

FANTASY FICTION FIELD

Founded by Julius Unger

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No Truce With Kings (short novel)	Poul Anderson
Books	Avram Davidson
Pushover Planet	Con Pederson
Starlesque (verse)	Walter H. Kerr
Green Magic	Jack Vance
SCIENCE: The Light That Failed!	Isaac Asimov
The Weremartini	Vance Aandahl
Ferdinand Peghoot: LXIII	Grendel Briarton
Bokko-Chan	Shin'ichi Hoshi
'Tis the Season to be Jelly	Richard Matheson
Another Rib	John J. Wells and Marion Zimmer Bradley
There Are No More Good Stories About Mars (verse)	Brian W. Aldiss

MIDWESCON----the usual

The fourteenth annual Midwescon will be held June 28, 29, and 30, at the North Plaza Motel in Cincinnati. As old timers to the confab know, the Midwescon features no planned programs, but the usual custom is for everyone to get together at one place for a couple of hours on Saturday night. A banquet-meeting is planned this year for Saturday night.

According to Don Ford, this year is no exception in that it will not be known until the last minute who will attend. Previous Midwescons have attracted fans from Chicago, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, New York, and scattered places in between.

As in the past, each person takes care of his own reservations directly with the North Plaza Motel, 7911 Reading Road, Cincinnati 37, Ohio. We expect to report further progress in an early issue.

DONALD A. WOLLHEIM visited the LASFS meeting of March 28 and spoke informally on the state of negotiations between Ace Books and Burroughs, Inc., which may eventually result in Ace becoming an authorized publisher of ERB books. Meanwhile Ace will go ahead in its project of reprinting Burroughs material that is not protected by copyright.

FAPA MEMBER Sam Martinez visited Los Angeles recently to attend the meeting of the American Chemical Society. Martinez looked up various fans, including Dale Hart, Forrest Ackerman, Jim Harmon, Elmer Perdue, Charles Durbee, Lee Jacobs, and Redd Doggs.

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FAN—DANGO

FIRST, THIS BIT OF UNPLEASANT NEWS, as quoted from a letter by Bill Plott, dated April 5: "Dave Locke was killed in an automobile accident on Friday, March 29. I received a letter from his mother this morning in which she requested that I circulate the news to those who knew him. The steady influx of mail from those who do not know of his death will be a constant source of pain to her as she attempts to adjust her life to this tragedy. Dave was a wonderful correspondent and friend. He and I had made plans to share a hotel room together at the Discon in September. Mrs. Locke enclosed an unfinished letter that Dave had addressed to me. She says that these are probably the last words that he put on paper before his untimely death. This, or course, adds immensely to my own grief." I did not know Dave, either personally or by correspondence, but my sympathies go to all concerned... inadequate as the mere expression seems.

The first chapter of Fred Chappell's forthcoming novel, "It Is Time, Lord," (to be published by Atheneum in August) will be published in the Spring, 1963, issue of SEWANEE REVIEW, under the title "For the Time, Being."

Harlan Ellison, now a Hollywood TV script writer, addressed the March 21 meeting of the LASFS on the relationship of science fiction to mainstream writing. As text, he read the first two chapters, and part of the third, of his novel-in-progress, "Obituary for an Instant," which uses mainstream techniques to tell a thoroughly science-fictional story. Ellison was introduced by Robert Bloch, who made one of his infrequent LASFS visits. "Introducing Ellison," Bloch observed, "is like introducing Vesuvius. One has only to point at it and say, 'There it is!'" Bloch became an official member of the LASFS at this meeting.

The fourth issue of FANTASTIC MONSTERS, edited by Ron Haydock, is now on sale and contains several items of science-fictional interest. These include "Memoirs of a Superman," by Kirk Alyn, the original Superman of the movies, "Through Space and Time with George Pal," by Mike Minor, and "The Monster of Planet X," a science fiction terror tale by Redd Bobbs.

The February, 1963, READER'S DIGEST printed an article called "Good-by to Bobby 'One-eye' Wilcoxson," describing the capture of the "most wanted criminal since Dillinger" through the help of an alert DIGEST reader. The article reveals that Wilcoxson was finally traced through back-trailing his accomplice, Albert Nussbaum. The latter had hidden out for a while, the FBI discovered, living in Philadelphia and "posing as a science fiction writer under the name Carl J. Fischer." This is evidently the ultimate in obscurity: a science fiction writer living in Philadelphia.

SPOTLITE on the PROS

By Bill Bowers

ANALOG, April, 1963 - 50¢

It might be well to preface this column with some general personal comments on ANALOG. It has become almost a fannish custom to downgrade ANALOG and its editor, John W. Campbell, at every opportunity, and I admit that I have fallen prey to this practice at times myself. ANALOG, to my way of thinking, definitely did not deserve the Hugo, but this is not to construe any complete condemnation of the magazine on my part. I simply believe that another magazine was better qualified over-all for the honor, but I am as biased in this matter as I am in many others.

The "Science Fact" articles are a big laugh, and many times beat the stories at their own game--that of being fiction. And it always seems to me that JWC is going off into some little world all his own with his editorials--say, maybe that's their connection with science fiction!

But regardless of all the above, ANALOG does print much of the best science fiction in the field. Before I am set upon by a howling mob of enraged fans, let me explain that little statement. I grant you that the over-all standard of fiction is at a higher level in some of the other prozines, but I am stating that the best single pieces of fiction generally appear first in ANALOG, and God only knows, there are few enough there. If you doubt my word, take a look at the anthologies and reprints--does any other magazine have a higher average? I doubt it. So, if you are willing to skip the articles and editorial, and wade through countless thousands of words of utter crud, you may find yourself a gem of a story; not in every issue, but certainly more often than in any of the other prozines.

Then too, ANALOG has the services of P. Schuyler Miller. "The Reference Library" is definitely the best of the current pro book review columns--perhaps because Miller has the space in which to develop something, and perhaps because he has no competition worthy of the name. At any rate, this in itself is worth a good percentage of the price tag.

In my first column here, I mentioned J. T. McIntosh as being one of science fiction's story-tellers. In "Iceberg From Earth" he proves it once again. This is a simple story, a detective story of the future, but without the wheels-within-wheels van Vogtian complexity that typifies many stories of the future in this genre. For my own curiosity, I'd like to see how one of stf's "big-name" authors (McIntosh is not considered such by the elite) would handle this story. They might make it "Literature," but I doubt if another stf writer could give it the polished smoothness with which it passes the eye of the reader. McIntosh, it seems to me, is one of the few writers who have brought to science fiction the professional simplicity (as opposed to complexity) that is inherent in some of the better mainstream writers. Call me a McIntosh fan; I believe that the author of "Born Leader" and "One in Three Hundred" deserves more applause and recognition from the stf audience.

This time Earth is playing a game that in earlier eras certain Earthian nations had practiced with great success. In a solar system where there are three inhabited worlds, Earth pokes its benevolent nose into things to assure that no one world takes over the other two, and thus becomes a possible threat to the Almighty Mother. It is with a week's period in this fast deal shuffle that McIntosh's story is concerned--and it's a good story, too.

In "Sonny," Rick Raphael (one of Campbell's boys and probably a pseudonym--I'm suspicious of every new name that appears in ANALOG and never shows up in any of the other sf mags) has a short, punchy little psi tale. Now I suppose that I'm just about as tired of the psi trend of the past few years as everyone else is, but it does fall within the realm of science fiction, and psi has been the basis for some really memorable stories in the past. "Sonny" is not one of these, but this story of the "hills" boy who goes off to Uncle Sam's Army and decides he wants to talk with mamma--over quite some distance and without the aid of any mechanical devices--is easy enough to read, and is worth spending a few moments on.

This was rather a poor issue of ANALOG, with only the McIntosh story blazing forth in an otherwise black sky, but the new format is a thing of beauty to these poor eyes. With rumors of the knife hanging over ANALOG's head if it doesn't sell, I think that even if you don't care for the ANALOG of today, you owe it to the memory of the monumental ASTOUNDING of the early forties to contribute 50¢ a month to assure that the giant of our narrowing field remains with us for some time to come.

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