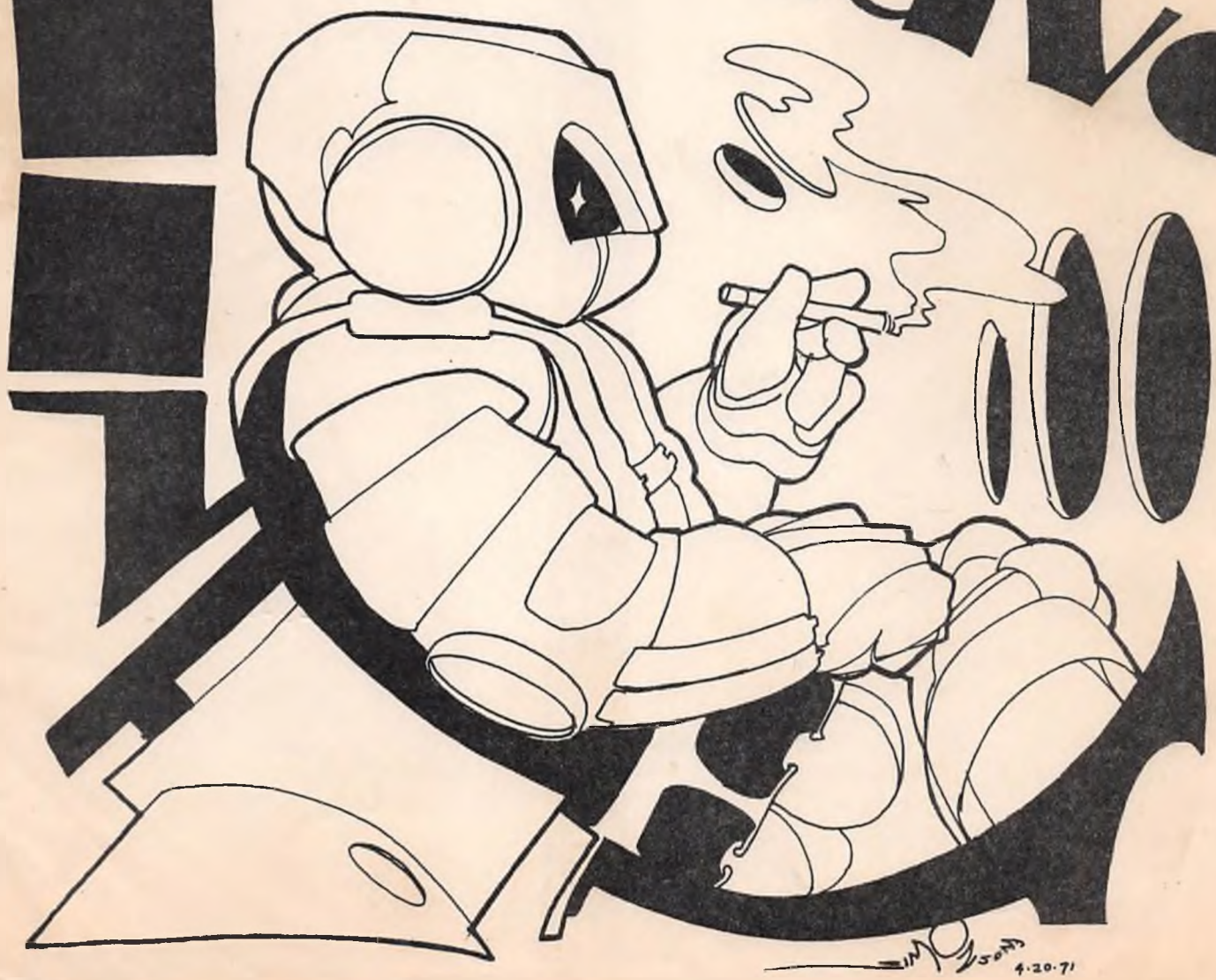
THE WSFA JOURNAL

16

'71 Disclave



T H E W S F A J O U R N A L

(The Official Organ of the Washington S. F. Association)

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1971 DISCLAVE SPECIAL

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-- DLM

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Alicia Austin -- Pages 47, 50, 55, 57 (all by offset).
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*Originally appeared in Feb. '71 issue of RÁBANOS RADIACTIVOS! (Apa L-'zine).
②Page 125 (cover) unnumbered; pages 126-134 numbered 2 through 9. Has not yet arrived as of this writing; should be offset, and may have cover by Cecilia Smith.

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In Brief --

About all we have room for here is to urge all of you to read pages 123 and 124. And to note that the views expressed by contributors to this issue do not necessacarily reflect those of the editor or the Washington S. F. Association. -- DLM

TO THE FANZINES: A LIBATION OF LOVE

by

Thomas Burnett Swann

When I was a senior at Duke University in 1950, Ray Bradbury was my literary idol and I considered The Martian Chronicles the finest book of its day. I wrote to him and, being as gracious as he was gifted, he replied at once and told me something about the difficulties of being an author. I will never forget a particular sentence in his letter: "A writer's life is by its very nature lonely...."

Now, two decades later, I can confirm his observations. Furthermore, being a writer whose books, anything but Martian Chronicles, are paperback fantasies which are never reviewed in the big magazines like TIME and rarely reviewed in the professional science fiction magazines, I can underscore lonely and follow it with an exclamation point. I chose to be a writer when I was a child; I came to fulltime writing circuitously but singlemindedly; and there is nothing that I would rather do than write. Still, there are times when ideas seem as elusive as mermaids or when a novel is finished except for the "dull mechanic exercise" of typing my fifth or sixth draft into readability for a professional typist to retype into a polished copy for submission to editors, and then the loneliness becomes as tangible as the Horla in De Maupassant's famous horror story. It is at such times that I am companioned by the fanzines.

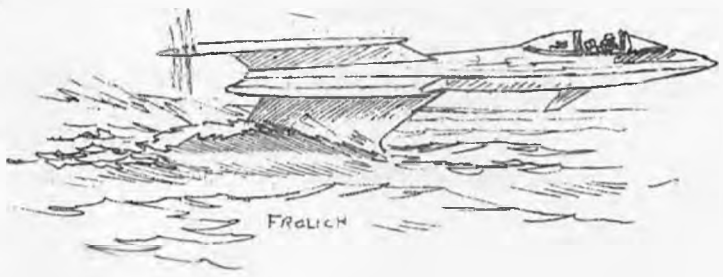
I don't mean to say that all fanzines are equally excellent or that I have read or sampled or even heard of some of them. They appear to be as various as they are numerous. One fanzine which came to me gratuitously was so bent, folded, and stapled that I bloodied my finger in getting to the contents, only to find the print faded and smudged until it was almost illegible, and what was legible was almost illiterate. I felt downright vampirized. But I subscribe to a small number of fanzines which I might describe by a phrase once applied to that indestructible poetry magazine, LYRIC: "The small brown aristocrat" (the color may vary, but not the aristocracy). The editors, reviewers, and readers of these magazines accept my books for what they are, microcosms and not macrocosms, adult fairy tales and not attempted epics, and judge them in view of their limited aims. Sometimes I fail, sometimes I succeed, and it is not only gratifying, it is instructive, to have my failures and successes pointed out to me by those who choose their books for the characters between the covers and not the naked women on the covers.

What is a good fanzine? A balanced and organized collection of reviews, dialogues, letters, editorials, and perhaps stories, poems, or pictures, the best of which are professional, the least of which are brisk and spontaneous. But it is more than that, it is a presence, a companion, a friend. The typical early Roman imagined himself to be companioned by an invisible genius or tutelary spirit. Instead of a genius, I have genii, and I don't conjure them from altars, I lift them affectionately out of my mail box. If I spill no offerings of milk or wine, if I sacrifice neither calf nor lamb, I nevertheless offer the libation of love and gratitude.

But I still receive much more than I return: an antidote to loneliness.

* * * * * * * *

COME ON IN, SHUT THE DOOR,
AND VOTE FOR D. C. IN '74!



F O S S I L

What a creature this!
Shape so strange, limbs so curious,
Doubtful voyager marooned upon this beach
Of your drafty mausoleum of a world,
How were you named?
Fellow, you are old, old; you would not know
That wan and drowsy lamp that lights you now
For the gaudy sentinel of your youth;
And you would panic to behold
What far-called hosts have seized your remembered night,
To fan its skies with alien constellations.
Some rumor of your folk's past fame I've gleaned,
Clear prologue to its muddled postscript here.
A restless legend told to broody Chance,
All of clangors and misplaced vanity,
Enshrined with pomp against Time's acid breath,
Repeats a theme as worn as prophecy.
Stale saga! 'Tis no more
Than a calendar of commemorated strife,
With one last vacant space that shouts
The triumph of perfect self-destruction.
Stranger, I feel a stir of kinship
For this patient relic of your one-time self.
How may that be? Were this hour met with you in life,
Scant show of homely courtesies
Would serve to mark its passing.
We have come a mighty way, to visit you here;
But could you speak now,
I deceive me not as to the message of your greeting.
"To arms!" would you cry; and I, sympathize:
That is the way of it in the thousand worlds.
For peace remains the absence of frustration,
And all things that live, live frustrated and at war.
Yet from the selfsame primal stuff
Were our separate atoms spun:
Who knows but that some mutual bridging dream was ours?
A common ear for uncommon harmonies
Soothing over pettier discords,
And suffering both wisdom and ambition,
To check this ceaseless panting after ruin.
But there, mum sir, I share your skeptic mood;
Reason's an exotic spice, too rich for thought's digesting,
And better left untasted while we gorge
Our brute familiarities....
Your chill and dusty couch I'll also share,
Soon mimic the toppled, ended all of you;
And in my turn surrender up this shell
To puzzle unborn tinkerers.
So be it.
Nor would I wish to contest with you
This nightward limping mote,
Or yonder sullen star. Keep them.
Sleep, Earthman.

-- James Ellis

BONSAI IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

by James R. Newton

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Most fanciers who want to read about bonsai look to publications authored by other bonsai fanciers who are knowledgeable on the subject through experience or training. In other words, "look to the expert" is the usual advice, and there are a goodly number of books and articles written by both amateurs and professionals with bonsai expertise.

But once in a while you stumble across the subject of bonsai in a totally unexpected, or even unlikely, place. A place which can't be called an expert source by any stretch of the imagination. Yet it presents the subject so well, or in such a different light, that somehow a deeper understanding results.

Would you believe bonsai in the GALAXY MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE FICTION?

Believe it. The February 1970 issue (which I just recently got around to reading) includes a story by Theodore Sturgeon, well-known science fiction writer and an acknowledged "old master" in that literary genre, titled "Slow Sculpture". It's a story that deals with a young woman's gradual mastery of her terror over cancer and the slow acceptance that she has been, in fact, cured by a one-shot injection by a brilliant but bitter non-medical scientist. It is easy to see the allegorical comparison of this mental "slow sculpturing" to a bonsai's gradual growth.

When the scientist seeks solace from self-doubts, he contemplates his bonsai. Here's how Sturgeon puts it:*

> "He came out into the entrance court and contemplated his bonsai.
>
> "Early sun gold-frosted the horizontal upper foliage of the old tree and brought its gnarled limbs into sharp relief, tough brown-gray creviced in velvet. Only the companion of a bonsai (there are owners of bonsai but they are a lesser breed) fully understands the relationship. There is an exclusive and individual treeness to the tree because it is a living thing and living things change--and there are definite ways in which the tree desires to change. A man sees the tree and in his mind makes certain extensions and extrapolations of what he sees and sets about making them happen. The tree in turn

---

*This, and subsequent quotes, from GALAXY, February 1970, reprinted with permission from Universal Publishing and Distributing Corporation, New York, New York.

will do only what a tree can do, will resist to the death any attempt to do what it cannot do or to do it in less time than it needs. The shaping of a bonsai is therefore always a compromise and always a co-operation. A man cannot create bonsai, nor can a tree. It takes both and they must understand one another. It takes a long time to do that. One memorizes one's bonsai, every twig, the angle of every crevice and needle and, lying awake at night or in a pause a thousand miles away, one recalls this or that line or mass, one makes one's plans. With wire and water and light, with tilting and with the planting of water-robbing weeds or heavy, root-shading ground cover, one explains to the tree what one wants. And if the explanation is well enough made and there is great enough understanding the tree will respond and obey--almost.

"Always there will be its own self-respecting, highly individual variation: 'Very well, I shall do what you want, but I will do it my way.' And for these variations the tree is always willing to present a clear and logical explanation and, more often than not (almost smiling), it will make clear to the man that he could have avoided it if his understanding had been better.

"It is the slowest sculpturing in the world, and there is, at times, doubt as to which is being sculpted, man or tree.

"So he stood for perhaps ten minutes, watching the flow of gold over the upper branches, and then went to a carved wooden chest, opened it, shook out a length of disreputable cotton duck. He opened the hinged glass at one side of the atrium and spread the canvas over the roots and all the earth to one side of the trunk, leaving the rest open to wind and water. Perhaps in a while--a month or two--a certain shoot in the topmost branch would take the hint and the uneven flow of moisture up through the cambium layer would nudge it away from that upward reach and persuade it to continue the horizontal passage. And perhaps not--and it would need the harsher language of binding and wire. But then it might have something to say too, about the rightness of an upward trend and would perhaps say it persuasively enough to convince the man--altogether, a patient, meaningful, and rewarding dialogue."

Not only is this a beautifully sensitive piece of writing, but it is very instructional for a neophyte bonsai-dabbler like me. The use of canvas, if a valid technique--and I'm willing to trust Sturgeon's knowledge and integrity--is intriguing to say the least. If nothing else, reading about it has fired me to do more digging into bonsai techniques.

Even more intriguing is the revelation that sensitive people are themselves enriched by working with bonsai. Perhaps this is how old-hand bonsai growers feel. Perhaps it's something some people know intuitively. I have to admit, however, that this never occurred when I decided to try my hand at bonsai.

Later in the story the scientist expresses his bitterness at what he considers a fraudulent society. The young lady, by now convinced of her cure, chides him for his attitude, saying that if he hasn't the right answer for life, then perhaps he's not asking the right question that will evoke the right answer? Here's her reply:

"Oh, I can't tell you that! All I know is that the way you do something, where people are concerned, is more important than what you

do. If you want results, I mean--you already know how to get what you want with the tree, don't you?"

"I'll be damned."

"People are living, growing things, too. I don't know a hundredth part of what you do about bonsai but I do know this--when you start one, it isn't often the strong, straight healthy ones you take. It's the twisted sick ones that can be made the most beautiful. When you get to shaping humanity, you might remember that."

Then, as the two of them turn toward each other, he admits any close human relationship scares him and he doesn't know how to handle it. She, Eve-wise, says:

"You do it by watering one side, or by turning it just so to the sun. You handle it as if it were a living thing, like a species or a woman or a bonsai. It will be what you want it to be if you let it be itself and take the time and the care."

After absorbing this very universal truth, I have a feeling both myself and my bonsai will be the better for Theodore Sturgeon's "Slow Sculpture".

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE FUTURE IS UPON US: FRANKENSTEIN DEPT.
by Alexis Gilliland

Frankenstein, as you may recall, was a being created by patching together bits and pieces of dead bodies. As we learn more, it seems we can do less, but a start, at least, has been made in this direction by Dr. James F. Danielli, S.U.N.Y. at Buffalo.

Working with amoebas, Dr. Danielli killed one by surgically removing the nucleus and the cytoplasm, leaving only the empty hide. This was then shot full of cytoplasm from a second amoeba and the nucleus from a third. Tiny electrodes were inserted in the neck of the amoeba...no, actually, "a relatively large proportion" of the reconstituted critters survived without more ado, and after about ten days or so began to reproduce. Now, 20 generations later, the Frankenstein strain of amoebas is well-established.

Amoebas also have rejection problems. When all three amoebas were from the same species, chances of surviving surgery were of 80%. With two or three different species, chances dropped to less than 1%...although two cross-strain amoebas did establish themselves. What next? Dr. Danielli is looking for continued funding, but there are reports that he has been offered a technical advisor's job for the movie The Amoeba That Ate Manhattan.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT
(Author Unknown)

All those who smoke fusees*
Grow weak by slow degrees,
Brainless as chimpanzees,
Meager as lizards,
Go mad and beat their wives;
Then after shocking lives
Plunge daggers and carving knoves
Into their gizzards!
Are there any other reasons to stop smoking?
Ask your American Cancer Society.

*"Fusees" was slang for cigarettes a half-century ago.

THE PERILS OF PRETTY POLLY NOMIAL

(author unknown*)

Once upon a time (1/t) pretty little Polly Nomial was walking across a field of vectors, when she came to the edge of a singular sparse matrix.

Now Polly was convergent, and her mother had made it an absolute condition that she must never enter such an array without her brackets on. Polly, however, who had changed her variables that morning and was feeling particularly badly-behaved, ignored this condition on the grounds that it was insufficient, and made her way amongst the complex elements.

Rows and columns enveloped her on all sides. Tangents approached her surface. She became tensor and tensor. Quite suddenly, three branches of a hyperbola touched her at a single point. She oscillated violently, lost all sense of directrix and went completely divergent. As she reached a turning point, she tripped over a square root which was protruding from the Erf and plunged headlong down a steep gradient. When she was differentiated once more, she found herself, apparently alone, in a non-Euclidean space.

She was being watched, however. That smooth operator, Curly Pi, was lurking inner product. As his eyes devoured her curvilinear coordinates, a singular expression crossed his face. Was she still convergent?, he wondered. He decided to integrate improperly at once.

Hearing a vulgar fraction behind her, Polly turned round and saw Curly Pi approaching with his power series extrapolated. She could see at once, by his degenerate conic and his dissipative terms, that he was bent on no good.

"Eureka," she gasped.

"Ho, ho!" he said. "What a symmetric little polynomial you are. I can see you're bubbling over with secs."

"O sir," she protested, "keep away from me. I haven't got my brackets on."

"Calm yourself, my dear," said our suave operator, "your fears are purely imaginary."

"I, I," she thought. "Perhaps he's homogeneous then."

"What order are you?" the brute demanded.

"Seventeen," replied Polly.

Curly leered. "I suppose you've never been operated on yet?" he asked.

"Of course not," polly cried indignantly. "I'm absolutely convergent."

"Come, come," said Curly. "Let's go off to a decimal place I know and I'll take you to the limit."

"Never," gasped Polly.

"Exchlf!" he swore, using the vilest oath he knew. His patience was gone. Coshing her over the coefficient with a log until she was powerless, Curly removed her discontinuities. He stared at her significent places and began smoothing her points of inflexion. Poor Polly. All was up. She felt his hand tending to her asymptotic limit. Her convergence would soon be gone forever.

There was no mercy, for Curly was a heavyside operator. He integrated by parts. He integrated by partial fractions. The complex beast even went all the way round and did a contour integration. What an indignity! Tp be multiply connected on her first integration! Curly went on operating until he was absolutely and completely orthogonal.

When Polly got home that evening, her mother noticed that she had been truncated in several places. But it was too late to differentiate now. As the months went by, Polly increased monotonically. Finally, she generated a small but pathological function which left surds all over the place until she was driven to distraction.

The moral of our sad story is this----If you want to keep your expressions convergent, never allow them a single degree of freedom.

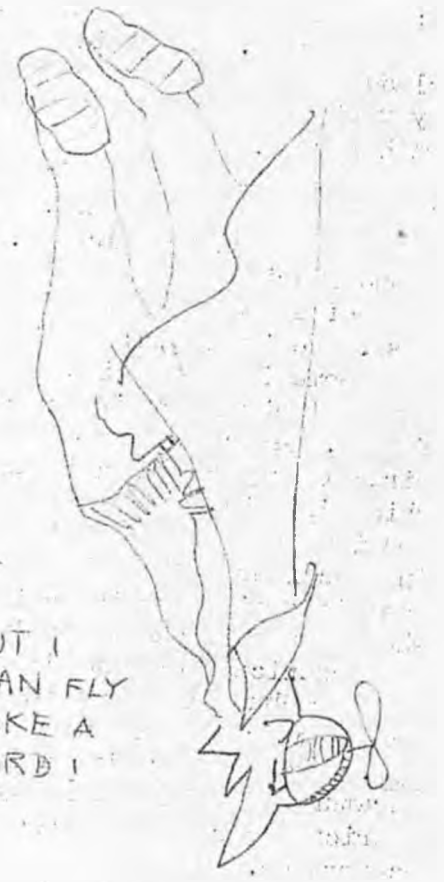
---

*Apparently found on the floor of a JPL lab by a UCLA professor. Passed on to TWJ by Burt Randolph.

STANISLAW LEM AND SOLARIS (Continued from THE WSFA JOURNAL #74)

II. The Author (Continued) --

In TWJ #74, we gave you a review of Solaris by David A. Halterman (Part I), and, in the first part of Part II, a brief biography of Lem, and a long article, "Two Sides of Stanislaw Lem", reprinted from S F COMMENTARY #9. At that time we promised to conclude Part II with a reprint, from S F COMMENTARY #12, of "You Must Pay for Any Progress: An Interview with the Polish S F Writer Stanislaw Lem". Since then, however, we have received, from our Latvian Translator, Dainis Bisenieks, the first (as far as we are aware) English translation of another Lem interview; and we have been promised further translated material on Lem. So we shall print the new material here, along with one or two additional reviews of SOLARIS, and shall hold the S F COMMENTARY reprint (and the additional Lem material, which has not yet arrived), until TWJ #77.



AN INTERVIEW WITH STANISLAW LEM

Translated from a Latvian translation
by Dainis Bisenieks

(This interview, conducted by S. Larin, originally appeared in the Russian periodical VOPROSI LITERATURI ("Questions of Literature"). A correspondent sent me this translation from a Soviet Latvian periodical, title and date unknown, but probably LITERATŪRA UN MĀKSLA ("Literature and Art"). Several of Lem's works have been published in Latvia: so far, Solaris, The "Invincible" and The Petaur Hunt (a series of stories about Pilot Pirx). Unlike this interview, they have undergone only one translation.

The Latvian (and Russian) word I have translated as "science fiction" is fantastika--which may of course, unless qualified as "scientific", also include fantasy. I might point out that we have no word in popular use corresponding to "fiction" and that for other terms, such as "literature", it is not always possible to use a word of the same derivation.)

Q: Allow me to start with the traditional question: what are you writing at the moment?

A: I have just handed over to my publishers a new work, which will appear soon--Science Fiction and Futurology. It is a theoretical work on the science fiction novel. Before getting to work on it, I read a whole mountain of the works of Western science fiction authors.

Q: What was your motive for doing so? Are you by any chance thinking of giving up science fiction and just writing critical works about the genre?

A: I have no intention of giving up science fiction. What was my motive for writing such a book? There are several reasons. First of all, I have always

been interested in works of literary criticism which deal with some branch of literature. I have recently written one such work--Philosophy of Chance. It was a sort of preface to Science Fiction and Futurology. Second, I as a science fiction writer was interested in the question: why isn't the genre taken seriously?

Once, when I was leafing through a thick volume, History of American Literature, I began thinking about the problem, and it seemed to me quite puzzling. In this basic reference work, on which a number of American literary critics collaborated, a lot of second-rate writers of the 18th to 20th centuries are mentioned. Only for the writers of science fiction was there no place. Not even Bradbury was there. This interested me. Not everything could be explained by the prejudice that academic critics have against science fiction. Apparently it's a more serious matter.

Q: And what conclusions did you come to in your book?

A: I must admit that in several respects my conclusions didn't turn out to be too cheerful. Analyzing the works of American science fiction authors, I concluded that they have a number of stereotypes which are used with minor changes by various authors. Attempts to find new subjects or to feel out new paths are rather rare.

Don't think that I'm rejecting American science fiction as a whole. It has its masters of the genre. Bradbury, for example. It's true that he doesn't write only science fiction. Alongside the science fiction in his books can be found stories that are sf only in part or not at all. What's more, Bradbury is more of a poet than a science fiction writer. This is his strength and weakness. He is the slave of his inspiration.

Sometimes he writes a marvelously powerful work as though by instinct. Think of his story "There Will Come Soft Rains". A scene in a dead city of the future, destroyed by H-bombs. Among the heaps of ruins, a single house has miraculously remained intact. It is dark, but a number of "intelligent machines", which under normal circumstances lighten the work load of their owners, continue to perform their duties: the automatic stove makes breakfast, the cleaning machines polish the already spotless floors, a tape-recorded voice reminds that it's time for the children to go to school. Soon this house too perishes when a curtain accidentally catches fire, since without human aid this complex of mechanical servants is powerless to resist the flames....

Bradbury is less successful as a writer of social science fiction, when he tries to present a future world in depth, as for example in the novel Fahrenheit 451. One can perceive a frightening symbol in the very title. It is the temperature at which paper catches fire, at which books burn. And in the future America portrayed by Bradbury, the burning of printed works is an everyday occurrence.

And still Bradbury's symbolism didn't seem to me effective enough. Reading his novel, I thought about other things. I remembered how during the years of fascist occupation (I lived in Lvov at the time), I witnessed how the Hitlerites burned not only books, but people. And I thought how the sad realities of the recent past surpassed by a large factor the predictions of the American science fiction writer.

It may well be that my approach to this novel is very subjective, but I love and respect Bradbury the writer of short stories considerably more than Bradbury the novelist.

My observations in brief: science fiction is gradually degenerating. Think: how science fiction started with such writers as Wells, a writer and philosopher--but then it started narrowing its compass, closing in on itself. For example, I once had occasion to read a whole volume of the letters of H.G. Wells. The author of War of the Worlds exchanged letters with many noted literary figures of his day. He had many points of contact with other writers. Today there are hardly any such contacts between those who write science fiction and those who don't.

Q: It turns out that the academics aren't neglecting science fiction without reason.

A: I don't think so. It's always more useful to analyze a new phenomenon than to ignore it.

My book is such an attempt to find my bearings in the "community" of modern science fiction. I've analyzed Western science fiction works, assessing their contribution to human understanding and, of course, not neglecting esthetic values.

Q: Did this book help you as a science fiction writer?

A: By and large my standpoint remains the same. My labors in literary theory did not provide me with a magic key that would unlock all the secrets of the art of science fiction. The difficulties and doubts I had--without which there can be no creation--have remained with me.

To me, science fiction is not an end in itself, but a means, a technique of learning about the nature of man. Just as the scientist of today gets the most precise results under artificially controlled conditions, so the construction of a science fiction novel helps me better to understand what is happening on Earth.

Q: So in the sphere of science fiction you are, so to speak, a realist?

A: Yes, if you want to put it that way. But I'm a realist who constructs models of the problems of real life, but does not portray life-as-he-sees-it in a naturalistic way.

From this viewpoint, my latest sf novel, The Voice, may also be considered realistic. It is a novel of reflections about today's world. I wanted to show man's encounter with another form of cosmic intelligence. To show how this form of intelligence in turn responds to human relationships. But of course human relationships are not the concern of science fiction only.

Q: Tell us about this novel: how did the ideas come to you, what difficulties arose in the course of writing it?

A: The original idea came to me in a perfectly generalized form. Men receive signals of some kind from the stars, and a group of scientists works on decoding them.

I began to write of my protagonist in the third person--the novelist's traditional practice. I wrote a fair quantity of material. But then I had the feeling that something wasn't quite right. Let me note that this is my practice: if something doesn't satisfy me, I never try to rewrite. I throw out the unsuccessful episode and start anew. I had to think a while about this: what was the cause of my failure?

Generally my protagonist is a man of my own age. So the heroes of my books have been aged 30...35...40. This way, I could most easily perceive my falseness in the hero's actions. But this time I wanted to transgress my rule. All right, I thought, I'll make him sixty years old. Let him tell his own story.

The result was an enormous advantage for me. I was freed from the necessity of portraying the minor details of life, since the book is set in America, where I have never been.

Nevertheless, this form of narrative did put some restrictions on me. My hero, Professor Hogarth, is a mathematician. Therefore, he can't describe everything like a literary man. But never mind, I told myself. He'll do a lot of thinking. After all, he's a scientist. He gets a number of serious ideas which aren't all in the realm of mathematics. Naturally he can't stray too far from the narrative line in his notes. But it's perfectly logical that he would think about what was going on in the world.

In this way I wrote approximately half of the novel. But then other kinds of problems came up. How could I give the reader some idea of the complexity of the problem of decoding the "message from the stars" without oversimplifying it? But I overcame this stumbling block. I thought: my mathematician will not deal in his notes with narrow technical problems, but will write about matters of general interest which people can understand.

Giving a rendition of Hogarth's notes was subordinated to the main task. I was interested in the problems of decoding the "message from the stars" and the difficulties that would arise in translating it into a human language. As long as I kept to a strict documentary prose style, I felt I was on firm ground. Once you violate this principle, next thing you know you're writing about some kind of talking mushrooms, and so on.

Q: Has this ever happened to you?

A: When I recently re-read my earlier novel Return From the Stars (1961) while preparing a new edition, I felt quite clearly that I had departed from my rule in several places.

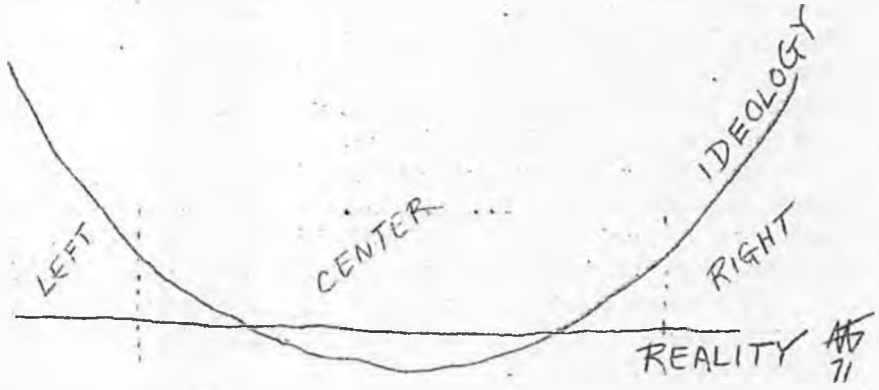
The theme of Return From the Stars is the conflict between an astronaut who has returned from a prolonged space voyage and the rest of humanity--since several generations have passed on Earth.

I understood that the gulf between my protagonist and the inhabitants of Earth had become so deep that it was scarcely to be bridged. In explaining it, I had to find some way in which my hero was different. So in my novel I came up with the concept of "betrization".

With the aid of "betrization", a special surgical procedure, the people of Earth were freed from all their aggressive instincts. Of course my hero, who hadn't been treated, differed from the rest of humanity. So this "betrization" should have emphasized his individual character. But as it turned out, I got diverted from the main problem. What's more, I saved my hero at the end and let him enjoy happiness with the woman he loved. An important social conflict had been replaced by a love relationship.

Another reason why the denouement was simplified was that I had only the most general conception of my principal idea when I got to work on the novel. I like Return From the Stars even today for some of the interesting inventions in it--but I mention it in order to stress that in science fiction ideas by themselves mean nothing. Sometimes the most ingenious notion can be set out on one fourth of a page, while an initially unpromising idea can grow into a novel.

It's true that while I'm searching not everything depends on me--some elements of the story simply come to me. This happened, for example, in the writing of Edem (sic) and Solaris. I did not know what awaited Kris Kelvin on Solaris--I only knew that something would happen there, that something was continuously terrorizing the crew of the space station.



Q: So you are a "slave of inspiration"?

A: No! But one mustn't be too strict in forcing oneself to write. It's best to wait till there's an inner necessity, a feeling that one must start on a new

science fiction novel. And every time one must believe in one's ability and in the story one is writing. Then everything will be all right. It's like a driving force. Of course, this kind of heightened creativity isn't continuous. And even though I'm a rationalist in my beliefs, I don't follow the methods of a rationalist in my work--I don't use a plan, a scheme laid out in advance.

As I said--if I see that it isn't working out, I throw the work away and make a new start, since I believe that a story must be written "at one go".

From outside it's difficult to tell which of my books were written "at one go" and which were written by stages, in several parts. For example, I have met some readers who expressed the belief that Terminus was written as a unit. That's not true. In the beginning it was divided into several parts which wouldn't fit together in any way. And then I struggled with the ending for a long time. I wrote several conclusions before finding one that satisfied me.

Anyway, a writer's failures can tell him a great deal. Once I had thought of a story about a robot. The story took place in the distant future, when people, having exterminated all wild animals, had created synthetic ones so they could hunt them. The protagonist of the story was such a robot, telling his own story.

The story wouldn't turn out right no matter how much I tried. In the end, after I'd given up on it, I started looking for the cause of my failure. The error was apparently in the fact that the robot was my narrator. Thereby he took on the characteristics of a man--a hunted, persecuted man. In this way I quite unintentionally made him a sympathetic character, though I had meant him to be the most cunning and treacherous of all mechanical creatures.

Speaking of ideas, it's important not to forget another matter: namely, the readers. I've always been concerned with the problem--who is interested in the stuff I write, anyway? What do I want to tell them? If the basic idea is trivial, if you have nothing to say, the situation won't be saved by any colossal ideas.

Q: Please tell us, how and why you became a science fiction writer. You made your debut as a writer in precisely this field with the story "The Man From Mars" in 1946. But your personal experiences were of the fascist occupation and the Resistance movement with which you were involved. This experience was the basis of your second novel, Time Not Lost. Can you explain why you did not continue on this other path but returned to science fiction and wrote the novel The Astronauts instead?

A: I find it difficult to give a precise answer to the question why I became a science fiction writer. Of course, I could say that from my childhood I had been fascinated by the novels of Verne and Wells, especially since it was a real fascination. What's more, during the days of the fascist occupation in Lvov I wrote the story "The Man From Mars", which our family read in the evenings, but nobody, not even myself, accepted it as....

The Astronauts was another matter. In the early '50's I was living at the Artists' House in Zakopane and "polishing up" my novel Time Not Lost. In my free time I went mountain climbing. On these excursions I was frequently accompanied by one of my neighbors at the Artists' House. We got to talking about science fiction, and my companion said it was a pity that there was no science fiction in Poland. I answered, that the indifference of our publishers toward the genre was to blame. If only the publishers would show some interest, the writers would appear.

Before long I went home to Cracow and forgot this little discussion. Some time passed, and suddenly I got a contract from a publisher in Warsaw. It was signed by my erstwhile companion at Zakopane, who as it turned out was the director of the publishing house. All I had to do was to fill in the name of the novel and sign. I inserted the title The Astronauts, though I had no novel nor even any idea for one.

So the appearance of The Astronauts (which I consider my literary debut) could be considered pure chance. It would have been more logical to return to the theme of the Occupation and to write a few more works similar to Time Not Lost. But I found it rather boring to repeat myself, especially since my experiences of the Occupation were the basis of a three-volume novel. In science fiction, too, I don't like to write variations on old themes. Anyway, I'm more fond of literary experiments. And science fiction is my forte--I feel at ease in it. But even that is not the main point: a writer simply heeds his inner voice and goes where his talent beckons.

Q: How do you go about your work?

A: I already said, that I am not a rationalist. This means that I make no plans or notes for my work. It's true that at one time I had different methods. I was fascinated by all sorts of embellishments. I looked for aphorisms in old books and tried to make my heroes "shine" in their use of language. This is still noticeable in The Cloud of Magellan. At length I came to understand that such tricks are superfluous. The important and essential thing is the main idea of the book, not its style.

I am most productive in the month of June. I usually spend it at Zakopane, at the Artists' House. It's the quiet season there: it's raining and nobody is there. There's nobody and nothing to distract you from your work. And I work nine to ten hours at a stretch. Sometimes I write 20-30 pages. Of course, that's just the rough draft. I will rewrite it two or three times and then I'll put it in the drawer for a few months. For the time being, it's just raw material, but that is precisely what I need, since at home in Cracow I can't devote myself wholly to my work. There are constant distractions: the phone, problems of everyday life, visitors, etc.

So I lay in a winter store, or raw material for my craft. With that, the greatest part of my labor is done....

* * * *

III. The Book (revisited) (reviewed by James R. Newton) --

Solaris: A science fiction novel by Stanislaw Lem, translated from French by Joanna Kilmartin and Steve Cox. Walker & Company. 216 pages. $4.95.

This is Mr. Lem's first novel to be translated into English. Little-known in this country, he is touted by Darko Suvin, Professor of English at McGill University in Montreal, self-styled specialist in science fiction and author of an afterword to this book, as THE Polish science fiction author. How germane that is to a consideration of this novel's quality, each reader will have to determine for himself.

Solaris puts too much attention on philosophical tenets, a la Lem, the exposition of which is obviously the prime purpose motivating the author's pen. He has a Message, but fails to communicate it by his replicate tendency to explain too much, too minutely, too often. Part of this major fault may lie in translation, always a potential deterrent to understanding across ethnic and cultural boundaries.

A world with a semi- or pseudo-sentient ocean (which is one aspect never really made clear) makes an unusual backdrop for Dr. Kris Kelvin's search for meaning in a universe that contains disparate levels of consciousness, understanding and mutual awareness. In the process he experiences the most threatening challenge a man can face--himself.

In most respects Solaris is a well-told story. Unfortunately, Mr. Lem is not a resolutionist. Kelvin seeks, experiences, analyzes and draws some very tentative conclusions. But the book arrives at no realization of any meaning, no solution to any problem, no resolution of any condition. Erudite though author Lem may be, he is nevertheless a philosopher dangler.

And that's how the reader is left.

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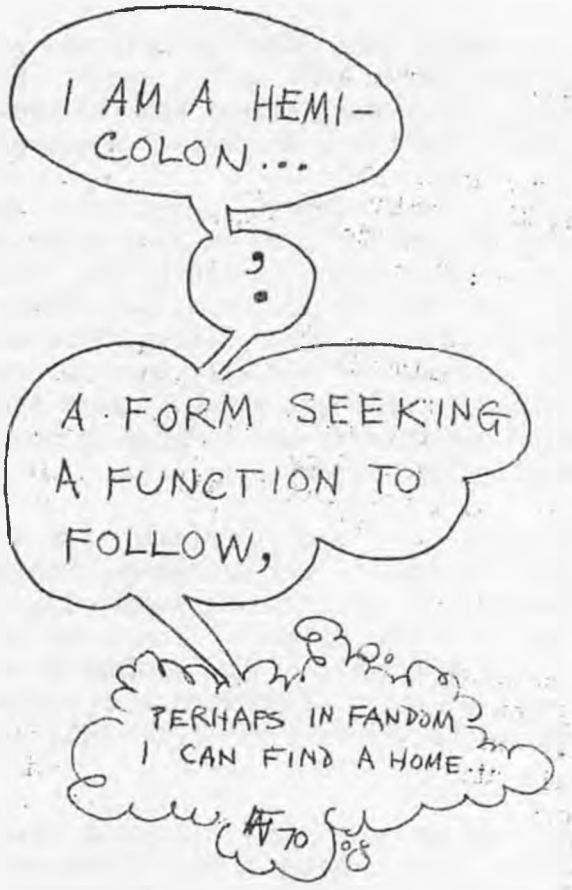

1971 NEBULA AWARDS BANQUET --
NEW YORK

by Jay Kay Klein

Unlike previous years, there were some preliminaries to the banquet itself. President Gordon Dickson had engaged a suite at the Algonquin to serve as a combination meeting and press room. At one p.m. on Saturday, April 3, a group of SFWA members gathered there for informal partying. Audrey and Harvey Bilker had brought up a large variety of substantial hors d'oeuvres from Philadelphia. A bottle of scotch and some ice were added to these.

In addition to Gordy and the Bilkers, Damon and Kate Knight, Tom Purdom, Jim Gunn, Ben Bova, Harry Harrison, Ted Cogswell, and George Zebrowski were early arrivals. Bill Desmond and a pile of video tape equipment came soon after, and he first ran off some interviews he'd done with SFWA members, and then taped others in the privacy of Gordy's room.

Excusing myself at 5:30 to prepare photo equipment for the banquet, I discovered to my horror that my "fresh" photo battery was dead. I literally ran to a photo store, and beat on its closed doors. The employees interrupted their cashing up, and let me in to purchase a new battery.

As a result of all this amusement, I reached Les Champs, traditional site of the banquet, later than intended. The set-up was different from previous years, with the bar moved to a different area of the banquet floor. As usual, though, the crush of bodies around the cash bar ($1.50 per drink) was severe. Most of the men were dressed in ordinary attire, with only a few, such as Harry Harrison and Harlan Ellison, dressed formally. On the other hand, Ted Cogswell was arrayed in clerical vest and collar.

Everyone was trying to greet everyone else, in which I joined though somewhat handicapped by trying to provide photo coverage at the same time. I must say that photography militates against long conversations. Harlan introduced me to his date, a very young lady from Philadelphia. I said, "Only one girl this time?" Harlan replied, "Don't start, Jay Kay!"

Nebula winner Roger Zelazny was there, and I took a good look at his chin in order to report to Ed Ferman. Ed anxiously asked me if Roger was with or without a beard. "Without", I replied. He was relieved, since a forthcoming issue of F&SF will have a beardless portrait of Roger on the back cover. Ed

had wondered whether to ask me for a bearded or beardless photo. It's hard to keep up with science fiction fashions.

Naturally, Isaac Asimov was on hand, spreading good cheer to half the gathering. He was even to ge a step further and kiss Harlan full on the mouth. He explained that Harlan has such a reputation as a tremendous kisser that he wanted to discover the magic for himself. His report: "Nothing, absolutely nothing!"

Editors Ejler Jakobsson, Judy-Lynn del Rey, Don Wollheim, Terry Carr, Ted White, Andy Porter, Hans Santesson, and Betty Ballantine were on hand to keep an eye on the writers. SFWA members, of course, were present in nearly full force. A very partial list includes Arthur Clarke, Joe and Jack Haldeman, J.R. Pierce, Gene Wolfe, Bob Silverberg, Frank Long, Dick Wilson, George Scithers, Sprague de Camp, Ray Gallun, Sonya Dorman, and Kate Maclean. All in all, some 106 persons were there, according to Barbara Silverberg. This was about 15 less than last year's all-time high. The dinner tables were larger and arrayed in more compact fashion, so the number appeared smaller than it actually was.

The new arrangement made for some confusion on my part in picking out a good seat for photographic purposes. I wound up next to Arthur Clarke, who said he picked the spot for the same reason. However, it seems we chose poorly, since the waiters used our area as a main aisle to the kitchen. There was much table hopping to exchange greetings, and I took advantage of the confusion to take photos of the various tables. In between snatches of conversation, photography, and dodging waiters, I did full justice to the very excellent bill of fare, featuring filet in bordelaise sauce.

Service was much better than last year, and at 9:30 master of ceremonies Lester del Rey felt it was time to start the program. After a bit of humorous byplay revolving around last year's jape by Isaac concerning Barbara Silverberg's alleged state of bralessness, Lester got very serious. In fact, he became downright deadly. He began, "I'm an ex-member with prejudice." He had resigned after SFWA allegedly put its weight behind an attack on John Campbell by one of its members.

The tenor of Lester's remarks was to be that SFWA is tearing itself apart with factionalism, and he was to deride not only the factions, but also the resulting inactions and inanities. With copious sarcasm, the speaker went through the latest SFWA BULLETIN, demolishing the importance of all the items in it, and stating that only one thing of substance was to be found--the renumbering of the volume numbers because of an initial error.

In particular, the attempt by some full-time writers to throw out part-time writers drew Lester's most bitter choice of language. This was employed in quiet, deliberate manner, such that the delivery was at complete odds with the contents, though Lester displayed a complete range of facial expressions denoting displeasure, disgust, and despair. He asked, "What is a pro?", and answered it, to laughter, with "A streetwalker". Then he followed this with another definition, "A member of a profession making a living from it." If this last were employed by SFWA, there would scarcely be anyone in the organization.

Lester moved on to the various good works performed by SFWA. He mentioned the bookmarks, which he said were quite nice. But he contended that the organization needed more publicity than just this single item could provide. "You're too damn cheap to hand out free press passes." He said that as a result the awards banquet had no gentlemen of the press present and would receive no publicity. In fact, in an article on science fiction in TIME a couple of weeks back, there was no mention of SFWA at all. As a starting point, the TIME reporter had

interviewed various editors, and what they had to say--not the writers--formed the bulk of the article's contents.

Continuing the sarcasm, Lester said that he had always admired Swift's "Modest Proposal", and would make a similar one for SFWA. He suggested that the organization split into two parts. One section would be for "Artists", who could meet a long list of "requirements", such as having read at least one science fiction story. This group would pay very high membership fees, say, $100 a year--obviously, they are worth more than "mere hacks". The other group would be regular writers, who would pay $10 a year, with associate members paying $5.

Les concluded, telling the audience that he wanted to end with the kindest thing he could say: "Deep in my heart, I admire and respect you." Whether this were sarcasm or not, only Lester could tell, and the applause that came was polite but subdued. At the 1968 banquet SFWA had also been read the riot act by Lester's philosophical compeer, Fred Pohl.

Lester then introduced the persons at the head table. This consisted of Dr. Marvin and Gloria Minsky, Judy-Lynn del Rey, Gordy Dickson, Vivian Sernacki (with apologies for spelling), Allan Ravage, and Tom and Sarah Purdom. Before calling on Dr. Minsky for an address, Lester rattled off a string of platitudinous encomiums which he assured everyone was in the best tradition of speaker introductions and guaranteed to cut the ground out from anyone so treated. The best tribute from Lester was certainly that Dr. Minsky is a brave man--disputes robotics with Ike.

A world-famous roboticist at MIT, Dr. Minsky began his talk at 9:53 p.m., saying, "It took Isaac ten years to come to the labs--Isaac really doesn't want to know about robots!" (Laughter.) Isaac's only excuse was that he doesn't like to travel. The trip was about one mile.

Dr. Minsky informed the audience that true intelligence in robots first came about ten years ago. Before that, there were only super-computers. The first translation machines ran into unexpected trouble, and such machines now are required to understand the language rather than try to translate mechanically. By the same token, computers find it easy to do mechanical computations, such as in advanced mathematics, where rigid rules of procedure obtain, but have a hard time dealing with simpler arithmatic relating to the real world where choices that make sense must be made.

Back in 1964 Evans received a Ph.D. for work on a computer that could handle analogy tests (A is like B; B is like C; etc.) at the tenth-grade level. Evans claimed that with a little more effort he could have produced a 12th-grade level machine. Today, at the "simpler" but "more real" level of building things with blocks, the best a computer can do is work at the level of a six-year-old. The computer is required to make choices and judgments in order to pile one object on top of another without the structure falling down because of faulty placement. Also, some objects first have to be cleared away before others can be moved there.

However, Dr. Minsky did voice a note of optimism: "Speech programs are coming along." This was followed by a call from the audience by J.R. Pierce: "With emphasis on the long!"

The speaker mentioned that Arthur Clarke gave him some credit for HAL in 2001. However, Dr. Minsky felt that even that little was too much. "If I were HAL, I'd never have let that guy in my memory core."

Arthur Clarke from the audience: "Don't say that!"

Despite such excursions, Dr. Minsky inevitably returned to his quite deft discussion of the problems still to be solved before complex thinking machines can be produced. He said it would take a NASA-like operation to get a computer to coordinate eye, hand, and mechanical motions. With the present setup available, successful workings along this line happen only very rarely. The language machines, in their turn, run into infinite problems, because when a sentence is taken apart, every word is ambiguous. Human beings are complex enough to sort the ambiguities out in order to make sense of what they hear. Computers would have to be given an enormous amount of information, along with procedural rules for sorting. As a result, present computers have better structural English than a four-year-old, but much worse language ability.

He said that in an off-hand estimate, the average human knows some 10,000,000 facts. "This doesn't apply to Isaac, who may know 20,000,000 facts."

"All wrong!" interjected a voice from the audience. (Laughter.)

Still, present artificial intelligence programs are leading to self-programming devices. Building in Isaac's Laws of Robotics would require a super smart device to begin with, along with some very knowledgable humans. Arthur Clarke's HAL shows what would happen if we built a robot without really understanding it--"as we probably will do".

Dr. Minsky concluded with a definite indication that Isaac's laws would be vitally necessary. It would be better to take 100 years to build an intelligent machine and really understand it than take a chance that it might run away with us. Artificial intelligence programs should be kept in the open, without any requirement for meeting a set-time economic goal. A secret program with economic requirements would be dangerous.

The next speaker was introduced, with appropriate over-endorsements by Lester, at 10:30. Allan Ravage, science fiction editor of Bantam Books, proved to be quite unaccustomed to public speaking, and unabashedly read from a prepared text, scarcely looking up. He started off by saying that he came well disposed to everyone present except Barbara Silverberg and Judy-Lynn del Rey--"who are responsible for my being here tonight."

First, he made the point that he feels writers really put out books, not editors. Then he moved on to his theme that science fiction has come of age. Now, such forms of speculation are well-known to the general public. But this flood of interest and knowledge does not mean a flood of science fiction book purchases. In fact, the new technology is outdating a lot of science fiction. The coming of age, therefore, is more of a challenge than a fulfillment. These problems are seen in current economic woes, with magazines in deep trouble, and book publishers being forced into cutbacks.

One difficulty in supplying the demands of the larger audience lies in writers' use of conventions to simplify the writing task. Thus, "spacewarp" or "overdrive" or whatnot can be incomprehensible to the general public and close the field to outsiders. For many years, science fiction has been a special field, with a closed circle of writers, editors, and readers. But other people also need the insights that science fiction can give them. "Science fiction writers are more sensitive to problems that will beset us in the future." These writers can present the various future alternatives.

Mr. Ravage concluded that 1984, Brave New World, and others of this type are science fiction, and should be accepted as such instead of being resented for trespass. He ended with the hope that all the writers present will achieve success in meeting the challenges of this coming of age, and "will make billions of dollars".

Lester took over at the conclusion of this 25-minute address and said he hopes it will be reprinted. He also took a few minutes to praise LOCUS and urge everyone to subscribe to this newszine. "Charlie Brown keeps up with the field better than writers." A big hand was given to Charlie. I've no doubt that this made Dena feel better, since she had confided to me that she felt that perhaps instead of attending the banquet, she should have stayed at home and cut stencils for the next issue!

The microphone was now taken over by Gordy Dickson, who had some announcements to make. He said that to provide plenty of room for a party, SFWA had rented the dining room at the Algonquin. He thanked Ace, Bantam, Berkley, and Scribners for providing funds for this purpose. Then he turned the microphone over to Isaac for the Nebula presentations.

Isaac immediately alleged that during Les' speech, young writers were asking, "Who is he?" He further alleged that Les has had a writer's block for longer than most SFWA members have been writing. (Much laughter.) Also, in rebuttal to Dr. Minsky, Isaac said that when he did visit the lab, and posed a question to the computer, the answer came in such wise that Dr. Minsky was moved to state that in the past it would have taken hundreds of mathematicians hundreds of years to make such a colossal mistake.

Before proceeding, Isaac served notice on SFWA members. He said he was now writing a novel. It will be published in 1972. "And in 1973 it will receive a Nebula." (Laughter.) Apparently about to start giving out awards, Isaac stopped and said he would prolong Harlan's agony by first telling a joke. The story will not be repeated here, since it maligned the fighting spirit and intelligence of the Egyptian high command.

Finally, at 11:03 Isaac reached the supreme moment--which he promptly flubbed. In the excitement of the moment, he read the second-place author as the winner of the Best Short Story award. Actually, No Award had been voted. Needless to say, this contretemps caused considerable pain to Isaac, Gordy, and the unfortunate author who was in the process of being congratulated when Gordy had to interrupt the proceedings.

The awards went better after that, though perhaps Isaac had been shaken, since he went very light on clowning and hurried through the ceremony. Best Novelet went to Ted Sturgeon for "Slow Sculpture", Ejler Jakobsson picked up the publisher's plaque for GALAXY. Best Novella went to Fritz Leiber for "Ill Met in Lankhmar", with publisher's plaque to Ed Ferman for F&SF. Best Novel ("by the most lopsided vote") went to Larry Niven for Ringworld, with Betty Ballantine picking up the publisher's plaque.

The program concluded at 11:12 p.m., followed by a mad scramble at the cloakroom. There were no winners to be congratulated, since they were all elsewhere. I did manage to shake Bob Silverberg's hand for his consistent showing in coming up second-best in one or more categories.

The party room at the Algonquin was the best ever, with plenty of room. The cash bar at $1.40 per drink was a bit stiff, but then I'm a light drinker, anyway. There was considerable clowning around, especially by Damon and Harry Harrison, who engaged in a deadly duel with peanuts. Isaac sang a bit.

After a couple of hours, the party thinned out considerably, and at 3:00 a.m., the remaining die-hards went to Gordy's room for a while before tottering off to bed.

((Jay says that a shorter version of the above report will be appearing in a coming issue of SFWA BULLETIN. --ed.))

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PROZINE SERIALS: Reviews
by Michael T. Shoemaker

Exiled From Earth, by Ben Bova (A serial in GALAXY, January-February, 1971) --

This is going to be a short review, since there are no good or bad qualities about this novel for me to point out and discuss. It is simply downright dull in both action and concept.

The story starts out with the World Government's decision to exile to a space station certain geneticists and rocket engineers whose work they are afraid will upset the status quo and cause a war. Our hero, Lou Christopher, manages to elude capture, and goes on through an irrelevant action sequence on the streets of New York at night. The description of this sequence is similar to Frederick Brown's description of the "nighters", cutthroat gangs that dominate the streets at night, in his novel What Mad Universe. The purpose of this sequence was probably to give the reader a look at the society on this future Earth.

Finally Lou is captured by the World Government. However, he is approached by one of the Ministers on the World Council, and they make a secret deal. Lou is smuggled to an island to carry on illegal research. He eventually learns that he is working for a group whose aim is to destroy the World Government and take over. And he foils their plan.

The World Government is grateful, but they are still forced to exile Lou.

In the end, by majority vote of the exiled scientists, the space station is redesigned into a star ship and the group leaves our solar system to make a home among the stars.

Nothing new, a lot of pointless plot, and very unexciting. This novel is a full-fledged pot-boiler. Don't waste your time reading it.

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JUVENILE FICTION -- Half Magic, by Edward Eager (Harcourt, Brace & Co.; NY; 1954).

Half Magic was about four children who found a charm. After using it, they discovered that it was magic...but only half magic. Many strange things happened--talking cats, trips to Arabia, robberies, and many other exciting and dangerous things. It all ended in an unusual, happy way. But the wishes ran out, so the charm was left for another child.

I enjoyed the book very much. It was exciting and mysterious. I couldn't put it down. I suggest it for ages 8-12.

-- Stephen Miller (age 12)

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by Mark Owings

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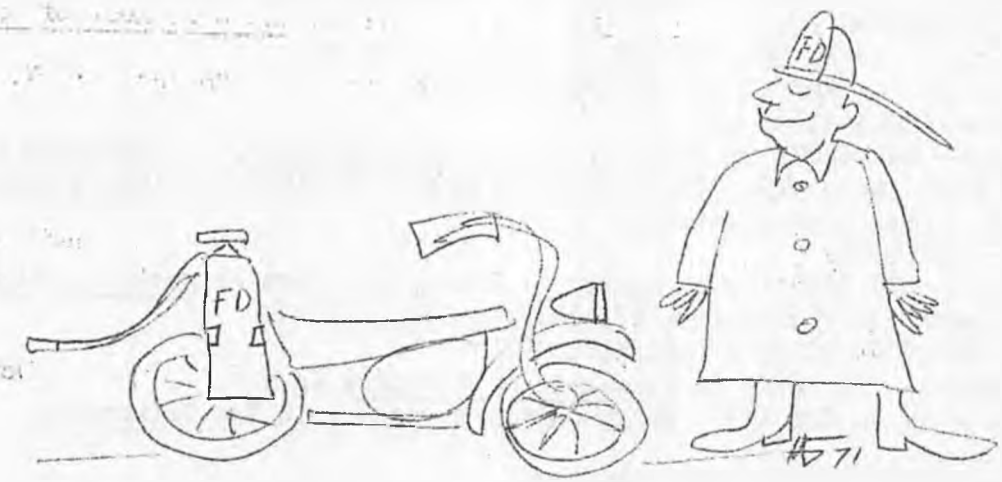

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Road to Nightfall -- FU 7/58; included in The Fantastic Universe Omnibus, ed. Hans Stefan Santesson (Prentice-Hall: Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1960, pp 270, $3.95) (Ryerson: Tor., $4.25)(SFBC Ed)(Panther: London, 1962, wpps 223, 2/6)(Paperback Library: NY, 1968, wpps 254, 75¢); included in Dark Stars, ed. Silverberg (Ballantine: NY, 1969, wpps 309, 95¢); in Parsecs and Parables (q.v.).
Run of Luck -- AMZ 7/56 (as by Calvin M. Knox).
Run of the Mill -- ASF 7/57.

Season for Remorse, A -- FUT Sum/57.
Seed of Earth, The -- SUPER SF 4/57; in Dimension Thirteen (q.v.) as Journey's End.
Seed of Earth, The -- GAL 6/62; Ace: NY, 1962, wpps 139, 40¢ with Next Stop the Stars (q.v.). Unconnected to above.
Shadow of Wings, The -- IF 7/63; in Needle in a Timestack (q.v.); in The Cube Root of Uncertainty (q.v.).
Shadow on the Stars -- see Stepsons of Terra.
Shrines of Earth, The -- ASF 11/57.
Silent Colony, The -- FUT 10/54; in Godling, Go Home! (q.v.).
Silent Invaders, The -- INF 10/58 (as by Calvin M. Knox); Brit SF ADV 10/59 (as by Calvin M. Knox); Ace: NY, 1963, wpps 117, 40¢ with Battle On Venus, by William F. Temple.
Sixth Palace, The -- GAL 2/65; in Needle in a Timestack (q.v.); in The Cube Root of Uncertainty (q.v.).
Slaves of the Star Giants -- SF ADV 2/57; in Next Stop the Stars (q.v.).
Slaves of the Tree -- SUPER SF 6/58 (as by Eric Rodman).
Slice of Life -- INF 4/58 (as by Calvin M. Knox); NW 8/58 (as by Calvin M. Knox).
Solitary -- FUT Spr/57; NEB 3/58; in Godling, Go Home! (q.v.); in Dimension Thirteen (q.v.).
Songs of Summer, The -- SFS 9/56; AUT 7/57; in Next Stop the Stars (q.v.).
Sourdough -- ASF 11/56.
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Spawn of the Deadly Sea -- SF ADV 4/57.
Starhaven -- SF ADV 10/57 as Thunder Over Starhaven; Avalon: NY, 1958, pp 220, $2.75; Ace: NY, 1959, wpps 146, 35¢ with The Sun Smasher by Edmond Hamilton; ABENTEVER IN WELTENRAUM #16 (1959) as Raumstation Omega. As by Ivar Jorgenson in all appearances.
Starman's Quest -- Gnome Press: NY, 1959, pp 185, $3.00; Burns MacEachem: Tor., $3.50; Meredith: NY, 1969, pp 186, $4.95; UTOPIA GROSSBAND #118 (1960) as Sternfahrer 'unerwünscht; URANIA #273 (1962) as Ledue facce del tempo; as Obsesión espacial, tr. José Maria Claramunda Bes, EDHASA: Barcelona, 1960, pp 288; 35 pts.
Starship Saboteur -- IMAGINATIVE TALES 3/57.
Stay Out of My Grave -- AMZ 7/56 (as by Ralph Burke):

Stepsons of Terra -- SF ADV 4/58 as Shadow on the Stars; Ace: NY, 1958, wpps 158, 35¢ with A Man Called Terra by Lan Wright; TERRA #81 (1959) as Schatten über den Sternen.
Still Small Voice, The -- AMZ 5/60.
Stress Pattern -- ASF 1/60.
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Sundance -- F&SF 6/69; included in On Our Way to the Future, ed. Terry Carr (Ace; NY, 1970, wpps 253, 75¢); in The Cube Root of Uncertainty (q.v.).
Sunrise on Mercury -- SFS 5/57 (as by Calvin M. Knox); NW 6/57; included in More Adventures on Other Planets, ed. Donald A. Wollheim (Ace: NY, 1963, wpps 190, 40¢); included in First Step Outward, ed. Robert Hoskins (Dell: NY, 1969, wpps 224, 60¢); included in Tomorrow's Worlds, ed. Robert Silverberg (Meredith: NY, 1969, pp XIII/134, $4.95); in Parsecs and Parables (q.v.).
Swords Against the Outworlds -- FAN 3/57 (as by Calvin M. Knox).

There Was an Old Woman -- INF 11/58; NW 1/59 as In Gratitude; in Needle in a Timestack (q.v.).
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Thirteenth Immortal, The -- Ace: NY, 1957, wpps 129, 35¢ with This Fortress World by James E. Gunn; TERRA #245 (1962) as Der 13. Unster-bliche.
3117 Half-Credit Uncirculated -- SF ADV 6/58 (as by Alexander Blade).
This World Must Die! -- see The Planet Killers.
Thorns -- Ballantine: NY, 1967, 1970, wpps 222, 75¢; Walker: NY, 1969, pp 222, $4.95.
Those Who Watch -- Signet: NY, 1967, wpps 143, 60¢; TERRA-SPECIAL #141 (1968) as Ufos über der Erde.
Three Survived -- SUPER SF 8/57; exp--Holt, Rinehart & Winston: NY, 1969, pp 117, $2.95. Juvenile.
Throwbacks, The -- GAL 7/70.
Thunder Over Starhaven -- see Starhaven.
Time for Revenge, A -- SUPER SF 10/57 (as by Calvin M. Knox).
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Time of Changes, A -- sr 3 GAL 3,4,&5-6/71; SFBC ed.
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To Live Again -- Doubleday: NY, 1969, pp 231, $4.95; SFBC ed; Signet: NY, 1970, wpps , 75¢.
To Open the Sky -- Ballantine: NY, 1967, 1970, wpps 222, 75¢. Contents: Blue Fire/The Warriors of Light/Where the Changed Ones Go/Lazarus Come Forth/Open the Sky.
To See the Invisible Man -- WOT 4/63; in Needle in a Timestack (q.v.).
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To Worlds Beyond -- Chilton: Phila., 1965, pp 170, $3.95. Contents: The Old Man/New Men for Mars/Collecting Team/Double Dare/The Overlord's Thumb/Ozymandias/Certainty/Mind for Business/Misfit.
Tower of Glass, The -- sr 3 GAL 4-6/70; Scribner: NY, 1970, pp 247, $5.95; Signet: NY, 1971, wpps , 75¢.
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Translation Error -- ASF 3/59; included in Worlds of Maybe, ed. Robert Silverberg (T.Nelson: Camden, N.J., 1970, pp 256, $4.95); in The Cube Root of Uncertainty (q.v.).

Twelve Hours to Blow! -- IMAGINATIVE TALES 5/57.

Unbeliever, The -- MOH 8/63.
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Valley Beyond Time -- SF ADV 12/57; SCIENCE FANTASY 2/58.
Vampires from Outer Space -- SUPER SF 4/59 (as by Richard F. Watson).
Vault of the Ages -- AMZ 8/56; SF GREATS Win/69.
Vengeance of the Space Armadas -- SF ADV 3/58; Brit 11/58; written into Lest We Forget Thee Earth (q.v.). As by Calvin M. Knox.
Venus Trap -- FUT #30 (1956); Brit SF ADV 12/59.
Voyage to Procyon -- IMAGINATION 6/58.

Wages of Death, The -- IF 8/58; Brit SF ADV 5/61.
Warm Man -- F&SF 5/57; SCIENCE FANTASY 12/59; in Dimension Thirteen (q.v.); in Next Stop the Stars (q.v.).
Warriors of Light, The -- GAL 12/65; in To Open the Sky (q.v.).
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Woman's World -- IMAGINATION 6/57.
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World He Left Behind Him, The -- NEB 2/59; FUT 10/59; in Godling, Go Home! (q.v.).
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Bleekman's Planet -- IMAGINATION 2/57 (as by Ivar Jorgensen).
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Certain Answer, A -- SFS 7/58 (verse) (as by Robert Randall).
Chosen People, The -- ASF 6/56; written into The Shrouded Planet (q.v.). As by Robert Randall.
Dawning Light, The -- sr 3 ASF 3-5/57; Gnome Press: NY, 1959, pp 191, $3.00; Mayflower: London, 1964, wpps 189, 3/6; URANIA #204 (1959) as La Grande Luce; TERRA #358 (1964) as Der verborgene Planet. As by Robert Randall in all appearances.
Deadly Decoy, The -- AMZ 2/57 (as by Clyde Mitchell).
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Deus Ex Machine -- SFQ 11/56 (as by Robert Randall).
False Prophet -- ASF 12/56; written into The Shrouded Planet (q.v.). As by Robert Randall.
Gambler's Planet -- AMZ 6/56 (as by Gordon Aghill).
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Hero from Yesterday -- IMAGINATION 12/57 (as by Robert Randall).
Hot Trip for Venus -- IMAGINATIVE TALES 7/57 (as by Ralph Burke).
House Operator -- IMAGINATION 12/57 (as by S.M. Tenneshaw).
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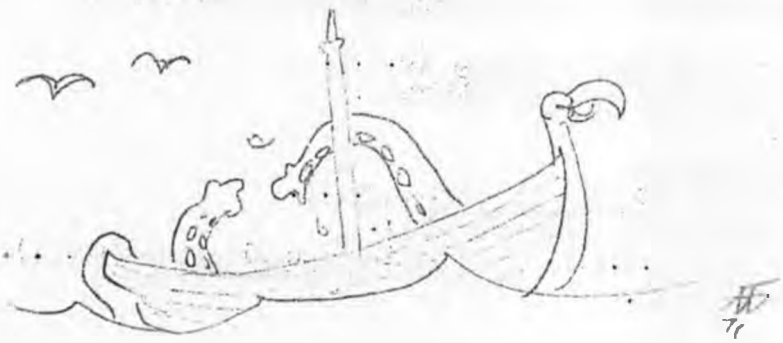
Judas Valley, The -- AMZ 10/56 (as by Gerald Vance).
Little Intelligence, A -- FUT 10/58 (as by Robert Randall).
Man Who Hated Noise, The -- IMAGINATIVE TALES 3/57 (as by S.M. Tenneshaw).
Menace from Vega -- IMAGINATION 6/58 (as by Robert Randall).
Mummy Takes a Wife, The -- FAN 12/56 (as by Clyde Mitchell).
No Future In This -- SFQ 5/56 (as by Robert Randall).
No Trap for the Keth -- IMAGINATIVE TALES 11/56 (as by Ralph Burke).



Pirates of the Void -- IMAGINATIVE TALES 7/57 (as by Ivar Jorgensen).
Promised Land, The -- ASF 8/56; written into The Shrouded Planet (q.v.). As by Robert Randall.
Secret of the Green Invaders -- SF ADV 12/56; Brit 5/58 (as by Robert Randall).
Shrouded Planet, The -- Gnome Press: NY, 1957, pp 188, $3.00; Mayflower: London, 1964, wpps 192, 3/6; ABENTEUER IN WELTENRAUM #14 (1958) as Der Verborgene Planet. Novelization of: The Chosen People/The Promised Land/False Prophet. As by Robert Randall.
Slaughter on Dornel IV -- IMAGINATION 4/57 (as by Ivar Jorgensen).
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Tools of the Trade -- SFS 11/56 (as by Robert Randall).
Ultimate Weapon, The -- IMAGINATIVE TALES 1/57 (as by S.M. Tenneshaw).
Vanishing Act -- IMAGINATIVE TALES 1/58 (as by Robert Randall).
Wednesday Morning Sermon -- IMAGINATIVE TALES 1/57 (as by Alexander Blade).

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And here, in response to many requests (from Bob Briney), is a non-fiction listing:

Adventure of Nat Palmer, The; Antarctic explorer and clipper ship pioneer (McGraw-Hill: NY, 1967, pp 160, ill.). Biography.
Akhnaten, the Rebel Pharaoh (Chilton: Phila., 1964, pp XIV/234).
Antarctic Conquest, The Great Explorers in their Own Words (Bobbs-Merrill: Indianapolis, 1965, pp XV/368, ill.).
Auk, the Dodo, and the Oryx, The; vanished and vanishing creatures (Crowell: NY, 1967, pp 246, ill.).
Bridges (Macrae Smith: Phila., 1966, pp 189, ill.).
Bruce of the Blue Nile (Holt, Rinehart & Winston: NY, 1961, 1969, pp 232, $4.95). Biography.
Challenge of Climate, The; man and his environment (Meredith: NY, 1969, pp 326).
Dawn of Medicine, The (Putnam: NY, 1966, pp 191, ill.).
Empires in the Dust; ancient civilizations brought to light (Chilton: Phila., 1963, pp 247)(Bantam: NY, 1966, wpps VI/214).

Fabulous Rockefellers; a compelling, personalized account of one of America's first families (Monarch: Greenwich, Conn., 1963, wpps 157, 35¢).
Fifteen Battles that Changed the World (Putnam: NY, 1963, pp 194, ill.).
First American Into Space (Monarch: Greenwich, Conn., 1961, wpps 142, 35¢). Biography.
Forgotten by Time; a book of Living Fossils (Crowell: NY, 1966, pp 215, ill.).
Four Men Who Changed the Universe (Putnam: NY, 1968, pp 255).
Frontiers in Archaeology (Chilton: Phila., 1966, pp XI/182, maps).
Ghost Towns of the American West (Crowell: NY, 1968, pp 300, ill.).
Golden Dream, The; seekers of El Dorado (Bobbs-Merrill: Indianapolis, 1965, pp VII/437, ill.). As by Walker Chapman.
Great Adventures in Archaeology (Dial: NY, 1964, pp VIII/402, ill.)(Hale: London, 1966, pp 336, ill.)(as Harpatqaot gedolot bearcheologya, tr. A Qadima, Achiassaf: Tel-Aviv, 1967, pp 319, ill., IL.10).
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Great Wall of China, The (Chilton: Phila., 1965, pp XV/232, ill.).
Home of the Red Man; Indian North America before Columbus (New York Graphic Society: Greenwich, Conn., 1963, pp 252, ill.).
If I forget Thee o Jerusalem; American Jews and the State of Israel (William Morrow: NY, 1970, pp XIII/620, $12.95).

Kublai Khan, Lord of Xanadu (Bobbs-Merrill: Indianapolis, 1966, pp 214, maps). As by Walker Chapman.
Light for the World; Edison and the Power Industry (Van Nostrand: Princeton, 1967, pp V/281).
Loneliest Continent, The; the story of Antarctic Discovery (New York Graphic Society: Greenwich, Conn., 1964, pp 279, ill.)(Jarrolds: London, 1967, pp 279, 35s). As by Walker Chapman.
Long Rampart, The; the Story of the Great Wall of China (Chilton: Phila., 1966, pp XI/171).
Lost Cities and Vanished Civilizations (Chilton: Phila., 1962, pp 177, ill.)(as Mrtvi gradovi, tr. Neda Erceg, Svjetlost: Sarajevo, Yugoslavia, 1966, pp 184)
Mammoths, Mastodons, and Man (McGraw-Hill: NY, 1970, pp 223, $5.50).
Man before Adam; the story of man in search of his origins (Macrae Smith: Phila., 1964, pp 253, ill. Judith Ann Lawrence).
Man Who Found Nineveh, The; the story of Austen Henry Layard (Holt, Rinehart & Winston: NY, 1964, pp 207, maps)(World's Work: Surrey, 1968, pp 224).
Mask of Akhnaten, The (Macmillan: NY, 1965, pp 182, maps).
Men Against Time; salvage archaeology in the U.S. (Macmillan: NY, 1967, pp 202, ill.).
Men Who Mastered the Atom (Putnam: NY, 1965, pp 193, ill.).
Morning of Mankind, The; prehistoric Man in Europe (New York Graphic Society: Greenwich, Conn., 1967, pp XV/240, ill.).
Mound Builders of Ancient America; the archaeology of a myth (New York Graphic Society: Greenwich, Conn., 1968, pp VIII/369; 1970, pp 276, $5.95).
Niels Bohr; the man who mapped the atom (Macrae Smith: Phila., 1965, pp 189).
Old Ones, The; Indians of the American Southwest (New York Graphic Society: Greenwich, Conn., 1965, pp 209, ill.).

Pueblo Revolt, The (Weybright & Talley: NY, 1970, pp 216, $6.95).
Rivers (Holt, Rinehart & Winston: NY, 1966, unpaged, ill.). As by Lee Sebastian.
Scientists and Scoundrels; a book of hoaxes (Crowell: NY, 1965, pp X/251, ill.).
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Socrates (Putnam: NY, 1965, pp 191)(as Sócrates, tr. René Cárdenas Barrios, Diana: Mexico, 1967, pp 156).

South Pole, The (Holt, Rinehart, & Winston: NY, 1968, pp 48, ill.). As by Lee Sebastian.
Stormy Voyager; the story of Charles Wilkes (Lippincott: Phila., 1968, pp 192, ill.).
Sunken History; the story of underwater archaeology (Chilton: Phila., 1963, pp 177) (as Skatte fra dybet, tr. Peter Grove, Fremad: København, 1965, pp 145, ill., Kr 14.75)(as Archeologie onder water, tr. M.J.J. Oleff, Het Spectrum: Antwerp/Utrecht, 1965, pp 156, 25 fr/Fl 1.50).
To the Rock of Darius; the Story of Henry Rawlinson (Holt, Rinehart, & Winston: NY, 1966, pp 218, ill.).
Treasures Beneath the Sea (Whitman: Racine, 1960, pp 90, ill.).
Vanishing Giants; the story of the Sequoias (Simon & Schuster: NY, 1969, pp 160, ill., $4.50).
Wonders of Ancient Chinese Science (Hawthorn Books: NY, 1969, pp 126, ill.).
World of Coral, The (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: NY, 1965, pp VII/150, ill.).
World of Space, The (Meredith: NY, 1969, pp V/185, ill., $5.95).
World of the Ocean Depths, The (Meredith: NY, 1968, pp 156, ill.).
World of the Rain Forest, The (Meredith: NY, 1967, pp 172, ill.).

* * * *

I can't, I'm afraid, keep up with Silverberg's anthologies, and since I've gotten further behind since starting to try, I can't see holding this back on that account. The following, then, is incomplete:

Alpha One (Ballantine: NY, 1970, wpps 278, 95¢): Contents: Poor Little Warrior, by Brian W. Aldiss/The Moon Moth; by Jack Vance/Testament of Andros, by James Blish/A Triptych, by Barry Malzberg/For a Breath I Tarry, by Roger Zelazny/Game for Motel Room, by Fritz Leiber/Thus We Frustrate Charlemagne, by R.A. Lafferty/The Man Who Came Early, by Poul Anderson/The Time of His Life, by Larry Eisenberg/The Doctor, by Ted Thomas/Time Trap, by Charles Harness/The Pi Man, by Alfred Bester/The Last Man Left in the Bar, by C.M. Kornbluth/The Terminal Beach, by J.G. Ballard.
Dark Stars (Ballantine: NY, 1969, wpps 309, 95¢). Contents: Shark Ship, by C.M. Kornbluth/Polity and Custom of the Camiroi, by R.A. Lafferty/Coming-of-Age Day, by A.K. Jorgensson/Heresies of the Huge God, by Brian W. Aldiss/The Streets of Ashkalon, by Harry Harrison/The Totally Rich, by John Brunner/Imposter, by Philip K. Dick/Road to Nightfall, by Robert Silverberg/The Beast That Shouted Love at the Heart of the World, by Harlan Ellison/Psychomosis, by David I. Masson/The Cage of Sand, by J.G. Ballard/A Deskful of Girls, by Fritz Leiber/On the Wall of the Lodge, by James Blish & Virginia Kidd/Masks, by Damon Knight/Keepers of the House, by Lester del Rey/Journey's End, by Poul Anderson.

Earthmen and Strangers (Duell Sloan & Pearce: NY, 1966, pp 240, $3.95)(Dell: NY, 1968, wpps 191, 50¢). Contents: Life Cycle, by Poul Anderson/The Gentle Vultures, by Isaac Asimov/Lower than Angels, by Algis Budrys/Out of the Sun, by Arthur C. Clarke/Blind Lightning, by Harlan Ellison/The Best Policy, by Randall Garrett/Stranger Station, by Damon Knight/Dear Devil, by Eric Frank Russell/Alaree, by Robert Silverberg.
Men and Machines (Meredith: NY, 1968, pp XII/240, $4.95). Contents: Counter Foil, by George O. Smith/A Bad Day for Sales, by Fritz Leiber/Without a Thought, by Fred Saberhagen/Solar Plexus, by James Blish/The Macauley Circuit, by Robert Silverberg/But Who Can Replace a Man?, by Brian W. Aldiss/Instinct, by Lester del Rey/The Twonky, by Lewis Padgett/The Hunting Lodge, by Randall Garrett/With Folded Hands, by Jack Williamson.

The Science Fiction Hall of Fame: Volume One (Doubleday: NY, 1970, pp 558, $7.95) (SFBC ed.). Contents: Introduction, by Silverberg/Nightfall, by Isaac Asimov/A Martian Odyssey, by Stanley G. Weinbaum/Flowers for Algernon, by Daniel Keyes/Microcosmic God, by Theodore Sturgeon/First Contact, by Murray Leinster/A Rose for Ecclesiastes, by Roger Zelazny/The Roads Must Roll, by Robert A. Heinlein/

Mimsy Were the Borogoves, by Lewis Padgett/Coming Attraction, by Fritz Leiber/ The Cold Equations, by Tom Godwin/The Nine Billion Names of God, by Arthur C. Clarke/Surface Tension, by James Blish/The Weapon Shop, by A.E. Van Vogt/Twilight, by John W. Campbell/Arena, by Fredric Brown/Helen O'Loy, by Lester del Rey/Huddling Place, by Clifford D. Simak/That Only a Mother, by Judith Merril/ Scanners Live in Vain, by Cordwainer Smith/Mars Is Heaven!, by Ray Bradbury/The Little Black Bag, by C.M. Kornbluth/Born of Man and Woman, by Richard Matheson/ The Quest for Saint Acquin, by Anthony Boucher/It's a Good Life, by Jerome Bixby/Fondly Fahrenheit, by Alfred Bester/The Country of the Kind, by Damon Knight.

Three for Tomorrow (Meredith: NY, 1969, pp 204, $5.95)(SFBC ed)(Dell: NY, 1970, wpps 188, 75¢). Contents: Preface, by Arthur C. Clarke/How It Was When the Past Went Away, by Robert Silverberg/The Eve of RUMOKO, by Roger Zelazny/We All Die Naked, by James Blish.

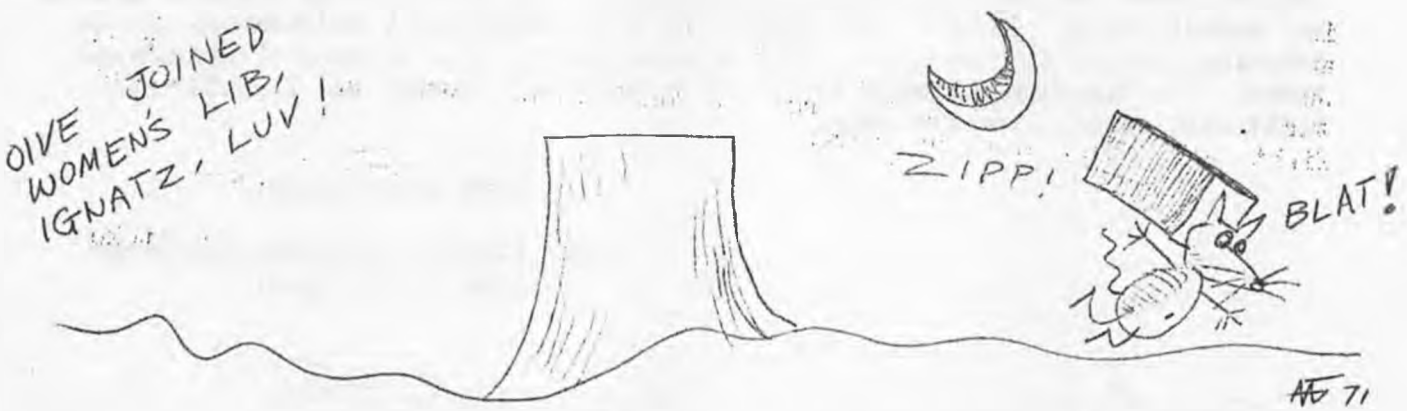
Tomorrow's Worlds (Meredith: NY, 1969, pp XIII/234, $4.95). Contents: Sunrise on Mercury, by Robert Silverberg/Before Eden, by Arthur C. Clarke/Seeds of the Dusk, by Raymond Z. Gallun/The Black Pits of Luna, by Robert A. Heinlein/Crucifixus Etiam, by Walter M. Miller, Jr./Desertion, by Clifford D. Simak/Pressure, by Harry Harrison/The Planet of Doubt, by Stanley G. Weinbaum/One Sunday in Neptune, by Alexei Panshin/Wait It Out, by Larry Niven.

Voyagers in Time (Meredith: NY, 1967, pp 243, $4.95). Contents: Time Heals, by Poul Anderson/The Man Who Murdered Mohammed, by Alfred Bester/...And It Comes Out Here, by Lester del Rey/Dominoes, by C.M. Kornbluth/Traveler's Rest, by David I. Masson/The Sands of Time, by P. Schuyler Miller/Flux, by Michael Moorcock/Wrong Way, by Larry Niven/A Bulletin from the Trustees, by Wilma Shore/ Absolutely Inflexible, by Robert Silverberg/Brooklyn Project, by William Tenn/ The Time Machine (ext), by H.G. Wells.

Worlds of Maybe (T.Nelson: Camden, N.J., 1970, pp 256, $4.95). Contents: Sidewise in Time, by Murray Leinster/Sail On! Sail on!, by Philip José Farmer/Slips Take Over, by Miriam Allen de Ford/All the Myriad Ways, by Larry Niven/Living Space, by Isaac Asimov/Translation Error, by Robert Silverberg/Delenda Est, by Poul Anderson.

* *

((ELECTRIC BIBLIOGRAPHS to date: I. Clifford D. Simak (TWJ 66); II. Chad Oliver (TWJ 67); III. James Blish (TWJ 68); IV. Poul Anderson (TWJ 69); V. Robert A. Heinlein (TWJ 70); VI. Murray Leinster (1970 DISCLAVE PROGRAM BOOK (w/TWJ 71)); VII. H. Beam Piper (TWJ 72); VIII. Edmond Hamilton (TWJ 73); IX. Walter M. Miller, Jr. (TWJ 74); X. Olaf Stapledon (TWJ 75). Several are now out-of-print. --ed.))



PICK YOURSELF UP OFF THE FLOOR,
AND VOTE FOR D.C. IN '74!

A LETTER FROM TARZAN

Greystoke Ranch, Republic of Kenya
East Africa
January 12, 1971

Dear Donald L. Miller:

This is to advise you that I have examined and read two recent books by Philip José Farmer titled A Feast Unknown and Lord Tyger, both of which are said to have been based upon or inspired by incidents that supposedly occurred in my life, but are greatly different from the official and authorized books of my biography written by the late Edgar Rice Burroughs. I have, therefore, instructed my solicitors in London and in Tarzana to take appropriate legal action regarding this matter. However, since I was never the sort of person to wait around for a judicial decision, I shall call upon Mr. Farmer in person and explain and demonstrate to him exactly what I think of his libelous, scurrillous, and defamatory writings and his efforts to invade my privacy. Afterwards, if he is in any condition then to do so, he may complain to the judge if he likes.

I visit the Los Angeles area every so often to keep watch over the portrayals of myself in books, films, newspapers, magazines, etc., to prevent them from being too outrageously distorted, and I shall take time out from the next such visit to see Mr. Farmer and impress upon him that he should be more careful and accurate from now on. I am particularly displeased with his allegations of murder, sexual depravity, etc., against me. A clean-living outdoorsman and English nobleman like myself knows better!

One of the WSFA JOURNAL bookreviewers recently suggested that I sometimes fight unfairly, and one of your readers opined that an expert in judo or karate could outfight me, or that advanced modern weapons would enable someone such as Doc Savage to defeat me. Well, numerous attempts have been made over a period of many years by many people to outfight me by fair means and foul, including the use of modern scientific weapons and Oriental martial skills, and none has ever succeeded in causing my defeat and death. I am still the one and only true Lord of the Jungle, still unconquered, still unafraid. (Mr. Fritz Leiber's book Tarzan and the Valley of Gold describes some recent happenings of that sort.)

It is rather unwise to suggest that I ever fight unfairly, because my fighting is always fair--by the laws of the jungle. Doc Savage is my personal friend and acquaintance. It was I who taught him his jungle-craft and trained him in swinging through the treetops, which he occasionally does in some of his adventures. His biographer simply forgot to mention me. Savage and I would never fight each other, even for sport.

Very truly yours,

John Clayton, Viscount Greystoke
(Tarzan of the Apes)

TARZAN IS A SWINGER!

MORITURI
TE SALUTAMUS,
STURGEON

An opinion on sf/fantasy films 1970

by Richard Delap

As an "underground" free-press film critic, I find myself at odds with a strangely-assorted group of readers: mothers condemn me for dismissing Scrooge as "Leslie Bricusse's farts, musically (among other things) off-key with Charles Dickens"; students despise me for even hinting that M*A*S*H was funny but still flawed in certain respects; children bare their fangs and bite at my ankles for admitting I walked out on John Wayne and Chisum after the "intolerable first 20 minutes".

During the past year I've reviewed nearly a dozen sf or fantasy films for the local Freep (and various fanzines), plus several more which are not generally considered genre films despite a definite fantasy element. My list for the year's best included one unquestioned but underexposed sf film and two unclassifiable fantasies from a generally weak year:

1. Women in Love (United Artists)
2. Brewster McCloud (MGM)
3. The Honeymoon Killers (Cinerama)
4. Five Easy Pieces (Columbia)
5. The Damned (Warner Bros.)
6. Patton (20th Century-Fox)
7. Colossus, The Forbin Project (Universal)
8. The Angel Levine (United Artists)
9. The Boys in the Band (National General)
10. The Landlord (United Artists)

(The foregoing list is included to give the reader a clue as to my tastes in films, a guideline so to speak by which to balance the unmitigated gall which follows....)

American International Pictures (AIP), a once small-time company that has steadily risen to become a big small-time company, seemed eager to get yet another year off to a bad start--this time with a modernized version of H. P. Lovecraft's The Dunwich Horror, in which the horrible ceremony at the dreadful altar-stone is enacted by a half-nude model substituting for a shy Sandra Dee

and meaninglessly effeminate gestures from what looked to be a half-stoned Dean Stockwell. The "psychedelic" sound and visual effects for the horror scenes were, if nothing else, noisy, and helped to distract a restless audience from the numbing silliness of aged teenagers striking incongruous romantic poses in a Lovecraft story. There has not to date been a decent film based on this man's work, and I seriously doubt there will be since his watery plots and effective but effusive prose do not adapt well to a medium which demands strengths both visually and dramatically.

After reducing Lovecraft to the level of, say, Peter Saxon, AIP decided to throw bad money after bad and came up with a film version of Saxon's The Disoriented Man titled Scream and Scream Again. The picture may be remembered for the fact that it made three giants of the terror-flics--Vincent Price, Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee--look simultaneously idiotic. The confused and incoherent plot was something about a mad plan to create a superrace of cobbled-together humans, while Gordon Hessler's direction desperately put a bloody emphasis on torture. Despite the grue and occasional nudity, the picture inexplicably garnered a "GP" rating, but it could hardly be recommended to adults, much less to impressionable youngsters.

Rounding out the winter quarter, Warner Bros. released Hammer's newest treadmill epic, Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed, but audiences seem to be tiring of the Shelley character and made a poor showing for this version. (Mid-winter's a weak time for this type of film, anyway, since the lucrative drive-in outlets offer a reduced cash flow.) Columbia's Marooned, a dreary and uninteresting astronaut drama from Martin Caidin's novel, didn't have the hoped-for roadshow power of 2001 and made enough money to justify a cheap programmer but not nearly enough to offset its own overblown budget.

The spring quarter entered on a sour note with a couple of financially disastrous, borderline fantasies from Commonwealth--The Magic Christian had a few comic moments in its bare adherence to Terry Southern's dated novel, while Futz showed that Americans weren't really too interested in a man's love affair with a pig (the oink-oink variety, not your friendly neighborhood patrolman as in the recently-aborted Where's Poppa?). A rash of programmers--AIP's Horror House and The Crimson Cult (the former with Frankie Avalon, the latter with Boris Karloff, and how's that for a double-bill?), Warner Bros.' Moon Zero Two (a vomit-inducing, British-made moon western), National General's Latitude Zero (deep cliches in the Deep Pacific), and MGM's Captain Nemo and the Underwater City (Robert Ryan and a sea monster...is a sea monster?)--filled theatre screens but not many seats with the kind of pictures that keep the concession stands busy because the gullible customers would rather eat than watch such stupid pictures anyhow.

United Artist's Fellini Satyricon has inspired more printed comment than anything Federico Fellini has done since La Dolce Vita. I have heard it called everything from a masterpiece to a piece of worthless junk, and am unhappy that because of its erratic playoff I have had no opportunity to see it myself. Fellini has said: "This is a science-fiction picture projected into the past instead of the future", but the four million-dollar investment has so far returned only 1½ million in the U.S., and it looks as if historical sf, even with the Fellini imprint, just wouldn't make it this year.

Universal tried to promote two medium-budget films. The first, Skullduggery, adapted from Vercors' You Shall Know Them, spent so much time trekking through location jungles in search of the missing link, concentrating at least half the story energy on negligible romantic interest, that the actual discovery and the ensuing murder trial with its question of "what is human?" ended up looking like a carelessly-inserted subplot. Second, D. F. Jones' novel, Colossus, left Uni-

versal's promotion department in a muddle. Afraid to "brand" the film as science-fiction, they re-titled it Colossus, The Forbin Project, gearing the advertising to emulate an entirely undemanding spy drama but adding a little intellectual lure by quoting the generally favorable New York critics. This apparently confused the public, who chose to ignore the thing altogether and thereby missed one of the year's better entries. Although the plot is commonplace to sf--computers take over the world!--James Bridges' screenplay fashioned it into a tightly-constructed, suspenseful and frightening possibility, directed with proper restraint by Joseph Sargent. Perhaps not the best film of the year, but certainly one to be remembered at year's end, especially by sf fans.

Air-conditioned theatres thrive during the summer months, but filmgoers were offered a lineup of Chinese Dinners for their money this year: an hour later, starvation! AIP offered a witchcraft session with Vincent Price in Cry of the Banshee (I didn't see this one, but it received a few moderately good reviews) and another session with a whole houseful of bloodsuckers in Count Yorga, Vampire, an independent production which API picked up for a song and which turned into a small goldmine. Why is anybody's guess. The only familiar cast name is Marsha Jordan, who has in her way become a "star" with a list of nudie films almost as long as a roll of toilet paper. The fact that the film was edited with a hatchet and Elmer's glue, that it was photographed by a blind man, directed by a deaf man and acted by a dumb cast, didn't seem to bother anyone much. Well, maybe this is what passes for camp these days....

And speaking of camp (which in itself is two-thirds a Mae West conception), 20th Century-Fox paid Miss West a hefty bundle to make a brief appearance in what turned out to be the most disjointed, offensively trite and pointlessly vulgar film adptation in memory, Gore Vidal's homo-dream/hetero-hightmare fantasy, Myra Breckinridge. It proved only that Rex Reed had better stick to writing, that Racquel Welsh can say motherfucker without blushing, and that Mae West creaking her way across the Panavision screen (long trip, that) can still bring sighs of admiration from the lips of young teenage boys (you know, the ones who do such a fine job imitating her). The film was too expensive and never

did get out of the red, but 20th-Fox had no need to despair because under the neighboring marquee viewers were queuing up to go Beneath the Planet of the Apes, a sequel with the quasi-distinction of making more money that the original film and being about 500 times a poorer product. I don't know...I guess I just didn't realize there were so many monkey freaks in this country....

Columbia's The Mind of Mr. Soames, from a Charles Eric Maine novel, is another film I've not had the opportunity to see, a story of a man who awakens from a life-long coma with an infant's mind in a grown man's body. The film was not very well received and did miserable business, but Terence Stamp garnered some good reviews for his enactment of a very difficult role. Hemisphere's dual-bill, Curse of the Vampires and Beast of Blood, were two more incompetent programmers for the undemanding American bloodlusters, while Universal's Pfunstuf featured Martha Raye and Mama Cass as two multi-talent witches who can simultaneously delight children and bore their parents.

Several more pictures used a fantasy element in what were most often considered to be films not in the genre. Columbia's Watermelon Man featured Godfrey Cambridge as a white man turned black overnight in a picture as frustrated as its attempts at humor. Barbra Streisand warbled and mugged her way through Paramount's On A Clear Day You Can See Forever, a sugary pudding-pie flop about reincarnation taken from the Broadway musical. United Artists' The Angel Levine, directed by Jan Kadar (of Shop on Main Street fame), featured Zero Mostel as a grubbing little New York tailor, Ida Kaminska as his bedridden wife, and Harry Belafonte as a black, very unangel-like messenger from God. Brightly caustic but never heartless, it failed to impress either critics or audiences, but I liked it at the time and remember it now with fondness. Funny and touching and, in my estimation, much underrated.

The shift from summer to fall seemed to bring a rash of cheap and tawdry double-bills: Allied Artists' The Blood Rose and The Body Stealers (I missed these, too, thank you); Maron's War of the Gargantuas and Monster Zero (one of these marked the last appearance of the late Nick Adams, but damned if I can remember which); and Warner Bros.' Trog and Taste the Blood of Dracula, the first a stupid, demeaning vehicle for Joan Crawford, who plays an anthropologist seeking to protect a childlike troglodyte man, the second a colorful and silly rehash with Christopher Lee nibbling his way into Victorian England.

AIP continued to churn out a never-ending stream of clunkers. Gas-s-s-s! Or It Became Necessary To Destroy The World In Order To Save It was Roger Corman's

long-on-title and short-on-talent sf comedy about a youth world takeover. The Vampire Lovers, a piffling sex-and-gore remake of Le Fanu's Carmilla, made a poor showing when compared to Roger Vadim's excellent surreal 1961 version, Blood and Roses. The British/Italian co-production remake of Dorian Gray turned out to be an exploitive and ugly film which also brought to mind the earlier (and far more horrifying) version. At year's end AIP brought out a British-made version of Bronte's Wuthering Heights which, truncated of its ghostly images except for a treacly closing scene of spirits running over the moors, became a depthless hankie-dampener with an interesting but uneven performance by newcomer Anna Calder-Marshall.

Audubon Films offered Radley Metzger's highly-sexed The Lickerish Quartet, a maze of fantasy and Illusion which impressed most of the critics only as pretentiousness and has so far had very limited national distribution. Paramount's film of John Christopher's No Blade of Grass laid the blame for the worldwide death of grass and grains on man's destructive ecological course and, under Cornel Wilde's curiously lackluster direction, plotted an unrelieved course through the still-waving field of weedy melodramatics. MGM added an offensive excess of violence to the theatrical version of the successful television series in House of Dark Shadows, another film so butchered in the editing stage that no viewer can follow it without a dedicated interest in cerebral masochism. National General's Scrooge, a musical version of Dickens' A Christmas Carol, made this fantasy much drier and dustier than it actually is. With the exception of Alec Guinness who, as Marley's ghost, seems to be the only cast member able to shake off the numbing "classic" interpretation, the actors might as well have been sitting in wing chairs around a log fire and reading the story aloud... which come to think of it would likely have been far more entertaining. Leslie Bricusse's songs are so dreadful that every repeat chorus becomes a shuddering death knell.

Jack H. Harris' Equinox might interest sf fans who look closely at the cast list and discover that Fritz Leiber plays a supporting role. I doubt very much that Leiber was drawn to the role because of its dramatic possibilities (he doesn't speak a word) and I would guess that it was friendship with the producer or somesuch that compelled him to do it. (It certainly couldn't have been money, for the film was obviously made on an awe-inspiring budget of 79¢ or maybe less.) The only professional moment in the film is the surprisingly beautiful main title design--after that it's all "Let's make a movie over the weekend with our Super 8." Yech!

As December drew to a close I began to conclude that Colossus was going to have no competition in the sf/fantasy field and that this would be my only choice when Hugo time rolled around next spring. Then, over the Christmas holidays, a dark horse rose swiftly out of the milkbottle and galloped directly across my cerebral hemisphere. MGM's Brewster McCloud is that dark horse, and it is a dilly, a humdinger, a ripsnorter, and a triumph for director Robert (M*A*S*H) Altman. Witty, cynical and deliciously on target 97% of the time, it is part of the seldom-mentioned (and even less seldom seen) 3% left over from Sturgeon's Law. Doran William Cannon's screenplay concerns the efforts of a young man (Bud Cort) to build wings so he can fly, his prime objective to sail through the air of the monstrous Houston Astrodome. In his efforts to finish his project he becomes involved in what has got to be the funniest series of murders ever seen--each victim is marked with generous dollops of birdshit--and in spite of efforts by police to trace down Cort's oblique connection with the ghastly crimes, he is protected by a beautiful guardian angel, superbly played by Sally Kellerman.

The film itself is a breakneck series of blackout scenes, each loaded with so many deadly satirical barbs that they may be likened to joke sessions in an

iron maiden threatening to slam shut at any moment. Among all this hilarity, however, there are moments of poignancy and fairytale beauty--the final exit of the guardian angel is without argument one of the finest scenes of its kind ever filmed, a slow walk and fade into a burning novalike glare. I don't care who you are or what you are, if you see Brewster McCloud, somewhere along its running time, You're Gonna Get Yours! And even when it hurts, you'll laugh, and laugh, and just might laugh until they carry you from the theatre in tears--but then, there's nothing as cheering as a little self-pity, is there?

And so, as the year rings to a close, I thank Lord Sturgeon for that saving grace. That heartening, most welcome 3%.

* *

THREE BY CHRISTOPHER

The White Mountains, by John Christopher (Hamish Hamilton: London, 1967, pp 151, 16s)(Macmillan: NY, 1967, pp 244, $4.50)(Collier: NY, #04271, 1970, wpps 214, 95¢).

The City of Gold and Lead, by John Christopher (Hamish Hamilton: London, 1967, pp 159, 16s)(Macmillan: NY, 1967, pp 185, $4.25)(Collier: NY, #04270, wpps 218, 95¢).

The Pool of Fire, by John Christopher (Hamish Hamilton: London, 1968, pp 203, 16s)(Macmillan: NY, 1968, pp 178, $4.25)(Collier: NY, #04272, 1970, wpps 218, 95¢).

It goes without saying (and perhaps therefore is not often enough said) that nearly any plot, idea, or treatment in the science fiction field can be traced back to H. G. Wells. Many can be traced back farther, of course, but Wells handled them, and if they have been the same since, it is only when used by someone who hasn't read Wells.

The items at hand here constitute a three-volume rewrite of The War of the Worlds, and allowing for the fact that they are juveniles (slightly more noticeably so than a Norton or Heinlein juvenile), they are nearly as good as their model. (And even more effective in one or two places.)

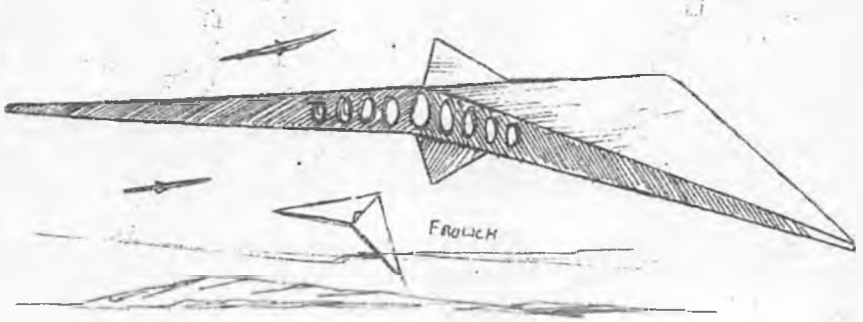
The first book describes the society that the invaders have fostered (or rather, reinstituted) in the century since their conquest, and their methods of controlling the population. It follows three boys in an escape from England across France and into Switzerland, and their battle with a Wellsian walking machine.

The second book concerns the life and a colony of the invaders, and the third the war against them.

The writing is curiously pleasant; characterization is not to the level of, say, Planet in Peril (alias The Year of the Comet) but is there, and the books are worth reading.

Collier, by the way, issued these three books and all of the Narnia books in pb the same month, which should be prima facie evidence of certifiability on the part of someone there. (Though I don't mind, myself.)

-- Mark Owings



THE CONGRESSIONAL MICRO-REFORM

by Alexis A. Gilliland

There was a very curious thing which happened in Congress the other day. Rep. McMillan, an old man much encrusted with senority, was challenged as head of the House District Committee. He beat off the challenge, 126 to 96, but the mere fact that a challenge could be raised is a major change in the ground rules.

Congress, with an eye to inner serenity, had evolved a method whereby an oligarchy of old men wielded great power without being responsible to anyone except their apathetic constituents who often found the gentleman in question unopposed in the primary...party loyalty to its most distinguished incumbent being what it is...and also unopposed on national election day. They were, in short, in like Flynn. Wait, I hear you say, surely only a small, infinitesimal percentage of Congressmen run unopposed in elections? That is true. In 1970, the small, infinitesimal percentage came to about 14%, or one in seven. Of whom more than a few have sat long enough to become committee chairmen.

So we have a textbook example of power without responsibility, the classical prescription for misrule. Now it is true that the change in procedure which permitted the feeble challenge to be raised against McMillan is a very trivial one, and unlikely to produce dramatic results. However, this in itself is an argument in its favor. Congress, as any Congressman will tell you, is a smooth-running machine, and it is axiomatic that one doesn't timker with smooth-running machinery.

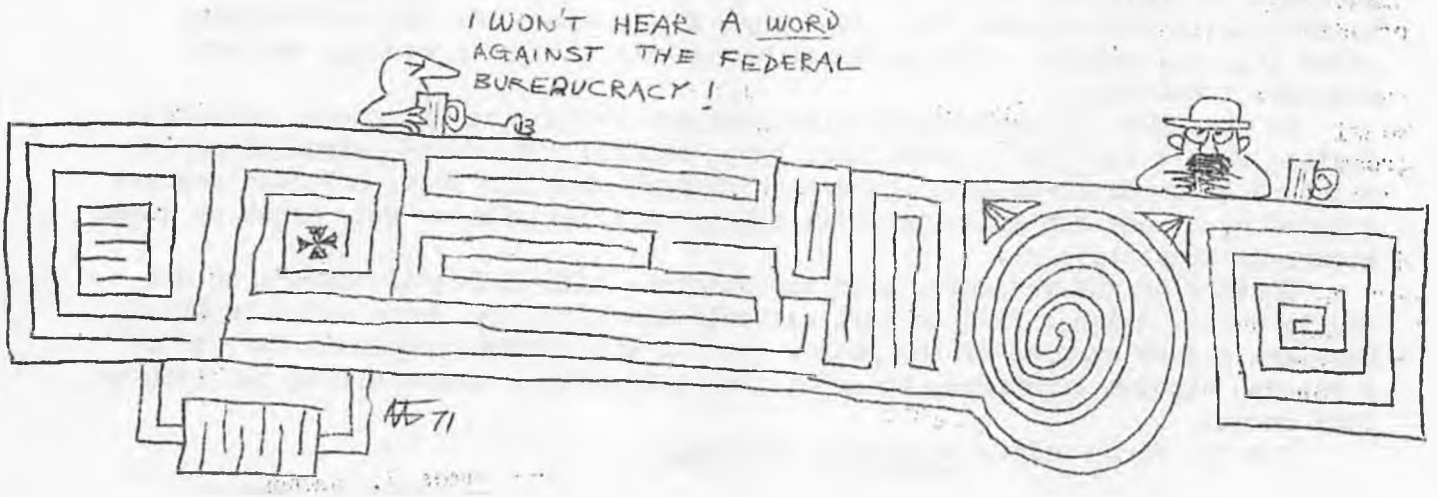
The change, in fact, was not made in Congress itself, but in its subsystem, the Democratic Caucus. Briefly, the Demoratic Causus is the meeting of all the Democratic Representatives, and has for long been merely a forum without a function. Once every two years it would gather and reaffirm the good old rules at the start of the new Congress, and sometimes it would make statements...a trivial and redundant activity anywhere, but especially on Capitol Hill.

Now, however, a remedy exists for irresponsible committee chairman. They can be removed by their peers. To be sure, McMillan won handily...but suppose there had been wheeling and dealing? There are men in Congress, yea, even in the Democratic Party, who are capable of such...and not all of them are old fogeys from safe districts. And as time passes, a way will be found to use this new-found power.

So what happened? Nothing yet. But when a committee chairman has to consider whether arbitrarily sitting on a measure will cost him his job, then he has been made responsible.

A general rule...whether carrying out an organic synthesis or political reform...is to use the minimum force needed to effect the desired change. Very often there are unanticipated and undesired side reactions.

(Over)



Some weeks later.

As William Raspberry points out, there are perhaps a dozen black members of Congress from safe districts (Shirley Chisholm got 95% of the vote, for instance), a relatively new phenomenon. As they pile up seniority, you may reasonably expect to see seniority operating in non-Establishmentarian directions.

A further point: Having the Speaker appoint the Committee Chairmen didn't work so well, either. As Rep. Thomas "Czar" Reed once remarked: "Well, gentlemen, what outrage shall we perpetrate today?" Opposing the Spanish-American war bitterly and on principle, he resigned after being unable to prevent it. We have not always been so lucky in the quality of our Speakers.

* *

A PAIR OF MINI-REVIEWS

Earthjacket, by Jon Hartridge (Walker & Co.; 182 pp; $4.95).

I said in an earlier review of Jon Hartridge's first science fiction novel, Binary Divine, that I looked forward to his second. Here it is, and worth waiting for.

The world is divided, the separation caused by industry and machines robbing the earth of air, soil and water, between the affluent Texecs and Sleepees. The former are the minority ruling class, who live in the luxury of a full measure of nutriment and oxygen; the latter oppressed minority is kept in a drugged dream-state near asphyxia to conserve food and oxygen through lowered metabolic activity. This is the artificial society, self-sufficient, self-contained, perfectly ordered, that maintains the balance of life's growth and regeneration.

Earthjacket is the story of rebellion, of the reassertion of individual freedom and of the reaffirmation of nature. When one atavistic Sleepee manages to infiltrate the Texec class, his presence is enough to effect the total collapse of the technological order.

It's therefore a story of hope and optimism with a clear message for today's world: When man pollutes his own nest, he is liable to lose much he holds dear, and must fight if he hopes to regain what he so foolishly almost destroys through his own neglect.

\- -

Best Science Fiction Stories of Clifford D. Simak, by Clifford D. Simak (Doubleday & Company; 232 pp.; $4.95).

Mr. Simak's combination of meticulously-crafted writing and imaginative originality produces stories at once perceptive and real. His believability quotient is high, and while the future may not produce the specific incidents he depicts in this volume, the technologies he weaves into his entertaining plots fill his realms of future experiences with thought-provoking and very possible realities.

He does this by projecting quite ordinary events (an elopement, dissatisfaction with a new job, inebriation, among others) into quite extraordinary dimensions (a computer-brained spaceship "elopes" with her crew, selected men are groomed by aliens for galactic citizenship, an alien visitor gets drunk on human troubles, respectively).

Whether or not you agree with the author's self-choice of "best", no one who is a true science fiction buff can help but agree the seven tales included here are superb samples of the genre. On the other hand, you don't have to be a science fiction aficionado to enjoy this collection, penned during the 1954 to 1965 decade.

For Mr. Simak writes enjoyable stories.

-- James R. Newton

THE SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW MEMORIAL ART PORTFOLIO

Alicia Austin
Grant Canfield
Steve Fabian
Tim Kirk

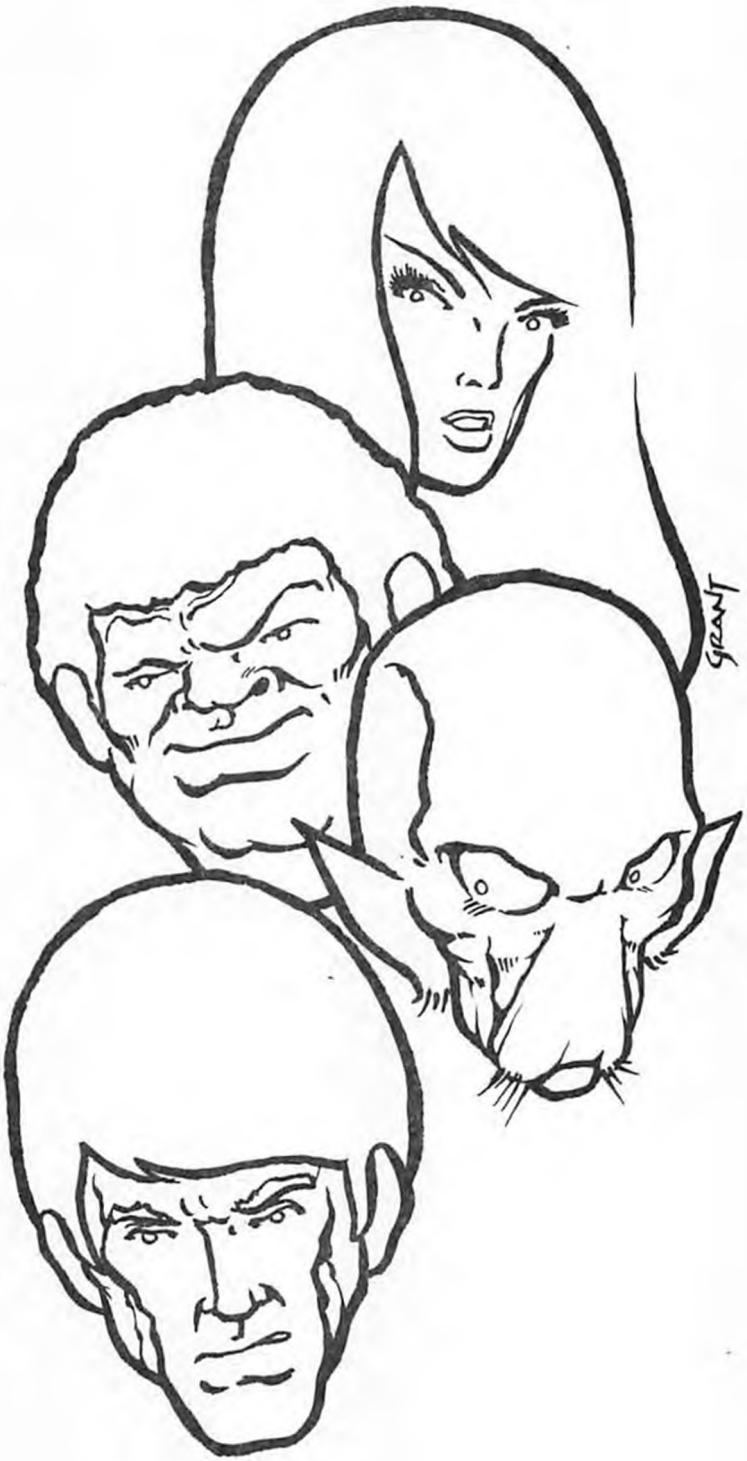
BEING THE MAJOR ARTWORK DICK GEIS HAD ON HAND WHEN SFR FOLDED.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW 76
BRIDE OF DUNE
THOUGHTS OF CHAIRMAN CAMPBELL
HARLAN SPEAKS
TIM KIRK

AUSTIN '71

STOP
PAY TOLL
TIM KIRK '70

AUSTIN21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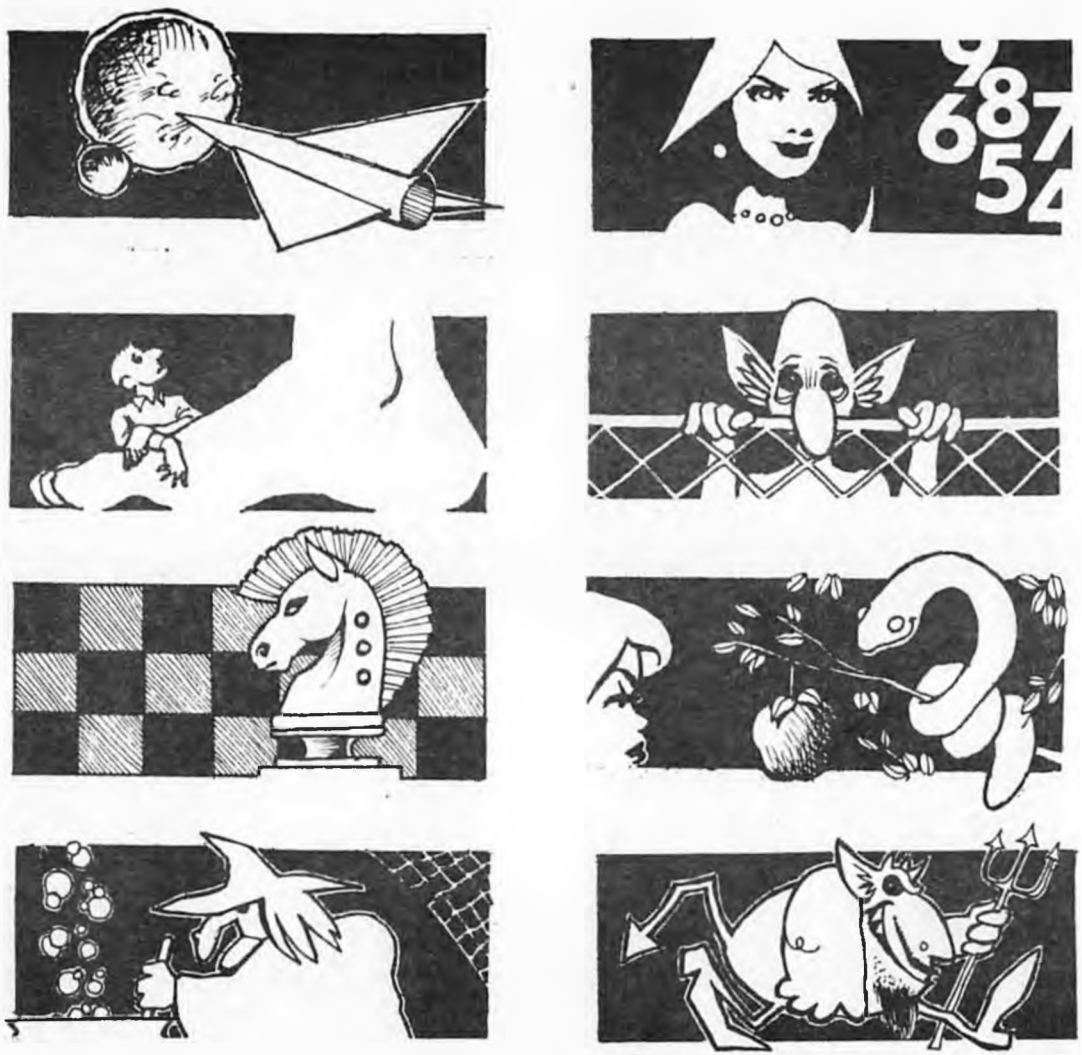
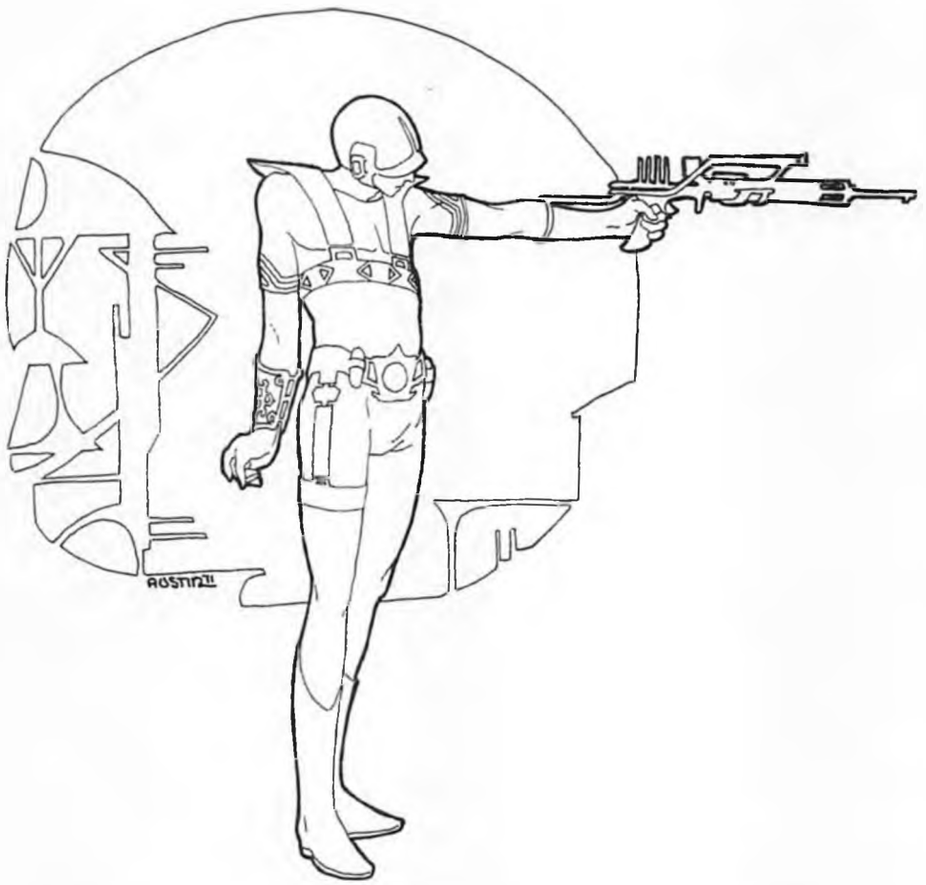
YOU'VE GOT TO STOP READING SO MUCH SWORD-AND-SORCERY, WURTHUM!
T.K. & D.G.

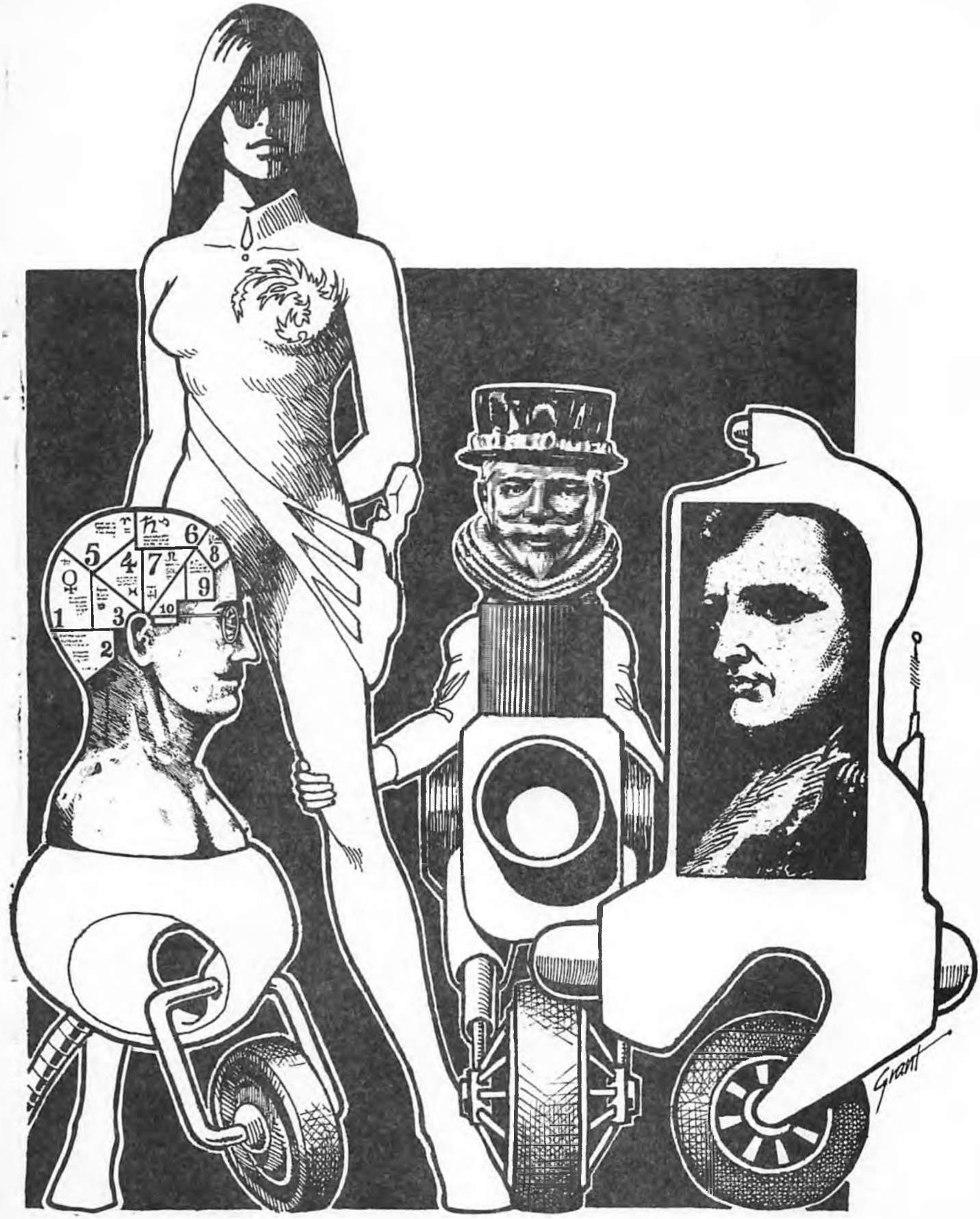
REALLY? ALL OF MIKE GILBERT'S RAPIDOGRAPH PENS?
T. KIRK

GUIDE
KIRK





"THZAP!"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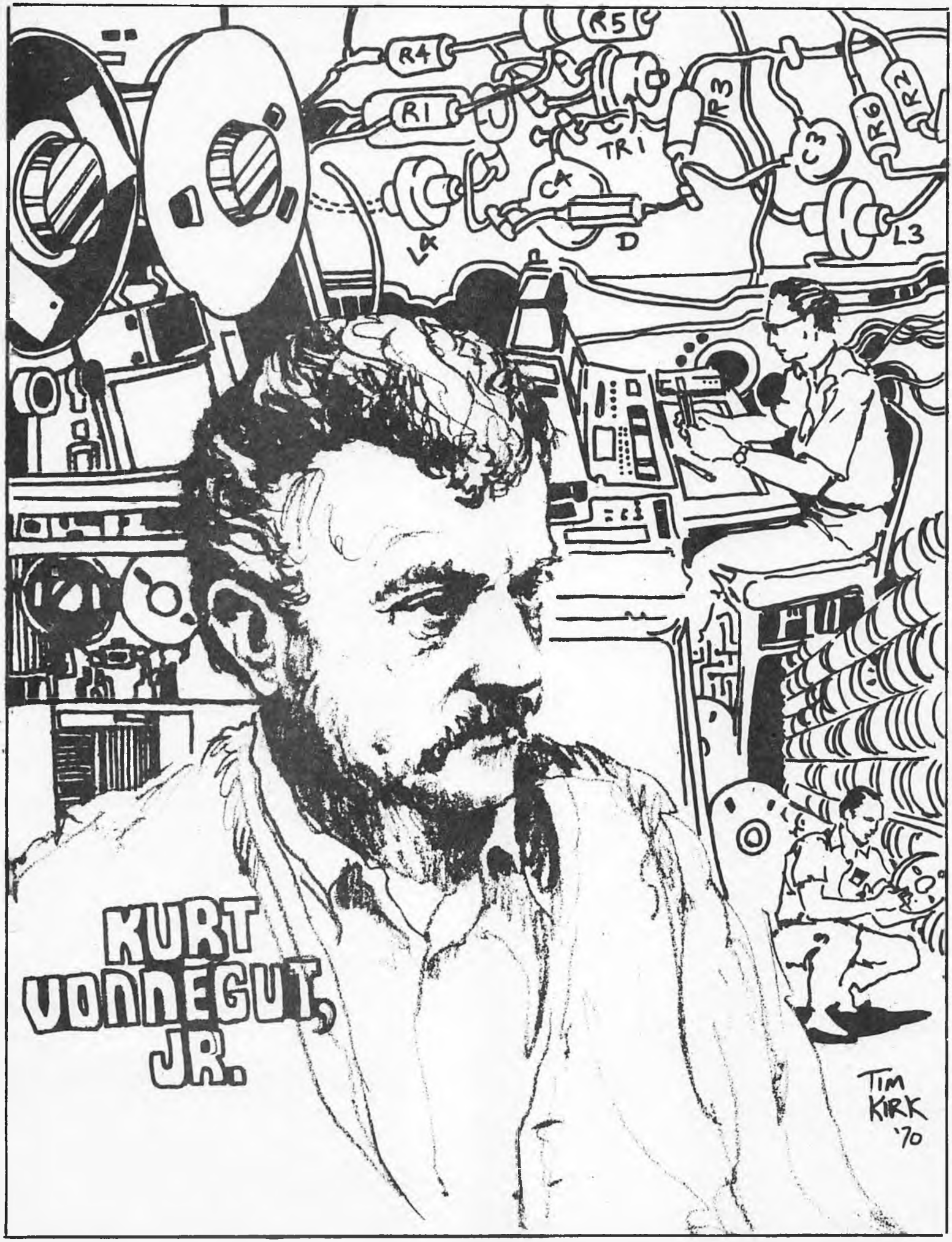
BOSTIAN 71


R5
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KURT VONNEGUT, JR.
TIM KIRK '70

TALES TO WAG YOUR DOG BY: Fiction, et al.

A CAUTION TO BE SINCERE*, by James Ellis.

Mr. Wallaby Sincere's day was ruined. Ruined by a miserable wretch named Archie St. Updike.

Wallaby sat on his favorite bench, in the lee of General Buckmaster's statue, and brooded. Just this morning, he sighed. Just one short hour ago--or was it two hours ago? Well, call it an hour and a half ago.... "The might have been, with tooth accursed"--he remembered old Mr. What's-his-name who used to quote poetry every time he'd had a few. Wallaby licked his parched lips and tried not to think what old Mr. What's-his-name had had a few of. Why torture himself?

But tortured he was, tormented he continued to be; not by a bittersweet image out of the past, but upon the rack of a more immediate and more poignant misfortune.

And it all was so needless, he regretted. That was the hell of it. There he'd been, and there his friend Archie had been...his former friend Archie. They'd embarked together upon an entirely tentative, willy-nilly sort of morning's carouse. No large expectations had been harbored by either of them as to its eventual outcome. And yet, from such an innocent-appearing seed an epic might have grown; and doubtless would have done so but for St. Updike's black betrayal.

For, pulling together and quite effortlessly, by midday they had attained a level of spiritual well-being so agreeable that they were prompted to celebrate the occasion with a toast. St. Updike, Wallaby reflected, had been called upon to pour. He'd done so; but nothing had happened. The inverted bottle had contained a standard quart of mocking emptiness and not a drop of anything else.

Their gossamer-built contentment had broken up and vanished like a dissolving rainbow; the suddenly bone-dry bottle was an affront, a desecration, and an object of horror symbolic of a worse horror to come. Unless....

A hurried search of his possessions had netted Wallaby three dollars. A like amount, which had been chiseled from God knew whom or where by the perennially out-of-pocket St. Updike, was added to the pot. So was a happy sequel to the morning's drama assured. An easy paddle, to and from Ollie's Tahitian Sands Tavern, had seen them snug ashore once again upon their own preferred Isle of Golden Dreams.

Because there the newly-purchased bottle had been, Wallaby groaned: a vibrant reality, purling and gurgling festively with every tilt. Poised and waiting there upon the kitchen table, equidistant between a pair of

*(Or, "Wilde Talents.")

freshly-rinsed and strategically-deployed Dixie cups. An entire unopened quart of Old Horseshoe Nail. Straight from the shelf, ninety-proof, and with a miniature gilded horseshoe complete to Lilliputian nail-holes dangling from a tassel around its neck. So touched had Wallaby been by the elfin glamour of it all, that he was moved to the tender speculation that perhaps a next bottle might supply the missing nails.

Only there would be no next bottle, not that day anyhow. His total current bankroll was invested in Old Horseshoe, and now, tragically, Old Horseshoe itself was no more...and the speed with which the abysmal deed was accomplished! He had wrenched his eyes from Old Horseshoe just long enough to hang his coat. By necessity he had turned his back to do so. He could not now recall hearing his door being opened; just its slamming shut again....

That unspeakable, unprintable, unhallowed St. Updike! Wallaby, who hated the sight of blood, forced himself not to visualize too graphically what he was going to do to St. Updike, once he'd caught up with the treacherous little thief.

However, upon reviewing his activities since the awful door-slamming moment, Wallaby had to admit that the chances were slim of his getting his hands on the villain in time enough to do himself much good. He had already ransacked and re-ransacked every unlikeliest anteroom of every obscurest rathole from one end of Buckmasterville to the other. All he had to show for his troubles was a case of eyestrain.

Wallaby daubed at his perspiring brow, missed, and had a cautious sip from his emergency flask. He peered about, anxious for some comforting sight or sound. Nothing. Even the old general's stoney eidolon on its pedestal yonder--that heroic figure with holed cap set raffishly athwartships, one arm minnie-balled off, dripping saber outthrust in timeless defiance--even this once-cheering spectacle had lost its charm.

He drained his emergency flask--devil take tomorrow morning's terrors--and began the gloomy journey back to his lodgings.

That's when he bumped into the man from Mars.

Though he--the Mars chap--wasn't a man quite. To begin with, he had no discernable head. Beyond that, he might best be described as a coiled rainbow, with tentacles.

"I beg your pardon, sir", said No Head, assisting Wallaby back upon his feet. "My prefix is Zixpac, and I am newly-arrived hither from Mars, for the purpose of spy— of conducting an, er census of you Earthlings for my planet's Entomological Congress now in session. I could not but be attracted, a moment agone, by the many appealing hues and contours of your countenance. How remindful they all are of my childhood home, back amid the wondrous crags and dunes of the Desert of Guttering Shards!"

"Pleased to meet you, pal; I'm Wallaby--Sincere, to you.", said Wallaby.

"Splendid!", cried Zixpac. "How exquisitely fortunate from my point of view. Yes, that hoped-for factor will serve to render my mission here so much the more disencumbersome. Unvariably, yes. One does encounter such difficulty in securing reliable data, you will understand. So many deceitful fellows about, really."

Zixpac's tone suggested that, if he'd been equipped with elbows he'd have dug some of them conspiratorially into Wallaby's ribs, with that last remark.

Had Mr. Sincere been an inquiring type, he would long since have applied himself to the question of where Zixpac's voice was originating, Zixpac having no head to speak of--or out of. But as philosophy and curiosity go hand in hand, and as Mr. S.'s philosophical index was marvelously uncluttered and speedily expressed--he agreed that bread is the staff of life, while at the same time insisting that whisky is life itself--so likewise was his curiosity held in balance by a rigid adherence to the principle of first things first, last, and always. Apart from a never-ending surmise having to do with the whereabouts of his next drink, he had little patience for curiosity.

So, not being curious at all, Wallaby replied: "Positively. These days you can't trust yer own brother, let alone ungrateful rats like that...St. Updike!"

"Is that an unvariable?", Zixpac asked. "How utterly lucky for me to discover you, a gem of fidelity, amongst so many of your less esteemable compatriots,"

Wallaby nodded. "Absolutely. By the way, Napsack, you ain't seen him around anywhere, have you? A sneaky little rat, fast on his feet, an' last seen carryin' a bottle shaped like a fifth, only it's a quart? The bottle, I mean."

"Beg pardon?"

"That...St. Updike! You ain't seen him?"

"Unhappily, no. Perhaps I failed, in my introductory comments, to make my position plain. To repeat, I am newly--nay, instantaneously--come to this planet. As yet I have met with and/or spoken to none save your cooperative self. But yes, unvariably."

"What?"

"I have not seen your friend."

"Friend?", roared Wallaby. "Well, that's one way of puttin' it, if you wanna be all that ridicalous about it. Though he's gonna wish he had a friend, after I get through givin' him what he's got comin' to him."

Zixpac tried to be helpful. "I see...I think I begin to comprehend. You are endeavoring to locate a certain, um, erstwhile companion who, bewilderingly, has dis-earned your good-will. Furthermore, that once having apprehended this distasteful vulgarian, it is your purpose to visit upon his person a complex series of well-merited physical unpleasantnesses?"

"Exac'ly."

"But, ah, yes."

"Yeah, buddy-gee, keep an eye— keep a lookout for him for me."

"My pledge on it, to be sure. Now...."

"Thanks, pal. What did you say you called yourself?"

"Zixpac, sir, subfixed the Fact-Finder. Now, then, with your indulgence, we shall proceed with the business to hand. Firstly, the total population of this planet and its distribution, together with a brief resume of the various political creeds, if any? Then I should be most pleased if you would provide me with a run-down on all the principal military establishments, not omitting details re the more sophisticated weaponry--such as and including rockets, death-rays, neo-molecular vortex encrunchenators, hyper-dimensional missiles, et cetera. Also, some small mention of the more exotic of the annihilant vapors, and so forth, would be appreciated. Plus--"

"What?"

"The population--how many are there of you?"

"Where?"

"By the...!" Zixpac caught hold of himself. "On Earth. Everywhere." He amplified by wriggling a multitude of appendages in innumerable directions, at the same time calling the roll of continents, major islands, archipelagos, and other localities with which Mr. S. was even less familiar.

Wallaby shook his head pityingly. "Now what the hell you wanna know all that tejoius stuff for?", he asked. With more head-shakings and gestures of despair, he sighed profoundly into the distance.

"Look, pal," he continued, "you're a nice guy and all that, but ain't nobody innerested in all that gobbledash. It's tejious, that's all it is; an' you ain't gonna win no friends an' inflooence nobody with claptrap like that these days. You gotta be a live wire! Think big! Do somethin' orig'nal! You mean well, I can see that; but how the hell can anybody get any fun outta life, stompin' all over the place, aimless-like, an' countin' all them ridicalous people, which ain't even innerested either an' who wouldn't think you was nothin' but some kind of nut anyhow? Stop denyin' yourself, Napsack. Go out an' look for another job. Settle down with a wife and kids in the ole easy chair. Fill up a glass an' down the ole hatch. Wait a minute, buddy-gee--you got anything on your hip there? That...St. Updike!"

Zixpac wrung his tentacle tips. "But our espi— the information I seek is essential to the success of our milit— our cultural expedition to be sent to this planet. How else are we to ascertain the optimum number of bomb— gifts to bring to the peoples of Earth, as tokens of our friendship?"

"How's that again?"

There followed an extended pause, during which Zixpac weighed the merits of a shift in tactics.

"Now this matter of rockets," he resumed coaxingly, "of which you made mention and to which I, forgive me, failed to pay sufficient heed, thus missing the details of paramountest impor—"

"What?"

"The rockets?"

"Had to give 'em up when I was jest a boy. Almost got myself killed one time, with all that fire shootin' out of 'em an' ever'thing. Them things ain't to be toyed with, lemme tell you. That's all I got to say on the subjec'."

"You mean to say, that even the children of this world are conversant with the incalculable complexities of rocketry and hyper-dimensional missilery?"

"What?"

"By the Primal Coil of the Fzthothian Cylinder that Revolves Hexagonally to the Plane of the Spiraling Arch!!! This is no common undertaking the Guild has honored me with!"

"I didn't ketch all of that!", volunteered Wallaby. "But I worked on a ole Packard once. Didn't b'long to me, though; b'longed to a neighbor of mine who ain't lived there now for years. They even tore the house down he lived in years ago, to make room for a vacant lot they have there now. Yes, sir, I can see it all now. There that old Packard was, with its hood off an' half its insides out, scattered sor'ful-like all over the ground, an' all that grease an' oil an' sand splattered all over ever'thing. Yes, sir, it's jest like it was yestaday. There them cylinders was--goin' up-down, up-down, up-down, up— It like to drove me nuts. Found out later on that ole Pete--that's what his name was in them days--found out afterwards that ole Pete didn't know anything about workin' on cars either. Anyways, not on Packards."

"I see. But perhaps you meant to say pistons?"

"What?"

"Friendship! I say....", wheezed Zixpac, with the faintest touch of ire. "Expedition! Population! —GIFTS...!!" He lingered tantalizingly. "We hardly wish to inva— visit your world empty-handed, to be received as parsimonious pariahs, vainglorious adventurers, social monsters, unwel—"

"Monsters! Monsters, did you say? Don't say it again. Man, I could inner-duce you to some monsters that'd turn your hair...that's turn your hide white an' make your blood run cold."

Zixpac was intrigued by this revelation. "You could? They would? You've unvariably seen such creatures?"

"You better b'lieve I seen 'em. I see 'em all the time; most hellish depressin' brutes they are. If that...St. Updike was here, he'd ver'fy it; he sees 'em all the time, too. He's even tole me about some I ain't never seen, an' b'lieve me, that's goin' some, if you can b'lieve that."

"Strange.... Our spi— our representatives have made no reference.... But then, our observations to this time must of necessity be inconclusive.... Still....

"Tell me of these, er, monsters. Would you regard them as being in any way a, ah, threat to our— to your security, now or at any foreseeable future date?"

"What's that? Speak up, boy, speak up. Look, why don't we slip on over to Ollie's—"

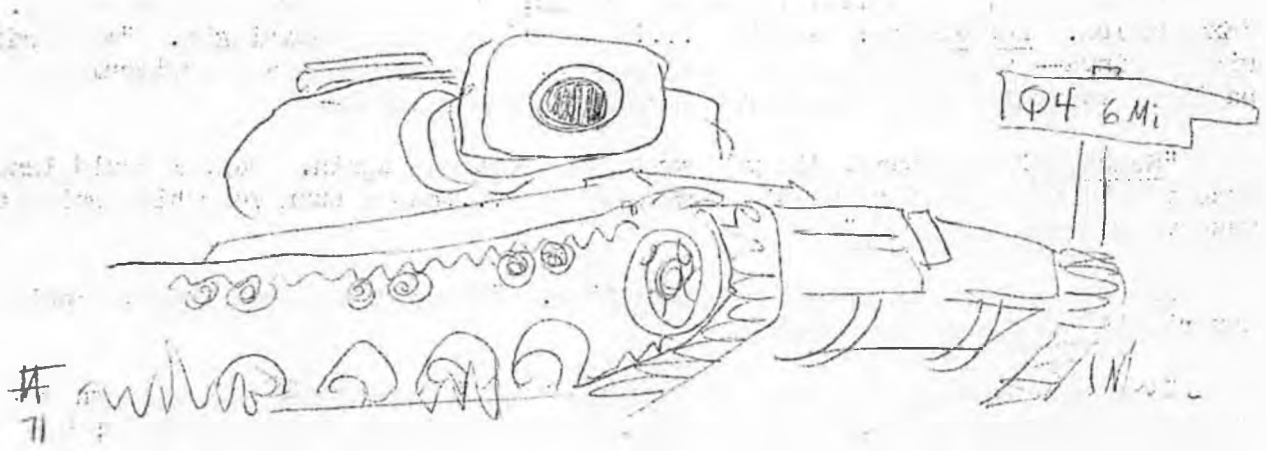
"But these monsters," insisted Zixpac, "are they of an, er, intractable disposition? Inclined to ill-temper, or anti-social behavior? Are they, um, dangerous?"

"Are they dang'rous, you say? Are they dang'rous? Why, one of 'em, which I have great respec' for, must be almost a mile an' a half long by now--he's growin' all the time, you unnerstan'. He's got a head on him like them catfishes has, which I caught one accidental-like once when I went to sleep with the line tied around my finger. A revoltin' arnge color he is, an' purple an' all like that, an' he's always prowlin' around, threatenin'-like, an' makin' horryble tremcnjus noises. He's even got them same kind of whiskers, too, now as I recall. Them whiskers don't make him any han'somer, either, you can b'lieve me.

"You know one thing? You know what he did? He sneaked on over to Wash'ton City one night, under cover of heavy rain an' fog, an' swallered the Wash'ton Mineymint jest for no more'n jest a damfool ijiotic lark, elevator an' all. Kept aholt of it till sunup, he did, an' then urped it up distainful-like, like it wasn't even worth digestin' on his part. An' there it still stands to this day. You know the place I mean, don't you? That big tall buildin', about five miles high, stuck up on a hill?"

"By the Retrograde Moon!", gasped Zixpac.

"No, no," Wallaby corrected, "right out there in the open, all by itself. Ain't anything else around it but a whole lotta grass an' flagpoles an' empty beer cans, as far as the naked eye can see. That reminds me of somethin', but I can't remember what it was jest now.



"Then o'course," he continued, "there's the one who pertends he's a bridge. He ain't a bridge o'course; jest puts on he is, layin' out there over the water, an' lettin' people walk all over him an' drive cars an' motorcycles an' things over him, an' trains clikkety-clankin' both ways, gettin' smoke an' coal dust all over his railin's an' sidewalks an' ever'thing....

"An speakin' of moons, like you was," Wallaby went on, to his companion's mounting consternation, "I can tell you somethin' highly unusu'l on the subjec'. I seen him with my own eyes--but he wasn't actin' like a bridge that time tho'; he was pertendin' to be a steamshovel--I seen him with my own eyes leap up in a nerve-wrackin' hurry an' hightail it on up to the moon an' take a predijious bite right spang outen it! —WHERE THE HELL YOU THINK ALL THEM CRAZY-LOOKIN' HOLES COME FROM?"

"By the G'linn Canal!", said Zixpac.

"Well, I ain't no expert on that, seen' I ain't never been there myself. Might be a canal up there, at that.... Even a green one maybe. But like I say, I ain't sure."

"This creature can travel in <u>space</u>?", enquired Zixpac.

"What?"

"This, this Bridge-Beast--it can actually fly to your satellite?"

"<u>Fly</u>? Man, he can fly anywhere, day or night. That's his fav'rite sport, next to prowlin' around scarin' people to death. I'm s'prized you ain't seen him yourself. You don't get around much, do you, Napsack?"

"No....", mused Zixpac. "It seems I don't."

Zixpac then retired into that condition of heightened awareness which on Mars is referred to as a <u>fh'agn</u> trance. Presently he commenced to rotate, or revolve--one's earthly eyes being sorely taxed to form a satisfactory distinction--and to emit a cryptic assortment of splutterings, pipings and snappings. Overall the effect produced was somewhat suggestive of a wobbling, wired-for-sound barber's pole.

From all this seeming confusion Wallaby might have extracted, had he been tutored in the Fzthoth country patois, one or two interesting snatches, to wit:

". . . Faulty reconnaisance . . . grave disruptive potential . . . Bridge-Beasts . . . allies/common cause? . . . veiled reference to the Cylinder . . .

undetermined numbers . . . Catfish??? . . . a veritable infinitude of pause-giving unvariables . . . imperative transtelevert Dis-Orienter for (probable) cancellation. But first...."

In an easygoing, offhand fashion, Zixpac resumed: "There was, I believe, sometime during the course of our hugely stimulating talk, a passing allusion to a certain, um, Bridge-Beast, was it? Now I take it that this is a more or less isolated phenomenon? Perhaps, indeed, a sole-surviving anachronism of a happily long-forgotten era of this planet's pre-history--analogous to Mars' own grilchak, which has persisted, nomadic and solitary and given to sporadic temperamental outbursts, for several tens of thousands pantoks? And consequently, that when this entity expires owing to the multiple attritions of increased years, or other natural cause; or should it suffer the unhappy calamity of a fatal, er, accident, let us say; then, if my rationale be error-free, we--that is, you would no longer have occasion for concern in regard to any hostile overtures emanating from that direction, for reason that there then would be no, er, other monsters to take its place? The foregoing applies with equal weight in the matter of the, um, Catfish-Horror. Is that correct?"

Wallaby thought it over for a while.

"Well, yeah....", he conceded in due course. "Jest like you was sayin', a friend of mine had an accident on a bridge one time. One of them bridges that turns around right in the middle of itself, to let boats an' things squeeze thru. Them kind of bridges makes me nervous jest lookin' at em.

"Yes, sir, all they ever found of Careless Gus— That's what ever'body called him; I never did unnerstand why they called him that--Careless Gus, I mean. Though his name was Gus, now I come to think of it. I liked ole Gus. A real friendly fella, he was, but awful forgetful-like an' absent-minded an' all like that.

"Anyways, like I was sayin', all they ever found of Careless Gus was his raincoat an' the only reason they ever found that was because it's already stopped rainin' anyhow an' Careless Gus had gone an' forgot his raincoat in Ollie's bar room where he'd jest been at prior to comin' out of an' continyerin' on over the bridge which Careless Gus lived on the other side of in one of them new housin' devel'pments. But he never made it. It's a awful depressin' story--you want me to continyer?"

"No, my friend, you needn't bother. I quite understand and would choose to spare you further grief."

"You don't say?", said Wallaby.

"Yes.", answered Zixpac. "This Bridge-Beast now, there are, ah, um--more than one?"

Wallaby was unable to hide his astonishment at this further evidence of the breadth of Zixpac's inexperience. "Man, there's millions of 'em. More'n that maybe. You don't expec' they're all gonna set still in one place while I count 'em, do you? Where'd you go to school at? Besides all that, you wouldn't be able to reco'nize 'em anyhow, with their horrfyin' habit of turnin' 'emselves into all kinds of warehouses an' bus term'nals an' park benches an' all like that, right before your eyes in all their hijiousness. You jest don't know where they'll turn up next, that you damn sure don't."

"By the V'lorian Ice Cap!"

"You might find 'em there, too. Disguisin' 'emselves as icebergs praps."

"We must allow for that!", acknowledged Zixpac, who was all but undone by these last shattering disclosures. But mindful of the consequences of a censure motion that yet might be pressed against him by certain unpersuaded ones at home--namely, the more demanding members of the Guild of the Engravers of the Stones--he rallied. Perhaps...even now, just perhaps....

"My world, as doubtless you are informed," he took up pleasantly, "is significantly, er, drier than your own. And while I hasten to assure you that we in no wise begrudge you this unspeakable boon of waters, nonetheless we are a race of, of--now how might one express it? Sportsmen? Sportsmen! That's it, precisely. We so enjoy galumphing about in the element which you possess in such singular abundance, and of which, alas!, we have so discouragingly little. Have I mentioned that with the aid of our kron adaptors, we of Mars are as serene and at home beneath the waves as in the open air? Oh, yes indeed, unvariably so. Although it is deplorably true that the kron adaptor was last resorted to, successfully, a matter of seven million years ago. Mars years, that is. Since that time there has not been enough water on our planet to activate the adaptor's nexttopmost clogget. Parenthetically, allow me to submit that the loss of both the formula and components of the spronk aquifier, during the closing fusilades of the Polaxxian and Krakkabonian heliobolt confrontation of mistiest antiquity, constitutes a seering testamonial to the innate valuelessness of all unsuccessful wars.

"Now, the thesis to which I invite your attention and on which I beg your counsel, is as follows: (1) Were a modest contingent of, say, four or five millions of our sold— of our sportsminded youngsters to come to Earth, bearing with them a sufficiency of adaptors to transvert this world's oceans into habitable Zones, in such wise opening the way for a total inva— an increasing tourism; (2) And were those selfsame sports-conscious lads to see to it that all landward approaches thereto are effectively sealed off by means of our h'nath-m'lar-fadex force-fields; (3) And were, at virtually that identical moment, our splort atmosphere displacers to envibrate an untranspierceable minutron canopy over all of the said Zones--which is to say, over the totality of this planet's seas--thus obviating any conceivable attempt at ingress from points above; then I put it to you: Are you of the opinion that such a project is feasible? I predicate this proposal of course on the assumption that the Bridge-Beasts, Catfish-Horrors, etc., are indigenous to the Earthly land-masses; and that once situated snugly beneath the foam we would forevermore be immune to their depradations. Is it not so?"

Wallaby thoughtfully turned over the problem, meanwhile gazing with narrowed eyes at that point in space where Zixpac's head ought to have been. Then: "I don't quite unnerstan' that last part. Tell me that last part again."

"Is it your belief," Zixpac said quite loudly, "that we could flourish—live! in the water?"

Wallaby was bowled over. Regaining his feet, he pointed a quivvering finger at Zixpac. "Live in water?", he shouted. "What a hijious idea! Last time I fooled with the stuff it almost

WHADDYA MEAN, MARS IS DRY?

gave me the hyberfobia, it made me so sick. Why, even the fish can't stand it sometimes! Ain't you never seen 'em leapin' an' hoppin' around like crazy, willin' to hop into the boat an' commit suicide, even, to escape the torment? An' they grew up in the stuff!

"Lemme tell you somethin' about the subjec'. I looked thru one of them science machines once--in a deparpment store I b'lieve it was. I was jest a boy then, but I ain't never got over it to this day. Why, there's even worse monsters livin' an' squirmin' in the water than them I already told you about. They go creepin' along, dreadful-like, eatin' up ever'thing in sight. You wouldn't last a minute, pal. Live in <u>water</u>? That's some kind of stupid, buddy-gee, take my word on it.

"Man, what a hijious idea! I can't get over it. An' on top of ever'thing else, they're <u>invisible</u>! you can't see 'em without one of them science machines; an' even if you had one of them things, what good'd it do you? They'd jest ooze along an' slurp you up afore you could get the damn thing tuned! Take my advice, Napsack, an' stay away from the water."

Zixpac was sold at last.

"Yes," he admitted, "that <u>is</u> most potent advice, and you may rest contented that I shall heed it to the completest imaginable degree....

"And now, my friend, by the Undiminished Gleam of the Never-Faltering Prism, I must bid you farewell. I grieve, I greatly grieve, that there will be no, ah, gifts after all from my people to yours. Would that it might be otherwise, but the dictates of—"

"Stop mumblin', boy, speak up!"

"I say I must leave you now. But ere I betake myself hence, will you do me the kindness of assuring me once again--ah, me! I blush to utter it. I do indeed. However, you will understand and be of generous sympathy when I make it known to you that my report is to be accepted by my peers as the definitive such an one. As such, naturally, it shall be indited, to the accompaniment of suitable games and demonstrations, upon the most prestigious filaments of the Incorruptible Splanths; thenceafterwhich to be consulted, by my own and succeeding generations, unto the end of—"

"<u>What</u>?"

"Tell me, are you--are you <u>truly</u> sincere?"

"Your damn tootin', I'm Sincere. I'm the only one in the book. You can look it up, if you don't b'lieve me. Comes under <u>S</u>."

"I am convinced that will not be necessary."

It was at this juncture that Zixpac seemed to recognize some of the more far-reaching implications of Wallaby's tale. In any case, he began to palpitate in a startling manner, and to declaim shrilly:

"Eeeeeeeeee! Ahhhhhhhhh!!! By Deimos, Phobos and Erebus! By the Crenelated Discs! By the Unforgotten Steeps of Oft-Remembered Haladok! By the Unwatered Lakes of Thrang! By—!"

"By God, I wish you'd pipe down! You're makin' my eyeballs ache, with all that hellish racket!"

Zixpac recovered. "Forgive me, dear colleague; I was momentarily carried away by the transcendent dream of it all."

"Well, if that's how it was, ferget it."

"A nobler magnanimity has not been observed elsewhere."

"Well, you know how it is."

"Then a final find adieu. And may Thork of the Quasi-Spherical Nimbus protect you and yours from the unmentionable catastrophe that clearly impends. For patently those Bridge-Beasts, Catfish-Horrors, Water-Hordes, et cetera, are but biding their time...yes, biding their time.... I weep for you--pardon me...."

Truly, a moving sight.

"Unfortunate Earthlings!", wailed Zixpac. "Blameless waifs! Unsuccored pawns of a conspiracy unrivalled in its black, cruel insideousness! Were I an influential Blort and not an humble klart, believe that I would intercede in your behalf; know that I would aid you in devising some scheme for quitting this ghastly planet, this pestilential breeding ground of unnumbered and unnameable cosmic abnormalities, this iniquitous sinkhole of trans-stellar blasphemies, this— And when they have prevailed here....? What then....? Then! BY THE—!"

Whereupon Zixpac, with extraordinary acceleration, shot straight up into the air.

* * * *

Zixpac had vanished utterly into the blue; and Wallaby, justifiably miffed at being so rudely abandoned, had outdone himself with a picturesque summing-up of the many failings of a foreign— of a— who wouldn't even offer a man a drink. Then, satisfied that he had put Zixpac forever in his place, he was about to take up the issue of all of the likewise misbegotten St. Updikes of the world when behind him a Voice said:

"Pardon me/us, sir or madam. My/our name is/are H'aph/Kwa'hrt. I/we represent Intergalactic Minerals, Canopus Office...."

* *

ONE GRAVEYARD TO ANOTHER, by Jan Slavin Evers.

I was riding down the endless dim corridor of the Galactic Information Center. I looked at my watch. It read 14:10, but here time means nothing. The hall moved on as it had for centuries. The airtight electronic doors remained unseen. The whirring of the computers, the clicking of the microfilm machines, the monotones of the robot-readers, were unheard behind soundproof walls. The light filtered in eerily, dimming as I passed. The walls, holding me in like a coffin, continued forever. Knowledge was in this tomb, and I had to dig it out before I could return to the living.

* *

THE BOTTLE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, by T. D. C. Kuch.

There was once a bottle by the side of a road. The bottle was filled with a green liquid of indeterminate nature, and it grew in size every day. How it got there, and what caused its growth, was for months the subject of speculation. But the fact was that when the bottle was first noticed, it was 10 feet tall and growing fast. The reason it had not been noted earlier was probably that it had been thought to be some sort of soft-drink advertisement, but about this time a reporter on the staff of a small-town newspaper nearby mentioned the curiosity in his column of country gossip. As even the most ambitious roadside advertising objects do not grow, soon people began to notice. A fruit stand half a mile away kept a chart on the growth of the bottle, and improved its business by the simple means of requiring the purchase of half a dozen apples before the curious could look at the chart. This lasted only a short time, however, as a large daily picked up the story and ran a height and circumference report on its front page every day. By this time the bottle was 25 feet tall.

Soon the bottle achieved a nationwide following. Many people said the atom tests were to blame, some blamed the Devil, and others didn't believe the bottle existed. The best authorities blamed it all on Mass Hysteria.

When the bottle was 62½ feet tall, the government decided to remove it as a threat to reality. It could not be determined, however, whether this removal should be accomplished by the federal, state, or county governments. It was still fashionable to discount the whole thing as a hoax. The tourists came with cameras, and more and more people believed. It was not removed.

By the next summer, however, the novelty had worn off. Even the tourists were gone. Those who tried to find it were skilfully routed by paid gas-station attendants to more lucrative places, such as the funny house you paid to get into, the funny bunch of redwoods you paid to look at, or the really great shrine you paid to see where a statue was said to cure neuralgia and piles. The bottle was 350 feet high, and the green liquid still filled it to the top.

Then one day a man took a stick of dynamite and blew a hole in the side of it. The green liquid ran out and the bottle stopped growing. But all the countryside where the green liquid had flowed was growing. It grew trees. It grew ferns and birds and strange animals, and a small mountain where centaurs engaged in long disputations over the nature of existence. The whole thing was condemned by the government as a threat to reality, and all the experts said it was just mass hysteria. At last word, the federal, state, and county governments still had not agreed as to just who should correct the situation, and a bi-partisan committee of Congress was blaming the Russians.

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In 7960, Ferdinand Feghoot visited the planet of Yingo, whose inhabitants had carborundum teeth, and ate fluffy brazen pancakes. #### Feghoot immediately came into favor at the Ying court, since he cured the Ying King's eating thing...a problem caused by worn and blunted teeth. #### "Elementary", he explained, "it was simply a matter of lubricating the pancakes by the persistent application of hot fluorinated chicken fat." #### "In fact, you might say I came on like gong basters!"

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THE THREE-SIDED MAN, by Ken Behrendt.

Nandu woke and was momentarily blinded by the bright African sun. He put his clothes on, which consisted of a light red piece of cloth and a pair of sandals that he had made himself. Now he decided to leave his thatched hut and join the others at the river. They would all be assembled, waiting as they waited every morning.

When the chiefs arrived, they began an interesting procedure. First, they chanted for several minutes. This was followed by the exorcism that Tamar, the oldest chief of the tribe, performed by throwing a few handfuls of colored powder into the sparkling waters. Then, after various spirits were deemed harmless, the women were allowed to enter the water with their pots and bowls.

Nandu did not understand why this ceremony was performed, but it seemed to work. At least, it managed to soothe the tensions that had been aroused last summer by the sudden death of a young boy.

The boy had gone swimming shortly after dark on a particularly hot day. The water's surface has been as smooth as glass until his violent kicking shattered it with thousands of ripples. He was calmly floating on his back, when a luminous streak silently approached from upstream. It moved underwater with a gliding motion, forming a gently curving strip of shimmering light forty feet in length.

Seeing the approaching danger, the boy began a frantic swim for the shore. The glowing waters quickly engulfed him, cutting off his screams. The noise attracted a large crowd, but no one--not even his parents--could help. Tamar had risen his staff, which signified that entering the river was forbidden!

* * * *

Nandu drank deeply from the cool waters, and then looked up and saw his friend Matoe. Today was a special day for both of them--they would be allowed to go with the hunting party. This was the true mark of a man, and missing it would be a tragedy.

Matoe came over and began to chat. "Are you well, Nandu?"

"I am fine, but have much fear."

"You fear the hunt?"

"Yes. You have listened to the stories of the wise ones--you know the dangers."

Matoe managed a brief smile. "Surely you do not believe those old wives' tales?"

Nandu was growing angry. "Did you not believe when they told of the day of the Black Sun?"

"Use your head--it was probably a cloud that darkened the Great Light!"

"It is you who are the fool. The old ones are wise. Far wiser than you shall ever be!"

Matoe was shocked, and could find no words with which to reply.

Nandu, sensing his friend's wounded pride, immediately assumed an apologetic tone. "Matoe, my friend, I will meet you by the hut where the weapons are kept when the sun stick makes its shortest shadow."

His dark-skinned friend smiled and they parted, for there was much to be done on this day of days. Ancient custom prescribed that faces, chests, and arms be painted with the bright yellow dye of the Taijai root. On the first trip they would not be allowed to use spears such as the village men carried -- instead, they would have to rely on the primitive stone knives that they had been taught to make at the age of seven.

* * * *

Life in the village continued as usual. Children cried in the bright morning sun as mothers kept themselves busy cooking and cleaning. Not that their small weakly-constructed huts could ever be cleaned, but at least they were occupied while their men told tales in the shade of the tall trees that surrounded the huts.

Presently it was noon, and a small group of men was assembled in front of the chiefs' hut. From the corner of the village two young boys came running to join them. Minutes later the hunters were surrounded by interested onlookers.

The hunters were lined up, with the two new members on the end. Arati, the chief who was considered to be in divine communion with the god of the beast, walked down the line and sprinkled each man with a potion consisting of dried lizard's tail, powdered eye of eel, and several other mouth-watering substances. Nandu wasn't sure if it would offer protection against wild animals, but the violent spasm of coughing it induced in him would definitely scare any beast away.

* * * *

The progression moved into the think jungle overgrowth and quickly vanished from sight. The taller, stronger men were in front, and the line trailed down to the youngest, Nandu and Matoe, at the end. They felt insignificant, and would have run, except that they had never been in this part of the jungle and might easily lose their way.

Matoe was the last in line. He grew more and more nervous as they continued. They had walked for almost two hours and had passed three caves, a lake, and four cross-paths.

"Nandu, where are we going and why haven't we rested?", whispered Matoe.

"Quiet, Matoe! You know that we are not allowed to speak."

"I am afraid. Have you noticed how dark and silent it has grown?"

"Perhaps it is only a cloud or...perhaps those tales are true!" His friend's fear helped to reinforce Nandu's courage.

"Silence you two! We will arrive shortly!" The boys' hearts missed a beat.

* * * *

After ten more minutes of exhausting travel, the band of men circled a small pond and finally came to a stop. They stood there with the sweat pouring off their bodies in large streams. At their appearance, three small deer, interrupted during their afternoon drink, scurried for safety. The boys were puzzled; if this were a hunt, why didn't the men capture those animals and prepare them for return to the village?

Patu was the oldest of the hunting party. He stepped from the ring of men and waded into the pool of water. He stood there and slowly raised his face to the sky. Closing his eyes, he concentrated for several minutes.

"Send them to me!", he said as he began a murmured chant. . . .

The boys again wanted to run, but their way was barred. The elders, using the tips of their spears, prodded them toward the water.

"Have no fear," one of the closer men said, "he will not harm you."

These words had a calming effect on the boys, and they gave up all hope of escape.

Patu met them with open arms. He grasped each of their shoulders in his pale palms and began another incantation.

"Oh great and powerful Rondi, giver of all knowledge and power, hear me! We of the circle wish Nandu and Matoe, oldest of the village boys, to join us. Does this please you, oh mighty one?"

A long minute of silence passed, and then Patu began to push the boys to their knees. They were finally pushed below the surface, and had to hold their breath to keep from drowning.

After Patu released them, they stood, and the hunter fixed them with a steady gaze. "Do both of you, to the day of your last breath, promise never to tell of what you will see today?"

Both boys nodded their heads simultaneously.

"So be it. Today, you are men. Now we must take you to Rondi." Patu's voice thundered out as they followed a winding path that weaved its way into the deep foliage.

* * * *

Finally they reached the slope of the high mountain wall that disappeared into the mists on either side. Off to the right of the path there was a cave. Around its mouth there were strange rocks that Nandu had once seen by the great volcano. They were dark and cold and reminded him of death.

They entered the abrupt darkness of earth and moved, single-file, through a damp passageway that opened into a large chamber.

What the newly-initiated members saw filled them with horror. Matoe began to think perhaps this thing was an extra part of the procedure for becoming a man. At any rate, he did not like it.

The thing was unlike any object they had ever seen. It was a large metal pyramid, resting upon four large springs which protruded from the corners of its largest base. The apex of this structure was made of a transparent substance, and this smaller version of the whole was filled with a reddish haze.

Patu stepped forward and fell to his knees. "Oh mighty one, we have brought forth the newcomers."

There was silence now, greater than that of a tomb. Nandu and Matoe found themselves standing alone as the others moved silently to the other side of the chamber.

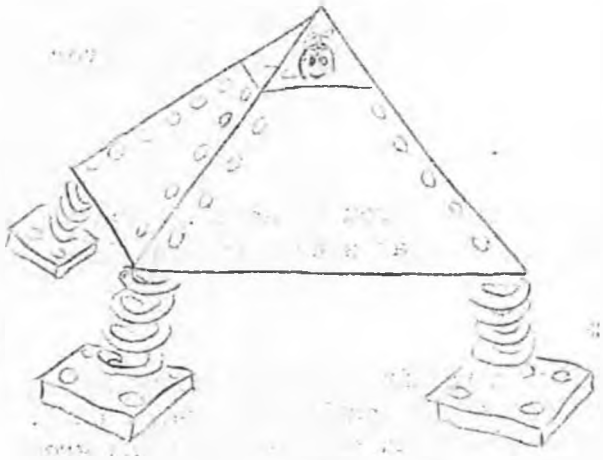
Then it happened. As they stood there trembling, the fog in the upper pyramid began to grow thinner. At first there was nothing, but then the outline of a small brown ball became visible. It was rough and pitted, and resembled a ball of wet mud. Then a small stream of bright light illuminated it from below.... It was a small head!

Nandu was the first to scream, and as he did so Rondi emitted a low-pitched humming sound. The small wrinkled face eyed them with cold curiosity, and all their attempts to escape were futile--they were paralyzed!

"Do not fear me, young ones--I come only to help and study your people." The rasping voice came from the thing's wrinkled lips.

Next, the terrified Nandu, against all physical efforts, was forced to move toward the creature. Standing only a foot away from the gleaming surface, his hand containing the stone knife was forced to rise. At this action a small tray slid out and caught the object when Nandu unconsciously released it.

Suddenly, the force that bound Nandu was relaxed, and under the tension of his straining muscles, he was flung to the ground, landing at his friend's feet.



A loud, droning noise pervaded the musty air of the cavern, and then the small triangle of light faded, leaving the party in the dull glow coming from the entrance.

Several minutes passed, in silence. Then the creature came back to life. One could with difficulty perceive a faint flicker of satisfaction on its deformed face.

"Excellent! Perfect! This instrument of yours has told me much."

"Now what is it that you wish of me?", it said as its bulging bloodshot eyes brought the elder men of the group into view.

Again Patu acted as spokesman. "We need much food, for the hunt has gone very badly."

Nandu knew that he was lying, but obviously the creature did not. Suddenly the cavern was filled with a dense mist. The air began to swirl about with such violence that the two newcomers had to hug the stone walls to keep from being thrown to the floor. A tingling sensation made them even more queasy. Matoe reached out to grab his friend's arm, but jumped back as a long blue spark of static electricity spanned the gap between them. It was as though the gods of the wind and rain had unleashed a tempest upon them.

In the center of the cavern lay four dead cows already tied to wooden poles and ready to be taken away. Next to them were a half-dozen or more arrows similar to the ones made in the village, and on each of these were five or six small birds.

"But Great Provider, this is hardly two days' food!", Patu said worriedly.

The weary brown face seemed to stare through him. It gasped once and then began to reply slowly.

"Yes, I know. It has been many years since I came to your people, and now I have grown tired and am beginning to lose power. Perhaps some day I shall no longer be with you."

At these words Patu actually shed tears. He had known Rondi since he was fifteen, and even then he had heard the tribe's elders speak in hushed tones of the creature of the cave. But perhaps the sorrow was expressed because it might mean they'd have to hunt their own game after Rondi was gone.

Rondi lost his glow and the men made ready to carry the fresh meat back to their wives--who would be waiting as they always did during these expeditions. They did not know where their food came from, but questions were unnecessary when the bounty of the jungle was plentiful.

* * * *

Caloon was the first to see them; he was also the village's swiftest runner, which accounted for the attention that his yells drew. As he came sprinting in, it was obvious that he'd been running for miles. Gasping and out of breath, he stumbled towards the meeting hut of the chiefs.

"What is it, Caloon?", Tamar said anxiously.

"White Ones! White Ones! Even now they are coming up the slopes toward our village!"

Tamar's mind mulled over the matter for several minutes. His face wore a worried look.

"We shall meet these strange ones. We will welcome them, but, in case they mean harm, there will be many archers hidden in the hills."

And that was that, for if none of the other chiefs disagreed, it was law.

* * * *

Three tired men cautiously trudged into the village. One of them bore a large pack upon his back. Another carried a large box-shaped object with an eye in the middle. The third carried nothing, and seemed to show no interest upon sighting the numerous huts.

"Well gentlemen, here we are!", the guide said perfunctorily.

"You see, John, we've made it, and from various signs I'd say we're the first--the very first!" The man carrying the camera was overjoyed.

"Mike, I thought we were going to spend this week hunting! Sure you work for the museum, but did you have to drag me with you?" John Upton appeared to be a bit peeved.

"But look, I've never seen anything like this! It's a great opportunity to conduct some unique, on-the-spot investigations of primitive culture."

As they talked a large crowd of natives gathered about them. The guide swung the pack off his back and walked toward one of the children. He said something, but the child just stood there, staring back.

"Mr. Haverson, I'm sorry but they just don't understand me."

Haverson grinned and then advanced toward the same boy. African dialects had been his favorite subject. Meanwhile, his friend John remained silent; he was deeply absorbed in watching the bare-breasted native girls.

"Boy, we come in peace. Will you take us to the chief?", Haverson said eagerly.

From the boy's response he picked out the following: "This . . . hut of . . . come."

There was a slight language problem, but after a few days of study that would be cleared up.

The child began walking toward the center of the village, and the three men followed.

After a minute or so, the boy, the men, and the throngs of curious onlookers arrived at the chiefs' hut. When the chiefs finally did appear, there was a general uproar.

Tamar scanned the crowd and fixed his gaze upon the three white strangers. He raised his arms and a deep silence ensued.

Haverson was elected to go forward and speak, though of course he did not know how much of the replies he would pick up.

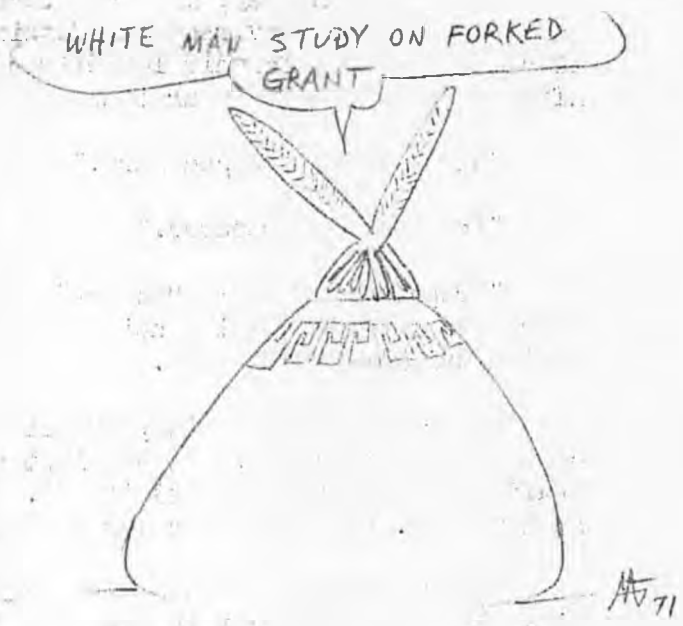
"Er...we wish to see the chief....", he said in a tongue that he thought most resembled theirs.

". . . We chiefs . . . I speak . . .", Tamar said.

The white man was startled at this reply. "Chiefs? How many chiefs do you have?"

". . . We all chiefs . . . all share power."

"We wish to stay a few days and ask many questions."



At this the chiefs gathered together and chattered for some time. Finally, Tamar spoke.

"White men . . . stay seven days . . . show you hut." With this he pointed to a boy in the tribe, who led them to a hut on the outskirts of the village. It was near some low hills that stretched off into the mountains.

* * * *

The next day thay started early. Haverson and the guide began investigating, while the third man went in the direction from which they had come, looking for game.

The two at the village looked at everything. First they entered several huts, and, although invading the privacy of the inhabitants, examined many tools, weapons, and baskets. There was much to learn, as indicated by the two notebooks Haverson had already filled.

Half-way through their tour, the guide complained of a headache and returned to their hut. But Haverson did not have to walk alone; shortly thereafter he was joined by Tamar.

They walked in silence for several minutes. Then Haverson could contain himself no longer; he had to ask what he considered a most important question.

"Chief, what do you worship? Who are your gods?"

The old man stared at him blankly and began to stroll slowly away. The white man followed him closely.

Shortly they came to a large boulder set in a small clearing near the river. It was about fifteen feet tall, and one side had been cut and polished flat. Upon its face there was a large triangle neatly chiseled into its surface. It appeared to be inlaid with a material resembling silver.

Tamar's proud face turned from the large stone to Haverson, who stood there in utter disbelief. Haverson had seen structures similar to this in South America, but how was this possible? Had there once been a connecting land mass? And how had the stone and triangle been cut? So far he had seen no metal implements! It was these unanswered questions that made his curiosity burn.

"Chief, what does this mean?"

"He is the Great One--source of all power!"

Haverson was growing more and more excited as he realized that this was the only god they worshipped.

"You must tell me more! I must study and learn about him."

"You wish to learn?" The white man gave a universal nod. "Then follow me."

Tamar led the way, and they soon found themselves on a trail moving into the dark jungle. Haverson was fascinated by the strange flora and rock formations, and if not for his leader's quick pace would have taken a few specimens. After a short time they arrived at a small clearing.

"Why have we stopped here?"

"You must be prepared."

"Prepared? I don't under—" But before he could finish his last word, there was a brisk running noise behind him. He spun around and saw a native moving quickly towards him.

He tried to step aside, but it was too late. The native's spear plunged deeply into his chest. In the last agonizing instant, he weakly grasped the shaft in an attempt to pull it out. But his strength had ebbed away and now he lay dead, his blood forming a large crimson pond.

Tamar removed the dead man's knife as the other natives gathered around him. It was a deep cut to make and time was running out. If Haverson were to be saved, he would have to act quickly.

* * * *

When Haverson first regained consciousness, he was aware of a dull aching sensation in his head. He felt comfortable and decided to open his eyes.

His vision was blurred but he became aware of Tamar standing before him.

"How are you, white one?"

"My head aches, but otherwise I'm fine. What happened?"

"You were prepared!", the old chief said.

"I don't know what you're talking about, but I'm getting out of here." Haverson tried to command his body to rise but there was no sensation in his limbs. His vision cleared and he saw that his head had been covered with some sort of pointed glass case. Glancing down, he noticed a lighted array of colored tubes and wires leading up to the base of his neck.

"Now, white one, you can study for the rest of your life....", Tamar said calmly.

But Haverson could not hear him--he was screaming entirely too loudly.

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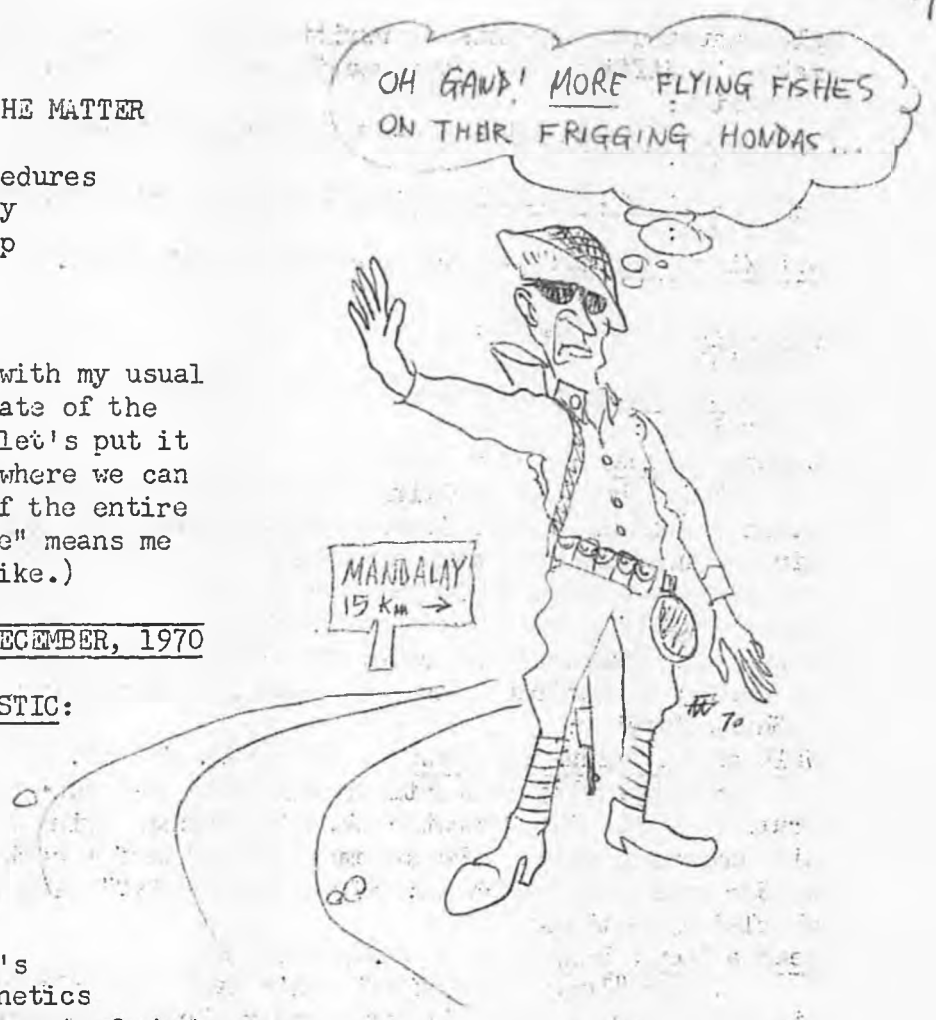
...AND A WONDERFUL VIEW, by Jan Slavin Evers.

The panel slid out of sight, revealing the panorama of space. I stood, speechless. Earth was a drop of vivid color from an artist's palette--brilliant blues, luminous green, scattered dots of deep brown. Clouds drifted like wisps of cotton. It was a giant gem, set on black velvet amid a myriad of perfect diamonds. The stars were so numerous that none of the familiar stars or planets was discernable. Gazing deeper and deeper into the infinity of stars, I was lost in their cold beauty. They seemed as vast and eternal as time itself. The pinpoints of light appeared so distant and yet so close. Would man ever reach the stars?

* *

(dissecting)
THE HEART OF THE MATTER

Operational Procedures
Supervised by
Richard Delap



Rather than opening with my usual paragraph-length concentrate of the months under discussion, let's put it off to the end this time where we can take a brief summing-up of the entire year. (That editorial "we" means me and me; you do what you like.)

Magazines for NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1970

AMAZING STORIES and FANTASTIC:

Both these magazines have come across with reasonably good issues this session, especially since each features an article of far more than ordinary interest--Malzberg's discussion of today's Dianetics and Panshin's good mileage out of what he calls "creative fantasy". Fiction-wise, AMAZING still remains the weakest of the two in short fiction, but otherwise they remain on a pretty even keel. They are, above all, the fans' sf magazines.

AMAZING STORIES -- NOVEMBER:

Serial:

One Million Tomorrows (part one) -- Bob Shaw.

Novelettes:

A Time to Teach, a Time to Learn -- Noel Loomis.

The late Mr. Loomis makes a 50-year jump to examine the future methods of schooling with the increasing use of tapes, machines, and various depersonalized devices. But the central character, a professor, never seems to respond to the dilemma of his coming obsolescence with anything more than a slight interest, and the final assertion that the mating of technology and teaching can only be temporary is hardly worth the wordy, often boring preceding pages. Mediocre.

Enemy by Proxy -- Jack Wodhams.

Wodhams' idea is a frightening one--that a man has been brainwashed to the point of having no identity and is no longer sure to which side of opposing forces his loyalties belong--but the story per se never amounts to more than a shallow drama of confusion. The motives are so obscure that the man's plight induces little concern from the reader.

Short Story:

Through the Dark Glass -- Gerard F. Conway.

A debut story by a new writer, Mr. Conway has written what must be termed a religious sf story, one marked heavily with Winter Light (a la Bergman) in that the search for God is conducted by people wearing blinders. It's un-

pleasant and at moments overwritten, but it does hold a strange power that makes it difficult to stop reading in spite of its flaws.

Reprint:

Fish Men of Venus (1940) -- David Wright O'Brien.

Article:

Dianetics: The Evolution of a Science -- Barry N. Malzberg.

Science:

Not With a Whimper -- Greg Benford & David Book.

FANTASTIC -- DECEMBER:

Serial:

The Shape Changer (part one) -- Keith Laumer.

Novelette:

Cardiac Arrest -- Brian Aldiss.

Aldiss has been writing stranger and stranger fiction in recent years, stories (of which this is an example) geared heavily along the psychological line. This time he takes the reader into the mind of a defector who carries the secret of immortality in a vial...or is it only in his head? When fantasy becomes reality (or vice versa), then who's to say where death can lay its hand? The treatment is cold, detached, rather cynical, but the effect works to produce a desired sense of unease. Interesting.

Short Stories:

Walk of the Midnight Demon -- Gerard F. Conway.

An unbearably pretentious tale of a man who seems to be running from the truth foretold in a Tarot deck, his friends dying along the way as victims of his enmeshing fate. The attempts at a fearful dark world of magic and demons produces dialogue such as: "What means this?" The reader can easily answer: absolutely nothing.

Been a Long, Long Time -- R.A. Lafferty.

...And "long, long time" isn't even the half of it!, for Lafferty begins his story long before the universe we know began and ends it long after that universe stops. He speaks of monkeys and Shakespeare and time--but don't be fooled. He's really speaking (as always) of you and me and time. Very good.

The New Rappacini -- Barry N. Malzberg.

What is the motivation behind the implementation of a human life? Hawthorne knew well but Malzberg's "modern" version of the Rappacini vanity dismisses the outside influence and concentrates on the psychological poison. It might be amusing if it weren't handled with such abominable taste.

Battered Like a Brass Bippy -- Ova Hamlet "as told to Richard A. Lupoff".

One of the better Hamlet sf spoofs, this one switches the values of Ellison's "Shattered Like a Glass Goblin" while retaining the selfsame plot. I believe it exposes the silliness of Ellison's story with the high good humor of a princess exposing a frog as a frog, not a prince. (To readers who haven't read the Ellison work, its value immediately reduces. This one works best in tandem.)

Reprint:

The Bottle Imp (1942) -- Dwight V. Swain.

Feature:

Science Fiction In Dimension: Science Fiction and Creative Fantasy -- Alexei Panshin.

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ANALOG:

I have all year made a point of focusing criticism on John Campbell's notorious prejudice which reflects itself regularly in ANALOG's editorials. The December column again shows his predilection for accenting the bad and ignoring the good in a subject--in this case, psychology and sociology--bringing out some points that do deserve attention but too often without rational base or judgment.

This is understandable since he exploits the very human fear of failure and/or rejection and derision himself. It is not surprising that his editorial fantasizing appeals to a large number of escapists, but I'm too reality-oriented to accept bias for fact and suggest the rejection of most of his proposals on this ground. P. Schuyler Miller's book reviews and two science articles are the only readable material in these issues, concluding another limp year at this run-down way station.

NOVEMBER:

Serial:

The Tactics of Mistake (part two) -- Gordon R. Dickson.

Novelettes:

The Plague -- Keith Laumer.

The fact that Laumer whips out these weightless sf tales to prescription is most objectionable when they are as openly and unhesitatingly depthless as this dreadful story. This time it's the pure-white homesteaders on an alien world vs. the pure-black exploiters who plan to reap the harvest of these hard-working souls. As far as I'm concerned, both sets of characters constitute a plague of cliches that induces only intense boredom. Poor.

In the Wabe -- Robert Chilson.

From the moment the commander "stalked stiffly" over to examine the most recent corpses in a series during the exploration of a new planet, to the moment when it is revealed that an unknown killer poison isn't a link in the planet's as-yet-unbroken ecological chain, Chilson's story continually promises more than it delivers. Inane, explanatory dialogue does much to dull what little interest is erratically maintained in this poorly-concluded mystery.

Short Stories:

Bomb Scare -- Vernor Vinge.

If Vinge's idea were even a bit original--conquering aliens are given food for peaceful thought when the children of the "gods" unleash horrifying destruction in thoughtless play--one might be tempted to temper a harsh reaction towards the silly aliens. But the story is vulgar and thoughtless and not in the least imaginative.

The Busted Troubadour -- Jackson Burrows.

The world of Antares IV is a feudal system in which song-playing troubadours have an important role, especially important as they are off-worlders seeking to advance the culture with the use of secret emotion-probes and soother beams. Routine ANALOG staple.

Science:

Life As We Don't Know It -- Rick Cook.

DECEMBER:

Serial:

The Tactics of Mistake (part three) -- Gordon R. Dickson.

Novelettes:

Ecological Niche -- Robert Chilson.

It seems the builders of a future city forgot to give it a balanced ecology--or, rather, planned it as a no-ecology unit. When the discovery's made that nature is working her way in secret crannies and crevices, a zoologist is called in to solve the nuisance problem. Unfortunately Chilson takes the mundane tack and creates a "problem" story, with other aspects sadly neglected, and even the pivot problem developed in such a contrived fashion that only the very young and naive reader will hold much patience with it.

Big Time Operator -- Jack Wodhams.

Time-machine stories seem to be a never-say-die operation, and Wodhams' effort is going to annoy most with its hackneyed inventor and criminals seeking to escape into the past. The "surprise" ending is not really dishonest, but will hardly work if others catch on as early as I did. There are a few amusing moments that give a spotty interest to this otherwise disposable item.

Short Stories:

Forever Enemy -- Howard L. Myers.

Essence-de-Campbell scents every line of this sickly tract which places the hero in two situations--the first as an investigator of the insanity connected with an econo-war, the second, as visitor to a disinterested "sane" society which contrastingly offers a sense of value to the first. Poor.

Apron Chains -- Christopher Anvil.

As Anvil's title suggests, the tie to familiarity can be a heavy one, and in this story of a supposed alternate world, the characters sigh for the good old days and the real pioneers while ignoring the discoveries happening around them. Flat, stale and very tiresome.

Science:

Manufacturing In Space -- Joseph Green.

* * * *

FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION:

The best thing in these issues is a reprint story, odd because F&SF uses few reprints and the current author line-up is impressive for its names and past product. It's been an on-again, off-again year for F&SF, not up to the record but so superior to most competition that its place on the high plateau is hardly threatened. Isaac Asimov (bless his soul!, if he has one) decides to look at sex and "perversion" and population control. (He's not really anti-New Wave, he just says he is.) He has the answers, so, dammit, listen to him! Baird Searles looks at films and James Blish looks at books, Blish being the happiest with what he sees.

NOVEMBER:

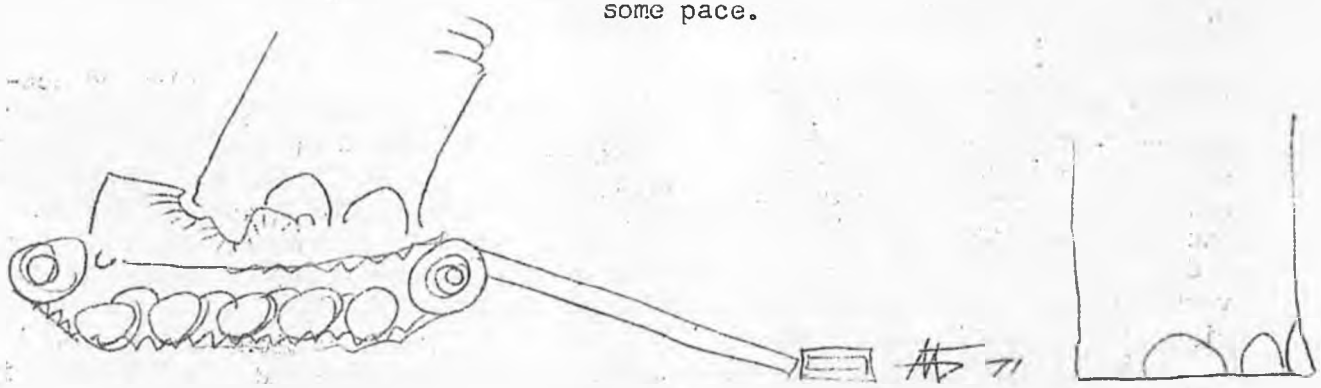
Novelettes:

The Throne and the Usurper -- Christopher Anvil.

An agent of the Interstellar Patrol is assigned the task of posing as a megalomaniac king whose telepathic powers give strength to a mad plan to rule the universe. The king is not easily disposed of, however, while Anvil turns his story into an extended line of prattle between the two that almost entirely nullifies the premise of a reasonable adventure yarn. Anvil is simply not adept enough to have his story both ways, action and philosophy, resulting in a very watered version of both.

Alpha Bets -- Sonya Dorman.

The second story of Roxy Rimidon of the Planet Patrol has much less interest than the first ("Bye Bye Banana Bird") and seems incomplete, more a mark-time episode than a real story. Roxy is on special duty at the Games, a sort of futuristic Olympics, at which some offworld pioneers are staging demonstrations because they're not yet being allowed to compete. Even Roxy's personal interest in her brother's competition isn't enough to pick the story up and spark the unhurried and, yes, wearisome pace.



The Mayday -- Keith Roberts.

Not really developed (in plot or style) as fully as it should be, Roberts' tale of the pert and pretty witch named Anita has a lot more bounce than believability. In rescuing a young mermaid imprisoned by a selfish human, Anita must use her magic powers in forbidden territory and place her trust in a stranger. No surprise that she doesn't fail at her task. Routine nonsense.

Starting from Scratch -- Robert Sheckley.

Are drugs the way to contact another world? And if so, can the other world really be a part of your own--say, a tiny molecule of existence of which you're not even aware? And if this is so, just how big is your own world in comparison to.... Sheckley doesn't freshen up this old gambit with much enthusiasm.

The Misfortune Cookie -- Charles E. Fritch.

A man who habitually dines in Chinese restaurants one day notices that the messages in the fortune cookies have an uncanny knack for accurate prediction. Too bad the author didn't have a cookie to tell him that this attempt was a waste of time.

Time Dog -- Richard A. Lupoff.

A little girl explains the disappearance and reappearance of her medicinal inhaler as the doing of her pet dog. Lupoff never explains the fantasy elements of his story with more than vague clues, but this is only a minor annoyance after watching his characters drown in a sea of ghastly sentiment (choke, sputter).

Reprint:

The Venus of Ille (1837) -- Prosper Mérimée (translated by Francis B. Shaffer).

Science:

"--But How?" -- Isaac Asimov.

DECEMBER:

Novelettes:

Sunflower -- Ron Goulart.

If there's anything worse than a weak-willed spoof, it's a weak-willed spoof with a social message. Goulart's latest adventure with Ben Jolson of the Chameleon Corps sets his agent out on a stumbling path through the conflicts of a youth revolt on the planet Jaspar. The brief episodes are too self-contained to knit into one whole piece, and the one-line jokes are becoming a drag. Goulart has proven he can do much better. I wish he would.

The School Friend -- Robert Aickman.

Mr. Aickman is good at building tension: a touch of psychology, a dab of brooding unease in the inanimate, a coalescence that brings it all to bear in a moment of quick horror and an even more unnerving anticlimax. The girl of the title remains an enigma from beginning to end as her friend relates the story of their horribly binding relationship, and the hints of dark and secret evil make her enigma of compelling interest. Well done.

Short Stories:

Junior Partner -- Keith Roberts.

Another sentimental comedy featuring that pretty young witch, Anita, in which she gets starry-eyed over a veterinarian and comes up with a succession of strange, purportedly-ill pets to capture his attention. It's a shame, really, that Roberts wastes his time with such fluff, especially since he doesn't do it very well.

The Reality Machine -- Kris Neville.

As a psychiatrist peels away the layers revealing the president of our future society is insane, the reader is made to see the necessary environment for such an absurd situation. It's a very odd little item, as terrifying in its implications as it is funny in its irreverence, and the kind of story that keeps us laughing...right into our graves?

The Run from Home -- Joe L. Hensley.

Our very existence depends upon the bacteria in and around our bodies, and Hensley adapts this fact to an alien society struggling to survive in a new world but slowly losing out to disease. Only in desperation is the answer discovered in this simplified and generally unconvincing bit of light reading.

The Warmest Memory -- Bruce McAllister.

An old, old man lives alone on his own personal planet, each stone and bone and rock reminding him of his past as he searches for a specific memory. Overwritten with a vengeance, McAllister climaxes his story with some drivel about "primal symbols of the race", disastrously coupled with nostalgia. Yech.

Mother's Day -- Katrina Faldt-Larsen.

The first woman in deep space, Morgana Daen has designed the ship's computer, can easily keep up the four-letter word pace with any man on board, and ...is pregnant. Whichever way you turn it, this is little more than a crude joke slicked up with some very polished vulgarisms. Good talent wasted, I'd say.

Unfinished Story -- Larry Niven.

Niven's short-short is a tiny but amusing item about "Maxwell's demon". (And for those of you who don't get it, the editor supplies the date of Asimov's column dealing with the subject; Asimov, you know, has discussed everything at one time or another.)

Verse:

Insurance -- Doris Pitkin Buck.

Science:

The Thalassogens -- Isaac Asimov.

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GALAXY, IF, WORLDS OF TOMORROW, WORLDS OF FANTASY:

I'm lumping these magazines together here to save time and space and because there's just really not that much comment to make on them individually. Most of them seem to balance out with a good assortment of stories, GALAXY still holding the top-dog position, with features usually limited to book reviews by Algis Budrys and Lester del Rey. Jack Gaughan does the artwork for all of these, a pace which necessitates some rushed interiors here and there but shows off some very nice covers.

GALAXY -- DECEMBER:

Serial:

I Will Fear No Evil (conclusion) -- Robert A. Heinlein.

Novelettes:

Darkside Crossing -- James Blish.

Moorcock might have avoided most of the mistakes in his disastrous Black Corridor had he read Blish's psychological study of a man leaving an oppressive Earth behind and the strangely human reactions related to this action. From the traveler's wife's final demand--"At least, in God's name, before you go, show me a little honest lust."--to his believable reactions to the scientific complexities and unexpected visions of the journey, Blish's moving study seems to distill the essence of emotion (and non-emotion!) in most convincing detail.

We Are Well Organized -- Robert Silverberg.

Silverberg adds another episode to his bleak picture of the horrible future of urbmon cities--a world where ever-increasing population has become the human fertility rite of forward "thrust" (with all the sexual symbolism that term consciously implies); where indiscriminate sex is the social norm by being reduced to a mundane pattern; where one fifteen-year-old boy, already possessed of a wife and two children, struggles to keep a hold on sanity until his world's depraved, insane concept of sanity proves incompatible to his needs. The society functions like a perfect utopian machine in which malfunctioning parts are automatically destroyed, and Silverberg takes you into the thoughts of one

of these "parts" as it disintegrates. A good addition to a group of good stories.

Short Stories:

The Stenth Dimension -- Ernest Hill.

A sculptor whose latest creation makes a mockery of man's conception of dimensions, an art collector with money enough to buy it without really appreciating its complexity, a woman whose image is reflected through space and time--Hill works these elements into a tight but none too original storyline. Readable, not much more.

2000 Hours Solo -- Grahame Leman.

The title is the clue to this surface-clever but cheap spoof in which two men and a supercomputer draw near to Saturn, spotting a giant "featureless slab of stone or something" rotating in space. They receive messages (in Latin!) and come to a momentous decision...sort of. Someone may find it funny; I didn't.

The Mad Scientist and the FBI -- Stephen Tall.

This is the kind of good-natured, airy comedy popularized by writers like Sheckley a decade or two ago. There are these very odd plants which look like giant zinnias but act like no plants ever seen before; they are weirdly-colored, have blade-like leaves, and sway in time to an unheard music. Maybe it's just my nostalgia for youthful simplicity, but I admit I rather enjoyed this one.

Science:

The Limiting Velocity of Orthodoxy -- Keith Laumer.

IF -- NOVEMBER-DECEMBER:

Short Novel:

Song of Kaia -- T. J. Bass.

A lineal descendant of Wells' Eloi and Morlocks, Bass' world of the nebishes of the underground Hive and the surface-dwelling buckeyes, the five-toed humans considered brutish throwbacks by the nebishes, is a well-developed and thoughtful bit of speculation that loses much of its power in Bass' annoying style. He repeatedly shows off his knowledge of medical terminology by throwing it into descriptions in which it has little place and pretentiously overusing it where small touches would be saner. The plot is generally sound, with convincing touches (such as the alien Gitar) that liven the story considerably. It's a shame that this effort fails to live up to its potential, and I hope that one day soon Bass will cease his garish stylistic indulgences and concentrate on entertainment.

Short Stories:

King Under the Mountain -- Gene Wolfe.

A man achieves his lifetime goal and is assigned to work with "the core of the core", an underground computer which is perhaps the greatest machine ever. But posing questions to a machine is a problem in itself--and accepting the proferred answers may carry a tinge of bitter irony. Good.

The Last Time Around -- Arthur Sellings.

Each time Grant returned from the stars the Earth was years older than he, new and strange and changed.

And how does such a man conduct a love affair when his woman becomes old and grey in his absence...? A common sf theme given a common treatment.

She Still Do -- M. Alan Rogers.

When the government takes an interest in a spot in the New Mexico desert, the center of a "magnetic dissonance", there follow events which eventually center on a character dead before the story even opens. Some of Rogers' bits-of-business seem rather directionless, but the story is a palatable momentary diversion.

The Watchers -- Joseph Dickinson.

A scientist discovers that each molecule is a complete world very much like our own, with the final implication being, of course, that our world may be only a speck in the eye of another "watcher". About on a level with the similar F&SF Sheckley story, grist for an old, old mill.

Monarch -- Piers Anthony.

Dr. Dillingham's dental assistant from Earth, Judy Galland, embarks on a series of adventures in search of her missing employer. Supposedly the final story in this series, Anthony keeps an open end for possible continuation--which I for one hope he will do since these stories make up one of the few and better series of light stories in recent sf. Fun.

A Helping Hand -- Juanita Coulson.

During adolescence the alien Jeelians seem to lose their inquisitive drive and become placid, unresponsive adults. In an attempt to give the race a step forward, humans use their scientific knowledge to stop the regression, and find to their horror that they have carelessly loosed destruction on their friends. Slickly written but much too contrived.

Shambolain -- Dean R. Koontz.

A Christmas story which makes a plea for love and understanding by showing the ugliness of prejudice and madness. Shambolain is an armless stranger who one day appears among a group of physically deformed street beggars, bringing with him the comfort of medicine, money and friendship...and, sadly, engendering fear, suspicion and finally hatred. The moral lesson is built into the story, not tacked onto it, and it offers motives for human respect and kindness that none of us should ever become too sophisticated to disregard.

Nick O' Time -- Donald Franson.

A mundane tale of a man who buys an alarm clock at the discount mart and finds that by switching the lever he can either speed up or slow down time. Handy little device, especially during a robbery, almost as handy as this cliché has been for years and years.

WORLDS OF TOMORROW -- No. 25, WINTER.

Short Novel:

The Dream Machine -- Keith Laumer.

Poor Mr. Florin--beginning with an effort to help a supposedly insane senator, which turns into an unclear melange of actions involving characters who are only as real as the moment, to an unexpected encounter with an alien lizard who may or may not be in control of the maze, Florin seems to be caught in the imaginative depths of his own id. His curiosity carries him forward until he seems to be both manipulator and manipulated in this convoluted game of What-Is-Reality. Laumer speeds up his opening play with wry, acid dialogue, but when this begins to pall from overuse he turns the plot into an endless wheels-within-wheels gimmick that never quite gets back on the right track. Maybe Laumer should go back and re-read Dick (who's an expert at this sort of thing), then try it again at a later date, hopefully with better luck.

Novelette:

Unseen Warriors -- Dean. R. Koontz.

Although Koontz's plot is strictly Grade-Z sf and his writing is careless--"I started following the slight but grizzly (sic) trail /of blood/"--his post nuclear-war world of roving "juvie" gangs and half-human "thingies" has a crisis

on nearly every page and may keep the reader going despite the corniness of it all. The final pages in which a policeman is trapped in a warehouse with a mutant Brain and a juvie gang stalking him builds suspense nicely...but it still doesn't make it any more believable.

Short Stories:

Love Story -- Gary K. Wolf.

In a negative way Wolf's story says something positive about a human need for fulfillment. The world he pictures is crowded by people born in artificial wombs and with lives extended to possibly immortal lengths. What then of love, and children for which there is no room? Implausible, but a strong emotional punch.

The Jagged Pink Marshmallow Kid -- W. Macfarlane.

There's two sides to everything in the overwrought jargon of this psyche-assessment--marshmallow to jagged obsidian, galaxy-spanning to the width of one brain (with noise from others), strawberry-pineapple wind to custard-cup minds. It's all terribly precious, Bradbury and Van Vogt in one sticky pot. Distasteful.

Seedline from the Stars -- John Jakes.

With the worlds of the universe coming to a screaming, mysterious end, one man roams the stars hoping for destruction and oddly unable to find it. Landing on an artificial planetoid, a "seed" from a dying planet, he finds a blind woman who offers herself as an Eve to his Adam--if he can discover determination. Tired melodrama.

Newsocrats -- Pg Wyal.

How much of Wyal's horror story is speculation...and how much absolute truth? It concerns the newscasts we see each day, the power of conviction that live broadcasting wields; it concerns, most of all, the evil and corruption of public manipulation by those who do a job and do it well, too well, so well that our future is never a question but a pre-planned fact. This type of story has often been tried since the Kennedy assassination, but only Wyal has given it enough conviction to make the hairs on the back of my neck stand straight up. Excellent.

The Card -- Phil Berger.

A man begins a series of maneuvers to secure a credit card--informing the right friends, a liaison with the beautiful accrediting manager, and finally a meeting with the head of the company culminating in one of the most startling rapes I've yet seen, a surreal nightmare. For the hopelessly jaded, with love.

Greyspun's Gift -- Neal Barrett, Jr.

A light, fast and funny farce in which a New York housewife befriends a most unusual stranger who claims to be interested in finding out what people do. Snappy dialogue rolls past at lightning speed, and the tragi-comic climax comes as both a surprise and an honestly-produced culmination. Very entertaining.

Othermother -- Reginald Whitaker.

The attempt to build sympathy for the title character--a woman whose womb is a home for the fetus of a famous film star--doesn't come off since there is no characterization and Whitaker tries (and fails) to create a plot out of a situation. Mediocre.

WORLDS OF FANTASY -- No. 3, WINTER.

Short Novel:

The Tombs of Atuan -- Ursula K. Le Guin.

"It was like a great, dark city, under the hill, a maze of streets and rooms full of gold, and the swords of old heroes, and old crowns, and bones, and years, and silence."--and from this evocative description Le Guin moves on to take her readers into these forbidden tombs watched over by the Nameless Ones. As a sequel to the excellent A Wizard of Earthsea, the story is somewhat

surprising in that Ged, the central character of the first book, has a pivotal but essentially secondary role. The center of interest is shifted to Arha, the young Atuan princess and guardian of the solitude of the tombs. She denies the warnings of both friend and foe when she defies her gods by sparing Ged's life after finding him in the forbidden underground Labyrinth. The story depends as much upon Le Guin's ability to create and sustain mood--her tombs become very real, breathing almost as deeply (if not more) as her characters--so it is little matter that the climax is a moderately suspenseful but ultimately proscribed piece of plotting. Less than the first book (perhaps because it was cut to fit?), but still eminently readable.

Novelette:

If a Flower Could Eclipse -- Michael Bishop.

In a future Atlanta, domed and protected against the nightmare world outside, three people merge in an encounter of increasingly portentous omens: a black scoolteacher, struggling to sever her work from the influence of her husband's assassination; an unfathomable young student, son of the assassinator and possibly inheritor of even stranger tendencies; and the objective mediator, caught in the crossfire which deals in weapons far more deadly than bullets, the strange instruments of a love/hate duel. The gulf between these people widens and widens until the swift climax bridges the gap in an eerie combination of fantasy, horror, symbolism, and, most of all, understanding. Exceptionally fine.

Short Stories:

Me-Too -- Sonya Dorman.

A painfully obvious allegory of a youngster on an alien world and her brief, tenuous contact with an Earthman. That the aliens are plantlike, that their emotions are reflected in colors, that the problems of youth seem consistent from world to world, are the machinations of this story...but they grind exceedingly rough.

Death of a Peculiar Boar -- Naomi Mitchison.

Whether this is a spoof of an actual medieval Welsh legend or is just inspired by the period, I don't know, but the humor of the Little Black King's tournament and the involvement of the various wacky characters is amusing and should appeal to those who like this sort.

Santa Titicaca -- Connie Willis.

There's really no way to convey to you the high, sharp humor in Willis' story of a legend, a golden treasure, and a "lost race" of guardians who are really hung-up on the pulp fiction adventures written by/for humans. The concept is clever and the writing, equally so, is a precocious delight.

A Ship Will Come -- Robert F. Young.

Since it is not seemly to say "impossible" in regards to most sf, let's just say this story of a planet of mutated-into-intelligence trees seems highly improbable, as does the planet's Overseer who seems subject to no conceivable laws of space/time. I guess that's why it is in a fantasy magazine. Ordinary.

In the Cards -- Robert Bloch.

Bloch is so very prone to stick with the routine he's already shown he can handle that his repetition is proving most wearying. This time it's a fading actor, a fortune-teller, and a dirty joke climax, much below the man's ability at either suspense or humor.

Funny Place -- Naomi J. Kahn.

An amusement park can be full of fun for youngsters but full of horror, too, certainly so when one suspects that all those who enter don't always exit.

A conventional page-filler, but smoothly-done, with a sense of eerie mood that comes across nicely.

The Man Doors Said Hello To -- James Tiptree, Jr.

He's nine feet tall, girls live in his pockets, he borrows money from building ledges, and doors say hello to him. Not since Davidson's coathangers has any story put quite so much sanity into the absurd, and it reflects the increasing craftsmanship of one of sf's new and talented short story writers. Good fun.

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And here, at the end of 1970, one stops for a few moments to consider what has passed along the year's route. The magazines have had a fair-to-good year, considered from a not-too-critical standpoint, and though few of the better stories will prove really memorable from a lasting point of view, they have provided some entertaining hours. The bad stories, like every year, are simply bad and will be quickly forgotten (if the authors have any luck at all). Financially, it's a different matter altogether. Most of the magazines are in disastrous shape, battling for newsstand space against money-hungry distributors looking for always-increasing profits and retailers who ring up a blank (instead of the usual dollarsigns) if you ask for "WORLDS OF TOMORROW". They've fought this battle before and just barely survived. This time, when profit status is even more a make-or-break deal, the outcome may be sadder, as the paperbacks take over the field of original stories as well as novels. The next two years (less?) should provide the final answer.

Individually:

AMAZING STORIES and FANTASTIC:

AMAZING seems the more popular of the two, in spite of the fact that FANTASTIC has consistently better stories. Ted White must be given credit for reshaping them into presentable packages, and it's bad news for fans to hear the financial status of them is so precarious. Hopefully they'll weather out the storm as long as possible or die mercifully without reverting to the exhumed corpses they were for so long.

ANALOG:

With the best distribution of any sf magazine, ANALOG seems the best bet for pulling through the present slump. Campbell's editorial policy excludes much good fiction from the more "esoteric" writers, but it can't be denied that his conception of sf appeals to a lot of sf readers. The fact that he does nothing for the genre seems to bother me more than it does others. But, then, he still slips and uses very un-ANALOG type stories like "Brillo", so not all hope is gone..not yet, anyway.

FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION:

No surprise that F&SF remains in top spot, even after a less-than-memorable year. Though much of the filler material has been either light froth or soapy melodrama (perhaps even more than is usually acceptable), the good stories have been distinctly quality material, with the October 21st Anniversary issue one of the year's highlights. Featurewise, F&SF still has Isaac AsiGod and the best staff of book reviewers in the business, after which I can't even conceive of asking for more. F&SF has it for another year.

GALAXY, IF, WORLDS OF TOMORROW, and WORLDS OF FANTASY:

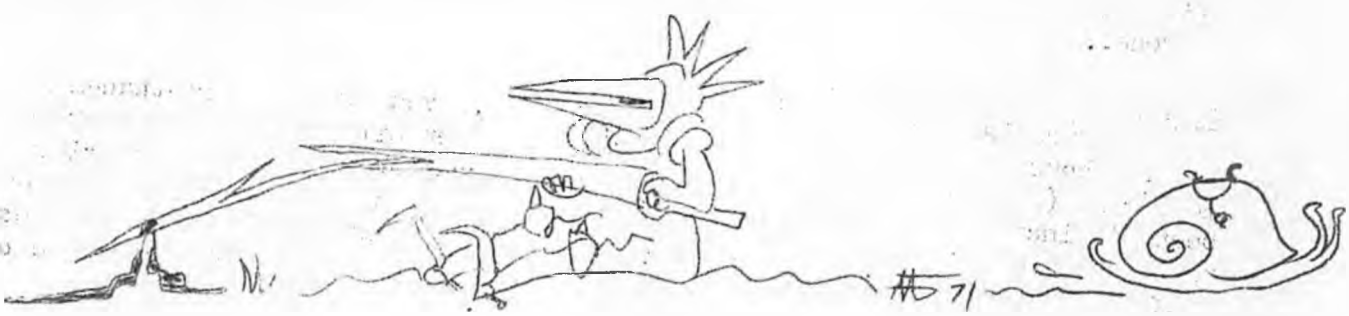
The Galaxy family has been maturing the past year with fiction that no longer seems confined by artificial barriers. GALAXY has been giving F&SF a good bit of competition in regards to scope of material and style, with the publication of Heinlein's freaky, controversial and much-misunderstood new novel one of the

year's major topics of fan conversation. IF, too, has had some interesting stories, though the overall schema remains much below that of its companion. The revival of WORLDS OF TOMORROW and WORLDS OF FANTASY, despite the quarterly publishing schedule, seems to be a good bet for making headway...if that initial hurdle of exorbitant publishing expense can be overcome with high percentage newsstand sales, a chancy undertaking in these days of poor sf display.

And the authors...who's to be remembered at year's end for contributing works beyond the general fast life/early death of the genre? Give these a try:

BEST MAGAZINE STORIES -- 1970: (alphabetically, not by preference)
Bishop, Michael: "If a Flower Could Eclipse" (WORLDS OF FANTASY, No. 3).
Bova, Ben & Ellison, Harlan: "Brillo" (ANALOG, August).
Davidson, Avram: "Selectra Six-Ten" (F&SF, October).
Eklund, Gordon: "Dear Aunt Annie" (FANTASTIC, April).
Gunn, James E.: "Teddy Bear" (WORLDS OF FANTASY, No. 2).
Henderson, Zenna: "Through a Glass--Darkly" (F&SF, October).
Leiber, Fritz: "The Snow Women" (FANTASTIC, April).
Malzberg, Barry N.: "Notes Just Prior to the Fall" (F&SF, October).
Runyon, Charles W.: "Soulmate" (F&SF, April).
Wyal, Pg: "Newsocrats" (WORLDS OF TOMORROW, No. 25).

RUNNERS-UP:
Arvonen, Helen: "The Crayfish" (WORLDS OF FANTASY, No. 2).
Barrett, Jr., Neal: "Greyspun's Gift" (WORLDS OF TOMORROW, No. 25).
Blish, James: "Darkside Crossing" (GALAXY, December).
Davidson, Avram: "Zon" (IF, May-June).
Harding, Lee: "Spaceman" (IF, April).
Jennings, Gary: "Tom Cat" (F&SF, July).
Koontz, Dean R.: "Shambolain" (IF, November-December).
Kotker, Zane: "After They Took the Panama Canal" (GALAXY, February).
Kraus, Harold: "A New Life" (GALAXY, October-November).
Lafferty, R. A.: "Been a Long, Long Time" (FANTASTIC, December).
Lafferty, R. A.: "Ride a Tin Can" (IF, April).
Malzberg, Barry N.: "As Between Generations" (FANTASTIC, October).
McAllister, Bruce: "Mother of Pearl" (F&SF, June).
Norden, Eric: "The Final Quarry" (F&SF, May).
Pohl, Frederik: "Call Me Million" (WORLDS OF FANTASY, No. 2).
Powers, William T.: "Readout Time" (GALAXY, October-November).
Shaw, Bob: "The Happiest Day of Your Life" (ANALOG, October).
Wellen, Edward: "Hijack" (VENTURE, May).



Wilson, Robin Scott: "Gone Fishin'" (F&SF, October).
Wodhams, Jack: "Top Billing" (ANALOG, September).

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BREATHES THERE A FAN, WHO'S NOT STARTED TO PLAN,
FOR D.C. ONCE MORE, IN 'SEVENTY-FOUR?

Book Reviews

Movie Reviews

The Universe Makers: A look at science fiction today, by Donald A. Wollheim (Harper & Row; 118 pages; $4.95).

Science fiction has influenced the thinking of the men who are today's generation. Its influence is felt in what they do and say now.

This rather startling thesis is the central theme of Mr. Wollheim's impressively presented case for the place science fiction occupies in today's world. "We are all living in a science fiction story", he says. "This world we live in is definitely a world that science fiction conjectured in most of its aspects."

No one with any imagination who owns a television set and has watched the incredible realtime miracle of the Apollo flights unfolding can seriously challenge Mr. Wollheim's contention, even though our springboard to space flights and moon walks got its impetus from a burgeoning technology that includes the unmitigated horror of Hiroshima.

The world has never been the same since that holocast. And an entire generation has grown up in the knowledge that a Big Bang--bigger by several orders of magnitude--is waiting in the wings for a cue to come on stage again. This also is the generation that has taken over responsibility for the Big Bang in this science fiction world of today.

Thus, today's science fiction writers cannot help but produce works that reflect their own backgrounds, no matter how distant a future or past is in their storylines. Science fiction feeds on science fiction. The point Mr. Wollheim makes here is that the number of people who read science fiction during their lifetimes must number in the millions. He has a credible theory that, once discovered, it occupies five years or so of intense, almost compulsive reading by young people before they turn back to other literature. A pretty good assumption is that every hard-core science fiction book sold is read by a dozen or so people, and every paperback edition sold has at least a handful of readers.

To illustrate, Mr. Wollheim cites just one novel he's familiar with, Daybreak: 2550 A.D., first booklength novel of popular author Andre Norton, which was published hard-cover in 1952 and republished paperback in 1954. It has sold well over a million copies, and is still selling briskly today. The total readership of this one novel, therefore, is quite substantial--five million? Ten million? And that's just for one science fiction novel over a fifteen-year period.

The significance here, Mr. Wollheim avers, is that a good many readers, probably most of them, who read the Norton book--and the many, many other novels and stories in the science fiction genre--have grown up now. They must be in their twenties and thirties. They must be the engineers, doctors, businessmen, technicians, leaders--in fact, they must be a valid cross-sectional representation of our society. Mr. Wollheim should know. Certainly his experience as both successful science fiction author and editor (Ace Books) makes his credentials as a science fiction authority unassailable.

But, he declares, there are three barriers to any convincing science fiction depiction of the future for humanity. These are the obstacles of pollution, overpopulation, and the Bomb, obstacles which tie science fiction as a legitimate literary form to the very center of the present. "I do not think that any science fiction novel purporting to deal with the next two or three centuries can be acceptable without in some way mentioning how the author sees the solution of these problems." He has a point, you have to admit, for the pall of pollution, the plethora of population and the bugbear of the Big Bang are here and now. And they are not likely to be merely wished away.

The result of these barriers to the future has had its effect in science fiction as well as nearly every aspect of modern life. Mr. Wollheim says with shattering logic: "Now that we have actually reached the moon, moving across the threshold of that future, the three crises confronting the Terrestrial landscape becloud the view and in their darkening shadows the vision is lost to sight save in the mind's eye. All we can visualize on the day-to-day scene about us is the potential catastrophes of the immediate years to come."

In the midst of the doomsmen, however, appear authors whose stories sing of courage and derring-do. By and large, Mr. Wollheim assures us, the forces of light and hope have pointed the way. It is the storytellers who can produce singing dreams of infinite mankind and the open cosmos, as opposed to the doom-and-gloom merchants, who ultimately exert the greatest pressure on reality through their works.

If anyone knows all the prophets, of either persuasion, Mr. Wollheim does. He has been in the science fiction scene for thirty years or so. He knows whereof he speaks.

He points out that science fiction, for all its not being readily accepted in the so-called polite society of mainstream literature, has nevertheless exerted--and continues to exert--a very real influence on the world around us. By this time I believe him, for it is the writings of men like Arthur C. Clarke, author of 2001: A Space Odyssey, which is credited with doing more than any other communicative form to popularize and publicize space flight. He and a myriad of authors fill the pages of the real science fiction magazines and the real science fiction books that crowd the newsstands and bookstores of the world.

Mr. Wollheim goes on to maintain, and I have to agree, that we--humanity--have a conscious drive for immortality. We have a compulsion to go outward, and in so doing release some part of ourselves to fill the starways with the spores of Homo sapiens, and thereby attain immortality of a sort.

In the past half-century the idea of space flight has caught hold. It has become potent, powerful. In the past three decades it has become an increasingly dominant factor in technology and social endeavors. And despite the admittedly huge cost involved, development of the means to get spaceborne has evoked relatively little protest from the populations of two major powers using their public funds to satisfy this longing to find extraterrestrial immortality.

Science fiction, then, is one strong influence, shining clearly through the years, which has come to be increasingly prominent in the concepts of the public and the projections of scientists. It points continuously and consistently toward exploring the neighboring planets, and on colonizing them if possible. Nor does the colonial idea stop within our solar system. The ideas for deep-space vessels to ferry colonists to the stars, vehicles in which generations would live and die before destination could be reached, have appeared for years in science fiction. That thinking is also now, and accepted. Says Mr. Wollheim: "It is part of the science-fiction roots of modern civilization. It will not be too long before the thought of constructing such vessels begins to slip into the halls of politics, first lightly, seemingly facetiously, then seriously. (Note how easily Vice-President Agnew slipped the idea of a manned expedition to Mars in the 1980's into the public eye with no particular gasp of astonishment or objections.)"

All this is part and parcel of the impetus even now pushing designers to draft plans and specifications for probes to make a Grand Tour of the outer planets; to lay out usable, workable space stations in which scientific experimentation, and even manufacturing of special materials, will push the frontiers of knowledge ever further out; to look toward the wherewithal to set man's foot on other planets. These are not dream images any longer; they are initial steps of a race determined to meet their destiny head-on. Somehow, I believe Mr. Wollheim's contention that we will. The future belongs to the men who have the vision, who have the daring, who have the unconquerable nerve to take an even longer, more universe-rattling first step than Buzz Aldrin accomplished. Even the rising tide of gloom and concern reflected in today's world is but a tiny countercurrent to the "vast movement of ideas that continue to fascinate and grip the minds of the most imaginative people of our day".

And these same men, the ones who will make mankind's dream of interstellar immortality come true, are the men whose visions really began with...

...<u>science fiction</u>

-- James R. Newton

<u>Dark Stars</u>, edited by Robert Silverberg (Ballantine 01796; 95¢).

There have been a double handful of top-flight anthologies and collections during the past two years or so, and now Robert Silverberg, taking time out from writing noteworthy novels, has added another excellent anthology to the stack. Its title is well-chosen: the dark stars are sixteen stories of the "pessimistic" school, as opposed to what the editor calls the "socialist realism" school. As Silverberg observes in the introduction:

> "The test of a work of art is not whether it advocates 'positive' or 'negative' values, but whether it moves, transforms, enlarges, enhances those who come in contact with it.
>
> "Now, if the writer happens to think that the world is a dark and treacherous place, that existence is precarious and uncertain, that our lives are somber journeys between blackness and blackness, he's not likely to produce the kind of how-miraculous-is-the-tractor fiction that the Stalinist socialist-realists, both in the U.S.S.R. and in the U.S.A., would like to see. If the writer perhaps believes that human civilization is a cancerous growth that has already consumed most of one planet and is about to spread to others, he may not create fiction that sings hosannas to the valiant astronauts and cosmonauts. If the writer thinks that

modern technological society, even in it has given us the push-button telephone and the electric toothbrush, is merely a transient aberration in the story of man, he may feel free to write stories that fail to show that civilization as the summit of evolution. If the writer thinks that man, for all his remarkable achievements, is nevertheless a flawed, turbulent, potentially dangerous character, as much demon as angel, then the writer will be cautious about applauding man's doings."

By editing such an anthology, of course, Silverberg is inviting the invective of the foot soldiers of the Second Foundation crusade, who excoriate such stories as being founded on (according to John J. Pierce, in RENAISSANCE) the following "nihilistic assumptions": "that man does not and cannot exercise any control over his destiny; that human life is meaningless and insignificant; that we cannot understand either ourselves or the universe--or are better off not being able to; and that only ugliness, evil, disaster, and despair are real." One hopes that Bob will not be seriously annoyed by that swarm of gnats.

In any event, it is clear that whatever the other criteria used, Silverberg never for a moment lost sight of the essential consideration of every successful anthologist: quality. These sixteen stories, written between 1953 and 1968, represent an enviably high standard of fiction. There are a couple of selections which, relativity being what it is, seem slightly awkward and out of place in such stellar company; but there is no story in Dark Stars that can fairly be considered a poor or inadequate piece of fiction. Several of the stories have a reasonable claim to being considered classics: Harlan Ellison's much-discussed "The Beast That Shouted Love at the Heart of the World"; "The Streets of Ashkalon", by Harry Harrison, a superb story that is certainly among the finest--if not, indeed, the very finest--work that Harrison has ever done; Lester del Rey's "Keepers of the House"; and Damon Knight's little gem, "Masks". Then there's R.A. Lafferty's "Polity and Custom of the Camiroi"; "Coming-of-Age Day", by A.K. Jorgensson, which features a beautiful gimmick and first-person narration in the priggish English-public-school style; Brian Aldiss' "Heresies of the Huge God", just a trifle too flip in places but notable for a fascinatingly original idea and nice writing; Philip K. Dick's "Imposter", which retains its impact even after many readings (it was published in 1953); Silverberg's own dark tale of cannibalism in post-World War III New York, "Road to Nightfall"; "Psychomosis", by David I. Masson, which portrays a memorable alien society in only eleven pages; a beautifully-done (if inexplicable) excursion into unreality by James Blish & Virginia Kidd entitled "On the Wall of the Lodge"; and Poul Anderson's "Journey's End", which, like "Imposter", continues to be worth reading no matter how familiar you are with its ending. The remaining four selections are the victims of relativism, in that they seem unimpressive by comparison in this volume but would probably have looked impressive enough in most other settings. J.G. Ballard's "The Cage of Sand" demonstrates once again that, whatever his shortcomings, Ballard is a master of imagery; C.M. Kornbluth's "Shark Ship" should probably have been longer, if only in order to permit him to portray dry-land existence as effectively as he portrays the ship world with which the story commences; John Brunner's "The Totally Rich" is sort of loose and ephemeral, though with a very good ending; and "A Deskful of Girls", by

Fritz Leiber, offers some effective characterization and a low-key tone.

Buy it; Dark Stars should be in every fan's library.

-- Ted Pauls

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The Satanic Bible, by Anton Szandor LaVey (Avon NS44; N.Y., 1969; 95¢).

"I know something about Satanism...however grand and grave it may look it's always hiding a small mad smile."
-- G.K. Chesterton, "The Miracle of Moon Crescent"

The name of this book is misleading. It does not claim to be a revelation from Satan or any other being, and I find it hard to imagine anything less scriptual than LaVey's turgid style, replete with italics, CAPITALS and EXCLAMATION MARKS!!! What it is is an exposition by the self-styled "Doctor of Satanic Theology" (an oxymoron?) of the doctrines and practices of his "Church of Satan" now operating in California.

The Satanic Bible is dedicated to a miscellaneous crowd of about forty people, including Karl Haushofer (the founder of German Geopolitik), Sir Basil Zaharoff, Max Reinhardt, Mark Twain, Marilyn Monroe, Chet Huntley, R.E. Howard, Lovecraft, Tuesday Weld, and the Nine Unknown Men.

After a Preface assuring us that all previous writings on magic and Satanism are fraud, we come to the main body of the Bible in four "Books". The Book of Satan is an attempt to imitate Scriptural style. E.g.: "I gaze into the glassy eye of your fearsome Jehovah, and pluck him by the beard; I uplift a broad-axe and split open his worm-eaten skull!"

The Book of Lucifer is the main body of the book, expounding Satanist doctrine. LaVey's thesis is that all religions are rackets which aim at inducing MANUFACTURED GUILT for their own profit. In this diatribe he clearly shows that he knows nothing, but nothing about theology. He repeats the canard that original Sin has something to do with sex, whereas anyone who bothers to read Genesis will find that it is the desire to "be as God". Having thus started, he time and time again presents Manichaeism under the delusion that it is Christian doctrine.

In opposition to this, Satanism preaches the gratification of desire. However, we are told that "true" Satanists do not harm another for pleasure, unless he has harmed them first; "Do as you are done by."

Mixed with this, are sneers at today's crypto-apostates who pretend to preach Christianity while abandoning it in fact, even to proclaiming themselves "Christian atheists"; and almost-funny remarks like: "...whether or not God is dead, if he isn't he'd better have MEDICARE!"

According to the High Priest, black magic should be regarded less as assistance from the devils than the release of the Satanist's own inner power. ". . . the Satanist KNOWS he is practicing a form of contrived ignorance in order to expand his will." The traditional picture of the Black Mass is dismissed (no pun intended) as a fake contrived for the jaded French courtiers of the 17th Century. (On this subject there is an interesting passage:

". . . the Church does not present the awsome image it did during the inquisition/sic/. The traditional black mass is no longer the outrageous spectacle . . . that it once was . . . A black mass today would con-

sist of the blaspheming of such 'sacred' topics as Eastern mysticism, psychiatry, the psychedelic movement, ultra-liberalism, etc. Patriotism would be championed, drugs and their gurus would be defiled, acultural militants would be deified, and the decadence of ecclesiastical theologies might even be given a Satanic boost.")

The Book of Belial gives the ritual followed in Satanic worship and conjuration: a "Satanic McGuffey's Reader" for the prospective black magician. The Book of Leviathan contains the incantations used in these rites. Most of it is taken up with the text and translations of the "Enochian Keys", invocations in "Enochian, a language thought to be older than Sanskrit". Also included is a list of Satanic names. This mixes traditional names of evil spirits such as Abaddon, Baphomet, Moloch, with pagan gods, including Shiva(?) and Tezcatlipoca, simple synonyms for "Devil" such as Diabolus and Tchort, some strange items like "Pwcca", alleged to be "Welsh name for Satan", and some real howlers like Midgard, the Norse name for the earth (he means the Midgard Serpent), and Coyote, one of the animal trickster-heroes of Indian legend.

After a while, the reader will probably ask, "Is LaVey putting us on?". The motley list of dedicatees includes the notorious charlatan Cagliostro, "a rogue", and P.T. Barnum, "another great guru". I suspect that, to quote his own description of Aleister Crowley, LaVey "/spends/ most of his time as a poseur par excellence; and /works/ overtime to be wicked", and "/spends/ a large part of his life with his tongue firmly jammed into his cheek."

-- William Linden

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Postmarked the Stars, by Andre Norton (Ace Books; 189 pages; 75¢):

Andre Norton writes perhaps the most consistent quality science fiction of any author in the field. Each volume flows from start to finish along precisely-plotted paths, through landscapes neatly laid out and illuminatingly depicted, toward a positive destination. The ease with which she guides us along these scenic routes is part of the charm and overall satisfaction that always results from reading a Norton space opera yarn.

So what if she has no great, all-encompassing, capital-em Message to impart? She doesn't berate, bemoan or bedazzle with epistemological shenanigans, or smother with cloying erudition, or irritate with indecision or condescension.

All she does is write damn fine science fiction adventure stories!

Postmarked is especially welcome, for it brings back Dane Thorson and the Solar Queen. The title refers to the free trader's current job of hauling interstellar mail, and what follows the title illustrates that the vicissitudes of being a mailman are endemic. The plot commences to thicken most tantalizingly, and never lessens in intensity, from the very first paragraph:

"He was crawling on hands and knees through a world of greasy mud that sought to engulf him bodily...."

The ship responds to a message to pick up a security package. Thorson, acting cargo master on this run, is sent into town to accept the consignment. But he is drugged and comes to barely in time to get back to the Solar Queen, which is preparing to blast off. A man with Thorson's face is already aboard. But the deception in unmasked when the real Thorson staggers into the lock just before it is sealed, and by the fact that the ringer dies of a bad heart under blast-off pressure.

By now, we're only at Chapter 3 of 18. So you can see there's plenty of action yet to come. And if this precis seems to present a too-complicated storyline, don't be misled. The meticulous precision of the plotting is a Norton trademark. Everything falls systematically into place at the proper time and in the proper sequence. Each element fits as neatly with the other elements as pieces of a jigsaw puzzle fit together. And the picture is built up gradually, each element adding one more iota to a perfectly-coordinated whole. It's a beauty to behold, the way she lays it all out.

Another Norton trademark--well, a growing trademark, perhaps--appears in Postmarked: alliance of the protagonist with an animal, usually alien or mutated, or both. The first to crop up (as far as I can determine) was in The Beast Master in 1959, to be followed by: Catseye, 1961; The X Factor, 1965; The Zero Stone, 1968; and Uncharted Stars, 1969. Oddly, however, one didn't show up in the first Thorson novel, Voodoo Planet, 1959. In each, the animal (as distinct from a hominoid alien) has a major role to play. Unusual abilities and almost always some degree of telepathic contact is implied or specified. At any rate, Miss Norton's handling is at her usual level of competence, lending an aura of alien authenticity to the particular landscape she happens to be leading us through.

In Postmarked, the animal is a brach, unnamed, but as realistically right for the performance assigned to it as is Thorson for his. An interesting twist is that the brach's mutation comes about backward, as it were. The package Thorson was to have picked up, and which the imposter brought aboard, is discovered to emit an unknown but powerful radiation. It's hidden where the brach cage is bathed accidentally in the invisible radiant energies, causing the mutation in the alien animal. But not into something new; rather, the effect is retrogressive, and the brach mutates back toward the former level of intelligence his species had fallen from centuries ago. That unique characteristic of the radioactive stuff isn't revealed until well on in the novel, but plays an important part here.

The real target of the radiation, also not learned until later on, was to change the Solar Queen's cargo, a shipment of embryonic lathsmers, a chicken-like fowl which adapts easily to alien frontier worlds. These creatures are changed, all right, into the hideous monsters their ancestors had been in the dim past.

So now we have two crosscurrents working from the same cause as a result of coincidence (and intricate plotting on Miss Norton's part): the brach's increased intelligence level (which plays a key role all through the story) and the monstrous retrogression of the lathsmers (which act as causitive plot energizers rather than as individual cast members).

Complications pile up, compounding the crew's problems. Radiation damage to their live cargo is not to be taken lightly, since it will mean heavy indemnities to Trewsworld consignees, and that would likely bankrupt the free trader. So Thorson, two other crewmen, the lathsmers and the brach depart the Solar Queen in a lifeboat before planetfall. They ground in a remote forest area while the Queen's captain lands the ship at the spaceport and goes to Trewsworld authorities to smell

out, if possible; the perpetrators of the deliberate mutational attempt against their cargo.

They find allies, the Stellar Patrol, whose resident agent has long suspected something fishy but who has failed to unearth anything positive. He finds evidence when he accompanies the Queen's captain out to the lifeboat's position and a couple of mutated lathsmers raise cain. With his help, the Queen's crew sets out to solve the mystery, clear their good name and, of course, collect some retribution for the damage done to cargo and reputation. For, after all, a free trader's integrity is his most prized possession. Who wants to deal with a trader who can't be trusted?

By now we're starting chapter ten--half way through the book. And there's lots more action to come. Thorson, the Ranger and Medic Tau are trapped by the agency responsible for all these goings-on. They nearly become meals for monsters, but the brach saves the day. With his telepathy goes the unexplainable telekinetic ability that lets him create a small doorway through the force fields penning the humans in the path of approaching monsters. The brach shuts off the force fields, thereby releasing the monsters to wreck havoc among their creators. Under cover of this peck of consternation, our stalwarts make their escape.

Well, as we all know for sure now, the Solar Queen's crew is going to come out on top. It's just a matter of tucking in the loose ends still outstanding. Which Miss Norton does beautifully, as precisely as the story was begun. And far from detracting from my enjoyment, this knowledge is like frosting on the cake. And inevitable, anyway.

A representative of the Trosti, an alien race whose interstellar objectives put them at odds with Homo sapiens', is attempting to scare off the Trewsworld settlers so they can take over the planet for their own nefarious purposes, part of which is control of a very special ore discovered as fall-out from their experiments with the mutation radiation machines. This is an ore that is a conductor for low-level telepathy, not recognized as such until the illicit acticities got underway, but now sought as a great commercial and power factor in the hands of whoever can get control of it.

The Trosti is defeated finally, and the Solar Queen crew gets the alien's space ship as spoils of war, as it were. A ship is money in the bank for a free trader, especially in this case where their part in unmasking the illicit monster operation and would-be alien take-over give them an inside track in sewing up stellar transport for all the esper ore that will soon be mined on Trewsworld.

Even the brach figures in, for he is the forerunner of a race which can now be brought back from the brink of ignoble extinction to full intellectual fruition and returned to a rightful place in the civilized family of sentient beings.

I can only say again that this brief recap of Postmarked doesn't really do justice to either the storyline or the author. You just have to read it for yourself to get the flavor of neat progression, of sequential rightness, of orderly elements--in other words, the feeling of a package few can find fault with. The fact that you will experience these things should be no surprise if you know anything about Alice Mary Norton's career as a science fiction author.

Her thirty-five or so novels provide ample evidence. Donald Wollheim, in his Universe Makers (Harper & Row, 1971) credits Miss Norton with giving Ace Books its most unsuspected best seller. Originally published by Harcourt, Brace & Company in 1952 as a hardback entitled Star Man's Son, Mr. Wollheim retitled it Daybreak 2250 A. D. and put it out as a paperback in 1954.

Although it was written as a juvenile (as were quite a number of her novels which we "non-juveniles" buy and enjoy), and although it was her first book-length science fiction work, it has sold continuously and rapidly for fifteen years in printing after printing, even in the face of steadily-increasing costs of production. It has broken the record for any book ever published by a major paperback publisher, Mr. Wollheim proclaims, and it continues to sell with unabated interest. By Mr. Wollheim's conservative estimate, more than a million copies have been sold to date. That's a pretty remarkable record by any standard.

Postmarked may not rate quite so highly in the commercial arena, but the same kind of care, skill and attention to detail that went into Daybreak is plainly evident in Postmarked.

I'm sure you've gotten the idea by now that I'm a Norton fan. Yes, indeed! All too often these days science fiction suffers from the creeping ills that seem to be making inroads in our society as a while--and through the whole world, for that matter. That is, change is sought for change's sake, without much thought, I think, for long-range goals. Only a short-range carrot is dangled before the donkey's nose, which is far from a solid substitute for the luscious green grass that lies in ample quantity beyond, in the future, overlooked in our greed to consume today's carrot NOW.

There is no substitute, for my money, that beats the craftsmanship characteristic of all Miss Norton's science fiction writing. And yet, she's never won a Hugo or Nebula Award, according to "A History of the Hugo, Nebula and International Fantasy Award, 1951-1970", by Howard DeVore. She was nominated twice for a Hugo, but never got the final nod.

At the 1964 Pacificon II she was nominated for the Science Fiction Achievement Award for Best Novel, for Witch World, but lost out to Clifford D. Simak's Here Gather the Stars (perhaps better known as Way Station), tying for second-highest number of votes with Robert A. Heinlein's Glory Road.

Her "Wizard's World" was nominated for Best Novelette at the 1968 Baycon, but lost to Fritz Leiber's "Gonna Roll the Bones".

Personally, I think she ought to be given a special award, if for no other reason than the consistency of the enjoyment her brand of science fiction gives so many readers. For whether or not any panel of judges or group of organizational members choose to label an individual Norton work "best" in any category, you don't have to have that at-best arbitrary honor to write a rousing good space yarn.

And that's what I like--a rousing good space yarn. Andre Norton provides one in Postmarked the Stars. It's as simple as that.

-- James R. Newton

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Nebula Award Stories #4, ed. by Poul Anderson (Pocket Book #75646; 75¢).

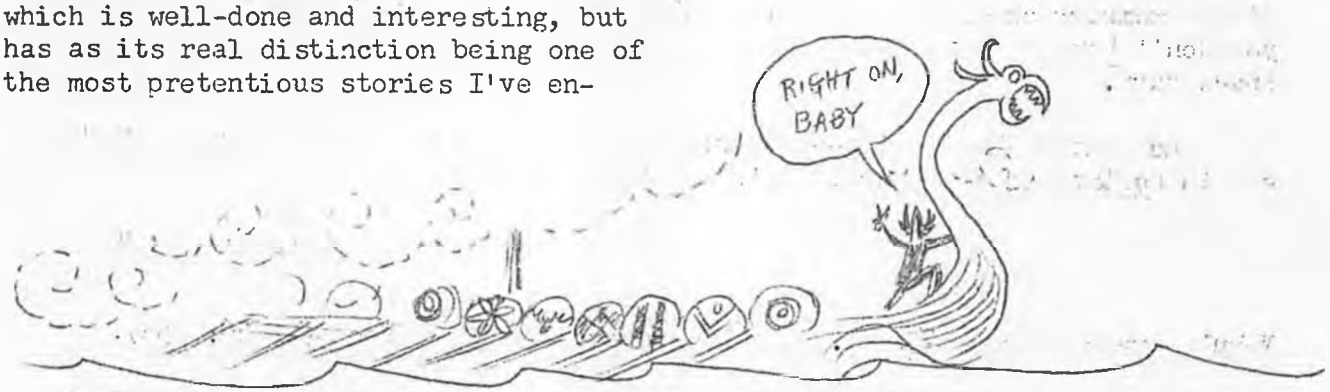
With this volume, for the first time, the annual anthology of Nebula Award winners and runners-up is, to this reviewer, disappointing. I hasten to add that the disappointment is a product of relativity: the book contains no story that could genuinely be termed poor, a certain level of quality being implicit in the nature of the anthology; but compared to the preceding three volumes, and by that standard alone, Nebula Award Stories #4 is second-rate. Only two of its six pieces of fiction impress me as truly outstanding, and while excellent by

normal anthology or collection standards, this is a poor batting average for a Nebula Awards collection.

"Mother to the World", by Richard Wilson, voted by SFWA the best novelette of 1968, leads off the anthology--magnificently. Already a classic, this story offers evidence that, in the hands of a sufficiently gifted writer, there is no such thing as a worn-out plot. Wilson's plot is one of the dozen or so standard sf plots of all time: the last man and the last woman on Earth begin to rebuild after the catastrophe. In this case, however, the last woman, Cecilia Beamer, is a retardate--a beautiful 28-year-old with the mind of a child of approximately eight years of age. This superb, sensitive, beautiful novelette concentrates not on the background of a depopulated Earth but on the life and developing relationship of "Siss" Beamer and Martin Rolfe, the last man.

The other outstanding selection is Terry Carr's "The Dance of the Changer and the Three", which should have won the Nebula Award as best short story, but didn't. This is now the third time I have read "Dance", and each time it impresses me more. Portraying a truly alien life-form and culture is one of the most frustratingly difficult challenges in speculative fiction. A life-form/culture that is portrayed clearly and understandably will tend, by that very fact, not to be genuinely "alien"; while if a life-form/culture is portrayed as truly alien, the portrayal will be incomprehensible to the reader. Somewhere, in between, there is a minute balance point between alienness and comprehensibility, and Terry Carr discovered it in writing this story. I don't believe that I have ever read a finer evocation of alienness. One reads this account of the Loarra with a kind of stunned admiration for the author bordering on reverence.

The remaining selections in Nebula Award Stories #4 simply aren't in the same league. Half of the total wordage is consumed by Anne McCaffrey's "Dragonrider", the award-winning novella, which is a fine Sense-of-Wonderish excursion to Pern but lacks the sharpness and emotional impact of her earlier "Weyrsearch". "Sword Game", by H.H. Hollis, is a piece of piffle, a decent enough story if found in a 1958 or so F&SF, but out of place in a volume of this nature. Kate Wilhelm contributes "The Planners", a strange, fascinating tale in which reality flows over and through reality, and which has one of the most abrupt endings I've seen in some time. It is a good short story, but I can't agree with the voters who rated it higher than "The Dance of the Changer and the Three". Finally, there is "The Listeners", by James Gunn, which is well-done and interesting, but has as its real distinction being one of the most pretentious stories I've en-



ED COX
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tremendously, turning the tale from a relatively fast-moving adventure into a slow, dreamy, exotic mood-piece.

But this isn't bad. A Merrittesque fantasy, which is what Bok was trying to write, is above all an exotic mood piece. And Beyond the Golden Stair is a superb example. Bok was an artist, and he has created here with words some beautiful scenes--the coral stairway rising out of the Everglades swamp; the ethereal pool guarded by the Blue Flamingo; the strange halls of Khoire; the sickly Jungle of Madness; and many more. The story is that of three escaping convicts and the moll of one of them, who stumble onto the heavenly stairway and ascend it into another dimension of strange beauty and tranquility. There they are informed that they lack the Sacred Sign and cannot stay, but before they must return to Earth the nature of Khoire will transform their physical selves to mirror their souls. The protagonist--unjustly convicted, of course, and kidnapped on the jailbreak by the others--falls in love with a Khoirean girl and tries to convince her that he is equal to the standards of her world. The brutal convict, who equates peace with softness, dreams of setting himself up as a king, and threatens to destroy all for everybody. At the conclusion, the protagonist, alone, is exiled back to Earth with the promise that if he can learn the Truth and earn the Sign he will be permitted to return. His only clue is the cryptic phrase whispered to him by his love, "Va khoseth yaga!" (Which apparently became quite a catchphrase in fandom for some years after the story's magazine appearance in 1948.) I assume the never-published sequel must deal with John Hibbert's quest, and I certainly hope that Lin can find and publish this, too.

If you prefer action and adventure, you'd probably better follow Ted's advice. Beyond the Golden Stair will likely be too slow, even dragging, for your tastes. If you like rich imagery and ethereal fantasy, with almost a touch of spiritualism, and don't mind the leisurely pace of events, the book is rewarding reading.

-- Fred Patten

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Furthest: An Ace science fiction special, by Suzette Haden Elgin (Ace Books #25950; 1971; 191 pages; 75¢).

You know the touching story of the young man who falls in love with a whore? She, forced into her shady life by circumstances beyond her control, returns his love. For a few brief stolen moments the pure bloom of true love shines pristine and glowing above the squalor of evil in which it has taken root. But love alone is not strong enough to combat both the system in which our heroine is snared and the duty which pulls our hero from her side. He's only gone a short while, but that's enough for Fate to take a hand in the game. The lovers are torn asunder, she spirited away, never to be seen again. His heart is broken, of course, but rage against the evil system sustains him, and he dedicates himself to the gargantuan task of eradicating the horrible system as a memorial to his lost love.

This, substantially, is the plot of Furthest. But, believe me, Miss Elgin's fine tale doesn't reflect the corn I cranked into the bare-bones storyline summary above. On the contrary, she's written an excellently-executed story that treats one aspect of telepathy seldom touched on in science fiction--sex.

Kh'llythenna Be'essakred Q'ue (called Bess, for obvious reasons, by our erstwhile hero, whom you'll meet in a moment) is a psychic whore. Trained from childhood to develop inherent telepathis capabilities, she--and others with similar psychic abilities--is given as a mental mistress, a mindwife, to one of the ruling elite who has contributed in some significant manner to his inbred society.

countered in years, requiring two-and-a-half pages of footnotes translating the foreign language interjections!

But while it isn't up to the standard set by previous volumes, Nebula Award Stories #4 is nevertheless worth adding to any fan's collection.

-- Ted Pauls

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Beyond the Golden Stair, by Hannes Bok (Ballantine Adult Fantasy #02093·6; Nov., 1970; 209 pp.; 95¢).

I've been waiting for this book for something like ten years.

It was about that long ago that I read The Blue Flamingo in an old issue of STARTLING STORIES, and loved it. A year or so later, I was discussing it with somebody (Emil Petaja?) at a party, and he told me that that was only a butchered version of Bok's original manuscript; that because of STARTLING's policy of printing a "complete" novel in each issue they'd abridged the story by about 50% and thrown out the remainder rather than serialize it. He also told me that Bok had written a completely unpublished novel-length sequel to it.

From that time, I waged a desultory campaign to get the complete manuscript published. I mentioned it to Lloyd Eshbach at a WorldCon where he was remaindering the last unsold stock of Fantasy Press, and he said that, yes, he'd had the manuscript and it had been scheduled to be one of his next titles when Fantasy Press had been forced out of business. I mentioned it in passing to other editors over the years. Derleth said that it wasn't really Arkham House's type of material; Don Wollheim said that pure fantasy didn't sell. Then Bok died, and there seemed little chance that the story would ever see print without its author to push the sale, even if the manuscript's whereabouts were still known.

Three or four years later, Ted White mentioned it in a fanzine. He reported finding it in a publisher's slushpile, grabbing it eagerly because, like me, he had loved the original and had always wanted to read the uncut version, and being appalled to find out how bad it really was. Rather than ruining it, he said, STARTLING's editor had saved the story by printing all that was really worthwhile and cutting out tedious, worthless verbiage. I was very disappointed when I read this, because I've found that while Ted and I have differences of opinions on many things, we seem to share similar reading tastes. I enjoy the books he's reviewed favorably (whether I've read them before or after reading his reviews), and usually for the same reasons; and I've disliked the same books that he dislikes. So if he didn't like the complete version of The Blue Flamingo....

Then Lin Carter rediscovered the manuscript and announced its publication in the Ballantine Adult Fantasy series as Beyond the Golden Stair. I read the news with mixed feelings, remembering Ted's review. I've had good stories ruined for me before by reading greatly inferior rewrites or sequels, and I was afraid of having my fond memories of The Blue Flamingo shattered by seeing the story lost in piles of wordy garbage. But after ten years of longing, I couldn't just ignore it--and I'd gotten a pretty high opinion of Lin Carter's tastes in selecting material for the Adult Fantasy series. So I read it.

Ted and Lin are both right, for different reasons. The Blue Flamingo, as published in STARTLING, contained the whole story. What was cut out, what Lin has now given us back, is merely padding, extra color, one or two minor scenes whose deletion didn't hure the plot any. The extra wordage slows down the action

Okay, you say, so what? Well, consider carefully these questions: What would be the effect on a man who is met in strong telepathic sexual communion by a Mind-wife? What degree of sexual stimulation do you suppose is possible in a mind-to-mind comingling where inhibitions don't count? What degree of sexual satisfaction do you suppose could be achieved, and enjoyed, from mental copulation with a Mind-wife?

Oh, you get the point now!

Let me hasten to assure you right now, however, that Miss Elgin has NOT written a pornographic novel, science fiction or otherwise. There's not a salacious word, not a lascivious phrase, not a bawdy innuendo in the entire book. Yet honest sensualness is implicit in the relationship between hero and heroine. Like real people, even though the setting is a speculative one.

Instead, she has created a delicately-balanced analysis of these questions; she has reached logical and eminently believable conclusions; and she has woven them into a sensitive fabric made from a projected future that rests neatly and precisely within parameters one could reasonably expect to find operating to limit the plenum she constructs.

But to understand the crux of the story, we must first become aware of its constituents: locale, historical summary, characters. You've already met Bess (who actually shows up at about the midpoint in the story). She, the heroine, as we've said. Now meet Coyote Jones (and don't be fooled by that appellation into thinking our protagonist's actions are as naive as his name implies). He too is built out of living elements, despite the affliction of that name. Perhaps it even lends him a little additional dignity as his role expands.

Jones is sent to Furthest, a planet so named because it was on the outermost edge of the known galaxy when it was settled ages ago. It was also the outermost member of the Tri-Galactic Federation. Because of its relative inaccessibility, and because of the religious intolerance of its inhabitants, Furthest remained isolated for several centuries and only recently has become a member of the Federation (there are 20,393 delegate worlds).

Now a Furthester, under the alphabetical selection rule, will assume the all-powerful Presidency of the Tri-Galactic Council. And no one knows anything about what kind of a man the new President will be, or how he'll fit into the bureaucratic machine already built, or how to treat him. What manner of man is he, anyway?

The answer to that becomes a paramount necessity because the power of the Presidency is so great. For one thing, he is the only person with full access to Tri-Galactic's Central Computers--and you know what that means! His psychological profile, required by law, is so average as to be suspect. Something has to be hidden there, somewhere. But what?

That's what Coyote Jones is sent to learn. As an agent of the Tri-Galactic Intelligence Service, his mission is to find out all about the Furthester who will become President. Jones is to come up with information about people, background, homeworld, and so on that will give some insight into what constitutes normal behavior for a Furthester.

Sound easy? Not on a planet--one of only six in all the Three Galaxies--where sexual prudery still exists. And in a universe where sexual inhibitions are unknown, having largely atrophied under the light of sexual enlightenment, prudery is some kind of far out, man!

Furthest is also a planet whose people are so suspicious of strangers that tourism is unknown, and even the most innocuous visitor is stringently controlled. It took all of Tri-Galactic's pressure to wrangle an eighteen-month permit for Jones to stay. His cover is that of a MESH (a kind of super coffee house popular throughout the Three Galaxies) proprietor. To help allay the overt suspicions of city inhabitants, Jones hires a native boy to help him out. The boy's name is Ark Q'ue and his sister is--yes, you've guessed it--Bess.

Once he listens to RK's (that's the closest pronunciation he can manage) entreaties to give his sister sanctuary, the elements of the mystery that is Furthest begin to boil. Bess is slated for Erasure, a psychic lobotomy that leaves one's mind as blank as a newborn's. At first Jones is reluctant to become embroiled in a problem that will have implications against native mores, all the more so if the overtones are religious, as this one is. He mustn't jeopardize his mission on Furthest. But once she enters his house, the die is cast. All his objections undergo traumatic change when Bess senses the growing frustration of his enforced celibacy and performs her Mindwife witchery on the offworlder.

Never--and remember, he is a product of his own uninhibited society--has the adult Jones ever been without sexual satisfaction for more than a couple of days at a time. Now he is more than ready for relief, and thus more susceptible to the incredible sexuality of mind-to-mind passion. Here's how Miss Elgin describes Jones' reactions:

> "The ecstacy, coming after the deprivation, washed over him in a tide, left him drenched with the juices of his own need, thinking that surely this was the end, that no higher pitch of joy could be reached without his dying for it. And just as he was sure of it he would be caught up again, held and wound around, part of a pattern that he only glimpsed before it ceased to be and was another, a slipping into crevices deliciously where only thought had been before, a burst of cinnamon and orange and wine upon his sight, a feeling of small chords sounding smelling of pale yellow and white, a glimpse of hands pressing him, stroking him, tendrils winding him, until he knew he was going to come one more impossible time...."

Of course they fell in love. She was a rebel. He was something of an anachronism himself, at least to the degree that his ability to project (though not receive) telepathically sets him apart from the main herd inhabiting the Three Galaxies. And the delicacy of their positions adds fuel to the fire of their love.

So Jones learns the secret of Furthest, the secret he was sent to ferret out. And what a secret! I'm willing to wager hard money no reader can guess (without peeking!) what the secret is. And, remember, we're about two-thirds of the way through the book by now.

The old story of religious persecution brought the original settlers to Furthest several hundred years ago. The planet's location on the periphery of the galaxy naturally augmented the isolation sought by this group of dissenters. A long period of insular inbreeding began. But so far this isn't enough to warrant such a totality of secretiveness as that which confronts Coyote Jones.

You see, there was a race of sentient beings already on Furthest when the settlers arrived. An amphibian race, something like dolphins, they were only slightly below homo sapiens' level. More, there was an immediate affinity and the capability of interbreeding. It was only after several generations of the mix that the Q-factor mutation showed up--the psychic change that made the whole concept of Mindwife feasible.

Now a reason for the tightly-guarded isolation is clearer. The interbred people are enough different from the inhabitants of the Home Worlds that they fear extermination as abominations if their secret is disclosed. Their whole religion centers in that belief and causes to be set up extreme measures to keep the knowledge of their genetic make-up inviolate. They are the only amphibians known--sentient ones, that is.

Families are chosen by lot to serve a tour of dry land duty, away from the natural and much-preferred underwater life. The surface installations are out-and-out frauds, built and maintained solely to deceive the few visitors permitted to ground on Furthest. Surface dress, universally throat-to-floor outer garment (to hide the sleek amphibian hide) and curious headdress (to hide the gill flaps located behind the ears), has given rise to the prudish characteristic described by the few outworlders who've been there.

Of course, the need for isolating themselves has passed--though the populace of Furthest doesn't realize it. With more than twenty thousand inhabited worlds in the Three Galaxies, biological variation is the rule rather than the exception. Furthesters, by their isolation, have failed to understand they no longer need fear persecution because of physical differences.

This is it, Jones realizes. This is what he was sent to find out. His mission is a success!

But is it, really? He knows the workings of bureaucracy all too well. If he merely sends in a report on what he knows, the world will be opened up and scientists of all description--biologists, anthropologists, geneticists--not to mention tourists and administrators, will come pouring in by the shipload. Such an invasion, no matter how well-intentioned, would totally destroy Bess' people. After all, rooting out religious principles, however false, comes hard for a people hidebound with the traditions of many generations.

Jones can't bring himself to subject Bess and the Furthesters to such a fate. He must, he decides, go in person to his chief, blackmail him into assembling the Tri-Galactic Council, and lay the whole thing out for Authority to see first-hand. Jones is pretty sure of the Council's wisdom, where he is seriously doubtful of the wisdom of bureaucratic machinery.

The only fly in the ointment is that he'll have to leave Bess to carry out his plan. It takes some hard soul-searching before he makes his decision. But he promises to get back as soon as he can. That takes three months.

He's successful. The Council recognizes the unique need for moving in slowly to open Furthest up to full galactic awareness. Jones is to be the first ambassador or coordinator. All he really wants, of course, is to get back to his beloved. But it's too late.

While he was arranging for protection from the ravages of too-fast assimilation into the active universe, Furthest authorities caught up with Bess. She is Erased--mind blanked out, features surgically changed, relocated in some unlisted area. She is lost to him utterly--forever.

Well, that's it, at least as far as the storyline goes. You can fill in the remainder, I'm sure. What you get out of Miss Elgin's story is something else again. I personally think there's a Message there. One that is equally applicable to all three generations of this tired old world of ours. (The three I define as: Older -- pre-1929; Mid -- depression decade through Korea; and Younger -- 1954 to present.)

For the Older generation she lays out the fruitless returns that come from inflexibility, of refusing to change simply because it takes too much energy to overcome the inertia of established ways. This is a sad generation, for by its very obdurate refusal to recognize (or admit) any need to change, it is doomed to agitate the flux that is the natural state of a living universe, much like an unmoving rock disrupts the flow of a fast-moving river. Pressures build that in one way or another, over a period of time depending on the density of the rock and the velocity of the water, effect change in the obstruction. Usually that kind of change ultimately results in the destruction of the rock.

The Mid-generation--to which Miss Elgin belongs, being born in 1936--is in an unenviable position between the Older and Younger. Many Midders are vacillators, unfortunately. (Not that I'm saying Miss Elgin is; generalities like my tripartite generation range are built from gaussian-distributed elements.) With personalities shaped by intimate association with that group which is now the Older generation, the ties are not easy to break. On the other hand, the Midders are not so old themselves that they can't remember how it was to live with the hunger and yearning of being a member of the Younger generation. So they're pulled both ways, with the result that past comforts cannot be worn as easily, nor with the confidence exhibited by the dignity of age. Yet the passions of the young, while entrancing and alluring in many ways, don't quite fit; they're a little too snug-fitting and chafe minds beginning to soften with experience.

The Younger generation, to whom the future belongs in theory but never in practice (age is the universal retarder), has patience with neither the Older nor the Mid-generations. Yet their lack of experience (not feeling, for no one suffers more intimately or dramatically than one of the Youngers) makes them extremists before they understand what the word means. Age is correlated with decay; the older a thing is, the more rotten it is. Thus, projecting syllogistically (and who can blame the untutored for failing to achieve validity of action?), the older a thing is, the more it needs changing--hopefully, back to the pristine status of youth. But the fact is that the Universal Principle of Entropic Advancement won't permit a reversal of time; youth will never be satisfied.

All this is a paperback science fiction novel? Yes. This and more. Miss Elgin has written a sound, absorbing, highly-readable story. Which is not surprising when you consider her background.

Born in Louisiana, Missouri (that's correct; on the Missouri-Illinois border, about forty miles northwest of St.Louis), she grew up in the Missouri Ozarks. She has, by her quoted admission, "done almost everything: translating, interpreting, bilingual secretary, modeling, teaching and singing. I'm old enough that the first singing I did was the antique torchsinger lean-on-the-piano-in-a-red-velvet-gown stuff; after that, when folk music came back, I worked the coffee-house circuit." (A vacillator, remember?)

Furthest is her first sull novel. Ace Books has published her novelette, "For the Sake of Grace" in World's Best Science Fiction: 1970 (Ace #91357) and a novella, The Communipaths, as half of an Ace Double (Ace #11560).

-- James R. Newton

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The Big Ball of Wax, by Shepherd Mead (Ace #05785; 75¢).

Every once in a while, I encounter one of those pleasant surprises that is one of the principal things which makes being a reviewer worthwhile. The Big Ball of Wax, an almost totally unknown 1954 novel by the man who became famous as the author of How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying, is the latest of those pleasant surprises. It has, to the casual glance, practically nothing going for it. Science fiction written by mainstream authors is generally atrocious, because writers not intimately familiar with the field cannot cope with its very particular requirements, lack the knowledge of sf's special assumptions and therefore tend toward deadly dull over-explanation, and frequently display their contempt for the genre by filling their chapters with shallow mainstream cliches. Moreover, this particular novel was written in the mid-1950's, when even the most experienced sf writers were turning out banal gruel; it attempts satire, which is one of the more demanding literary forms, especially when undertaken in science fiction; and it is being marketed by Ace as a pseudo-sex novel, with a cover painting of an orgy and letters proclaiming the contents as "SCIENCE FICTION, SEX and SATIRE..." To say that I began reading this book with low expectations is to considerably understate a point.

It was, as I noted above, a pleasant surprise, and Ace is to be congratulated for resurrecting it from oblivion. The novel has serious flaws--of which more momentarily--but it is a genuine sf novel of some originality, as opposed to being merely a mainstream writer's tossed-off reworking of standard plot #34, Mead obviously took some care in writing it, some of its satirical elements are as valid today as they were 17 years ago, and it is a highly entertaining story. Its flaws are chiefly two, which are somewhat related: (1) the satire is often heavy-handed, and (2) the focus of that satire, and of the novel itself, is so narrow, being almost exclusively concerned with certain corporate/market research practices and their grey-flannel-suited practitioners, that the book seems at times almost one-dimensional. The former is by no means exceptional--very few efforts at satire succeed in altogether avoiding excess-and the latter is at least understandable, in view of the twin facts that the author is primarily an observer of corporate man who wrote some fiction rather than vice versa, and that this novel was written at a time when Madison Avenue techniques were just coming under scrutiny and being recognized as a potential danger (Vance Packard's best-selling expose was written at about the same time). Neither flaw is fatal.

Mead's basic accomplishment is to portray a hellishly credible and consistent society of consumerism, which satirizes many of the practices of corporations and advertising agencies without rendering the extrapolations of those practices one whit less frightening. The Big Ball of Wax shows us an American society circa 1992 in which: everything presently tasteless and commercial about television has

been "improved" upon, i.e., made more tasteless and commercial, to the nth degree; "Momsday" has been elevated to a holiday of the importance of Christmas, and exploited commercially in exactly the same way; advertising is ubiquitous, e.g., supplanting Muzak in elevators and including the artificial satellite "constellation", PEPSI COLA; people eat concentrated, vitaminized, deodorized, pre-masticated, pre-salivated food; a miraculous cure for muscular dystrophy is a disaster, because the Muscular Dystrophy organization is a big operation that employs tens of thousands of people and where will they all be now that the disease is no longer a problem?; a major and growing church which features slot machines in three varieties ("Old Testament, New Testament and just plain Inspirational"), gets preachers through Central Casting, and has a reverend who came out of merchandising and can say "Well, it keeps the stockholders happy, and after all that's what we're in business for"; and much more.

Sometimes heavy-handed, yes, but well-done and consistent throughout. To this basic blend of satire and horrible prophecy, Mead adds thoroughly competent writing--the man is sharp, professional and careful--, some decent characterization, and a well-paced story. The Big Ball of Wax is definitely recommended reading.

-- Ted Pauls

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Ringworld, by Larry Niven (Ballantine 02046; 95¢; 342 pp.).

It's hard to believe that a novel can be as majestic and unified as Ringworld. The characterizations, plot, and towering concepts are so detailed and thickly interwoven that the novel takes on an aspect of realism not generally found in science fiction.

The four main characters are excellently-depicted as individuals and in relationship to one another. These four are: Luis Wu, a 200-year-old man who is somewhat bored with life; Nessus, an insane puppeteer whose insanity is that he is not a complete coward like the rest of his race; Teela Brown, an Earth woman who was unwittingly bred for luck; and Speaker-to-Animals, a kzin who is slightly more tolerable than the rest of his kind.

Nessus engages the other three to accompany him on an investigation of an enigma sighted far out in space. The enigma turns out to be an artificial "planet" built in the shape of a hoop with a sun in the middle of it. This hoop is a million miles wide and has a 180-million-mile diameter, and rotates at 770 miles per second! Night and day are simulated by metal plates strung together at intervals by wire and situated between the sun and the ringworld. They crash-land upon this "planet" and then go on a journey across the world in search of the race that built the ringworld. During their journey Niven treats the reader to many other imagination-stretching ideas, and in the end one has the unique experience of falling into a crater full of stars.

As it turns out, the ringworlders' power and greatness were their own undoing. Niven gives a stern warning against races that dare to play God. In this book one will learn about the great puppeteer migration and why puppeteers are such total cowards. Niven also deals with the themes of longevity and genetic engineering.

Ringworld is fascinating from the first chapter onward and full of exciting action. However, because of its richness of detail and complexity, it is very slow reading. Nonetheless, Ringworld will be the next Hugo winner--that's for sure! And one that won't be soon forgotten.

-- Michael T. Shoemaker

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Fanzine Reviews
by Doll Gilliland

Browsing through SATURDAY REVIEW a few weeks ago, I spotted a poem by Ruth Berman...and wondered whether 'twere fandom's Ruth Berman. I see by way of RUNE #21 (Minn.SF Society o-o. Lynn Torline, 1350 Queen Ave., North, Minneapolis, Minn., 55411. Trade, contrib, 10/$1) that it is. Congrats go to Ruth. As for RUNE, it contains news, meeting reports, birthday greetings, and the first installment of an article by Ken Fletcher, "Fanzines are...." A charming heroic BEM cover by D. Bruce Berry. 7 pp.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #43 (Richard Geis, POBox 3116, Santa Monica, Cal., 09493. 50¢). This is the final issue of a fine fanzine. Digest-size, offset, double-columned format. An exquisite Alicia Austin cover; handsome novel interior illos by such as Canfield, Kirk, Fabian, Rotsler, ATom, Shull, Gaughan, etc.

Richard Hill visited Keith Laumer at his Florida home, and his interview with the author first appeared in the TAMPA TRIBUNE's Florida Accent Magazine; beautifully written, it merits additional exposure here. Poets & SF find their way into John Brunner's column. Poul Anderson contemplates that wonderful self indulgence--"neglect of duty", pens some notes toward a definition of sf, and takes a look at Women's Lib. Damon Knight reminisces about Clarion. Extensive reviews; interesting LoColumn; ads. 66 pp. Recommended.

ASPIDISTRA (Susan Glicksohn, 267 St. George St., Apt. 807, Toronto 180, Ontario. Substantial LoC, contrib, 25¢). Susan does her thing and I like it. Pollution is the principal topic thish, with relevant artwork from Bjo Trimble and Bill Rotsler, thoughts on the detergents from Alexis Gilliland (something to think about there) and on non-returnable bottles from Rosemary Ullyot, and related LoC's from some ENERGUMEN readers.

"A Tribal Feeding Manual" by Elizabeth Kimmerley contains several recipes for an eating group of 6-8; a sexy sf sequence by Sandra Miesel; "How I Ran A Men's Bake Sale for Woman's Lib" by Richard Labonte (whee!), lovely poetry by Debby Munro, and lovely illos by C. Lee Healy, etc., make up the 24-page issue. A charmer. Recommended.

ENERGUMEN 5 (Michael & Susan Glicksohn, see above. Substantial LoC, arranged trade, contrib, 50¢). A rousing Derek Carter cover, a fabulous Alicia Austin bacover (Toronto in '73!), interior illos by everybody--well, almost--Alpajpuri, Austin, Bathurst, Bergstrom, Canfield, Bjo, Carter, the 3 G's (Gaughan, Gilbert, & Gilliland), Kirk, McLeod, Rotsler, etc.

Rosemary Ullyot tells all about Mike's jeans; John D. Berry contemplates New York and Berkeley fandom; Avram Davidson entertains with some notes on The Phoenix and the Mirror and other things; Ted Pauls turns columnist; and there's a sparkling LoColumn for a sparkling 38-page issue.

But that's not all. There's a marvelous insert--"Limericks Illuminated"--eight of them--by George Barr. The limericks and artwork are witty and equally delightful. Heartily recommended.

ENERGUMEN 6. Yummy Canfield cover that bears some resemblance to Susan

G.; the gal in his bacover isn't bad either. The creative processes get an airing. Art, art criticism, and/or artists are commented on by Grant Canfield, Mike Gilbert, and Jack Gaughan in a series of articles. Writing is Andy Offutt's topic. (A repeat of an article appearing in SPECULATION--nobody's fault. It's a good article.) Lydia Dotto has at the space program and NASA and the TV coverage. G.H. Hardy and A Mathematician's Delight get Susan Glicksohn's attention. LoC's. 44 pp. A sercon ish, but then, the fannish material can be found in:

ENERGUMEN 7. Covers by Jack Gaughan, with synergistic lettering by Don Stuart. Seems that the Glicksohns have a telephone number resembling that of the Ontario Motor League; comes winter and snow, and they have a battery of calls--per Susan's column. Rosemary has kind words for The Dynasty restaurant in the Bronx, unkind words for those who have unkind words for SFR, and words for Charlie Ellis. The fanzines of the fifties are due for a look by Arnie Katz; thish, it's BEM from Bradford, England, complete with complete reprint: Walt Willis' "How to BNF Without Tears". A 6-page folio of Rotsler. Bob Shaw amuses as he muses on a lie detector for the home comprised of perverse inanimate objects. LoC's. 42 pp. Recommended.

TRANSPLANT, recently turned BINARY (OMPA. A. Graham Boak, 3, Ryde Lands, Nuthurst, Cranleigh, Surrey, U.K.). Gray was having Gestetner problems, but evidently solved them, because here it is. He discusses Malory's Le Morte D'Arthur (a new rendition by Keith Barnes), particularly The Tale of Sir Gareth and sundry loose ends. Fun to read. BINARY (TRANSPLANT 5) finds Gray his usual entertaining self. There are some pointed mc's to be found here. 6 pp.

CYNIC 2 (Gray Boak. See above. LoC, contrib, expression of interest). Gray has some contributed material, the best of which are the fanzine reviews. Frankly, I like the editor's stuff better. Some fun cartoons from Alexis Gilliland. LoC's. 25 pp.

DYNATRON #43 (FAPA. Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd. N.W., Albuquerque, N.M., 87107. Trade, LoC, editor's whim, etc.). An extended look at Five Fates--Laumer, Anderson, Herbert, Dickson, and Ellison writing stories based on a common beginning--concluding that it is not a must. Hm, I didn't know/that temperatures go/to 20 below/in New Mexico...and the population explosion...and the Yippie manifesto...and civilization.... 17 stimulating pages. Recommended.

OUTWORLDS Seven (FAPA. Bill & Joan Bowers, POBox 87, Barberton, Ohio, 44203. 4/$3). Bill is a superb editor and he really does right by his contributing artists--thish, Canfield, Carter, Cochran, Davidson, Frolich, Gilbert, Gilliland, Kirk, McLeod, Rotsler, etc. The LoColumn is certainly interesting enough to open the ish. Jodie Offutt's "I Went to the Moon the Other Day" is one of the most beautiful descriptions I have seen of an Apollo launch. John D. Berry was looking for the Blofield translation of I Ching and met a short black-haired woman. Greg Benford thinks about Berkeley fans, Chip Delany, transcendental meditation, and his visit to Washington. Bill Wolfenbarger has a wonderful wife and baby daughter who inspire him to lyricism in his own way. Freeze-dying and religion are mused upon by Alexis Gilliland.

The start of a series of art columns by Stephen Fabian; an excellent review column by Ted Pauls; Sandra Miesel peers into Delany's Nova, using the Grail mythos; a curious wart growth tale by S.A. Stricklen. 46 pp. Fancy type face, justified margins, imaginative layout, good artwork, good writing--all add up to a really good 'zine. Recommended.

ZEEN #10 (FAPA. Earl & Jan Evers, 1406 Leavenworth St., San Francisco, Cal., 94109. Contribs, trades, etc.). FAPA rules are mulled by Earl. Interesting trip report by Dan Goodman,

who went to London in mid-Feb. LoC's, cartoons, questionable fan fiction, etc. 23 pp. Ditto repro ranges from poor to very good. It's rather fun, in its own peculiar way.

ZEEN #11. More of the same, especially non-monumental fan fiction. Dan Goodman continues his European travel column, ending up in Dubrovnik this ish. Some incredible cartoons by Gary Deindorfer. 48 pp.

MASIFORM D (Devra Langsam, 250 Crown St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11225. Trade, contrib, review, 50¢). A rousing Alicia Austin cover. Interior illos by Austin, Connie Faddis, Sue Johnston (new to me; I like her work), Alexis Gilliland, Andy Porter, etc. In case you haven't seen the AT&T ad by Ray Bradbury re:holograms, the unusual two-pager is enclosed to heighten the unusual article by Jean Lorrah on Ray Bradbury and the ad.

Star Trek is still having its day. Ruth Berman pens a delightful speculative article on a situation left hanging in "Wink of an Eye". "The Tale of the Tribbles" in verse by Mary Schaub; SF DoubleCrostic by Miriam Langsam. Poems & fiction. Good repro, attractive format and layout. 44 pp.

THE PROPER BOSKONIAN #7 (NESFA o-o. Richard Harter, POBox G, MIT Sta., Cambridge, Mass., 02139. 50¢, trade, contrib). Lots of good art from Gilbert, Rotsler, McLeod, & Kirk. Most of the repro was equally good, but there were exceptions. Since it's done by electro-stencil and we are considering such, would be interested in the whys of the variation in quality.

Joe Ross laments the possibility of sf mags vanishing from the scene and offers some suggestions. "The Art of Coke Stacking" is Sue Lewis' topic. Several con reports--Lois Harter on an academic con, Tony Lewis on Philcon, and Marsha Elkin just getting rolling with her Heiconrep--and proving that you have a better time if you know somebody who knows the area. LoC's. 56 pp.

CORRELATION #1 (James A. Corrick III, 2116 Lake Ave., Knoxville, Tenn., 37916. 10¢). A specialty fanzine for sf bibliographers and collectors. This contains a checklist of the serials that have appeared in ASTOUNDING/ANALOG since 1930. Arranged by author, it also contains pseudonyms, cover and interior illustrators, 1st hard-cover and 1st paperback pub w/title change, if any. 10 pp. Articles on bibliography and collecting, as well as checklists, are welcome.

TRIBES #1 (Dale & Dennis DiNucci, 5620 Darlington Rd., Apt. 4, Pittsburgh, Pa., 15217. Contribs, LoC's, 50¢, 5/$2). Dale has a brooding but effective pair of covers framing the issue; within are illos by Faddis, Gaughan, Gilbert, Kirk, and the cover artist. From Bob Tucker comes an open letter on fanzine publishing. Alexis Gilliland proffers some comments on and examples of the non-metric system. "Ideas on Famine" by E.A. Walton offers food for thought. Jerry Kaufman reminisces dreamily on the sf he read as a child and a youth. The current outbreak of book reviews in fanzines draws comments from Harry Warner, and his criticism is constructive.

Buck Coulson provides an extended discussion of fantasy in folk-music, complete with discography (good word, that). Looks like a comer.

Jabberwitch (Delanna Designs, 100 Graydon Hall Dr., Apt. 304, Don Mills, Ontario, Canada. $1.50). An absolutely delightful poster-size village in black and white by Derek Carter--foon shops and all. Whimsical charm. Great fun to color, too. Recommended.

SPECULATION 28 (Peter R. Weston, 31 Pinewall Ave., Kings Norton, Birmingham 30, U.K. Trades, contribs, LoC's, 40¢, 5/$2..."Cash, not cheques please!") Special Heicon picture feature--six pages of composite photos. Alexei Panshin on Heinlein's I Will Fear No Evil; Fred Pohl with an sf-related compara-

tive review of Swift's Gulliver and Voltaire's Candide. French and English writers as viewed by Somerset Maugham in his preface to A Writer's Notebook brings Greg Benford to note that similar arguments apply to sf writers compared with "mainstreamers", and his comments on sf and its writers are compassionately expressive. "This Funny Hobby" of Andy Offutt's is writing, and he tells why and a little of how. Extensive book reviews by Bruce Gillespie, Brian Stapleford, Tony Sudbury, David Redd, and Mark Adlard. Chris Priest tackles the topic of politics in the context of sf. Stimulating LoColumn. 54 pp. Recommended.

HUGO BALLOT (Noreascon, Box 547, Cambridge, Mass., 92139). Postcard-size listing of the top 1970 pro and fan names, as well as fanzines, prozines, etc.

CANTICLES FROM LABOWITZ #7 (Gary H. Labowitz, 1100 Betzwood Dr., Norristown, Pa., 19401. Contrib, LoC, trade, 40¢). Charming Derek Carter cover. Interior illos by Canfield, Gilliland, Rotsler, etc. Fan fiction, poetry, book reviews, & LoColumn. 33 pp.

UP THE PHLOEM #1 (SAPS. Gary & Leah Labowitz. See above). Comments on reruns of La Dolce Vita and "The Avengers", the dearth of new "fluent" prose writers in fandom today, and the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC. Details for building a light box for tracing and lettering stencils. And some observations on "endangered" species, triggered by an article he saw on the plight of the wild stallions roaming the Southwest. 6 pp. Of the two, I personally prefer the latter.

HAVERINGS 48 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, U.K. USAgent: Andrew Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Apt. 3-J, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11201. 6/$1). Fanzine reviewzine. Ethel catches up, thanks to the postal strike, but they're rolling in again. 10 pp.

SCOTTISHE 58 (Ethel Lindsay. USAgent: Andrew Porter. See above. 30¢). Andrew Offutt lets off some steam about the attitudes and posturings of some fans. Sparkling LoColumn. Book reviews and natterings about the mail strike. 15 pp. Recommended.

CITADEL 2 (George & Lana Proctor, 1524 S. Oak, Apt. 205, Arlington, Texas, 76010. Contribs, LoC, trade, 25¢). The Bride of Frankenstein and its director, James Whale, draw admiring comments from Don Powell in an extended review. In his comics column, Steve Utley discusses and illoes Cowboys and Aliens, especially SPACE WESTERN COMICS (featuring Spurs Jackson and the Space Vigilantes). The comic feature is "Aesir" (this installment drawn by Buddy Saunders), a sort of male Barbarella with little other action. Probably the best thing in the issue is Howard Waldrop's "The Buddy Saunders Strikes a Blow for Freedom Rag"--Buddy's reaction to the local library's author index entry, "Vance, Jack pseud. see Kuttner, Henry." Book reviews and LoC's. 20 pp. Triple-column, justified margins, excellent repro.

KOYOTL #1 (Apa45. Ken Fletcher, 1501 Breda Ave., St. Paul, Minn., 55108. Trade, LoC, 50¢). News of Vaughn Bode's Deadbone Erotica (Bantam Books, Inc. $1.95), the Hugo nominees, and

Minicon 4. Cartoon salute to welcome John Kusske back from the Army. MC's. 12 pp. or so. Ditto & offset repro.

AVESTA 2 (Don Blyly, 825 W. Russell, Peoria, Ill., 61606. Art contribs, 25¢). Here we have the Thanksgiving '69 issue (when most of the material was written) appearing in May '71. Thus, Ed Connor's article "Confronting Reality", inspired by a Leo Kelley article in the Dec. '69 LUNA MONTHLY, discusses Biafra, but in a larger sense "Peace" ("...it appears that there can only be one way to peace... and that is peace at any price. And that means...Slavery."). Fiction by Janet Fox. And the Meshugga Medal awards as reported by T.L. Sherrod. 14 pp.

TOMORROW AND...6 (Syracuse Univ. SF Society. Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Dr., Pittsford, N.Y., 14534. Contribs, substantial LoC's, trade, 50¢, 5/$2). Wow, the reduced print is hard on the eyes, and with the volume of 'zines I've yet to peruse, I begrudge the effort. Exciting artwork by Canfield, Carter, Faddis, Gilbert (including a delightful cartoon strip reminiscent of Gaughan at play), McLeod, Don Steffan, etc.

Andy Offutt is the "writer in residence" and will answer questions on writing, selling, dealing with publishers, etc.; in the meanwhile, he responds to all signed questions and comments on the previous column. Entertainingly informative. "Liza Tuttle" has penned a charming tale; should think it would sell professionally. And there's a rollicking column by Rosemary Ullyot. Short book reviews; extended book reviews; LoC's. 28 pp. Recommended...if only the type were larger.

Am sure you've read or seen reports on the May Day activities here in Washington. COVER X-2 (APA45, RAPS. Jeff Schalles, 173 McClellan Dr., Pittsburgh, Pa., 15236. Contrib, LoC, trade, 25¢ or four 8¢ stamps) describes the peace demonstration at Grove City College...and some of his related personal experiences. 6 pp. He's one of today's generation and probably speaks for and to a lot of people.

GRANFALLOON #12 (Linda E. Bushyager, Apt. B211--Sutton Arms, 121 MacDade Blvd., Folsom, Pa., 19033. 60¢, 4/$2, trade, contrib, substantial LoC). Exquisite cover and handsome bacover by Alicia Austin. Interior illos by Dan Steffan, Canfield, Gilbert, Ron Miller, Connie Faddis (striking!), Delap, Porter, Frank Johnson, Joe Pearson (fun!), Carter (Derek's doing something different--I like it, too), etc.

Andy Offutt recalls the Apollo 14 lift-off and offers a few comments on Why Space? Drawing on his personalzine LOG, Arnie Katz discusses the "proto-fan-pariah", fandom, and fanzines. (He has a point, you know.) John D. Berry glances at the fanzine scene over the past five years. Mike Glicksohn is his charming self. Don D'Ammassa points out a few authors "Living on Borrowed Plots". (So what else is new?) Mike Gilbert responds to Ron Miller's art column in the last ish by pointing out that the buying public for sf doesn't go for "contemporary" covers, so that if the art is expected to contribute to the book's commercial success.... A bit of computer fiction (a play) by Ron Miller; book reviews, including Delap's column; LoC's. Recommended.

I know this is somewhat late in the game but I do want to mention STARLING (Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 1108 Locust St., Columbia, Mo., 65201. Contribs, LoC, trade, 35¢, 3/$1). Ken Fletcher put his finger on it when he described it as a "viable contemporary culture fanzine". #17 features a fine Canfield cover. Hank likes the Firesign Theatre and reviews their first three albums. From Angus Taylor comes an incredibly fine essay on life styles and art forms in the space age. More good stuff from Banks Mebane, whose writing I have missed over the past months, here telling the tale of the Zoo Room (a Melbourne, Fla., bar) and the elephant, the airline hostess who broke a bone when she dropped a

slot machine on her foot, and Barbie by the side of the road. John Ingham journals Kesey on Santa Monica Blvd. at 2:30 a.m. in a multicolored crocheted wool helmet and ultimately in a Saab, pursued by a Thunderbird. Let us not overlook the rock festival just outside of Heyworth, Ill., last Memorial Day, as recounted by Bob Tucker.

There's Earl Evers commenting cogently on Orbit 6, edited by Damon Knight (Berkley, 75¢). Lesleigh writes about Carl Berks and his effect on Donald Duck, his nephews, and Uncle Scrooge. Richard Gordon considers rock & sf. Jim Turner is working in a small hospital kitchen and tells why he's given up college five hours from a degree. 39 pp. It's a honey. Recommended.

Wouldn't you know, the day after I finished this review, in came STARLING 18. It, too, is a honey. Recommended.

LOWDOWN (Richard Labonte, 53 Rosedale Ave., Ottawa, Ontario, Canada). His annual compendium of Hugo nominee material. Reviews of the novels and discussions of all the others. Samples of the work of the fan writer and fan artist nominees. And in the LoColumn, Hugo comments. 47 pp. Recommended.

SANDWORM #13 (Bob Vardeman, POBox 11352, Albuquerque, N.M., 87112. Trade, contrib, 50¢). Comments on the FCC ban of "drug culture" songs, ceramics (a toilet model called "The Plato"?), his visit to Denver, his choice of the Hugo nominees, Lt. Calley, etc. "The Political Outlook of the City-in-Space" is another of Alexis Gilliland's inimitable speculations. Darrell Schweitzer contemplates the anti-art scene thru the medium of Teenagers from Outer Space. Lots of book reviews; LoC's. 27 pp. or so. Refreshing. Recommended.

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S. F. PARADE: Book Review

The Shattered Ring: A critical evaluation of some science fiction writings, by Lois & Stephen Rose. (John Knox Press, Richmond, Va.; 127 pages; $3.50.)

Touted as a study of "science fiction and the quest for meaning", the authors have produced a treatise of scholarly mellifluence on the surface but vacuously tabescent beneath. It appears to be (a) a thesis concocted to fit some randomly-selected science fiction readings, (b) an academic exercise with a few arbitrarily-selected references added to lend an air of authenticity, or (c) an exposition of personal theological beliefs pegged to a supposed elucidation of canonical principles through science fiction.

Whatever the book's purpose, it's a failure on several points: (1) the metaphysics fizzle, (2) the choices of material to illustrate the study's turbid points vitiate intrinsically-excellent science fiction, (3) academicism falters, despite some isolated epistemological gems, for want of meaningful purpose of conclusion, and (4) the weak comparisons and unsupported "factual" statements that abound throughout irritate my sensibilities. It's not so much what the authors appear to be trying to say--I respect their right to expound on their own opinions--but the way they have strung unlike beads together in the hope a work of art will emerge. One doesn't.

More, I resent science fiction being forced into the cheapening role of obiter dicta in a rather sophomoric attempt to prove the unprovable.

-- James R. Newton

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ERRATA to TWJ #75 -- On page 11, line 12 of "Loser's Song", delete "But" and capitalize "lead"; in line 20, change "bound" to "born".

-- DLM

THE INKWORKS: Comics Column

by Kim Weston

Much of interest has happened in the comics in recent months. CONAN, THE BARBARIAN, published by Marvel, is now in its seventh issue. The first two issues were original stories by Roy Thomas, not too good but not bad. The third issue, an adaptation of the non-Conan story, "The Grey God Passes", showed a marked leap in quality. Not only was the story very well done, but the constantly-improving art, by Barry Smith, was also markedly better. Even after the much-improved #3, the magnificent adaptation of "The Tower of the Elephant" in #4 was something of a shock, it was so good. Those who have said that good sword-and-sorcery cannot be done in a censored, Code-approved comic are wrong. In "Tower of the Elephant", not only do we have an excellent story to begin with, but the adaptation into the comics medium is very fine and very effectively done, retaining much of the flavor of the original, and the art by Barry Smith and Sal Buscema (inks) left virtually nothing to be desired. Fabulous story, fabulous art, fabulous comic writing and story-telling. With this issue, it becomes apparent that for the writer-editor (Roy Thomas) and artist (Barry Smith), CONAN is more than just another job--it is a labor of love. Barry Smith doesn't provide us with such art for money alone, and the writing, too, seems to be inspired.

"Zukala's Daughter", "Inspired by the poem 'Zukala's Hour'", in issue 5 was also excellent, although not the masterpiece that #4 was. Frank Giacoia, an excellent inker, inked the issue, but on CONAN his work pales when compared to Sal Buscema's. Issue #6 features "Devil Wings Over Shadizar", an original, new Conan story in which Roy Thomas proves himself to be the finest of the Howard imitators by writing a fine story worthy of Howard himself (though not the equal of "Tower of the Elephant"). Amazingly, the artwork still continues to improve. Issue #7, the most recent issue, as this is written, features a free adaptation of "The God in the Bowl"--another fine issue.

A few side notes on CONAN: Thomas and Smith intend to tell the story of Conan in a more or less chronological order from Conan's youth to manhood, etc., filling in gaps between Howard stories with new ones. No thought balloons or sound-effect words (zap, bam, pow) are used. The relief from sound effects is welcome. This is easily one of the two or three best comics currently published, and is probably the most consistently-good one. It is also monthly.

Apparently CONAN has proven so successful that Marvel has now brought out KULL THE CONQUEROR. The first issue has good art by Ross Andru and Wally Wood, although Wood's inking is such that the art is essentially by Wood. Roy Thomas

writes this one also. Good, but certainly not the equal of CONAN (yet?). Reportedly, Johnny Severin will do the art in KULL #2, which should be out just before Disclave. Should be interesting.

Another important event is the latest three issues of SPIDERMAN. One of the things still specifically forbidden in the recently-liberalized Comics Code is any mention of drugs. These three non-Code-approved issues of SPIDERMAN (96-98, May-July) deal with the drug problem. According to an article in the NEW YORK TIMES, Stan Lee (editor-writer) was asked to do the story by the National Institute of Mental Health. Very tastefully and well done. A good story, too.

CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON #139, July 1971, Marvel Comics. Recently, this has been a fascinating comic. It co-features Captain America and the Falcon, a black-costumed hero, secretly Harlem social worker Sam Wilson. Captain America has just joined the police force in this issue, and unless Stan Lee allows himself to fall into trite hackneyed plot-types and story-lines, this could make for interesting reading. Falcon and his work and problems also make interesting reading.

HOT WHEELS #5, November-December 1970, National Comics. This comic is now defunct, but the fifth issue was one of the best comics of last year. It features a 16-page story written and drawn by Alex Toth, "The Case of the Curious Classic". The story is typical of Toth's work--simple but good artwork, deceptively simple-looking and very effective breakdown of the story into panels so that it flows smoothly--a pleasure to look at and read. A curiosity is Toth's use of four-line, eight-panel pages, but it allows Toth to get about five extra pages of story into his allocated 16 pages.

SUPERMAN #'s 233 and 238, January and June 1971, National Comics. Number 233 looks like a first issue, and with the changes it brings, it practically is. New writer, Denny O'Neil; new artist team, Curt Swan and Murphy Anderson; new editor, Julius Schwartz; new job for Clark Kent, TV reporter; Superman is no longer vulnerable to Kryptonite. By issue #6 (#238) of the new SUPERMAN, more changes have taken place. Superman is weaker, more like he was at the beginning, back in the late 1930's. Stories are generally an improvement over those of the past ten or so years. Art is generally improved, too. This current issue also has a story drawn by Gray Morrow.

ARMY AT WAR/SGT. ROCK #233, June 1971, National Comics. The lead feature this issue is obviously inspired by the Lt. Calley trial. The cover is a bit sensationalistic, but the story isn't bad. Art is by editor Joe Kubert, story by Robert Kanigher. Also included is a story by Norm Maurer, who hasn't been heard of in comics for a long time (15 years?), but who co-edited the St. John line of comics with Joe Kubert back in the early 1950's. I would guess that the story is based on a true incident during WW-I with a Medal of Honor winner--not bad. However, the crowning glory of the issue is the third story, a four-pager by Sam Glanzman. In many ways this story is similar to stories in his USS Stevens series: short, well-told, very real and very good. Sam Glanzman is one of the unrecognized masters in comics.

News notes: Effective probably with the issues on sale in June, DC (National Comics), Harvey, and Archie comics will all go to 25¢ and 48 pages. Apparently no decision has been made at Marvel. Gold Key comics apparently will stay at 32 pages but go to 20¢. Price rises were made necessary by recent rises in the cost of paper and production.

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IT'S A WISE FAN WHO KNOWS THE SCORE: D.C. ONCE MORE IN '74!

FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK: Lettercolumn

I. RE TWJ #73.

Dave Piper, 7 Cranley Dr., Ruislip, Middx HA4 6BZ, England (3 Apr 71)

I've been trying to puzzle something out. I haven't been very successful. But I have come up with an answer of sorts. The lack, in relation to size of the JOURNAL, of Fanstatic and Feedback. You either don't get many letters or you ruthlessly prune them for publication. I get the feeling that my first suggestion is correct. Why is this? I think I've worked it out. Because of the fuction of the magazine...reviewing mainly and biblio stuff...there don't seem to me to be many hooks that one can really grab hold of and comment on. However I, and I imagine a lot of other people, very much enjoy the JOURNAL, even if I/we don't always comment. It's one of the most entertaining fanzines currently being published, I feel, and I just hope that the (apparent) lack of reaction doesn't put you off.

I have a confession to make. During the time when I should have been studying science and biology (and for that matter practically everything else) I was reading Science Fiction. I am therefore slightly lacking in scientific knowledge, although a science fiction fan. And therefore I am never able to decide whether Alexis Gilliland's science articles are serious or funny. Herewith my confession. I have decided after much cogitation to treat all his science articles as humorous, and if I fing myself not laughing at any particular article I shall consider that the humour element is just below me and peculiar to you bloody colonials. I hope this is OK. After all, one must make a stand somewhere. Mustn't one?

II. RE TWJ #74.

Franz Rottensteiner, A-2762 Ortmann, Felsenstr. 20, Austria (23 Mar 71)

. . . I think I can answer some of the questions of your reviewer. Solaris was translated from the French because Faber & Faber never had any connections with Polish literature, and therefore had no good translator for the Polish language on hand (such are rare anyway, and quite expensive); but they had Mrs. Kilmartine, who did a fine job. I must say here that I think most of the reviewers are unfair to the translators; there may be minor faults in the translation but they can't concern the narrative structure, the overall plan of the whole novel. Whatever "faults" there are in this respect, they must be Lem's (who doesn't subscribe to the fannish concept of story-telling). Darko Suvin is an associate professor of English literature at McGill University in Quebec, a native Yugoslavian and a specialist on sf and the stage. The guess of your reviewer at Rheya/Rhea is ingenious, but there just is no basis for it, for in the original Rheya is called Harey (and Dr. Snow Snout). But lacking a French edition, I can't say whether these changes were made by the English or had already been made by the French translator.

On the whole, the review has a puzzled quality, and it seems that Mr. Halterman didn't know what to make of the book; the comparison to AMAZING STORIES of the thirties is especially painful, since Mr. Lem isn't interested in gadgets, he

is interested in theory and epistemology. And sure, Lem explains a lot; but the point of the novel is that he doesn't explain everything: what Solaris really is, remains a total mystery; there is only a set of contradictory theories and hypotheses (a pattern repeated in much greater complexity in Project Master's Voice). I can't recall, either, that Suvin called the ocean an "immature" god; he said "imperfect", which is quite a different thing. A knowledge of other works of Lem would be quite helpful for an interpretation of Solaris, especially of "Diary", which surely must rank as the most brilliant piece of short sf ever written. There Lem presents a wholly new concept of a (cybernetic) god: one who is both omniscient and omnipotent, and yet helpless; a god whose very perfection is his greatest curse, and who creates world after world not to make humans happy or to punish them or to make them worship him for his greater glory, but solely to find out who he is. A god who has become a silent god, a god who doesn't dare to speak to his subjects, for although he knows everything about them, what could he tell them if they asked him anout himself?

I see I didn't tell you who bought The Invincible; the novel was sold to Ace Books, who'll bring it out possibly in September. Suvin's statement that the four stories in his anthology, besides a mangled story in an anthology, are all that have appeared in English, isn't true. There was "Are You There, Mr. Jones?" in the British VISION OF TOMORROW #1, and a couple of other stories in various periodicals such as POLISH PERSPECTIVES, POLAND and POLISH WEEK. Solaris was written in 1959/60, not in 1961; Lem takes his time, revising every story three or four times (see the forthcoming interview in AUSTRALIAN SF MONTHLY No. 2). Solaris seems to be doing quite well; so far, the book hasn't had a single bad review, although reviews as a rule were also far from being perceptive

III. RE TWJ #75.

Pat Coyle, 1026 29th St., N.W., Wash., D.C., 20007 (21 Apr 71)

I just thought I'd drop a note concerning your inquiry re Cameron numbers on page 18 of THE WSFA JOURNAL number 75 . . . The title of Cameron's work outlining his classification scheme is:

Alastair Cameron
Fantasy Classification System
Canadian Science Fiction Association
54 Ellesmere Avenue, St. Vital, Manitoba
copyright 1952

It is available at $2.50 from: Richard Witter, F&SF Book Company, P.O. Box 415, Staten Island, New York 10302.

Cameron's scheme is a takeoff on the UDC (Universal Decimal Classification) subject cataloging approach, itself a British offshoot of the U.S. DDC (Dewey Decimal Classification) numbering scheme, which is maintained by the Library of Congress (which, needless to say, doesn't use it itself). Basically, it all boils down to a matter of faith: you either believe it's possible to come up with a set of numbers describing discrete attributes, which when suitably combined can describe absolutely anything (animal, vegetable, mineral, concept, philosophy, etc., etc.) in the universe; or you don't.

I don't. (The best attempt at this sort of thing was made by an Indian cataloger named Ranganathan, who came up with a multiple-dimension numbering scheme: everything normal and linearly independent in n-space, I assume. I can't say for sure--Ranganathan is very tough to read.)

However, if you're willing to drop the things you can't handle into an "Unding" catagory, surprisingly good approximations can be made. For example, Stapledon's Last and First Men, which Cameron uses as an illustration in his booklet, has the classification number:

89.9/31.8:(22.5,2,1,3/23.1,2)/62.4:(52.6/53.5):56.1,5,9/(36./38.):
(37.2/39.3:37.4/35.4:29.3:52.8:68.5,6)exafbh

Which breaks down to:

History of the future covering several cultural cycles; societies of mutants having telepathy, perception in space, ordinary senses sharpened, perception in time, extra developments of existing and new human bodily functions; engineering development of Venus and Neptune and/or Plato as a result of an astronomical collision, a nova, and unusual radiation in space; the expansion and decay of cultures as a result of loss of strategic materials, sole survivors from a world-wide explosion, invasion of Earth by intelligent alien beings whose natural habitat is the atmosphere of Mars, genetic engineering and adaptation to new environments; over 105,000 words; plot not covered by profile; intellectual appeal; philosophy stressed; fantasy important; told from a non-human viewpoint.

Now that's not bad. (Plot "Unding" and all)

Witter has it in his current catalog (#101, Spring '71) and probably still has it in stock. The first edition was limited to 500 copies and I got number 257 from him over a year ago. Published 1952! I strongly suspect that if you do order it from him, you'll be the second nut to ever have done so.

. . . It's only 52 pages, mimeo, staple-bound. . .

Dave Hulvey, Rt. 1, Box 198, Harrisonburg, Va., 22801 (22 Apr 71)

I find most of your suggestions about the future of TWJ to be up front with the truth. This truth seems somewhat painful, but nonetheless important to me in that it means a change in a zine that I would place among the good, solid middle range of fmz. Thus, TWJ has come to an impenetrable impasse, or has it?

Really, I find nothing too unrealistic or foolhardy in your contemplated moves to change the format for the better. In fact, I see little means as to how you could've done differently, given the adverse circumstances. So, it wouldn't change my positive view of the zine to see the measure you mentioned instituted forthwith. Rather, it is a needed organizational reordering that you've accomplished; hardly the raw material for the X-rates Debate that Would Plunge All Fandom Into War.

Richard Delap's prozine review column, though, is of little real value. His critical faculties should be exercised in genre fields more conducive to meaningful commentary. After all, I get all the major prozines through subs that don't wait for the next installment of his review column to tell me what to read. Besides, his opinions, skilfully defended though they may be, are usually worth only as much as his subjective biases. Biases which leave me shaking my head in complete disagreement more often than not.

Newton must have read a different version of I Will Fear No Evil from the one in that august censorship-prone work called G----Y. The writer, an old one to our genre, should have realized what this new critic doesn't; ideas alone do not a story make. Sad, the novel just wasn't up to Heinlein's usual superb craftsmanship, and Newton's gratuitous pandering to the ancient cliché "time will tell" isn't either.

Sandra Miesel, 8744 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, Ind., 46240 (5 May 71)

Now, Honored Editor and Gentle Readers, I don't want to give you the impression I'm conducting a vendetta against Ted Pauls. Why I've even been known to compliment him on occasion, and our few meetings at cons have been perfectly mild.

But one more weary time I'm moved to challenge one of his reviews: that of Shield by Poul Anderson in #75. My complaint this time is not the book's low rating, but that it wasn't rated low enough. Shield is a dreadful book--my nominee for Anderson's worst sf novel. (The Golden Slave isn't sf. His worst short story is "Genius", if anyone's interested in my opinion.) Therefore, if both Anderson's good and poor books all strike the same dreary note with Ted, perhaps he should spare himself the bother and his audience the misdirection by not reviewing Anderson. I myself would never attempt to review Disch, for ex-

ample. But since Ted is a very productive general reviewer, he will surely find this suggestion presumptuous--but I hope not offensive.

A much more serious complaint is Ted's response to the racial angle of Shield. Our author is contemporary, but this book certainly is not! It was manifestly unfair of Ted not to mention that Shield is a reprint. The Berkley edition appeared in 1963 from a FANTASTIC serial of 1962. Heaven only knows when it was actually written. The matter of the heroine's race is principally a device to inject a twist of personal tragedy at the end. "Starfog" has an analogous plot but there the lovers are parted by genetics. Vivienne's stint as the gang leader's mistress would have been grounds enough for many other authors to brand her "unsuitable", but Anderson stories never embody such Puritan hangups. When any old work containing a silly racial stereotype is reprinted (such as de Camp's "Gun for a Dinosaur" from 1957), should we sneer or cheer that history has overtaken sf? And then there's Robert E. Howard....

Anderson's efforts with Afro-American characters have been notably unsuccessful. The only other example is in "The Children of Fortune" (published 1961) Yet he handled ethnic Africans well in "The Game of Glory" (1958). Since then he has given them only small roles as in "Kyrie" and Tau Zero. However, curiously enough, practically every story in which a Jewish character could possibly fit has one. But never more than as major supporting players (again, most recently Tau Zero). Perhaps he feels he couldn't handle a true Jewish hero or heroine authentically enough. If anyone should be so cretinous as to raise the charge that Anderson only writes about Nordic heroes, I'll bludgeon them bloody with contrary statistics.

Parting shot: Ted also misrepresents the denouement of Shield. Release of the secret does not preserve the status quo of the privileged, but on the contrary will result in drastic socio-political change--to the benefit of everyone. Compare the impact of a cheap power source in "Snowball" (1955).

I am all too aware I leave myself open to the sort of counter-argument outlined in Jeff Smith's LoC, that I only defend my friends and am blinded by ties of friendship. Our Gentle Readers will note that the arguments above and in various other LoC's are based solely on the content of Anderson's published work. I try to avoid personal considerations because they are irrelevant to the issues. This may be an unrecognized novelty in fandom. I respond so strongly because (1) I have a fiery disposition, (2) no one else is doing this, (3) no one else in active fandom has revealed as broad a knowledge of Anderson's work or as deep a sympathy with it. And yes, I do argue just as furiously on behalf of total strangers.

Surely TWJ is making fanzine history by running a glowing review of the Heinlein abomination! I was going to say this Newton is a booby who richly deserves hatching, but that's too mild. He sounds like a mundane (an academic mundane?) bedazzled by the horatory function of sf.

The covers of #75 were nice. Where, O Derek Carter, are your children's books so I can purchase them? . . .

Poul Anderson, Orinda, Calif. (6 May '71)

Once again I am happy to thank THE WSFA JOURNAL for its courteous policy of appearing in the mailboxes of writers when they are mentioned.

Sandra Miesel not only writes beautiful letters, she is beautiful herself. Thoroughly married as we both are, what more can I ask?

To Ted Pauls: The reason Koskinen didn't escape from one set of captors the way he later did from another was that it didn't occur to him at first. He wasn't supposed to be a super hero type, just a rather average guy. Perhaps the text did not make this clear. Frankly, I myself do not consider Shield among my better jobs. Inept editing didn't help, either.

Alexis Gilliland raises some damned important questions about the uses of medical and psychological technology for power-political ends. The potentialities expand every year. Besides brainwashing, we could get the very simple--and probably more important, statistically--method of withholding needed or desired treatment from "unworthy" persons. Here we touch on the basic reason for opposing socialized medicine (which does not mean any system whereby the medical expenses of every citizen are paid, but does mean any system in which all doctors are government employees). The state has too much power already; we should not give it still another instrument for our domestication.

To Thomas Burnett Swann: Many years ago, when he was editing, Anthony Boucher wrote to me--in requesting one paragraph of gobbledygook for an out-and-out UNKNOWN WORLD's-type fantasy--that most of his readers actually preferred fantasy to science fiction, only they didn't know it. (As far as that goes, the empirical evidence for certain fantasy standbys like ghosts, though weak, is better than the evidence for such science fiction staples as faster-than-light or time travel.) We seem to be seeing quite a bit of that nowadays, i.e., the author says the ritual words like "psionics" or "parallel universes" in order to win the better-selling science fiction label, and then proceeds on his merry fantasy way. But we also seem to have a modest rise in popularity of fantasy sailing under its true colors. Let us hope for more.

Kenneth W. Faig, Jr., PO Box 7109, Graduate Res. Halls, Brown Univ., Providence, R.I., 02912 (7 May 71)

. . . Wholeheartedly agree with Thomas Burnett Swann's plea for renewed attention to straight fantasy. With the steady interest in writers like Tolkien, Eddison, Burroughs, Lovecraft, and Merritt, one would think that the field could support at least several straight fantasy magazines; however, this is apparently not the case, witness only the failure within a very few months or so of the Lowndes magazines, WORLDS OF FANTASY, and (apparently) FORGOTTEN FANTASY. I suppose WITCHCRAFT AND SORCERY is the only straight fantasy magazine left, with FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION and FANTASTIC lurking somewhere on the borderline. It's a shame really, since by and large the fantasy magazines which have now expired were far more readable than the average prozine. Unless the magazine situation turns a lot healthier soon, I suppose fantasy will soon be returning exclusively to its more traditional home in the book. I only hope that publishers like Ballantine will continue to keep the delights coming. I am familiar with only one fantasy journal in paperback form, Terry Carr's NEW WORLDS OF FANTASY (now discontinued since he's leaving Ace?), but imagine that there is room for at least several more in the genre. I'd particularly like to see a paperback series which could replace the Lowndes magazines as a home for reprints from the old pulp magazines.

You reviewers seem very good at their art indeed, and avoid the trap which SFR reviewers sometimes fall into by giving very brief notices. However, I do agree with one of your correspondents about the relative uselessness of prozine reviews, unless you can perhaps arrange for them to appear in SOTWJ or some other such more frequent publication.

Articles in TWJ 75 were also well worth reading, and I only wish you had room for more. Perhaps not in 75, but a very useful piece for me was Gechter's reading recommednations for Burroughs. I also very much like Mark Owings' bibliographic series . . . "The Electric Bibliograph" is certainly one of the finest features in TWJ, and I very much hope to see future installments in your pages.

I am myself somewhat indifferent to your idea of excerpting "The Electric Bibliograph" from the body of your magazine, but would urge you to sometime consider reprinting all the installments as a separate publication. It would probably be a useful addition to works like Bleiler, Day, Cockroft, etc. By the way, may I suggest to your reviewers that sf/fantasy reference works represent an entire field badly in need of evaluation. I'd especially like to have a more detailed description of Stella Nova: The Contemporary Science Fiction Writers, which has only been reviewed in FORGOTTEN FANTASY insofar as I know. At present, P. Schuyler Miller seems to do an almost single-handed job of reviewing sf/fantasy reference works in the pages of JWC's ANALOG.

I also have become somewhat attached to your art, especially those brashly-commanding generals (oder sind Sie Feldmarscheln?) who always seem to be ordering the editor around. I don't know that strongman who ripped forty issues of WEIRD TALES in half, but I'll offer him 25¢ per copy for halves that fit together. Seriously, I am glad to see the attention paid to the pulp field by your writers, and am looking forward to the article on STRANGE TALES. I believe Lowndes garnered a lot of material for his reprint magazines from that publication.

Just in the way of Anhang, should you see fit to publish any parts of this letter, I am working little by little on a biography of Howard Phillips Lovecraft's friend and first executor, Robert Hayward Barlow, and would be very happy to hear from any TWJ readers who may have known Barlow or corresponded with him. I am also interested in appearances in amateur magazines of material by and about Barlow. This of course all dates back rather far, since Barlow had ceased virtually all activities as a fan in the early 1940's.

IV. We also heard from:

Roger Bryant, Akron, Ohio (22/4/71), who notes that Cameron's Fantasy Classification System is available for $2.50 from F&SF Book Co., provides an addendum to "The Electric Bibliograph" in TWJ #75 (Stapledon's Sirius appeared in pb from Penguin: Baltimore, 1944), and notes: "In my opinion, no point in issuing the Bibliograph separately now, when 10 installments are hidden away in issues of TWJ. If you were to print up and sell a separate edition of those 10, then the answer might be different."

Several others appended short comments to subscription renewals (ah, there's the kind of comments we really like....), and there may be a couple of comments appended to letters dealing with other subjects, and filed under those subjects. (Please keep remarks which are meant for publication separate from other types of business; also, please include "DNQ" or the like if you do not want your remarks published.)

EN PASSANT: Editor's Page

First, our thanks to the following people, without whose help we could never have gotten this issue out, much less on time: Ron Bounds, for his help in running off pages 117-122 on his hand-cranked mimeo (a tremendous job!), and for running back and forth ferrying materials, messages, and us back and forth between meetings; Alexis Gilliland, for his mighty efforts in getting the art portfolio together, in cutting the stencils for most of the illos in this issue, and for getting the covers and art portfolio run off; Jay Haldeman, for getting the electro-stencils made for the remainder of the art; Gary Labowitz, for running off the Fiction Section in this issue on his Gestetner; Cecilia Grim Smith, for running off the Book Review Index Supplement on her offset equipment; WSFA, for providing an advance to help pay for the art folio; the contributors, for making this issue possible in the first place; and our wife and children, for putting up with the noise and confusion while we toiled away day and night with this monster.

Secondly, our annual statement: "NEVER AGAIN!"

Finally, a host of notes and comments, most of them important, on sundry assorted subjects:

Typing help is still needed; the publishing help we are receiving solves part of our problem, but the eye trouble remains, and some typing help is still essential if TWJ and SOTWJ are to continue for very much longer.

We urgently need short filler material (one page or less in length), incl. poetry.

It's not too soon to start thinking about sending in fiction for the 1972 DISCLAVE Special.

Also needed urgently are much artwork (suitable for electro-stenciling) for interior illos, plus some full-page illos for offset and/or future portfolios, and cover art. (Send to Alexis Gilliland.)

We have, after much consideration, decided not to offer any more subscriptions to TWJ/SOTWJ combinations (i.e., TWJ Mailings). Hereafter, TWJ and SOTWJ will be available only by separate subscriptions. This will provide greater flexibility in scheduling (particularly since SOTWJ is appearing approx. bi-weekly), will allow us to come closer to breaking even (an unreachable goal), will make book-keeping much simpler, and will speed up delivery of SOTWJ. New subscription rates are as follows:

TWJ -- Unchanged (50¢ ea., 4/$1.75, 8/$3.25)(UK: 20p ea., 6/~~£1~~, 9/£1.50p).
SOTWJ -- 1st-class mail: 20¢ ea., 6/$1.00, 12/$1.75 (U.S./Canada only).
3rd-class mail: 12/$1.50 (U.K.: 65p).

We are also adopting a new policy re TWJ. It will still appear approx. bimonthly, but will be more relaxed, both in scheduling and appearance. We plan to prepare material as received, and put issues out as soon as enough material is ready, so it greatly behooves contributors to get material in as soon as possible after each issue--and even to get an issue or two ahead. (This is especially true with artwork and covers, hence the urgency in our above appeal.)

In keeping the JOURNAL moving, we will utilize the services of whatever typing and publishing help is available, especially where artwork and the like is concerned. (Our mimeo has poor repro for solid black areas.) And, with some offset help, we can use material neatly typed on white paper as well as on stencil.

And, as far as interior is concerned, we will use greater margins (note that our mimeo has developed a new problem--insufficient margin at the top of page) to allow for our aging mimeo and to give 'zine a more relaxed appearance, as well as an increased amount of artwork.

With respect to contents, "The Electric Bibliograph" will remain in TWJ. As of now, we expect to run the Delap prozine reviews in SOTWJ rather than TWJ; hopefully, the more frequent appearance of SOTWJ will allow Richard to write shorter, more frequent columns, so they will be of more value to the readers. Shorter reviews will generally appear in SOTWJ; longer reviews will usually appear in TWJ.

All reviews (and most other material) will be published within two issues of receipt (if not in TWJ, then in SOTWJ). Exception: material held for particular issue, such as DISCLAVE Special. Contributors, please specify when sending in material if you do not want material to appear in SOTWJ, or if you are aiming for DISCLAVE Special.

We are now reprinting one item per issue from foreign magazines (fan and pro), some of them new translations, others from Engliah-language magazines. (Translators, we're going to start putting you to work....)

In case you haven't yet noticed, SOTWJ ceased to be a purely "news" supplement with #17, and became a "general" supplement (with news, reviews, etc.). Some issues will be devoted entirely to reviews and other general material, but most issues will contain a mix of news, reviews, and anything else needing to get out. While we're on the subject of SOTWJ, we should have noted above that the 3rd-class SOTWJ's will go out two issues at a time or with TWJ, at discretion of ed.

Sorry about problems this issue. Not only is there a problem with the upper margins, but there is also an excessive amount of "offset" (i.e., printing from the top of one sheet to the bottom of the next, caused by too-slow drying of the ink), because of the excessive amount of humidity in the D.C. area. (Anyone with a good mimeo who lives in a dry climate and wants to do some publishing?)

This issue is considerably smaller than it could have been. The ANALOG Poll has not yet arrived, so will not be published until #77; columns from Harry Warner, Jr. and Bob Jones, and Lin Carter letter arrived too late for thish; regular Shoemaker poll and Ted White reviews not received yet; typed but pulled out of issue (to go into #77): "Sleuthing Around for Clues" (Gechter), SF Games Column, several book reviews, two Gilliland articles, some more fiction; plus plenty of other material set aside at the start for #77 or SOTWJ.

We'll add an issue to the sub of the reader who sends us the list containing the most typoes (spelling only; not grammar, punctuation, or spacing) found in this issue. To get you started, we'll list a few we found ourselves (also serves as a partial Errata): Pg. 9, line 7 of "A Public Service Announcement", chg. "knoves" to "knives"; Pg.10, line 43, chg. "Tp" to "To"; Pg. 16, 2nd line from bottom, chg. "philosopher" to "philosophical"; Pg. 39, line 35, chg. "adptation" to "adaptation"; Pg. 40, line 3, chg. "that" to "than"; Pg. 43, line 14, chg. "textbcok" to "textbook"; Pg. 106, 5th line from bottom, chg. "is" to "in"; Pg. 107, chg. "ERERGUMEN 5" to "ENERGUMEN 5". See how many more you can find! (Note that translation on page 15, line 42, used by Dainis was incomplete; the reader will have to supply his own ending....)

Hope our reviewers will take up the challenge presented in Ken Faig's letter and review the bibliographic works. (Ken: that "strongman" to whom you refer was Isaac Asimov's mother--an allusion to an incident denoted in an earlier J.K. Klein conreport.)

1970 Book Review Index (by Hal Hall) is out: $1.00 each, avail. at DISCLAVE or from Hal (3608 Meadow Oaks Lane, Bryan, TX 77801). Will be pubbed annually. Retrospective (1926-1969) Index in preparation; will include "opinion rating" for each review. (To be prepared by us; Hal is handling only annual indexes.)

SOTWJ's prepared (all mailed but #22) since last TWJ: #'s 18-22.

No SOTWJ's going out with this issue (and Book Review Index Supplement bound into issue) so it will qualify as a "book" and may go out at book-rate.

-- DLM

Science Fiction

Book Review

Index

1971

SFBRI 1971

SCIENCE FICTION BOOK REVIEW INDEX will comprehensively list every book review in the following titles: AMAZING, ANALOG, EXTRAPOLATION, FANTASTIC, GALAXY, LUNA MONTHLY, MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, NE W WORLDS, RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, S F COMMENTARY, SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, SPECULATION, WSFA JOURNAL, and WORLDS OF IF. In addition, selective indexing of science fiction and fantasy reviews will be done regularly on LIBRARY JOURNAL, PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY, NATIONAL REVIEW, and THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW.

Reviews from other sources will be included as they are located. I will appreciate any help WSJ readers can give. Notice of reviews from other sources should be addressed to: 3608 Meadow Oaks Ln., Bryan, Texas 77801. Any suggestions on the index or on other titles which should be indexed will be greatly appreciated.

EDITORIAL POLICY

Except for the correction of obvious errors, the bibliographic information for the title indexed is as given in the review. Consequently, the bibliographic detail is often incomplete, and sometimes inaccurate.

Citations to regularly indexed titles will be abbreviated. Each citation will include the following information, as it is applicable to the item: title (abbreviated or in full), volume, issue number, pages, month, year, reviewer.

Entry is by author, with a title cross index.

MAGAZINE ABBREVIATIONS

AMZ	AMAZING	NW	NEW WORLDS
ASF	ANALOG	PW	PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY
FAS	FANTASTIC	RQ	RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY
FSF	MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION	SFO	S F COMMENTARY
		SFR	SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW
GAL	GALAXY	SPEC	SPECULATION
LJ	LIBRARY JOURNAL	WIF	WORLDS OF IF
LM	LUNA MONTHLY	WSJ	WSFA JOURNAL

SCIENCE FICTION BOOK REVIEW INDEX 1971 will appear as an irregular column in WSFA JOURNAL, during 1971, and will be cumulated early in 1972 as a separate annual index.

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