

DOLL'S HOUSE
(Fanzine Reviews)

ERB-DOM #28 (Camille Cazedessus, Jr., POBox 550, Evergreen, Col., 80439. \$1.) Comictype cover art by Sam Grainger; mighty bacover by Richard Corben. Had no idea there was a play--yes, a play--"Tarzan of the Apes", which evidently was staged in NY in 1921. Caz reprints several reviews from the NYTIMES, NY TRIBUNE, DRAMATIC MIRROR AND THEATRE, and LIFE, as well as info on the star from THEATRE MAGAZINE. It sounds incredible. Maurice Gardner recounts Tarzan on Radio in the early '30's. He also furnishes the story line of "The Monkey Man" by Wm. Tillinghast Eldridge, which appeared in THE ALL STORY MONTHLY in late 1910.

Extended review of Tarzan, Seigneur de la Jungle--an anthology, with 150 pp. containing five complete sequences of Sunday Tarzan comics by Burne Hogarth in full color, after 32 pp. of b&w introductory material, including pre-Hogarth Tarzan illustrations. (The original French book as well as a small translation by Opar Press of the preliminary material is available from the Sargasso Book Shop.)

Caz wrote the Educational Reference Service remarking as to the lack of literary recognition accorded ERBurrroughs, asking what makes an author "great"? His query and their response close this 17-page ish.

#29. Powerful Stan Taylor cover; Reed Crandall bacover. The pride of the Waziri is Allan Howard's topic. Caz dips into AMRA for L. Sprague de Camp's review of Gulliver of Mars, by E.L. Arnold (Ace); Dick Lupoff's response to de Camp's remarks on Lupoff's theory that this book and author were the source of Burroughs' inspiration; and there is a colorful tale re whence cometh Barsoom as related by E. Hoffman Price. ##### Here is Lupoff responding to a Sam Moskowitz article in ERB-DOM #23, and Sam's response on "The Source of ERB's The Gods of Mars and Other Positive & Argumentative Statements", wherein he really has at Lupoff, his theories, his book, and his scholarship. An intriguing ish, if you're interested. 18 pp.

#30. (50¢.) New digest size, incorporating THE FANTASY COLLECTOR within its covers. John Roy writes on Bridge, the hobo in Burroughs' "The Mucker" and "The Oakdale Affair"; Sam Moskowitz on the mag GHOST STORIES; Henry Michner on Atlantis. Ads occupy 28 of the 42 pp., and the print is smaller than that of the telephone directory. Hard on the eyes.

#31. "A Barsoomian Glossary", begun in the previous issue, continues, as does the index of GHOST STORIES. The Outlaw of Torn is viewed in historical context by Roy. We also visit the city of Opar. 10 pp. of material, 20 pp. of ads.

#32. Striking front cover by Neal MacDonald, Jr., of the Tharban, the Venusian lion. John Roy discusses fauna of Burroughs' Venus. Continuing his "Lost Cities of Tarzan" series, he shows us the Valley of the Palace of Diamons. Glossary and index continued. 10 pp. of material; 24 pp. of ads.

VECTOR SF REVIEW #55 (British SF Assn., Ltd., 10 Lower Church Lane, Bristol BS2 8BA, U.K.) It seems to me that the last time I saw VECTOR, they were in the midst of editorial changeovers, so I feel quite comfortable as I note on the 1st page that they'll have a new editor nextish. I'm not knocking it; quite the contrary, I find it both remarkable and praiseworthy that they have been able to maintain continuity in publishing. ##### The opening article is entitled "Linguistic Relativity in Middle High Martian" by Willis McNelly (so it shouldn't surprise you that this was printed originally in THE COLLEGE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION CRITIC). Don't let the title scare you off; this is a most interesting look at "grokking" and Heinlein's Stranger In a Strange Land. We also have John Brunner looking at Brian Aldiss' Charteris novel. Extended book review section of British and U.S. pubs. 20 pp.

BADMOUTH #1 (OMPA. Lynn A. Hickman, 413 Ottokee St., Wauseon, Ohio, 43567. Article art, printed LoC, trade, \$1.25.) "An opinionated fanzine's answer to the yellow-sheets." ##### Lynn says, "1926 was a great year--" and then elaborates, with six pages of art and cartoons from that year, including quips such as, "The only way a man can escape criminals nowadays is to get himself locked up." "American Books Now Read Abroad" dates to about 1903. Mike Deckinger's tale "The Old Man and the Television Set" dates from 1963, and it is dated. Cartoon strip comment on "Beard" by J. Lynch is nicely done, reminiscent of Pfeiffer. 22 pp. Pleasant reading.

EINBLATT #6 (Ken Fletcher, 1501 Broda Ave., St. Paul, Minn., 55108.) Meeting news for the Minnesota SF Society. Very mini Miniconrep. 4 pp.

OXYTOCIC II (The T.C. Williams SF Club o-o. Michael T. Shoemaker, 3240 Gunston Rd., Alexandria, Va., 22302. Contris welcome.) Ray Ridenour cover; Walt Simonson back-cover. Mike pens a rebuttal to Damon Knight's essay "Cosmic Jerrybuilder: A.E. Van Vogt"; altho he agrees that the Null-A books are badly-written, Mike feels they are the only ones of Van Vogt's books that are. Bert Trotter furnishes a resume of ER Burroughs' Moon Maid, Moon Men, and The Red Hawk. Chip Gallows' short fiction isn't bad at all. Book reviews by Joseph Oliver, Ted Pauls, and J.J. Pierce (the last reprinted from RENAISSANCE, Vol. 2, #1). In a second article, Mike feels that Bradbury, Clarke, Asimov, and Heinlein are great but not that great. The editor is his own greatest asset. Shaping up nicely.

STARLING #14 (Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 1108 Locust St., Columbia, Mo., 65201. 30¢, 2/50¢, trade, contrib, LoC.) Art by Foster, Gaughan, Gilbert, Lovenstein, Rotsler, and Symes. ##### Banks Mebane, our man in Florida, tells of some interesting local phenomena, e.g. Sybil Leek, love bugs, etc. Hank pens some notes on sf and fantasy in rock music, principally the Byrds and the Rolling Stones, with a dab of Jimi Hendrix and the Jefferson Airplane. Lesleigh writes on the Incredible String Band, supplemented by Jim Schumaker. ##### Chester Anderson, author of The Butterfly Kid, is the subject of a 3-part essay by Greg Shaw, who met him in 1967 at the offices of RAMPARTS, and an intriguing subject he is (aircraft carrier that sleeps 10,000, the Great Westercon Outrage plans, and all). ##### We also find Don D'Amassa, Jim Turner, and Joe Sanders on the topic of J.J. Pierce and the Second Foundation. LoC's. Neat format and layout. Refreshing.

NORSTRILIAN NEWS #1 (John Foyster & Leigh Edmonds, POBox 74, Balaclave, Victoria 3183, Australia. A stamp--would guess a stamped, self-addressed envelope would be welcome, too.) As its name implies, NN is an Australian newszine--mag & book news, fan & author news, and a report on Anthony Burgess' speech at Monash U. on "Obscenity, Pornography, and the Novel".

DYNATRON #42 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd. N.W., Albuquerque, N.M., 87107. LoC's, trade, 25¢ for a sample copy.) Roytac recounts the evolution of ASTOUNDING STORIES to ANALOG, and then notes the reappearance of ASTOUNDING STORIES on the newsstands--but this one is "just another of the . . . cruddy reprint zines published by Ultimate Publishing Company". Evidently Sol Cohen has appropriated the title. Am surprised I didn't see any hoopla on this in our fannish newszines.

Roy also looks at a couple of good collections from Fawcett, and I join him in commending 13 Great Stories of Science Fiction, ed. by Groff Conklin, and 14 Great Tales of ESP, by I. Purnell Stone. Part IV of C.W. Wolfe's "Early American Science/Fantasy Fiction" features Garret Smith and a bit on Jack Williamson's work appearing in ARGOSY.

From Bob Vardeman a preliminary report on the results of various tests on the lunar rock samples. C.W. John on home financing. LoC's. Great heavens, Roy is intending to gaffiate from genzine pubbing. Will miss you, Roy; always enjoyed DYNATRON. 12 pp.

CONGLOMERATION #3 (Brad Balfour, 5129 Newfield Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio, 45237. Contrib, printed LoC, 25¢.) Tim Kirk cover, with interior squibs by Kirk, Gilbert, Gilliland, Symes, Foster, Rotsler, Porter, etc. Brad's opening column is pretty badly-written, and judging by the type face, one realizes that he did this thing at a pace of six lines a sitting on at least three occasions. However, Ross Rocklyne's StLouisConRep is one of the most entertaining I've read and quite other than those seen elsewhere. Book & fanzine reviews, verse, LoC's, Joel Zakem on "Revolution". 28 pp.

YANDRO #198 (Robert & Juanita Coulson, Rt. 3, Hartford City, Ind., 47348. 40¢, 4/\$1.50, 12/\$4.) Cover by Alexis Gilliland. Interior illos by Gilliland, Art Thomson, Juanita Coulson, Dan Adkins, REGilbert, etc. #### The Coulsons have moved, and you can view the process through the eyes of Buck, Juanita, and/or Bruce (who offers a real-life version of the three little pigs, or is it five?) Add an entertaining column by Dave Locke plus the delightful penning of Buck's fine find, Liz Fishman. Good book and fanzine reviews by Buck. LoC's. 32 pp. Recommended.

SCHAMOOB #7 (Frank C. Johnson, 3836 Washington Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio, 45229. Trade, LoC, contrib, 25¢.) Illos by Brad Balfour, Alexis Gilliland, DEA, etc. Mimeo repro leaves a lot to be desired. Book and fanzine reviews. More fannish adventures--this time Brad Balfour descends on Ray Beam. LoC's. 23 pp.

MAYBE Worlds of Fan Fiction #6 (Irvin Koch, 614 Hill Ave., S.W., Apt. 45, Knoxville, Tenn., 37902. Trades, contribs, printed LoC's, 75¢, 6/\$3.) Some autobiographical notes and a Morgan Smith horror fantasy from Robert Weinberg; a note and 10-year-old fannish fiction from Thomas Burnett Swann; a letter, cartoons, and a faanish tale from Jeff Schalles; a letter and story from Janet Fox. And an interesting English assignment from Geary Gravel, George Hay's "Log of the Semi-Stiff Anthology", a bit on Robert Moore Williams from Perry Chapdelaine, and a few fanzine reviews. 34 pp. A good place for you aspiring fiction writers to get some exposure, as well as affording the reader an opportunity to watch a writer's growth. However, the price seems a little stiff; presumably the editor is thus trying to encourage contributions.

-- Doll Gilliland

MIKE'S MAGAZINE REPORT
(Prozine Reviews)

Report I --

At the moment I only subscribe to the Big Three (ANALOG, GALAXY, and F&SF); therefore, they will be the only ones I will discuss. Perhaps in the future I'll subscribe to some of the others....

Like Banks Mebane once said, Sterling E. Lanier is a throwback to the old WEIRD TALES era. In the July F&SF Lanier has another Brigadier Ffellowes story, "His Coat So Gay". It starts out very slowly, but gets better as it moves along. Ffellowes gets involved with cultists at the worst possible time, Halloween night. The cultists tie him to a horse which they set free, and then hunt him. It's not my cup of tea, although some people will like it. Barry Malzberg's "Making Titan" annoys me. This is a New Wave story that starts out with "an irresistable notion": an investigation team sent to Titan consisting of a pilot, demonologist, and astrologer. It's a terrible disappointment, though, as the author tries to make big intimations about nothing in an inarticulate way. The best story in the issue (the only good one, in fact) is "The Mystery of His Flesh", by Dean R. Koontz. It is an Adam Link-type story of the first android, who in the end metamorphosizes into God. The rest of the issue is filled out with an article by de Camp on King Arthur's court, stories by Bob Silverberg, Gary Jennings, and two pot-boiler love stories by Shapiro and Robin Scott Wilson (neither of which is even Science Fiction).

The June issue of GALAXY is a strange one, with six short stories and the conclusion of Bob Silverberg's Tower of Glass. The quality of the short stories is rather uneven, with nothing spectacular among them. All of them are one-punch stories that aren't really significant. One of them, "Children's Crusade", by Lawrence Mayer, is a sickening, impossible story of vampires born in our time, the result of some sort of mutation. As for Silverberg's serial, I enjoyed it, but have no great praises for it.

After reading such wild writing (both in content and style) as contained in the above two magazines, I enjoy nothing better than sitting back and reading the good solid writing contained in ANALOG. In the June issue, James H. Schmitz has another story in his endless Telzey series. I'm getting rather tired of them, but then this is a good one. Telzey is asked to investigate the Siren pseudotrees to determine whether they are dangerous enough to warrant full-scale extermination. The Sirens are plants possessing powerful psionic powers but no apparent intelligence; they act purely on instinct. Telzey is trying to find out if they have any intelligence so that communication can be set up with them. And during her investigations she learns of the Old Galactics and of the Veen war which complicates the situation. Hank Dempsey's "A Tale of the Ending" is a philosophical story concerning the descendants of Man who are not sure of their origins, and ends with the question, "I think always. What thing is waiting out there, that will sometime--perhaps even now--replace us?" Also recommended in "Message to an Alien", by Keith Laumer. And finally, there is Part I of Starlight, by Hal Clement. I don't read serials until I have all the parts, but I think it's safe to recommend this on the principle of it being a sequel to Mission of Gravity.

The July issue of ANALOG is led off with "Per Strategem" by Robert Chilson, an okay story concerning a meeting between Man and a barbaric alien society, which ends up with the aliens being initiated into the ways of Man. Jack Wodhams has a rather routine time travel yarn, and "Rare Events" by D.A.L. Hughes poses an important practical question: How will scientists in the study of rare phenomena (such as the search for Quarks or tachyons) know whether their results are the effects of the phenomenon or of something else, since the experiment or results are not immediately repeatable? It notes that scientists can not afford to ignore such rare phenomena, as this would give them a false picture of the universe. Also recommended are "Ark IV" by Jackson Burrows and the fact article "Zero Resistance" by Walter Walterscheid concerning superconductivity.

Report II --

There is a sharp contrast between the August issue of F&SF, which is very poor, and the September issue, which is very good. In the August issue, "Confessions", by Ron Goulart, is a fair mystery story, but is science fiction only by right of its pseudo-futuristic embellishments typical of Goulart's work. And the story is not funny, despite what the introductory comment says. "The Self-priming, Solid-state, Electronic Chicken" by Jon Lucas is a fair story about ordinary chicken eggs that contain aliens from another world. It is very similar to a story I recall reading in a comic book many years ago. The rest of the issue is filled up with a poor time travel story, a pointless story of the future, and a story so prosaic I'm surprised it was published. The latter is the old story of the writer whose characters come to life, with nothing new in it. Leading off the September issue is "The Travelin' Man", by Leo P. Kelley, a decent story of overpopulation in the future and how it affects a rural family. Another good story is "Landed Minority" by Pamela Sargent, which concerns post-holocaust survivors who are faced with a mysterious mental deterioration. Quite good is "Rings on Her Fingers", by William Walling, in which we meet an alien culture whose biological driving force is pain, and to whom sex is anodyne instead of pleasure. "The Goat Without Horns", by Thomas Burnett Swann, a serial in two parts, concludes in the September issue. It is a typical Swann story, and it leaves me cold.

The July issue of GALAXY is a fair issue, although as usual the quality of the stories is rather uneven; this seems to be true of GALAXY lately--that it oscillates between the good and the bad.

"The Throwbacks", by Robert Silverberg, is an O.K. story describing a future society based on free sex and of a couple who come to realize that they are "throwbacks" to an ancient and more moralistic age. "Ask a Silly Question", by Andrew J. Offut, is the best story in the issue. It is only a slight variation on Robert Sheckley's "Ask a Foolish Question", and to describe the story would give away the ending--so read it. "Goodbye Amanda Jean" by Wilma Shore is another sickening, pointless story such as the one in the June issue about vampires. The only story I've read along these lines that was good instead of disgusting was "Home is the Hunter", by Moore & Kuttner (about head hunting in Central Park). A story like this when handled by Moore & Kuttner was dramatic; when handled by lesser authors it's nauseating sensationalism. Starting with the August-September issue GALAXY has gone bi-monthly again. They've added 32 pages and upped the price to 75¢. Let us hope that the prices on the other magazines don't follow suit, out of range....

The main attraction in the August-September is "The Day After Judgement", by James Blish. This long novella picks up immediately where Black Easter left off. It tells of the resistance that the demons of Hell met with and of the final showdown between the United States and the city of Dis. In its resolution, Theron Ware and company find that God is dead and that Satan has taken his place, but that Satan does not want to be God, and so everything is returned to "normal". Even though Black Easter stands well alone, this sequel in no way detracts from the original as do so many sequels, but is an excellent work in its own right. Also recommended is "About a Secret Crocodile", by R.A. Lafferty. The first two parts of Heinlein's new novel, I Will Fear No Evil, appear in the July and August-September issues. It's about a man whose mind is transplanted to a woman's body while, somehow, some part of the woman's mind is still conscious. It's not bad so far, and I expect to see some sort of intermingling of the two personalities.

"Brillo", by Ben Bova & Harlan Ellison, in the August ANALOG marks the first appearance of Harlan Ellison in that magazine. It's a "straight" story about the testing of a robot policeman, and a very good story at that. As one can perhaps guess, the robot bumbles the test. The rest of the issue is all good, but with no other stand-out story.

Likewise, the September issue of ANALOG is a good issue, but with nothing exceptional in it. The best story is "Lost Newton", by Stanley Schmidt, which is about "cultural interference" that disrupts an alien society and shows how further interference can set things right again. Also recommended in "The Wandering Buoy", by A. Bertram Chandler.

-- Michael Shoemaker

OFFICE MEMORANDUM

To: All Personnel
 From: Director of Personnel
 Subject: Early Retirement Program

As a result of a declining work load, management must of necessity take steps to reduce our work force. A reduction in force plan has been developed which appears the most equitable under the circumstances. ##### Under the new plan, older employees will be placed on early retirement, thus permitting the retention of employees who represent the future Company. ##### Therefore, a program to phase out older personnel by the end of the current year via early retirement will be placed into effect immediately. The program shall be known as RAPE (Retire Aged Personnel Early). ##### Employees who are RAPE'd will be given the opportunity to seek other jobs within the Company provided that while they are being RAPE'd, they request a review of their employment status before actual retirement takes place. This phase of the operation is called SCREW (Survey of Capabilities of Retired Early Workers). ##### All employees who have been RAPE'd and SCREW'd may also apply for a final review. This will be called SHAFT (Study by Higher Authority Following Termination). ##### Program policy dictates that employees may be RAPE'd once and SCREW'd twice, but may get the SHAFT as many times as the Company deems appropriate.

-- Anonymous

ENCYSTMENTS
(book reviews)

The Spook Who Sat by the Door, by Sam Greenlee (Bantam #N5237; 95¢).
The "F" Certificate, by David Gurney (Pocket Books #77082; 95¢).
Richard Blade: Jewel of Tharne, by "Jeffrey Lord" (Lyle Kenyon Engel Syndicate)
 (Macfadden Books #75-272; 75¢).
Drug of Choice, by John Lange (Signet #T5116; 75¢).

TWSBTD isn't exactly stf, but it is extrapolation of a sort. It is described as "the first black nationalist novel", which it is, and "a chiller in the tradition of 1984", which it isn't. A senator decides to integrate the CIA, and one of the potential employees is Freeman, a Negro athlete and graduate of Howard University. In spite of extremely rigorous efforts to weed out all black applicants, the protagonist, because of his hidden abilities--which include a bit of karate, among others--succeeds. He becomes the symbol of token integration, the black(spook) spy(spook) who sits by the door. In spite of his obvious talents, he remains little more than a glorified office boy, in charge of copying classified documents and such; but he also becomes a sort of go-between for the senator. ##### He finally resigns, intentionally, returns to his home as a youth counsellor, and counsels a street gang in the rudiments of guerrilla warfare, sniping, and propaganda--then sends them throughout the country, to prepare for insurrection. He reaches his goal when a riot starts; finally, there's the confrontation scene, when he meets a good friend who has gone Uncle Tom and become a cop. ##### The book is a good one, but it doesn't live up to its blurbs.

TFC is a little more stfnal, being set in a more definite, though still fairly close future. It concerns, but only incidentally, a group of people involved in making a movie which implicitly shows the sexual act. (Which dates the book, since Tommy's Books already sells the film, legally, as educational material.) There is a large group of rebellious youths, the Drummers, who lie somewhere among the Hell's Angels, the Mods, the Rockers, and the Hippies. They dress alike, use a very potent narcotic, carry a peculiar device which holds a circular tape with beating drums (whence the name) and a built-in light show, and ride electric motor scooters. Periodically, they descend on a given location where they hold a sort of combination love-in, be-in, and smash-in. It's a horrifying thought; but I'm glad the author wished it on England instead of the U.S. ##### In spite of the blurbs, it's not at all shocking; which is the reason it is being reviewed here instead of in the "Dirty Book" section. I think that it loses its full potential by trying to extrapolate in too many directions at once.

JOT is the third in the syndicate series about Richard Blade, an English secret agent who goes to various parallel worlds. This particular world has developed a culture of humans with a sex-based caste system, with neuter workers and thinkers, breeders, kings, and queens. And there is a sword in a stone, a Power Box in the midst of a decadent city, and a group of expatriot rebels. I think you can take it from there. It's a decent adventure story, but not a great deal more. I liked The Jade Warrior better.

DOC concerns a drug with strange properties. It leaves a person completely suggestible, may produce a state of virtual catatonia, turns the urine blue, and causes attending physicians to completely forget the existence of a practical joke common to all medical establishments involving the injection of methylene blue. The picture of a number of doctors sitting around idly wondering what turns urine blue without running lab tests up the wazoo, including toxicology examinations, offends my sense of logic, and seems to suggest that the author neglected to do his homework.

-- David Halterman

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A RADICAL CENTRIST'S CASE AGAINST THE DRAFT
(a "guest" editorial)

Back in 1940 Congress enacted the Selective Service Act, otherwise known as the "draft", by a margin of one vote. It served admirably in World War II, when we had universal conscription, and the term "draft dodger" had a pejorative connotation. A draft, in fact, is the only way that universal conscription can be enforced.

Back in World War II we had a peak strength of 12,300,000 men under arms; today, that would be nearer 20,000,000 because of the population increase. Since the advent of nuclear weapons, an army that size is useless for fighting a major war. And if an army that size can't be used to fight a major war, what good is it? Obviously, it is contra-productive, a wasteful, expensive luxury. In 1969, in fact, the combined Army, Navy, and Air Force totalled 2,994,000 men, a long way short of total mobilization.

This much smaller wehrmacht, however, was also supported by the draft, enacted 30 years before.

The question then arises: do we need a draft, purporting to be universal, to maintain a standing army? The arguments in favor of the draft are that it is cheap, that we need a standing army, and that this is the way we have always done it.

You may also hear the argument that a professional army would be wholly Negro in very short order. This last is pure fiction. We are presently using proration to force Negroes into the Universities and Trade Unions; we can also use proration to limit the Negroes in the armed forces to 11%, their total share of the national population.

Let us take the arguments in favor of the draft; first, that it is cheap. The draft provides only one thing cheaply, unskilled manpower. The loss of skills due to high turnover has historically been regarded as an investment in a "ready reserve", a pool of ex-soldiers who can quickly be mobilized in a crisis. Since the use of the "ready reserve" is only contemplated in event of the total war made obsolete by nuclear weapons, the loss of skilled personnel by the high attrition rate the draft permits is a serious and permanent loss. A second cost which the draft induces is that of maintaining an over-inflated military machine at a low cost per man. The direct cost is not far out of line, but if we had had a smaller professional army back in 1960, we might have decided not to fight in Vietnam, an indirect cost of substantial size, as it turned out.

The argument that we need a standing army is not disputed. The question is: how large a standing army do we need? The assumption usually made is that our present 3,000,000 is the minimum we can scrape by with. Therefore, if the cost per man is doubled in a professional (vs a conscript) army, then DOD costs would, perforce, double. (The thought that we might be able to do with 2,000,000 or 1,500,000 is rejected out of hand.)

To be sure, by requiring a volunteer army you might not be able to afford such a large one, and therefore the Government might have to conduct its foreign policy differently. Only if you assume that our present foreign policy is the best of all possible foreign policies, and that any deviation from the paths of righteousness, honor and probity hitherto followed will be for the worse, can you feel that this is even an argument.

A foreign policy based on a smaller armed force would be compelled to rely more on intelligence and less on brute strength, and this might not be a bad thing.

Any argument that we need an army of the size we have is specious. The military is notorious for "needing" as large an army as possible, and then finding excuses to use it. Wars need armies, armies need wars. We could easily use an extra million men under arms... somewhere.

That leaves the argument that we have always done things this way. With all due respect to General Hershey, the last 30 years have seen quite a bit of change, and we should have changed the draft long ago.

There is one argument in favor of a conscript army. In France, when DeGaulle finally declared that he was pulling out of Algeria, there was a general's revolt,

supported by the mercenaries of the Foreign Legion (which had been created to hold Algeria). The revolt failed because the conscript troops in metropolitan France remained loyal to the Government, leaving their rebel officers isolated and impotent.

A professional army, now, would probably follow the path of the Foreign Legion. The conscript's loyalty is to his country long before he feels any loyalty to his organization. The professional is loyal to the army first, and sees the government (note the lower case) of his country in the hands of politicians to whom he feels little loyalty.

So in the trade-off, a professional army also has its drawbacks.

Nevertheless, the U.S. has a stable and representative Government, and the problem of civilian control over a professional military is soluble. Indeed, it is a far easier problem to solve than the explosive discontent which the draft is generating.

So much for the draft.

-- Alexis Gilliland

MILFORD CONFERENCE -- 1970
(convention report)

The Milford Mafia gathered once again this year at Milford, Pennsylvania for a week of literary bloodletting. Party Day began at 4:00 p.m. of the last day, Saturday, June 27. My motel was just across the road from Damon Knight's and Kate Wilhelm's huge old house on the hill.

Ben and Rosa Bova, A.J. Budrys, Ed and Carol Emsh, Terry & Carol Carr, Ted Cogswell, Gordon Dickson, Anne McCaffrey, Virginia Kidd, Gary and Doris Buck, Keith Laumer, Norman Spinrad, Joe and Gay Haldeman, Joanna Russ, and others had been on hand for the whole week. Ian and Betty Ballantine, Lester del Rey, and Judy-Lynn Benjamin, along with others, like myself, came in just for the big party. Some stayed at nearby motels, some in Damon's house, and there were a couple of tents pitched on the lawn--one by the Haldemans.

Most of the action took place in the big kitchen and gigantic living-room--the latter having a fifteen-foot ceiling and looking as if it belonged to a European manor house. While daylight remained, the surrounding grounds saw some action, too. Keith and A.J. industriously wound up the rubber bands on toy airplanes and flew them breathtaking distances--until one stuck high in a maple.

Other excitement was provided by Rosa Bova, who offered haircuts to any male in need of one. Gardner Dozois, Damon, and others took advantage of Rosa's outdoor Italian barbershop. Ben Bova had brought along fencing equipment, and gave demonstrations on the large covered porch.

A buffet dinner was served that evening, followed later by moderate amounts of drinking, conversation, and guitar playing/singing by the younger set--an amazing assortment of whom were on hand, some from Clarion. Ed Emsh set up a projector and showed a series of his experimental films. My favorite was a straight-faced spoof of Star Trek ("Star Trek, jr.") put together by Peter Emsh. Complete with Star Trek costumes, spaceship, and special effects, a set of ten-year-old actors did a typical Star Trek script. Sheer hilarity--especially since the level of acting, script continuity, and camera work was not noticeably lower than those of the network version. The high note of the evening, though, was Damon's donning of Joanna's flouncy culotte dress.

About thirty persons in all helped celebrate the end of another Milfordiad. Damon and Kate expect to sell their house and move permanently to Florida, and will hold the Milford Conference there next year.

-- Jay Kay Klein

MINI-REVIEW: The Tenth Planet, by "Brett Sterling" (Popular Library #60-2445; 60¢).

There's another Captain Future story. #### Read the blurbs. They're as good as the book, and almost as long. #### Rating: C-.

--- David Halterman

IEWS, REVIEWS, AND ARCHIMEDEAN SPIRALS
(Book Reviews)

A Thunder of Stars, by Dan Morgan & John Kippax (Ballantine 01922; 75¢)

Recently I was doodling around while waiting for a bus and trying to figure out, perforce very roughly, how much SF I've read since my introduction to the genre in 1952. As near as I can estimate it, I am somewhere into my second hundred million words, which is reasonably impressive for a guy who hasn't yet reached his 30th birthday (though it's getting close nowadays). There is a point to mentioning this fact in this review, and it isn't merely to impress you with a big number. When you are that awfully familiar with science fiction and fantasy, you tend to arrive at certain conclusions about a new novel or anthology or collection even before you have read the first word of text. Sometimes these instantaneous, experienced-based conclusions lead to disappointment, as when an established and admired author produces something below his normal standard or an idea with exciting potential is given second-rate treatment. But occasionally you can be very pleasantly surprised.

Take A Thunder of Stars. Various things impelled me to form an opinion of what this novel was probably like before I had read more than a few words. The title, blurb and cover art all seemed to indicate what category this Ballantine original belonged in. The fact that neither of the authors is high on the list of brilliant creators of speculative fiction tended to confirm the impression, and a glance at the first interior page, where it was discovered that A Thunder of Stars was about the "very special breed" of "officers and crews who served in the Space Corps", seemed to settle the matter. I began the novel with the expectation of reading a circa-1955 space opera of little interest and less literary value. I was wrong.

It has all of the plot elements of a circa-1955 space opera of little etc. The story is basically concerned with the selection of a captain for Earth's newest and largest interstellar exploration vessel. While the Commissioning Board is debating its decision, the leading contender, Lt. Com. Tom Bruce, becomes involved in a situation where he orders the destruction of a runaway colonization ship which, in his judgment, will inevitably crash somewhere in the New York area if it isn't blown to bits. This leads to a public inquiry, in which politics, anti-military sentiment and a top secret previous action of Bruce's get mixed up in the inquiry into the facts of the case. A Thunder of Stars also has characters whom, if described in the few words customary in book reviews, would appear to be clichés (and in several instances, they are dangerously close to being just that): Bruce, the steely-eyed, unbending hero; Admiral Junius Farragut Carter, his crusty, colorful superior; Morton, the oily corporation attorney. But what Morgan and Kippax do with these elements is impressively atypical of the sort of novel such characters almost automatically bring to mind.

For one thing, A Thunder of Stars is well and carefully written. Dan Morgan and John Kippax do not, either singly or collectively, have the skill with words of a Zelazny or an Ellison (to cite two different kinds of genius). But they are more than competent writers, and they have worked--you can tell--at polishing the prose. Characterization, with the notable and most unfortunate exception of the hero, is generally adept: Carter, in the final analysis, does escape becoming a stereotype, some of the minor characters are portrayed very nicely, and the characterization of Paul Sharva is outstanding. There is emotional sensitivity in this novel, particularly in the chapter devoted to Commander Sara Baker. There are all sorts of little touches that make the characters more human and the situations more believable. There are signs of an excellent grasp of drama on the part of the authors, for example in the courtroom scene in which photographs of surgically-altered colonists are being shown. It is small things such as these, especially when there are a lot of them, that make the difference between a first- and second-rate novel.

And there is one more thing, this outside the realm of purely literary attributes, that impressed me in reading A Thunder of Stars. The novel takes place at a time in the future when there exists a united world government. I have read

dozens of novels and more dozens of short stories and novelettes in which such a development is featured, and in which the author therefore dutifully includes a token Asian and/or a token African, along with, generally, a Russian (either a scientist or a spaceship captain), in his cast of characters. One has become so accustomed to this inane tokenism that, in reading such a story, one anticipates the appearance of "the Asian" and "the black", etc. It is refreshing to note that Morgan and Kippax have people of different ethnic backgrounds in something approaching realistic proportion. Among the major and minor characters, who are chiefly government officials and military officers, there are four or five blacks, a half-dozen Asians, two Central Mediterranean nationals, a Persian, a Finn, a German, three otherwise unidentified Scandinavians, an Israeli, an apparent Amerind, at least four Russians, and four or five Americans. Likewise, Morgan and Kippax have postulated a society of sexual equality, and they follow through not by having a token woman in authority somewhere, but by having women at every level functioning unselfconsciously in positions of responsibility.

A Thunder of Stars isn't the kind of novel that is going to be in the running for Hugo or Nebula honors, but it deserves recognition as an enjoyable, highly professional novel, with class.

-- Ted Pauls

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wneeeee
the machine
has the government
the army
the federal
deviation
investigation
and its
screaming for help
the fantabulous four
have hayseed holycow
the cornpone poltergeist
killer crazy
the ultimate green beret
who smashes everyone
within four feet
that awesomely endowed
eastern prostitute
superwhore
and for comedy relief
a man who really

gets lit
when he has a snootful
twinklenose
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superhero story
to end all superhero
stories
it would make a great
comic book
the story is great
its exciting
its funny
it would tickle
my funnybone
if i had one
but i am
yngvi the cockroach
who is not a louse
and i dont have
a funnybone

--yngvi

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