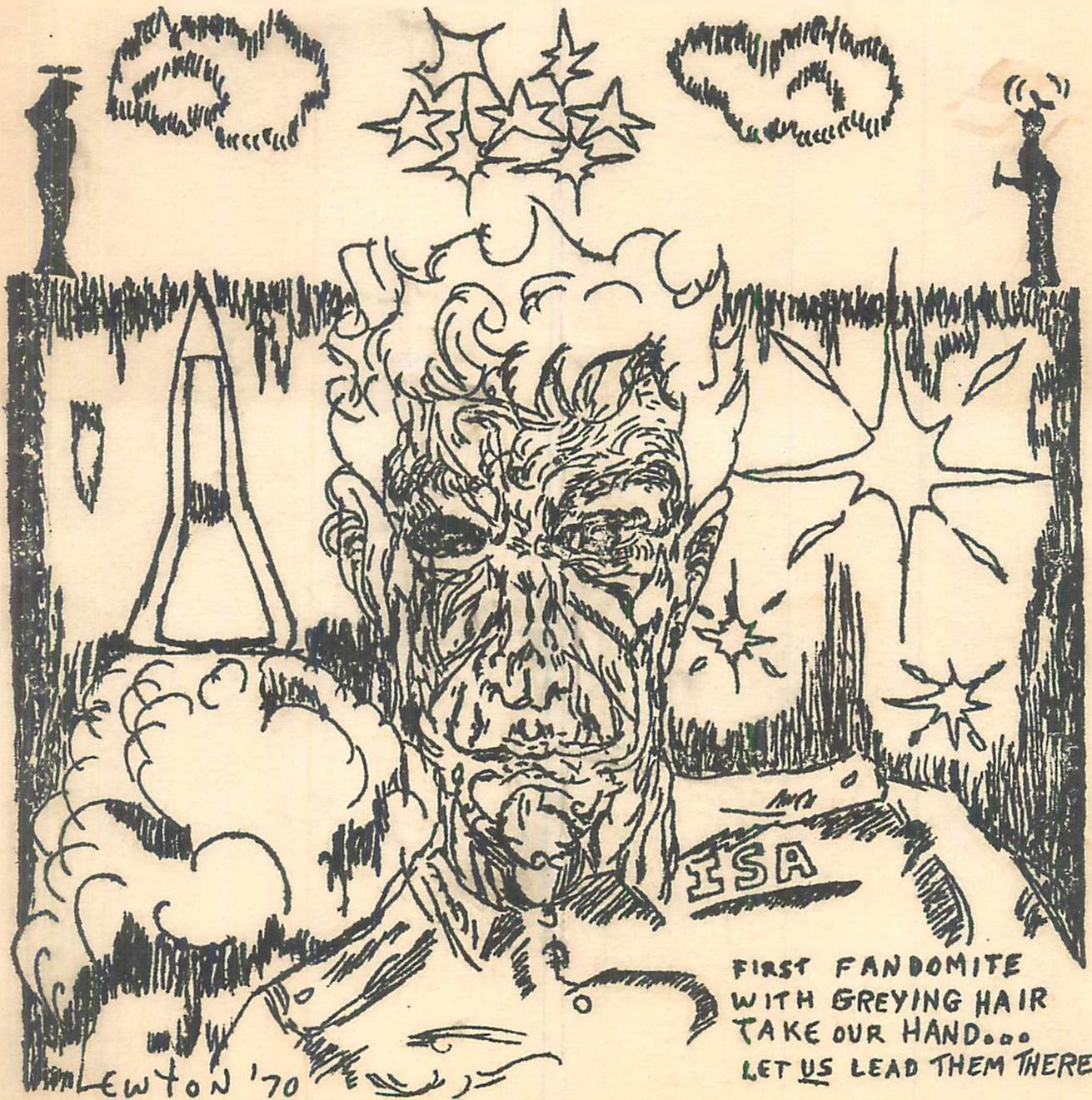
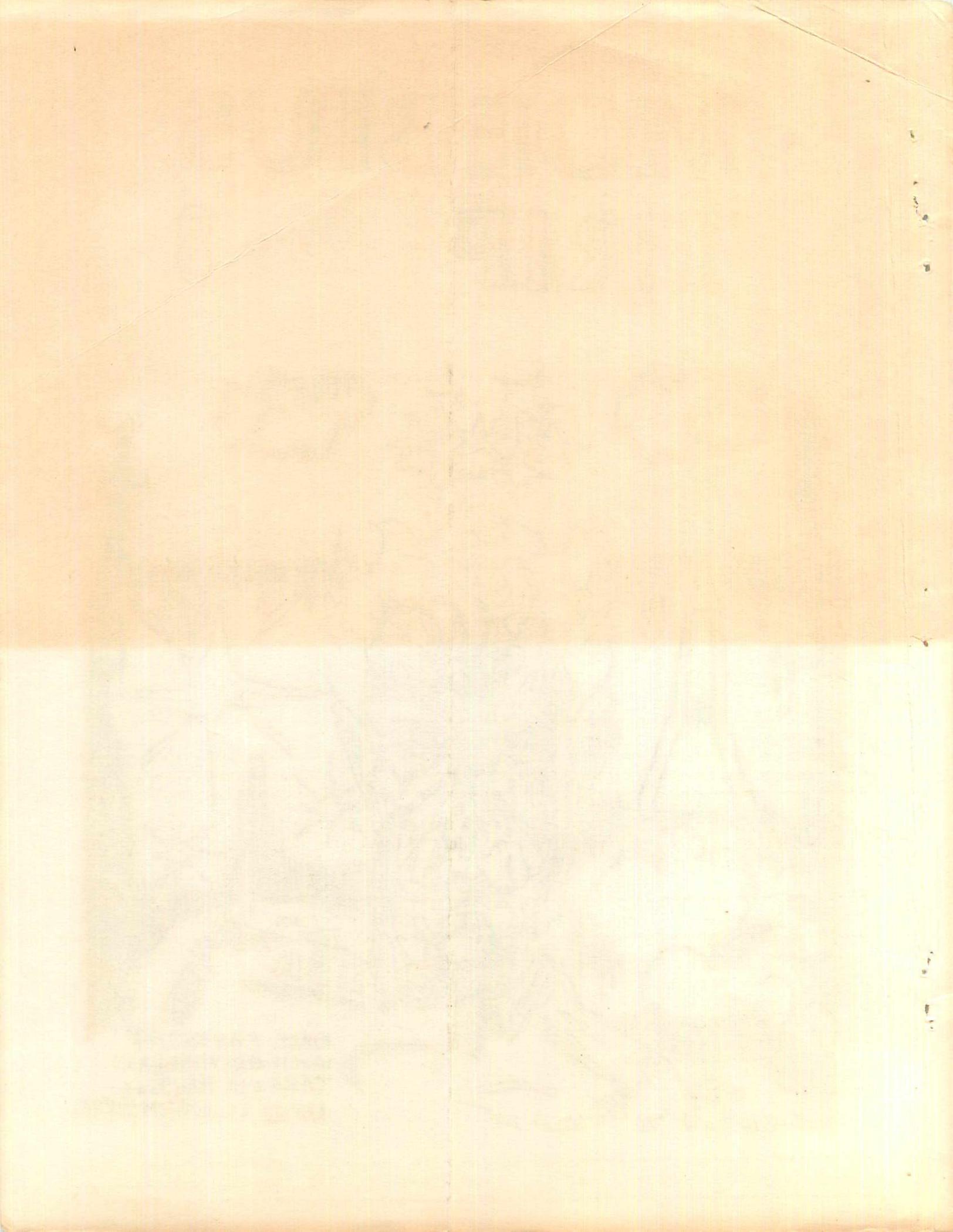


MOEBIUS TRIP 8





A R T I C L E S, etc

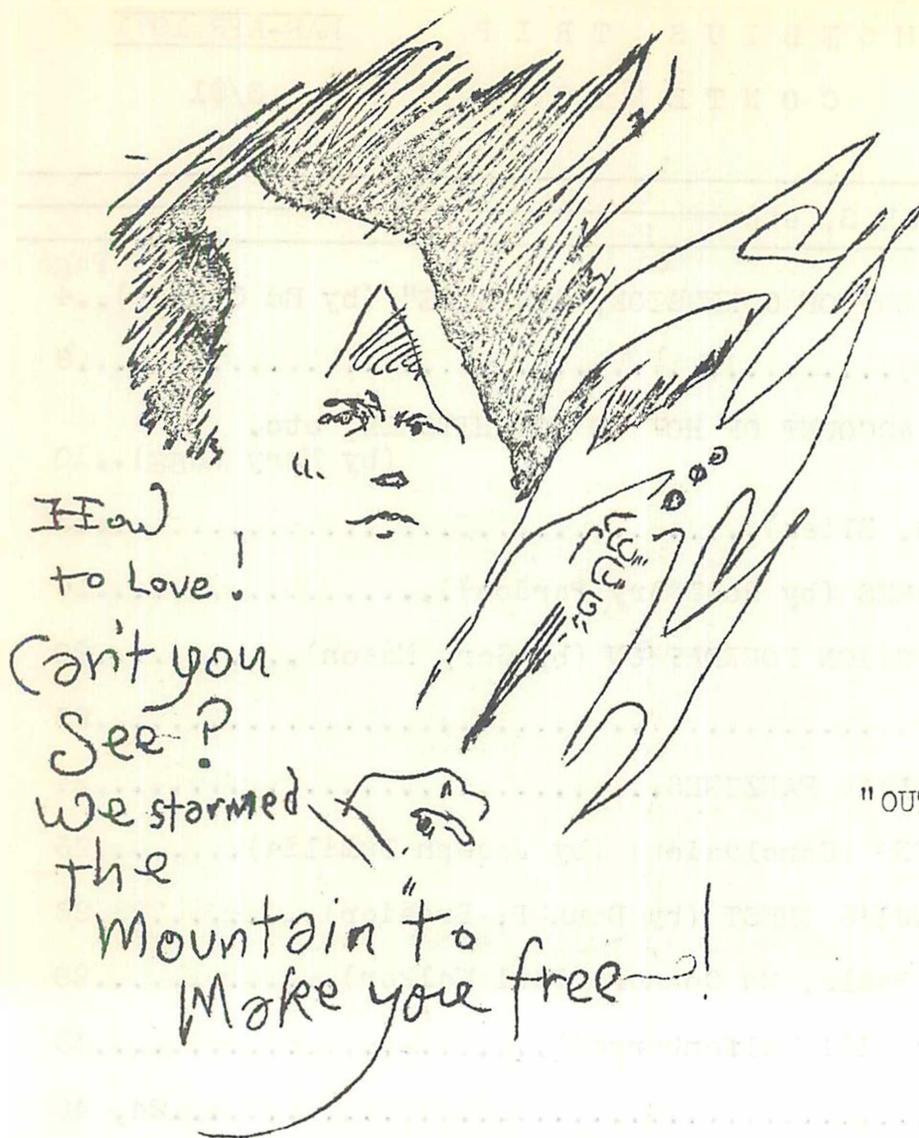
	Page
PHILIP JOSE FARMER: "OUT OF CONFUSION, SURPRISE" (by Ed Connor)	4
PECON 2 (by Ed Connor)	8
HIGH NOON OR A SHORT ACCOUNT OF HOW WE GOT HITCHED, etc. (by Mary Legg)	10
MUSINGS (by William G. Bliss)	13
THE SEA-SERPENT THINGEES (by Rosemary Pardoe)	16
THE SYDNEY SCIENCE FICTION FOUNDATION (by Gary Mason)	20
RECENT NEW FANZINES	23
A LIST OF SOME AUSTRALIAN FANZINES	24
THAT IMPOSSIBLE FEELING (Conclusion) (by Joseph Pumilia)	25
A CLOCK HUMMED IN BENJI'S CHEST (by Donn P. Brazier)	26
BOOK REVIEWS (by Ted Pauls, Ed Connor, Paul Walker)	28
THE S-F BOOKSHELF (by Bill Wolfenbarger)	33
EDITORIAL NOTES	24, 48

A R T

David Lewton: 1.	Bill Rotsler: 10, 12, 28, 34.
Mike Gilbert: 4, 22, 27.	Jeff Schalles: 14, 38, 42.
Terry Jeeves: 6.	Gail Barton: 20.

L E T T E R S of C O M M E N T

NED BROOKS.....34	ROGER WADDINGTON..39	ED CAGLE.....43
RON L. CLARKE.....35	ROBERT BLOCH.....39	JEFF SCHALLES.....43
STEVE CARRIGAN..35, 47	MAE STRELKOV.....39	ROGER BRYANT.....43
1/2r CRUTTENDEN.....36	BOB SMITH.....40	HARRY WARNER, JR..44
TERRY JEEVES.....36	RICK STOOKER.....41	GEORGE SENDA.....46
JOHN N. HALL.....37	DAVID HULVEY.....41	NICHOLAS SHEARS...46
JOHN PIGGOTT.....37	ALEX VITEK.....42	JAMES BLISH.....46
MERVYN BARRETT.....38	JACKIE FRANKE.....42	MIKE GLICKSOHN....47
WAHF.....47	DAVID GERROLD.....48	



PHILIP JOSÉ FARMER:

"OUT OF CONFUSION, SURPRISE"

by

Ed Connor

The author of such books as "Tongues of the Moon" (Paramid 515-2260), "The Wind Whales of Ishmael" (Ace 89237), "Behind the Walls of Terra" (Ace 71125) and "The Stone God Awakens" (Ace 78650), plus "Lord of the Trees," "The Mad Goblin," "The Gates of Creation," "A Private Cosmos" and "The Maker of Universes" (not to mention "The Image of the Beast" and its sequel, "Blown," since you probably wouldn't find it easy to procure copies of these Essex House books at this late date) returned some months ago to central Illinois to live, after a sojourn--among others, elsewhere--in Los Angeles.

Recently, after Dick Geis suspended SFReview, I glanced over my file of back issues, beginning with #28. Actually, that night, I got no further. The first item in the issue is "REAP," Phil Farmer's 1968 Baycon speech. I realized almost at once that I hadn't really absorbed it the first time. Besides being a plea for the continued acceleration of the unshackling of SF from the traditions and taboos to which it had been chained, the oration paved the way for a further expansion of the mental horizons of all of us.

Farmer briefly outlined the ways in which man's present system of "organized" living errs; he called for a change from an economy of scarcity to an economy of abundance.

And he called for the conversion of dreaming into action. Speculation about the future is not enough; it can, it must be shaped today.

*

The chief raison d'etre for this article follows. Under the title, "Writing Peorian Comes Home" and the byline of Jerry Klein, the Peoria Journal Star of Sunday, Feb. 7, 1971 published (accompanied by a 1/5-page photo of Farmer's head positioned in front of a sunlit segment of the lunar sphere) the following feature story:

"Ten years ago a startling novel appeared that was to propel its author to the front rank of the science fiction field. It was 'The Lovers,' by Philip Jose Farmer, a 1950 Bradley graduate, former Keystone worker and longtime Peorian.

"'The Lovers' originally was written as a short story while Farmer lived on Barker back in 1952. It was later expanded into a full-length novel and has since been reprinted hardcover all over the world and is regarded as a classic. Farmer became a technical writer for Motorola, Bendix, GE and McDonnell Douglas and with his wife, the former Betty Andre, moved to Syracuse, Ann Arbor, Scottsdale and Los Angeles.

"When McDonnell laid off 15,000 men two years ago Farmer turned to writing full time. His new novel, 'To Your Scattered Bodies Go,' has just been published by Putnam, Doubleday is awaiting his completed script on the private life of Tarzan, and Farmer and his family have just moved from Los Angeles back to Peoria.

"'They say everybody comes back to God,' he quipped.

"The reason for the eastward move while everyone else is presumably still rushing westward is more practical, yet in keeping with the function of a science fiction writer, which Farmer says is to invent futures.

"'We wanted to get out while we still could,' he said. 'For three weeks before we left the smog was so bad kids couldn't go out for recess.'

"While he said they hated leaving their friends and the Los Angeles bookstores, smog, traffic, taxes and crowds were too much. They wanted to move to a smaller place with reasonably quick access to New York.

"In the basement study of their home, Farmer and his wife talked with tremendous animation about his work and ideas. On the wall was an elaborate Tarzan coat of arms with the name 'Greystoke' beneath and the motto 'Je suis encore vivant' (I am still living) above.

"There is a blowup reproduction of the face of Richard Francis Burton, nearby is a line drawing of Jeannette from the French hardcover version of 'The Lovers' and a poster of Doc Savage. One bookcase is crammed with reference books on Tarzan, including a shelf of Edgar Rice Burroughs, Burke's Peerage, the Life Magazine series on early man; Ivan Sanderson's 'Book of the Great Jungles,' the Henry Miller trilogy, 'Finnegan's Wake' and 'Ulysses,' 'The Annotated Sherlock Holmes.' On a shelf are two Hugos--science fiction versions of the Hollywood Oscar--books on zeppelins and dirigibles and on the desk an office-size Olympia, upon which Farmer uses his two-finger system. His typing for years has been done by Nan Gerding of Roseville.

"'Tarzan is the last of the great folk heroes, a kind of modern Rousseau's noble savage. The idea of the book I'm doing on Tarzan is to take a fictitious character and do a biography about him.' The idea has successfully been done with Baring-Gould's 'Sherlock Holmes of Baker Street' and is being repeated in Billy Wilder's film 'The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes.'

"Farmer said his idea came from an article in the 'Baker Street Journal' which attempted to prove that John Clayton, the cab driver 5

in 'Hound of the Baskervilles' was a real person. Employing a complex form of literary detective work, Farmer traces Tarzan's lineage (Tarzan was really Lord Greystoke) to such fictitious characters as Bulldog Drummond, Prof. Challenger, Lord Rockston, Doc Savage, Leopold Bloom and the Rutherfords of H. Rider Haggard works.

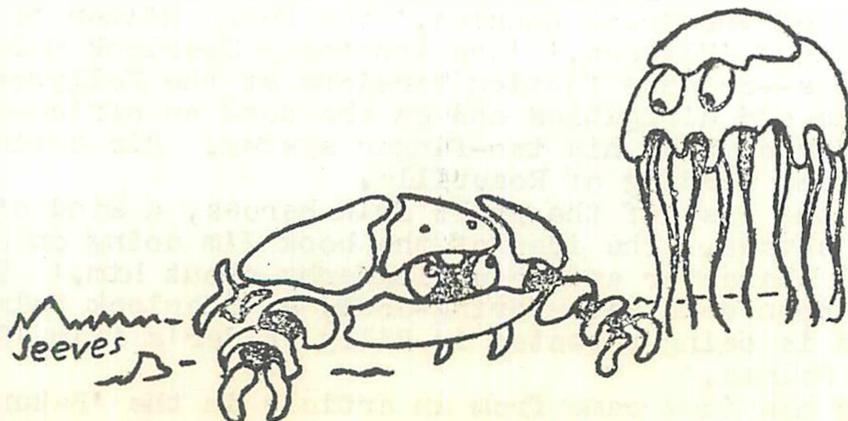
"Since 'The Lovers' came out in short-story form in 1952, Farmer has written 38 novels and at least a hundred short stories. His short novel, 'The Alley Man' is currently being made into a movie by Dillon Productions in New York and is based on Peoria in the early 1950s. His 1962 novel 'Fire and the Night' grew out of his experiences at Keystone and in 1968 he won a Hugo for the best novella of the previous year, 'Riders of the Purple Wage.' His glossary of science fiction terms serves as a guide for 'Star Trek' on television.

"His new work, 'To Your Scattered Bodies Go,' is the first of a series dealing with a kind of limbo or purgatory in which humanity is resurrected by beings unknown. The major character is Richard Francis Burton, adventurer and womanizer famous for 'Arabian Nights' who seeks the secret of the strange riverworld with such companions as Herman Goering, Alice Hargreaves (the model for 'Alice in Wonderland') and a Neanderthal man. In another book in the series, Mark Twain is to construct a great riverboat and continue the search for the river's secret.

"Farmer is planning a semi-autobiographical novel in which the narrator is writing a novel about Peoria. One of the characters is an old Indian chief who keeps drifting in to tell how great it used to be here when the river was sparkling clean and the game and fish lavishly abundant.

"'I don't think a book was ever written that hasn't been at least partly autobiographical,' Farmer said. His talk leaps nimbly to dozens of subjects, the somewhat avant garde group they ran with while at Bradley, the need for clean air and the question of how many people interested in ecology would be willing to drive four-cylinder cars, their hopes of starting a local discussion or literary group, how he found so much information on Richard Burton in the stacks of the old Peoria Public Library, how he always wanted to be a writer and was accused by his teachers in high school of plagiarism, of studying at Bradley with Dean Olive B. White and Dr. Sue Maxwell and selling his first story to Adventure Magazine in 1945.

"A special birthday card came early this year through the mail from Forrest Ackerman, widely known in science fiction and movies. It is a drawing of Farmer dressed as Tarzan with a zeppelin flying overhead and has the legend 'Farzan of the Zeps,' a play on his research



into the Tarzan story and his interest in zeppelins.

"Ackerman had this house in Los Angeles so filled with science fiction stuff, books, films and so on that his wife finally moved out. He had to move out, too....'

"Phil sits on a sectional davenport in a cardigan, hands folded and resting on his head, and talks about himself reluctantly.

"I plan to do an Esperanto translation of Homer. And I've been thinking about a World War I novel about the zeppelin. You might want to say that I'm working on a series about an interstellar Catholic priest, Father John Carmody, or maybe I've given you too much stuff already.'

"He has been invited to dinner at Greystoke Castle and hopes to get there one of these days. He had hoped to make a Sunday meeting of the Peoria Science Fiction Club, but the Tarzan manuscript for Double-day had to be off on schedule. He has been guest of honor at the Rio Film Festival and talked about an upcoming science-fiction convention --Pecon 2--here on April 9-10-11.

"The Farmers have a son, Philip Laird, in California studying for his doctorate in French, a daughter Kristen Ladd, who lives with them, and a granddaughter, Kimberly Ladd, at Hines school.

"Upstairs the gas fire flickers in the hearth. The front door opens and Kimberly is home from kindergarten and ready for lunch. Life goes on and even the writer whose profession requires his mind to soar and probe intelligently into other worlds and other times must remain a man of his own."

So there you have it: one of the better efforts by a member of the mundane press. And while in a borrowing mood I might as well turn to the fan press; credit LOCUS with the following review:

"TO YOUR SCATTERED BODIES GO by Philip Jose Farmer (Putnam 1971, 221pp, \$4.95; Berkley forthcoming). This is Farmer writing at his best and more than makes up for the dreary Ace hackwork and Tarzan stories he's been doing lately. The 'Riverworld' stories were excellent when first published 6 years ago and are even better in this smoothly jointed novel form. For those not familiar with them, they're about a world where all of humanity has been resurrected and is living along one gigantic river trying to figure out why. Richard Burton makes one of the most fabulous heroes I've ever encountered. For the first time in years, I'm eagerly awaiting the second volume in a series. THE FABULOUS RIVERBOAT should be out soon, but I can barely restrain myself from raiding the Putnam or Galaxy offices for a manuscript copy. In case you didn't realize it, the book is highly recommended."---Charlie Brown.

Also in LOCUS #80, Fred Patten reviews THE WIND WHALES OF ISHMAEL, which he calls "a highly enjoyable adventure tale set against an extremely exotic backdrop."

In the latest RAPS-apa mailing Frank Denton tells about his visit to the Easter-con in Vancouver, British Columbia, noting that the Canadians have a hard time finding U.S. books, mentioning Farmer's in particular. He continues: "I was surprised at the amount of respect for the writing of Philip Jose Farmer that I found among the Canadian fan. They talked quite highly about several titles, including Lord of the Trees and The Mad Goblin. I guess that I'll have to get those titles and give it a try. And they were crying that they were unable to obtain The Wind Whales of Ismael."

Phil himself, of course, made it to the local Easter con--Pecon 2, which happening is described herein on the pages immediately following.

FECON 2 -- April 9-10-11, 1971.

by

Ed Connor

Cons during Easter weekend '71 took place in England, Australia, Canada and...Peoria. All were successful, the latter not the least so. We had over eighty attending--about as many as I expected, altho one of the two co-chairmen had made wild predictions that well over 100, and perhaps 150, would register. But then he was the fellow who also neglected to have the motel management follow the normal and expected procedure of signing a contract (until his co-chairman put a foot down with barely five days to go).

Things were just getting going pretty good Friday evening when a line of storm-clouds came pushing through the con-suite into the room where I was listening to Gordy Dickson, Phil Farmer and Joe Hensley (I should say "where I was talking to the latter two" but as I recall they were doing the majority of the jawing). A short while before, and for some time, Juanita Coulson had been singing, Gordy had been strumming his guitar and occasionally singing, and a couple of times they combined efforts--sort of mixing things up, like in one of those Essex House books, altho only analogously and emphatically not with the same ingredients. Like, Gordy ran through a number of verses of...I didn't catch the name but it could be called "The Lament of Joe Hensley" inasmuch as it concerned that terrible night at a past Milford confab when Joe, rearing from bed to signal noisy neighbors for surcease, banged his fist clean through the plasterboard wall.

Anyway, the evening was still young when a chick of indeterminate age--oh hell, I might as well say indeterminate middle age--came barging in from the main room. (I learned later that an interesting confrontation had just taken place therein; we'll return to it in a sec.) This woman, the librarian, wanted to finalize matters for the panel discussion at the downtown library the next afternoon, her main targets being Phil and Gordy. She made several odd references (as "that fat slob out there" and "that overstuffed toad") which I didn't understand at the time; also, her speech contained an occasional peculiar slur. She hobnobbed with the pros for quite a while as I drifted out to pull another rootbeer--or was it a Pabst?...no, that was Saturday, when I sampled everything--out of the bathtub.

What had happened with the female librarian was that she had arrived, approached the same co-chairman mentioned above, and been given the cold shoulder, literally, as he'd answered her query about the Saturday panel by abruptly turning his back, walking away, and referring to the woman in a remark to bystanders as "that drunken -----." So her "upset state" when she appeared before me was suddenly clarified, as was her slightly slurred speech--she'd had a little nectar. Eventually, that evening and next day, her feelings were assuaged. By 2 p.m. Saturday a sizable crowd--including mundanes lured by press & radio--was ready in the auditorium of the Peoria Public Library.

Press coverage was adequate, with a photo of the panel published Sunday morning; it showed Bob Tucker, Phil Farmer, Gordon Dickson, Joe Hensley and Gene Wolfe. The latter, you'll recall, had, just recently, been the victim of the prize gaffe of the decade at the NY SFWA awards banquet, when Isaac Asimov had inadvertently announced him as the Nebula Award winner, short story category, only to be corrected: Gene had been second, behind "No Award." Somehow I feel that he'll eventually

anull that disappointment by producing more than one winner.

The news story proclaimed "Science Fiction Writers Find Little Hope for Future World," and generally held to that theme. I quote:

"Philip Jose Farmer of Peoria commented that the future would be secure only 'if we take proper measures' against ecological unbalance. He said he doubted if such measures would be taken.... Wilson Tucker ... said he was a pessimist and that he suspected that by the year 2000 there would be few persons left. Asked if he planned on being among the few, he answered, 'No. I don't think I'd like it.' Joseph Hensley was equally gloomy, saying that when one examined the future fictionally, 'it's hard as hell to come up with a happy ending.' Only one, Gordon Dickson, president of Science Fiction Writers of America, expressed some optimism. 'I think we have a better prospect than we often think.'"

STAR TREK came into the discussion through a question or two from the audience. The paper noted that, "The writers commented on a query concerning the TV series 'Star Trek' by saying that only a few of the episodes were 'good science fiction.'"

"The series soon degenerated, said Farmer, to cliché film actions such as a reeling space ship and smoking instrument panels.

"Wolfe said the major problem of producing good SF on TV was the high cost of the special effects needed,"

The reporter made a decent attempt to point out to his mundane audience how the reality of SF differs from the popular conception. He noted: "It became apparent during the discussion that real SF bears about as much resemblance to what most readers think of at its mention as 'The Guiding Light' has to real life.

"Those whose concept of SF has been shaped by the ugly-creature-from-somewhere-or-another movies of the '50s & '60s would find themselves out of their depth in the midst of those who attended the discussion...."

"SF in fact proves to be uncomfortably based on present reality rather than far-fetched fantasy. Hensley said he was working on a story in which the world was encompassed by an interstate highway, beyond which was wilderness and anarchy."

Tucker rushed off to work at panel's end but reappeared late that night--around 1 a.m.--nursing Jim Beam and fiercely seeking to bear out his prediction of a gloomy future by stoking an obnoxious cigar, as if bitterly determined to garner his share of the space still available for pollution. I left an hour later, reeling with ~~drunk~~ oxygen-starvation, barely able to make the 1½-mile trip home via my trusty bicycle.

It had been a fine con, with more than double the attendance of the previous year. I particularly enjoyed meeting Ken Fletcher of Minneapolis, the Wolfenbargers. Jackie Franke (who had the pleasure of selling some of her paintings), Norbert and Leigh Couch and everyone who'd been at Pecon I. And Joe Hensley, whom I'd have recognized at any fan gathering even tho over a quarter-century had passed since I'd seen him last.

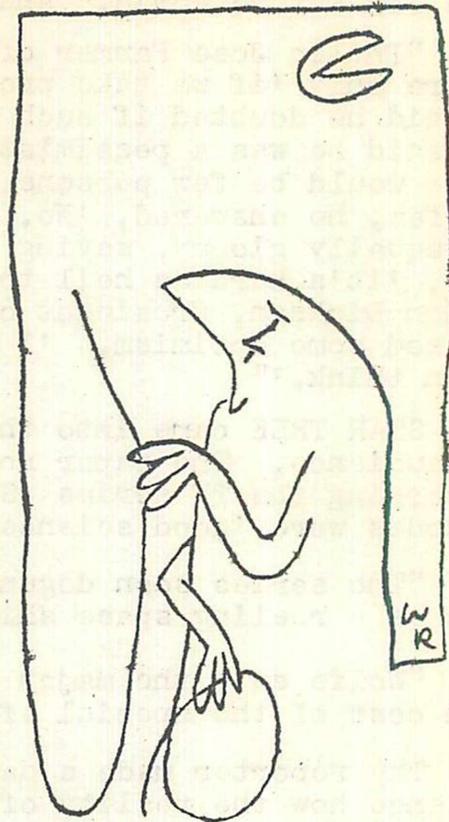
Next year will see Pecon 3, which will again (as I) be in mid-summer--probably July--with Don Blyly in the driver's seat.

* * * * *

HIGH NOON OR A SHORT ACCOUNT
OF HOW WE GOT HITCHED IN HITCHIN,
AND SOME OF THE EVENTS
WHICH OCCURRED AT ABOUT THAT TIME

by

M A R Y L E G G



16 July 1970

An overcast day, warm... very busy at work. A fellow secretary goes to doctors and comes back to say, in due course, she is pregnant with the longed-for baby. Chas. goes to London today, to see the results of his B.Sc. finals. I wait on edge all day...at 20 past 5 he rings--it's a first and he can go on to do his doctorate, and that he's chosen from the offers he had, to go to Oxford.

17 July 1970

I spend a lot of time ringing Oxford, arranging interviews for the following week. I give in notice formally. My sister rings from Gateshead: telepathy?

18 July 1970

We go to one of our last Hertsfan meetings--Keith and Jill Bridges and the bairns pick us up from Stevenage. We go down the motorway with our manes flowing in the breeze, as Keith had cut the top of the Armstrong-Siddeley off a week before. On the way there we run out of water but also see a beautiful trouser-suit I covet for my wedding. The store is closed, but Jill says she will reserve it for me on the Monday. On the way back the new tyre gets a puncture; a passing car-driver helped us change it, as it was a pitch-black country road.

19 July 1970

We go over to see my sister in Banbury with Chas's folks. We announce at dinner we will get married at Hitchin Registry Office at 12 noon on Monday 10 August--3 weeks hence. Mothers immediately begin calculations about quantity of food, etc. required. Chas's father says important thing quantity of drink!!! Chas. stays at Banbury, and I return to Stevenage with his folks.

20 July 1970

Nigel "Halbarad" Haslock called in on way to Keith and Jill's. Chas. goes to Oxford to look for house, having written to tell the University his results. Jill rang to say the trouser-suit was the last one, my size, and

that she had reserved it for me to try on on the following Saturday.

- 21 July 1970 Churl calls while I am downtown. He calls again, from Oxford. He has found a flat (or apartment, as you Americans say)! It will not be ready until September, but his course does not begin until October... We decide to take it. Mum says we can stay with her at Banbury until it is ready.
- 22 July 1970 I leave work today; the girls clubbed together and gave us a matching pedal-bin, bucket, bowl, sink-tidy, scrubbing-brushes, etc., etc., which virtually equips my kitchen completely. I get home early and pack for the following day.
- 23 July 1970 I meet Churl at Oxford at 11:25. We go to see flat; it is quite beautiful (with a magnificent view) despite its neglected air. I go to two or three interviews for jobs; they will all write later on. We go back to Banbury; the wedding invites are written out tonight. The wedding-cake has appeared, so evidently Mum has been anticipating us!
- 24 July 1970 More interviews at Oxford. We return lease agreement, duly signed, to flat's agents. Yvette and Jean Claude, two French friends, are leaving tomorrow, and we have a drink with them and the neighbors. Yvette's father used to own a vineyard; they give us a bottle of champagne for the forthcoming nuptials.
- 25 July 1970 The first letter offering a job arrives. We collect the trouser-suit from the store, and go on to our last Hertsfandom Group meeting. Which coincidentally is also one of the biggest, in honour of the visits of three overseas fen, Ron Clarke and John Brosnan from Australia and Ed Reed from the U.S.A. There were also two or three fen from Hants, Jason and his girlfriend; Mr Crutenden and his g/f; Jill's brother; ourselves, Keith and Jill of course, and a couple more. The house was so crowded the overspill slept in tents in the back-garden, where during a storm later we expected to see them washed down the path and thru the French windows. The lads have a Mah-jong marathon lasting 5½ hours.
- 26 July 1970 We return from the Hertsfangroup meeting, and at tea-time Chas's best (non-fan) friend appears.
- 27 July 1970 More letters re jobs arrive. I accept that for University of Oxford.
- 28 July 1970 Some of my family appear to spend the day, bearing gifts! "Not long now."
- 29 July 1970 Today we began the packing.
- 31 July 1970 Ordered flowers today--carnations for everyone, and a spray of white chincerinchees and fern for me to carry. A type of orchid, I believe, with a delicate scent. Packing completed today.

3 August 1970 Chas. buys his wedding trousers--blue crushed velvet. I make a matching choker with blue velvet and a silver filigree and yellow stone bracelet.

6 August 1970 We go to London for the day, and also attend Globe, our last one for a while. A good turn-out; we make our farewells.

7 August 1970 We move Banbury today. Van almost breaks down, but all o.k. in the end, and so back to Stevenage.

10 August 1970 The big day dawns dreary and cold and wet. Up at the crack of dawn, wandering about feeling lost. Floods of cards, telegrams, etc. My side of the family arrive literally at the last moment. Sun breaks thru as we go to Hitchin, feeling somewhat nervous but glad the day is here after 4 years bar 19 days.... Keith, Jill, bairns and Halbarad also appear at the Registry Office. Assistant registrar, who performs the ceremony, reminds me in passing of Brian Aldiss (on examination of photos later, he bears no resemblance whatsoever...). The Registrar--a female one yet--is the witness to it. We go back to Stevenage for buffet reception. Takes a sharp axe to cut cake, but when eventually cut up it proves delicious. Jill and my new sister-in-law fill our cases, pockets, bags, coats, etc. with confetti. Sister-in-law gets trapped in the loo, and is rescued by the men armed with screwdrivers. We leave at 2 p.m. to go to Banbury for honeymoon; the journey takes only 3 hours, half the usual time, in the blazing sun which persists for the following couple of weeks. Mum goes

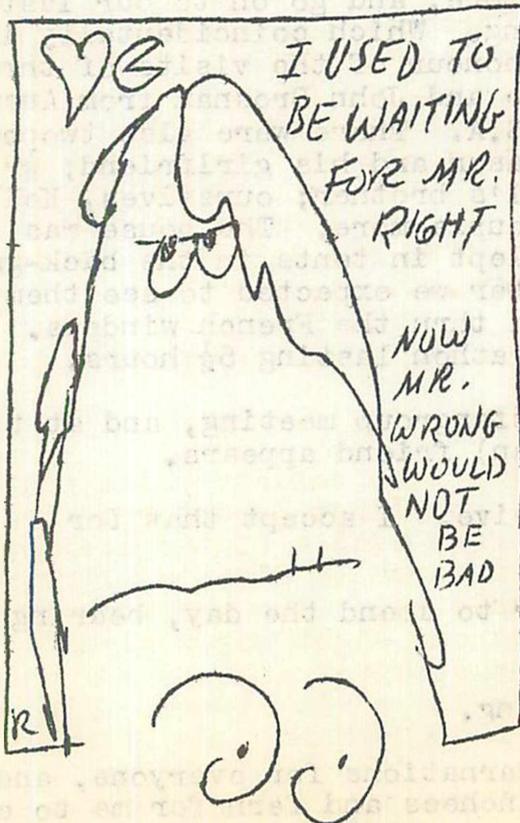
to Surrey to stay with my younger sister and her husband for a week, and returns in due course to Banbury with 5 other guests, who stay a week. It is rather crowded--but on 10 August, we get there in time to see STAR TREK.

There is the usual applepie bed, but we do not discover the 2 lbs of butterbeans under the underlay until the following Wednesday. And 8 weeks later, when Mum moves house, we find one or two hidden away still in the mattress.... And on 10 August 1970, our move to Oxford is still 6 weeks in the future, and we are just beginning married life....

....Mushling

(Mary Legg)

April 1971.



MUSINGS

by

WILLIAM G. BLISS

On PEACE

It's all in the basic nature of people, and that is genetic.

Basically peaceful people are programmed to maintain status quo, and not much use their fine brains outside of that; they appreciate novelty but do not crave it much nor are moved to originate novelty often. They tend to shy away from disturbing thoughts.

The next largest majority is the renegades--a rather harsh term--more accurately they are hunters. Unfortunately their genetic programming isn't very flexible and they continue to hunt when that is no longer necessary.

Third down the scale of majorities are the defectives. They can have any kind of genetic programming, even very little. They are negative-minded and range from exploiters to destroyers. The category is inclusive of sadists; they are the main source of the peace problem. They are amenable only to repression.

So, it kind of looks like the only real question about peace-keeping is the most efficient means of eliminating type 3s from the gene pool and keeping them from blowing up the planet or something meanwhile. Repression of everybody is very inefficient peace-keeping. One solution is to assign a custodial robot to every defective person to keep them from messing up anything or anybody else and from, of course, reproducing.

So far I have considered about 90% of the populace. The remainder ranges from slightly programmed peaceful types to type 4 who has a working brain extending to uninhibited creativity, and the top performers narrow down to fewer than 100 persons. This latter 10% tends to find everybody else a bit redundant. Unless of course the brain trust on this planet could find a way to make everybody's brain a working brain, turned on and tuned in that is, and that would certainly solve the peace-keeping problem. It occurs to me that somebody might get their fur up about such outspoken notions, so I hasten to add that beyond any shadow of doubt all fans are 10%-ers. Fandom does overlap Mensa fandom a bit here and there....

On UNKNOWNNS

All very fascinating.

If Velikovsky is credible there have been catastrophies that would make re-seeding and repopulating the planet necessary. That leaves the mystery of why that was not done with a higher technological level. Wonder is that any artifacts (such as Niven's diggings in Mexico) have survived to wonder and puzzle us. Like how much would be left of a typical city dump 20,000 years and eight major planetary catastrophies later? Evidently what has survived indicates a great number of phases of high technology over the whole planet. Like what are the odds of a beer can surviving for 1000 years? Small unless it is made of aluminum....

The problem of making right-angle turns at 1600 mph: could be we are being conned a bit by the flying saucer people on some of the saucer's performance. Since it is commonly observed that ufos can sud-

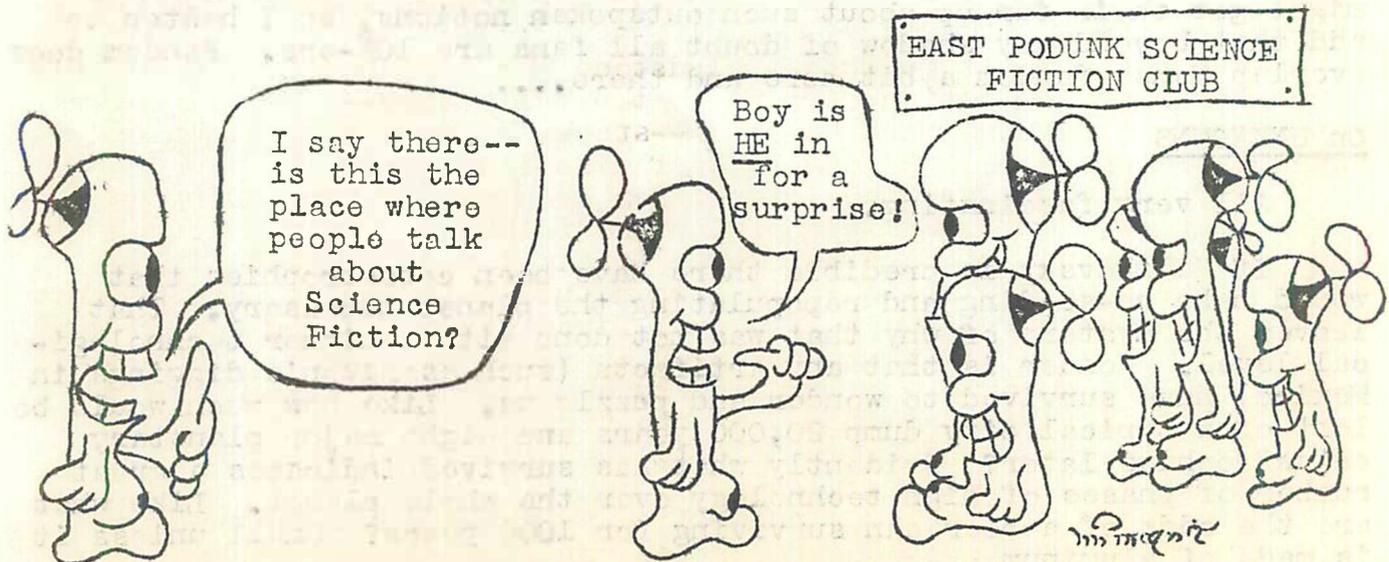
denly become invisible/undetected/impalpable, two flying saucers could perform the right angle trick and cause Earthians a lot of brain strain trying to figure out how to do it.

One thing that accumulation of data has turned up is there seems to be at best only a very few standard production ufos--almost all ufos differ in details--indicative of, maybe, that many of them are illusory or temporary jury-rigs, or a very advanced state of the fabricating art where standard models are not necessary for economy. The illusory factor is more plausible since holography puts an image out there in mid-air as also does matrix images. I kind of suspect that much of the UFO bit is to keep us Earthians from developing practical space travel (a lot of ufo analysis-literature has it some extraterrestrials would kind of like to see us stay at least in our own back yard for some time to come) and we are being demonstrated to with some impractical ufos; especially since mighty few people seem to have more than a vague idea of what practical spaceship technology and design perimeters would be, we would take the far out stuff (we have no way of knowing for sure if they are showing us some klunker and "impossible" space hardware, or one-of-a-kind experimental models copied from some galactic museum. Kind of like showing a people still in the horse-age a German experimental rocket-powered racing car from the thirties and a few current rail jobs and maybe throwing in an Edsel or two for good measure instead of demonstrating a Model T Ford to them.) at face value and get all messed up trying to actually make stuff like that with a science & technology based over 99% on obvious discovery and invention.

Even obvious basics get ignored for decades. One primo one to check that out with is the fact that magnetic fields are not rotatable on their axes. It has an important current application even. Monopolar electrical generators with a cylindrical armature. I've been searching for years and I've yet to find the book that one is in.

It is kind of far out on my part to come right out and say that flying saucers are well-nigh practical--we can think maybe cobbling together the first prototype in the next 30 years.

Crackpottish even....



On NOSTALGIA

Tucker's mood piece catches some of the essence of something every projectionist notices. There is a special something in the air in the booth when the last few hundred feet of the last reel of the last show is going through the machine. It is usually most noticeable with epic or a bio--the machine subtly sounds a bit different and a strange feeling of fake nostalgia is sometimes sensed. Could be projectionists get a bit brainwashed at times. They are subjected to large doses of stuff that is designed for an audience once.

Once I inhabited a USN cargo ship for six years. Leaving it to go back out in the cold cruel civilian world was Tuckerish, now that I think of it. What to do with five lockers full of accumulation. Keep or throw away a complete file of OTHER WORLDS? Sell the high fidelity phono. Ship the Oliver typer. Break in the career-type replacement (he should be retired by now).

Wondered if I would get discharged in time to make the Philly-con. That was kind of historic; the first con of a long series I missed.

Reminisced that I had heard of other sf nuts on other ships but never met any. Oh there was a Boilertender on the old tub who was a sf nut but he liked only crudzines like Amazing and didn't dig Astounding or Scientific American. He also carved psychologically-incorrect statues. Those still give me a mental hicky. They were impossible to keep an accurate mental image of.

Noted that six years was unmarked by anything really remarkable, and could be dismissed in a biography with one line. Toted the sea bag and gladstone down the gangway and after being discharged a couple weeks later and after a bit of due consideration went into the idiot-box repair business in a small, likely-looking town.

Now, seventeen years later, time for leavetaking is again imminent one of these years as the boob-tube repair business is becoming obsolete. What the next phase will be is still open to question. Probably some sort of business--an Ebenezer Scrooge gene runs strong in my clan.

The old Slan Shack here at the shop will finally close; it is well-nigh out of members anyway, down to two now. Just me and a guy who thinks he is a genius who keeps the telephone company working around here. Dunno if he really is a genius or not but he understands all the bazz faz I generate. He did invent a gravity-powered engine one time.

Everything won't go into a gladstone and a seabag if I move this time--there are 62 antique typers in the collection--a Ford I never got around to putting back together--stacks of moldering zines and tons of old phono records and lots of miscellaneous.

And then there are the intangibles accumulated from being a local fixture. Customers with faith are friends. Their children grow up and bring in their things to be fixed and I realize I have been at the same old stand a bit longer than I intended. Radios that were common and current models when I first started doing repair work come into the shop now to be restored as antiques. More of the new models are designed to be assembled by a machine and so can only be efficiently fixed by a machine, so the time is arriving to cut out for something else, and leave a little void in the local scheme of things that will slowly fade away.

"The Earth Gazette" was run off on a cranky mimeo on the end of the work bench and customers craved copies when they scanned the pages and so the circulation of "The Earth Gazette" was bigger there than in fandom.

----Bill Bliss.

THE SEA-SERPENT THINGEES

by

ROSEMARY PARDOE

PART I

"On that day the Lord will punish
with his cruel sword, his mighty and powerful sword,
Leviathan that twisting sea-serpent,
that writhing sea-serpent Leviathan,
and slay the monster of the deep."

----Isaiah XXVII, 1.

Everyone must be familiar with the myth of how Perseus saved the beautiful princess Andromeda from the sea-serpent after she had been chained to a rock as a sacrifice to it. Less well known is the rescue of Hesione by Heracles in very much the same circumstances. Legends like this have given the sea-serpent an undeserved reputation for ferocity. Actually they are both a misinterpretation of an icon depicting an older (Assyro-Babylonian) legend; that of Marduk (Bel) and his destruction of the sea-monster Tiamat (an emanation of the goddess Ishtar whom Marduk vanquished by chaining her to a rock). This is, of course, where the above quote from Isaiah derives (and it is also used symbolically in the book of Jonah).

It can therefore be said that more or less all of the accounts of men fighting serpents or dragons are actually symbolic representations of the conquest of the old matriarchal religion by the patriarchal religion.

We are thus left with the question "Why did Tiamat appear as a sea-monster?" One can only make tentative guesses at this because it links up with the question "What were dragons?" It is possible that sightings of sea-serpents are the origin of it all. (Perhaps even a stranding or two.) Sea-serpent flippers could easily be interpreted as wings (since a flying monster would have been more dramatic than a swimming one). But no, I'm not prepared to believe that. To my mind there certainly isn't enough evidence. If I believed it I'd soon be believing in Medusas and what have you! Of course, sea-serpents were possibly seen occasionally in those days, but they probably only added smoke to the fire rather than actually starting the fire. Recently I read of a theory that a fossil plesiosaur could have been responsible for dragon legends. Again I'm doubtful; the human mind is far more imaginative than some people give it credit for--one doesn't need a basis of truth on which to make up a story.

PART II

Having ended part one on a skeptical note I feel that I should, at this point, clarify my opinion on more up-to-date sea-serpent sightings. Obviously some are hoaxes (made up to get one's name in the paper), a small number must be delusions, and some must be honest mistakes. Others must be sightings of known animals which are unknown to the person seeing them. However, after having discarded all these there are still a very large number of unexplainable reports.

Thus I believe that certain unknown creatures are responsible for the reports.

The Creatures Behind the Story of the Sea-Serpent

For some reason most people seem to jump to the conclusion that only one unknown creature is responsible for the sea-serpent legend (if they believe in it at all, that is). Anyone who takes the time to read one or two books on the subject will immediately realize that this can't possibly be true. Exclude all the accounts that are obvious hoaxes or accounts of known but strange animals; like giant squids and rays, and you are left with a great variety of descriptions which could not possibly all apply to the same animal. Anyway, when one thinks about it, it is far more likely that there are several varieties of unknown animals in the ocean rather than just one.

As an example of this, compare the creature seen by Thomas Helm in St. Andrews Bay off the northwest coast of Florida in 1943 with the one seen by the crew of the "Sacramento" in mid-Atlantic in 1877. The first is described thus:

"...The entire head and neck (which reached nearly four feet out of the water) were covered with wet fur which lay close to the body.... My first thought was that we were seeing some kind of giant otter or seal, but I was immediately impressed by the fact that this was not the face of an otter or seal.... The head of this creature, with the exception that there was no evidence of ears, was that of a monstrous cat. The face was fur covered and flat and the eyes were set in the front of the head. The colour of the wet fur was uniformly a rich chocolate brown. The well defined eyes were round and about the size of a silver dollar...."

And the second thus:

"It had the body of a very large snake; its length appeared to me to be about fifty or sixty feet long. Its head was like an alligator's, with a pair of flippers about ten feet from its head. The colour was reddish-brown. At the time seen it was lying perfectly still, with its head raised about three feet above the surface of the sea, and as it got thirty or forty feet astern, it dropped its head."

There are really no points in common between these two creatures. The first is obviously a mammal--rather similar to the seal family except in that its eyes are set farther forward than a seal's, and of course it is larger than the normal seal (at least its neck is a lot longer than any known type of seal, although in all it may not have been bigger than the Southern Elephant Seal which reaches a size of twenty feet). It is not, however, as big as most sea-serpents reported which are usually in the region of sixty to one hundred feet. Was this a young one? The second is equally obviously a reptile: like a giant crocodile*. Anyone who tries to persuade me that an alligator's head bears any resemblance to a cat's will have a difficult time!

Of course, these aren't the only types of "serpents" seen. In his excellent book "In the Wake of the Sea-Serpent" Bernard Heuvelmans suggests that there are nine different types of unknown sea-

* The description fits, almost perfectly, the gigantic prehistoric reptile: the mosasaurus.

creatures responsible for the sea-serpent mystery. One of the most interesting types (for the simple reason that it can more or less be explained) is seen in such sightings as this one from Captain A. P. Rodger on board the steamer "Queen Eleanor" off the southern tip of Greece in 1912:

"It appeared to us to be the commonly reported eel-like creature having no distinct head but the long neck and two coils or humps behind the neck. Approximate length later-ally about thirty feet, diameter eighteen inches.... I cannot be certain about undulations but I can remember seeing underneath the coils as it was on our port side with the sun, of course, to starboard."

A simple description of a giant eel (if it were an oarfish Captain Rodger would surely have made a note of the striking red mark down its back). Now eels are known to reach a size of ten feet, but there is proof that eels can be five times that size or more. The proof is in the form of a giant leptocephalus (an eel larva), six feet long, which was trawled up by the "Dana" in 1930 (and is now in a Copenhagen laboratory). When one considers that the larva of an ordinary eel is only one-eighteenth as long as an adult eel, one realizes that there must be rather large eels around.

A Dutchman, Doctor Antoon Cornelis Oudemans, wrote a very long book on the sea-serpent in 1892. Unfortunately he set about the job of discovering what the sea-serpent actually is with the preconceived idea that all the descriptions must apply to only one type of creature. His hypothesis was that the creature was a mammal very like a long-necked giant seal. Although this would fit many of the accounts of the "serpent" Oudemans went too far in trying to twist all the non-hoax and unexplainable sightings to conform with his idea. Thus he unfortunately weakened his argument, although he is still to be admired for his work, which must be the most thorough up until recent years.

This same idea that the "serpent" must be only one type of creature is all too common; equally so amongst zoologists as amongst the "man-in-the-street." At present the popular belief is that the creature is a plesiosaur. This is fair enough, and might explain some of the sightings (although plesiosaurs had rather visible teeth, whereas teeth are almost never mentioned in sea-serpent sightings), but to me the innocent inquisitiveness of many of the animals sighted indicates a mammal rather than a reptile (of course, the marine crocodile mentioned above would be a reptile, but sightings of this creature have been few and far between compared with the other types, so we may never know what exactly it is). One creature we can be certain is not responsible for the sightings is an actual sea-serpent--simply because most "serpents" are seen to undulate on a vertical plane, hence the humps, whereas snakes undulate on a horizontal plane and it is physically impossible for them to move otherwise. A few reports are of creatures moving like snakes: if near to shore these could be large land snakes (sea-snakes never reach excessive lengths--maximum length is never more than 16 or 17 feet at most), otherwise they could be giant eels or possibly oar-fish. An interesting fact is that, although the eel can only undulate from side to side it might well be responsible for a few of the reports of a vertically coiling creature, because it has the habit of swimming on its side. However, the giant eels theory cannot possibly explain more than a few of the sightings when the creature's head and neck is seen out of the water (and most sightings seem to fall into this category).

I personally believe that apart from the giant eels there must be at least four other unknown creatures*: three mammals and one reptile. I say this after reading Bernard Heuvelmans' book in which something in the region of five hundred sightings are examined--surely the most thorough book on the subject yet written. If you are interested I do certainly recommend that book. Although I can't say I completely agree with his classifications of the creatures involved he has certainly convinced me that, without a doubt, there is more than one type of animal behind the legend of the sea-serpent.

Just before I finish this article perhaps I should mention the fact that the average length for any of these creatures does not seem to be more than that of some known sea creatures, for instance whales, sharks, rays, squids and Steller's Sea-Cow (now sadly extinct)--i.e. 30-100 ft. Therefore the length of the "sea-serpent" is not particularly unusual: something which most people don't seem to realize.

-
- * 1. Long-necked, with or without mane, short tail...like Nessie.
 - 2. Short-necked with several fins along length of body, visible breath like a whale's blow-hole.
 - 3. Shortish-necked, long-tailed, very seal-like. Seen more in colder climes but not recently (extinct?).
 - 4. Marine crocodile.

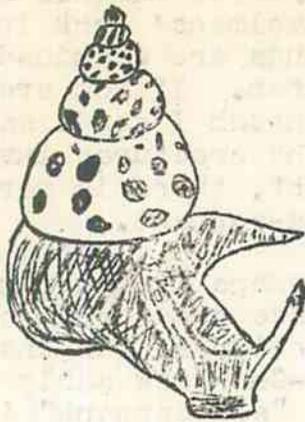
(A short-necked, many-humped creature reported quite often --though not as often as the "long-necked"--may fit into any of the first three categories above, or it may be a separate type--or perhaps even an eel.)

*

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- "The Terrible Lizards" by Isaac Asimov (F & SF, Aug '68).
- "Prehistoric Sea Monsters" by J. Augusta and Z. Burian.
- "Sea Enchantress" by Gwen Benwell & Arthur Waugh.
- "Dinosaurs in Today's World" by L. Sprague de Camp (F & SF, Mar '68).
- "The Greek Myths" by Robert Graves.
- "The White Goddess" by Robert Graves.
- "Marine Mammals" by Richard J. Harrison & Judith E. King.
- "In the Wake of the Sea-Serpent" by Bernard Heuvelmans.
- "The Great Orm of Loch Ness" by F. W. Holliday.
- "Discovering Mermaids and Sea Monsters" by Jane Hutchins.
- "Tracking Down the Sea Serpent" by Willy Ley (GALAXY 47 & 48).
- "Sea Monsters" by Eric Frank Russell (a chapter in the book "Great World Mysteries").
- "Larousse Encyclopedia of Mythology".
- "The New English Bible".

*



THE
SYDNEY
SCIENCE FICTION
FOUNDATION
by
GARY MASON

The fortunes of Sydney fandom have only recently risen to their present state of reasonably good health. For over a decade Sydney fandom was moribund, almost non-existent, as it reflected in a magnified form the trend in Australian fandom as a whole.

The catalogue of conventions indicates the health of Australian fandom: the first four in 1952, 1953, 1954 and 1955 being held in Sydney, followed by Melbourne in 1956 and 1958, with a long gap until 1966, followed by 1968 and 1969, with Sydney returning to the picture in 1970 for its first convention in fifteen years (and there was also a convention in Melbourne in 1970, of course).

Sydney fandom, of course, is quite old; it dates back to 1935, when the legendary Hugo Gernsback, then editor of *WONDER STORIES*, issued the 27th charter of the Science Fiction League, a circulation-building gimmick of the day, to a group of Sydney readers. Sydney's first fanzine, *SPACE HOUNDS*, was published in 1938. And, finally, the club for which Sydney is most fannishly famous, the Futurian Society of Sydney, was founded in 1939--it celebrated its thirtieth anniversary with a party last November.

Throughout the 1940s and early 1950s, the Futurian Society dominated the Australian fan scene, but the decline began about the time of the last Sydney convention (which the Society did not sponsor), when the Society became wracked with a series of fierce personality clashes. Eventually, the Society lost its clubrooms at Taylor Square and, finally, in 1964, it suspended activities. Formally, the Futurian Society of Sydney still exists--it still has three members, but membership is closed at present, as it has been since 1964. Recently, many of its old members have been meeting in the name of the Sydney branch of the Australian Science Fiction Association, a quiet Canberra-based organization with primarily bibliographic interests.

But it was during the post-1964 period when there was no organized science fiction fan activity in Sydney that the Sydney Science Fiction Foundation was started. After the huge success of the 1966 convention--the one that is credited with Starting It All in terms of current Australian fandom--many people were anxious to see an active club in Sydney once again. Most of those people lived in Melbourne, but a few of them lived here. Some, connected with Sydney University, I understand, made serious attempts and the issues of *AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW* for 1967 contain pleas for interested Sydney people to contact Betsy Holt at the University. (ASFR was the Australian fanzine of the period and was nominated for a Hugo in 1968.)

There was, from what I gather, little response to those pleas--until November, when an exciting thing happened. An important American author visited Sydney for the first time since Robert Heinlein's 1952 stay. His name was Edmond Hamilton and he brought with him his wife, Leigh Brackett, who is a noted science fiction author in her own right. A number of Sydney fans got together for a party at the Pott's Point apartment of the late John Danza. There were surprisingly few Futurians among them; the Melbourne fans who were oriented towards ASFR had by then become identified with their ex-members in Sydney (who were also oriented towards ASFR) by the surviving Futurians, and they shunned contact. Since the news of the Hamilton visit only arrived through Melbourne's John Bangsund, the ASFR editor, the then-isolated Futurians did not hear of it at all.

The group of fans who met the Hamiltons were different from the Futurians. They were more social in outlook, less gravely serious in their devotion to science fiction. In all, it would be possible to sum them up as a younger group, were it not for the fact that one of the foremost among them was Patrick A. M. Terry, then 83. While the party was in progress, some of the group went aside, and decided to form a club. That was 27th November, 1967. They next met on 6th December and that was the inaugural meeting of the Sydney Science Fiction Foundation.

"The Sydney Science Fiction Foundation," goes a blurb I first wrote two years ago, "is a non-profit association of people of all ages with a sincere and serious (but not over-serious) interest in science fiction and related fields." That is still true, but some of the details of meaning have changed. One of the club's charter members, Pat Terry, was 86 when that was written, and the youngest members were in their late teens. A year later, Pat died at 87. That leaves our oldest member in the early forties and the youngest member now is only five.

All kinds of people are members of the Foundation. Take our committee members, for example. They include an engineer, a computer programmer, a stenographer, two clerks and a housewife. Other club members are university lecturers, an architect, a nuclear physicist, a bank teller, a film projectionist, salesmen, an optometrist, a national serviceman and several students. And others. We all have one main thing in common: such an interest in science fiction as leads us to want to make contact with other people who share that interest.

But that's not all we have in common. Like science fiction fans for forty years, we have discovered that we have a whole range of interests, ideas and attitudes in common--and all this makes us more than a group of devotees of a particular literary genre; it makes us a group of friends. And that's what we like to think of ourselves as, mostly. Foundation members have not generally fallen into the trap of supposing that our liking for science fiction makes us particularly special, or a race apart from mundane people--that is why we describe our interest in science fiction as "serious...but not over-serious."

In fact, so much a group of friends and so little a literary circle are we, that unless something special is arranged we quite frequently find an entire meeting going by with no one but the ever-vigilant Miss Shayne McCormack even mentioning science fiction. Every now and then the club's committee hits on what seems to be an ideal solution: if science fiction is only talked when we arrange something special, why, we'll have a regular effort to arrange something special.



And that's the way the club goes. We have a regular meeting on the first Friday evening of every month at a regular location, then we sit around and talk informally about whatever fancy takes us, and then we also conduct whatever formal business we need to. (We haven't actually had a formal meeting since the last Annual Meeting in June.) But additionally we have a second meeting, later in each month, at a time and location that varies. Usually it is of a science fictional nature, and these seem to be the most popular "special" meetings. On the social side, we have had theatre parties and barbecues scheduled as special meetings, and we have also had a discussion of the work of Robert Heinlein, a taped speech (from Heicon) on Robert Silverberg, pictures, and an interview with Captain Bertram Chandler.

No survey of the Foundation would be complete without a mention of the club library which is the only property the club owns. This in itself creates problems because as the only possession of the club it is necessarily stored on premises which are not the property of the club. This is fine and we are, of course, always deeply indebted to the club's hosts, but headaches always arise when the location has to move, and experience has shown that--quite apart from the normal difficulties of shifting large collections of books--the club library normally only moves at times of crisis either for the club or the host...and then things can become rather sticky, for at such times the library always seems rather vulnerable.

Still, this is one of the things we have to face and accept; if we can't afford club premises (we have frequently decided this is so) and we want to own other property it has to be stored somewhere.

The library itself has been built mainly by donations up to now and, consequently, it hasn't become terribly exciting and hasn't exactly been the focal point of the club. Efforts are being made now, however, following upon the excellent work of co-librarians Zian Kerfoot (the club's present hostess) and Richard Wrobel in reorganizing and cataloguing the complete collection. These efforts are mainly directed at placing in the library, books which are not otherwise easily accessible to members, and they include standing orders placed with British and American book sellers. The club now has memberships in both the American and British Science Fiction Book Clubs, by the way.

The club currently has around forty members. Of these, about three-quarters are regular attendees at meetings, and the average attendance at meeting is 16. Full membership is \$3 yearly, with reduced rates of \$2 for students and pensioners. Postal membership is \$2 or \$2.75 for people who want things airmailed to them within Australia. (We'll work out a rate if any overseas fans want to join.)

Well, now...if this coverage of the SSFF has read like one long commercial, & has been a success, there is just one more thing to tell you: The postal address is Sydney Science Fiction Foundation, P. O. Box A215, Sydney South, N.S.W. 2000, Australia.

----Gary Mason.

* An Editorial Review of RECENT NEW FANZINES. *

- CHECKPOINT: Rush \$1.00 for 8 airmailed issues of this new British newszine to PETER ROBERTS, 87 West Town Lane, Bristol, BS4 5DZ, England. Two "test" issues show considerable promise. By the editor of EGG.
- BOY'S OWN FANZINE: #1, from Leigh Edmonds & John Foyster, 2/28 Ardmillar Rd., Moonee Ponds, Vict. 3039, Australia. 44pp, Quart., for LOC, trade or contribution. Substantial & witty editorials by the scoutmasters, accompanied by an eminently silly John Bangsund text (recorded from a con speech), a long tale of flying adventure and, of course, a piece about camping. Much Rotsler art. The editors have succeeded in making it a pub with a somewhat "different" aura about it and it's hoped that it's not just a "flash-in-the-pan." Scheduled to appear each 3 months & wide-open for contributions of a wholesome, non-controversial nature (it appears). Excellent--get this first ish now.
- "SANDERS"--Newszine of Western America & successor to "Winnie." 5/\$1.00, every 2 wks, offset. From: Dave Nee, 208 Putnam Hall, 2650 Durant Ave., Berkeley, Ca. 94720.
- ASPIDISTRA #1 comes from Susan Glicksohn, 267 St. George St., Apt. 807, Toronto 180, Ontario, Canada. 25¢ or contribs, or LOCs. No trades, unless you want to stop trading for ENERGUMEN & trade for ASPIDISTRA instead (a presumption on my part). Do not send checks. So...it only remains to tell you that the zine is well worth the price, even tho the editor may very well turn out to be a Tartar.
- TWIBBET #1, from 727 E. Apache, #56 / Tempe, Arizona 852--. Available for 20¢ or three 6¢ stamps. Ditto; 8pp.
- THE DIPPLE CHRONICLE #1, from Richard S. Benyo, 207 Center St., Jim Thorpe, Pa. 18229. 50¢ or 4/\$2. Offset. Articles, fiction, reviews. A good firstish & worth a try.
- OL JETO #1; editor Bill Waters, 837 Lorraine, Springfield, Ill. 62704. 40¢, 24pp, offset. Mainly fiction & reviews in a neat, attractive package.
- DYNACENCE #2, from Michael Juergens, Box 128, Wehrenberg Hall, Valparaiso, Ind. 46383. 35¢, 3/\$1; 44pp, mimeo. Excellent cover, wide range of contents (reviews, sercomic strip, LOCs, articles, Delaney bibliography, etc.).
- ENTROPION #1, from Nick Shears, 52 Garden Way, Northcliff Ext. 4, Johannesburg, Rep. of South Africa. 50¢ or 4/\$1.50, also trades; 24pp, mimeo, every 10 weeks. Mostly fiction & poetry, but one or two excellent articles; I'd like to see it flourish & continue as South Africa's leading genzine.
- BETWEEN WORLDS #2, #3, from Stephen Compton, 6532 Estates Dr., Oakland, Ca. 94611. 35¢, 3/\$1; 26pp & 28pp, offset. Well done--mainly sercon, but entertaining. Next ish, out soon, to have "edited" proceedings of last year's "infamous" SFWA Banquet....
- MOUNT TO THE STARS #2, from Gail Sutton, UTA Box 797, Arlington, Texas 76010. \$1.50 per ish & probably worth it. (The 1st ish had pages with Roman numerals; this time they're in Hebrew; otherwise the production is impeccably & luxuriously constructed.) Some superb artwork; much excellent & almost all of interest.
- XRYMPH #1, from Norman Hochberg & Louis Stathis, Benedict College, Rm. E-013, State Univ. of New York, Stony Brook, NY. 11790 (School-year); other times: 76-44 167 Street, Flushing, NY. 11366. Send 18¢ in stamps; trades. Mainly fiction but subsequent issues will have LOCs, articles, etc.
- TOMORROW AND... #5, from Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Drive, Pittsford, NY. 14534. 50¢, 5/\$2.00; trades, contribs, LOCs; 28pp, offset. This could be called "the second coming," since the zine has been in suspension. But it returns with professional aplomb; a long Lapidus editorial with a look at Hugo possibilities, plus more editorials by

Jerry's co-eds, and more--all good.
CYPHER #3: James Goddard & Mike Sandow / 1, Sharvells Road / Milford on
Sea / Lymington, Hants. SO4 0PE / England. An excellent genzine with
fine material by Blish, Jeeves, Ballard, Arnold, etc.; reviews,
letters, editorial. Highly recommended.

* * * * *

M I S C E L L A N E O U S E D I T O R I A L N O T E S

Rosemary Pardoe's article is from her Ompazine, "Seagull." Need I
tell you that the OMPA is an APA, whose letters mean "Offtrail Magazine
Publishers Association"?

Gary Mason's article appeared serially in "Terran Times," the DUSK
fanzine, of which Shayne McCormack is co-editor (being also president
of DUSK). Her address is 49 Orchard Road, Bass Hill, N.S.W. 2197,
Australia.

Gary Mason is Editor of THE NEW FORERUNNER, Journal of the Sydney
S F Foundation, the address being P.O. Box A215, Sydney South, N.S.W.
2000, Australia.

Mary Legg, 20 Woodstock Close Flats, Oxford OX2 8DB, Oxon., Eng-
land, is the editor & publisher of CRABAPPLE, a fanzine of miscellan-
eous...uh, fannish idiocy and occasional seriousness.

*

A LIST OF OTHER AUSTRALIAN FANZINES.

S.F.COMMENTARY: Bruce Gillespie, Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Vict. 3001,
Australia. (U.S. agent is Chas. Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, NY.
10457, to whom \$3.00 for an S.F.Commentary subscription may be sent.)

SOMERSET GAZETTE (Journal of the Melbourne S. F. Club), Box 1267L,
G.P.O., Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.

RATAPLAN, Leigh Edmonds, Flat 2, 28 Ardmillan Rd., Moonee Ponds,
Victoria 3039, Australia.

NORSTRILIAN NEWS: John Foyster & Leigh Edmonds, same address as above
for Rataplan.

THE FANARCHIST: David R. Grigg, 1556 Main Road, Research, Victoria,
Australia. (Money sent to him for subs will be donated to the
"AUSTRALIA in '75" bidding committee.)

This, in addition to Ron Clarke's MENTOR (see page 35), is not
a complete list of Aussie fan pubs. One, indeed, has the title
"Australia in '75" and is reported to be rolling right along.
Others, of which we have no concrete evidence, are reported to
be issued or planned by Mr. John Bangsund, ex-gafiate.

A dollar or two sent for any of the Australian zines will re-
sult in a subscription. (Do not send personal checks to Aus-
tralia, since they are mostly eaten up by bank-handling fees.)
Otherwise, copies may be obtained through trade, contributions,
LOCs, etc.

* * * * *

THAT IMPOSSIBLE FEELING (Conclusion) by Joseph Pumilia

The Houston Science Fiction Society, of which I am a member, does a lot of wild things. For the past several months a select committee has been investigating the phenomenon known as the Saratoga Ghost Light. Years ago there was a short-haul logging train near Saratoga in the Big Thicket. The train is gone now, but there is a road on the site about eight miles long and straight as an arrow through a part of the Thicket.

This is "Ghost Road," as it's commonly called; (really Bragg Road, after Gen'l Braxton Bragg of the Confederacy). A mysterious light inhabits this road. It can be seen on almost any night of the year, people say. Legend says it's the lantern of a decapitated brakeman looking for his head.

The results of the latest foray into the Thicket by our courageous group are now under study by the HSFS. Most of us think it's a lot of swamp gas.

An expedition of five stalwarts penetrated into the forested depths of Ghost Road recently in an attempt to throw some light on the mystery. On a previous excursion during the dead of winter, we found the road deserted during the night hours.

This time there were 20 other cars full of--we assumed--ghost-light hunters.

Ghost Road, it seems, is very popular with the teenagers. And not all of them were interested in ghosts, as my brother Dennis learned when he interrupted a tender scene in one of the cars.

Our psychic researchers pushed deeper into the Thicket, seeking a less crowded base of operations. Immediately after turning off their lights, they saw a formless green glow down the road. As they drove toward it Bill Wallace, 17, and James McDonald, 18, rode on the hood of the '65 Chevy peering through binoculars.

"It receded as we got close," complained Bill. "It looked about the way you'd expect swamp gas to look."

"When we stopped, it seemed to stop," said Dennis. "It could have been a car because the dust on the road made car lights seem greenish. We later saw it closer, and then it faded out. That was the only strange thing. It was very dim."

Dennis is 18 and a sophomore at the U. of Houston. He's a technology student and therefore skeptical of everything out of the ordinary.

Ward Schmidt, 20, history-education junior at UH and prexy of the HSFS, gave a third description. He said it looked like a single light source brighter than a flashlight and that it went on and off. Later Ward was called down the road by three pranksters, who called his attention to a weirdly luminous sphere hovering in the trees nearby. Suspecting japery, he investigated; it was a balloon covered with phosphorescent paint, tied to a tree.

That night at the tent Bill yarned about a mad ax murderer who preys on defenseless campers as they sleep. Needless to say they kept the tent tightly laced up to foil "The Mad Axman." As the air inside worsened, they began to make up headlines: SUFFOCATED CAMPERS ROB AXMAN OF VICTIMS.

Later, in the midst of sleep, Ward recalls someone moving about in the dark, breathing deeply. Next Morning, the tent was full of balloons.

Another trek into the heart of the Thicket is being planned; the Houston Science Fiction Society will not rest until the mystery of the Saratoga Ghost Light has been fully explained.... Meaning, I suppose, that we'll be going into the Thicket from now until a new generation is ready to take over....

A CLOCK HUMMED IN BENJI'S CHEST

by

DONN P. BRAZIER

Benji Brookmeyer huddled in a dim corner of the ancient church, cold stone against his back, the lingering fragrance of incense cutting sharply through the fungoid odor of dusty spider webs. He hugged himself in an attempt to hold his fever for warmth.

But great white birds with honeyed beaks fluttered out of the gaping hole in his chest to spiral upward through the shattered rubies of the church's stained glass remnants. Benji could feel the warmth and wetness of his blood trickling across his bare thigh.

He knew he was dying, but for the first time in many years Benji felt alive.

His eyes followed the birds. How eagerly they buffeted upward. How smoothly they soared through the high window like pale ghosts. His glance, carried upward, now rested on the stones, which formed a huge cross jutting out from the wall. The cross stretched strongly like a wing, a bird wing of stone strong enough to carry a man to the sky. And beyond.

Although the light of the sun did not reach the window directly, the cross flickered with yellow and red and green and blue. The light came through shattered stained glass as it reflected from the polished metal of the thousand foot HOSPITAL.

The towering HOSPITAL dwarfed all else in the city, and slaved all men.

Everyone but Benji. For Benji had planned his escape, but not too well. At least the clock was gone from his chest.

(Benji's notebook tells of his plan. He started accumulating credits for a jeweled clock such as the rich possess. Knowing that he could not remove the clock himself without instant dissolution, he schemed to escape from the HOSPITAL when his original model was removed and before the insertion of the new. He writes that he planned to nurse himself until his chest would heal, but of course DOCTOR uses heparin to keep the blood from clotting.)

The HOSPITAL did not know where Benji was. But at regular intervals Benji could hear the loudspeaker calling him to return to HOSPITAL.

Benji chuckled sardonically in the ruins that decayed and disintegrated in the former, natural manner, before the invention of the catalyst. He laughed because he felt good, safe, and free. He felt no pain even when a trembling finger explored the oozing edge of the hole in his chest.

"It's really gone," he murmured, scarcely believing. Twenty-two years of hummmmmmmmmmmmmmm. And now it was gone. He cocked his ears, still unsure. Yes, it was gone.

And smiling, Benji faced death.

* * * *

I have written the foregoing in a florid style hoping to catch some of the true mania of Benji Brookmeyer. Since my assignment to his case I have read his "notebook"--an old fashioned manner of dictating one's thoughts to paper by using pen and ink. The extent of

his insanity is great; yet many of his notes seem historically valid. For instance he writes of the development of rapid obsolescence and concurrent trash disposal problems. We all know that this led to the adoption of the catalyst with its timed disintegration function. A measured amount of catalyst added to any metallic product gave the object a measured life span. At the end of the appointed time, it simply disappeared from existence as matter. Then a catalyst for organics was discovered.

Benji writes: "You'd be walking along the street as big as life in your catalytic clothes, and poof....there you were stark naked! People began to keep time records to avoid such embarrassments."

Benji writes that he cannot understand why people accepted all this, and especially later when the clock was placed in the chest as a catalyst releaser. But Benji did not comprehend the magnitude of the population problem, what with medicines, transplants, and synthetics. Benji called the clock a "time-bomb," showing the magnitude of his distorted views.

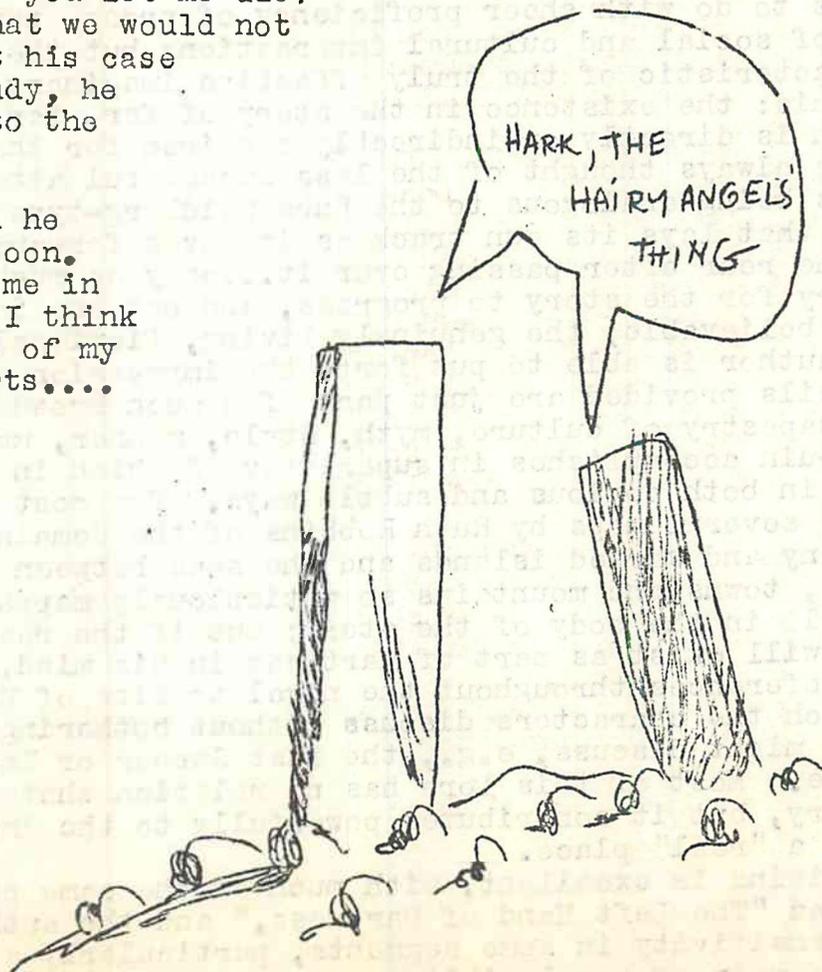
He tells how he cried when the clock was placed in his daughter's chest at HOSPITAL: you see the aberration. We must weed out such people but must keep them alive for study; frankly, his case excites me. I may rise far in HOSPITAL if I turn in a good report.

* * * *

Since some children discovered him in the old church, Benji has spoken only two sentences and so far I have to rely on his notebooks. His first words were, "Why didn't you let me die?" When I replied that we would not let him die, that his case deserved long study, he turned his head to the wall and said, "I'm dead now."

I am hopeful he will speak more soon. DOCTOR nodded at me in the hall today. I think he has noted some of my preliminary reports....

fin





A WIZARD OF EARTHSEA, by Ursula K. LeGuin, Ace 90075, 75¢.

Readers of this fanzine who are familiar with my reviews will probably be aware of my great fondness for adult fairy tales and hence will not be surprised to learn that I consider this beautifully done fantasy of LeGuin's an indispensable addition to every fan's library. It is a bright, refreshing, magical interlude, a shining moment of beauty amid the ugliness and mediocrity of the real world, pro-

vided by an author of proven genius in the particular endeavor of creating dream-worlds. Such a novel is merely limited and dimmed of its living vigor by extended and detailed plot summary. Suffice it to say that "A Wizard of Earthsea" is about a boy named Ged in an island Neverneverland who learns to be a wizard and also learns to be a man.

The creation of a viable and believable imaginary world is the special province of SF writers, and even the least talented of them have some capacity in this area. Still, there is a rather wide range between the primitive attempts of authors in the lower depths of the field and the superb mastery of those who, like Ursula LeGuin, possess that nearly magical ability to bring worlds to life. Part of the difference has to do with sheer proficiency of prose, part of it, too, is knowledge of social and cultural interaction; but the principal technical characteristic of the truly effective imaginary world constructions is this: the existence in the story of far, far more background detail than is directly or indirectly required for the plot.

I have always thought of the less successful attempts at world-creating as being analogous to the Rube Goldberg-type design for a locomotive that lays its own track as it moves forward and picks it up again at the rear after passing over it...only as much background as is necessary for the story to progress, and not one iota more. By contrast, the believable, the genuinely living, fictional worlds are those where the author is able to put forth the impression that the background details provided are just part of a much broader, deeper, interconnected tapestry of culture, myth, style, manner, mores, etc. This is what LeGuin accomplishes in superlative fashion in "A Wizard of Earthsea," in both obvious and subtle ways. The most obvious is through the several maps by Ruth Robbins of the domain of Earthsea, a world of many and varied islands and the seas between them. Many of the islands, towns and mountains so meticulously mapped are never mentioned at all in the body of the story; but if the reader studies the maps, they will exist as part of Earthsea in his mind. More subtly, there are references throughout the novel to bits of Earthsea lore and legend, which the characters discuss without bothering to explain exactly as we might discuss, e.g., the Last Supper or Washington crossing the Delaware. Most of this lore has no relation whatever to the events of this story, but it contributes powerfully to the impression of Earthsea as a "real" place.

The writing is excellent, with much of the same poetic grace that distinguished "The Left Hand of Darkness," and the author displays her marvelous sensitivity in some segments, particularly a couple of pages devoted to a pair of royal siblings discovered by Ged who have been living on a tiny island, not much more than a reef, for decades. Ged is

a superbly drawn character, and the characterization of a number of the subsidiary characters is also extremely fine.

In short, a magnificent fantasy in which the reader may totally immerse himself for several hours. There is some slight indication from this novel that further writings on the life of Ged are being considered. If so, I look forward to them with an almost child-like eagerness.

----Ted Pauls.

THE GREAT BRAIN ROBBERY, by James P. Fisher, Belmont B75-2072, 75¢.

Belmont Books is a diseased blotch on the face of science fiction, and the entire field would be elevated were that publishing house to go out of business tomorrow. This may seem an overly harsh judgment, but I plead an excellent excuse: "thanks" to Charlie Brown, I have read nearly the whole of Belmont's 1970 SF output in the past few weeks. It is an experience that I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy. The shit (for that is the only adequate word, and I apologize if I am offending anybody's sensitivities) that Belmont puts out is positively sickening. So low is the publishing house's level of literacy that every time they publish a piece of outright crud, it raises their standards. "The Warriors of Terra," by John Faucette, James Grazier's "Runts of 61 Cygni C" and other Belmont atrocities, including the novel presently at hand, are some of the worst science fiction of the year.

I could spend the next five or six paragraphs making snide remarks about this utterly worthless hunk of garbage, but the most fittingly devastating review of "The Great Brain Robbery" is to note that it fully deserves both its title and the following blurbs:

"College student Dennis Sands agreed to go to the weird Ikonia. If he had known why he had really been invited, he would have stayed home." (Front cover.)

"Dennis Sands was just another college junior. Then, he learned that he had strange psychic powers valuable and needed on another planet. He agreed to travel to Ikonia, even though he didn't trust Cynnax, disguised as a professor, who revealed his true identity as a being from a world in a distant solar system, a world that was on the brink of extinction. When Dennis got there, he realized why his psychic powers were treasured. And that the evil Cynnax and his perverted band planned to rob him of his brain." (Back cover.)

If you wish to read 150 pages of the kind of SF that deserves these blurbs, by all means buy "The Great Brain Robbery."

----Ted Pauls.

THE DEVIL & BEN CAMDEN, by Heinrich Graat, Belmont B75-2053, 75¢.

Here is yet another Belmont disaster, mitigated only by an extremely nice Jeff Jones cover which surely deserved a better fate. This is apparently the second in a series of novels by Graat centered around Ben Camden, college teacher and modern-day Cotton Mather. I had the good fortune to miss reading the first, "The Revenge of Increase Sewall." "The Devil & Ben Camden" is the second. It is an incredibly empty and incredibly padded novel, running 150 pages by virtue of 33 (count 'em) blank sides. The plot is the familiar small-town-run-by-nasty-family-suspicious-of-outsiders one, only instead of being set in the Deep South or West, the small town is a New England one and the nasty family is aided in its dominance by a bit of witchcraft. Ben Camden, aided by another college professor, destroys the witch and

frees the town from its bondage. With barely enough content for a short story, Graat relies on a great deal of superfluous dialogue to drag the story on for thirteen chapters. The result is deadly dull, a novel as devoid of interest or excitement as it is of originality.

For anyone who finds himself in possession of this book, I recommend putting it to the same use I did: tear off the cover and snip off the areas containing lettering. This leaves you with a small, rather attractive Jeff Jones print. It's the only part of this product worth having.

----Ted Pauls.

NOW COMES TOMORROW, by Robert Moore Williams, Curtis Books (Modern Literary Editions Publishing Co.), 502-07115, 75¢. (1971; first release.)

This is blurbed as a Science-Fantasy novel, but the "fantasy" label seems a little redundant. The events of the book are merely a guess at a probable future, predicated by certain conditions and their interactions with specific beings.

I place the tale into one of my favorite SF categories--the "survival" yarn. This immediately adds points in its favor since it is a pretty good effort to begin with in spite of the author's tendency to, but only at times, be a bit "gushy" (the latter not really a defect except to a certain type of reader).

In the not too distant future "Deep Freeze" units are established in which humans can be preserved; the latest one offering 100 years. An incurable disease, of course, is one reason for entering such a unit, but various characters have other reasons and the author gives the background story for each.

After the century the first person awakens, unaided, to find the unit personnel dead. Gradually, others in the opened room revive. Radio contact is eventually made with civilization, which proves to be the survivors of another unit who acquired super mental powers through proximity of their unit to a deposit of "subtle radioactivity of a very unusual type" which "goes zzzzzzz" and "produces great changes in human nerve structure."

During the 100 years, all exposed life on Earth's surface was destroyed by an organism from space. But of course, with the many preservation units open or yet to be opened, the race can continue on. What's more, people can be exposed to the "zzzzzzz" and homo will have scaled another rung of the ladder of evolution.

If you have refrained from reading Williams' works till now, why not give this one a whirl? It's entertaining.

----Ed Connor.

NEW WRITINGS IN SF5, edited by John Carnell, Bantam, S4632, 75¢.

First published in the United Kingdom in 1965 by Dobson Books, I believe it was reprinted in 1966 by Corgi, issued here for the first time by Bantam. This anthology of seven stories, three by Australians, is first-rate traditional science-fiction, edited by the man who started New Worlds and edited it until 1966, Mr. John Carnell.

The most remarkable story, though not the best, is John Baxter's "Takeover Bid," which is a personal, patriotic assessment of Australia's past, present, and immediate future and, as personal and patriotic, a statement of her spiritual destiny. The final page is silly, but the ones preceding it are fascinating. A must-read!

The best story is Joseph Green's "Treasure Hunt," which strikes me as something Dean R. Koontz might do if he read Analog. A man, resurrected from the dead, implanted into an alien form, to have inter-

course with the most elusive and magnificent "Firebird." It deserves a much greater length, but Green has done his homework, and his world is credible.

Lee Harding, another Australian, is second in quality, third in my interest, with "The Liberators." A wonder-tale of a self-sufficient city on the brink of senility, and the messiah from space who saves its inhabitants.

Fourthly, we have David Stringer's impressive gadget-ridden future, which should satisfy all traditionalists, combined with fine character work, in "Acclimatization."

Donald Malcom's "Potential" is the lead story and a good one. R.W. Mackelworth's "The Expanding Man" is a gimmick yarn and fair. And closing the show, there is Eric C. Williams' "Sunout," which bored me. Still, in all, well worth the price.

----Paul Walker.

UNCHARTERED STARS, by Andre Norton, Ace, 84000, 75¢.

Andre Norton's Uncharted Stars completes the quest of Murdoc Jern begun in The Zero Stone. Jern's old man, an official of the notorious Thieves' Guild, left him a large, ugly ring, meant to be worn over a glove. The even homelier stone it contains is allegedly, and in fact is, a source of unlimited physical and psychic power. When Jern's employer is murdered some years later, and the boy finds himself hunted, he teams up with a friendly, if mysterious, alien named Eet, who reads minds and changes shape at will. The two set out to find the source of the enigmatic Zero Stone, but instead find themselves pawns in a game of cops-and-robbers between the omnipotent Patrol and the ruthless Thieves' Guild.

In Uncharted Stars, after escaping the clutches of both enemies, Jern and Eet are forced to seek out and infiltrate the impregnable den of the Guild, Waystar, to find a map which may, or may not, lead them to the matrix of the Stone. Of course, they succeed, but that isn't telling much. Originally published by Viking Press in 1969, this is a typical Andre Norton, filled with congenial, just-barely-credible characters, plus lots of color and action. Miss Norton is a warm and charming novelist, and her prose is an easy delight. Her craftsmanship page for page, notion for notion, book for book, marks her as perhaps the most competent commercial writer in SF. But I would recommend the reader see The Zero Stone, first. It seems to me Norton has tried a bit too hard in Uncharted Stars to create an epic space opera. The wonders proliferate too fast for the senses to keep up with them, and the action, especially in transitions, is too fast to keep track of what's going on.

The Jeff Jones' cover is unimaginative, but it grows on you. A curious blend of color and shadow, with a subtle, but interesting, focus.

----Paul Walker.

THE BIG BALL OF WAX, by Shepherd Mead, Ace, 05785, 75¢.

Shepherd Mead's The Big Ball of Wax was written long before our Environmental Crisis reached the headlines, yet no recent book has contributed such an accurate and devastating statement on the prime cause behind it: rampant consumerism. In 1952, this was prophecy. America was witnessing the baby steps of Madison Ave, TV saturation advertising, the "Organization Men." Today it is all old-hat. Madison Ave has won and the corporate and consumer psychology of the "company man" is a part of every single one of us, from the affluent middle class to the Krishna-chanting hippie with his amplifier and guitar. Of course,

Philip Wylie's "Momism," also satirized in Mead's book, has transmogrified into "Youthism," but the rest of it is here and now; so if this book strikes you as "dated," baby, it's only because you can't see the forest for the trees!

Originally published in hardcover by Simon and Schuster in '52, it was re-issued by Ballantine in 1954 and is now out from Ace. It is the story of a company man named Lanny Martin who sets out to discover the gimmick behind a cult that is cutting sales in St. Louis, and what he finds revolutionizes the world. Actually, it is plotless. A satirical portrait of a near-future world in which consumerism is the national obsession, and a not-funny-at-all satire it is. Forget the chuckles. It's terrifying because it is more real to us than it was to Mead. The writing is sharp, economical, and easy. The background is superbly realized. The characters are wickedly true. I offer only one warning: this is definitely not for "Doc Savage" buffs.

----Paul Walker.

NEW WORLDS OF FANTASY, Terry Carr, Ace, 57271, 75¢.

In this second New Worlds of Fantasy, Terry Carr has no axes to grind, no profundities to expound, no cultural tracts to deliver. The seventeen stories anthologized here are obviously what appeal to him.

It is rare that I feel reluctant to say that this or that story is my favorite, but I enjoyed every one of these so much I feel like I'm nit-picking to like one better than another.

"Lazarus" is a story written early in this century and reprinted in Weird Tales in the late 1920's. Robert Lowndes brought it to Carr's attention, a deed which may get him into heaven yet. Leonid Andreyev (1871-1919) was a bitterly pessimistic, savagely satirical Russian writer who produced very little, and is probably best known to us for his play, He Who Gets Slapped, which was presented on TV's Play of the Week a few years ago, with Richard Basehart in the lead. "Lazarus" is the story of what happened to that most fortunate man whom Jesus raised from the dead, and it is an icy furnace of truth as only an old Russian could make it. Magnificent!

Less than magnificent, but marvelous anyway, is Harry Harrison's "By The Falls" (1969: If). This must be Harrison's finest story. On the surface, it appears to be a gimmick, but beneath is an enigma. Another alleged-gimmick is Avram Davidson's "They Loved Me in Utica" (1970: Original) which works in spite of itself, delivering two first-rate characterizations.

Keith Roberts' "The Scarlet Lady" (1966: sf Impulse) is the best treatment I've seen yet of the idea of a possessed automobile. A finely detailed, almost-funny, almost-horror story. Joanna Russ's "Window Dressing" (1970: Original) is similar, but distinctly different: Women's Lib, take heed! And Robert Sheckley's "The Petrified World" (1967: Galaxy) is horror in spite of its satirical approach. Philip K. Dick, take heed!

B. J. Baley's "The Ship of Disaster" (1965: New Worlds) is a Tolkein-like piece in a most contemporary vein that is guaranteed to please everyone. A superb job. In the same special category is the extraordinary David Redd, and his "A Quiet Kind of Madness" (1968: E&SF) which may be read as straight fantasy or Freudian melodrama, and marveled at in both cases. A small classic.

Roger Zelazny's "Museum Piece" (1963: Fantastic) does Collier's "Evening Primrose" one better--"Gafia" for art lovers. Of course, R. F. Lafferty ("The Ugly Sea"; 1961: Fairleigh Dickinson's Literary Review) does Zelazny one better. And Robert Bloch finishes the whole shmear with a charming whimsy about old movies. A must!

----Paul Walker.

Note of Interest: The readers of Moebius Trip might be interested in the brief history of this column. The first part (or installment) of The S-F Bookshelf appeared in the March 1962 issue of Iscariot, which carried a review of a Richard Matheson collection; the second part, giving a review of a Robert E. Howard novel, and which was supposed to be published in the following issue, never appeared.... The reason for this remains, to this day, totally unclear--at least to your reviewer. The editor & publisher, Al Andrews of Birmingham, Ala., accepted it; yet to my knowledge it never saw print. Rather than let a column die unjustly, before it had a chance to sprout gossamer wings, or Vitamin E, I figured I might as well rescue it from the caves of oblivion, if only for a debased sense of "continuity."

The Beautiful Morning by H. Warner Munn; (WEIRDBOOK #4, 1971), comprising 3 close-typed pages.

Roughly 1800 words, this tale is about the "adventures" of an old man taking a walk one beautiful morning. H. Warner Munn, author of such notables as King of the World's Edge, The Wheel, The City of Spiders, etc.--via the late and still-lamented WEIRD TALES--has here in my opinion the finest short story WEIRDBOOK has yet published; with such rousing competition as Robert E. Howard, Joseph Payne Brennan, Leo P. Kelley, James Wade, George T. Wetzel, Janet Fox, Wade Wellman, Andrew Duane and Eddy C. Bertin. It's a considerable achievement!

WEIRDBOOK is a semi-professional magazine, and if you're interested in weird fiction and curious to see what W. Paul Ganley does to fill the gap WEIRD TALES left, a four-issue subscription goes for \$2, or eight for \$3.75, or 75¢ per copy and worth every penny. The address is WEIRDBOOK, P.O. Box 601, Chambersburg, Penna., 17201.

The Operator by Christopher Anvil; (ANALOG, March 1971), comprising 30 pages, with interior art by George Wilson.

The remarkable author of Foghead, Apron Chains, etc., has here another of his logically-constructed adventure yarns on a far world, with beasties of various variety, and a man-woman relationship strictly from the white slick pages of editor Campbell's rag. The world of The Operator is, seemingly, of constant cold and constant snow; and what happens is, one man rescues a whole slew of women from flesh-hungry bems. ("Flesh-hungry," in a story from ANALOG, means man-eating aliens.) It's a yarn I enjoyed, and would recommend to anyone who has a fondness for the typical Anvil. He sure has been doing a lot of work for the American hard science-fiction magazine which, by the by, publishes fantasy--both for many years now.

The Hollow Land by William Morris; (FORGOTTEN FANTASY, April 1971), comprising 37 pages, with cover art by Tim Kirk and interior illos by Charles Robinson and Tim Kirk.

Yep, it's the same Tim Kirk of fandom! And this is his very first professional magazine cover! And it's beautiful, man.

Editor Douglas Menville's scholarly blurb reveals this novelette to be one of the few short fantasies Morris ever wrote. It is reprinted here from its serialization in the OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE for September and October, 1856.

It'll probably take you a few thousand words to discover The Hollow Land is a "haunting fantasy." (Oh how trite that phrase is. Yet, in this case wholly accurate.) The haunting power doesn't actually begin--for me-- until Florian de Liliis discovers "the Hollow Land."

Pace is enriching to the plot, which is carefully and brilliantly established. I'd be so bold as to consider this modern heroic fantasy as a minor classic.

.....Bill Wolfenbarger/Bloomington, Illinois/March 1971.



1 Honestly, Ned, I'm dumbfounded that you seem to think the "Id" strip isn't drawn too well. I find it constructed with extreme cleverness by a master craftsman; I couldn't name another living--or dead, if you want to include Michelangelo--person who could improve on the appearance of this work. It has its own unique style, something hard to come by these days. Surely you wouldn't want it as realistically done as, for example, Prince Val?

RON L. CLARKE
78 Redgrave Rd.,
Normanhurst,
N.S.W. 2076, Australia

...Tim Kirk has done you a fantastic cover, all right. Re the Peace bit--probably the biggest hurdle to overcome is inertia. The inertia of present society. When an entire generation is truly for peace and sticks with the idea after they are out of their twenties and into money-making (and security seeking) middle age there might be some chance of truly lasting peace. But don't forget that it is mainly Western Countries where the demo's for peace take place. Take a trip thru India, Iran, Turkey and (probably So. America) the less-developed countries and you'll see that the majority of the people are for their type of "peace"--with them in the seat.

...I've heard that only the English are really any good at puns (after staying with the Mercers at Bristol I believe it!) and really the only good tellers of the pub yarn. Instance, Terry Jeeves' yarn. Nearly perfect. When I see a perfect one, I will go and shoot myself.

Talking about Cons to Come--be in Australia in '75 and you'll see something different. You may even meet most of the people you want to!

I like long reviews that enable a reader to get his teeth into them though I wish your paper had a better taste. I found the Phoenix and the Mirror rather heavy going; rather more a scholastic work I thought (at least a scholastic atmosphere pervaded it).

...Hmm, it's funny how little you really know about, instance, a fan's age from his writing until you see something like There Was a Card. Some fans who write like as they were in their 20's turn out to be in their early teens. Yeesh. You've a good selection of letters, there, with a fair few from over the Green Hills. 1st class mail here is sacrosanct (unquote) and I presume is elsewhere....

Ron Clarke's fanzine, THE MENTOR, is available for cash, trades, letters, etc. The latest ish I have, #17, contains a variety of interesting stuff ranging from a story by Jack Wodhams to an autobiog by Aussie fan Peter Darling.... (Oh--and Locs, 'natch.)

STEVE CARRIGAN
158 Sutton Common Rd
Sutton, Surrey, England

I did not say, nor did I intend to imply that all the material used by New Worlds was great "literature." Equally, I do not think that everything that appears in Analog is of nought but the highest standard. Campbell's fascination with certain specific areas of sf encourages writers to repeat themselves or even to imitate others. One such subject, much abused by "Analog Men" is ESP; some of the stories used in recent issues have been so similar as to be indistinguishable. However, Campbell uses sufficient quantity of good material so that I still buy it, or perhaps I do so merely for his eloquent editorials (with which I rarely agree) and the "Things to Come..." bit (to which, I always turn first). The same applied to New Worlds--although it published quite a few pieces of hellish crud, it published enough that was good for certain people to take out a second subscription. Towards the end, under the editorship of Charles Platt it deteriorated at an alarming rate but I still live in the hope that Mike Moorcock will perform another miracle or enough people will contrive to get yet another Arts Council Grant so that New Worlds may once again rise from the grave, I fear not.

How, though, you--having seen only one issue of New Worlds--can make such pronouncements as "...much of the recent NW's were composed of juvenile crud, liberally sprinkled with schoolhouse graffiti." I don't know. *l*

...Surrounded by Con bids. Personally, I don't feel Australia is ready for a WorldCon and it's unlikely that they'll get one, all of a sudden though there are bids-bids-bids, nothing but bids, afloat in a sea of bids we are. But where the hell is England, does anyone remember. Are we all so firmly embedded in our cushion of apathy that we're not even going to make the effort. Answer: Yes. What the hell, British fandom is dying...or maybe it's dead and nobody's noticed?

l (No doubt I should have said: "too much...") As a matter of fact, tho, by that time I had more copies of NW and now have about $\frac{1}{2}$ -doz others, up to the last, and the statement (amended) is still true, in the area it was meant to cover; I of course did not mean to imply that NW, even in its dying gasps, did not contain some pieces of worthwhile material. And surely in its heyday it was not the least of our genre's pubs.

Mr (Arthur) Cruttenden Another stamp story is "The Plague." This appeared in Analogue (Brit.Ed.) Jan, 1963, and concerned the hunt for a plague carrier which turned out to be a US 4¢ stamp.

Yesterday (Thurs) we had the January "Globe" meeting @ which I received 4 fnz--today 2 more arrived so with others already here there r 12 Locs 2 write. This is what happens when u say "Oh, I'll do 'em tomorrow." Be warned again--if u want fnz--write quickly.

& so to ~~had~~ M.T.6. F/c lovely. Bacover...Tis lucky there wasn't 1 'cos m'cat's left muddy paw prints all over it. The snow...thawed on 12th Night so things (& cats) r a bit soggy @ present.... "On the Implausibility..."--We have recently had a series of articles in a Sunday paper on this theme, with ads on the hoardings using the drawing from the Sahara cave. Got the wrong impression so didn't read 'em. The obvious answer just poses more questions--where did they come from? Why have they (apparently) not come back? & many more. Did 1 come back? How did Mohammed leave his followers?

...Nessie can in some ways be compared with those other improbable phenomena...flying saucers, tho I'm, 4 some reason, much more ready 2 believe in her than in them....

((Later:)) ...Seems odd 2 b writing a letter--surprising how much 1 can forget in 7 weeks. I fancy th@ fandom suffered more than most through the strike. Those of us in the London area weren't 2 badly off--our fanzines were handed out @ the Globe. More isolated fans must be really unhappy....

TERRY JEEVES ...I liked Offutt's piece...although I challenge his statement that pre-Inca T-whatnot had a higher culture than ours. They may have, a lot depends on what criterion you set...but to make the bold statement without giving a reason rather sticks in my

gullet. Too often do people say Greece was better, Rome was better, the old days were better...they might have been...but tell me WHY?

Similarly, why are the stone water conduits superior to OURs...and why insultingly so? Personally, I'd rather have my drinking water run through a closed pipe of 3ft diameter, than down an open gully to collect every bit of filth...that is around. As for making 'em out of stone...is there any intrinsic reason why stone is a better material than vitreous earthenware or steel? Having aired my quibbles, I then go on to say that IF all the items Andy mentions are as he says, then

indeed, there is a mystery afoot which could better employ archaeologists than whether or not Pharaoh was left handed, or whether the head of the statue is that of Aphrodite or Bill Blow. Can you twist Andy's arm into giving more explicit details...such as where to find information and photos etc. of these anomalies he lists. I for one would like to look more closely into them. The very hint that there might have been visitors from space is enough to send the old thrill up the spine.

...Must take one of your letterhacks up on a comment though. Wm. G. Bliss says blithely that there has never been a picture on a TV screen...only a flying dot. He blithely assumes that because this dot never stands still (unless your sweep circuits go foop) that there is never a moment when a picture can be on that screen. His story is that persistence of vision causes us to see a picture...not so at all. Our persistence of vision gives us the impression that the picture is moving.....but the picture is there because of another factor which he missed. That little modulated spot goes whooping back and forth across the screen and never stands still, true...but it leaves behind it a glowing area due to the persistence of the screen. Has he never seen a radar long persistence tube in action? The scan never fully fades from view before the next scan re-illuminates it. TV screens are not so long in persistence but they do hold a glow long enough to build a picture. Proof is easily available by taking a pic at the exposure time fast enough to catch that spot and freeze it (if you can get a fast enough film). Your print will show, NOT a spot, but a scene...with a bright spot at one point....

PS. My ANALOG 3 CHECKLIST is ready from Leroy B. Haugrud, 5420 Queen Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minn. 55410--at \$1.50 in the U.S., or from me in the U.K. at 10/- ((50p)).

JOHN N. HALL
2, Knights Croft
New Ash Green
Dartford, Kent, U.K.

...MOEBIUS TRIP is very Sercon in outlook I find, whereas I write for Neos...and my own ZINE is in fact bordering on the mainstream if anything.*1*
...Who is God's name is Perry A. Chapdelaine when he's home? I dislike this term "Fuggheads" and the maliciousness found in the articles all over Amerifandom on them. No I'm not a "Fugghead"--or a tru-fan either--I have a brain. And it says "nasty--nasty." Reviews were good. Bookshelf likewise. Loch Ness? Well O.K.? Good ol' St. Columba. Yeah there's something in all this--don't know what. Good this....

1 The mainstream of what? As for MT--you jest; I stop at nothing, be it faaaanish or serconish, except if it obviously stinks.

JOHN PIGGOTT
17 Monmouth Rd
Oxford OX1 4TD
England.

...Birth control: It is fairly obvious that some method of limiting births is of paramount importance to the human race--perhaps it is the most important problem facing mankind today. We've either got to adopt a policy of mandatory birth control now, else in 30 years time seven billion people are going to realize that there isn't enough food to go round, and unless they fight for it, they'll starve. The result? Armageddon, probably. Abortion is no answer to the problem; as any overworked doctor will tell you, there just aren't enough doctors to go round. For the same reason, any other method of contraception that requires the services of a doctor is unsatisfactory. Oral contraceptives are no answer, either. Just how do you tell whether a woman has been swallowing her pills or not? You can't, of course. Which leaves us with no alternative but to induce sterility by some "undemocratic" method, such as adding a sterility agent to our water supplies as George Senda suggests.

Bear in mind the problems of such a policy. You'd have to have 37

world-wide birth control, because if just one country did not have such a policy there would be unrest among the other countries, who would no doubt consider themselves "less privileged." But how do you get Chairman Mao to agree to China's adopting a birth-control policy? One possible answer to this is to spray China from the air with some sort of water-carried contraceptive, but unfortunately China has very powerful nuclear weapons which might be used all too easily. Remember that China probably possesses far more powerful weapons than the squibs she has chosen to show to us....*l*

And of course you've got to fight every inch of the way against religion. It seems odd that in today's technological society people still believe in a puerile superstition that belongs back in the Stone Age from whence it came. But the Pope's recent irresponsible encyclical on birth control clearly demonstrates that religion can have a profound effect on our world. In other countries the situation's even worse. Take India, for example. Hinduism is the direct cause of millions of cattle roaming the country, eating off much land that could be better used, and then not being slaughtered for beef at the end of it. One could laugh at such a ludicrous situation, if it weren't so serious.... We laugh at the primitive taboos of the "South Sea Islands-type" people, but are these food taboos of the Hindus, Jews and others any less primitive?

I'm afraid that the problems in instituting mandatory birth control will be insurmountable. I further believe that as a direct result of this, the end of mankind is at hand....

l Hmm...that sounds like you believe mainland China to be more than just a ping-pong balled tiger....

MERVYN BARRETT
179 Walm Lane,
London N.W.2, England

...The things I liked most were THERE ONCE WAS A CARD and DEN'S END. The first because it's fan-nish history and something I didn't know about and like all good fans and true just about anything about the history of fans and fandom is interesting to me and enjoyable. DEN'S END I liked because it was just plain nice and well written and had a great feeling to it. It illustrates something that for some time now I've thought would be a worthwhile endeavour for any publishing-type fans whose experience and fanzines collections go back some ways. This is, compiling anthologies of choice and favoured fan-nish writing culled from old fanzines....

...Lacking much of a collection myself I would not be able to take part in such a venture--not while here anyhow. Back in New Zealand though I've several boxes of stuff which would yield enough material for a worthwhile anthology.... In New Zealand just about all the fannish contacts inside America that I had were with West Coast fans.... *l*



l I, personally, don't have the address of a single New Zealand fan. Is their contact today mostly with Australia?

ROGER WADDINGTON
4 Commercial St.
Norton, Malton,
Yorkshire, England.

...Regarding the Tim Kirk on the front cover, I was almost afraid to open it, in case I was greeted by the sight of a totally slick and soulless production that the cover seemed to promise (in reference to its professionalism, that is!) But I needn't have feared; it was filled with the same personality that emanated from the earlier issues, both from your good self and the rest of the motley crew that seem to inhabit your zine.

Like the Loch Ness Monster, for instance; which I strongly believe in; and I may have got my sense of values wrong here, but I think the first unchallengeable sighting, or photo, of Nessie will be as momentous as that first landing on the Moon. Maybe more, if it's proved that it's a survival from prehistoric times...And that Tim Kirk cartoon might be nearer the truth than we think; a week or two ago, there was a report in the papers from a team who had been investigating nearby Loch Morar, the results of their investigations proving that there might be a whole family of Nessies...But I wonder what the scientists will do to her when they find her?

...The Day After Judgment is one of those reading pleasures that I've been denied, due to the decision of their English distributor to drop Galaxy and If; and efforts to find another are proving fruitless. So it looks as if we're going to be deprived of them, just when they appeared to be getting somewhere.... And those issues that we've had under Jakobsson are now appearing in the cut-price outlets such as the chain stores, at about a third of their original price....

ROBERT BLOCH
2111 Sunset Crest Dr.
Los Angeles, CA. 90046

...As your new local residents, the Farmers, can tell you, I've had pneumonia--hence this short card....

Tell Bill Wolfenbarger that if he wants the oldstyle nasty Bloch, to read my yarn in May issue of PLAYBOY or even the one in ALFRED HITCHCOCK MAGAZINE. Even worse one coming shortly in PENTHOUSE....

MAE STRELKOV
Casilla de Correo 55
Jesus Maria,
Cordoba, Argentina

...you have led us astray even further by producing an Orm that has only to twist itself once, join head and tail (by the simple and mythological process of holding the tail in its own mouth), and off it rolls into Eternity carrying us astray.

Shame on you. Our souls are not yet shrived. We're not ready! Call your Orm back!

But it's wonderful ... hilariously so! I've been researching Worms myself, did you know it? Worms and Serpents and Dragons in most ancient myths and words. I can give you oceans of data older than anything you've gleaned from history. Want a Worm Review straight from the Dragon-Horse's month?

Joking aside, I'm not joking, honey! There's much to say about this curious old myth of a sea serpent, and not just the disapproving remarks in the Scriptures re was it Rahab? (I bet not, but I can't find the text re the sea-serpent in one place.) Anyway there's a Ram or Ran figure from antiquity who's a sea-deity in all sorts of places. Ramar means "buried alive" in Chimu (I recall)--no, Ramtar, I think. Anyway, I recall the Chilean Araucanian equivalent means both buried alive and "submerged in the deep." Damn it, I shouldn't make these remarks "off-the-cuff" like this in mere letters, but prepare "scholarly reviews." I've got the stuff on file, under a stack of other files so heavy my elbow is actually out of joint lifting heavy weights. (Though it may be our pet goat's fault. It's a monster and when it runs and I'm holding the chain, either I run after it or out-of-joint goes my elbow again!)

...Published books in South America by serious authorities have

proved the horse here is pre-Columbian and that it's another Spanish lie that they brought all the horses in. The Araucanians didn't ride them formerly (though there's a very old and perfect petroglyph of a horse and rider I've seen here with my own eyes, repainted ritually by the natives in pre-Spanish times during solstices each year). But the Araucanians have a ceremony of cutting out the heart of a horse and offering it to Kallvu (blue-sky--ditto in archaic Chinese and goluboy for sky-blue in Russian) while the heart beats still in the palms of their hands....

...Here, I could branch off to compare the Araucanian and Patagonian Trapalanda legend with Quetzalcoatl's land of Tlapallan. (The Serpent's Land.) It's a lost golden city once on an island of the Glacial Lake Payne (on your maps). Pallin in older forms or Puyen, as it's also been spelt in old records. Pillan, too, god of warriors who die and of good ancestors and a volcanic deity of Chile. Fwyll of the British Hades. Apollon, Avalon, and so on. (My files on the PL idea alone could fill hundreds of pages. I got fascinated.) Then there are the Sump-albs of Chile--Swamp-Elves in our newer pronunciation, spelt now Shompallwe! They turn children into birds with a mournful cry...water birds called Walas. (Val--the dead of Nordic Valhalla.) Oh, I swear I need a tesseract to make all the linkages clear. And a sweet boy in another zine, not yours, wisecracks that unless Bernardo O'Higgins had time-travel in his day I'm nuts and talking out of my hat. (Or through it.)

Mind you, I'm not trying to prove anything, but if oldster-savants wouldn't mumble so (mouthing even older ancestral convictions mindlessly) and do a little new research, they'd see what asses our pre-Copernican authorities are when they pontificate. I'm not pontificating, but stringing beads of "clues" every which way trying out new patterns for the fun of it, all the time.

...My son returned from a holiday in Chile to report mermen and mermaids still pals of the natives of Chiloe to the far south. But you have to have a "Golden Bough" (of the magic rewe tree) to get into the caves by the sea where the meetings take place. An Avernus/Avalon idea anew. (For Avernus and Avalon, say mythologists, stem from the same older idea.)

...Oh, about Fennel. In...BEYOND is an article of communities going nuts after the 1968 solar-flare. One lot was in Wentworth, Australia, where packs of farmers suddenly ploughed under their wheat and planted fennel. See my recent letter in your zine. Fennel stands for "return" in the oldest "language of the flowers." Before wisecracks occur from higher authorities on that score, I'd have to give my data on that. Want it, someday? The proofs are very old...from 3,000 year old Chinese and elsewhere. It stands (as a symbol) for ghosts returning from the tomb as well.

So who the hell manipulates our sun to send flares to mindwash whole communities so grimly? Someone nasty. That's all I can say. Who wants "them" to "return"?

BOB SMITH 1/64 Elouera Road CRONULLA, N.S.W. 2230, Australia. ...Hmm. Are you sure that Andrew J. Offutt isn't really Erich von Daniken in disguise? Others before Daniken have urged thorough study--a science--of what we call the "traditional" ancient and incredibly interesting records of the past. It is also argued that the time was not ripe before for such examination of the ancient texts and their properly interpreted stories: that good old Homo Sap tradition would not allow it, and that Man was not yet mentally and intellectually equipped to ponder on possible cosmic influence in His past. What might have stood a chance of reasonably rational study in the Nineteenth Century was good and dead in the midst of the scientifically blase Twentieth.... The men of imagination looking at the

things that don't "fit in" are few and far between. The museums of the world are full of things that don't "fit in"; and since systematic archaeological exploration has been around for just over a century the world still has vast areas that contain secrets that don't "fit in"... Perhaps when Man finally gets where He's going all the peculiarities of the past will make very revealing sense and His Cosmic Perspective will have come of age...?

...The reprints from FaNewsCard were most readable, and I am particularly susceptible to nostalgic items of this sort...not through any great yearning to have been in Fandom of the Forties (in 1944 I was about to tumble out of school into the fascinating world of cinema projection booths, where I stayed for the next 26 years; so Bob Tucker and I had at least two things in common even then: science fiction and cinema work!), but a belief that the fannish life is kept more in "perspective" by these historical reminders of how things were. It's also a lot closer to the atmosphere of Fandom that I first experienced, in the early Fifties, and in many ways a far more pleasanter one than current Fandom...to me, that is....

RICK STOOKER ...A 5-page article on the latest antics of my para-
1205 Logan St. keet doesn't add anything to human kindness? Not
Alton, Ill. 62002 even if the article took several days, many hours and
much effort to write; if the article is extremely
humorous and every reader of the fanzine has a good belly laugh when
he reads it? I may get some egoboo in the next lettercol but it is a
small amount compared to the effort involved and the amount of enter-
tainment it gave to every fan that read it. Fans have to be in fandom
because they like it, and the contributing fan always gives more than
he receives, no matter how much we like to think we're selfish and
hard-headed. As to kindness, well, after sex, laughter is the great-
est gift of love one human being can give another one. The humorist,
the writer, the artist, and the editors who publish them (especially
those like Bill Bowers who put great time and effort into creating a
thing of beauty in this world of increasing ugliness. OUTWORLDS has
an admittedly small circulation, but remember that there is nothing to
stop the man-in-the-street from joining us; only those who are looking
will find beauty, or deserve it.) are, without monetary compensation,
giving more love and joy to the world than 90% of the jokers we find
crying "love and peace" in the streets these days....

DAVID WM. HULVEY ...I'm worried about Bill Wolfenbarger's piece. It
Rt. 1, Box 198 seems like the paranoia of others has driven him up
Harrisonburg, against the wall until he has become just as paranoid
Va. 22801. as they. In fact, he uses the word five times, four
of those gratuitously, as if it was an article of
true belief in something or other. Unfortunately, it takes more than
the ability to overuse words to convey a feeling to the reader. He
rather turned me off with the continual drivel about his problems, as
though they're worse than anything that could possibly happen to any-
one. Hell, that's self-indulgent and reeks of smug egotism. Person-
ally, I've taken a lot more abuse from rednecks, power people and
proto-fascists than Wolfenbarger probably ever will. Yes, and I used
to write about it too--remember my first godawful RAPS ((referring to
an APA founded in 1970 by David Burton)) mailing?--until I realized
that feeling sorry for oneself doesn't solve a damn thing, but just
makes one like oneself better for the heroic martyrdom of one's sacri-
fice. It doesn't do a bit of good for a brother or sister who is ex-
periencing the same oppression. They just chalk it up to your per-
sonal ego-boosting, hope you'll come down to the clouds of reality and
plant both feet firmly in the air--before they start the evolution
without you. Right, evolution as in getting your own head together 41

before trying to change the world.

Gee, I sound like somebody's preacher, but I'm really anxious to get across, to communicate, what I want to say to Bill Wolfenbarger. I hope he can dig it, and will try to see my point.

ALEX VITEK ...Leon Taylor's article "Ostriches" made just the point it set out to do. There are way too many people who are considering Fandom as their way of life, and they do not use Fandom as a tool to help them get through life. Admitted, the fans who live FIAWOL and recognize are better off than those who do not recognize it as their life style. Taylor is correct in saying that Fandom can be used to gain insight into life and into the motivations and desires of people.

The rest of the issue is excellent. Roger Bryant's article, "Tiptoeing Through the Trilogies" was very highly informative. And, of course, Ted Pauls' book reviews were right up to par.

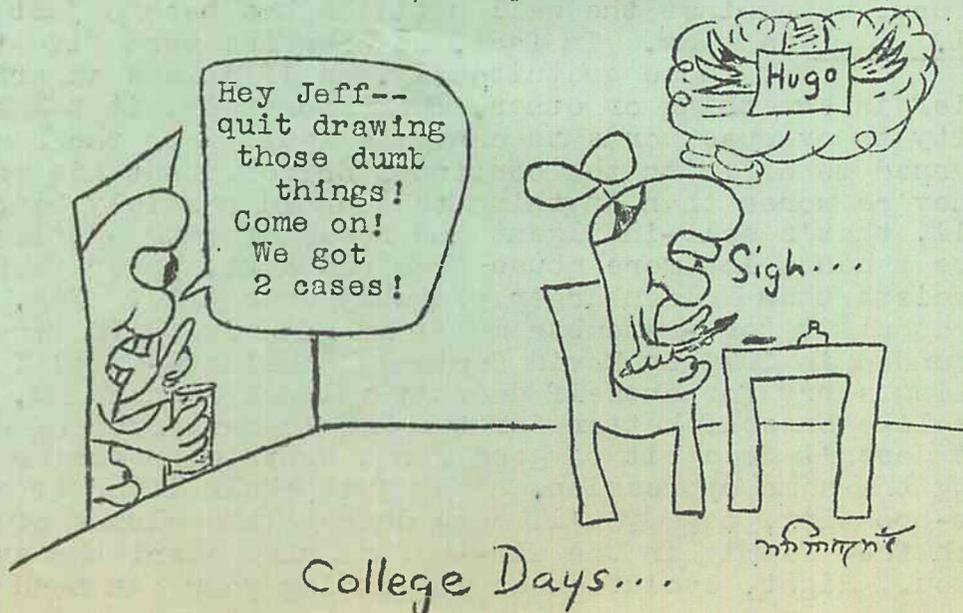
I have recently finished Andrew Offutt's EVIL IS LIVE SPELLED BACKWARDS. My feelings on the book are mixed. I really did not care for it that much. There was much that Offutt could have done with the idea, which I feel is an old one. He did not create a society which is oppressive, in as good a style as Heinlein did in IF THIS GOES ON. I think that a bit of reworking and Offutt would have a novel which would approach 1st Class. For one thing, he could have left out some of the unnecessary sexual-sadistic torture scenes. I am not saying that the book was over-filled with sex, but some of the scenes were unnecessary. Hopefully, through this book, some Science Fiction authors will look at life a bit more realistically, and realize that there is more to Boy-Meets-Girl than just Boy-Falls-In-Love-With-Girl.

JACKIE FRANKE ...Columnist Wolfenbarger is a delight. A male fan with compassion and feeling. Tis not an oft-en-Beecher, Ill.60401 countered beastie. He touched this femme-fan.

Was not aware that Blish's Case of Conscience was part of a trilogy! What hast Tolkien (or Asimov for that matter) wrought? Most interesting article.

...Chapdelaine's comments were long, drawn-out, full of self-contradictions and as such, most likely true. Couldn't care less. My goodness, can't grown people find something better to quibble about?

...Art Hayes' letter reminded me of a point we were discussing a few weeks ago--what would happen if far-future archeologists dug up a few samples of current art and/or speculative fiction (how that last



would survive, you figure out--we were just hypothesizing). What wild ideas they could conjure up! Perhaps the Chicago Picasso would be taken for a local diety--or local citizen itself! (Maybe it is for that matter.)

Am wondering if Roger Bryant reads INFO. We get it--and until you read it, you don't know what nit-picking is! *l*

l U're the 2nd thish to mention INFO--I'll have to look into it more circumspectly nexttime I latch on to a copy....

ED CAGLE, Route #1 Leon, Kans. 67074, ...On your comment about cutting letters before makeup, would you consider it possible that without said practice you damn well might have some people hating you in earest, once they got a peek at their own balderdash? Besides, if you're not cutting from submitted letters, what are you doing? Yeah, I know.... But why apologize for editing your own zine? Strange, Ed. ((I had reasons, too complex for elaboration herewith, for deviating from the most logical procedure.))

My my, Mae Strelkov! You've robbed me of my favorite outlet when petty problems arise; vocal outlet, that is. Somehow I just can't see myself getting fifteen pounds dropped on my toe, and bursting out with "Havock!" Oh I think your usage in the letter was fine, and I admire your restraint, but there are some instances in my life at least, when the old-fashioned term is more suitable. If I see Huns with virgins, maybe I'll allow they are "havocking," providing a close examination proves my suspicions are correct. But I am very sorry to report that the next clown I become severely nauseated over in my daily routine, and need to disperse with no uncertainty of meaning, will just have to be dealt with in the old--if embarassing to some--way. I mean, telling a guy who's feeding you full of it to "go havock himself" just doesn't say it the way I want it said....

...Letters from Australians always seem to fade the rest in a lettercol. Wish there were more. For that matter if someone would print an Australian fanzine list, complete with prices and addresses, it might please a few people here in the US. Me, anyway. But maybe the mail situation prevents this? Are there many Australian fanzines?

There are currently quite a few Aussy zines, but one or two more would not be unwelcome. I'll list a few elsewhere in thisish.

JEFF SCHALLES ...Leon Taylor: Yes, yes, yes. Fandom is both Box 288, G.C.College, a Way AND a Tool for LIFE. During my short time Grove City, Pa. 16127 in fandom, I can honestly say that it has noticeably improved my relationship with life. I've met far more people (and much more interesting ones, no doubt....), been to new places, heard many new ideas, and learned how to communicate somewhat through letters and cartoons. Look at me now: if it wasn't for fandom, I doubt if I would be majoring in English, be cartoonist for the school paper, involved with students at dozens of colleges across the country, famous on campus for my eccentric activities, know how to run a mimeograph, cut a stencil, handle the post office, hitchhike to New York City, and lots of other odd things. Four years ago, I was a horribly introverted fat slob who sat around watching the boob tube all day long. NOW I'm a handsome, well-mannered speaker, intellectually suited for today's people, and I haven't watched TV (except Star Trek...) in three years. At least that's the way I look at it....

ROGER BRYANT ...Joe has mixed up his prophets. Elijah was carried off in a fiery chariot with fiery horses (II Akron, Ohio. 44306 Kings 2:11) but Ezekiel had a career of some 22

years ending in 571 B.C. or so (cf. Ezek. 29:17) and was simply not heard from again so far as is recorded. He would probably have been in his fifties at the time of his last recorded prophecy, but no fiery chariot took him away. Ezekial did have one very interesting encounter with what some have called four "flying saucers," and the description of the ETs are really something. You can read about it in the first chapter of his book. However, I have my doubts that this particular story is anything other than a religious ecstatic vision.

...about FRANKENSTEIN. First, the novel. Mary Shelley's novel pictures the Creation as hero only in the first part. In spite of those people who call FRANKENSTEIN one of the first sf stories (even if the "science" is limited to the state of the art in 1816), it has a glaring element of the occult: the Creation's surpassing ugliness. The implication of the novel is that monster's ugliness is not the result of scars and stitches and such like; the Creator remarks on the relative attractiveness of the Creation--before he animates it. But after the giving of life, the Creation takes on some unexplained aura of repulsiveness, a "mark of Cain," that makes him almost unbearable to look at. During the first part of the book the Creation is indeed the unjustly wronged Poor Devil--called into the world without his consent, etc., etc. But after the Creator refuses (and justly so, in my opinion) to make a mate for his Creation, the "monster" goes on the rampage, killing his maker's friends and relatives. Mrs. Shelley makes no effort, so far as I can see, to glorify the "monster;" she represents him as cold, implacable, inhuman evil.

So then they came to make a movie. Obviously, from the producer's point of view, there was no hope of trying to put the mark-of-Cain bit over on the public, so they made him just physically ugly. And the decision was made to drop the mate-for-the-monster plot (only to return to it in the sequel), so some other device had to be found to get the Creation into trouble.

Enter the brain. The point Sloane made in the picture was that the brain was by nature retarded, and by history criminal. Consider this interpretation: the retarded brain was placed into the Creation, and he turned out, in Paul Walker's words, to be "born asking for love, and brutalized by a world that is more monstrous than he is." So might we not infer that the poor retarded devil who owned that brain was driven to his crimes in the very same ways as the present Poor Devil? That the story merely repeated itself? And of course the Creation didn't "murder" the little girl, as Walker seems to have gathered. It was simply an uneducated misunderstanding involving floating flowers. And after the tragedy, Karloff was left stricken and uncomprehending in one of the most emotional scenes (and a non-speaking part, yet) ever filmed. No, the brain and the little girl fit right into that feel-sorry-for-the-monster routine, which was original with this film....

HARRY WARNER, JR.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, Md. 21740

Leon Taylor's fanzine writings almost always go against my grain, but that doesn't alter the fact that he's the best of the newer fanzine writers. Whatever he writes about, he conveys the impression that he's really serious about what he's saying, that he's not writing to fill up a page but rather to create an essay, and he can be vivid and original when he dwells on the most hackneyed topics or books that have already been reviewed in two dozen fanzines. There's a great deal of truth in Ostriches and a dubious basic assumption: that the person who has had the opportunity to enjoy the improvements which fandom creates has somehow a greater obligation to go into the greater world and take advantage of his new-found abilities than the much larger quantities of people who get improved in other ways. If it's wrong for the talented fan to be satisfied with publishing fifty issues of

an amateur publication, what is the guilt of the individual who spends four or more years in college and then becomes a minor official in an insurance company's offices or puts pills into glass bottles behind a drug store's pharmacy counter? The whole matter is something like the theory that everyone could become a fine artist if only his innate abilities could be released. If they were and everyone proceeded to create great art, who would look at it and where would we keep it? Exactly what jobs are all these fans to do after they stop wasting their time in fandom? How many jobs in the nation permit their holders to do substantial amounts of good for humanity in unique ways?

I don't quite understand how William Morris invented fantasy as a genre if his books are imitations of the great medieval romances, as Roger Bryant seems to say. Anyway, Mallory must have been the first famous creator of fantasy in the form of a long narrative in something resembling the English language; King Arthur's world has no more relationship to the real one than that of Howard.

Joseph Pumilia hints at a matter that hadn't occurred to me before, when he speculates about Ezekiel having been in a spaceship that went fast enough to run on a radically different time scale from that of Earth. How would a prophet react if he did come back after just two or three years of his own subjective time and find that his prophecies had been fulfilled and then realize that he had nothing left to prophesy?

No comment on the continuing SFWA charges and countercharges. I'd be the wrong person to get into the middle of the fuss anyway, since I can't understand why Betty Ballantine shouldn't pay a writer what she thinks the writer is worth and the firm can afford, even if it's different from the rates paid other writers.

Ron Clarke in the letter section accidentally hit right straight home to me. He finds the people in Yugoslavia better than the politicians and a former fan who now globetrots all over Europe in connection with his job has been trying to persuade me to choose that nation, if I should make up my mind to expatriate myself. My income would go further there than almost anywhere else, he says. I gather that much of the landscape would be close enough in appearance to western Maryland's hill country to lessen one source of homesickness. Elsewhere among the locs, I imagine that damages for loss of sexual pleasure are normally given only to married people because they are the ones who entered into a contract which implies this activity. Unless local attorneys have been pulling my leg, recent court decisions have made it possible just in the past year or two for a woman in Maryland to be awarded damages for what we delicately describe in the newspaper as "loss of services." As I understand it, up to now the husband could claim damages for this reason if either he or the wife suffered injuries or encountered a situation that prevented intercourse, or the couple could jointly seek damages, but the woman alone wasn't eligible until they began to blast down the barricades behind which the defenders of sexual discrimination were cowering. I wouldn't want to predict that fandom will proclaim Robert Moore Williams as an unsung genius but there is no reason why it shouldn't happen, if we can judge by the way reputations have changed for other pro authors. Howard was admired by only a tiny coterie for a decade or longer after his death, and it wasn't until the paperback editions started to appear that he was suddenly a big favorite. Tolkien himself was ignored by fandom for years, even after one or two fans attempted to trumpet his books' virtues. You could have polled every active fan in 1938 when I published my first fanzine and you wouldn't have found more than two or three who thought Doc Savage, The Shadow, and other recently resurged fiction better than trash. Well, I may have my chronology astray here, because I'm not certain that those two series were already popular in

1938, but at least I'm trying to get a message across.

...I rarely read science publications and almost everything you wrote about the new aphrodisiac and various birth control projects is new to me. One trivial correction: that contraceptive corn must make male pigeons ignore other pigeons rather than female pigeons in particular. As I understand it, pigeons are too stupid to be able to tell which companions belong to the opposite sex and the race of pigeons gets continued by trial and error....

GEORGE SENDA
526 O'Farrell
San Francisco, Ca. 94102

...Taylor seems to be the biggest fugghead since Stephen Pickering. (Actually, it's probably a 4-way tie between Taylor, Pickering, Spinrad and Fred Freiberger.)

Few fans can really make fandom a way of life as they did in the past. This is usually due to financial and other considerations.

I'll grant Taylor the fact that fandom is a tool and a very beneficial one at that. But a tool for life? Not by a long shot!

I'm tired of being chastised and defoliated for being a fan and for living a life that is as close to a state of FIAWOL as I'm ever gonna get.

Who is this fellow, Taylor, anyhow? I think you could benefit your readership much more by not printing any of his reactionary blatherings....

Besides, fandom is much more IMPORTANT than the New York Throughway..

NICHOLAS J. SHEARS
52 Garden Way
Northcliff Ext. 4
Johannesburg, Transv.,
Republic of South Africa

I thought your front cover was really some-thing! Tim Kirk deserved every bit of his Hugo.

...Jeff Schalles, as proved by IT'S TRUE!
IT REALLY IS, can write a helluva lot better than he can draw. Let's have more! Much more!

Terry's "Vengeance" is another story altogether. I like it. I never realized that he wrote, as well as doing fan-art....

If the fugghead was as Leon describes him (which he most certainly AIN'T!) then he wouldn't make up 30% of fandom. Not by a long chalk. I'd put it closer to 90%. How often do fen agree with one another? ...all too many fanzines merely act as public arguing platforms....

JAMES BLISH
Treetops--Woodlands Road
Harpsden, (Henley)
Oxon., England

Thanks for Moebius Trip #7, and, of course, for the kind words about "Darkside Crossing" and AFTER SUCH KNOWLEDGE. I agree that it's confusing for a trilogy to have four parts; eventually, I hope to see both BLACK EASTER

and THE DAY AFTER JUDGMENT in one volume, with the overall title of "Faust Aleph-Null." JUDGMENT has just been published in boards by Doubleday--the complete text (the Galaxy version was drastically cut), but I know of no paperback sale yet.

Nobody should bother his head over whether the black magic section sets up a proper future for A CASE OF CONSCIENCE to happen in. (For that matter, Roger Bacon didn't believe in magic either.) As the book versions (including the new DOCTOR MIRABILIS) all say, the three sections are independent of each other except for subject matter. As for that, you came pretty close with "an investigation of certain long-accepted Christian doctrines." There is just one such, and it is a doctrine not of the Church as a whole but of the mystical wing of it, put in the form of a question: Is the acquisition of secular knowledge, or even the desire for it, an evil in itself? Baines voices it indirectly in Ch. VIII of JUDGMENT.

(Double-take: The "you" I am addressing here is Roger Bryant, I realize belatedly.)

46 The new DOCTOR MIRABILIS I referred to is an American edition from

Dodd, Mead, very sumptuously produced. It's been somewhat revised, mostly in the direction of getting some language barriers out of the reader's way. I hope nobody will wait for the paperback of this one, because a paper edition looks very damn unlikely.

Of CASE, Bryant says "You're more likely to have heard of this one." I sure hope so--after all, it won a Hugo!

MIKE GLICKSOHN 267 St. George #807 Toronto 180, Ont. Canada. ...The tragedy of the novel Frankenstein is heightened of course by the fact that the "monster" is articulate and intelligent, and only his exterior is in any way monstrous. As such, the message of the book was somewhat heavy-handed. By refraining from giving the creature intelligence, the movie versions were forced to rely on the creation of emotional pathos and eventually fell back on emphasizing the bestiality of the so-called monster. But even though they were bastardized versions of the original story, the movies managed to create some powerful scenes. Son of Frankenstein in particular was able to capture the bewilderment and torment of the creature, as in the extremely effective scene in which the creature compares his own distorted features with the aristocratic face of Basil Rathbone. And the original Frankenstein itself never fails to move me with the scene in which the creature reaches pathetically for the sunlight streaming through the open skylight. It is quite in keeping with this characterization of the creature that it should mistakenly drown the little girl. Since they'd been floating flowers by tossing them in the lake, it is understandable that the monster would equally casually toss the girl into the water when the flowers ran out. Alas, I've never seen the scene, and never expect to (along with the famous missing spider from King Kong!) but as far as I'm concerned, its absence considerably weakens the film since without it we have no explanation for the (apparently) senseless murder by the creature.... Second thoughts make me wonder if that sunlight scene wasn't also from "Son of...". Do you know? *l*

l I seem to recall owning a "still" of that exact scene at one time, but can't now pin down which of the 2 movies it's from.

STEVE CARRIGAN came through with additional comments, noting that:

...New Worlds 201 dropped through the door a while back (beautifully adorned this) turning out to be a special "subscribers only" issue--it being a prelude to the much altered "New Worlds Quarterly." I don't know if you've heard but as of "202" or "New Worlds Quarterly No.1" as it will be termed the magazine will be on a general circulation, in this country through Sphere Books sometime in June this year and in the U.S. through Berkley Books during September. It will be reverting back to the paperback format seen in the pre-173 days. No. 1 will contain work by Brian Aldiss, J.G. Ballard, Thomas Disch, Keith Roberts, John Sladek, John Harrison with artwork by R. Glyn Jones and Mervyn Peake. Oh and whilst on the subject of New Worlds, in Moebius T.6 you said that I seemed to label all prose appearing in it as "literature," now you know that's just not so, I'm not that much of an imbecile (no matter what you read in Fouler), perhaps as little as 40% was even worth a second glance but some of those that were turned out to be real classics (the Acid-Head stories for instance) and I think these more than made up for the crud. But even then, only about twenty or thirty percent of sf in general is worth reading, so perhaps NW wasn't so bad after all. In any case I use the term literature in its widest sense....

W.A.H.F.: Ann Chamberlain, Phyrne Bacon, Joseph Pumilia, Lynn Hickman, Shayne McCormack and Bob Vardeman--among others.

* * * * *

DAVID GERROLD
Box 526,
Hollywood, Ca. 90028

...The only article ... I had time to read--and one which I would have made the time to read (because my name was mentioned)--was Perry Chapdelaine's.

It is a rather clear explanation of Perry's point of view and his actions involving the Anne McCaffrey rumor and I respect him for putting it forward and I thank him for being willing to do so. I only wish that he had not addressed it to me and to Mike Ward, but to all the members of SFWA.

As Perry is aware, all fan groups (including SFWA) are rife to rumor-spreading and the smart thing for any sane man to do is to check the rumor first, before leaping to the conclusion.

I had heard the rumors about Perry's letter(s) but because I did not know enough of the facts from either his side or Annie's, I simply had not made up my mind and remained an otherwise disinterested observer at that time. And to some extent, I still am--the only thing that really got a rise out of me was the idea that anyone could get \$8000 out of Betty Ballantine for a paperback novel. I suppose it's possible, but it seems to me that that's an awfully large advance--even for Annie.

However, it's not my business or Perry's or anybody else's to discuss how much any specific writer is making. It's my belief that if a writer can get a large advance, more power to him--there are few publishers who are going to pay large advances to writers who don't deliver books that justify that kind of money. Publishers are out to make a profit.

There is one thing I would like to correct Perry about. I spoke to him only once at the SFWA conference and it was in connection with signing a petition. The petition was addressed to the Worldcon committee and was a formal request from members of SFWA asking the group to restore the Novelette category to the Hugos. When I asked Perry if he wanted to sign it, he asked, "You want my signature?" as if he was surprised about it. I said something like, "Of course, you're a member of SFWA, aren't you?" That was my feeling toward Perry then, and remains my feeling today. I suspect that the person who asked him if he had anything to put on the agenda ("setting me up for something" as Perry phrased it) was not me, but Greg Benford who was running the meeting. Certainly, I would not have done that because I at that time (and still today) did not consider myself either informed or necessarily involved in the matter.

However, I am glad that Perry took the time to explain how the whole mess happened, and I hope that we can all be a little more careful in the future. After all, we are both members of SFWA, aren't we?



EDITORIAL MISCELLANY

Readers who wish to submit articles to this fanzine are herewith invited to do so. (No fiction, please; I use very little and am overstocked on it already. And if you have poetry don't send it to me, send it to Aspidistra.) It doesn't have to be something you've just now written; you might, for instance, have done something for an Apa at one time or another, something you think deserves wider circulation and approval--why not let me see it?

*

Joe Pumilia is working for the Alvin, Texas, SUN and has been writing and taking photos. He is supposed to be the current editor of the fanzine MATHOM and nextish is to feature articles, etc., about H. P.

Lovecraft. He wants such material quickly. He can still be reached at his home address: 420 West Bell, Houston, Tx. 77019. (Whether or not his new job will interfere with his work on MATHOM is unknown to me; probably not too much.)

*

I suppose I better insert this here, if only for the record (so don't accuse me of riding anyone). As I was going down to Pecon 2 the first afternoon a truck stopped in traffic just opposite me. The big word HARLAN caught my eye. I then did a double-take at what turned out to be a "cute" sign with a made-up word: c. l. / HARLAN / Garbologist.

*

If any of you are interested in joining the group of Sherlock Holmes enthusiasts known as the Baker Street Irregulars, you might write to: "Sir Hugo Baskerville," Baker Street Pub, 365 W. Monroe, Chicago, Il. 60606. (I dare say there are similar offices in other places like NY, which may be listed in phone books.)

The first Holmes movie was made in 1903. He has been portrayed in films by John Barrymore, Clive Brook, Raymond Massey, Basil Rathbone, Peter Cushing, Chris Lee, John Neville and Robert Stephens. (William Gillette held the stage role for 14 years early in the century.) And a British TV series stars Ronald Howard.

*

An offbeat local organization known as Expanding Human Awareness, Inc., has been playing around with psychic phenomena and other deviant subjects. Its members recently held workshops on three successive Saturdays--the first concerned with psychic miscellany, the second hypnosis, the third with palmistry and astrology. As is usual in these fields--as with UFOs--fact mixes with fiction, fakery with sincerity and honesty, and the gullible rub elbows with skeptics.

Concerning the three topics, I procured no data on the last two, ignoring them. Palmistry, as such, I feel is baseless; astrology, in some way not really known or understood by even its most avid devotees, may have some significance; hypnosis has been shown to have occasional merit when utilized by skilled practitioners for worthwhile purposes.

The main attraction at the psychic workshop was Olaf Jonsson, "telepath" (his "mental link-up" with an Apollo 14 astronaut was recently featured in Life). His appearance and manner of speaking are nothing exceptional, making his act seem much more authentic than if he were a glib-talking con-man with, for example, deep, mysterious-looking eyes, etc.

Jonsson stated that at the age of about 6 or 7 he found he could "make things move without touching them." (Like, he wished a glass to move and it made 3 yards.) His current demonstration was with a previously unseen deck of ESP cards; he predicted the order of the cards with only 2 misses out of 25.

Other persons included a Chicago woman who claimed that most children are psychic, losing the ability as they age; she noted that the best time for beginners to experiment is just before they're ready to drop off to sleep.

A "ghost hunter" from Chi told of his relations with spirits & with "exorcising" poltergeists; he had a collection of photos containing filmy faces and people. The whole schmear--I had to face it--was, with the exception of Jonsson, quite unexceptional. He is probably an ESP adept.



W H Y Y O U H A V E T H I S I S S U E

Jackie Franke

 We trade fanzines.

 Trade?

 Your material is included.

 You are mentioned.

 You subscribe.

 This is a sample copy (a hint).

 Your SUBSCRIPTION HAS EXPIRED --Please renew.

 A letter of comment would be appreciated.

The only back issues of Moebius Trip still available
are numbers 2, 3, 4 & 6. **+7** Price: any 3 for \$1.

Subscriptions are 3 issues for \$1, 6 issues for \$2.

Issued every 2 or 3 months.

Edward C. Connor
1805 N. Gale
Peoria, Ill. 61604. USA.