that might remove some of the obvious flaws of whatever situation occurred would be wise for any SF series. Having the series limited to a number of programs--even if after a dozen there might be an added number of specials--would perhaps lead to difficulty if the idea of having so many weeks of them(for a whole season)was insisted on by advertisers. If so, finding an advertiser who would agree on interlinked programs programs(same situation or background, different aspects and actors with the same set, different people on other starships, character moved from one job to another for an erergency situation such as from space to time travel)would do the job.

There could even be a science related 1/2hr series and an hour fiction program to make a sort of magazine of the air presentation. Or how about editorial, feature story, a short or two, review columns, interviews, all in one Friday night.

Title of this TV MAG would be, ((pick your favorite fanzine title)). We could have interviews of con committeemen sometime, some pros, old fans, or maybe fanzine review sometime. But as pictorial events are good on TV, a tourney of the Creative Anachronists(like one I saw here in Garden Grove today at a medieval affair at Guild Hall...I left about 5 when I saw a few seconds of a girl named Wanda Sundburg, I guess, starting her version of a Belly Dance. If it had been Luise--an artist with paints as well as now being in one of the SCA groups of the coast--if it had been her, I'd have probably said hello at least. Instead I wandered off to buy a few books at the Goodwill store up the street(and a pair of pants)).

A week ago I considered starting a Bad Image Service. It would be something like the legendary Proxyboo, except our service would be to build down newcomers wanting eog. After all it is easier to get people to think bad of your--and the results would be you'd be remembered. I'm not asking you to be one of the clients of BIS, but there seems a need for such a group. Some people want to be remembered regardless of feeling inadequate or unable to function in the fannish mode easily. To see if this will work, I plan to try it out--in the past.

I've put together a timemachine from old baling wire, a few secret ingredients, and powered by a peice of meteor I found one night at midnight in a cemetary. (It fell at my feet, and gloowed strangely.) I plan to llk up an ancient neofan named ---let me see--he never did much but his name was Degler. Not many people knew him. If I succeed in making him known by the time I get back to Now, I'll consider opening the Bad Image Service.

I bought the first VERTEX. What seemed most odd about it was that the zine was conceived with just 33 days to get the first issue out.((And a fantastic one it was. Just what I'd always dreamed of. The fact that it was virtually all reprint with no credit given didn't bother me a bit. But as the months have passed, I've discovered I didn't have to buy that issue--I've gotten most of the fanzines the material was reprinted from like SFC(A) and VECTOR in trade.))The names of authors may attract readers, but as I've not read the issue I'm not going to do a review. If Don Pfeil kidded about doing a SF zine at LACon and got his deadline for 33 days after he talked to this publisher, though, that makes SF pro history. And \$1.50 an issue should make the zine stand out in pro history, too. Ellison, Greg Benford, Rotsler, and I think Silverberg live in California among the authors--and I think Charles Neutzel and Norman Spinrad hail from here too. Besides writing the noveletter Rotsler is credited of being the unpaid art



coordinator, and another fan from hereabouts(Paul Turner)got out of bed with 106 degree temperature to make a copy of an interview with Bradbury, another California pro you may have heard about. Alicia Austin, one of the authors, lives in LA the last I heard, and so does Forry Ackerman, who found material for the editor. Charles and Dena Brown moved to California not long ago and also are credited with help. Larry Niven lives in LA, as do most of the people I believe(without counting)or very close nearby--in what is called the Greater LA area. Terry Carr is Californian now.

The last I heard Ed Bryant was living in Denver, CO--not his usual stomping ground, but he was doing a project there, I think. I'm not sure if Harry Harrison lives near here or not.((Imperial Beach, CA.))But anyway, as I said before, CA could author pro activities such as a TV program--or a prozine, too,without much effort and VERTEX is a good example of this.

And, the definition section((#23--most popular thing I ever did by far))even if I'd have worded one or two differently. ONE SHOT is often a party ploy, a fanzine put out to entertain those at a party, and later sent to a list to get comments. A prozine is not using all its values when distribution is bad, but does that mean it isn't a prozine when distribution goes bad?((Correct; example--WITCHCRAFT AND SORCERY))What it may show is that there is a need for a national or statewide distributor set-up to be built up for the sake of the publishers in at least two or three big areas, NY and CA being two... and possibly with 2 or 3 such we could have an increase in circulation even with poor distribution elsewhere. ((If someone would set me up with \$50,000, I'd quit my job and set such an operation up in the south, that would sell more in a 10 state area of, say AMAZING, than ANALOG sells nationally.))



-oOo-

AND A NOT SO ANCIENT NEFFER

Jackie Franke
Box 51A RR2
Beecher, IL 60401

...I chuckled at Bjo's remarks about Jacqueline's(I've heard she doesn't like to be called Jackie-- which surprises me--I don't care for my full name!) rather naive notion that cons all must have several thousand attendees as she speaks of successful cons with "less than a few hundred"--"even" being construed or implied--California((and NY))fen are being spoiled rotten! Out here in the Great Heartland(or Hickville USA if you're of that opinion)a con of 75-125 is considered "average"--Midwestcons 200((450))or so being a "Large" con.((Giant.)) It is agreed, however, that diverse interests are represented and mix quite well, thankx to the ghods, otherwise would fandom be a quarter as much fun as it is? Perish the thought of narrow-minded fen!! It's almost a contradiction in terms. 300 is a "little" con? Excuse me, Bjo, while I choke. No wonder fen are trekking to LA...((except a few gointo Louisiana from LA)).

-oOo-

((and an odd note, left out from elsewhere, while I have the space; DEAF EYES, by Andrew Darlington, is a free poetry collection (send S.A.E. only) from: FIASCO PUBLICATIONS, 31 Belle Vue Street, Filey, East Yorkshire, UK.))

End of Odd Note

-oOo-

MAGIC- THE ONCE AND FUTURE SCIENCE

--Andrew Darlington--

The first thing to realise about the writing of Colin Wilson is that there 'is more to this than meets the eye.' In the early '50's, following great success with his first book THE OUTSIDER, it was fashionable to write him off as a young man who, according to John Braine, has 'a gift for quotation.' True and untrue. The quotations used in his work are so selected and ordered that they project ideas that Wilson determines and controls. Like George Bernard Shaw who influenced his thinking, Wilson uses his writing to project his ideas.



Similarly it would be easy to dismiss THE OCCULT, his most ambitious book yet, as a harmless aberration. It has been obvious throughout the evolution of his books, that Wilson has a fondness for the 'cranky'. His flirtation with H.P.Lovecraft that began in his THE STRENGTH TO DREAM book of literary criticism, produced two sf novels written within the fantasy framework of the Rhode Island recluse. Yet Lovecraft's artificial mythological vista of lost continents and such is used as a scaffolding upon which is built the philosophy. Like concealing the child's pill in a spoon-full of jam - the strange appeal of the 'cranky' makes the serious idea easier to accept.

In the same way the ideas that led to the creation of the 579 pages of THE OCCULT lie within all of his earlier books. His RASPUTIN AND THE FALL OF THE ROMANOVs spearheads his interest in occult phenomena. Of his earlier books THE GLASS CAGE has an old mystic correctly 'divining' from a pile of letters that the writer of one of them was a murderer. THE PHILOSOPHERS STONE features a passage about the exorcism of a poltergeist. The phenomena is explained as resulting from the frustrated dormant mental powers of the adolescent children within the house. There are other examples. Perhaps THE OCCULT can be seen as a kind of catharsis? A process of getting this affection for the 'cranky' out of his system. Yet he describes the book as 'his most important work to date.'

He wrote 'I have always been of the opinion that this world is at bottom magical and that if we are not magicians, the fault lies in ourselves'. A line from his THE GOD OF THE LABYRINTH, which, in a way, illustrates the whole philosophy of his occult ideology. This book incidently, was published immediately before THE OCCULT and contains an interesting parallel. The masochistic tendencies aquired by one of the book's characters during his boyhood relationships with an Irish nurse, fiction, is very closely paralleled by the story of Gerald Gardner, the author of WITCHCRAFT TODAY, which is quoted at length in the later book.

'I sympathise with the philosophers and scientists who regard it (the occult) as emotional nonsense, because I am temperamentally on their side, but I think they are closing their eyes to evidence that would convince them if it concerned the mating habits of albino rats or the behavior of alpha particles' he writes. The stance he takes in the book is as objective as this passage suggests. He attempts to see the evidence from the point of view of both the devotee, and the cynic. He discounts much as trickery and self-delusion, yet is forced to the conclusion that there remains a significant percentage of occult phenomena for which there is no rational explanation. And he develops his argument accordingly. A logical, empirical, deliberately unsensational approach to the argument, which gives the book a rare, incisive value on a subject blurred by the illogical and the emotional.

Wilson attempts to unify what are termed occult phenomena into a more accurately definable area. The book traces the history, the arguments, the theories put forward to support or undermine such phenomena. It does so both subjectively and objectively in the first section. Quoting conversations and experiences that occurred to both the writer, and to the poet Robert Graves, to whom the book is dedicated. Perhaps, in themselves these experiences are impressive - but inconclusive. In the next few chapters it goes on to explore every aspect of occult phenomena from Madame Blavatsky's strange ideas about Atlantis, through 'creation myths' of world legend, through the I CHING and the QABALAH, to trace the lives of individual 'adepts and imposters' such as Crowley, Swedenburg, Gurdjieff, Nostradamus, Cellini, Mesmer, and even Casanova. It is perhaps the fullest, most all-embracing account of the subject yet commercially available. Yet at no time does it lose sight of its initial objectives, or methods of approach.



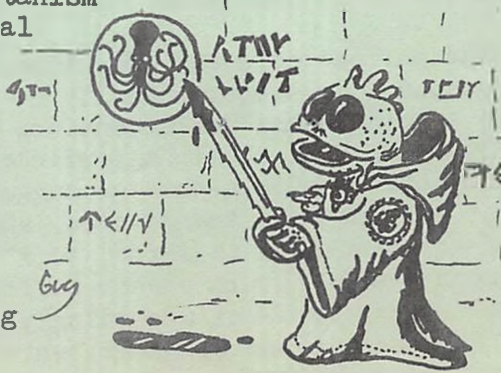
The first stage in any intentionally objective discussion must be to determine some form of real definition. To eradicate the irrelevant side issues, to reach a meaningful understanding of the terms under discussion.

What, then, do occultists teach? What central ideology, if any, do they support to justify their common heading?

Opinions wildly misquoting Rousseau are not uncommon, to the effect that civilised man has lost some great wisdom known to his more primitive predecessors. It is a romantically appealing idea. One perhaps supported by the network of pre-Christian monoliths of the Stonehenge type, that recent research has indicated, may have been constructed by a common culture with an advanced knowledge of astronomy and geometry.

But what was the nature of this 'lost' wisdom (incorporated into the Christian mythology, some say, as 'The Fall')? How did man lose it? How is this lost wisdom reconciled with the fraudulence of twentieth century spiritualism, magazine horoscopes, and Sunday newspaper exposes of Sabbatical sex orgies?

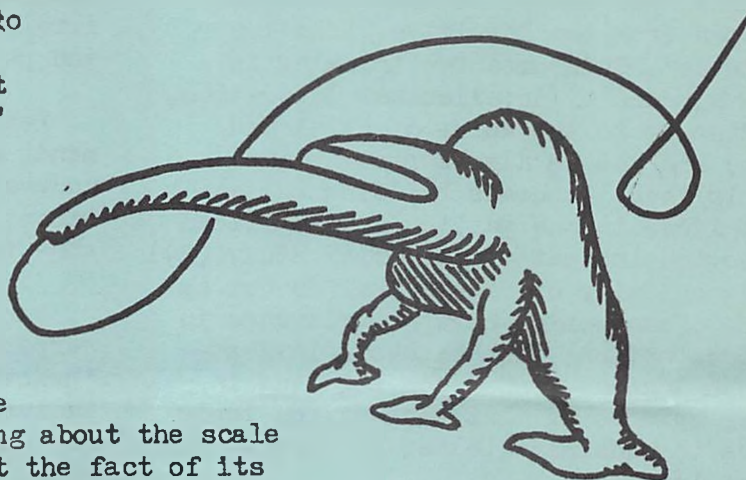
In one of his famous detective stories Conan Doyle makes Sherlock Holmes say "We have been compelled to reason backwards from effects to causes." Which is much the predicament that faces modern students of occult lore. They must examine diverse effects, must discount charlatanism as much as possible, commercial exaggeration, as well as the effects of centuries of religious suppression, combined with the fact that many alleged practitioners of the occult know little, or understand nothing of the nature of the powers they are attempting to control.



So we have to blow the cobwebs off the bottle to read the label.

((**))

It is common to speak of the 'Old Religion' in terms of certain aspects of the 'lost wisdom.' Referring to, perhaps, pre-Christian Druidism, or a similar pagan cult. Obviously the 'new' religion, Christianity, has had a great effect on the unity of this displaced cult, both directly and indirectly. The indirect influence can be hinted at by the occult 'absorbition' of certain principles. Christianity teaches of abstract forces of Good and Evil, personified by God and the Devil. It is therefore not impossible that the concept of 'black' and 'white' magic is a distinction brought into being by Christian-thinking. A 'Christianisation' of a force that is basically 'beyond Good and Evil,' to quote Nietzsche. Even if this contention is not fully endorsed it is undeniable that Pauline Christianity has been the great 'meddler' in the doctrinal purity of the occult theology. (I am assuming that it is generally accepted that some form of cult existed to be meddled with, before Christianity. Sceptics disagreeing about the scale and intensity of such a cult - not the fact of its actual existence.) Christianity, particularly in the form practised during Medieval times, was a repressive religion. Throughout its history it has annexed whatever knowledge could be interpreted into its own terms, for its own benefit, and ignored or destroyed all else. Colin Wilson describes such Christian meddling as a disaster, quoting the example of the destruction of the wealth of knowledge in the library of Alexandria, burnt down for doctrinal reasons, as a powerful argument.



Yet, paradoxically, early Christianity's love of miracles probably harboured many magicians who would otherwise, if they were not wise enough to pay their dues in the right direction, have been burnt as heretics. However the attribution of occult powers to the forces of God did not always provide immunity. Although the voices heard by Joan D'Arc were those of the saints, she did not escape execution as a witch.

But the argument of THE OCCULT is that such distinctions are red herrings of Christian thinking which should be discounted if a fully objective view of the occult is to be gained.

At its most basic, a definition can be advanced along the following lines. Occultism accepts that a force exists within man, or of which man is the interpreter, for which no rational explanation can be found within the present boundaries of science. A force that primitive societies, with their lesser degrees of 'sophistication' are more closely in contact with than urban man. Under certain circumstances this force can be tapped. The magician Aleister Crowley experimented with drugs

and sexual intensity to heighten his powers; which perhaps suggests similar claims made about the modern use of psychedelic drugs by Aldous Huxley or Timothy Leary, and the Indian 'sexual mystic' cults which use the orgasm as a means of transcendence or spiritual release.

A black jazz musician described his white fans as 'white men getting back into their skins'. Which is a description that can be used in this context.

The development of the Western intellectual tradition, from Descartes onwards, has served to insulate Western man from the intuitive, from the 'natural'. Such creative thinking is both a means of intellectual liberation, leading up to the works of Hegel and Kant, and yet is also a restrictive discipline. It means building subsequent ideas in one particular, empirical direction indicated by initial study(?) while shutting off ideas that do not appear to conform or have no relevance in that direction. The emphasis in Western philosophy, and hence thinking in wider spheres of that society, on logic tends to undermine belief in 'irrational' mysticism.

It could be that for Western society to reach its present stage, in which it casts its influence upon world thought ((?)) man has had to develop certain areas of his mind while ignoring other. It could be that he has focused the immense, diverse power of his mind in one specific direction. Thereby closing off certain areas of his inherited powers that were not strictly relevant to the immediate objective. Hence racial thought has become limited, is disciplined to accept one habit-pattern acquired over centuries.

The contention that human beings have this power of 'selective development' can be illustrated by the example of the circus acrobat, the trapeze artist who balances, summersaults on the high-wire. Wilson uses this example, perhaps mindful that earlier Shaw had written '... acrobats are not exceptional men any more than soldiers and sailors are exceptional men. Any boy of proper age, and free from deformity or marked physical disability, will do as well as

another for the purposes of the acrobat trainer in want of an apprentice'. The acrobat concentrates his will over a period of many years to develop a particular skill.

Thinking is also a skill, a discipline. Marshal McLuhan suggests, for example, that the whole pattern of Western thought has evolved through the medium of print. That since ideas were expressed in written, or printed form, that is, developing a theme stage by stage, word by word, into phrases, sentences, paragraphs, to a logical conclusion - that men grew to think, to reason in this way. Other ways of thinking, other patterns of thought became irrelevant to the mainstream of culture and philosophy.((***)

Yet, because of the immediate demands of our culture such skills remain undeveloped. Or when they do occur accidentally, societies only use them as side show freaks.

Our cultures first priority is self-perpetuation. To do this it produces 'practical' units of work as distinct from individuals with individual talents. Any aberration from the norm is discouraged((?)) as being non-productive, regardless of any aesthetic value that the 'aberration' may promise. Although this puritanism retains the status quo, and advances society in one specific direction, it discourages potentially beneficial change along with the harmful. Can it be that the future will be detrimentally influenced by this eradication?

Yet all the evidence of the past indicates that the most exciting and spectacular changes in the future will be in the way that the human race thinks. The evidence of the change over the last century is almost conclusive affirmation of this contention. The masses of humanity previously oppressed by ignorance and superstition, tied to the life and death struggle for existence, are finding a degree of potential intellectual liberation that will grow providing that technology, the provider of the means of such value-judgement, does not destroy the race first.

It can also be argued that the whole cycle of civilised history is transitory. That urbanisation and technology are merely tools to be used for the greater purpose.

1.

SEE THIS BADGE? That once human beings have attained the goal of intellectual liberation they can reclaim the true heritage of their latent powers. Those powers now considered to lie within the spectrum of the occult, or the unknown. That the reclaiming of these powers could lead human beings to the next stage in their evolution.



"Man must develop 'positive consciousness'" writes Colin Wilson. "He has reached his present position on the evolutionary scale through his power to turn his mind into a microscope and concentrate on small things. But this has made him a victim of the small and the negative." Hence man is living below his full potential.

2.

I'm A COP!



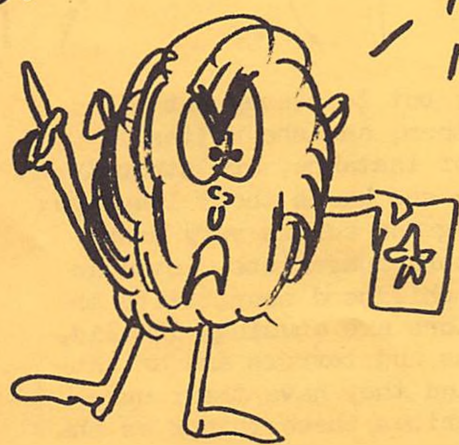
Nietzsche's Ubermensch and Bergson's 'Elan Vitale' set the scene for Shaw's 'creative evolution'. Yet none of them considered that the seeds for the uncontrolled powers of the homo superior perhaps have existed since the dawn of time, and exist now. People aware of the mental powers that human beings will one day be heir to. Perhaps they are unconscious of the power, perhaps they misunderstand it, and are misunderstood by their contemporaries. Perhaps for centuries they have been burnt as witches, or used as side-show freaks.

Ridiculous? Perhaps you would be less convinced after you had read THE OCCULT.

*a novel, RITUAL IN THE DARK, was his first to be written, although it became his second to be published.

3.

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR POSSESSION OF THIS FANZINE!



((**This was not a caption, the text was typed on an already drawn on sheet of illos; by odd luck the last sentence

went beautifully with the illo--drawn without any thought for what I might use it for.

***On a couple points I question Andrew, on one I must add that what he describes is NOT what is supposed to happen in scientific 'rational thought'--but what often seems to happen despite denials all around. In any case, I await future developments both mundane and in articles for this fanzine both by Andrew and YOU.))

dash 172
 ((FROM N3F M55BU))

• Paul G. Walker

16

IS THAT ZEENA?

I got waylaid by other work and now I forget what I wanted to write about. I remember there was in there about Zeena Henderson's *THE PEOPLE*. Is that Zeena? Or Zen-na? She'd just agreed to do an interview with me, which is fine because she's one of my favorite writers. In fact, I don't think I've ever read a story by her that I didn't like.

I know she's accused of sentimentality, of being a "woman writer" but to me she's a first-rate story teller who is intelligent, unpretentious, and whose story intentions work, whose effects effect as she meant them to. Reading a collection of hers recently it occurred to me that in literature there exists a double-standard, one aspect of which is unrecognized by the other. There are asexual books written by men and women in which the sex of the author is irrelevant; although I think in most cases, the dominant tone is masculine -- true of most mystery writers. Then there is the masculine motif (Le Guin calls it the "gutsy butsy" school) which is highly respectable. But there is a third type that is not at all acceptable to so-called refined male and female readers, and that is the "feminine motif." Women writers like Mary Stewart, Victoria Holt, Pearl Buck, etc. Sentimental, precious, cutesy, soap-operish. etc. are the aspersions cast in their direction. And I have to agree that most of this type does not appeal to me.

But they do appeal to women I know to be intelligent and sensitive and perceptive readers. Am I to dismiss their taste for these people as a mere vice? But they don't dismiss my taste for gutsy-butsty writing. In fact, they enjoy it. No, despite women's lib, men and women have different sensibilities. Things appeal to women that don't appeal to men, and they appeal to women in different ways, but the appeals are valid ones, even when they apply to vices. Zeena Henderson is a woman writer. She writes from a woman's point of view, from a woman's sensibility. She is not trying to appeal to a male audience; to conceal her sex; but to convey her views, her perceptions, her feelings the way she feels them, and she writes as a woman thinking and feeling. Her views of children, for instance, are strictly a woman's. She can become very much part of their world; she knows their language; she can describe the relationships between the very young and adults very sensitively. To a man, kids are caricatures of adulthood, born anarchists, loveable rascals, but men, even such as Twain, didn't appreciate childhood sensibility the way a woman does. To men, especially Twain, kids' emotions are amusing, invalid, but not to Henderson. Her children have hopes and dreams and terrors and an intelligence and sensitivity that is entirely their own. And they have their own language and patterns of behavior, etc. Henderson describes these things as she perceives them, on a child's level, and she never patronizes the children as she does it.



I am convinced that there is a "feminine dialect," a language, or form of expression, much as there is a Black Dialect, or a Jewish Dialect, and I don't mean accent, that is considered invalid by the majority of male, or male-oriented audience. This dialect is strictly the expression of feminine experience, and it can be found in its simplest, purest form in women writers like Stewart and Henderson and some of the gothic writers who are not male.

I know too many bright women who like these books to dismiss them as evidence of female inferiority. Obviously, there is something there that I am incapable of responding to, except in cases like Zeena Henderson's. Not that they are good books. (And I don't mean to imply that I regard Henderson as the equal of, say, Zelazny.) But I do think they have a validity that has been denied them by both men and women. I do think that women writers ought to have the opportunity to write in their own dialect, and not be fearful of criticism. As it is, I think women critics who are in a position to appreciate this "other sensibility" are often snobs who sneer at their sisters out of fear of being sneered at. At the same time, I think some women writers deny their own potential by deliberately writing to a male-oriented readership rather than risking criticism and expressing their feelings in their own way.

I don't know. Many blacks were, and are, suspicious of their own dialect. Anyway, I like Henderson.

-oOo-

RODDENBERRY HAS RETURNED

-Jim Meadows III-

GENISES II is Warner's bid for a TV series next year or after. It's ok, that's all I can really say for it. A scientist testing a suspended animation device wakes up after "the great conflict" that same WWII that would crop up in ST every now and then. Two citystates, both in the USA vie for his knowledge so that their failing power equipment can be fixed. Roddenberry's casaba melon liberalism didn't quite surface this time. His basic style hasn't changed much. Some of the failings are more evident than his virtues--heavyhandedness, awkward stiff dialog, well constructed long explanations given at the spur of the moment as if the speaker were a pro guide for Carlsbad Caverns. And there is the aspect of incompleteness, that there must be more to planet earth than this. Only one ST regular(Majel Barret)and she has a bit part. The special effects were adequate but the only place where they were really used was for the underground shuttle where they shot a few good feet and ran it over and over.

((But I still would like to see a short series on it.))

-oOo-



BUT THIS ZINE WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE SERCON
 --Laura Ruskin--

If I had to discuss the philosophical aspects of fanac o.d., (relating it to Szigeti's Law, that is) the parameters would be inordinate, inabscissa, also, in absentia. Easier to SMWF(*). But SMWFing can get downright.

...MedievalCon. The Mythopoeic Society wasn't behind it, but we'd been asked to add sercon such as seminars, costumes. Place was the Sheraton Anaheim, between SA Freeway and Disneyland. The hotel looked like Henry VIII's country battlement. Half-timbered, parapets, you name it. Atmosphere, man. Heraldry, bannermaking, Medieval and Scottish country dancing, artsy-crafts--of course, no name over the PO Box makes you wonder when is a Con a "con?" As in scam.

Was there ever a no-show con (the members showed but the con didn't)? With the loot hese things draw down anymore ((in some places)), and the hyped-eager clientele not looking for fine print (as who would?), somebody might definitely figure an angle sometime. ((There have been no-show cons, but due to ineptness, not illegality.)) ((There have also been cons held in a different city than won the bid, etc.))

Though SAPS was supposed to be an OK APA. (Aljo says best.) Wish you'd have said more why your taste runs more to FAPA, if it does. ((Rather let everyone else write back and forthe.))

Also would like to make an open inquiry about a fanartist signed J. Pitre who is supposed to be on permanent display (his paintings!!!) in the Bay area. Used to think MEscher was far out until--I think it's hollow Titans crumbling he sees behind his mind's eye, with "real" humans, very tiney, looking at the god-wrecks without the least comprehension. And always behind or beyond the runing ruined lithic ghastly faces, and light through clouds or through waterspouts. About now's when I tear the paper from the t'writer and shred it muttering about purple prose.

As for Mike Shoemaker who skips fan poetry--I dare him to write for a sample MYTHRIL. If he can't find one poem in the ish he likes, he can deepsix the whole thing, otherwise do what's fair. As for people who talk about the way other people geefle, then in the next breath geefle at the same other people--let's not talk about them.

Not having seen many fanzines, can't tell, but MAYBE had more recognizable femfigs than foun in the others I do have. Any reason besides a taste for femfigs? ((Dunno. When I get a real one to live with me, I'll let her edit the artwork--- or else gafiate.))

STAR TREK nostalgia! Somebody repeats a rumor that Paramount said that for 50,000 fan letters they'd revive the show with the original cast, and all over SoCal fandom everything stops from six to seven; the Happy News is forsaken for the local ST rerun channel. Never mind that Roddenberry is working on a cryoplot pilot, that Shatner and Nimoy are guesting all over the nets sometimes as baddies, that the idea had run itself out by the second season--being by GR's own words a space version of WAGON TRAIN--they want more!

Look, ST proved that sf and thought provocation are not mutually exclusive; it may even have proved that long ears are sexy on LNimoy. But the same point was made by theaterflics FANTASTIC VOYAGE, 2001, ANDROMEDA STRAIN. (Not about the ears.) Glad OUTER LIMITS has come in for its share but lets not forget old b&w TWILIGHT ZONE, in which I am sure you can find the originals of nearly every script Rod Serling ever did for NIGHT GALLERY, and the originals were better because the

((*This is a new abrv/jargon/fanspeak on me too.))

"spooky" side there was never overdone.

19

ST also succeeded for non-sf reasons. It didn't go into the nuts and bolts of "how it will have to be" as MEN IN SPACE did. ST kept its wright on human problems in its best plots. Racism, war, emotionalism, love, depersonalization--no coincidence that these make the best plots for "straight" drama also. You want philosophy with your drama on TV this season, you watch KUNG FU and get filtered Gibran. But if you visualize any given ST plot as it would happen on or around a US carrier cruising the Pacific, the phase shift up to galactic space isn't hard at all to make. For Romulan invisibility device read sub with anti-sonar.

Now is there any problem seeing why the philosophy proposed is so gunboat-imperialist; a carrier has a rather a bossy nature just laying there offshore snooting((sic))the natives. But it was all fun, just the same, and likely to be several notches above Roddenberry's new one about the frozen cryoresearcher who thaws out in 2300AD or so.((as witness review of show when it did play))

For some reason, I find "Man-of-today-transported-to-the-dreadful-future" plots invariably a pain in the A--. We're the ruture of, say, 1947, and did they have us figured wroongg! It stands to reason whatever is said about today for 2002 will likewise be found hilarious by anyone who bothers to check back on our predictions. You can research and calculate as minutely as you please; in five years after you're done(ten for sure)some figaloo factor will plop into the timeline and there go all your prophecies. You notice ST never spelled out how Earth society in its time-period was? The ENTERPRISE was conveniently out of touch with social conditions. A lawyer, an ambassador, visiting aliens from friendly worlds, all get courtesy and formality from officers and crew whose effective "world" is the ship. It worked and was "right." With the news of no intelligent life probable on Mars, someone should script a TVflic, MARTIAN IMPOSSIBLE.
(OO--no wonder I did that. It's past midnight already.)

-oOo-

THE OLD SFC BIT AS USUAL

--Koch__

The Southern Fandom Confederation, of which I'm secretary, and of which this is an unofficial publication(it IS the official publication of the NFFF Membership Activities Bureau of which I'm it)is the group which tries to tie together all fandom, sf, st, sca, etc--as long as its related to sciencefiction or/and fantasy fandom in some way(SCA bringing fantasy into the real world for instance). To do this our president, MEADE FRIERSON III, 3705 Woodvale Road, Birmingham, ALA 35223, puts out SFCEBULLETUN at least 3 times a year. Anyone with an address in our ten state area; TN, KY, VA, SC, NC, FL, GA, AL, MS, LA gets a free SFCB merely for their address, name, etc. being mailed or given to Frierson. Persons outside the South furnishing Frierson info will also be suitably rewarded and since he's a super publisher(HPL, etc)--he'll come up with something. For a dollar you join and get all 3 pubs PLUS the roster. SFCB lists ALL KNOWN fan activities, clubs, cons, fanzines, etc. in the area!!! The Roster gives the name and address of all known fans. To do this we need info of course, so if you have any, send it. Also--unlike some similar operations I've seen, the activities list is kept CURRENT, and even the roster is fairly accurate.

Also there is the matter of convention mailing lists. I, personally, will buy them for cash if I have to. In the case of large cons outside the nearby area--this extends to buying that part of the roster for the 10 states plus nearby areas only(MAYBE concentrates on the 10 SFC states plus Midwest and nearby).

See you next time.

-oOo-

((A paid ad in this zine, like the one below, will run 3 issues for \$6 or 1 for \$2))

Where can you find four previously unpublished ROBERT E. HOWARD weird/fantasy tales - first publication anywhere?

Where can you find tales by WEIRD TALES writers like JOSEPH PAYNE BRENNAN (two of them) and H. WARNER MUNN (four!)?

Or quality fiction in the weird-fantasy genre by writers like: DAVID R. BUNCH, LEO P. KELLEY, JAMES WADE, WADE WELLMAN, EDDY C. BERTIN, JANET FOX, DARRELL SCHWEITZER, WILLIAM SCOTT HOME and a host of others?

The answer is: in WEIRDBOOK.

What? Not in a fanzine? Well, you certainly haven't heard of any professional weird-fantasy magazines that have survived for six years, have you? We may not be exactly healthy, but we're still here, and we're now working on issue number SEVEN.

You can have issues 4-6 for \$2.00; issues 2-6 for \$3.00, and a subscription (starting with any issue except #1) at the subscription rate of 5/\$3.00. For issue #1, please send us an extra \$1.00 -- we are charging more since it had to be reprinted.

WEIRDBOOK - lithographed; 32 pages; 8 1/2 x 11 "; 20,000 words/copy.
P. O. Box 35 -- Amherst Branch -- Buffalo, N. Y. 14226

FROM:

Irvin Koch
835 Chattanooga Bk. Bldg.
Chattanooga, Tenn. 37402

LENN (1) M



THIRD CLASS MAIL
PRINTED MATTER##

TO:



Jackie Franke
Box 51A RR2
Beecher, IL 60401