

FANTASY FICTION FIELD

Founded by Julius Unger

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SPOTLIGHT on the PUBLISHERS

THE SCIENCE FICTION SCHEDULE at Ace Books continues to be heavy. Don Wollheim says Ace has just signed with the Burroughs estate as the authorized publisher of the paperback editions of all ERB books in the Pellucidar and Venus series and will be doing "Carson of Venus," "Escape on Venus," "Back to the Stone Age," and others as soon as possible. Ace will also publish the paperback edition of the unpublished Pellucidar novel and "Beyond the Farthest Star."

Upcoming in the summer is "Envoy to New Worlds" by Keith Laumer (the Retief novelets), "Flight From Yesterday" by Robert Moore Williams, "Space Vikings" by H. Beam Piper, "Horn of the Horn" by Andre Norton, "Star Ways" by Poul Anderson, a double book by John Brunner, and "The Land of Hidden Men" by Edgar Rice Burroughs.

Among items coming, but not as yet scheduled, is a double "Rim" book by A. Bertram Chandler, works by Van Vogt, Fritz Leiber, Ray Cummings, and others.

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ARKHAM HOUSE'S 1963 BULLETIN was recently released, and the forthcoming books were listed in detail in an earlier FFF (#8). To repeat briefly for those who came in late: "The Dunwich Horror and Others" by H. P. Lovecraft is planned for June 15, "Collected Poems" by Lovecraft in June, "Who Fears the Devil?" by Manly Wade Wellman in September, "The Dark Man and Others" by Robert E. Howard in November, and "100 Books By August Derleth" in a limited printing, which is now available.

"Mr. George and Other Odd Persons" by Stephen Grendon, which was to be published in 1964, has been moved up and will probably be published in October, 1963. "Selected Letters I" by Lovecraft, due in 1964, is now being prepared, and "Over the Edge," an anthology of unpublished stories by various authors, is well under way. Down for 1965 is Smith's "Tales of Science and Sorcery."

August Derleth, Arkham director, reports that the following of his anthologies have been purchased for paperback reprint in England: "The Sleeping and the Dead," "Dark Mind, Dark Heart," "The Other Side of the Moon," "Worlds of Tomorrow," "Night's Yawning Peal," "Time to Come," and "The Outer Reaches." Of more interest to those who go for the Sherlock Holmes type of fiction: Derleth's "The Casebook of Solar Pons" is half finished, and there are three new tales coming up in the magazines. These are "The Adventure of the Whispering Knights" in SAINTE MYSTERY, "The Adventures of the Haunted Library" and "The Intarsia Box" in MITCHCOCK'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE.

FANTASY FICTION FIELD is published bi-weekly by Harvey Inman, 1029 Elm Street, Grafton, Ohio. Associate Editor: Paul Scaramazza, 1615 West Street, Union City, New Jersey. Subscription price: 13 issues for one dollar or 26 for two dollars. All checks or money orders should be sent to and made payable to Harvey Inman.

FANFARE — assorted items

According to TV GUIDE, the BAC television network is continuing plans for that science fiction series for the 1963-64 seasons. It was originally supposed to be called "Please Stand By," then the title was changed to "Beyond Control," and now it has been named "Outer Limits." It will apparently have a new drama each program, in the manner of "Twilight Zone," instead of running serials.

Robert and Juanita Coulson (Route 3, Wabash, Indiana) will do your mimeo work for you for a fee. This fee will have to be worked out personally with the Coulsons and will vary according to the work involved. This service will even be carried to the extent of stamping, addressing, and mailing when desired. Buck says he can also probably get you a new mimeo at a discount from the list price. The machines are made by Vari-Color and sell for a reasonable price. The Sears mimeo which the Coulsons used to publish YANDRO for nine years was made by Vari-Color. And for what it is worth, FFF is currently reproduced on a Vari-Color. (Yes, I do give free plugs when I am in the mood.)

Harry Warner, Jr. alleges that he has now started the actual writing on his long-awaited fan history on an every-day basis. He doubts anyone will believe this report, however, since he has predicted the start so many times in the past.

The new FAPA mailing was only 253 pages in size, but more is on the way. To be postmailed are at least five publications which arrived too late for the bundle, including the egoboo poll results and the last FAPA contribution from Phyllis Economou, who is resigning from the organization for lack of time.

Larry Shaw is leaving Chicago and Regency Books and returning East as an editor for Lancer Books. The change will be made in late June.

Lynn Hickman, who has practically dropped out of sight of fandom for a while, is reportedly in training to manage stores for Sears-Roebuck. He spent a month stationed near South Bend, Indiana, and had a get-together with Betty Kujawa while there. He is now supposed to be in Norwalk, Ohio, in care of general delivery for a month or so.

"The Tin Drum" by Gunter Grass is the current Book of the Month Club fiction alternate, one of the rare books with a fantasy theme to be selected. It is a long combination of fantasy, farce, and satire about an amoral superman. The hero supposedly symbolizes the German people, or the worst things about the German people. It has already been widely acclaimed in Germany and France. The author is a young man from Danzig, now living in Berlin. #

THE FANZINE FIELD

by Mike Deckinger

HAUNTED #1 (quarterly, 50¢, Samuel D. Russell, 2010A 21st Street, Santa Monica, California) In his editorial, Sam explains that HAUNTED will be devoted to serious and constructive examinations in the weird-supernatural-horror genre, emulating the paths blazed by THE ACOLYTE and FANTASY COMMENTATOR. This issue bears no trace of the adolescent policies which marked the various regrettable fanzines of the FAMOUS MONSTERS crowd whose knowledge of fandom has been as limited as their knowledge of how to publish a good fanzine. The cover of HAUNTED is an extremely good lithographed graveyard scene, and the contents is of a consistently high calibre. Robert Bloch writes an optimistically prophetic article foreseeing a resurgence in fantasy in the various mediums. Some of the points he advances are blunted by the non-compliance of reality, but he does state enough feasible suppositions to make me wonder if perhaps he isn't right. I tend to adopt the pessimist's viewpoint on matters like this. HAUNTED is not worth 50¢ just yet, not for 17 pages of sketchy lithography and identifiable hand drawn headings that tend to impart a decidedly juvenile look to the zine. But it is worth something, definitely.

AXE 2nd Annish (monthly, \$2.00 a year, Larry and Noreen Shaw, 1235 Oak Avenue, Evanston, Illinois) Still maintaining its image as a chatty genzine, AXE celebrates its second annish with a good printed cover and a nice tinted inside heading. A printed filler on the first page announces that Earl Kemp (of COMICON and A TRIP TO HELL FAME) is the father of a son. Some spotty news items, a couple genuinely new to me are followed by the final installment of Dick Lupoff's fanzine review column, in which he gives the unsettling prediction that the numerous fringe fandoms (monster fandom, Burroughs fandom, comic fandom, etc., etc.) that have always remained at the periphery of fandom, intruding in small palatable doses, will overtake fandom as we know it. This alteration is not something I look forward to with much eagerness; a short interlude with comic book and satire fandom has convinced me that this branch has as much chance of registering an influential position as a Republican in a Russian election. Rhob Stewart perceptively analyzes the non-fantasy, but highly experimental French film "Zazie," which conclusively proves that I overlooked several cogent interpretations when I first saw it. He hints that Bloch may not have been the chief culprit responsible for the recent "Caligari" film. My secret sources say that a different ending was first composed by Bloch, in which the logical premises are abruptly refuted at the end by Caligari reverting to his former presence in the midst of the asylum. However, the powers that be ruling Hollywood turned thumbs down on the idea, basing their refusal on some predictably inane contentions, and thus the film was made with the clinical "surprise" ending. Walt Willis has covered everything up to his departure for Chicago so far in his untitled trip report. His initial bout with Greyhound is beautifully detailed here.

THE FANZINE FIELD, continued

THE LINDSAY REPORT (\$1.00; Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langely Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, England, or Ron Ellik, 1825 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles, California) I might as well admit it; I like a good travel/con report, not only for the supplemental information that I can add to my own knowledge of the event if attended, but for the candid observations of the author, who inevitably seeks to impart his/her enthusiasm to the readers via the printed page. That's why Ethel's report is a good one. She has no qualms about releasing her verbal pressure in telling of her trip and the numerous incidents surrounding it. The trip is written in a coherent, concise manner, tastefully arranged in a diary-like format. Her reactions and feelings are stated with a good deal of plausibility and general good-naturedness. The numerous ATOM illos perfectly complement her informative writing style, and the only regrettable feature about the report is a photo page by Dick Eney which came out so badly that most of the subjects are obscured by haze or fuzziness. Ethel also has omitted a photo of herself from this section, an omission that should have been corrected. How about a print of the one Dag took of Ethel standing like a pebble between the two skyscrapers of Dick Eney and Bill Donaho?

KIPPLE #39 (LoC, trades, contributions, 20¢, irregular, Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland) This is basically a typical issue of KIPPLE, which means that if you are interested in non-fannish, topical fanzines you'll probably enjoy at least some facet of it, and if not, then you'd better not sample too much of the KIPPLE personality until a taste for it is developed. Ted leads off the issue with an article recounting the failures and inconsistencies of progressive education, livened by some meaningful quotes from Marion Z. Bradley and Larry McCombs. It represents the usual KIPPLE fare; serious; wordy, thoughtfully constructed and critically analyzed. Elsewhere, the letter writers toss around several subjects, the only trouble with this verbal passing being that it is the dissenting opinion which nearly everyone accepts, so that the only real controversy comes from clippings from sources other than fanzines, which are predictably dissected in the lettercol. Even Madalyn Murray has a few lines here which do little to project a favorable image of herself, despite the downgrading which the Press has given her.

I find myself now with a minimum of fanzines I feel like mentioning, and some extra space at the end, so as long as the mood has struck me, I'd like to indulge in some fannish ramblings. A subject ripe for exploitation is where, Jay Klein, is the long overdue CHICON annual? Anyone attending the con must know what it's like to have a flashbulb suddenly thrust at your face and flashed, and submitting to that indignity alone is price enough to pay for the CHICON annual, to say nothing of the monetary sums which a number of fen (including I) paid to Klein. Delays are always intolerable and only excusable if some reason for the delay is given. To my knowledge, there has been no word from Klein at all on the matter. Unless he is trying to emulate FANAC's past and present editors when it comes to publishing annuals, I would strongly urge that some explanatory progress report, if not the zine itself, be issued at once.

(continued on page 6)

IN THE RACKS

EDITORIAL NOTE: This is the first installment of what I hope will become a regular column reviewing the current and recent paperback books. Dick Schultz kicks things off and promises to be a regular contributor, but the eventual success of the column will depend upon reviews from other sources as well. Therefore, consider this an open invitation to all to send in a review when any paperback impresses you. You, too, can be a critic. Just keep the libel laws in mind.

IT WAS THE DAY OF THE ROBOT by Frank Belnap Long. Belmont 90-277, 141 pp., 40¢. Once in a great while a story comes along which does not follow the usual dictum of Sturgeon's Law (90% of everything is bad). And while this one isn't good it certainly isn't ordinary, anyways. It is easily one of the ten worst stf novels of this or any other decade. It originally came to the light of day as a short story called "Made to Order." The short story is still there, too. You can just about pick out the sentences and paragraphs of the original from this bloated mess. At every turn, Long has added sneaky villians, flowery dialogue, detailed descriptions, lengthy dialogue, and Startling Revelations (of the type that usually appear in cheap thrillers of the mystery field in the last ten pages--you know the type). Included in it are incompetent Thought Police who couldn't direct traffic, situations where nothing happens, events without meaning, and action without cause. I had to leaf through the book again to even make sure it came to an end. I would not buy another copy even if it were on sale at a used book store at two for a nickel.

--Reviewed by Dick Schultz

THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH by Walter Tevis. Gold Medal KL276, 144 pp., and cheap at 40¢. When Tevis wrote "The Hustler" it was shown that as a writer he is particularly concerned with the Human Element. Namely, if his people are granted such and such characteristics, how would they act and think? Here, Tevis has created a physically humanoid, internally dissimilar, alien who comes to Earth to save us. Unlike the usual Simak alien, he does not do this out of the goodness of his heart. He hopes to save Earth for a refuge for his dying race. And to get the remnants here he peddles advanced techniques and inventions and becomes a multi-billionaire. Then, in Kentucky a spaceship slowly takes shape... The villians in the story are not the FBI and CIA men or even their suspicion. The real villian is human nature. And you finish the book with the uncomfortable feeling that this is how it could be. It is at no time a chase-and-run epic or thriller. Nor is it filled with Lewis-like Dialogue and Revelations of the Alien's Advanced Morality. It is simply top-grade literature. Unfortunately for the general reading public, the mundane reviewers seem to be ignoring the book. The blurbs never mention science fiction, but Tevis is a victim of the usual attitude of complete ignoring of anything that is stf. I say unfortunately for the general reading public because it hangs together better and has more accomplished insight than "The Hustler." It is in every way a better book, but it will probably never receive its due acclaim.

--Reviewed by Dick Schultz

THE FANZINE FIELD, concluded

Finally, upon reading my prior columns I've noted a distressing and un-escapable fact; I haven't panned any fanzines. Oh, there were some I disagreed with for some reason or other, but none that really promoted me to unleash a stream of verbal sarcasm and criticism. I doubt if this indicates a mellowing on my part; if anything, I'm far more irascible than when I first entered fandom so many years ago; I have witnesses to that fact. What it does indicate, however, is the alarming decrease of crudzines which used to reach me regular as clockwork each month. Where are the crudzines with their illegible pages, unreadable material, and juvenile scribblings? Where are the Jack Cascios and the William Mucmanns and all the other neos determined to see that fanzines could be unreadable in quality and reproduction at the same time? Where is George Wells, who once printed THE SICK ELEPHANT on the back of a plant fertilizing instruction sheet, and Mike Hagerty who wants to jot down the ranks of everyone in fandom? Where are the irregularly cut, heavily offsetted, unevenly stapled piles of paper which regularly announced revolutions in the science fiction world through the presence of some new writer first to appear in their pages?

Where are they? #

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