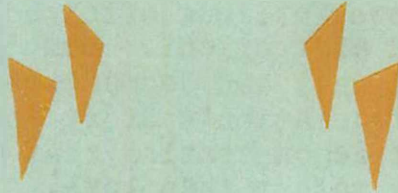


SCIENCE FICTION PARADE

September 1964

A N'APA Plus Publication

STAN WOOLSTON
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GARDEN GROVE, CALIF.



THE PACIFICON II HUGO

BEST S F BOOK PUBLISHER:
ACE BOOKS

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST:
ED EMSHWILLER

BEST SHORT FICTION:
NO TRUCE WITH KINGS, Poul Anderson

BEST PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINE:
ANALOG

BEST NOVEL:
HERE GATHER THE STARS
(WAY STATION), Clifford Simak

BEST AMATEUR MAGAZINE:
AMRA: George Schithers

SUNDRY NOTES ON DYBOLOGY AND SUCHLIKE

BY ROGER ZELAZNY

A blank piece of paper.

That's what I had after half an hour of working on this bit. Stan Woolston elicited it quite cunningly, first by promising to put my name in print, and then adding that I would have to write something to go beneath it. I have a fine rehearsed piece concerning the peculiarities of a quick brown fox, but after some discussion it was deemed too repetitive and allegorical. Something about the writing of science fiction or fantasy was deemed more appropriate what with the National Fantasy Fan Federation's Story Contest and Alma Hill's notable writer's project demonstrating that many fans are interested in doing it for money rather than love.

I decided to begin by making a list of everything I know about sfantasy, and that's how I got the blank piece of paper.

I mused then, looked up suddenly, announced, "You are a rash wretch," and fell to cursing and blaspheming. I sneaked a look back at the paper, curling and blackening there in my word-machine, but it was still empty of words.

("Marley was dead to begin with...")

Then I said, "I will write the things I wish I knew something about concerning sfantasy--which may be of some small aid to some other wretch, less rash than myself."

So okay. Why sfantasy?

Fiction is all lies to begin with. Sfantasy is a specialized form of lying. Specialized, I say, because a plain old prosaic liar usually takes pains to make his stuff look like Real Life. I have always, in my own modest way, wanted to be something of a Specialized Liar. So I decided to start out with a framework for perpetuating my dishonesties.

Specialized Lying, as I see it, falls into five general categories:

- 1) Lies about people and gadgets (gadgets that are not yet in existence, or which are, but are not being used as the S.L. uses them);
- 2) Lies about people in an other-than-present-day Earth environment, characterized either by 1) (above), or:
- 3) Lies about people in a society which has never existed historically;
- 4) Lies about people in an other-than Earth environment;
- 5) Lies about people's psychological and biological makeup.

It would seem that 3, 4 and 5 would apply to fantasy as readily as to science fiction, and that is correct; so do 1 and 2. Science fiction, to this neo-neo S.L., is a form of fantasy which demonstrates greater specialization in the construction of the Lie, but it's still fantasy. The difference is akin to that between street fighting and boxing. The former does not recognise Queensbury; the latter is supposedly governed by a set of rules, even though pros are sometimes known to commit a foul (many people hiss

and boo then; others cheer).

Foremost in the mind of the practitioner of either of the combative arts though, is the flooring of his opponent by striking him. Fantasy and street fighting came first, and science fiction and boxing followed. Boxing is a specialized form of street fighting, and science fiction...(add 10 words or less).

Our Marquis of Science contains several dicta to the effect that if It happens in your story and It ain't happening here, today, then you damshure better get on the stick and tell how It works--and make It an acceptable extrapolation of something we've already got--or you're guilty of a "foul". (Fortunately, it gets harder and harder to commit one as time goes on, what with Progress and parallel worlds and all.)

That being my framework for the telling of Specialized Lies, and me not really caring whether it's Right or Wrong, I decided to practice with short short things first, in order to learn how to write, and then move on to making pieces of tale concerning the first three words in each of those five categories--"lies about people"--and to try making my lies approximate human realities as closely as possible, the relative unreality of the Rest serving (hopefully) to enhance what is stage center.

That out of the way now, I will pick up on one of the things I wish I knew something about:

Dybbuks

You know the old Dybbuk legend--where if you construct something that mimicks life sufficiently a spirit may come along and set up housekeeping in it. This, of necessity, happened in Sfantasy a long time ago: with Mister Heinlein it is a good spirit that lives in his machines (doubtless because his characters are all eminently stable and mature, and are all engineers); with Mister Bradbury it is an evil dybbuk (epitomized in his most darkly magnificent creation, the Mechanical Hound) which terrorizes his adult-sized characters; with Mister Simak it is a somewhat repugnant creature, but it can be gotten along with; with Mister Van Vogt it is a dybbuk out of its cotton-picking mind, crouched behind panels of blinking lights and flipping coins to see what it will do next.

The spirit in the machine, then, is one problem toward which, it would seem to me, a prospective Specialized Liar should develop some kind of an attitude. Not that it should be right at the center of his writing or anything like that--because that position should be reserved for humanity--but it represents a big chunk of life, and unless one is going to write only after-Armageddon stories, or S & S bits set in pastoral environments, then one is bloody well going to write some stories with machines in them.

Anything about which a human does a lot of writing is going to develop some sort of "personality" characteristics--it can't be helped; it's just the pathetic fallacy, now moved one step nearer the writer because of the industrial revolution. Writers of the Romantic period did it with Nature, and sfantasy writers can't seem

to do otherwise than the same (whether explicitly or implicitly) with that which controls Nature.

Okay. The future. Machines will probably be there with us if we're still around as a civilization. They may be completely benign servants of man. I doubt it, though. They may be there as a dictatorship of robots. I doubt that too (but I've written them up that way). Their effects will probably be far more subtle (and possibly insidious) than either extreme. (For this angle, I am particularly fond of Mister Bradbury's "The Murderer".)

Permit me to quote here a nice quote from Saint-Exuperay's "The Tool" (a chapter in Wind, Sand and Stars) from which I've already plucked a couple stories:

But we lack perspective for the judgment of transformations that go so deep. What are the hundred years of the history of machine compared with the two hundred thousand years of the history of man?...Our very psychology has been shaken to its foundations, to its most secret recesses. Our notions of separation, absence, distance, return are reflections of a new set of realities, though the words themselves remain unchanged. To grasp the meaning of the world today we use a language created to express the world of yesterday. The life of the past seems to us nearer our true natures, but only for the reason it is nearer to our language.

The sailing vessel itself was once a machine born of the calculations of the engineers, yet it does not disturb our philosophers. The sloop took its place in the speech of men. There have always been seamen in recorded time. The man who assumes that there is an essential difference between the sloop and the airplane lacks historic perspective.

Every machine will gradually take on this patina and lose its identity in its function.*

The dybbuk--the thing that lives in the machine--is a strange and wily spirit with which every S. L. must, somewhere along the line, come to terms. Doubtless, it often breaks loose and has to be re-wrestled into new attitudes. In this, it is like religion, like sex, and like the population explosion--always worthy of attention. And the dybbuk is capable of touching on any of the above-named--possibly only lightly, but probably quite firmly. For that reason, it is worthy of a big attitude with lots of little opinions thrown in for sales tax.

*From Airman's Odyssey (New York, 1942), Harcourt, Brace and Co., pp. 42-43. ((Pardon location of this--it's sleep at Work...))

I wish I knew more about dybbuks.

About people and ideas: I wish I knew more about them too.

Specialized Lies which, for one reason or another, have struck in my mind and doubtless influenced me in the construction of some of my own, have been "The Light," by Poul Anderson, portraying the primacy of human genius in the midst of chaos, "Rogue Moon," by Algis Budrys, demonstrating that gimmicks do not have to be first and foremost to make for a great story, Finney's "Circus of Doctor Lao" for that sort of irreverence one can feel easy party to, "The

Stars are the Styx," by Mister Sturgeon, for its magnificent sense of departure and aloneness, "The Man Who Tasted Ashes," by Mister Budrys, for similar reasons, "Great Mischief," by Josephine Pinkney, for its strange and wondrous atmosphere of futility, "The Black Flame," by Stanley Weinbaum, because it was one of the first good ones I ever read, "To Fell a Tree," by Robert F. Young, for its sense of perspective, "A Kind of Artistry," by Mister Aldiss, because of some almost-surrealistic effects that I wish I could learn to achieve, and "A Bad Day for Sales," by Mister Leiber, because it says everything it has to say so succinctly and so well.

All of John Collier, much of Kurt Vonnegut Jr. and Philip K. Dick, and most of Philip Jose Farmer and a couple of L. Ron Hubbard have influenced me and taught me things I'm still not able to use the way I'd like to--but that's a big slice of my natal horoscope as a borderline S.L., if anyone's interested.

Reflecting on my own experience, for whatever it may be worth, out of thirty or so stories I have written three with which I've been somewhat pleased. In all three I now note that I spent more time on the first page than on any three subsequent pages, and more on the first sentence than on any normal page. In these (all of them over ten thousand words) I had a reasonably decent set of characters worked out before I wrote a word, and had only a sketchy plotline; this, I think, left the characters with room enough to move around on their own and develop accordingly. I feel that the momentum from a strong beginning can carry the reader past those early dead spots which are necessary for stating the problem and stuffing in the background. I now attempt to conceptualize my stories via character rather than gimmicks.

Ripeness is all. The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog
...Ha!
--Roger Zelazny

MIKE DECKINGER'S REVIEWS

of fanzines in "The National Fantasy Fan" are examples of that sort of review found in various publications. While I miss such material in SF Parade it seems I am getting a large enough volume of other material not to "need" it. Still, if suitable material is found for fanzine reviews I will include it. Send reviews, critical material, or anything related to the interest of readers and collectors of imaginative fiction, please.

More material is at hand, but not much. Time is the big factor in using what is already stencilled. Just running off a specially-large issue is time-consuming. Frequency depends on material at hand, so as with all fanzines this one is depending on contributions. Comment or write articles and reviews--all will be welcome.

Quite a few fans are interested in improving their writing skill--in both nonfiction and fiction. The Zelazny item this issue is, I supposed, in line with this interest of mine. Reading or writing, this is just one of the fanzines that doesn't forget to mention SF and fantasy.

Perhaps next issue will have a review or so, or comments, on the Worldcon--PACIFICON II. This publication goes to all members of the Neffer Amateur Press Alliance, and to others. Write if you want more, to Stan Woolston, 12832 Westlake St., Garden Grove, Calif. 92640.

BOOK REPAIR FOR THE LAYMAN by John Boston

Knowledge of the various and sundry means for repairing books should be highly useful to anyone who maintains a collection of any size. Unfortunately, too often knowledge is limited to the ability to swathe a rickety volume in Scotch tape. There are effective remedies for almost anything that can go wrong with a book short of complete and total debility. Many of these can be done with materials at hand or readily available, although some require materials available only through library-supply houses.

I will concentrate on methods usable by anyone with commonly obtainable materials. Anyone interested further should write to Gaylord Brothers, Inc., Syracuse, New York, for a catalog. With an order for supplies, a copy of their manual Bookcraft will be sent on request.

A few tools will be required for almost any repair. These are scissors, a razor blade, and a book press. The last may be readily improvised with a pair of planks and some c-clamps. Other basic materials include a bottle of plastic-based glue (less likely than others to deteriorate with age) and Scotch Magic Mending Tape. Do not use ordinary Scotch tape; it becomes yellow and brittle, "bleeds" and curls with age.

Among the things that can go wrong with a book's innards, the most common are torn pages, which, of course, may be readily mended with tape. An equally effective method, which leaves practically no trace, is to spread glue very lightly along the feathered edges of the tear, press the page back together, being extremely careful to align the edges so the print will not be offset, and then clamping the book shut under as great pressure as possible for twenty-four hours. In all glue operations, waxed paper should be placed between the glued page and each adjoining page, or a stuck-together book will result. And that is no fun at all, let me assure you.

A loose page may be replaced in much the same manner, by lightly spreading glue on the inside edge and "tipping in" the page.

More elaborate measures are necessary when a signature is loose or out. The ends of thread remaining in the book must be glued down firmly, and the signature itself re sewn. A light application of glue on the back of the section will hold it if the signature is firmly pushed back against the "super," the coarse cloth which holds the book and the covers together under the endpapers. Put waxed paper on either side of the replaced signature and clamp the book for twenty-four hours.

When the book has weak hinges, apply glue within the hinge itself. This is rather difficult, and should be carried out with caution and a minimum of glue. Apply the glue carefully with a pipe cleaner, then clamp the book.

When the hinge is torn inside the book, exposing the super, a tape of some sort is often required. Occasionally, when the endpapers are torn so that none of the paper is missing, the loose flap of paper may be glued back down over the super. Otherwise, the

hinge should be taped, preferably with masking tape of some sort. Or heavy paper may be creased and glued down.

A torn spine may be repaired with relative ease. If it is only torn loose on one side or part of a side, leaving the spine still attached to the book, it may be glued back unless it is so battered that it requires replacement. In such a case, get some Red Cross adhesive tape or Mystik Cloth Tape, preferably the latter, about an inch and a half wider than the spine of the book. Cut a piece of stiff paper the size of the book's spine and a piece of tape an inch or two longer than the book. Center the paper on the sticky side of the tape. Cut the tape perpendicular to its end to each corner of the paper, and fold over the middle section of overlap left at each end of the cuts. Now apply the tape to the book. Place the paper in the position formerly occupied by the spine of the book, and press the tape down over the covers. Fold the overlapping flaps at the ends over the top and bottom of each cover so that they are inside the covers.

A book whose spine has been mended thus may be lettered with a pen and ink. A coat of shellac over the lettering will prevent it from smearing. If the portion of the spine bearing the book's title and author is intact, it may be cut out and glued over the tape.

These are a few of the ways books may be repaired without the use of special materials. If you can get standard materials for book repairs, so much the better--but books may be effectively repaired with ordinary household items.

--John Boston

E. E. SMITH...

is a fine guy to gab with at Worldcons, and so I am sorry to hear he had an operation that will keep him from attending the second Pacificon. On July 10 he had the upper lobe of his right lung removed, and has a check-up scheduled for August 20, according to what I read in Ron Ellik's STARSPIKLE (not an ad--he's discouraging subs because of the strain of doing large runs on a mimeo).

Leland Sapiro

got out the first issue of Riverside Quarterly and it contains quite a lot of sercon material suitable for readers and collectors. I've read this issue--and now hear from Ron's zine that his co-editor, Jon White, has issued another "first issue" with illos mainly by Atom, the Guest for the Worldcon from Great Britain. This was a case of Sapiro being impatient at delays in publication and so he put it out himself. A quarter to Leland Sapiro (c/o Department of Math, University of Southern California, Los Angeles, Cal. 90007) will get you either "first issue". I've not seen the White one, but apparently there is more material than Lee's. Fifty cents gets both.

Stan Woolston

edits SF PARADE, at 12832 Westlake St., Garden Grove, California 92640. "Edits" suggests an editorial. I am sandwiching editorial squibs at end of other stencils this time. This means I ask people for material, sometimes cut out a few words or arrange material slightly differently, and add some corrections (making sure to make a few individualistic spellings and grammatical arrangements so as to make the magazine distinctively mine--that is, sometimes I add errors while "editing", inadvertently).

--Stan Woolston

BOOKS ON PARADE

by Al Scott, Stephen Barr and Bernie Kling

Davy, by Edgar Pangborn, St. Martin's Press, New York. 308 pp., \$4.95

Sometimes a book you read will make you feel like saying, "Gee, I wish I could write like that!" Well, Edgar Pangborn has always made me feel that way. His two novels, A Mirror for Observers and The Trial of Callista Blake (yes, a fine non-SF book) both deeply impressed me with their fine characterizations, portrayal of rich human experience, and almost philosophical insights into the thoughts of really mature individuals. I am glad to say that in his latest novel, Davy, Mr. Pangborn keeps up his fine record.

For people who, like me, appreciated Pangborn's pleasant tradition of including many musical themes and asides as a vital part of the total meaning of his books, Davy is no disappointment. The French horn, in this instance, is used with brilliant effect in the action and tone of Davy.

Basically it is the story of a post-atomic war world, a young teen-age boy who explores it (especially its women), and how he matures in his outlook on life as he meets the people of this world. I cannot help (and I am trying) being reminded of some of Heinlein's characters in Davy's easy, ingenuous nobility and spirit. Like Heinlein too, is the unusual wealth of people as ingratiating as Davy himself whom Davy is so often running into. But, unlike Heinlein, Mr. Pangborn has a very realistic train of events in Davy. More than anything else one feels the book tells how a really mature group of people like Davy and his friends react to their situations in life.

Throughout the book is sprinkled in liberal portions the almost traditional liberal philosophy of such novels. It is as if Pangborn were bringing us back for a second look at the attitudes and ideas of our own Renaissance. These viewpoints which he shows as characteristic of progressive individuals could be disturbing to some even today.

The only thing I miss in this latest book is a binding theme. It was a sign of effectiveness the way Mr. Pangborn has always managed with seemingly little effort to integrate theme, plot and characters into a single creative whole. But what it loses in thematic wholeness Davy gains in the form of a loose, easy style which is a joy to read for anyone who likes a free-handed novel of individuals both impelling and candid. --Al Scott

((A majority of book reviews this time comes from Stephen Barr, and I want to thank him especially. The next group of reviews are all by him, as the signature-line at end of each review will indicate.))

Tomorrow X 4, edited by Damon Knight, Gold Medal d1428, 1964. 50¢, 176 pages.

This collection contains novellas by Avram Davidson, Robert Heinlein, R. M. McKenna, and C. L. Moore.

C. L. Moore is represented here by "No Woman Born", which I believe to be the best. Of what I have read of her this seems to be in her usual style, which, here, proved to be weird and exciting. g

This novella has an interesting theme and I think that this is the first, or close up, story ever to deal with a plot and theme like this. I'd like to tell you about this, but it'd ruin the story if you ever got around to reading it. Suffice to say, it's about a robot, a woman robot--with a live brain.

Another reprinted story here that I believe to be second best is Robert Heinlein's "The Roads Must Roll." This master of sociological extrapolation is presented here in his interesting style with a very original story that I'm sure most fans will enjoy. (Stephen Barr)

Future Tense, by Jack Vance, Ballantine U2214, 1964. 50¢. 160 pages.

Of the four novellas in this collection by Vance, the only one I find interesting is "Sail 25." The reason for picking this story for the best is because it has an interesting plot with it that leaves a feeling with you that this will be the way it'll have to be in the future. This well developed story reaches its full potential in the first few pages.

I really don't care for Vance and doubt if I ever will. He seems to do poorly on novels because he takes so long in building up the action that the readers go to sleep before that long awaited action comes. He does better on short fiction because there the action has to develop fast and he is more able to keep the story rolling. If there are other other readers that like him and can point out good reasons for liking him, please point them out to me.

Another good story in the collection is "Dodkins Job". Though not well thought out it gives you a parody of human nature and most fans who read for fun will enjoy this story. (Stephen Barr)

8th Annual Edition of the Year's Best Science Fiction, edited by Judith Merril, Dell 9774, 1964. 75¢, 382 pages.

There is a lot of reading here for anyone who wants to. This is one yearly collection that I know of that never disappoints you. Included here is science fiction and fantasy for everyone, no matter what his tastes are. Here again we have stories from the slick magazines that most general fans never get around to reading there.

Although all the stories are excellent I think one of the best is "7 Day Terror" by R. A. Lafferty. This story is done in a classic contemporary style with fantasy technology that gives it a flavor all its own. Another of the "best" is "Kings Who Die", by Poul Anderson. Here we have modern fantasy in a plausible future. There are two brief articles in the back by Merril and Boucher, summing up the year 1962. I believe this to be one of the best sources to be used when you are trying to introduce other non-readers to the typical best science fiction around. This is a collection for all--get it!

(SB)

Spectrum II, edited by Kingsley Amis and Robert Conquest, Berkeley F-950; 50¢. 1964, 256 pages.

This, the second book in a series, is according to the editors a collection published for the purpose of attracting new readers to the genre--in other words an introductory book for people who have never heard of science fiction. This may be their line of reasoning, but it isn't mine. I have tried for years to get my DAD to read a little SF. All the stuff I give him never seemed to interest him. I bought this

book with the purpose of seeing if there were any stories that might interest him. All of the stories in this collection are good, but all except one to me seem to be the type not to let a person read until he has read others. The one story I do recommend for introduction reasons is "The Feeling of Power" by Isaac Asimov. It's been reprinted many times, so I will not go into it. Enough to say is, I pestered my Dad until he gave up and read it. He liked it. He read several other stories in the collection and found them uninteresting. One story out of eight--bad.

Enough for the book and my Dad. The best story is "The Feeling of Power" because it gives you something to think about and an insight at what may be a piece of the future. It's written in Asimov's delighting style and I think this is one person/writer/editor who deserves a Hugo for his fictional efforts instead of his science efforts

"Vintage Season" by Henry Kuttner is another good story, it being the longest in the volume and concerned with the time-travel theme. It is one of the few time-travel stories you'll ever read done in a pleasant serious style.

One good thing about this book: all the stories are different and you'll find all sorts of inventiveness and variety here. (SBarr)

Close to Critical, by Hal Clement, Ballantine U2215, 1964, 50¢, 190 pages.

This old (well, not too old) Astounding novel by Harry Clement Stubbs, was first published in Astounding in May-July 1958 issues. This novel is of the same type as the author's Mission of Gravity. This is an outstanding novel with a well developed plot and theme. The main plot is "close to critical" and the author handles it well. We have the alien life here and it is handled famously by Clement. Though Clement sews up the story well he has left a few holes here and there; from these holes Clement could come with a sequel--let's hope so. For those who like to enter the minds of aliens and share their adventures here is the book for you. (Stephen Barr)

The Land that Time Forgot by Edgar Rice Burroughs; Ace F213. 126 pp.
The People that Time Forgot (by ERB) Ace F220, 124 pages
Out of Time's Abyss, by ERB, Ace F233, 125 pages. Each 40¢.

These three novelettes appeared originally in Blue Book magazine (August, October and December 1918) under their respective titles. It is believed the original title for this trilogy was "The Lost U-Boat". They were combined in hardcover under the title "The Land that Time Forgot". These three Ace Book magazine versions are ERB at his best. For those who like lost worlds, unmapped land, love and adventure, these are the books. In these three books ERB carries you at a fast and furious pace and soon has you believing in this lost world: Caspa. Of interest will be the way ERB handled the scales of evolution. I'm sure all will enjoy this fantasy classic. (Stephen Barr)

The High Crusade, by Poul Anderson. MacFadden 50 211. 1964. 50¢, 160 pages.

This is one of the finest books I've ever read by Anderson. He uses the plot (which is a great one) well and adds much to it by the dialogue he uses. If you like your space operas seasoned with a bit of humor, here is the book for you. (SB)

The Beast, by A. E. van Vogt. MacFadden 60 169, 1964. 60¢, 160 pages

"The Great Engine," "The Changeling," and "The Beast" make up this book. This is the usual Van Vogt. The hero is running around, people are after him for some reason or the other, and he's got a bump on his head and doesn't know what the hell is going on. Although the book starts off fine the plot has too much interplay here and there toward the end and the book suddenly becomes boring. Recommended only for Van Vogt lovers. (SB)

The Falling Torch, by Algis Budrys. Pyramid F1028, 1964. 40¢. 158 pp.

This is a composite novel. These were magazine stories that were loosely connected. The author has now combined them together in this book. Though the plot isn't so bad, it takes too long. There's too much detail to make it enjoyable. (SB)

A Pail of Air, by Fritz Leiber. Ballantine U2216, 1964. 50c, 191 pp.

These eleven stories are all good. The three most outstanding ones are "The Last Letter" (which has a lesson in it for all us correspondents), "The Beat Cluster," and "Pipe Dream". In this collection the author covers all sequences of human nature and establishment. The back cover states that this is a first of a series to come--let us hope so. (SB)

The Other Side of the Sky, by Arthur C. Clarke. Signet D2433, 1964, 160 pages.

We have a nice range of stories here starting in 1947 and ending in 1957. With this collection and the three earlier ones (Expedition To Earth, Reach for Tomorrow and Tales from the White Hart) just about all of Mr. Clarke's short fiction is covered.

Of the 24 stories published here the best is the series group that is titled "The Other Side of the Sky". The best single short fiction here is the Hugo winning "The Star". A good collection; get it. (Stephen Barr)

The Coming of the Robots, edited and with an introduction by Sam Moskowitz. Collier books AS548. 95¢.

Here is another one of Sam's original Collier SF anthologies. It maintains consistent quality in every story.

The stories are mostly by SF writers who are no longer active such as Michael Fischer, Peter Phillips, Harl Vincent and F. Orlin Tremaine. There are some stories by active SF writers such as Lester del Rey, John Wyndham, Isaac Asimov and Cliff Simak.

The introduction is good as introductions go. It sticks to the subject but doesn't get tedious.

The first story, "I, Robot," by Eando Binder, is also one of the best stories in the collection. It is the classic tale of Adam Link, the self-sacrificing robot.

"Helen O'Loy" by Lester del Rey, tells the tragic tale of a beautiful "female" robot who fell in love with her master--and then he dies...

The next selection, "The Lost Machine," by John Wyndham, is a

good one--in fact it is one of the very few works of this English author that I ever found readable and interesting--telling the story of a Martian robot who landed on Earth in a crash with his master. The lack of intelligent machines on Earth affects this robot profoundly...

Two selections later comes the story of a science fiction writer of the futur who finds a robot who over a period of abandonment lasting thousands of years, had fabricated many fantastic adventures in his mind. They all star him, and he thought they were all real. "Earth for Inspiration" is good.

I'll tell about one more, entitled "Rex," by Harl Vincent. It tells of a robot surgeon takes over United North America. He tries to synthesize human emotion...

The other stories are also good. The book is worth its price.
(Bernie Kling)

KATHRYN ARWEN TRIMBLE

is the name of the addition to the Trimble family in Garden Grove. Born August 29; weight 9 lb. 12 oz, and 22 inches long, Five p.m. Because the baby waited so near to the convention John and Bjo won't be able to attend this convention.

ARTIST "ATOM"

had a marathon session drawing a comic strip in conjunction with Bill Rotsler at a party August 29 at the Al Lewis-Ron Ellik place in Los Angeles. Quite a few people were there, taking the advantage of the opportunity to greet Art Thompson, the TAFF winner, at this pre-Worldcon stop-over.

TERRY GARR, BILL DONAHO, JOCK ROOT AND MAYBE KAREN ANDERSON

are TAFF candidates, to go to England if they win. Perhaps Vote sheets will go out as riders on the usual fanzines. The money contributed is what pays for the trip, of course--and you don't have to just contribute a dollar.

PAUL WYSZKOWSKI

edits TRANSMISSION as well as DIFFERENTIAL--with the larger, including "The Twiltone Heap" (comments on fanzines--and keeping touch to the pulse of things. Almost 6 pages of reviews with 8 pages of letter-excerpts. Paul is apt to come out for things--in other words he's an individual who doesn't hide his views. Address for either zine: Paul Wyszowski, Box 3372, Station C, Ottawa 3, Ontario, Canada.

JOE & ROBBIE GIBSON

EDIT**AND OWN**G2. Personality? Yes--this is as close to a one-fan zine as any I've seen lately, except a few apazines. Joe Gibson is trying this year to stir up the authors to introduce newer ideas--take a deeper look at the cosmos. Dunno what'll be next, but it'll "stir" the fans. Opinions are rampant here. Address is Joe and Robbie Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Ave., El Sobrante, Calif.

FANTASY FILMS ON PARADE

By Rich Wannan

Seven Faces of Dr. Lao--MGM 1964--Produced and Directed by George Pal--Screenplay by Charles Beaumont.

Let me say at the outset that I liked this film, a lot. So much in fact that I've already promised a number of fans that this is my choice for next year's Hugo awards (visual category). This George Pal pic is a great piece of visual fantasy and I think most fans will agree with me.

Firstoff, I must confess I haven't read the Charles Finney short story on which the movie is based. But like the original Frankenstein and Dracula and other movies based on written work, I don't think it is important if story and movie don't match.

The story presented on screen is--well, whimsical is about the best descriptive adjective I can think of. Charles Beaumont has created a kinduvan allegory--a Bradbury-type fantasci story. The primary mood of the story is humor, and the script accents the comic character of Dr. Lao and his side show. But just about every other emotion under the sun finds room in the pic, and this I thin is what gives it the Bradbury quality and what appealed to me. Also, the fantasy element is often subtle, not one of those things where a monster is obviously a monster. That is to say, at one moment the Oriental Dr. Lao speaks with a Chinese accent; then, in making some almost-unnoticed speech, his voice adopts a Missouri accent, or just becomes the voice of Tony Randall--and it is not done by Occident.

And Tony Randall turns in a great performance. If you haven't heard, Randall plays all seven faces, i.e. Dr. Lao, Appolonius of Tyana (the blind prophet), the Medusa, the abominable snowman, Merlin the Magician gone feeble with age, and Pan. Randall also does the voice of a talking snake, which curiously resembles villanous Arthur O'Connell; and appears momentarily in mufti as a man in the audience.

Story concerns the arrival at a small western town of a curious Oriental gent, Dr. Lao. He sets up an odd tent, which shape resembles somewhat the tower of Babel in the old film Metropolis. One character remarks: "It looks much larger on the inside than it does from outside" and this is only part of the magic. As Appolonius, Randall (or is it Dr. Lao?) helps a conceited town widow (Lee Patrick) realize that her flaunting of her aging beauty is actually a sign of her inferiority. When the Medusa makes a monolithic masterpiece of a horsey townwoman (Minerva Urecal) Merlin unstones her and both she and her husband (John Qualen) realize their love for one another, and she reforms.

Other credits go to the love-interest, John Ericson and Barbara Eden; and to the villains, Arthur O'Connell, Royal Dano and long-time screen villain John Doucette, who does some of the funniest acting in the show; and to Kevin Tate, a youngster who is better actor than most of the grownups.

But this is but a sketchy plotline. The story in some ways is too subtle to describe (and Variety, at a loss for words, dubs this "misty motivations"). Seeing is believing--and understanding. And

I recommend seeing this to all true fans.

And, oh yes, I should mention special effects-man Jim Danforth, of Outer Limits fame, does much of the work with the Loch Ness monster. And makeup artist Bill Tuttle deserves a hand for his jobs on Randall. Although his abominable snowman somewhat resembles a Morlock from Time Machine (MGM--Tuttle on makeup), it can be forgiven--sometimes you can't even recognise Randall.

Black Sabbath--American International 1964--Directed by Mario Bava.

A rather ingenious Italian horror film, this import is sadly distorted by poor handling on the part of Jim Nicholson and his AIP staff. (I suspect Roger Corman.)

First the good points. The picture is a trilogy, a three-in-one film, featuring "A Drop of Water" Chekovian short story, "The Wurdalak" by Tolstoy (of all people), and "The Telephone" by someone called Snyder. All three are written and taken seriously, which is unusual in the face of the truck that's called "horror film" nowadays.

And now the bad parts--for these really overshadow the good points despite their comparatively short time on the screen.

First and foremost is the ending. Boris Karloff gives a ghoulishly-funny narration (Hitchcock-like) in between the "skits". In addition he plays the chief Wurdalak (vampire) in that story (though Forry Ackerman claims he's in all 3--which he ain't). Wurdalak is placed last in the film, and it ends O. Henry-like. In other words hero and heroine are all made Wurdalake and the screen fades to black. Now comes the bad part--apparently stuck for an ending in keeping with the stories, or even with the Karloff cum Hitchcock narration, the producers just have to go hokey. Karloff, in full Wurdalak regalia, gallops up to the screen on his horse (as he did once in the story). Then after wishing us a corny "sleep tight" (lines last used in Night of Terror in 1931) Karloff starts to "ride away", camera following. Bushes begin to fly past him--and then the camera, deliberately, pulls back to reveal Karloff astride a dummy-horse, with about five or six men holding bushes running past a camera to give the illusion that Karloff is riding. And that's all the otherwise good horror film becomes--a cheap illusion. Just like those It-was-all-a-dream cheapies.

To make it worse, Karloff once said he never did a horror picture which he thought was played for a farce. But here he does, and disgracefully too. I hate to say this, but I think the King of Horror is becoming a Clown Prince, and on purpose.

Editing is another problem of the film. The camera first focuses on Karloff, who introduces the "Wurdalak" story. The next scene is a different one of Karloff, who introduces "Drop of Water." Then we see "Drop" and K. returns to introduce "Telephone," which we see. Then back comes Boris to tell us about "Wurdalack" again, with a different script. This "double-intro" to Wurdalak is annoying to say the least, and shows a lack of planning on the part of AIP.

Also, and finally, the plot of "The Telephone" is so over-sexed that I suspect it was written specially for the film. At least I

never heard of anyone called "Snyder" and I think I saw his name credited for a Screenplay author. He certainly isn't known like Tolstoi or Anton Chekov.

However, in spite of all this, the three stories are serious attempts, and some credit goes to Mario Bava. In fact, this film managed to draw a berating (and a B-rating) from the Catholic Legion of Decency; even though that chuckleheaded ending should have soothed some of them.

Evil Eye--American International, 1964--Directed by "Mario Bava.

I saw this on the double-bill with Black Sabbath, and it certainly was amazing to see how Bava, displaying a talent in Sabbath, could go so crappy in this film. In fact, this really doesn't rate as fantasy. It's somewhat like Atomic Man (1956) wherein the fantasy is only incidental to the plot. For that reason, I won't spend too much time on this flick.

The plot somewhat reminds me of the old William Powell Thin Man series--goofball mystery, only with a little more sex. A girl arrives at an Italian airport carrying a pack of cigarettes (which she makes sure we all know are Kents) given to her by a stranger on the plane. In customs line, the stranger is arrested, but the girl doesn't tell about the cigarettes (they find several cartons in his grip). She goes to visit an aging aunt, in whose house there is a painting with eyes that move to look up the heroine's panties when she bends over. Funny? (?) So the aunt dies (after about ten minutes with the picture) and heroine (some Italian actress with no talent) runs into the street. She falls, after being attacked, and awakens to see a murder committed--and the face of the murderer. So this is the fantasy, all of it; the murder was committed ten years before and she's experienced some sort of time reversal. Big deal.

Throughout the rest of the story--which is certainly too long and drawn out and contains several unnecessary plots (like the cigarette deal--there is no proof there was anything in her cigarettes). Comedy seeps in and out in weak doses, and no one really gets the impression there's a mystery until the last five minutes. The murderer's motive and whereabouts are a surprise, but who cares. If you haven't gone to sleep by the time revelation occurs, you're really hopeless. Oh yes, hero is John Saxon and it might just as well have been Mr. Moke for all he contributed.

Atlas In the Land of the Cyclops--Medallion, 1963--Produced by Pamba Films--Directed by Leonviola.

In addition to Sophia Loren, Italy has also produced a few Italian "Ancient History" spectacles, featuring all sorts of bemuscled heroes and dumb-blond heroines. And Medallion Films has grabbed just about all of 'em up. The dubbing is done by CDC in Italy, which simplifies things for the moguls at "Medallion.

One of the popular muscle men is Maciste (a son of Hercules--name means "born of stone" which must have been hard on Herc...) who here becomes Atlas for title purposes. He gets himself into many adventures and flexes muscles to get out of 'em. Like most heroes of Italy, he wears a long, full beard. The villains all wear beatnik goatees. (This is because no one wore black or white hats in those days.)

Story here is a cut above the usual spectacles, because of originality. But it's sooo long and dull: too much muscle and not enough action.

Mitchell Gordon, a kinda stupid looking yokel, plays Maciste (who plays Atlas) and his job now is to outwit a descendant of Polyphemus the Cyclops. Seems like Poly has to get revenge on all male descendants of Ulysses and, through an invisible Sybil (a demon) has secured the mortal help of some queen (Chelo Alonso). Chelo's men, led by Aldo Bufi Landi, kill one male, but the baby prince is taken to safety. Maciste goes to solve the puzzle. In the Sybil's cave he rescues Chelo from death (Sybil got mad when she learned the kid was missing) but he doesn't know she's the queen. She goes gaga at the muscles and turns the Cyclops (played by Fabio) over to Maciste. But because of Aldo and his Negor helper (Paul Wynter) the baby and its mother (Vira Silenti) have been turned over to the Cyclops. Of course, Muscles wins and the cyclops dies in a characteristic Cyclopedian manner.

Eastman color gibes this pic something, and so does a novel plot but the length of time it takes to find Fabio is too long and drawn-out. Removal of a lot of the mush and a lot of the muscle-flexing might have helped.

Comment section: Last issue a fella named Joe Staton inaugurated a column dedicated to reviewing old horror films now on TV. Well, I think this is an OK idea--but some corrections can be made:

Firstoff, Kharis appeared in four films, made between 1941 and 1946. Tom Tyler played in the first film, Mummy's Hand. This film is the one which Staton described as "Mummy's Curse." Chaney came along for the other three Kharis films; and Curse was last of the series, not the first. Mummy's Tomb and Mummy's Ghost, in that order, came in between. Their plots were described OK (but briefly).

For Joe's benefit (and other') in Curse, Ananka and Kharis are dug up in a swamp clearance project. Dennis Moore and Martin Kosleck come from Egypt to help Kharis find Ananka, but Kosleck kills Moore in a squabble over the heroine and is killed by Kharis when the Mummy brings the roof of an old monestary down upon them. Ananka, a puzzle to the heros, returns to a mummy-like state.

Rich Wannan

CONTRIBUTORS FOR SF PARADE

come from all over, and the mails are the way they usually come to me. Still, I've met some of those who have mailed in material. Latest contributor I've met is Rich Wannan, and he dropped in right after I finished his "section". He stopped off to see Forry Ackerman and myself, and will be at the Worldcon in Oakland so we have a chance to meet again. I was glad to meet him and his parents, who drove out to "see the sights" (and if a convention isn't a sight I don't know what is...).

About the same time he arrived I had begun to wonder about the creosote burn I got on the forearm. The doggone things still feel like they're badly sunburned, and they're red enough for that. Also swelled. I hope this won't hurt this issue from coming out in time, but besides time to go to doctor (and all those expenses) I have a prescription that is making me feel dopey now and then. So this is a dopey ish of SFP...
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PACIFICON II IS OVER...

but thoughts about it will continue. Those who attended include those who have attended more or less of the official programs; others will remember people met much more than any of the program—including the parties and the art-show. Personally I will remember some of all this, including the NSF room, where I've had 3 nights there of being up at least to 4 and at least twice to 5 a.m., talking, listening, etc. Everyone was welcome there whether Neffers or not—and many dropped in, too. I think Wally Weber was there more often than I—and later at night also.

Incidentally, the Art Show was marred by three "lost" pieces of artwork. Someone stole these—took them off the display racks and got them from the room. This endangers the whole idea of artshows at the cons. Bjo Trimble told me that if just one more such thievery was made the shows would no longer be held, because they endanger the feeling of responsibility that those who contribute art for this use provide. The Art Show pay for these losses more ways than one; besides the artist feeling that material is possibly in danger, the Art Show people have to pay for all items lost. Incidentally, anyone who knows about the pictures—or who want to return them—can get in touch with Bjo Trimble at 5571 Belgrave Ave., Garden Grove, Calif.

The artshow has, I suppose, more viewers than any other convention activity—being outside the regular convention program it is where anyone can view at any time. I've thought about this matter of stealing artwork and it makes me more angry than anything else I can think of.

While the con was most enjoyable, I was hoping to see "Doc" Smith there. Even though he wasn't, I was glad to hear his operation has turned out well.

"Doc" got the first annual award of the First Fandom people last year; this time it was for Hugo Gernsback. These "Hall of Fame" Awards represent a logical development in fandom...and even if "First Fandom" is made up of the older fans the idea has real merit. The award to Mr. Gernsback was announced at the Worldcon Banquet, at the same time the Hugo Awards were announced.

On the cover I used the linotype slugs used for the vote-cards for the Hugo to indicate who won the Hugos this year. Best Novel was Here Gather the Stars (or Way Station) by Clifford Simak—a man who has been turning out good SF for a long time. Poul Anderson's No Truce with Kings was voted the best short fiction of the last year, and Ace Books got the vote for best SF book publisher. Analog got the nod as the best professional magazine—showing again that John W. Campbell Jr. still has a following. And AMRA won as the best amateur magazine—fanzine put out by George Schithers. It's been around for a long time, and is a good one.... Ed Emshwiller has been illustrating SF for a long time, and in fact everyone who received a Hugo this time has been around a while.

Ace's activities in SF over the years have been fairly intense. Besides the ERBurrroughs titles, in quantity Ace has provided much paperback SF. Some of it represents the type of fiction that might be described as "introductory"—adventure, plus. Personally I feel this is a type that is needed, to help introduce SF to others who will like it in its many phases. Analog represents another "layer" of SF. My own reading taste goes for variety, and as such I read both kinds. JSW

