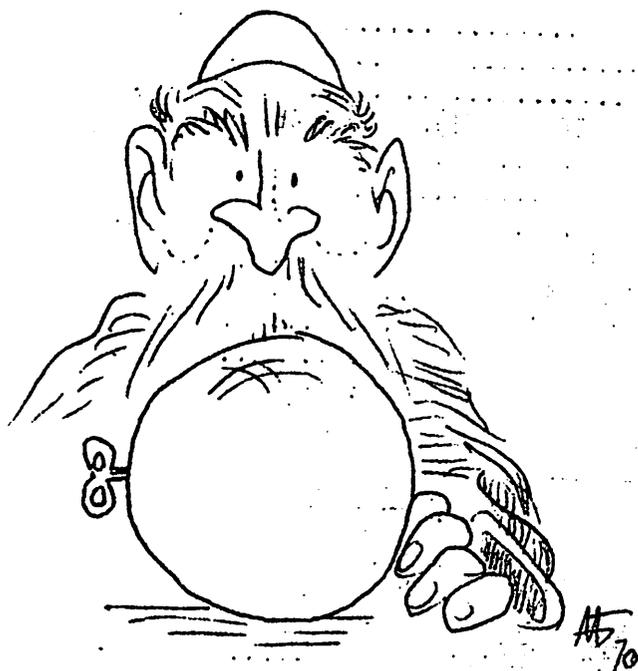


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Front cover by Derek Carter; back cover by Alexis Gilliland. Interior illos by Alexis Gilliland (1, 4, 10, 19, 22, 25, 28, 34, 37, 40, 44, 47, 49, 52, 55), Bob Jones (6, 7), Jack Gaughan (13, 31, 41), Perri Corrick (16). All stencilled by Gilliland but (6) and (7), which were done by Bob Jones. Note also ad on pg 18.

In Brief --

Deadline for receipt of material for issue 73 is 16 October 1970.

Supplements TWJ 72-1 (more book reviews) and 72-2 (more fanzine reviews, prozine reviews by Mike Shoemaker, book reviews, "guest" editorial "A Radical Centrist's Case Against the Draft" (by Alexis Gilliland), misc. filler material, and the shortest J.K. Klein Conreport we've ever seen (1970 Milford Conference)) are being distributed with this issue of TWJ (to SOTWJ subscribers only; 10¢ ea. to others).

The views expressed in this issue by the contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the editor or of the Washington Science Fiction Association. -- DLM

DURABLE DAPHNE
by
Thomas Burnett Swann

Recently I taught a three-month course for college juniors and seniors called Interpretation of Fiction, which included a novel or volume of short stories a week. Some of the books were acknowledged classics like Jane Eyre and The Wind in the Willows, which I had no trouble justifying to myself, my multiple bosses, and my students, but others were less conventional choices like The Martian Chronicles and Rebecca. Fortunately, our astronauts landed on the moon the same week I taught The Martian Chronicles, and no justification was required; in fact, I was complimented for a "timely choice", though I would have taught Bradbury with or without an Apollo landing. But no such fortuitous circumstances helped to justify Rebecca. I had to defend the book on its own merits. This was my argument:

Last year Daphne DuMaurier was awarded the honorary title of "Dame" by the Queen of England. The general reading public, which has long maintained her as a best-selling author, approved and even applauded the award. And yet Miss DuMaurier, though some of her books have been enthusiastically reviewed by the best critics when they first appeared, is seldom mentioned in serious studies of Twentieth Century Literature. She deserves better. Certainly she is not a great novelist like Lawrence, Joyce, and Faulkner, but she is a minor classic, and in this case even minority is a rare distinction, if we define a classic writer as one whose best work may be expected to endure the test of at least several centuries. Consider an example from the past. Mrs. Radcliffe is not a great novelist like her contemporary, Jane Austin. Yet the Mysteries of Udolpho is still in print after nearly two hundred years and still admired for its evocative descriptions and eerie moods, whatever its weaknesses in characterization. Mrs. Radcliffe, largely on the strength of this one book (though she wrote other commendable books like The Italian and The Romance of the Forest), is a minor classic and she appears in almost every full-scale discussion of the English novel. I believe that Daphne DuMaurier, on the strength of Rebecca, deserves and will one day achieve a comparable rank.

Of course Daphne DuMaurier's reputation rests on far more than a single book. Many moviegoers shivered to Alfred Hitchcock's flawed but chilling production The Birds without realizing that it was adapted from an unflawed, even more chilling story by Miss DuMaurier, or that she has written other short fantasies of equal excellence, such as "The Blue Lenses". She is also an excellent biographer, as she proved in The Infernal World of Branwell Brontë. Her sources were scarce, since Branwell, unlike his famous sisters, was almost ignored by his contemporaries, but she managed to enrich the few known facts with an ingenuity of interpretation which amounted to inspiration.

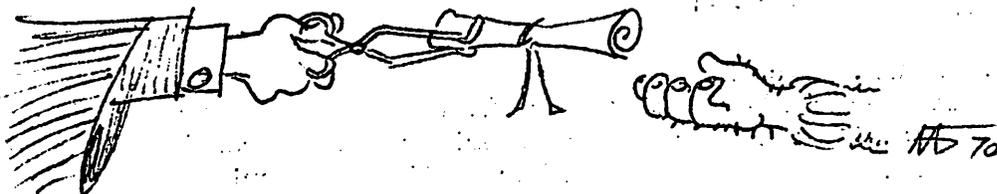
It is Rebecca, though, which is the cornerstone of her popular fame and which, I believe, will soon win her deserved critical esteem. The book is important for two reasons: its influence on other writers and on reading tastes--that is, its historical importance; and its inherent literary merit.

Historically, the book holds an important niche in the development of the Gothic novel, a genre of fiction which includes a terrorized heroine, a mysterious old mansion, abbey, or castle, a gloomy but charismatic male who may or may not be the hero, and in some cases a spice of the supernatural. The Gothic novel flourished in the late Eighteenth Century and early Nineteenth Century (The Mysteries of Udolpho and Frankenstein), influenced Jane Eyre and Wuthering Heights, flowered again at the end of the century in Dracula, but fell from public favor in the rational, scientifically-oriented Twentieth Century. Perhaps more than any other novel, Rebecca initiated a Gothic revival which began in the late

Thirties and continues through the present day, when there is usually at least one Gothic novel on the best-seller list (as of February, 1970, Victoria Holt's The Shivering Sands, to say nothing of Miss DuMaurier's own House on the Strand, a fantasy with certain Gothic overtones). Miss DuMaurier and her imitators, most of them women, have defied our excessive emphasis on science and provided a kind of literary opposite to science fiction. They have enforced the point often made by psychologists that women writers are no less imaginative than men, but their imagination tends to be less far-reaching--haunted houses instead of space ships, earthly perils instead of extra-terrestrial; and that, since intuition is more important to them than logic, they are more concerned with mood and atmosphere than scientific plausibility.

A book may have historical value but little or no literary merit, however. Like East Lynne, it may be widely read in its time, influence other writers, but seem unreadable to later generations. No one, of course, can say for sure that Rebecca will endure, but it reads remarkably well after more than thirty years and surpasses most of the novels which it has influenced. True, it owes a large debt to the Brontë sisters and to the whole Gothic tradition. But it makes the best of this tradition--it borrows and adapts without merely copying. The perils of the heroine are both psychological and physical; at one point, she is almost driven to suicide. And the hero, though not quite a Heathcliffe or a Rochester, is tantalizing in his ambiguity. Does he really love his drab second wife? What was his relationship with his remarkable first wife and how did she die? The house is moodily and magnificently described, from the opening sentence, "Last night I dreamed I went to Manderlay again," to its destruction by fire. But so far we are still concerned with a formula, and an old formula, however well employed, is rarely the basis for a new classic. What particular magic did Miss DuMaurier add to the Gothic tradition?

The addition, the uniqueness, lies mainly in the fact that there are not one but two female protagonists, one living, one dead, skillfully counterpointed throughout the book. Which is the real heroine, to us and to the hero: the timid narrator, whose first name we are never told, or the flamboyant Rebecca, whose first name is enough to identify her instantly and unforgettably to a horde of male admirers? Miss DuMaurier's achievement lies in the fact that the narrator gradually grows stronger, braver, lovelier, in the eyes of her husband and of the reader, even as the beautiful Rebecca is revealed to be a consummate villainess who, knowing that she was about to die, had contrived to get herself murdered by her husband so that he would be convicted of the crime. It is as if the narrator, in exorcising the ghost of Rebecca, has gained her strength but not her evil--a good, dull woman has practiced a kind of admirable vampirism on a bad, exciting woman, until the good woman is better and no longer dull, and the bad woman is so repellent that she ceases to excite. It is not easy to create a narrator who thinks herself dull through most of a book, who even appears dull to many of the other characters, but who never loses the interest of the reader. It is not easy to make a dead woman such a living presence that a book may be named for her. But Miss DuMaurier triumphs on both counts. She has not only used an old formula to perfection, she has added a new magic, and qualified herself to become a minor classic.



The Thrill Book

THE PULP SCENE

By Bob Jones

Part II -- THRILL BOOK'S NEW LOOK

With the July 1, 1919 issue, TTB seemed to catch its second wind. Eight issues had appeared. Now for the first time, the magazine gave readers a table of contents, a new size, and a better-organized presentation, all at once. The new look was in keeping with the format of most of the pulps of the thirties. Wordage was greatly increased, too. In the last large-size (June 15) issue, an- nouncement was made that the next issue would contain more than twice as much in the way of story material. And indeed it did, with 160 pages and more than 85,000 words, compared to the previous 48 pages and 38,000 words.

Besides the ease of identifying serials, novelettes, and short stories pro- vided by a contents page, stories scheduled for the next issue were promoted inside. These, then, were the many changes...all for the better. But unfortunately, the interior drawings remained disappointing. They were vignette-like sketches, poorly executed. The covers, too, did not add much as visual representations of a fantasy magazine. Rarely did they actually depict out-of-the-ordinary events. With the changes came a new feature called Cross-Trails. A sort of editor's comment column, the first one noted: "Enlarging of THE THRILL BOOK comes on the date that opens a new era in the United States. We might call the next period the 'Sahara Period', and if ever people needed thrills they need them now." The reference, of course, was to prohibition. The editor added: "So THE THRILL BOOK will have to take the place of the cocktail and foaming glass of beer." Cross-Trails contained not only editorial comments, but letters and even little essays on such subjects as devotion and work. Harold Hersey edited the first eight issues with Eugene A. Clancy. Ronal Oliphant, of the Alpheus Bings poems of dubious distinction, edited the last eight. But Hersey continued to contribute, mainly in the poetry line.

In the first of the new-size issues (July 1) is a lead serial by H. Bedford- Jones. "The Opium Ship" is typical adventure by the Canadian-born naturalized American. That is, it is robust, set in foreign climes and complete with dialect conversation. So maybe everything else looked new. But the emphasis on adventure stories hadn't changed. As before, fillers and short items were seen here and there. Some were almost nonsensical, like "Out of Sight". ("I am standing within a few feet of several hundred people, but I cannot see any of them. You said it is sad to be blind? Ah, yes, you are right; it is sad to be blind. But I am not blind; I am standing in a cemetary.") Others were out-and-out jokes, with no relevancy to fantasy, or even adventure. ("An Irishman was careless enough to let his priest see him coming out of a hotel with a demijohn under his arm. The priest waited for him to come by and said, 'Mike, what is it you have in that demijohn?' 'Whiskey, sir.' 'To whom does it belong?' 'To me and my brother Pat, sir.' 'Well, pour yours out, Mike, and be a good man.' 'I can't, father,' said Mike. 'Mine's on the bottom.'")

Besides the changes already mentioned, the second eight issues of TTB were noteworthy in several respects. The first eight had presented some fantasy, but no science fiction. The second eight did, although only to a very limited extent. They also gave the reader a variety of what were called storiottes--brief accounts, often weird, and generally effective. And also appearing was an unusual connected series..."Tales of the Double Man" was the name of a five-part fantastic series that started in the July 15 issue. The first episode was prefaced by the following explanation:

"'The Double Man' begins a series of stories surpassing in weirdness and occult mystery anything ever before offered in literature. They are clean tales, these, without featuring murder or theft or crime of any kind, yet gripping in their virility, intensity and power. The profoundest depths of the human soul are sounded by the mental probe of that eminent psychic expert and Fellow of the International Academy of Scientific and Supernatural Research, Doctor Mordant P. Dale, of New York City, renowned throughout the world for his success in solving the riddles of the universe. Clyde Broadwell, who was given exclusive right to make public the facts in the most absorbing case ever studied by Doctor Dale, has chosen THE THRILL BOOK as the most proper medium for publicity."



With this buildup, you would certainly expect something memorable. Well, while not exactly a classic, the series nevertheless is quite good. The episodes are written in the first person by William Gray, a New York stockbroker. He finds that he has a duplicate--an alter ego in Cape Town, British South Africa, by the name of Arthur Wadleigh, a representative of the London Ivory Company. These two men, half a world apart, share a common psychic bond. As the story unfolds, it becomes clear that this is no Jekyll-Hyde mystification. One isn't the hidden or evil manifestation of the other. Instead, they live a plural existence. Gray becomes Wadleigh for 12 hours, and Wadleigh is Gray for 12 hours. They remain two separate individuals, although some 8,000 miles from each other. When Gray sleeps, his psyche or soul leaves his body and enters that of Wadleigh, who makes a similar change with Gray.

Gray writes to Wadleigh, then as Wadleigh reads his own letter. And Wadleigh does the same, in reverse, as Gray. They enclose photographs; each, naturally, resembles the other. Gray begins to feel that he's been communicating with himself. Intrigued to the point, almost, of desperation, he plans to visit his other self. As he leaves New York, Wadleigh leaves Capetown. Whenever Gray falls asleep on the steamship, he awakes as Wadleigh on a vessel heading for New York. Needless to say, not only would going to bed become an adventure, but it must have been frustrating to feel you weren't getting anywhere, going back and forth on the ocean. Since they can't meet, both return home. To get relief, Gray takes Morphine and is rushed to the hospital. He ends up in an institution for the insane, as does Wadleigh.

The series is well done. The narration is interrupted for various interpolations by doctors and alienists. Wadleigh communicates that he feels a crisis is approaching. Gray awakes to exclaim, "Wadleigh's dead!" Gray explains, "In all the transmigrations that I underwent, I always was subtly conscious of passing en route the spirit of Mr. Wadleigh, winging its way to my unconscious body in New York." But Wadleigh is not dead, just is a state of suspended animation. It is the first time since this unique swap club was formed that one of the principals is able to navigate independently of the other. Gray thus journeys to Cape Town. There he meets Wadleigh's fiancée, Elaine, and falls in love with her. She assumes that he's Wadleigh, recovered. Finally, Wadleigh revives. He marries Elaine and visits

Gray in New York. An X-ray is made of each man's head. It's discovered that the brain of each is like a wireless station, transmitting impulses from one to the other. The picture that comes to mind here is analogous to a pain reliever ad on television: a little man inside someone's head, busy pounding away...in this case, sending out messages. The "antenna" that transmitted and received, in the heads of these two attuned personalities, is shown as a needlepoint of bone extending upwards. When Doctor Dale operates and removes the bone, everything reverts to normalcy.

Oddly enough, the reader response to such fantasy as "The Double Man" was notable for its absence. The contents in general received favorable comment. But unlike later pulps that printed fantasy, the letters rarely singled out individual stories or authors. Typical was the Army private who wrote that the stories justified all claims. "They surprised me as well, for they turned out to be even better than I'd expected..." Another reader exclaimed, "Bully! Fine stuff! Am reading every issue and shall subscribe at once. Here at last is the truly big venture." One inventive reader decided that the title used by the magazine needed improving. He suggested several alternates: MAGIC STORIES, THE WEAVER, SENSATION, THRILLING TALES, THE MAZE, CRYSTAL SPHERE, THE CONSTELLATION, THE COMET.

TTB didn't develop a stable of writers, as pulps were to do later. Tod Robbins, though, a Munsey contributor, appeared as often as anyone, mainly with stories. His first story (July 1) was rather odd. "The Bibulous Baby" is reminiscent of Fritz Leiber's later "The Man Who Never Grew Young". Robbins' title referred to a baby's love of absinthe. A man at a seaside resort offers to mind a young woman's baby while she goes swimming. It turns out that the "baby" is really an old man. He recounts an unusual history, all the time interrupting himself to ask for a glass of absinthe. (Don't forget, this was during prohibition.) He tells how his grandfather had feared old age, and sold his soul to the devil. Some taint carried over, for when the baby (the storyteller) was born, the first thing he was aware of was his mother combing his long white beard. Each year he grew younger. That's it--sort of a sketch, rather than a story with a beginning, middle and end.



Robbins' other efforts were similar in nature. "Crimson Flowers" (October 1) is about an old man who cuts his flowers every day. "These flowers are crimson thoughts. See how quickly they grow--grow into deeds if I do not cut them each day. So must all men do if they would live in the sunlight; they must cut the crimson thoughts out of their gardens, even as I." The old man's son is hanged, and buried in his garden. "Crimson thoughts were in his head continually, but now they grow nicely in my garden."

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Robbins appeared with six stories. Another Munsey writer about on a par with Robbins was Don Mark Lemon. But while entertaining, his offerings could hardly live up to this editorial exultant non-sequitor: "If your hair does not have an unaccustomed crinkle at the extraordinary conclusion of this story, you had better read the lady-like magazines, among which we are glad to say THE THRILL BOOK does not include itself."

The story under consideration here is "The Spider and the Fly" (August 1). A man's wife is bitten by a large black spider that sings. The man kills it. A week later, he hears his wife singing a foreign-sounding plaint. He finds another spider, this time in her hair, and kills it. Later, another one jumps into her hair again. By now, the wife is acting peculiarly, trapping flies and listening to them buzz. Finally, she goes up in the attic. The man hears her singing and follows. He is caught in a glue-covered cord arrangement. "...in a far corner of the attic was a thing with two luminous eyes set in a woman's face, that watched him and waited, and now drew nearer and nearer, noiseless as a spider that approaches a fly caught in its web." This and other fantasy stories in TTB are similar in feeling and treatment, in some ways, to the material that UNKNOWN would be featuring 20 years later--stories with a light touch...impudent, I think Isaac Asimov called them, as contrasted to the more heavy-handed fare in WEIRD TALES, among others.

As in the first eight issues, the second eight were weighted for adventure, rather than fantasy. And science fiction? Well, you would have to hunt for that...which is what we'll do in the final installment.

NEXT ISSUE: Science Fiction in THE THRILL BOOK.

THE ARMY OF EGYPT
(to the tune of "Streets of Laredo")

The Army of Egypt
Rode out in the desert;
They rode into Sinai,
All gallant and gay.
A war they did seek,
And a war was brought to them;
Their armor lies rusting,
In Sinai today.

Oh, beat the drum slowly,
The war isn't over;
The Army of Egypt
Will never make peace.
They can't make war either,
But what they are making
Is made without let-up or
Pause or surcease.

The Army of Egypt
At Suez is waiting,
Awaiting the day
The canal fills with silt.
And then they will triumph
And Sinai reconquer,
And in the long meanwhile
Avoid getting kilt.

Oh, Beat the drum slowly,
The war isn't over;
The Army of Egypt
Will never make peace.
They can't make war either,
Which must grieve the Russians
Who pick up the tab
For Egyptian Lend-Lease.

-- Alexis Gilliland

HAPPY DAYS IN OUTER SPACE

by Alexis Gilliland

Well, suppose that we begin with a hydrogen fusion machine that will convert 1,000 milligrams of matter into energy every second, according to the reaction $4\text{H}^1 \rightarrow \text{He}^4$ / energy. We think big.

H^1 has an atomic mass of 1.00813.

H^4 has an atomic mass of 4.00388.

$4 \times 1.00813 = 4.03252$

$1 \times 4.00388 = 4.00388$

"energy" = 0.02864 Atomic units.

In other words, each second we burn about 141.5 grams of hydrogen to 1,414 grams of helium and 1 gram of energy.

Using $E = mc^2$, where $m = 1$ g, $c = 3 \times 10^{10}$ cm/sec, and $E =$ ergs (10^7 ergs = 1 joule), then $E = 1 \times 9 \times 10^{20}$ ergs or 9×10^{13} joules.

Well, well! And that's just per second.

Now if we assume some losses in our machine like 50%, that cuts us to 4.5×10^{13} j/sec, and if we also divert a little to keep the stupid thing running, we might wind up with 2×10^{13} j/sec.

Now we shall put this marvelous mechanism in the center of our space station, and assume that we are going to construct said space station in the form of a tape 10 miles wide by 120 feet thick, and this tape is wrapped up on a spool, and set to rotating to provide 980 cm/sec^2 gravity at the mid-point.

We are going to build it with nickel-steel from the asteroid belt, and put an ocean at the outside end, and a rain forest at the inside end, with a river and farm land in between, using ground-up stony meteorites for the dirt. A jumper is placed between the ocean and the up-hill rain forest, so that water evaporating from the ocean will be driven to recirculate as rain, providing us with a steady flow of pure water. The structural details and so forth we will leave for later. The question we ask is: given 2×10^{13} j/sec, how long will our tape be? That is, how much area can we support with simulated sunlight in exact mimicry of Earth?

The solar constant is $2.00 \text{ cal/min/cm}^2$, or 8.35 j/min/cm^2 . This is $1.4 \times 10^{-1} \text{ j/sec/cm}^2$, and $3.6 \times 10^9 \text{ j/sec/mile}^2$. Taking our figure $2 \times 10^{13} \text{ j/sec}$ and dividing, we wind up with 5.6×10^3 square miles, or 5,600 miles. If our strip is 10 miles wide, it is 560 miles long (if we have daylight 24 hours a day). If we have 12 hours of daylight, we double the length to 1,120 miles, and the area to 11,200, about the size of Albania.

$1,415 \text{ gH}^1$ per second is 122,000 kilograms a day, or 1.22 metric tons. This is a very reasonable fuel requirement, particularly since the universe is 90% hydrogen. (One merely operates an orbiting cryostat near Jupiter where one begins to encounter frictional drag, and lo--hot and cold running liquid hydrogen forever.)

Now that we have the basic design and location of our space home in mind, let us play with it a little. If the center of our spiral is 50 miles in diameter, then the first coil of the spiral will be π 50 miles or 157 miles long, the second π 50 / .08 mi, and so forth. Since this is all approximate, we can neglect the .08 (the thickness increment) and merely note that our spiral makes a total of 7 laps (a mystic number) and so we have a cylinder 10 miles high, 50 miles in diameter and 840 feet or 0.17 miles thick.

Since we have a totally closed biosphere, we may also assume that some sort of population control is exercised, and since there is nothing to prevent building

"conventional" quarters (rooms, corridors and whatnot) in some of that 120-foot thickness we allowed ourselves, why it would be no trick at all to support 250 people per sq mile, for a total population of 2,800,000, with no crowding at all.

Assuming a 10% attrition to age 80 and 90% to age 90, that is, 90% of everybody who dies is between 80 and 90, we can see that our equilibrium population is going to have a median age of about 42 years. Since we are also controlling our environment, and raw materials are overwhelmingly abundant, there is no reason why everyone shouldn't be rich. Not in the sense of having gold in the pocket (although why not?), but in the sense of participating in a worthwhile culture which provides the needed life support. This "needed life support" is pure air, pure water, varied and abundant food, space to live and space to play, and...more complexly, a just and stable government, a body of culture (literature, art, sculpture, music) and a supportive ideology which tells the people living in this manner that they are doing what is morally praiseworthy. In addition, of course, to a variety of valid life-styles.

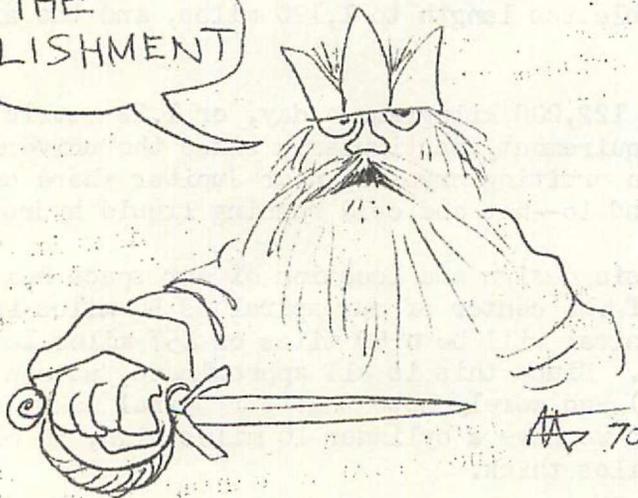
Backing up the human element, like reinforcing rods in concrete, we have the computers--which by this time should have substantially greater-than-human capacities for such supposedly human traits as mercy, compassion and love. We presume that they have been programmed by men of genius. If they work properly, they should prevent, or better, correct a natural tendency to drift on the part of otherwise admirable human institutions.

Since we are postulating a system free from natural catastrophe, and free from population pressure, it follows that the status quo is going to be nailed down to a simply unbelievable extent. You will have a nation without history, which will teach how the world was built, and then...they all lived happily ever after. Since this is how most people really appear to want things (Catch-22 was great to read, but would you want to live through it?), it might represent the arrival of the millenium.

If other, elder races have followed this route, it would explain why there has been no contact with the galactic equivalent of the UN. The sentient races, free from the boisterous uncertainty of the planetary biosphere, have retired to a number of tiny, artificial biospheres, where, their problems solved, they quietly tend their gardens until the end of the Universe. Hence--what have they to do with humanity? They mind their own business, and leave humanity to work out its own

destiny. A.E. Van Vogt to the contrary, it is unlikely to be ruling the sevagram.

I AM THE
ESTABLISHMENT



Which might very well have one church, one tongue and one people as some status quo-happy governments in the past have desired.

ROASTED ALIVE FOR FUN AND PROFIT

by Bob Vardeman

Here I am again, trying once more to win the Nobel Prize for irrelevancy. And the way this semi-pseudo-scientific column has been going, I may win it yet. This time around I'm going to dish out a couple of facts that most people simply don't seem to realize concerning the space program.

SF fans have long since gotten used to the dangers of travel in outer space. Meteoroids and mysterious force fields and all the rest. But the most obvious danger for prolonged flight has been uniformly ignored--namely, radiation.

Sounds sort of silly. I mean, we shield our spacecraft from radiation, don't we? Sure we do. But our shielding is pitiful in comparison with the magnitude of the ambient radiation. "Just" the normal background radiation. Then there is radiation from solar flares, Van Allen belt radiation, and--of prime importance in flights of longer duration--radiation from the nuclear pile supplying both power and drive.

Even on Earth the background radiation is really fierce. Ten inches of lead will cut out most of it. But can you imagine 10 inches of lead on a spaceship (not even considering the attenuation due to the earth's atmosphere)? Rather impractical, no?

The solar flares are unpredictable, but statistical methods can be used to predict the likelihood of a flare occurring. About like you're having a one-in-six chance, in playing Russian Roulette, of blowing your brains out....

The Van Allen belt is of importance only in leaving and re-entering the earth's magnetic field. But it is still a factor which must be contended with, especially in a space station.

Then there's the power plant. Not only will it be impossible for total shielding, but the unexpected must be considered as well. Like repair work. One can't turn those gamma rays off very easily. Current estimates place the power plant on a long arm to get it away from the main capsule, and then putting something like 14 tons of concrete shielding on the arm. And still the ambient radiation level for those astronauts is very, very high....

For instance, the AEC allows someone fooling around with radiation a maximum dosage of 2 rads per year, or 12 millirads a week. This is the maximum for which no damage whatsoever will occur. The astronaut sitting behind his shielding is allowed to take a maximum of 75 rads a year--or about 40 times as much.

Now, if 2 rads (and don't worry about the unit "rad"--things get confused in radiation terminology, with rads and rems and millirads and millirems--just take it as an arbitrary unit) is the maximum at which no damage will occur, and the astronaut takes 40 times that, that doesn't leave much to the imagination. The astronauts know that they are risking possible leukemia, cataracts and neoplasms (cancers of various sorts).

The way the system has been set up, there is no chance of the astronauts dying from an immediate dosage of radiation. The shielding is set up to make sure of this. Their dangers come in the long run, and are well known to them before they sign up. A reference risk is established over the age span of 35-55 by figuring the percentage of naturally occurring cancers and leukemia. Then this is doubled and taken as the basis for a mission. This means that, for normal missions (like the Apollo shots), the astronauts stand twice the chance of contracting leukemia (about 0.2%) or cancer (about 5%) than does the ordinary man in the street.

If a mission warrants it, though, the astronauts can be subjected to radiation levels of twice this figure. In other words, 0.4% for leukemia and 10% for cancer. This is the current figure for the Mars program, but it has yet to be adopted.

In the short run--meaning up to a couple of years--the astronaut will come back sterile and with chromosome damage. The sterility will be cured naturally, provided the astronaut is not re-exposed to radiation of an appreciable amount. (As a sidelight, it is better to risk exposure to a massive dosage of radiation, than to smaller, long-term amounts if you are worrying about your virility. It takes about 70 days for new sperm cells to generate.)

But these things are considered purely psychological, since they don't affect the astronaut's physical abilities.

Other fairly short-term considerations are skin cancer and cataracts. But both of these are more or less ignored, since both are operable. (How's that grab you, prospective astronauts?)

One interesting affect that has been observed since John Glenn's flight has been the fiery lights flitting around the capsule. It was found on the Apollo missions that the astronauts could see these "fireflies" with their eyes closed. Current explanation of this phenomenon is that it is a highly ionized particle zipping through the vitreous humor and leaving a track like in a Wilson cloud chamber. Either that, or the particle strikes directly onto the optic nerve and fires the nerve.

In either case, the astronauts are the targets for very heavy particles which go through their shielding like a bullet through butter. Question to be answered: how will this affect the brain and nervous system over a long space flight? Will it cause a loss of coordination, or worse, destruction of brain cells? Nobody knows....

Also, weightlessness caused dropsickness on several flights. Radiation will also cause nausea. What happens when the two are combined? Is the effect worse? Does it occur sooner? Do the two cancel each other out? Again, no one knows.

Certain limits have been set up which the astronauts cannot exceed without losing their space papers. 400-rad exposure is the career limit; 75 rads a year, 35 rads a quarter, or 15 rads a month are limits which, if reached by the astronaut, would mean his grounding for a certain length of time.

So far, the 35-rad limit has yet to be exceeded, but so far we have never used nuclear plants in spaceships, nor have we had a long-duration flight. Space travel is still in its infancy, and the men signing up for the longer missions are like those early American pioneers who were willing to go through Indian country to reach a little further than anyone else had yet gone.

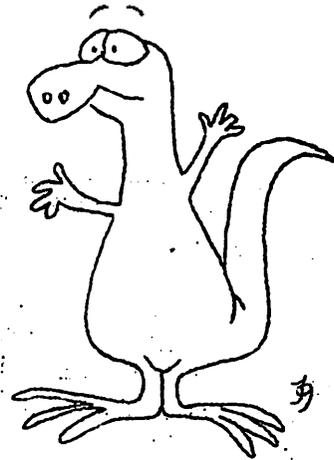
The dangers--both short- and long-term--are very real. They are very deadly, or even worse, permanently debilitating. But the gains are also high--as high in their way as were those new lands the early pioneers settled. Knowledge can never really have a value put on it, whether it be in dollars and cents or in human lives. Madame Curie died of radiation poisoning--but her death has been vindicated by the use of radiation to counteract cancerous growths. Perhaps some of the astronauts will die of radiation exposure--and perhaps they will discover something which will lead to a cure for cancer. I've heard several biophysicists say that the moon dust might offer a clue to a cure. But whatever comes, the adtronauts know the danger. They accept it and are willing to continue.

These are indeed brave men. I hope they are long remembered for their sacrifices.

* * * * *

MUSIC OF THE SPHERES
(a column on Music and Science Fiction)

by Harry Warner, Jr.



I. Celestial Strauss

Suddenly there's a new way to determine if an individual is a music-lover from 'way back or just one of those terrible persons who hustles to the record store to buy the current rage. If he has a copy of Strauss' "Also Sprach Zarathustra" in a record jacket that doesn't mention anywhere 2001: A Space Odyssey, he's a veteran music lover.

Not too much has been written about the Richard Strauss contribution to the 2001 score. But all of the enigmas to be found in the Kubrick-Clarke movie form a neat counterpart to the score that has become an unofficial theme song of the future. I've heard that tone poem's opening at planetarium performances and between halves at football games, as an accompaniment to television commercials, always associated with space and the possibilities of space travel. The music has grown so familiar that everyone overlooks the enigmas it holds within itself. If the film creators had gone looking deliberately for music enigmatic enough to match the puzzles they were about to unleash on movie fans, they wouldn't have found anything more suitable than the Strauss score.

I suppose that almost everyone knows by now that 2001 uses only a small portion of the Strauss composition, which takes more than a half-hour to perform in complete form. It's also no secret that the Strauss work is associated with the philosopher Nietzsche, whose principal contribution to science fiction in the past had been to popularize the concept of the superman, in slightly different guise than the comic-strip hero. And it's no secret that the music is suited to the film not only in mood-creation but because it has something to do with the sun. Beyond that, I've not found any extensive discussion of the music, in the hundreds of thousands of words that fanzines have published about 2001.

The "2001 music" is the opening of Strauss' tone poem. Right here is the first of the enigmas that the choice of music created. Suddenly space and its implications for the future have come to be associated with the least futuristic-sounding music imaginable. Strauss wrote conservative-sounding music when he was very young and very old, but in his prime he pioneered in almost all the advanced techniques that were later developed by other composers into more extreme forms: dissonances of the most extreme sort, the use of non-musical noises to heighten effect, passages written in two or more keys simultaneously, for instance. "Also Sprach Zarathustra" itself is celebrated in its later stages for two pioneering sections in particular. The section entitled "Of Science" is startlingly similar to the 12-tone discipline that Schoenberg later made famous; it violates only one principal rule of the tone row school, by arranging its succession of notes in a way that suggests conventional harmonies. The final page of the composition shook

up music-lovers seven decades ago in almost exactly the same manner as the ending of 2001 set all fandom to chattering, by alternating totally unrelated chords in contrasted tone colors.

But the beginning measures, the ones that have become famous, are elementary enough to have been written a couple of centuries before Strauss. The composer was an intelligent man with a splendid sense of humor, and I think he would have found a perverse sort of satisfaction if he could have known that his greatest hit had suddenly been chosen from a few measures that any first-year student in elementary harmony might have scribbled as an exercise.

Then there's the accidental fact that Strauss himself was fond of speculating about the future in connection with his music. He solemnly provided in the last years of the 19th century two endings to one of his new songs, and gave instructions to performers to use the more conservative of them until the start of 1900, when musical tastes would be sufficiently advanced to understand the more difficult ending. At one time, he even thought about giving a subtitle to "Also Sprach Zarathustra": "Symphonic optimism in fin de siècle guise, dedicated to the 20th century."

Kubrick has been criticized for failure to adhere to the science fictional concepts which we associate with Clarke. In exactly the same way, Strauss got into all kinds of trouble on the claim that he wasn't being faithful to Nietzsche. Remember, the philosopher wasn't a legendary figure from the past when Strauss wrote the music and gave it its first performance in 1896. That was only thirteen years after Nietzsche began to write Also Sprach Zarathustra, only four years after its complete text was published for the first time. Nietzsche fandom raised thunder over the way Strauss had written the music, even though the composer never claimed to gild the lily. "I'm just a plain musician for whom all 'programs' are impulses to new forms, nothing more.", Strauss once wrote. But he once explained the composition to Otto Florsheim in a way that sounds strangely like a premonition of its future use: "I did not intend to write philosophical music or to portray in music Nietzsche's great work. I meant to convey by means of music an idea of the development of the human race from its origin, through the various phases of its development, religious and scientific, up to Nietzsche's idea of the Superman." Strauss also wrote a brief summary of his composition that sounds even more like the start of the scenario: "First movement: Sunrise, Man feels the power of God. Andante religioso. But man still longs. He plunges into passion (second movement) and finds no peace. He turns toward science, and tries in vain to solve life's problem in a fugue (third movement). Then agreeable dance tunes sound and he becomes an individual, and his soul soars upward while the world sinks far beneath him."

The best brief description I've found of Nietzsche's book is by a writer whose first name I've been unable to track down. One Dr. Tille wrote: "Thus Spake Zarathustra is a kind of summary of the intellectual life of the nineteenth century, and it is on this fact that its principal significance rests. It unites in itself a number of mental movements which, in literature as well as in various sciences, have made themselves felt separately during the last hundred years, without going far beyond them. By bringing them into contact, although not always into uncontradictory relation, Nietzsche transfers them from mere existence in philosophy, or scientific literature in general, into the sphere or the creed of Weltanschauung of the educated classes, and thus his book becomes capable of influencing the views and strivings of a whole age."

Strauss arranged for a direct quotation from the preface to Nietzsche volume to be printed on one page of his score. It obviously refers to the opening section of his composition, since there are references to other parts of the book elsewhere in the score. Here is the preface quotation:

"When Zarathustra was thirty years old, he left his home and the lake of his home, and went into the mountains. There he enjoyed his spirit and his solitude, and for ten years did not weary of it. But at last his heart changed--and rising one morning with the rosy dawn, he went before the sun, and spake thus unto it: 'Thou great star! What would be thy happiness if thou hadst not those for whom thou shinest! For ten years hast thou climbed hither unto my cave; thou wouldst have wearied of thy light and of the journey, had it not been for me, mine eagle, and my serpent. But we awaited thee every morning, took from thee thine overflow, and blessed thee for it. Lo! I am weary of my wisdom, like the bee that hath gathered too much honey; I need hands outstretched to take it. I would fain bestow and distribute, until the wise have once more become joyous in their folly, and the poor happy in their riches. Therefore must I descend into the deep: as thou doest in the evenings, when thou goest behind the sea, and givest light also to the nether-world, thou exuberant star! Like thee must I go down, as men say, to whom I shall descend. Bless me, then, thou tranquil eye, that canst behold even the greatest happiness without envy! Bless the cup that is about to overflow, that the water may flow golden out of it, and carry everywhere the reflection of thy bliss! Lo! This cup is again going to empty itself, and Zarathustra is again going to be a man.'

"Thus began Zarathustra's going-down."

I spoke of the mysteries involved in the Strauss tone poem. Did the composer put any real trust in the Nietzsche philosophy that Nietzsche himself was delighted to hear described as "aristocratic radicalism"? Did Strauss delve deeply enough into research to discover that Nietzsche's Zarathustra has nothing to do with the Persian who made the name famous? Lawrence Gilman wrote that "the Persian Zarathustra plodded along in company with those ancient doctrines that were founded upon a positive conviction of the unmistakable difference between good and evil, Nietzsche's Zarathustra dances across the mountain peaks in an exuberance of joy over the glad discovery that none can know the difference between the two." And what did that famous ending in two keys really signify to Strauss? Gilman, who couldn't have seen 2001, called the end of the composition "the shadow of that ineluctable ghost, the Riddle of the Cosmos", just as if he'd sat through the light show and the final scene in the bedroom.

In any event, that opening sunrise with which the composition begins is built either accidentally or deliberately of the fundamentals of musical physics. Did Strauss do it that way purposely? It would be possible to dissect almost the entire opening measures in terms of the series of natural overtones that accompany any fundamental tone and determine the timbre. The first bars aren't just intended to attract attention and then be discarded permanently, like the famous opening section of Tchaikovsky's First Piano Concerto, because this trumpet call on C, G, and C becomes the basis for two important themes generally nicknamed "nature" and "longing" which play an important part in most of the sections that follow.

You won't find too much direct premonition of 2001 in the central stages of Strauss' tone poem. It's generally divided into eight sections after the sunrise prologue entitled, in turn, Of the Backworldsmen; Of the Great Longing; Of Joys and Passions; Grave Song; Of Science; The Convalescent; The Dance-Song; and Song of the Night-Wanderer. You might think of HAL-9000 as you read some of the commentaries on the "Of Science" section, but it's hard to imagine parallels in the movie for most of "Zarathustra's" musical moods.

It's another odd irony that the successive phases of Zarathustra were never really known to the principals. Nietzsche was too hopelessly mad by 1896 to have anything to say about the new Strauss composition. Strauss lived a very long life



OH, GOD DIDN'T MAKE
LITTLE GREEN APPLES...

A DOLLAR IS LIKE A GRAIN OF SAND

A dollar is like a grain of sand;
A few get in your shoes when you
travel,
And with luck you may even find some
gravel;
But a desert is different
From an ash tray
Or even a sandbag.
A desert sucks up a man
And lays down his bones to bleach;
And the edge of the desert seeks
To push out,
Converting rock, soil and trees
Into the stuff
From which deserts are made.

A dollar is like a cup of water;
It will slake your thirst
For a little hour
Or evaporate if put aside.
But an ocean is different;
What it spends as rain
Comes back as rivers
Laden with the plunder of the
continents.

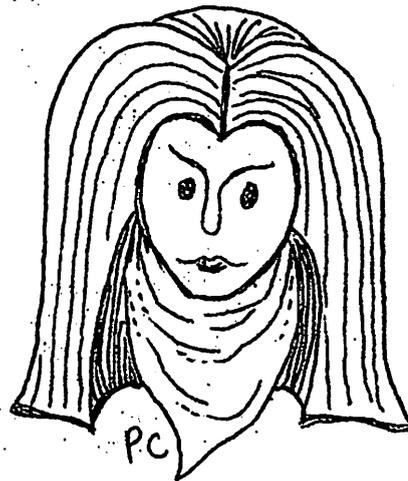
Make love, not money?
You jest.
Poverty produces impotence
As surely as castration.

-- Alexis Gilliland

but died twenty years before the release of the film. He would undoubtedly have been tickled to death to find the film disproving totally the statement of one of his biographers to the effect that "Of all the works of Strauss, this one is the most closely bound to its era."

ANSWERS TO TRIVIA QUESTIONNAIRE
70-1 (by Cecilia Grim Smith)
which appeared in TWJ #71:

1. Merkwürdigichliebe.
2. Ace.
3. Lobe Star.
4. Fifteen.
5. The Best of Fantasy and Science Fiction (7th Ed.).
6. Dr. Palfrey.
7. Mary Shelley.
8. Jeff Jones.
9. Ted White; Spawn of the Death Machine; Paperback Library; July, 1968.
10. New York.
11. Fantastic Voyage.
12. "Tiger!, tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,"
13. Un-Man and Other Novellas,
by Poul Anderson.
14. The Makeshift Rocket, by
Poul Anderson.
15. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.



INDIANAPOLIS?

THE ELECTRIC BIBLIOGRAPH
by Mark Owings

VII. H. Beam Piper

Answer, The -- FU 12/59.

Cosmic Computer, The -- see Graveyard of Dreams.
Crossroads of Destiny -- FU 7/59.

Day of the Moron -- ASF 9/51; Brit 3/52. Cover by Hubert Rogers.
Dearest -- WT 3/51.

Down Styphon -- ASF 11/65^c; written into Lord Kalvan of Otherwhen (q.v.).

Edge of the Knife, The -- AMZ 5/57.

Flight from Tomorrow -- FUTURE 9-10/50.

Four-day Planet -- Putnam: NY, 1961, pp 221, \$3.75. Juvenile.

Genesis -- FUTURE 9/51; included in Common Time, ed. Anonymous (Malian Press: Sydney 1955, wpps 32); included in Shadow of Tomorrow, ed. Frederik Pohl (Perma Books: NY, 1953, wpps 379, 35¢).

Graveyard of Dreams -- GAL 2/58; exp (Putnam: NY, 1963, pp 220, \$3.75) as Junkyard Planet, (Ace: NY 1964, wpps 190, 40¢) as The Cosmic Computer.

Gunpowder God -- ASF 11/64; written into Lord Kalvan of Otherwhen (q.v.).

He Walked Around the Horses -- ASF 4/48; Brit 12/48; included in World of Wonder, ed. Fletcher Pratt (Twayne: NY, 1952, pp 423, \$3.95); included in Best SF Three, ed. Edmund Crispin (Faber & Faber: London 1958, pp 224, 15s); included in Le Meraviglie del Possibile, ed. & tr. Bruno Fonzi (Einaudi: Milan?, 1959) as Passo! Intorno Ai Cavalli.

Junkyard Planet -- see Graveyard of Dreams.

Keeper, The -- VENTURE 7/57.

Last Enemy -- ASF 8/50^c; Brit 2/51^c; included in The Astounding SF Anthology, ed. John W. Campbell (Simon & Schuster: NY, 1952, pp 585, \$3.95) (SFBC ed 1953).

Little Fuzzy -- Avon: NY 1962, wpps 160, 40¢; URANIA #298, 12/30/62, as Il Piccolo Popolo, tr. Bianca Russo. A 1963 Hugo nominee, and, in my own highly prejudiced opinion, the best book of the early sixties.

Lord Kalvan of Otherwhen -- Ace: NY 1965, wpps 186, 40¢; GALASSIA #87, 3/68, as Lord Kalvandi di Altroquando, tr. Cesare Gavioli.

Mercenaries, The -- ASF 3/50; Brit 10/50.

Ministry of Disturbance -- ASF 12/58; included in Seven Trips Through Time and Space, ed. Groff Conklin (Gold Medal: NY 1968, wpps 256, 60¢).

Naudsonce -- ASF 1/62^c; URANIA #376, 3/21/65, as "Pernonac", tr. Beata Della Frattina.

Omnilingual -- ASF 2/57; included in Prologue to Analog, ed. John W. Campbell (Doubleday: NY 1962, pp 308, \$3.95) (SFBC ed) (Paperback Library: NY 1964, wpps , 50¢).

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Operation R.S.V.P. -- AMZ 1/51; rep 4/66; included in World of Wonder, ed. Fletcher Pratt (Twayne: NY, 1952, pp 423, \$3.95).

Other Human Race, The -- Avon: NY, 1964, pp 190, 40¢. Sequel to Little Fuzzy; pre-publication title was Fuzzy Sapiens.

Police Operation -- ASF 7/48; included in Space Police, ed. Andre Norton (World: Cleveland, 1956, pp 255, \$2.75).

Slave is a Slave, A -- ASF 4/62^c.

Space Viking -- sr 4 ASF 11/62^c-2/63; Ace: NY, 1963, wpps 191, 40¢. Greatly in need of reprinting.

Temple Trouble -- ASF 4/51^c; Brit 10/51^c.

Time and Time Again -- ASF 4/47; Brit 12/47; included in A Treasury of Science Fiction, ed. Groff Conklin (Crown: NY, 1948, pp 517, \$3.50); included in Überwindung von Raum und Zeit, ed. Gotthard Gunther (Karl Rauch: Frankfurt, 1952, pp 237) as Zeit und weider Zeit.

Time Crime -- sr 2 ASF 2-3/55.

Ullr Uprising -- sr 2 SPACE SF 2-3/53; original in The Petrified Planet, ed. Fletcher Pratt (Twayne: NY, 1952, pp 263, \$2.95).

Written with John J. McGuire:

Crisis in 2140 -- see Null-ABC.

Hunter Patrol -- AMZ 5/59.

Lone Star Planet -- nt FU 3/57; exp Ace:NY, 1958, wpps 101, 35¢ with Star Born, by Andre Norton (as A Planet for Texans).

Null-ABC -- sr 2 ASF 2^c-3/53; Ace: NY 1957, wpps 120, 35¢ with Gunner Cade, by Cyril Judd (as Crisis in 2140); as Krisenjahr 2140, Semrau: Hamburg, 1958, wpps 56, 1 DM.

Planet for Texans, A -- see Lone Star Planet.

Return, The -- ASF 1/54; included in The Science-Fictional Sherlock Holmes, ed. Robert C. Peterson (The Council of Four: Denver, 1960, pp 137, \$2.50). It is said that the two appearances represent different versions.

I would like to suggest that anyone looking for a subject of meaty commentary in the field examine Piper's political notions. (There may even be a doctoral thesis in there.) But remember that the ideas implied in "Operation R.S.V.P." may not have been seriously intended.

I may be starting a legend here that will outlive me...Or, rather, putting it into print. There is a story that Piper finished a third Fuzzy novel and sent it in to Avon, two months before he committed suicide. The manuscript was lost at Avon before being opened, and found only after Piper's death. The book was good, the best of the three, but Piper's widow (who had been divorcing him) wanted an outrageous amount of money for the rights. So the story remains unpublished, and maybe always will.

In a separate letter, Mark comments, in response to a couple of questions re T.E.B.:

"I haven't been trying too much for foreign magazine appearances on short stories. I have a lot of Italian information available, and a good bit of German info, but I didn't think it worth the trouble. If anyone really wants it, though, I'm willing. #### "Listing-fanzine appearances strikes me as a dubious project at best, and hopeless with Anderson. Though there's some beautiful work there.... An explanation of nuclear fission in terms of magic especially comes to mind. #### . . . "The non-fiction is mostly left out because I keep forgetting it."

(Paid Advertisement) A joy-rider swiped my time machine, so I have time on my hands while waiting for the time police to apprehend the time criminal and recover my vehicle. Thus, I am seeking opponents for ASSASSIN!, the Game of Time Travel. --Alister Wm. Macintyre, 2729 Stratford Ave., Concinnati, Ohio, 45220.

Book Reviews

Movie Reviews



The Island Under the Earth, by Avram Davidson (Ace 37425; 75¢).

In a recent review of the Pratt-de Camp classic, Land of Unreason (a review which did not appear in this august journal), I observed that the tone or atmosphere which was responsible for much of the appeal of such adult fairy tales also enriched certain works which are, strictly speaking, straight science fiction. At that time, I cited Michael Kurland's The Unicorn Girl and Christopher Stasheff's The Warlock in Spite of Himself as prime examples. This Ace Special by Avram Davidson must be considered in the same category.

Technically, it is science fiction, set in an alternate universe operating on a different foundation of premises and physical laws. But except for purposes of classification, this is immaterial. In every respect save the narrow technical criteria of the classifier, The Island Under the Earth may be regarded as fantasy, specifically as an engrossing adult fairy tale on the model of Land of Unreason or Alice in Wonderland. The novel has had extremely mixed reviews; reaction has been sharply divided even within the tight-knit ranks of the JOURNAL's reviewing staff, with Dave Halterman not caring for the book and myself holding it to be one of the finest things Avram has ever done.

Admittedly, the novel does suffer from being incomplete. The Island Under the Earth is acknowledged to be the first novel in a trilogy, and unlike some series-works it does not really stand successfully by itself in terms of plot. I stared in disbelief at a page of advertisements that followed page 189, muttering, "But... but...but..." In a way, I suppose, that reaction is a testimonial, because if it were a poor novel one would hardly care so intensely about being left with a double handful of loose ends. One does care, in this case, and the reader finds himself hoping that Avram will manage to write the two remaining installments with all due haste.

The author weaves a tapestry of magic in this novel, creating a world of total alienness that is nevertheless peopled by recognizably human beings. But, oh, such human beings! Dellatindilla the eunuch, the crafty merchant Tabnath Lo, Captain Stag, Zorbinand the Thief, Castegor/Gortecas, the dwarves Atom and Mote, the Bosun, Rary...these are people whom you will not soon forget. (Did I leave out Auntie Ghreck, a harpy of some note? Drogorógos the centaur chieftain? Spahana, the Captain's lady, for whom he sold his beloved ship? Ananarusa the maiden-mare?) I was fascinated, charmed and excited by every chapter, and as with every adult fairy tale the appeal of this novel has far more to do with the background and the

tone of events than with the actual plot, which in any case is somewhat difficult to keep track of at times here. That "tone", and the stylistic facility which permits Davidson to convey it adequately, can best be illustrated by a couple of excerpts. For example, at one point the dwarf Mote has been made to climb a tree by Gortecas in order to serve as a look-out:

"Hiccupping his indignation, his terror, his dismay, the dwarf gripped each limb and branch tenaciously as he made his way higher; wished that he were sixlimbed, but with all of them hands; whispered to himself his complete disillusionment. 'I thought it would be pleasant to take this trip,' he complained; 'it isn't at all pleasant. I thought it would be nice to get away from my brother and my master; it isn't at all nice. I was assured I would enjoy it in the woods; I'm not enjoying it at all in the woods. And I always thought that the augur was so congenial-- and he isn't congenial at all, at all, at all! I'm not even sure any more that he's the same augur...he looks the same...but he doesn't look the same...He seems the same...but he doesn't seem the same...' The dwarf scowled in bewilderment. The tree trembled to the kicks of the man below. The dwarf gasped and clutched the branches."

And here Avram describes Zorbinand, the master thief, setting out upon an exercise in his trade:

"The hour was now late. Zorbinand gave the air one final and all-encompassing sniff and snuff, turned, walked to the opposite wall, ran, thrust out his right hand, turned a tumble on his index finger, and was out the window more lightly than a cat. Once out, he braked his descent and sank slowly to the ground. He landed in the shadow of the great dove-cote, which at this hour had arrived at its most convenient angle, and he followed that shadow, running backwards, lightly, on the balls of his feet, so that he should be facing in the direction from which anyone was likeliest to come, if anyone were to come. In the space of time which it takes a bird to flap a wing he was not only unseen, he was unseeable."

One can only repeat the words of P. Schuyler Miller in reviewing this book: "I pity the generation that cannot feel the spell of words like these."

-- Ted Pauls

Damnation Alley, by Roger Zelazny (Berkley Books S1846; 75¢; 150 pp.).

Damnation Alley is the classical example of how a book that picks you up and holds you from start to finish can be a bad book.

Item: The plot line is nothing. Hell Tanner, the protagonist, is carrying bubonic plague serum from Los Angeles to Boston via Damnation Alley, which is the radioactive wasteland of the rest of America. If you have any doubts as to whether or not he makes it, I will not resolve them for you.

Item: The characterization is limited to Hell Tanner, the last surviving Hell's Angel. One has the feeling that Zelazny read about him in a book, and used him directly, without the enlivening influence of the imagination. Hell is the standard Zelazny hero dressed in motorcycle costume. Worse, Hell is the standard Zelazny hero cut to fit the Hell's Angel mold with nothing added by way of compensation. There are other voices in the book, and other names, but no other people.

Item: The background and technical details are seriously flawed, making suspension of disbelief a severe effort.

The main flaw is an attempt to conjure up natural menaces that can cope with man plus man's technology on even terms. To do this in the three decades after an atomic war is simply fantasizing.

And to have winds no airplane can fly through above 200 feet (so Tanner has to drive an armored car instead of flying) while ground-level remains calm and placid is ridiculous.

Hell's "car" is a big old armored thing, clearly a crewed vehicle, but a crew would be in the way--so--Zelazny has Hell start off solo.

One final detail, or lack of detail, is that Hell's vehicle is not furnished with puncture-proof tires. These are currently available, with urethane foam in place of compressed air. A convenience for the "plot", however.

The writing is evocative and beautiful and rarely overdone (although a simile making bifocals before green eyes evoke a green hour glass is a bit jarring), and the numerous struggle scenes are brilliant and exciting. Which is just as well, because that's all there is.

-- Alexis Gilliland

Kavin's World, by David Mason (Lancer 74-564; 75¢; Cover by Frazetta).

In case anyone hasn't noticed, we are having a sword-and-sorcery boom. This author is compared by Lancer to Howard and Tolkien; but the story reads a lot more like Mika Waltari. The story is told as a form of memoir, the character has a sort of detached involvement in what is going on, and there is a feeling that everything is foreordained--that the hero is in the hands of fate. There is a suggestion of the Greek principle of drama, of Hubris, Nemesis, Ate, the prideful defiance of the Gods, Divine vengeance, and ultimate disaster. Such ideas are far more common to Waltari than to the more common models of S&S, such as Howard, Tolkien, Burroughs, et. al.

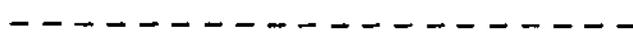
Kavin is the prince of Dorada, a land somewhere between East and West in a world that is the nexus of many parallel universes. He is wed by law to the Maiden Samala, a priestess of the temple of the Goddess, and by fact to Isa, a maid from a strange and far-off land. From that land, also, has come a derelict ship, Kavin's Luck, strangely masted and oddly omened. Kavin's tutor and magician-in-residence, Thuramon, seems the only one who knows anything of the meanings of what is to come; and no one knows much of him.

There are three battles. One against the barbarians who have invaded Dorada, which is won by Thuramon, in a strange manner. The second against a cult of brothers with lycanthropic abilities, which is won mostly by the aid of Macha Emrinn, a mysterious girl with the power of invisibility. And the third, against the three dark wizards, which must be won by Kavin alone.

The story has a few faults; it starts a little too slowly, and the climactic action is too brief, and a little contrived. But it has more good points, not the least of which is the character of Thuramon, a magician with the improbable blend of personalities of Merlin and Giles Habibula. Would you believe a thoroughly capable, thoroughly drunk wizard, doing tricks at a party?

The book is fascinating. RATING: B/.

-- David Halterman



Thorns, by Robert Silverberg (Walker; \$4.95).

In the past couple of years, Bob Silverberg has written several "people" novels--a singularly clumsy but nevertheless convenient shorthand term for novels in which the relationships between characters emerge into the forefront and supplant both plot and science fiction element as the central feature upon which they stand or fall. Since characterization has never been Silverberg's strong suit, this represents a considerable attempt to extend his creative grasp, which is admirable in itself (as aiming high is always admirable for an artist in any field) and, more practically, is clearly improving his ability in this critical area. Ironically enough, the finest characterization Silverberg has ever done is in a novel (Nightwings) so superb in other respects that some deficiency in the characterization would probably have escaped unnoticed, and in any case would not have seriously weakened the book. However, he has written at least two novels in the past couple of years which are so designed as to make superlative characterization absolutely essential (curiously, John Brunner has also followed this course, so possibly it is a necessary exercise in the process of a merely facile writer becoming a genuine artist). In one of them, The Masks of Time, the characterization fell far short of being superlative, and the novel was a modest disaster. The characterization in Thorns, though, is considerably more successful.



The novel focuses on the relationship between two individuals; all else is decidedly secondary. Minner Burris is a former spaceman who, with several shipmates, was captured by an advanced alien race which, for inscrutable purposes of its own, used them as guinea pigs in medical experiments in the reconstruction and improvement of the human body. Only Burris survived, and he returns to Terran domains a uniquely alien creature, still humanoid (one head, two arms, two legs) but altered in dozens of subtle and unsubtle respects: skin texture, glandular function, mouth structure, bone joints, digestive tract, eyelids, and so on. At the outset of Thorns, Minner Burris is spending all of his time sitting in a dingy hotel room, unable to face the curious questions and covert stares of a world that considers him a freak. Lona Kelvin is a 17-year-old orphan whose ova were used in a "test-tube baby" experiment and is thus, though a virgin, the mother of one hundred babies. At first she is

a world-wide sensation, but then sinks into the obscurity from which she came. She is not allowed to have any contact with the babies, but keeps photographs of all of them on the walls of her apartment. Unable to accept psychologically what has happened in her life, she attempts suicide on several occasions.

This pair is brought together by the sinister Duncan Chalk, an immensely fat entrepreneur and manipulator whose enterprises provide entertainment in this world of the future. In order to secure their cooperation, Chalk promises Burris a body transplant in a couple of years when the technique is perfected and promises Lona Kelvin two of her babies to raise. His ostensible motive is monetary: he has acquired full rights to the exploitation of their story, which will be the love story of the century. His actual motive is a grossly evil one. Chalk is a vampirish emotional telepath, who feeds on the anguish and misery of others. His purpose in bringing together these two profoundly miserable and unstable people is to create a relationship, warm at first but growing increasingly bitter and vicious, upon which he can feed.

Thorns is sparse in terms of plot. Minner and Lona, brought together by Chalk's machinations, eventually develop a deep love for one another, solve their psychological problems by accepting themselves as they are and abandoning unrealistic dreams of altering what is, and in the end cause the death of their manipulator. That's all there is. Ten years ago, Silverberg would have turned that idea into a reasonably bad short novelette; today, it is the foundation for an eminently readable novel.

Events portrayed in this novel are far less important than the people to whom they occur. Backgrounds are unimportant except as stage settings for Minner and Lona, though some of those stage settings are painted with great skill and detail (in particular, there is a memorable scene in a fabulously plush restaurant). Elements which would normally be expected to be important in a science fiction novel are completely unimportant in Thorns. For example, the alien civilization which performed the surgery on Minner Burris is totally irrelevant save as the agent of that single event. The only thing that really matters in this novel is the two people and their relationship, and from the first chapter to the last Silverberg succeeds in compelling the reader to interest in the lives, thoughts, fears and hopes of Minner and Lona.

Thorns is not a great novel. Its very concentration on the single element to the exclusion of all else makes it, in a sense, a one-dimensional work (as compared to novels which have brilliant characterization as just one part of their overall excellence--e.g., The Left Hand of Darkness, Pavana, and Silverberg's Nightwings). But as a study of two people and the growth of their relationship, it is superb. Robert Silverberg's growth as a writer over the past few years is such that it is positively exciting to think what he may be writing in another five or six years.

-- Ted Pauls

Under the Moons of Mars: A History and Anthology of "The Scientific Romance" in the Munsey Magazines, 1912-1920, edited by Sam Moskowitz (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1970; XIII, 433 pp; \$7.95).

This is the kind of book that comes along all too infrequently--like once in a lifetime--to remind us that indeed there were giants in those days. If you're tempted to snicker here, reflect a moment: The men (and one outstanding woman) who contribute to the book's fiction content wrote beginning at a time when AMAZING STORIES, and the very name of the genre itself, were but distant dreams of Hugo Gernsback's. An impressive list of "modern" science-fictional themes and devices was either anticipated or refined by--among others of their contemporaries--Edgar Rice Burroughs, Ray Cummings, A. Merritt, Austin Hall, Murray Leinster, Homer Lon Flint. The gifted "Francis Stevens" (Gertrude Bennett) is credited with inventing the now familiar parallel worlds concept; and if there's anyone reading this who hasn't been exposed to at least thirty reworkings of George Allen England's Darkness and Dawn, then he has to be a recent convert to the field.

If you've never browsed the romantic Munsey library, here's your chance to remedy that regrettable oversight. This huge volume contains a generous sampling from the legendary ALL-STORY and CAVALIER magazines, as well as from the world-renowned pulp, ARGOSY. The selections have retained their special--almost I'd say, unique--luster across all the years since their conception. Audacious yarns, full-blooded, absorbing; voyages extraordinaire extraordinarily readable today -- thanks mainly to an editor, Bob Davis, who demanded of his writers that they be first and foremost storytellers, and that their stories be "Different".

Certainly much of the "science" propounded in these specimens would be given short shrift by the gentlemen presently laboring at M.I.T., and some of the situa-

tions are a bit quaint by today's standards. But unless you're irretrievably adrift upon the latest New Wave, you'll willingly enough place the imperfections in their proper perspective. One and all, these are delightful pieces and their essential charm and piquancy is in no way marred by datedness.

But perhaps you're one of the few who are familiar with the fiction offered in this collection, and hesitate to purchase it on that account? Be assured that, if you have the smallest itch to learn what made U.S. science fiction tick in the first decades of the 20th Century, your curiosity will be abundantly rewarded by the History--a mother lode of information and anecdote on a glittering and heretofore neglected era, and on the writers, editors, artists and publishers who made the era.

This book wasn't compiled within the last year, or the last ten years; it is yet another vindication of a virtual lifetime of research and perseverance on the part of its Editor. Sam Moskowitz is science fiction's Boswell. He laid permanent claim to the title with his towering Explorers of the Infinite and Seekers of Tomorrow. 70,000 colorful words' worth of Under the Moons of Mars augments and continues the epic inaugurated in those cornerstone books. For that reason alone, UTMOM deserves a place on every fan's honor shelf.

-- James Ellis

Fourth Mansions, by R.A. Lafferty (Ace Special 24590; 75¢; 245 pp.).

A lot of people are put off by Lafferty's exuberant use of language. Puns, alliteration, word-play, extravagant searing images and preposterous situations flow from his pen in a gushing torrent. And these people dip into it and find it is not to their liking in about two pages.

Which merely shows that they haven't acquired the taste. When you go to see a fireworks display you don't watch every single spark and glitter, you look up at the night sky and let the splashy violence wash over you, and when it's done you want more. When you read Lafferty you go at a gallop. Don't stop and groan over every pun or unlikely incident, just take it in your stride and let the demonic power of his writing carry you on. Because it will. Lafferty is uniquely doing his own thing, and he writes better than most. Actually, he writes at a sustained high level better than anybody.

Which brings us to FM. Heinlein did the definitive version of the mind parasite in The Puppet Masters. Lafferty has here done the definitive version of the secret societies which rule the world.

We meet an authentic tribal god, whose first Olympus was a cave by the seashore. In those days, of course, the sky was the top of the water, and he led his followers onto dry land. And Leo Joe, who brought a dead man to life at the age of nine. And the badgers and the pythons and the toads and the unfledged hawks, who interact most curiously about the castle. And plappergeists.

The cover is by the Dillons, a somewhat inept attempt at symbolism.

FM will be a Hugo contender in '71; you ought to read it. After you finish, then you can wonder whether it means anything. Personally, I don't think so, but I'm not sure. I did enjoy.

 -- Alexis Gilliland

Nebula Award Stories, edited by Damon Knight (Pocket Book 75275; 75¢).

Anthologies and collections have abounded in recent years, running the gamut of quality from the brilliant (Dangerous Visions and others) to the moderately insipid (I can think of no better example than Isaac Asimov's Nightfall and Other Stories). The annual anthology of Nebula Award stories occupies a special place in the pantheon of collections, in that its selections are not merely stories chosen at the whim of an editor or a pair of editors, but are stories chosen by a sizable segment of the genre's professional writers. Such a process ought to result in selections of high quality, and in general it does.

Two of the eight stories in this volume are by Roger Zelazny: "The Doors of His Face, the Lamps of His Mouth", which won the Nebula for best novelette in 1965; and "He Who Shapes", which tied with Brian Aldiss' "The Saliva Tree" in the best novella category. The former, despite its title, is a fairly conventional SF story, a Hemingwayesque tale of an attempt to catch a monstrous sea creature and the hero's attempt to regain his own courage. With his usual disdain for the "hard science" SF writer's game, Zelazny sets the story on the kind of Venus that we grew up with in the pulps. It is superbly written, and has the characteristic crisp Zelazny language (e.g.: "You generally hit Lifeline [a sort of frontier town] hard, and it returns the compliment as a matter of reflex"; "Boss lady can walk north until her hat floats"; "I hadn't said over a dozen words to my boss since the last time we went drowning together"; "The next seventy or eighty thousand waves broke by with a monotonous similarity. The five days that held them were also without distinction"). "He Who Shapes", the novella, is a story in a much different mood. It offers an interesting idea about the nature of future psychiatric treatment, in-depth characterization of two people, some marvelous imagery, and of course Zelazny's usual precise, sharp writing.

There are three other really top-notch stories in the first Nebula anthology. Gordon R. Dickson's "Computers Don't Argue" is already a classic. Told entirely by a series of letters and computer cards, it is the story of a man who is mistakenly charged for a book club selection and as a result winds up being executed for kidnapping and murder. "Balanced Ecology" is a beautifully clever and well-done spy story by James H. Schmitz, which shows how human colonists on an alien planet have been absorbed into the planet's ecology. And "The Drowned Giant", by J.G. Ballard, is one of that author's better and less obscure short pieces--a clear parable, well-done and bereft of the hazy frills Ballard usually sees fit to add.

The three remaining are outstanding stories by the standards of most anthologies, but here comprise the lower level of quality only because some of the stories in any collection must inevitably be less impressive than others. I can readily see, for example, why Aldiss' "The Saliva Tree" won a Nebula Award, but it doesn't really appeal to my personal taste that much. It is technically above reproach, and stylistically an interesting idea (it is written in late 19th-Century prose), but it turns me off somehow. Likewise Harlan Ellison's "Repent, Harlequin! Said the Ticktockman", a rather morbid little story that strikes me as having had



and largely overlooked all sorts of possibilities. The SFWA electorate considered it the finest short story of the year; I'm not at all certain why. Finally, there is "Becalmed in Hell", a clever but minor story by Larry Niven which is typically Niven: technically fine, but lusterless.

All the same, none of the eight is other than worth reading, and even if the stories are familiar to you, the convenience of having the year's Nebula Award winners and runners-up in one volume is alone worth 75¢.

-- Ted Pauls

The Moon of Gomrath, by Alan Garner (Ace G-753; 50¢).

This story is a sequel to The Weirdstone of Brisingamen, with the two (?) children, Colin and Susan, involved in a battle between good and evil. Cadellin, the wizard, is still present, but has less than total power--being restricted to the Cave of the Sleepers by his duties. The lios-alfar, the elves, are riding to do battle in the north with a mysterious foe. Susan is shown that she has been made a pole of power, because of the gift given her by Angharad Goldenhand, the bracelet of the Marks of Fohla. With it, she holds the power of the new moon; but the evil witch, the Morrigan, holds the power of the old, and they must fight.

Meanwhile, the Brollachan, an evil creature that takes men's souls and bodies, and leaves them changed, has attacked Susan, leaving her in an enchanted sleep, and Colin must find a magical plant, the Mothan, on one of the "old straight tracks". But he first must find the tracks.

He succeeds, finally, and we are given a glimpse, very tantalizing, of a strange destiny that may await Susan. Then Colin lights a fire, for warmth; which (by accident) summons the Wild Hunt, the Einheriar of the Herlathing, and their leader, the antlered Caranhir.

So the lines of battle are drawn; but no one knows where the Hunt will ride. They are of the Old Magic, and the other powers are of the new.

Like Tolkien's LoTR, this is a children's fantasy written for adults. Like Tolkien, he gives us a glimpse of a vast battle between mystic forces of good and evil. But his mythos is almost all his own. The tales are based rather loosely on the old Celtic legends, with some changes and modifications; and in some cases, in names, and actions, there is a very close (though accidental) kinship to the world of the Hobbits.

Recommended for anyone who wants his sense of wonder bolstered a little.

-- David Halterman

The Year of the Quiet Sun, by Wilson Tucker (Ace Special 94200; 75¢; 252 pp.).

This is a time-travel story of which I have already heard considerable praise. And it is good, though not quite as refreshingly new as I had expected.

The government is conducting a top secret project at Elwood Station near Chicago. The goal of the project: to send three men to around the year 2000, by means of the Time Displacement Vehicle, so as to survey the future. The three men are Major Moresby, Commander Saltus, and Brian Chaney (who was "shanghaied" into the project). Chaney is the controversial translator of certain religious scrolls which he asserts were written as pure fiction rather than as truly sacred prophecies.

Throughout the story the significance of Chaney's background and of the scrolls' relationship to the project is never made very clear. It was not until after I had finished the book that I realized that the future with which the time travelers met bore a resemblance to the one prophecised in the scrolls. It is a hestile future of Black revolt, civil war, war with China, famine, etc., but one which holds a glimmer of hope for better times. Tucker achieved the effect I think he intended with the relationship between the scrolls and the future, and he seems to be saying that Mankind experiences many near Armageddons, but that there are always survivors.

The first 100 pages or so is background material, and actually advances the storyline very little. And yet, as a whole the novel reads very rapidly (lately everything seems to be fast reading; maybe I'm just reading faster?). This novel will probably be a Hugo contender.

-- Michael Shoemaker

Dark Piper, by Andre Norton (Ace 13795; 60¢).

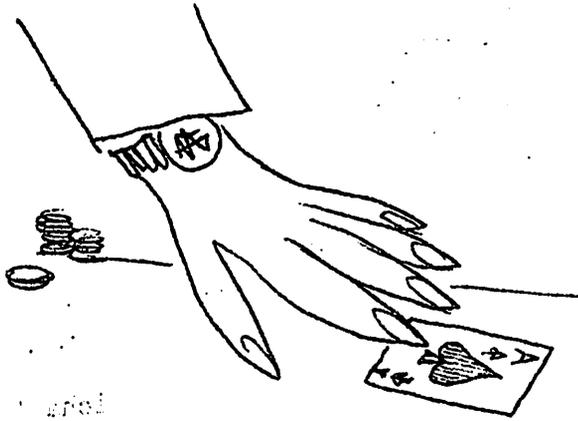
This novel represents something of a departure for Miss Norton, and while it is admittedly dangerous to attribute pretentious motives to such an author, I strongly suspect that Dark Piper constitutes a conscious attempt to write a novel on a different and higher level than her normal output. The tone of this book is different; the theme is more substantial; the characters are more somberly and fully drawn.

The most apparent difference of Dark Piper is in the manner in which it opens. The usual Norton novel begins on a thud-and-blunder note that instantly identifies it as an action/adventure story and, moreover, is frequently so cliché-ridden that it takes the reader 30 or 40 pages to overcome his initial bad impression and begin to appreciate the superb competence of the author. The novel at hand opens on a different and more subdued note:

"I have heard it stated that a Zexro tape will last forever. But even a second generation now may find nothing worth treasuring in our story. Of our own company, Dinan, and perhaps Gytha, who now work on the storage of all the old off-world records may continue to keep such a history of our times. But we do not run our reader now except for a pressing need for technical information, since no one knows how long its power pack will last. Therefore, this tape may keep its message locked for a long time unless, ages from now, those off-world do remember our colony and come seeking to learn its fate, or unless there shall arise here people able to rebuild machines that have died for want of proper repairs."

There is in both the words and the tone a sense of sadness and tragedy, which prevails throughout Dark Piper. There is also, I think, a subtle beauty in the narrative style established by this opening paragraph. It has always been one of Andre Norton's strengths as a writer that she can create self-consistent first-person narrative styles that are at once recognizably (if subtly) "alien" to this time and place yet familiar enough to be easily read, and in this instance she has chosen one particularly suited to the somber tone of the book.

Dark Piper is not by any means a complete success. There are some glaring deficiencies. For one thing, several key facts which surprise and shock the characters have been perfectly apparent to the reader long before the sections in which they are revealed. Sometimes in a first-person narrative this is done deliberately, and can be quite effective, but it is clear, I think, in this case,



that what is not known by the characters is also not supposed to be known by the readers--but is. There is also some problem with the characterization. Most of the characters in the novel are children. The characterization is sufficiently effective that most of them are believable as characters, but they are only sporadically believable as children. (Miss Norton is hardly alone in this failing. Very few writers of speculative fiction have succeeded in effectively characterizing children. Henry Kuttner's "Call Him Demon" should be required reading for any author making the attempt.)

The novel is set on the sparsely inhabited planet Beltane, important largely as a center for experiments on animal mutation, after the conclusion of a long and exhausting galactic war. During that war, Beltane had become largely dependent upon its own resources with the progressive deterioration of interplanetary trade, and its people developed a pacifist/isolationist attitude. Now, with the conclusion of the war, most of the Beltanians are naively expecting things to be as they were before it started. A veteran, Griss Lugard, returns to Beltane as the owner of Butte Hold, once a military command center but now an abandoned fortress of no value. He tries to warn the people that the Confederation has been exhausted by the war and that anarchy reigns in much of the known galaxy. When refugee ships show up requesting entry, Lugard warns the Beltanians against allowing them to land, but of course they ignore his warning.

Meanwhile, he has met a group of children organized into a pseudo-Scout group called the Rovers, led by a (forest) Ranger cadet named Vere Collis. They visit the Hold, and assist Lugard's exploration of nearby caves in which, before the war, some strange remains and artifacts were found. When he believes that catastrophe is near, Lugard leads his young friends deep into a cave which, in the early days of the war, the military had prepared for use as a command shelter. While they are beneath the surface, fighting erupts between the Beltanians and refugees, who are actually freebooters in search of a base. Shock waves from the immense explosions on the surface cause parts of the underground labyrinth to cave in, and Griss Lugard is mortally injured in a rock fall. His death leaves Vere, a girl of approximately his own age named Annet, and the children trapped in the cave and alone to face the future. Most of the book consists of their adventures in the underground caverns, their escape, and their trek across the surface bereft of friendly life.

It is as an adventure story that Dark Piper succeeds. This is what Andre Norton does best, and she does it very well indeed. There are some memorable action sequences in this novel, and the smooth, competent writing we have come to expect of Norton. Its deficiencies do not really impinge on it at this level, and so Dark Piper can be recommended as an extremely pleasant way to spend a couple of hours.

MOVIE REVIEW -- The Dunwich Horror (American International).

For the conscientious person--the one who believes in giving credit where credit is due--reviewing a movie can be a frustrating experience. Suppose a mediocre actor turns in a fine performance; do you credit the director with obtaining gold from dross, or is it a case of a potentially great actor having a decent part for the first time? Is a particularly fine camera angle the responsibility of the director of acting or the director of photography? All of these problems are inherent in any review of The Dunwich Horror.

Now all of us are familiar with American International Pictures. They made all of those Poe epics (or Poe bastardizations, depending on your outlook). One of the characteristics of the studio is that they tend to use a sledgehammer where a rapier would do; subtlety is not one of their strong points. I suppose it's a valid theory of the horror film--go for one or two "shocking" moments, rather than any kind of a sustained mood--certainly it has paid off in box office receipts. But I, at least, go into a theater vaguely predisposed against an AIP movie, especially one with which Roger Corman's name is connected.

As it turned out in this case, I was pleasantly surprised; The Dunwich Horror is a fine picture. Not one of the all-time greats, but it still provides an enjoyably suspenseful hour-and-a-half. But whom do you credit for it? Roger Corman was the executive producer, and either he has improved one hell of a lot or the praise should lie elsewhere. The director (Daniel Haller), the director of photography (Richard Glouner) and the film editor (who's name I didn't catch) all deserve some mention; they have made a good, understated film that generates enough suspense to interest the viewer for its full length.

The Dunwich Horror is not H.P. Lovecraft, though it keeps much of his basic plot and trappings (more than the Poe films did of Poe's). It is pretty much a cross between the Lovecraft story and Rosemary's Baby. The whole weird Wheatley family is present--the grandfather (Sam Jaffe) who tried to bring the "Old Ones" from their other dimension and failed; Livonia, his daughter (Joanna Moore Jordan), who begat a child by the "Old Ones" and promptly went insane; and her son (Dean Stockwell), trying to succeed where his grandfather failed. Then there's the twin brother, who "took after the father", locked in the upper portions of the Wheatley farmhouse. Stockwell, through the use of hypnosis and drugs, obtains the aid of a college coed (Sandra Dee) to help him bring the "Old Ones" into our universe. A friend of hers, looking for the missing roommate, meets an untimely end in the old house. Stockwell calls upon his brother to aid him; the "Dunwich Horror" wrecks assorted havoc while journeying to the top of Sentinal Mountain; and the both of them are foiled at the last moment by a Professor of Demonology from the nearby University of Arkham (Ed Begley). There is one final "twist" which I won't reveal in case anyone has not yet seen the movie.

True, this is a trite plot. But it is only the outline, and the screenwriters (Curtis Lee Hanson, Henry Rosenbaum, and Ronald Silkosky) have fleshed it out well. Haller has obviously studied Hitchcock and other masters of the terror film; there are all sorts of little things that build up suspense almost without notice. For instance--at one point, Ed Begley consults the newspaper archives in Dunwich. There is a scene where he talks to the editor; the camera, however, is on the other side of a window, so all you hear is the sound of the presses in operation. A moment later they step into the room and the conversation is picked up, but that instant of inaudible conversation, in conjunction with many other "tricks" scattered throughout the movie, set the viewer on the edge of his chair. Another example--when Sandra Dee's girlfriend comes to the Wheatley farm, there is an owl sitting on the porch railing. It just follows her with its eyes, creating a sense of impending doom.

The special effects in the movie are great. Rapid, almost subliminal, cutting and solarized photography (remember those landscapes from 2001?) are used effectively to show views from the "monster's" eyes, and the same technique without the quick cuts conveys Livonia's madness during her death scene.

Haller even makes an asset out of a seemingly insurmountable liability. Sandra Dee, in past films, has been characterized by a vacuous, totally blank expression; she retains it here, but since she is hypnotized and flat on her back for most of the picture, it seems natural within the context.

Don't get me wrong; the picture does have its faults. For one thing, the interior of the Wheatley farmhouse is obviously "antiqued" with brushwork. The whole movie begins to drag during the last half hour--the ritual Stockwell uses is too long in several places--but it picks up again just before the end. A couple of scenes do not work, and many others are unintentionally funny (or perhaps intentionally so). The most blatant example of this is where Dean Stockwell puts the Necronomicon in the final scene (those of you who have seen the movie know what I mean, and for those of you who haven't...well, go pay your \$1.75. I did).

I have another criticism of the picture, one which goes to the heart of the modern supernatural film--this whole business of mixing sex and the supernatural in the way it is done today. That last part is very important because, in a sense, sex has always been connected with a good ghost story. Certainly Bram Stoker's Dracula had some marvelously erotic scenes in it. "The Beckoning Fair One" and "How Love Came to Professor Guilda" are other good examples of the supernatural tale with erotic overtones.

But on film this too often comes off as a variation of the "Raped by a Ghost" plot. The relationship between a vampire and his/her victim may have been tinged with sexuality, but it wasn't the noisy, vulgar sex of The Brides of Dracula from Hammer Studios. Ignoring everything but the sex angle, there is a world of difference between Vadim's Blood and Roses and one of the AIP Poe pictures. This "thing" the supernatural film has with sex has been done poorly most of the time, and even when it is done halfway decently (the seduction scenes from Rosemary's Baby and The Dunwich Horror), it detracts from the total effect. Granted, in Rosemary's Baby the seduction was an integral part of the story and couldn't be removed; here, on the other hand, it performs no useful function in terms of plot. It merely bogs down the whole picture and gets it an "M" rating, which is good box office. Pie upon it; such scenes should be exorcised.

On the whole, however, I recommend The Dunwich Horror to anyone who likes supernatural fantasy. Give American International an "A" for effort and a "B" for result. The picture is well worth the money; the only better things I've seen in the genre over the last five years or so were Rosemary's Baby and 1/3 of Spirits of the Dead (the Fellini section).

Oh, one cautionary note. This picture, like all supernatural fantasy, depends a lot on the mood of the audience--call it "sense of wonder" or "willing suspension of disbelief" or what you will. The audience must, during the running of the picture, take what is happening on the screen seriously. Therefore, try to avoid seeing it when a predominantly college audience is in the theater; they tend to take such pictures as "camp" and, by making wisecracks at every opportunity, destroy any mood which might be built up.

-- Lawrence Propp

Additional book reviews appear in Supplement 72-1 to the JOURNAL, which is being distributed with this issue to all subscribers to SOV OF THE WSFA JOURNAL.

(dissecting)
^ THE HEART OF THE MATTER

Operational Procedures
Supervised by
Richard Delap



Yes, it's me, your dedicated neighborhood resurrection man struggling his way out of the confining Burke-Hareshirt in an effort to get right down to the heart of things, however deep it may be buried.

Actually, this month by month review of the prozines is not intended to be a "destruction" column, nor is it to be a pat on the back to authors with whom I have some acquaintance (not that he's mentioned it, but ask Piers Anthony about trusting me to write kindly-worded reviews). I do have my own hang-ups, you know, and if I try to make some of them clear at the outset it may help you to accept what I have to say with the correct measure of salt:

I deplore John W. Campbell's editorial policy only a bit less than his editorials--but with ANALOG's sales figures, I'll try to keep my wrath aimed at his personal biases which regularly show their ugly heads in this magazine's pages.

I'll try not to make mention of Ted White's pompously inflated sense of self-importance, seeing that he really has done something with AMAZING and FANTASTIC.

I will not mention Harlan Ellison out-of-context...which means he may be mentioned anywhere at any time.

I will not review serialized novels in hopes that later book publication will present me with the manuscript the author originally intended me to read.

I will not review Dr. Asimov's science column...I mean would you tell Ghed you'd prefer to have Lake Michigan in Texas?

I will make occasional mention of special articles and features that seem to deserve attention, but I've no intention of reviewing them...you see, I'm only the devil's advocate's advocate, a minor position by anyone's standard.

With this in mind, read on all ye with a clear conscience; this does not include bad writers, good writers with bad stories, bad editors who get hold of good stories, good editors who get hold of bad stories, and, bad readers. It does include Dr. Asimov.

Magazines for JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1970

AMAZING STORIES:

White is still struggling to get out of the mire of ugly covers, and endless stream of bothersome printer's errors, and his own inability to spell correctly. (I've personally had the problem of White's changing my own correct spelling for an incorrect one; explain that, Ted!) But whatever the problems, White is determined to create a new image here and, in spite of, he's doing it. Who wants to fight such determination? Not me.

JANUARY:

Serial:

A Lincoln, Simulacrum (conclusion) -- Philip K. Dick.

Short Stories:

Moon Trash -- Ross Rocklynne.

An old man and a boy discover alien artifacts hidden in a cave on the moon, an incident which in itself is a minor happening in comparison to the deeper,

more meaningful portents of things-to-come. Which is most dangerous: brain-washed apathy (definite) or brainwashed fanaticism (implied)? Good story.

Merry Xmas, Post/Gute -- John Jakes.

Obviously written to please the author more than the reader, Jakes' tale of a man working to preserve the interest in the written word in a McLuhanized world is loaded with a twist at the end, a twist given away early in a story that has little else to sustain it.

Questor -- Howard L. Myers.

An interstellar war between the two groups of "Soacemen" leads one human back to Earth where he meets one of the inhabitants, a talking goat, on his search for (oh, Lord, another one) the legendary Grail. The goat's countrified speech pattern is a grating contrivance, an additional stigma to the lack of originality.

Reprint:

The People of the Arrow (1935) -- P. Schuyler Miller.

Science:

The Columbus Problem: II -- Greg Benford & David Book.

* * * *

ANALOG:

Tear out P. Schuyler Miller's book review columns (which include a fine run-down on how to get copies of sf books) and throw the rest away; the science articles might interest fact hoarders, but the stories are strictly for those who long to suffer. JWC's January editorial has some nonsense about his belief that there exists a "culture sub-group" of "warrior-barbarian types". If so, I'll bet they all read JWC religiously, ho-ho. At heart, I'm an optimist because I still think JWC doesn't really believe all this crap he dishes out each month. I keep hoping he's just an expert exploiter.

JANUARY:

Serial:

In Our Hands, the Stars (part two) -- Harry Harrison.

Novelettes:

The Wild Blue Yonder -- Robert Chilson.

An inventor seemingly uncovers a new approach to the use of safe atomic power, one which utterly destroys all of man's previous concepts, including the theory of the basic structure of the atom. The inventor remains elusive to investigating officials, but not as elusive as Chilson's concept which emerges as a worried imitation of journalistic satire.

Curfew -- Bruce Daniels.

A man from Mars colony arrives on Earth to claim an inheritance and finds a world cowering in fear of criminals and "protective" police devices, people afraid and unable to venture out-of-doors at night. What might have been a simple and manageable tale hastily turns simple-simon with inconsistencies big enough to drop bodies through.

The Pyrophilic Saurian -- Howard L. Myers.

This one combines a group of loveable criminals, a planet of appealing dinosaurs, and the discovery of super-pot in an over-mannered tale of low hilarity. It is lacking in zest and wit and only shows that ANALOG is not averse to exploiting current trends, as long as the submitted story holds to the JWC prescription.

Short Story:

The Proper Gander -- A. Bertram Chandler.

Chandler offers an explanation for those ridiculous flying saucer books (by Adamski, et.al.) in a dull-witted and colorless spoof that isn't nearly as much fun as are the objects of its humor. At 8 pages, it seems lengthy as a novelette. Hopeless.

Science:

What Supports Apollo? -- J. Russell Seitz & Ben Bova.

FEBRUARY:

Serial:

In Our Hands, the Stars (conclusion) -- Harry Harrison.

Novelettes:

Birthright -- Poul Anderson.

Although the opening and closing portions involve him, this is only peripherally a Nicholas van Rijn story since the main plot involves a lengthy flashback in which young Emil Dalmady proves his worth on the planet Suleiman by protecting the interests of the Solar Space and Liquor Company. Anderson fans will likely find it run-of-the-mill and, for my taste, a bit too fussily styled.

The Fifth Ace -- Robert Chilson.

The planet Hyperica is the stage for a confusing game of motives between one enclave of the "Realm of Man" and an elusive group of murderous cat creatures. The human characters become a meaningless babble of names without personalities, and the gory rampage of the cats is in itself exciting but not enough to spark the story.

The Biggest Oil Disaster -- Hayden Howard.

Off-shore oil drilling--is it a necessary hazard, an aid to pollution, a threat to humanity? If it is dangerous, do we really understand the direction from which the danger may come? Although Howard is to be commended for attempting to analyse this touchy subject, I can't say I'm much pleased with his melodramatic handling of government vs. business vs. people. Minor.

Short Story:

Dali, for Instance -- Jack Wodhams.

An alien mind takes up residence in a human body and with others of his kind finds the most difficult adjustment is mental, not physical. It's not a new story, and though Wodhams achieves some nice effects in the telling, he depends on them to carry an idea that fails any test of logical consistency or resolution.

Science:

The Wind from a Star -- Margaret L. Silber.

* * * *

COVEN 13:

Devoted to fantasy and horror stories, this new magazine has still produced little quality fiction by the third issue. It has to date been virtually ignored in the fan press, yet I find it difficult to believe that this is merely because it didn't get off the gravestones with a bushel of instant-classic stories. Look at it this way: if WEIRD TALES were revived today, would it survive? COVEN's articles and reader column are mostly dull, yet this issue has an interesting dissertation on Henry James' famous novella. A magazine like this needs an aura, and auras in this day and age are hard to come by. William Stout's ugly covers aren't beneficial, yet his interior black-and-whites are often striking. Hmmm, would anyone consider a black-and-white cover?

JANUARY:

Serial:

Let There Be Magick! (part three) -- James R. Keaveny.

Novelette:

Leona! -- Alan Caillou.

The editor calls this an "adult gothic", a term which fits the treatment very well since the author's descriptions of satanic ritual include sex. For a sexy horror story, it's not bad, and most scenes come off (oops!) well despite the conventional plot and stereotyped flaming climax (oops, again!). As with Caillou's "Odile" two issues before, the carefully delineated characters hold more interest than the actual story. Still, fun to read.

Short Stories:

The Strawhouse Pavillion -- Ron Goulart.

A married couple is haunted by the ghost of the wife's band-leader father who appears along with band, pavillion, parking lot and all. The needed light, airy approach is lost in labored dialogue which strains for effects that don't work. Routine.

The Little People -- Robert E. Howard.

I've become very tired of seeing old Howard fragments saved from the fire where most of them belong. So many are exactly alike--hero or heroine threatened by grisly death and saved at the last minute--repeated by rote and feeble by nature.

Witch Fish -- Dennis Quinn.

A battle between two male witches (one temporarily disguised as a fish, the other a fisherman) is the basis for this short tale that begins well, swims a fairly smooth course, then chokes on its own tongue in cheek. Ah, well, fish stories are a dime a dozen.

Last Rites -- Pauline Smith.

At a party a young man mysteriously appears, tells a story about witchcraft, then disappears. It's obvious that such a simple frame depends on what's inside to hold interest, but this one's as barren and empty as the pivotal picture frame in the man's story.

Don't Open 'Til Xmas -- James Benton Carr.

A middle-aged man and his young girlfriend hope for a happy future, if the man's possessive wife will release him. But the wife has spent some time in Jamaica and her Christmas gift to the two is a pair of dolls and...but if you don't know the rest of it, you've never heard of a voodoo story. Mediocre.

Verse:

Song of the Undead and Nightmare -- Wade Wellman.

Feature:

Bell Book and Tarot -- Jean Cirrito.

Article:

The Turn of the Screw, a Haunting and an Exorcism -- Arthur Jean Cox.

* * * *

FANTASTIC:

Ted White has done much to spruce up the contents of this magazine, so one tries to ignore the ugly cover and concentrate (as one really should) on the interior, hoping to forget the odd look given by the

conservative lady at the cash register when she spotted the tentacled thing just below the cover price. Ah, what price entertainment. The editorial comment is, as usual, erratic, but Fritz Leiber injects a nice note of coherency to the book reviews. Slowly but surely, FANTASTIC is moving back in line.

FEBRUARY:

Serial:

Hasan (conclusion) -- Piers Anthony.

Short Stories:

Double Whammy -- Robert Bloch.

Long noted for a healthy repertoire of unhealthy horror stories, Bloch shows he hasn't lost the knack of handling familiar ingredients. This one has a side-show barker who receives his comeuppance at a gypsy's curse, so slickly handled that one is sure Bloch's written it before. Several times. Many times. Routine.



The Good Ship Lookoutworld -- Dean R. Koontz.

Watching Koontz build a story is like watching a bricklayer--one piece after another, one by one by one by tedium. However, the bricklayer's supposed to know what he's doing, so here's where the analogy ends. Koontz' foundation is a gladiatorial combat stupidly contrived to lead into a treasure hunt equally contrived.

Learning It At Miss Rejoyy's -- David R. Bunch.

Often dissatisfied with Bunch's odd little parabolic asides, I still find a vague, undefined satisfaction when he manages to get through to me. In this one, pain and pleasure and self-delusion are the patterns for a design that turns out disturbingly different than its individual parts. Good, I guess.

Reprint:

Secret of the Stone Doll (1941) -- Don Wilcox.

Verse:

Creation -- L. Sprague de Camp.

* * * *

FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION:

The January back cover boasts of F&SF's recent Hugo win, which may confuse readers of these not very good issues. I don't always agree with Joanna Russ' book reviews, but her opinions have a higher literary quality than most of the stuff under discussion, so her occasional columns are a shining light. The good Dr. Asimov is, of course, a delight, and Gahan Wilson's monthly cartoon is never less than funny. But good features don't make a magazine and the stories here just aren't up to F&SF's usual snuff. I don't expect perfection, even from a Hugo winner...but next month, Mr. Ferman, next month....

JANUARY:

Novellettes:

Longtooth -- Edgar Pangborn.

The backwoods of Maine gives a proper wintry backdrop to what proves a disappointing story which skitters uneasily between a search for the bestial Yeti and a generally contrived folderol with the human characters--an aging farmer and his young wife, a narrator in poor health, and various half-drawn minor supports. Very thin.

A Third Hand -- Dean R. Koontz.

A crippled man witnesses a murder and must protect himself from assassins until he can gather the condemning proof. The new twist--the witness is a limbless psionic, dependent upon various mechanical aids for all motion--leaves an old plot open to lots of imaginative developments, none of which appear. Worst of all, the pace is slow and turgid, positive death to any mystery story.

Short Stories:

A Matter of Time and Place -- Larry Eisenberg.

Peace through violent disorder -- this message is clear but no more tenable than any of the countless other blanket statements we hear so frequently. I don't think the author is being either humorous or perceptive, so his story is a mild waste of my time.

E Pluribus Solo -- Bruce McAllister.

As a guard recounts his battle against a "hunter", protecting the last remaining bald-eagle in the world, the author builds an allegory that could easily have become a fanatical overstatement. McAllister is careful, however, and it comes off rather well.

Car Sinister -- Gene Wolfe.

Mr. Wolfe's fluffy little fantasy, a satire on reverence for the automobile, is as zany as anything can be--never quite sensible enough to be offensive, never quite strange enough to be dismissed as senseless. It's just a good weird one.

Ride the Thunder -- Jack Cady.

Well-written but meagrely plotted story of a truck driver (half-Indian, half-white, and belonging to neither world completely) who is not a very nice

person and meets his not very nice end while hunting turkeys along the highway. Speaking of turkeys....

Bughouse -- Doris Pitkin Buck.

Four people, victims of their own desires, undergo a test for sanity, a symbolic incident which makes its point without undue fuss but gives the reader little that he can't decipher himself after the first few paragraphs. Ho-hum. A Delicate Question -- Robin Scott.

It would take some clever manipulating to get a would-be-defecting and homosexual neuro-surgeon out of Communist territory, and Scott is quite clever about managing it with a "straight" buildup that craftily prepares the reader for the twist-ed climax. Amusing.

Science:

The Lunar Honor-roll -- Isaac Asimov.

FEBRUARY:

Novelettes:

From the Moon, with Love -- Neil Shapiro.

A Man and a woman, the last two humans, are each assisted by their computers to continue waging a meaningless war across their homeland, the moon. Shapiro's first story is sometimes poetic and evocative but suffers from errors a careful editor could have prevented, including clumsy sentence structure, pretentious literary effects (the repeated use of narrator intrusions and the use of the word "message" as a verb-form "messed"), and an ineffective, silly climax. Not good, but vaguely promising.

His Only Safari -- Sterling E. Lanier.

Brigadier Ffellowes spins out another tale for his fellow club members, this one about a search in deepest Africa for a missing white man, a search that sheds a little light on both the Egyptian myths and the less familiar terrain of the Dark Continent. The story is less engaging than usual, however, a weak addition to the fold.

Initiation -- Joanna Russ.

Lifted from the opening of the novel And Chaos Died, this begins the mind-twisting adventure of Jai Vedh, who crashlands on a planet and discovers a lost colony in which the "adults were gods and the children monsters"--at least, that's the initial impression of these people who are endowed with telekinetic and telepathic powers. It's an imaginatively conceived idea but still shows the weaknesses that mar the novel--i.e., stylistic overindulgence and a trite hero.

Short Stories:

M-1 -- Gahan Wilson.

As men contemplate the sudden appearance of a giant statue in the Nevada desert, Wilson drives you crazy with specific clues that make no sense until the ending which (no matter what you're told) is definitely not a mickeymouse. Well done.

The Tracy Business -- Gene De Weese & Robert Coulson.

A private detective is hired by a very rich, very spoiled woman to gather evidence of infidelity against her husband who, once a month, disappears for several days. Simply another of those "cutesy" stories that pass harshly by with the speed of a cheap laxative.

Dream Patrol -- Charles W. Runyon.

An intergalactic war--in which the enemy is perhaps capable of twisting a man's concept of reality--is an obvious stage-set for dramatics that find the author a bit too clumsy and his players, as a result, mouthing fake emotion. If this is an experiment for Runyon, the best I can give him is a "D".

Verse:

Watching Apollo -- Barry Malzberg.

Science:

The Multiplying Elements -- Isaac Asimov.

GALAXY:

No January issue, but the publisher says, and I quote, "We are NOT--repeat NOT--skipping an issue." They've just changed the cover date from January to February. Oh, well, that's why I can't review the January issue?--because it wasn't skipped? (Pardon me, I must have a brief discussion with my psychiatrist; some-times he can explain these things to me.) Anyway, the one issue at hand (however you want to date it) is not a very good one and might easily be skipped without too much loss. Budrys contributes one of his better book columns, but Vaughn Bodé is featured in a very drab new illustrated feature titled "Sunpot". Jack Gaughan is still handling all of the artwork, only part of which reflects his true ability.

FEBRUARY:

Serial:

Downward to the Earth (part three) -- Robert Silverberg.

Novelettes:

The Shaker Revival -- Gerald Jonas.

Definitely not emulating the Jessamyn West approach to the religious attitude, Jonas' future "Shakers" are a freaky blend of quaint custom and pop culture, an ugly hybrid that seems less so only by contrast to the developments of the general society. The lively handling, however, does little to lessen the destructive conclusion which consists of an oh so neat, oh so pat lecture...oh, dear.

Slow Sculpture -- Theodore Sturgeon.

The love-theme has nearly become a Sturgeon trademark in sf, yet if this treatment is more direct than usual, the result is oddly enough less explicit. A cure for cancer is only a catalyst in the developing relationship between a man and a woman who find a guide in the misshapen beauty of a bonzai tree. From a lesser author, it might not seem quite so crude.

Sleeping Beauty -- A. Bertram Chandler.

Another silly Grimes adventure, this time with the young and inexperienced lieutenant charged with the task of transporting a hive "Queen" from one planet to another. The situation-comedy is calculated and cold, emerging as meaningless mush bland enough for a baby. Blah!

Short Stories:

The Last Night of the Festival -- Dannie Plachta.

Fussy and pretentious, in a style tone-deaf to emotion or subtlety, Plachta's doom-myth is overwritten with a vengeance--his hero's eyes are "slim and flat" (!?!)--that gives a new slant on the word "flowery". Weakly allegorical, it merely tangles and strangles in its own effusive prose.

After They Took the Panama Canal -- Zane Kotker.

After the invasion, a ruthless dictatorship uses determined indoctrination of youth and death to dissenters as controls. The raw goods of the plot are genuinely frightening and supply a fine purpose to one woman who manages to prove that mind is stronger than matter. Very good.

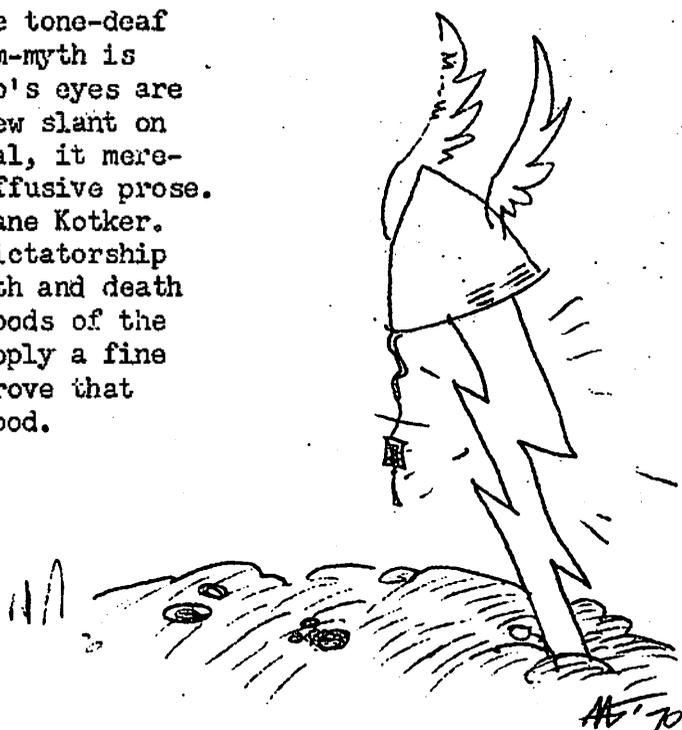
Illustrated Feature:

Sunpot -- Vaughn Bodé.

* * * *

IF:

Jack Gaughan's fine art (both interior and cover) are balms for generally dull issues. Pohl is still listed as "Editor Emeritus", which I take to mean that stories bought under his editorship are being interspersed with Ejler Jakobsson's



new buys. I don't know whom to blame for buying what! Robert Bloch contributes another pun-filled jotting on another sf convention, and the late Willy Ley's final science feature discusses dinosaurs. And, Lester del Rey tackles the books. Never consistently good or bad, IF seems to trust its content to good luck...if good luck is all it takes, good luck, IF.

JANUARY:

Serial:

Whipping Star (part one) -- Frank Herbert.

Novelettes:

If a Man Answers -- Richard Wilson.

After two readings, I still can't decide whether Wilson is serious or doing the subtle put-on. The plot concerns a literate man occupied in a project to beam messages to the stars. The messages he receives in return precede the arrival of a starship, a beautiful girl and...well, it goes on. Some of the unusual turns-of-phrase lead me to believe I'm not really with the story, but hell if I know how or why. Bothersome.

This One -- James Sallis.

This one "is a love story", says the blurb, and as such stories go, this one builds along poetic lines with crescendoing descriptions of an almost-lover raging across the universe to reclaim his almost-woman. Half truth, half lie, the characters are matched to a half-story which has an end and a middle but no beginning. Sometimes gripping, definitely strange and, sadly, lacking a touchstone to give it a true meaning.

O Kind Master -- Daniel F. Galouye.

"And we won't live like dogs", shouts one of the men living like dogs under the conquering aliens who keep some as pets in their fabulous city of light while other "wild" men are staging an overthrow. Hundreds of conqueror/overthrow stories have been written, only some of them as bad as this which turns a gimmick into a workhorse that collapses under the load. A Mess.

Short Stories:

By the Falls -- Harry Harrison.

A reporter visits a man who lives in a stone house alongside a gigantic, thunderous waterfall, a visit that gradually colors in ominous and sinister shades as very strange items cascade downward with the water. Berie, well-told and not a little chilling.

Child's Play -- Larry Eisenberg.

A scientist creates a human child in his college laboratory, a feat which astounds officials, shocks the public, and fascinates the government. Angling for low comedy, Eisenberg can't seem to inject enough humor to make it click. Too bad.

Article:

Diary Found In the St. Louis Zoo -- Robert Bloch.

Science:

The Story of Our Earth: The Coming of the Dinosaurs -- Willy Ley.

FEBRUARY:

Serial:

Whipping Star (part two) -- Frank Herbert.

Novelette:

Pressure Vessel -- Ben Bova.

An exploration ship cruising the deep and tumultuous seas of Jupiter is subjected to pressure both from within and without. The scientists and military crew are at odds over the purpose of the mission, while outside the struggle between the native "whales" and "sharks" brings unexpected difficulties. Bova comes to grips with neither pressure and the added aspect of a physical coupling of man and machine serves only as added clutter. Dull.

Short Stories:

A Matter of Recordings -- Larry Eisenberg.

Capturing human emotions on tape for later playback seems to have become a real fad in recent sf. If the idea offers lots of possibilities, Eisenberg misses them all with this inconsequential trivia about a scientist vs. a wacky nazir.
Prez -- Ron Goulart.

In his mistress' absence, a talking cyborg dog is stranded (by a sudden blizzard) alone with the woman's lover. The acid-tongued exchange between these two is engaging, with a hint of impending murder keeping the reader moving right along to discover who wins the complete round.

The Cube -- C.M. Drahan ("first").

This tale of an attempt to parlay with hostile aliens is, in effect, a pessimistic appraisal of man's seemingly unconquerable hostility. I personally dislike the story's attitude and objectively disapprove because it tries to put too many bullets into one gun. Sorry, kid, but it don't work that way....

A Game of Biochess -- T.J. Bass.

The most unusual thing about this story is Bass' equating sexual attraction with antigen sensitization, a rather original idea that would have worked out much better had the author been able to inject it into the story without stopping for contrived explanations. Bass has made this error before; he should be learning by now.

Hired Man -- Richard C. Meredith.

A group of mercenaries, hired by the alien Dravians, demolish a city on New Iowa, then flee into the mountains with the settlers hot on the trail. Meredith seems to be saying something about the tragedy of destruction, but he's just not very convincing. Routine.

Fruit of the Vine -- George C. Willick.

It's difficult to explain this story of the "Entertainers", a group of people determined to reestablish a liquor industry among the planets settled by man. Not really about criminality yet a convincing study of those who devote their lives to it, this one manages to cram more "plot" into its short length than many novels.

Dry Run -- J.R. Pierce.

Demon-In-Attendance General Devlin has a full-time job trying to convince the Prime Minister which course of action to follow in regard to a troublesome war and worried populace. The political allusions mark this one as incredibly tasteless, to any side.

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VENTURE:

VENTURE still presents an unattractive appearance because of Bert Tanner's dreary, cluttered cover and illustrations. Ron Goulart's book column consists of short paragraphs which reveal nothing, and the "Feghoot" feature has long polarized fans as pun-lovers or pun-haters. It seems, then, that this magazine's success will rest with the quality of the novel featured in each issue, and if my information is correct it has been tough going so far. VENTURE was once a very good magazine, and even then it failed. I don't want to bet on its chances now, so let's give it two more issues and then decide.

FEBRUARY:

Short Novel:

The Star Treasure -- Keith Laumer.

Young Navy Lieutenant Tarleton is slowly drawn into a tangle of events that first seems a revolutionary intrigue but develops step by step into a power struggle that dates back long before man even existed. From a senseless murder among the rings of Saturn, to Earth and the jungles of Borneo, to the pink prison-planet named Roseworld, and back to Earth for a confrontation in which man's future security comes under scrutiny--Tarleton's adventures pass with such smoothly worked-out complexities that the occasional improbabilities are never given time to draw undue attention. Several last-minute elements (the degenerating aliens, the Star-core power source, the city on Ganymede) turn out to be less corny than they seem at first revelation, and the author ties it all up very neatly. It's the kind of story Laumer seems to do best--light, easy to take, and reasonably entertaining.

Short Stories:

Breaking Point -- V.N. McIntyre.

Battle's sound has left the earth and now resounds among the reaches between the planets. The territory is new, as are some of the methods; but men are men while cowardice and stubbornness remain, and McIntyre makes an interesting drama that asks: which is which?

Disposal -- Ron Goulart.

The disposal of garbage has already proven a problem when the system fails-- but can you imagine a future when all this is fully automated and then fails? Goulart does, and with some funny lines, but he ends up throwing everything down a deep, dark hole. Aw, c'mon....

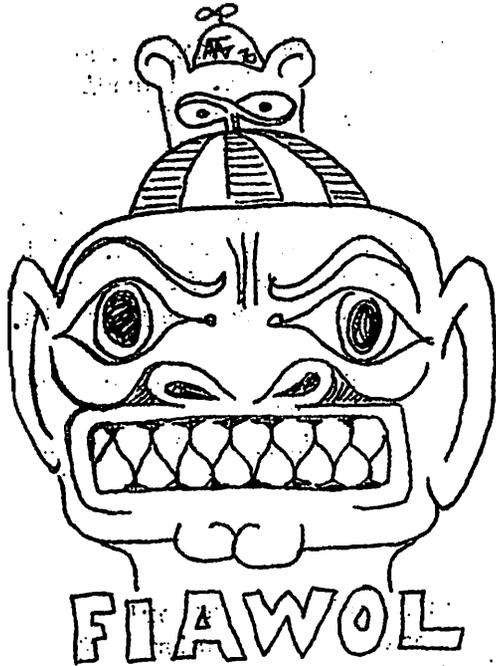
Standoff -- Robert Toomey.

Human and alien, stranded on opposite sides of a small asteroid, discuss the war that makes them enemies, each hoping his rescue ship will be the first to arrive. The conflict between the races is never clear and the author does nothing to clarify matters with his depressing resolution.

Feature:

Through Time and Space with Ferdinand Feghoot: LXXII. -- Grendel Briarton.

((Sorry not to have more recent prozine reviews, but this was the first in a series, and it sets the stage for future installments. The reviewer promises to catch up as quickly as possible. --ed.))



OUR WAY OF LIFE

We rotted our teeth with candy,
And our lungs with cigarettes;
We turned our minds to jelly
In front of TV sets.
We let our muscles run to fat,
And paid forever for our cars;
We wished we knew where love was at,
And poked around the local bars.
How dare you rant
And rage and riot
At our way of life
When you will not try it?

-- Alexis Gilliland

A NOTE ON NOISE POLLUTION

The State of Connecticut has come up with a noise trap for unduly loud vehicles. Setting the upper limit for 94 decibels at 25 feet distance, the sensing element is placed about 50 feet uproad, and when an offender roars past, a polaroid camera is triggered, producing a split picture of the truck and its noise level graph as recorded by the instrument.

Very sciencefictional.

Also, it flashes a light on the dashboard of a state trooper, who rides off to issue a citation. By the time he gets back, the evidence is ready to put in the file with the ticket. Besides reducing noise pollution, the gadget also keeps the highway police out of mischief.

A real money-maker, the gadget should pay for itself in no time. And presently you will see signs, "Caution, Noise Zone Ahead" and "Noise Limit 60 Decibels".

It might even shut up your mother-in-law in the back seat.

-- Alexis Gilliland



My choice of the Hugo contenders as far as fan work in '69: Best Fanzine, SPECULATION; best fanwriter: Delap.

ORCRIST #3/TOLKIEN JOURNAL #11 (Bulletin of the U. of Wisc. JRR Tolkien Soc. Richard West, 614 Langdon St., Madison, Wisc., 53703. \$1. Subs thru Tolkien Society of America, \$2/yr.) "Basically a scholarly journal and not a fanzine." This is the Special Secondary Universe Issue, with the fantasy studies reproduced therein. Alexis Levitin on "The Genre of The Lord of the Rings"; Richard West with a preliminary study of three contemporary medieval authors: T.H. White, C.S. Lewis, and J.R.R. Tolkien; David M. Miller saying "TL&R is a didactic, sexless story whose major characters rarely encounter their own psyches." (He's a stimulating writer-- "To find oneself as serious about the siege of Minas Tirith as about the siege of Troy is startling."); a comparative study of Tolkien and Coleridge by Clyde S. Kilby.

Clenn Sadler pens a centennial tribute to Scotland's master mythmaker George MacDonald and discusses At the Back of the North Wind, Lilith, and other of his works. Book notes, supplement 2 of an annotated bibliography of Tolkien criticism, Miniconrep, club

and con news, etc. A handsome fanzine, with offset repro, attractive layout, art by George Barr, Bonnie Bergstrom, Steve Fabian, Tim Kirk, Bruce McMenomy, Diana Paxson, and Bernie Zuber. Miniscule print. 24 pp.

EGG 1: The Journal of Aardvark Fandom (ANZAPA, APAL5, GAPS, OMPA. Peter Roberts, 87 West Town Lane, Bristol, BS4 5DZ, U.K. USAgent: Ed Reed, 668 Westover Rd., Stamford, Conn., 06902. Printed LoC, trade, contrib, 25¢, 5/\$1.) The madcap wit of Archie Mercer is in evidence once again in "Swinefever Flies North". Also, a view of the UFO pilots as deduced by Greg Pickersgill; Gray Boak on such things as J.J. Pierce, the new worldcon rules, and Harry Warner's being acclaimed best fan writer.

Oh, marvelous. Peter considers the wonderful world of toilet tissue and even furnishes a peach-colored Bristol Corporation sample for the start of your collection. Brief fanzine reviews and a pair of book reviews. A concluding column examining some of the things being discussed in various apas--membership, censorship, etc. Add illos by Rotsler, Gilliland, John Richardson, etc., and you have yourself a diverting 21-page 'zine. Worth a look.

THE ORIFLAMME #I (John Harlee, POBox 1245, Florence, S.C., 29501. Art, contrib, donation welcome.) A kind of TOURNAMENTS ILLUMINATED, Jr., from the Southern Marches. He tells the bitter tale of the knightly Mike Grosse, offers a suggested book list for starting a medieval collection, provides an illo'd article on "Heraldry--or How to Design Your Own Coat of Arms". Two pages of triolets, book store and book news and reviews, a puzzle diagram. 20 pp. or so. Not bad at all.

#II (Same editor, but published by David Matthews, Ivey Rd., Canton, Ga., 30114.) A recounting of the happenings in the Southern Marches. They seek an area of high activity; otherwise, they'll be lucky if they can swing even one tournament a year. Baton Rouge has a group going, altho few appear interested in combat. (Do you think it's part of the anti-war protest movement?)

An article on war poetry, with samples of various types; unfortunately, they leave a lot to be desired--the author

would have done better to go back to previous centuries--good war poetry is ageless; you don't need new expression for every conflict fought.

Hank Reinhardt instructs on "Constructing a Curved Wooden Shield". Harlee picks a unique topic for an article--the medieval rose. Sister Pauline looks at "The Ideal in Courtly Love", taking issue with Chris Jones' statement in THE TOLKIEN JOURNAL that it was "simply a form of glorified adultery, like Lancelot and Guinevere." She says that was a perversion of the ideal--that courtly love "may have been glorified puppy love; it was not glorified adultery." She's probably right--as long as she is speaking of the "ideal"--but was Jones speaking of the ideal?

Brief reviews of interesting books; a report on incoming fanzines; an anacrostic puzzle; LoC's; ads. 33 pp. THE ORIFLAMME is entertaining in its own way. Recommended to those of similar interests.

LOCUS 53 (Charlie Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, N.Y., 10457. 10/\$2.) The appearance of FOCAL POINT seems to have revitalized Charlie, and LOCUS has come alive again. The art newscene from George Barr (whose artwork graces the cover of Clark Ashton Smith's Zothique (Ballantine)); Philip José Farmer news from Jeff Smith; a note of his withdrawal from fanac from John Bangsund (sorry to say); Australian opinion on worldcon schedules (much in keeping with the Gillilands')--interesting reading. Swedish conrep; book & writer, publisher & mag. news; college, club, & con notes. Illos by Chas. Meyerson, Cathy Hill, James Shull, Tim Kirk, Art Thomson, Steve Stiles, Mike Gilbert, & Howard Green. 8 pp. Recommended.

ENERGUMEN #2 (Mike Glicksohn, 267 St. George St., Apt. 807, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Contrib, art, substantial LoC, trade, 50¢.) Undeniably handsome, with an honor roll of contributing artists--Barr(cover), Austin, Bergstrom, Carter, Faddis, Gaughan, Gilbert, Gilliland, Hagopian, Kirk, Miesel, McLeod, Rotsler, & Zuber. ('Tis unfortunate that the repro carries in quality.)

Angus Taylor is relatively new on the fanzine scene, and I mention him be-

cause he writes well; his Ballardesque is in some ways better than the author whom he is viewing. A well-conceived essay on SF poetry by Susan Wood--in which she has her say about Holding Your Eight Hands (an anthology edited by Edward Leucie-Smith) and Penguin Modern Poets 11--on the difference between poetry and verse--followed by E.S. Frederick Barrett's intriguingly curious "The Crumbling Foundations of Empire".

Charles Haines stated in a lecture that there were four myths in modern Western civilization (e.g., Don Juan) and was challenged on the "myth" thing by Mike; so he expands upon the topic here, setting 1350 as the "first year of Modern Times". He distinguishes between "legend" and "myth" by stipulating that in the latter the central figure "is tried to the extreme limit of endurance either by the Supreme Power for Good or by the Supreme Power for Evil" at some time in the tale. His four: Faust, Don Juan, Robinson Crusoe, and Frankenstein--and the ensuing discussion is fascinating.

Don Hutchison provides good reporting on Torcon (1948); the press coverage of same shows that things haven't really changed that much when it comes to the news media. Rousing trip reports--to Boskone, to Lunacon (complete with Mike and his tunafish sandwiches), to the Haldemans in North Tarrytown--from Rosemary Ulliot. (Great fun.) John Baglow lays it on Frodo ("Frodo, the heroic adventurer, is the tool by which middle-class society saves itself." He is sacrificed for their well-being."). Terse fanzine and book reviews, LoC's, and such. 50 pp.

If Mike gets a couple more issues out this year, he may well find himself in contention for the Hugo next year. Light, entertaining, literate, diverse. Recommended.

WONKITY #3 (Ray Ridenour, 9815 Hale Pl., Silver Spring, Md., 20910. Trade, contrib, 25¢, 5/\$1.) Simonson Samples and Gilliland Graphics, Ray's artwork is Peter Maxish, and laid out so as to make a great coloring book. Verse by Gilliland, Nancy Webb, Dave Halterman, and Ray, who also pens a rather unusual story. 20 pp. Distinctively different.

SCOTTISHE #55 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, U.K. USAgent: Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Apt. 3-J, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11201. Thish is \$1--I think. Otherwise, 50¢, 4/\$1.50.) Ethel's 15th annish--and it's a honey. John Brunner looks back to see how the U.K. has changed in this relatively short span of years, while Robert Bloch reminisces about 1955, and Brian Varley writes on early Ethel. Modern day superstitions come under the penetrating gaze of Penelope Fandergaste(!), and here's Buck Coulson on strange rare superstitions.

Rick Sneary takes a look at California and decides that limiting the population growth wouldn't be a bad idea (he considers the same for Fandom); Curt Gentry's The Last Days of the Late Great State of California (Ballantine) comes in for extensive comment by Len Moffitt; and Dick Eney moves farther west--to the Far East--for the very early Chinese fantasies about which he writes.

E.C. Tubb ponders the saying "Money doesn't bring happiness"--with a lot of hooks to grab the reader. "Sex has very little place in SF" said Ken Bulmer to the Cambridge U. SF Club, but he goes on to clarify his statement, feeling "the sex of the future has". (Ah, there's a thought to boggle the mind--the sex of the future!) A marvelous article on sundry splinter groups of the Church by John Bangsund (I'll miss him; he is one interesting writer). Thorne Smith was a great humorist, and Roy Tackett tells us about the man and his writing career. Gabriel and Heindel, two legendary horn blowers, are Sid Birchby's topic.

Harry Warner was thrilled to receive the Hugo award (not to mention the Big Heart Award), and he expresses his feelings and his thanks to fandom. "The Care and Feeding of a Fanzine" from Richard Geis (of SF REVIEW) is both a stimulant and depressant to the aspiring editor. "Star Trek" has made it to BBC TV, and Bob Shaw has a thing or two to say on the topic of SF and TV. Space stamps are the subject of Joy and Sandy Sanderson's article, and they even include a 1967 set of three from Russia for the reader. Quickie reviews by Ethel. Art by Art Thomson,

Bill Rotsler, Andrew Porter, and Juanita Coulson. And let us not overlook a thoroughly entertaining, joyous paean to Ethel L. and Art Thomson and this annish by Joe Patrizio. 71 pp. A splendid issue, nostalgia and all. Recommended.

SANDWORM #9 (Bob Vardeman, POBox 11352, Albuquerque, N.M.; 87112. Trade, substantial LoC, art, contribs, 50¢.) The second annish is fronted by a Rudy der Hagopian cover, and backed by Gail Barton's bacover. Thish our mad editor lists a Table of Art Contents and the LoColumn. ##### Among the books reviewed, he recommends Bob Silverberg's To Live Again (Doubleday Book Club--his choice for best of the year), and three anthologies (which I heartily endorse)--Anne McCaffrey's The Ship Who Sang (Walker), SF Terror Tales, ed. by Groff Conklin (Pocket Books), and 14 Great Tales of ESP, ed. by Purnell Stone (Fawcett--surprisingly good). Extended comments on Frank Herbert's Dune Messiah (which was pretty poor compared to its predecessor Dune). 19 pp. or so. Pleasurable reading.

THE NEW NEWPORT NEWS NEWS #5 ((Comments to) Ned Brooks, 703 Paul St., Newport News, Va., 23605, & Red Avery, 146 Hanover St., Hampton, Va., 23361. Contribs, LoC's, trades, art.) Ditto repro. Lastish of TNNNN, but a new 'zine is due from Red. ##### Ned reports on his visits to the DeepSouthCon, the St. LouisCon, and a minicon in Durham, N.C. David Malone urges a bigger and better fandom, with some telling arguments. John Middleton reviews Hermann Hesse's Magister Ludi, and there's Faustian fan fiction by Jim Wentz. Poetry by Sharon Ann Towle and others. Fanzine reviews, LoC's. 28 pp. Light, pleasant, but legibility varies.

RATAPLAN #5 (Leigh Edmonds, POBox 74, Balaclava, Victoria 3183, Australia. Contribs, trades, LoC's, 30¢.) It's been a long time between ish, but I'm glad to see it back. Leigh put thish out for their Eastercon, and did us all a service since it covers the preceding Syncon as nicely as one could wish... what with Leigh's conrep, the speeches of both pro and fan GoH, and report by Australia's youngest pro, Robert Bowden,

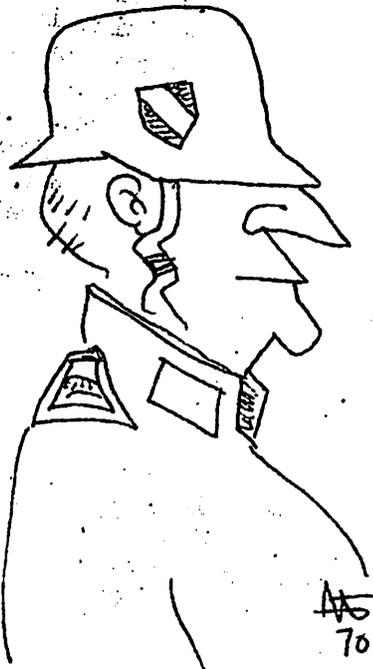
on this, his introduction to fandom. Ron Graham's speech deals with the inception and progress of VISION OF TOMORROW, and John Foyster's offers sound counsel on "The Criticism of Science Fiction". And for an Easter thought, there is Bob Toomey's remarkable essay on the Lamb. 25 pp. Makes for good reading. Recommended.

OUTWORLDS III (Bill & Joan Bowers, PO Box 87, Barberton, Ohio, 44203. Con- tribs, trades, printed LoC's, 50¢, 3/ \$1.) Commemorating the 40th anniver- sary of fanzines. A splendid ish in its own way, featuring exquisitely- reproduced art by Alicia Austin, Jim Cawthorn, Steve Fabian, George Foster, Jr., Mike Gilbert, Joan Bowers, & Bill Rotsler in imaginative format. Sixteen pages of interesting LoC's, a Wayne Connelly review of Chas. Harness' The Rose (Berkley), poetic comment by Norm Rabek & Miede Frierson III, & Bill's stimulating comments on his service stint and the topic in general. 28 pp. or so. Very handsome issue. Bowers' editorial talents are formidable.

SFCOMMENTARY 10 (SAPS. Bruce Gillespie, POBox 245, Ararat, Victoria 3377, Aus- tralia. 18/\$3. Editor thish--John Foyster.) Magnificent 6-foot-high neon sign cover--yep, says so right here. John Foyster discusses the science fic- tion writer and SF critic in separate articles. His annual review of SF mags has a few kind things to say for F&SF's reviewer Joanna Russ and Ted White's AMAZING and FANTASTIC.

There's a delightful versification by Jack Wodhams entitled "The Ten-Foot Chicken", as well as an exquisite ex- cerpt entitled "Daphne" from a book by Adrian Rogoz, revised by Foyster from a translation by Valeria Alcalay. The plot line sounds pretty routine, but the Venusian girl concept expressed here certainly isn't. The to-do 'twixt John Brunner and Wodhams in previous ish in- spires the ed to reprint (from The Poetical Works of Newton Goodrich, 1873) "The Old Grey Hack". And in response to a response from a critique, here's "Rottensteiner on Blish on Rottensteiner on Blish & Knight's A Torrent of Faces". Bruce begins a series on the novels of Brian W. Aldiss with "The Great Ad- ventures". Prof. H. Bruce Franklin's Future Perfect comes in for an extensive critique by Foyster. LoC's. 48 pp. It's a good one. Recommended.

#11. The 1970 Ditmar Award Winners, and how they came to be--an excellent insight into the whole problem of award voting. George Turner takes a look at the SF "classics" and concludes that the Golden Age of SF opened and closed with Wells, Verne, and Bellamy. Gilles- pie composes a Harry Warner column, using extracts from several LoC's. More on the '70 Eastercon and the Australian '75 Worldcon bid. All due respect and all that, but John Foyster must have had the Australian fan in mind when he suggested (in jest, I hope) one day of the con in Melbourne--one day to travel from there to Sydney--and one day in Sydney, and then a Central Australian or Barrier Reef tour "for those who can afford it, or do not have to go back to America or Europe". I certainly could- n't see the long flight to Australia for one day of convention and then travel- ling again the next day; wouldn't even have time to see the city before we were out of it--although if this fell in the



middle of an Australian stay, 'twouldn't be a bad idea, since you could move on to another major stop with a group of people of common interests. 26 pp.

CANTICLES FROM LABOWITZ #5 (Gary H. Labowitz, 1100 Betzwood Dr., Norristown, Pa., 19401. 25¢, trade, LoC. contrib.) Covers & interior illo by Jim McLeod, with three full-page portals by Rotsler. ##### It's been a number of years between ish, so Gary reprints a selection of material from early ish, with artwork by Wiedenbeck. Various words of advice from J. Wontford Laydschur (wha'!) on the art of writing space operas, tear-jerkers, and the concept of the Selfness of I Am; a marvelous Tucker thing on Donovan's brain; and Bob Bloch on radio horror shows, and fanzines. ##### Into the present with a fine Ted Pauls review of D.G. Compton's The Steel Crocodile (Ace Special) and some lesser things. 43 pp. Attractive layout.

PEGASUS #6 (Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct., Lake Jackson, Texas, 77566. Contribs, LoC, trade.) Ditto repro of varying legibility. Reprinted from a 1965 HARBINGER, Buck Coulson on the mags SPACE SCIENCE FICTION, SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES, FANTASY FICTION, & ROCKET STORIES. A preface and preliminary checklist of Badger SF. Book reviews, author index of book releases by month, fanzine reviews, LoC's. 58 pp.

AKOS #3 (F&SF Society of Columbia U. pub. AKOS, Rick Kagan, 26 Coolidge Ave., West Orange, N.J., 07052. Eds: Janet Megson & Eli Cohen. Trade, LoC, contrib, 35¢, 3/\$1 (except for #4, the Annish, which is 50¢.) Striking Judy Mitchell cover in red and black. Commendable interior illoing by Judy & Barlow Palminteri, with a pair by Jay Kinney and Andy Porter.

Thought-provoking editorial on population growth. Sand Meschko looks at symbology and SF in general, Piers Anthony's Macroscope in particular. Lovely prose by Janet Fox. Janet Megson comes up with somewhat unorthodox interviews with a couple of former Columbia students--Isaac Asimov ("When did you first get interested in girls?") and Bob Silverberg ("Can we ask what it's like living with Harlan Ellison?").

Ted Pauls reviews D.G. Compton's The Silent Multitude. Also, the secret memoirs of an anonymous SF addict. LoC's, poetry, etc. 31 pp. Entertaining. Attractive format, layout, and contents. Give it a go.

MOEBIUS TRIP #4 (Edward C. Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, Ill., 61604. 35¢, 3/\$1, LoC's, contrib, trade.) Illos by Jones, Jeeves, Gilliland, Rotsler, Schalles, etc. Unfortunately, they lose a bit in translation to stencil.

Editorial takes a swipe at NEW WORLDS, with a snatch (you should pardon the expression) of a Ballard book review, and another swipe at Ejler Jakobsson, editor of IF and GALAXY. "Marooned", according to Jos. F. Pamilia, "is intelligently made, for an audience of intelligent people", albeit it has its share of technical boners and plot weaknesses. Oof, Harlan Ellison is on the receiving end of Connor's castigation.

Roger Bryant comments on Omar McBarsoom's comments on Piers Anthony's Macroscope. John Sladek's Mechasm is well-covered by Ted Pauls. Fanzine review column devotes itself to first ish of new 'zines. LoC's. 32 pp.

#5. Illos by Rotsler & Jeeves, as well as a delightful plug for TAFF, with illo'd comments on the candidates by Mike Gilbert, Florence Jenkins, and Frank Johnson. Roger Bryant saw Marooned, and comments "So I liked 'Marooned'. And having made that abundantly clear, I will now proceed to complain about it at length." And he does.

David Gerrold replies in defense of Harlan Ellison--and SFWA. This is followed by Harlan's campaign statement for the SFWA 1970 election. And Ellison's collection of columns published in book form, The Glass Teat (Ace) gets enthusiastic approval from Bryant. Ted Pauls commends World's Best Science Fiction 1970, ed. by Don Wollheim & Terry Carr (Ace). Bill Wolfenbarger lambasts the cuts made in "Frankenstein" as seen on TV.

Ed Cox muses entertainingly on the respectibility of SF, future fanzine reproduction, and numerous other topics. Fanzine reviews. Interesting LoColumn. 36 pp. Promising.

NOLAZINE #10 (New Orleans SF Assoc. o-o. Rick Norwood, 5160 Wilton, Apt. D, New Orleans, La., 70122. Trade, contrib, LoC, 50¢, 3/\$1.) Lovely artwork here by Stan Taylor, George Barr, & Dany Frolich. Don Markstein muses upon our progress from "Captain Video" to Apollo 12. From Jack Gaughan and Perry Chapdelaine comes a report of the annual Intergalactic SF Art Convention, complete with illo'd comments. The Hugo winners at St. Louiscon were a really mixed stylistic bag--as pointed up forcibly in Guy Lillian's article.

Rick Norwood's "The Return of the Pooh" is a cleverly-written glimpse of a convention bid plotting meeting. The column by Harry Purvis is an idealist's dream; unfortunately, since today's trend is toward collusion and/or conglomerates, I doubt his proposals would result in the ideal solution he propounds. Also, a memorial tribute to Seabury Quinn from E. Hoffman Price. Book reviews, LoC's, fiction. 25 pp. Entertaining ish.

CYNIC #1 (OMPA. A. Graham Boak, #3, Ryde Lands, Nuthurst, Cranleigh, Surrey, U.K.) Alexis Gilliland's cartoons are much in evidence. Gardner Dozier comments on the Oxfordcon and faanish trends; Gray comments on G.D.'s comments and other things. 8 pp. Fun as well as food for thought.

BEABOHEM 9 (Frank Lunnay, McClintic-Marshall House, Rm. A216, Lehigh Univ., Bethlehem, Pa., 18015. Art ed.: Jim McLeod, 7909 Glen Tree Dr., Citrus Hts., Cal., 95610. Contribs, trade, LoC, 60¢, 4/\$2.) In recent issues, one Paul Hazlett has been writing "The Inside Story of..." various things. Thish, Ted White debunks Hazlett's article on Hugo winning. Hazlett, in the meanwhile, reveals "...Why Freud is Dead" (wherein he suggests that authors might try some of the other psychologists' theories). #### Good fanzine and book reviews. Extended LoC column--Ted White, Philip José Farmer, Sam Moskowitz, Marion Breen, Jim Blish, etc. Artwork by Gilliland, Jeeves, Gilbert, Carter, Rotsler, McLeod, etc. Stimulating reading.

STARDOCK #3 (Stan Nichols & Dave Griffiths, 5 St. John's Wood Terrace, St.

John's Wood, London NW 8, U.K. 40¢.) "A Short History of Comics" by Anthony Roche, amply illo'd, also includes a brief recounting of resultant comic fandom and fanzines, and a glimpse of British comic fanzines. Alan Hunter is the portfolio artist. The literary biography of John Wyndham and checklist was written and compiled by Mike Ashley. J. Ramsey Campbell starts out discussing music with a sense of horror, giving the nod to Stravinsky's "Rites of Spring" and Berg's "Wozzeck"; takes us through Penderecki and Messiaen; says "The time has come for a concerted attempt to know the unknown, which calls for objectivity and a rejection of myth--and which, incidentally, justifies the phenomenological approach in and to music" (Wha'?!); and brings us eventually to Frank Zappa. It's different, to say the least.

Book reviews, ads. 32 pp. A handsomely printed pub, in slick professional format.

AMRA #52 (Box 8243, Philadelphia, Pa., 19101. 50¢, 10/\$4.) 14th Annish, and it's somewhat better than the last few ish. John Brunner entertains with an article about coats of arms. From 10th-century Nordic literature comes Eigill Skollagrimson's beautiful "The Loss of a Son", translated by Poul Anderson from a free rendition in Danish. ("It's hard to wage/the witchcraft of words/when a storm overthrows/the house of thought.")

C.G. Mitchell postulates a most ingenious explanation of John Carter's apparent longevity, and Lin Carter points out that he is a relative somewhat removed (pardon the pun). Emilio Salgari, an Italian who wrote his swash-bucklers in Spanish, is the subject of an article by Ray Capella.

L. Sprague de Camp reviews Harold Lamb's The Mighty Manslayer (Doubleday) and gives a quick rundown of 20 paperback S&S which appeared within the past two years, with a special nod to C.L. Moore's Jirel of Joiry (Paperback Library, 1969) and Lord Dunsany's The King of Elfland's Daughter (Ballantine, 1969). Other reviews by Lin Carter. P. Schuyler Miller considers AmerInd Names in The Conan Reader. Illos by Tim Kirk & Roy Krenkel. Limericks by Brunner, Boardman, & Rasch. LoC's. 24 pp. A good issue.

CORR #4 (Perri Corrick, 126 N.Orchard St., Apt.2, Madison, Wisc.,53715. 30¢, 4/\$1, contribs.) Attractive format and layout, good mimeo repro. Lots of art (an illo/pg.) by REGilbert, Alexis Gil- liland, Bill Guy, Jim McLeod (who also did the striking cover and art folio contained within), Bill Rotsler, Jeff Schalles, etc.

Roy Tackett looks at Martin Caidin's Marooned and Joanna Russ' Picnic on Paradise. Some rather unusual fiction from Geary Gravel shows a lot of promise. Jim Corrick offers a comparative review of three of Frank Herbert's novels--Under Pressure (or Dragon in the Sea), Dune, and Dune Messiah (oddly enough, Jim much prefers the sequel to Dune). "July 20, 1969--Bah! Humbug" by Bill Marsh urges that we change our direction and learn "to apply a little discipline and intelligence to the task of people living together with themselves and their planet".

Ever think about editing an anthology of your own--no more than ten short stories and then add a short novel? "Don Durand" discusses his choices, and suggests that you send yours (with brief comments on each selection) to Perri. This should make for interesting results.

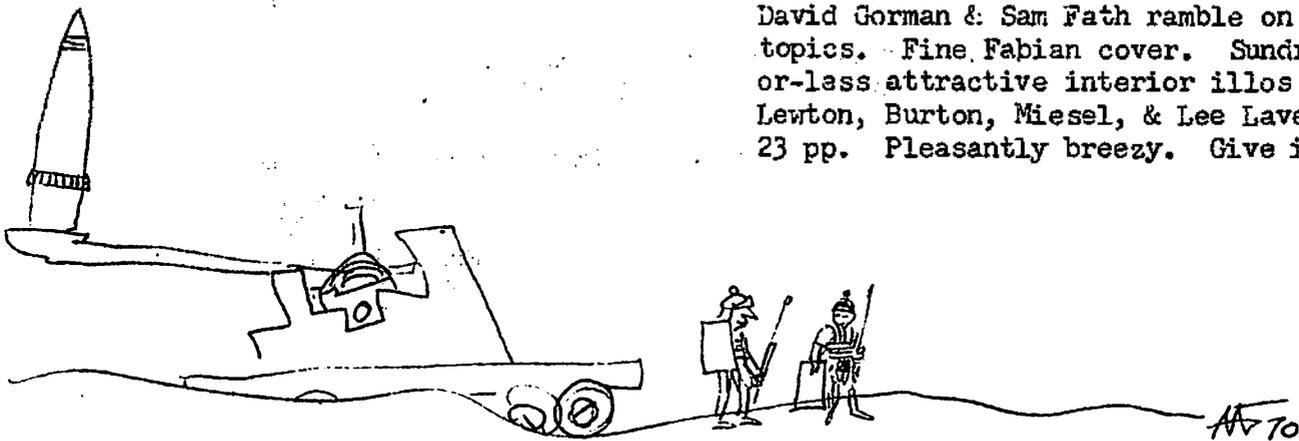
Jim Corrick discusses the problem of making sf aliens seem alien. (Come to think of it, the peasants don't do badly with "Big Foot", the "Abominable Snowman" and such.) The first of a regular column on magic ("that area of knowledge which is of an empirical, subjective, and symbolic nature") by J. R. Williams includes a glossary of terms.

(Interesting--he defines "occult" as a general term for the craft and allied arts. In the Ballantine pub Exploring the Occult, by Douglas Hunt, the author defines occultism as "the study of what is hidden...those quite indubitable phenomena which present-day science cannot explain. The occultist...sets to work to find out what is the natural law behind it.") Chapter 4 of Jim's serial The Star Wanderer, and this installment really moves. Poetry, quotes, smatterings of info, LoC's. 50 pp. Refreshing reading on a hot summer day. Keep your eye on this one; it's a sleeper.

EMBELYON #1 (Lee & Jim Lavell, 5647 Culver St., Indianapolis, Ind.,46226. LoC, trade, contrib, 35¢, 3/\$1. Art feature ed.: David Burton, 5422 Kenyon Dr., Ind., Ind.,46226. Fanzines for review (& fiction) to David Lewton, 735 E.Kessler Blvd, Ind.,Ind.,46220.) Juanita Coulson opens with intriguing comments on writing--both fan & pro. My compliments to Dave Lewton, whose report on Washington, D.C.--May 9 concerns itself with the people rather than the politics; he pays deserving tribute to the unsung medics in attendance all over the area.

Dave Burton's art column features an interview with & folio by Steve Fabian. Interesting to note that Steve is interested in seeing constructive criticism of his work & what other artists have to say about art, fandom, & such. The fanzine review column by Lewton is very well done, with extended reviews, mini-reviews, & a special segment "Insect Hunt" devoted to in-depth comment on something he's read in a fanzine that bugged him.

Sandra Miesel writes on myth-making; David Gorman & Sam Fath ramble on various topics. Fine Fabian cover. Sundry more-or-less attractive interior illos by Lewton, Burton, Miesel, & Lee Lavell. 23 pp. Pleasantly breezy. Give it a try.



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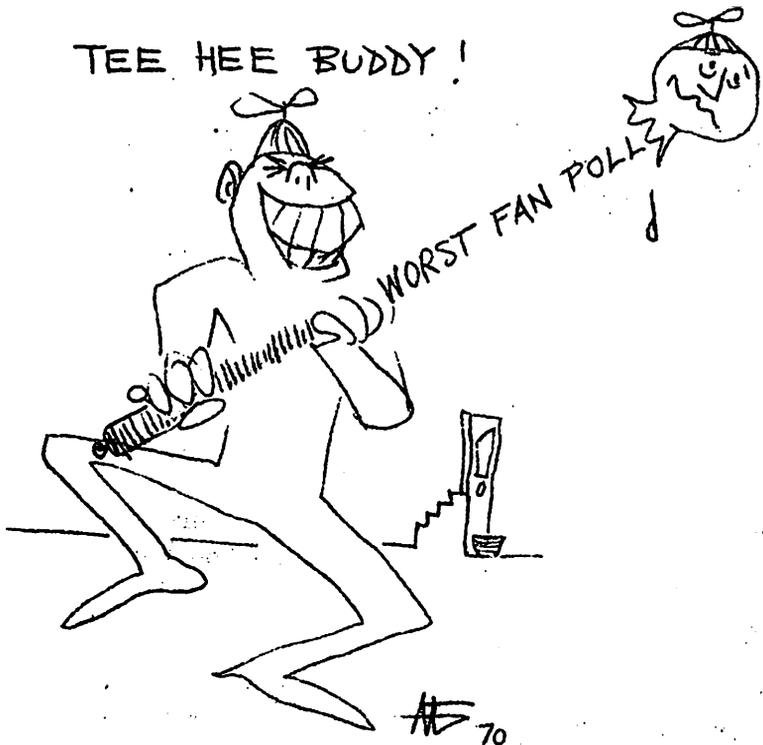
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Questions?

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TEE HEE BUDDY!



FANSTATIC & FEEDBACK

(Lettercolumn)

I. GENERAL: TWJ #71.

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

(14 Jun 70)

The latest rejection slip I got from Ultimate was somewhat longer than the one on which I wrote last time.

If you remember, in our last exciting installment, Ultimate said to us: "Your manuscript has been read and cannot be used presently. #### "The editors."

As we pick it up this time, Ultimate is elaborating: "Thank you for showing us the enclosed manuscript. We regret that it does not fit the present needs of the magazine. #### "Unfortunately, the large number of manuscripts received does not permit us time for personal comment. #### "Sincerely, the Editor."

You notice, there is now only one editor, which could be one reason why there is no time for personal comment. But, I was under the impression that Campbell read everything at ANALOG, and he sent me a letter explaining why he couldn't buy that particular story; and Ed Ferman sent me a letter (but he doesn't have to read everything; Andy Porter gets the slush pile, and he bounced the story upstairs). I didn't get to the upstairs people at Galaxy/Universal, because Bob Toomey was reading for them and he rejected the story--but he felt sure Ted White would like it, he said in a note. Only Ultimate rejected it with a slip.

It's a shame sales at Ultimate are so poor. If they were higher, editor Ted would be allowed an assistant, or he could be paid enough to devote more time to the magazines. And rates could go up, so the stories would get better.

Nobody disparage those all-reprint Ultimate publications, because they help pay the bills. I don't buy them, and I don't expect fans to run out and buy them for Ted's sake, but the people who do buy them are keeping AMAZING and FANTASTIC afloat, despite their poor sales.

Sandra Miesel, 8744 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, Ind., 46240

(14 Jun 70)

. . . First on Thomas Burnett Swann and snakes: the Serpent is cast in the villain's role in Genesis precisely because of its fertility ritual connotations. The author of that episode chose his symbol of evil from Canaanite paganism, establishing a tradition that runs all the way through the Bible to the Book of Revela-

tions. Now could the same sort of religious rivalry explain Zoroastrian hostility to snakes? They saw all reptiles as creatures of Ahriman, the Evil Principle.

Hum, Phyllis Berg, could the Phaeistos Disc be indecipherable because it's only a printer's display sample? But "Archaeological Oddities" was an intriguing piece. May I offer some similar tidbits?:

1) The ancient Chinese prepared crude extracts of steroids for medicinal purposes by fractional sublimation of human urine. This is quite an achievement of empirical technology: Residue of evaporated urine was heated to a certain critical temperature, the steroid sublimed onto a cooler collecting plate, and then the temperature was raised to collect another fraction. (Can't recall the source.)

2) Art of the Steppes, by K. Jettmar, reveals that the ancient steppes barbarians were hemp-sniffers. The famous frozen tombs of the Altai (several centuries B.C.) contained beautifully decorated braziers, inhalation tents, and hemp seed containers in his 'n her models. It is not known if they indulged for pleasure or only for ritual purposes. It would be tempting to imagine some connection between hallucinatory experiences and the bizarre "animal style" art of these people (e.g.: deer with antlers of flowers), but there is no need to seek such an explanation. (Or are the archeologists just being coy?)

Alexis Gilliland's cartoons were especially cute and his writing interesting. Now when will someone start cabalistic calculations on an individual's ID numbers?

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

(Undated)

Dave Halterman would probably be quite annoyed by the results of his poll of fandom. Fraternal memberships? Fans?

My own ERB list would be: 1. I Am A Barbarian; 2. Tarzan of the Apes; 3. Back to the Stone Age; 4. Tarzan at the Earth's Core; 5. The Return of Tarzan; 6. A Princess of Mars; 7. The Master Mind of Mars; 8. The Monster Men; 9. Tarzan the Terrible; 10. The Land That Time Forgot; 11. Land of Terror; 12. Beyond Thirty.

((Rest of letter under "ELECTRIC BIBLIOGRAPH" section. --ed.))

Derek Carter, Delanna Designs, 100 Graydon Hall Dr., Apt. 304, Don Mills, Ontario, Canada

(17 Jun 70)

This is just a brief note to reply to the letter from Richard Brooks. One regrets to inform this gentleman that his information about the scheduling of Fan Fair 2 is a complete load of poppycock. It was not scheduled to compete with Heicon. What happened went as follows:

There had been much mumbling in the Osfic ranks about holding another Fan Fair, and our illustrious leader Peter the Gill went gaily ahead with the usual enquiries re hotel rates, etc. Everything seemed to be o.k. (as indeed it still is), and thus our executive gave him the green light and we moved into the advertising phase. This progressed favourably until early this year when one of our more observant members pointed to the clash in dates. Peter immediately wrote to the Heicon committee to apologize for this unfortunate oversight upon our part. Heicon replied that they had no objections whatsoever to Fan Fair 2. We, it should be noted, just happen to support Heicon to the hilt, and trust that those of us who can make it will attend the World Convention.

Robert Moore Williams, Valley Center, California (to Dave Halterman) (21 June 70)

So you would speak of the Tylwyth Teg to a Welshman who has wandered far from his original home in the region of the summer stars? You would speak of the children of the Goddess Dana to a man whose middle name is Moore? Sir, do you know what strange murmurings you are setting up in my blood stream? Although my people are 13 generations out of Wales, the blood still remembers. We spent two generations in London, then came on to America and now have spent 11 generations here. (I'm the 11th and I'm damned near spent!) In my autobiography, which will be out sometime this year under the title Love Is Forever--We Are For Tonight, I pay tribute to my grandmother 11 generations behind me, to Elizabeth Williams, who found in a dream the courage to come to the new world with her husband. In a night dream, she found it! I still find many a story in dreams.

The Welsh arrived in Wales about 2,300 years ago, give or take a century and a historian or two, coming down from Scotland. They had arrived in Scotland by moving up the Danube River and then crossing the North Sea. Re your suggestion that I do a book on the Welsh, I tried a couple of years ago to get my agent interested in the story of the Welsh long-bpwing, long-donging, and magicking their way up the Danube. I was really high on the idea but nothing ever came out of it, probably because some publisher looking for what he called "a good pulp man" put me to work before I got around to writing the first chapters and the synopsis. Before we moved up the Danube, the Welsh lived around the southern shores of the Black Sea. The Bible knows them as the Cimmerians or the Cymry. To reach those Black Sea days we have to go back in history perhaps 4,000 years. What else was happening then, roughly? Sumerian civilization was ending, the Great Pyramid in Egypt had possibly been built, and the cities of the Twin Rivers plain where great empires were to flourish were coming into existence.

So old is the Welsh people. And older still! Where were we before we lived around the south shores of the Black Sea? Nobody knows for certain any longer but legend says we came from Trapobane, which today is called Ceylon. And before Ceylon? I do not know where we learned to sing in chorus, where poetry was a living thing, where the Eisteddfod (the Welsh song festival) was invented. Taliessin says:

"I am a Druid.
I am an artificer;
I am a scientific one.
I am a Serpent.

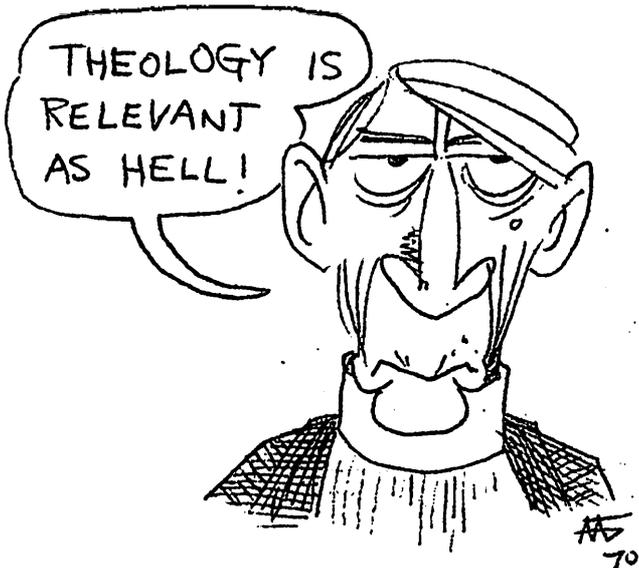
Prince of Chief Bards am I to Elphin (Now called England)
and my original country
is the region of the summer stars."

I will not attempt to go into Taliessin's meaning for these words, but I know the strange murmurs which rise in my blood, leaping high when he begins to talk of an original home in the region of the summer stars. Did we come here in a space ship from a literal home in the region of the summer stars? Reports out of central Asia tell of cave-drawings that look like a space ship. Did we wreck our ship there and continue on foot around the planet? How does it happen that the language of the Hunzas in a remote Himalayan valley is very similar to the talk of the ancient Welsh? Did we pass that way? If we didn't, how does it happen that our language is there in that remote land?

How do I know all this? Well, I don't know all of it by any means; part of it comes from that highly recommended book, The White Goddess, by Robert Graves; part of it comes from Mythological Bonds Between the East and the West, by Dorothea Chaplin; some of it comes from The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries, by Evans-Wentz; and a little of it comes from Robert Williams of Roxbury, my 11th-generation grandfather who brought Elizabeth with him to these shores long, long before there was a United States. And part of it comes from the shouting in my blood stream when I consider these matters.

These are my people! Drunken songsters walking west!

On the wall above me is a photograph of a plaque in the old First Church of Roxbury, Mass., now a part of Boston, celebrating the arrival of Robert and Elizabeth on these shores in 1638. More important, on top of that plaque is an ancient symbol, a game cock, a rooster--scholars dispute what it is. To me, it is and always has been the bird of the Celt, of the Gallic peoples, of which Evans-Wentz considered the Welsh to be one segment. More than this, it is a way we bootlegged a tribal and family totem down through the centuries of the Christian dispensation--a symbol of other days and of other times. To me, this rooster is Mithra's bird of the morning, whose crowing announces the arrival of the sun. Ah, yes, there must have been centuries before we were Mithraists (that fellow in the three-cornered



hat!), though I doubt that any Welshman, hearing in his own blood stream the poetry bubbling up telling of ancient days and faraway places, was ever anything other than a rice Mithraist. Or a rice anything else! We belong to something else!

On the same plaque is a phrase in ancient Welsh, "Y FYNO DWY Y FYDD". Today scholars dispute the meaning of these symbols, some saying they mean "Whatever God wills, will be", others saying that the God talked about here is not only plural (A "we" God) but is also feminine. While the scholars argue, I listen to the talk in my own blood and I come up with my own translation: "WHAT SHE WILL, WILL BE".

What kind of talk is this? Among other things, it is talk that is very close to my heart--it is talk of the days of the matriarchy--it is talk of the times of the Great Mother, as these days have come down through the centuries in the symbols of my own family; Williams, who was once called Gwylhym. (If you want to know more about the Great Mother, look Her up in a book by that title, by Erich Neumann.)

Is this the end of the story? Dave, you know perfectly well it is not. But before I wind up with the Welsh and with me, I want to refer again to your letter in TWJ #70. I was highly amused at your comments on the gentlemen who are yelling, "hack" at my heels, and at the way your comments and Perry Chapdelaine's article fitted together on this point. Sure, I know the fine gentlemen who are calling names; I also know the organization that sponsors them (there may be more than one reason why I resigned from the SFWA). Now and then I become sufficiently irritated to instruct my lawyers to file slander suits, but I have not as yet gone through with the suits. Why haven't I? For two reasons, one being that I have too much to do to waste time on such matters, the second being that I really don't give a damn what these gentry say. In Farmington, Missouri, a great many years ago, before I was even sure that publishers bought stories, I set out to be a pulp writer. I have achieved this aim. I have never claimed I am more than this, and in spite of the opinion of the Milford lads, good pulp writers are really in strong demand these days. Last year, on calls coming in to the agency from publishers for a "good pulp writer", I put about \$8,000.00 in my bank account. Just from calls asking for a good pulp man! Beachhead Planet, brought out by Dell in January, has already sold in Mexico, England, and Italy. (Perhaps Perry had more than one reason for saying that if I were a hack, then he wanted to be one too!)

I have done what I set out to do, I am still doing it at this moment, and I am going to continue doing it until I take a little trip, which I will discuss later. Is it illegal, unethical, or immoral to be a good pulp writer? True, I have not written literature, the great American novel, or pornography. If these lacks indicate character deficiencies, then make the most of it!

Also (we come now to just one thing I am doing besides writing), sitting on the desk beside me is a small, highly sophisticated electronic device called an alpha sensor. A development of the electroencephalograph, it feeds back in audible tones the various brain waves from alpha down to theta, and it is possibly one of the great scientific breakthroughs of our time. With such a device as this, it is possible (though not yet proved to be true of me as yet) that some lucky people will be able to achieve in a few months of training depths of meditation that may take the yogis or the zens 20 to 30 years to achieve.

With this instrument in my possession (though I have only had it a week) and with research reports on it piled high on my desk, I really hardly have time to

spend on my critics. They're looking at yesterday. I'm looking at tomorrow--and at the possibility that there may be a tomorrow.

Perhaps, if I ever learn how to use this sensor and gain some control over my brain waves, I shall have the good fortune to look out through the round window in the middle of my forehead--and see there the Tylwyth Teg! That this window exists, I already know. Perhaps with the Three Tells (which are unknown to me) I shall also look out into darkness to find a night as bright as day. Far brighter, in fact, in the glimpses I have had of it, than any day that ever was on Planet Earth under Sun Sol!

Ah, well. You can see that I have interests other than answering my critics.

Now as to that little trip which I mentioned earlier, there must come a time when I shall hang this typewriter on the wall and call time-out for an eon or two. When this time comes, I want to have a set of vocal chords in proper tune, and with Her permission (if you want to know who She is, go back and consider again the possible meanings of "Y FYNO DWY Y FYDD") I shall go singing home to the space eisteddfod still in progress in the ancient homeland of the Welsh, "in the region of the summer stars".

I can hear that great chorus rising now, on the winds of space, and beyond the singers I can see Her beckoning home another far-wandering Welshman who was Her devotee from the very beginning.

You would talk to me of the Tylwyth Teg, would you?--and of sundry similar matters? See what you stirred up in me!

Dave Halterman (in response to the above from Robert Moore Williams) (22 Jun 70)

I suspect that a certain publisher was born in Porlock, as it would seem that he put the kibosh on a potentially good story. The Welsh mythos is still almost untapped. What few stories have been told have been exceptional, as witness Lloyd Alexander's Prydain series, or some of Alan Garner's items. I'm presently preparing to read Walton's Island of the Mighty, which Lin Carter seems to like.

Speaking of whom....

Lin Carter must also be a hack. He writes to entertain, not to deliver a message. His style is straight-forward, not convoluted. It doesn't get in the way. He writes much--several books a year. And he eats well. If that's hack, I want an axe!

Incidentally, the Three Tells were a small hint that we Swiss have a few stories, too. It is said that shepherds sometimes come to a certain cave in the Alps, where they are met by a person with a crossbow and very ancient costume. He asks the time. The shepherd replies that it is noon. The stranger says that it is not the time, and disappears into the cave.

Who knows?

It may be that, when Ragnarok comes, and the sleeping ones of Avalon, and Llyr, and Faerie, and the cave of Barbarossa awake, they will find themselves assisted, and quite ably, by a troop of fifty Swiss crossbowmen.

Mike Glicksohn, 267 St. George St., Apt. 807, Toronto, Ontario, Canada (28 Jun 70)

Many thanks for TWJ #71--it certainly is...er...big, isn't it? The bacover was superb and should really have been the front cover. And as to interior art, well, I've said it before but I'll say it again--it's terrible. I'd consider it an insult to people like Derek Carter and Jack Gaughan to pass off those crude scratchings as their art. I fully realize the deficiencies of the medium, but, surely they deserve better than they get in TWJ? Alexis doesn't suffer as badly, but then his work is better suited to hand-stencilling. There must be somewhere down around you where you can get cheap electrostencilling, surely?

I admire the dedication behind all those little slips of paper--it must involve a hell of a lot of work for you. If it's any consolation, I'd read the issue from cover to cover whether I was in it or not--but then, I'm weird that way.

When I was in Grade Nine, I had a chance to procure a pet grass snake. My mother absolutely refused. She wasn't going to have one of those "slimy creatures" in the house and nothing I could do or say would convince her that a snake was perfectly dry to the touch. However, as a confirmed arachnaphobe I can't really complain too bitterly about her intolerance. Robert Howard, as I recall, was very fond of snakes as evil gods. He populated Southern Africa with them. But then he was very Seth in his ways.

Bob Jones writes interestingly and well about a topic I know little of but find fascinating. I find myself looking forward to his column. I can't help but wonder whether, if I'd been around in those halcyon days of the pulps, I'd have had the good sense to save all of those destined-to-be-treasures. I can still recall vividly how, as little as ten years ago, I would read but never buy the newly appearing Marvel Comics, little realizing that, when my days as an impoverished immigrant student were over, I would be paying more than 50 times the original investment for the privilege of buying these relics.

Will Jenkins gave a hell of a speech. I wish I could have been there.

I see Chapdelaine is still doing his best to provoke controversy and rake old coals over long-dead fires. Someone must have told him (Piers Anthony, maybe?) that the best way to become known in fandom is to belabor one or two points continually until people recognize you in order to shut you up. His constant hammering away at the "out group" concept has passed from being tiresome to being petulant. Perhaps, if we're very lucky, his admiration of British fandom will cause him to desert us and take up residence in England (although they really have enough problems without him.) Despite this, when Chapdelaine was able to overcome his sense of self-importance and stop listing the famous people he impressed, he did provide some useful insight into the British con. And the Randall Carrett story was almost worth Chapdelaine's pomposity.

I'm afraid I found much of the remaining material somewhat dull. A case of over-familiarity with some of it, and lack of interest in the rest. Jay Kay had some amusing comments but I would have preferred less listing of names and a harder attempt to capture the mood of the gathering.

And then there are the reviews. Excellent, as usual. Thanks for the nice comments on ENERGIUMEN, Doll, and I'm sorry but I just can't see TWJ as a Hugo nominee. Today's fanzines are far too much of a package, with contents and appearance being inseparably connected, for TWJ to be able to compete with SFR, TRUMPET, BEABOHEHA, etc. Excellent reviews you do have, but, for me anyway, not a great deal more.

I would disagree with Buck Coulson as far as Hugos are concerned. Considering the present set-up of science fiction publishing and distribution, the English-language Hugo is the only possible award that can be presented at our North American annual convention. Buck may be right that, ideally, we'd prefer a more meaningful international award, but I strongly suspect that such an award is impossible.

Richard Brooks fails to understand that the Toronto Fan Fair was scheduled to complement Heicon, not to conflict with it, and had the approval of the Heicon committee before one iota of publicity was spread about. Far from being a "spoiled brat" attitude, I'd say that what the Toronto people are doing is actually quite in line with an attitude of furthering international ties in fandom. By providing fans who just haven't got the time or money to spend on holiday in Germany with a place to go for that weekend, and by setting up a phone tie-in with Heicon for immediate news on the Hugo winners, I feel that we are strengthening Heicon, not detracting from it. Of course, it would be great if we could all go to Europe, but many of us just can't--at least at Toronto we'll have some vicarious sense of participation in Heicon and we'll have a damn good time as well. Let Brooks stay home and be miserable if he wants to. . . .

James Blish, Henley-on-Thames, Oxon, England

(12 Jul 70)

Many thanks for the monster JOURNAL #71, and to Doll for her review of KALKI 12. One slight correction: that issue was 36 pages, not 34. It looks like #14 is going to be 44, if the treasury can stand it.

Chapdelaine to the contrary, nobody over here presumes me to be English, and we make no attempt to come on that way. Such a mistake would have been particularly unlikely at the Eastercon/SciCon, since as Guest of Honor my biography was in the program book for all to see; and Raymond Fletcher (the M.P.) even alluded to our visa renewal problem (now solved) in his speech. As Avram Davidson once put it, the Blishes have been American since the reign of Governor Bradford, and I have no intention of changing this; I just like it here, that's all.



Perry's account of my speech is a caricature, and I hope people will read what I said when it comes out. The title of the volume, by the way, has been changed to The Light Fantastic. Publishers!

Judging by the official report from Greg Benford, the chairman, Perry's account of the SFWA West Coast business meeting is also a caricature. Six matters of some substance were discussed, and votes taken on four of them. Alva Rogers taped the whole meeting, so which report is correct can be checked by SFWA members. I somehow doubt that Perry knew this, but it probably wouldn't have improved his accuracy as a reporter if he had. Nothing does.

"The Confrontation Show" was marvelous--full of invention, and very funny to boot. Why doesn't Alexis make a story out of Mephistopheles' proposed society? The notion that the devil is a transformed Horned God is a Margaret Murraysim that was completely exploded by Ewen and others as long ago as 1929, but in a story that wouldn't matter.

I miss Mebane's Magazine Mortuary. Please reinstate it.

Kuttner vs. Kuttner: I vote for "Vintage Season" and "Man Drowning".

Re those Papé illustrations in The Silver Stallion: much of Cabell's best work appeared in at least four hard-cover versions--the Kalki (cheap) edition, the limited "large paper" edition, an edition illustrated by Papé, and the revised Storisende edition. Ballantine is using Storisende texts but picking up the decorations from the illustrated edition (but not the plates). In the case of The High Place, they did use one of the plates, illuminated by Donna Violetti, as a wraparound jacket. Some early Cabell works were illustrated by Howard Pyle, but he crumped out.

Dennis Lien, 530 E. Mabel St., Tucson, Ariz., 85705

(21 Aug 70)

IN TWJ #71, Dave Halterman suggests a poll of ERB's best. . . .

Lupoff, of course, was trying to construct a Basic ERB library--not strictly his very best, but his 12 best and most representative books. Dave apparently wants "favorite stories", so here's my 12 favorite ERBs: 1. Gods of Mars; 2. Tarzan and the Ant Men; 3. Son of Tarzan; 4. Tarzan and the City of Gold; 5. Moon Maid (for latter two stories only); 6. Tarzan of the Apes; 7. A Princess of Mars; 8. The Eternal Lover; 9. At the Earth's Core; 10. Land that Time Forgot; 11. Return of Tarzan; 12. Pellucidar.

I'm sure nobody will have a list duplicating mine! ##### I haven't read the Apache novels or the Mucker or Girl from Hollywood from Lupoff's list. I also haven't read the last two Venus books and some of the non-series stuff like Deputy Sheriff of Comanche County. But my list should be reasonably exact, as I'm something of a series fan....

II. ELECTRIC BIBLIOGRAPHY (Addenda/Corrigenda).

Steve Lewis, 66 Constance Lane, Bristol, Conn., 06010 (10 Jun 70)

Some corrections to Leinster bibliography:

"The Eternal Now" was also reprinted in The Shape of Things, ed. Damon Knight (Popular Library; 1965).

"The Other Now" was also reprinted in One Hundred Years of SF, ed. Damon Knight (Simon & Schuster; 1968).

ADD -- Space Captain (half of Ace Double M-135, 122 pp). A shorter version was published in AMAZING, 1965, titled "Killer Ship" (I think).

Still more corrections for Heinlein bibliography:

"By His Own Bootstraps" was retitled "The Time Gate" in Race to the Stars (in pb edition only?).

"Goldfish Bowl" was also reprinted in Apeman, Spaceman, ed. Stover & Harrison (Doubleday; 1968; Berkley; 1970).

Beyond Time and Space, ed. Derleth, containing "The Long Watch", was also published in pb (Berkley; no date).

"They" was also reprinted in The Dark Side, ed. Damon Knight (Doubleday; 1965) and in The Others, ed. Terry Carr (Gold Medal; 1969).

Mark Owings (address above). (undated)

. . . L'Enfant de la Science is Beyond This Horizon.

Addition to the Leinster biblio: Keyhole -- included in Beyond Belief, ed. Richard J. Hurley (Scholastic Book Service: NY, 1966, wpps 188, 45¢).

THE GREATEST OF THE GREATEST
or, WRITERS PITTED AGAINST THEMSELVES
by Michael T. Shoemaker

This issue: Asimov vs. Asimov.

The results of the Kuttner poll were not as good as I had expected. Perhaps the response on the Asimov poll will be better because of his larger following.

I polled 92 people, and the vote was split between 28 titles including eight novels. I counted collaborations despite the uncertainty of some cases such as "Vintage Season" and "The Children's Hour". Here are the results:

1. Robots Have No Tails (the Gallegher series), 42.38%.
2. "The Twonky", 25.00 %.
3. The Dark World, 20.65%.
4. Fury, 19.56% (one vote less, which is hardly significant).
5. "The Graveyard Rats" & "Vintage Season", each 10.86%.
6. The Fairy Chessmen & Mutant, each 9.77% (again, only one vote less).

Other leaders were the Hogben series, "Call Him Demon", and "The Children's Hour", which received 6, 5, and 5 votes, respectively. My own choices were Fury and "Dreams End" (an obscure--but classic--story).

This issue starts a poll on Isaac Asimov. What two stories do you consider his greatest? Mail ballots to Michael T. Shoemaker, 3240 Gunston Rd., Alexandria, Virginia, 22302.

Editor's Notes --

We'd planned a longer editorial, with comments on several of the items in this, but now we'll have to wait 'til next issue (maybe we'll LoC...).

Sorry for the long delay between issues; this issue was due out in July, is dated August, but won't be mailed out until Sept. A long illness in June, slow recuperation in July, and a vacation in August are to blame. Nextish out early November.

Space limitations caused by the long delay have meant the postponement until TWJ #73 of part II of "Sex and the Single Cell" and the conclusion of the Thongor series review, plus some other articles and features.

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