# HORIB

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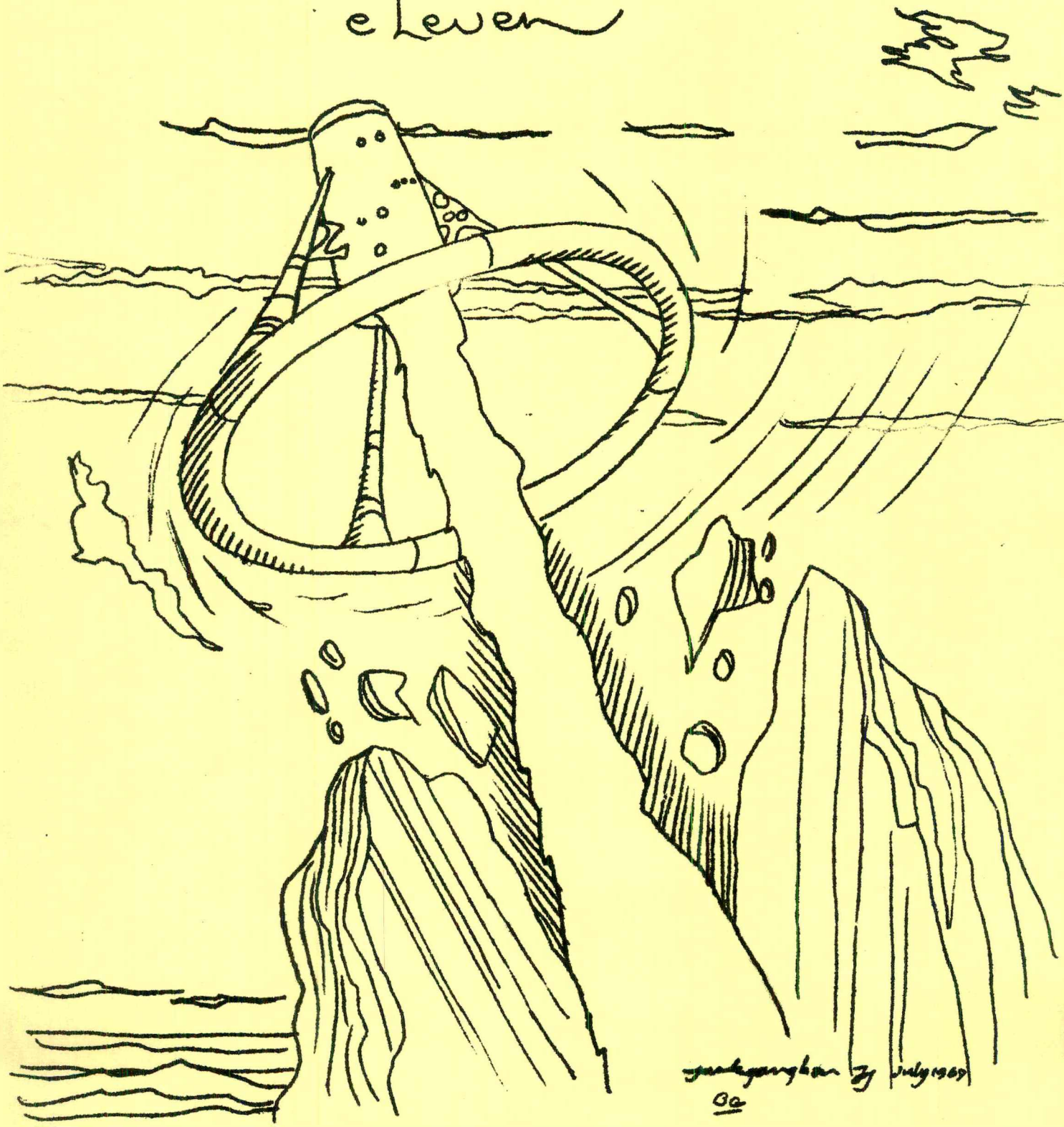

HORIB 11 is published by Pat and Dick Lupoff, Merry Hill Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12603 for the 124th FAPA mailing, August, 1968. Cover by Jack Gaughan and Brian Gaughan: the Chimaera from The Man Who Rocked the Earth (1915) and The Moon Maker (1958) by Arthur Train and Robert Williams Wood.

## R A N D O M  N O T E S

### JOHN KENDRICK BANGS: FORGOTTEN MASTER OF FANTASY

Enough Fapans have evidenced their interest in the subject of one of my little literary quirks, Mr. Bangs, to warrant continuing reprints from his works, at least for the time being. The story I had selected for this issue of Horib was "A Glance Ahead, Being a Tale of Christmas A.D. 3568." It's one of Bangs' few excursions into pure SF (as distinguished from his many, many fantasies). It's one of my favorites among his works, and I also thought that a Christmas story might make a welcome respite from the weather, which is currently stifling and likely to be still doing so when you read the mailing.

However, Doc Lowndes now plans to run the story in a forthcoming issue of his magazine Famous Science Fiction Stories, along with a brief essay on JKB by your humble correspondent. I don't know which issue of FSF -- maybe #8 or #9. However: fear not, Brethren of the Associated Shades. A substitute bit of Bangsiana appears in the accustomed place and format in Horib. Bangs Bibliobugs will enjoy the tale for its own merit; antiquarian bookmen who dote also on the works of E. W. Hornung will find it a double treat.

### TRAIN AND WOOD, 1915 AND 1958

If anybody out there bothers to read colophons he might have found the atop this page somewhat puzzling. Yes, the two books mentioned are indeed by the same team of authors and are a story and its immediate sequel. The Man Who Rocked the Earth was serialized in 1914 and book-published the following year by Doubleday, Page & Co. (Gee, they were doing SF even then!) The sequel was serialized in 1916-17 but apparently missed out on book publication at the time and lay mouldering for 41 years. Somewhere along the way Ken Krueger got hold of the text, and in 1958 he published it himself as a hardbound book under the Dawn Press imprint. A good thing, too: the sequel is a better book than its precursor!

The Flying Ring Chimaera is powered by a disintegrating rod of uranium; its beam serves as a propellant, it can also be used as a weapon, a dredge, or (in a pinch) a signal beacon. Pretty nifty for 1914!

The cover, incidentally, was stencilled by Jack Gaughan, originally; unfortunately he shaded that blasted mountain too heavily and the stencil fell apart on the screen, depositing heavy blobs of ink on each sheet of test stock we ran. So Jack, ably assisted by son Brian, generously cut a fresh stencil, assiduously avoiding the pitfalls overheavy shading presents. In their haste, however, a little bit too much got left out -- such as the portions of clouds that should be visible behind the Chimaera. My thanks anyway for the double effort.

MRS. RAFFLES

Being the Adventures of
An Amateur Crackswoman

Narrated by Bunny

Edited by
John Kendrick Bangs

Harpers, 1905

## I. THE AVENTURE OF THE HERALD PERSONAL

That I was in a hard case is best attested by the fact that when I had paid for my Sunday Herald there was left in my purse just one tuppence-ha' penny stamp and two copper cents, one dated 1873, the other 1894. The mere incident that at this hour eighteen months later I can recall the dates of these coins should be proof, if any were needed, of the importance of the coppers in my eyes, and therefore of the relative scarcity of funds in my possession. Raffles was dead -- killed as you may remember at the battle of Spion Kop -- and I, his companion, who had never known want while his deft fingers were able to carry out the plans of that insinuating and marvellous mind of his, was now, in the vernacular of the American, up against it. I had come to the United States, not because I had any liking for that country or its people, who, to tell the truth, are too sharp for an ordinary burglar like myself, but because with the war at an end I had to go somewhere, and English soil was not safely to be trod by one who was required for professional reasons to evade the eagle eye of Scotland Yard until the Statute of Limitations began to have some bearing upon his case. That last affair of Raffles and mine, wherein we had successfully got away with the diamond stomacher of the duchess of Herringdale, was still a live matter in British detective circles, and the very audacity of the crime had definitely fastened the responsibility for it upon our shoulders. Hence it was America for me, where one could be as English as one pleased without being subject to the laws of his Majesty, King Edward VII., of Great Britain and Ireland and sundry other possessions upon which the sun rarely if ever sets. For two years I had led a precarious existence, not finding the land of silk and money quite as many of those opportunities to add to the sum of my prosperity as the American War Correspondent I had met in the Transvaal led me to expect. Indeed, after six months of successful lecturing on the subject of the Boers before various lyceums in the country, I was reduced to a state of penury which actually drove me to thievery of the pettiest and most vulgar sort. There was little in the way of mean theft that I did not commit. During the coal famine, for instance, every day passing the coal yards to and fro, I would appropriate a single piece of the precious anthracite until I had come into pos-

session of a scuttleful, and this I would sell to the suffering poor at prices varying from three shillings to two dollars and a half -- a precarious living indeed. The only respite I received for six months was in the rape of the hansom-cab, which I successfully carried through one bitter cold night in January. I hired the vehicle at Madison Square and drove to a small tavern on the Boston Post Road, where the icy cold of the day gave me an excuse for getting my cabby drunk in the guise of kindness. Him safely disposed of in a drunken stupor, I drove his jaded steed back to town, earned fifteen dollars with him before daybreak, and then, leaving the cab in the Central Park, sold the horse for eighteen dollars to a snow-removal contractor over on the East Side. It was humiliating to me, a gentleman born, and a partner of so illustrious a person as the late A. J. Raffles, to h have to stoop to such miserable doings to keep body and soul together, but I was forced to confess that, whatever Raffles had left me in the way of example, I was not his equal either in the conception of crime or in the nerve to carry a great enterprise through. My biggest coups had a way of failing at their very beginning -- which was about the only blessing I enjoyed, since none of them progressed far enough to imperil my freedom, and, lacking confederates, I was of course unable to carry through the profitable series of abductions in the world of High Finance that I had contemplated. Hence my misfortunes, and now on this beautiful Sunday morning, penniless but for the coppers and the postage-stamp, with no breakfast in sight, and, fortunately enough, not even an appetite, I turned to my morning paper for my solace.

Running my eye up and down the personal column, which has for years been my favorite reading of Sunday mornings, I found the usual assortment of matrimonial enterprises recorded: pathetic appeals from P. D. to meet Q. on the corner of Twenty-third Street at three; imploring requests from J. A. K. to return at once to "His Only Mother," who promises to ask no questions; and finally -- could I believe my eyes now riveted upon the word? -- my own sobriquet, printed as boldly and as plainly as though I were some patent cure for all known human ailments. It seemed incredible, but there it was beyond all peradventure:

"Wanted. -- A Butler. BUNNY preferred. Apply to Mrs. A. J. Van Raffles, Bolivar Lodge, Newport, R.I."

To whom could that refer if not myself, and what could it mean? Who was this Mrs. A, J. Van Raffles? -- a name so like that of my dead friend that it seemed almost identical. My curiosity was roused to concert pitch. If this strange advertiser should be -- But no, she would not send for me after that stormy interview in which she cast me over to take the hand of Raffles; the brilliant, fascinating Raffles, who would have won his Isabella from Ferdinand, Chloe from her Corydon, Pierrette from Pierrot -- ay, even Heloise from Abelard. I never could find it in my heart to blame Henriette for losing her heart to him, even though she had already promised it to me, for I myself could not resist the fascination of the man at whose side I faithfully worked even after he had stolen from me this dearest treasure of my heart. And yet who else could it be if not the lovely Henriette? Surely the combination of Raffles, with or without the Van, and Bunny was not so usual as to permit of so remarkable a coincidence.

"I will go to Newport at once," I cried, rising and pacing the floor excitedly, for I had many time, in cursing my loneliness, dreamed of Henriette, and had oftener and oftener of late found myself wondering what had become of her, and then the helplessness of my position burst upon me with full force. How should I, the penniless wanderer in New York, get to Bolivar Lodge at Newport? It takes money in this sordid country to get about, even as it does in Britain -- in sorry truth, things in detail differ little whether one lives under a king or a president; poverty is quite as hard to bear, and free passes on the railroad are just as scarce.

"Curses on these plutocrats!" I muttered, as I thought of the railway directors rolling in wealth, running trains filled with empty seats to and from the spot that might contain my fortune, and I unable to avail myself of them for the lack of a paltry dollar or two. But suddenly the thought flashed over me -- telegraph collect. If it is she, she will respond at once.

And so it was that an hour later the following message was ticked over the wires:

"Personal to to-day's Herald received. Telegraph railway fare and I will go to you instantly. (Signed), BUNNY."

For three mortal hours I paced the streets feverishly awaiting the reply, and at two-thirty it came, disconcerting enough in all conscience:

"If you are not a bogus Bunny you will know how to raise the cash. If you are a bogus Bunny I don't want you."

It was simple, direct, and convincing, and my heart fluttered like the drum-beat's morning call to action the moment I read it.

"By Jove!" I cried. "The woman is right, of course. It must be Henriette, and I'll go to her if I have to rob a nickel-in-the-slot machine."

It was as of old. Faint-hearted I always was until someone gave me a bit of encouragement. A word of praise or cheer from Raffles in the old days and I was ready to batter down Gibralter, a bit of discouragement and a rag was armor-plate beside me.

"If you are not a bogus Bunny you will know," I read, spreading the message out before me. "That is to say, she believes that if I am really myself I can surmount the insurmountable. Gad! I'll do it." And I set off hot-foot up Fifth Avenue, hoping to discover, or by cognition in the balmy air of the spring-time afternoon, to conceive of some plan to relieve my necessities. But, somehow or other, it wouldn't come. There were no pockets about to be picked in the ordinary way. I hadn't the fare for a ride on the surface or elevated cars, where I might have found an opportunity to relieve some traveller of his purse, and as for snatching such a thing from some shopper, it was Sunday and the women who would have been an easy prey on a bargain-day carried neither purse nor side-bag with them. I was in despair, and then the pealing bells of St. Jondy's, the spiritual home of the multi-millionaires of New York, rang out the call to afternoon service. It was like an invitation -- the way was clear. My plan was laid in an instant, and it worked beyond my most hopeful anticipations. Entering the church, I was ushered up the center aisle -- despite my poverty I had man-

aged to keep myself always well-groomed, and no one would have guessed, to look at my faultless frock-coat and neatly creased trousers, at my finely gloved hands and polished top-hat, that my pockets held scarcely a brass farthing. The service proceeded. A good sermon on the Vanity of Riches found lodgement in my ears, and then the supreme moment came. The collection plate was passed, and, gripping my two pennies in my hand, I made as if to place them in the salver, but with studied awkwardness I knocked the alms-platter from the hands of the gentleman who passed it. The whole contents and the platter as well fell at my feet, and from my lips in reverent whispers poured forth no end of most abject apologies. Of course I assisted in recovering the fallen bills and coins, and in less time than it takes to tell it the vestryman was proceeding on his way up the aisle, gathering in the contributions from other generously disposed persons as he went, as unconsciously as though the contre-temps had never occurred, and happily unaware that out of the moneys cast to the floor by my awkward act two yellow-backed fifty-dollar bills, five half-dollars, and a dime remained behind the hassock at my feet, whither I had managed to push them with my toe while offering my apologies.

An hour later, having dined heartily at Delsherrico's, I was comfortably napping in a Pullman car on my way to the Social Capital of the United States.

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NEXT: The Adventure of the Newport Villa.

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Q U O T A T I O N :

"We should support whatever the enemy opposes and oppose whatever the enemy supports."

Chairman Mao, 1939.

"The enemy will not perish of himself. Neither the Chinese reactionaries not the aggressive forces of U.S. imperialism in China will step down from the stage of history of their own accord."

Chairman Mao, 1948

"We can learn what we did not know. We are not only good at destroying the old world, we are also good at building the new."

Chairman Mao, 1949

## M A I L I N G  C O M M E N T S

EFFAY 123: Main interest, of course, is in the annual poll. Pat and I were flattered to rate so high (fourth, with 123 points). Interesting also to compare people who finished close together and try to figure out what little factor gave Fapan X that narrow edge over Fapan Y. Comparing Terry Carr (1st, 190 pts) with Harry Warner (2nd, 174 pts) -- Harry jumps off to a 20 point lead with regular fanzine (Terry's second). Then the difference is offset with a couple of points to spare (12 in fact) in the editor-publisher category. Terry adds a huge 69 points to his lead with best single pub; Harry gets back 40 points of it for mailing comments and 25 more for best article, but that's not quite enough and neither of them does anything in fiction/poetry, artist/cartoonist, humorist, weird & perverty, or Unsung.

Calvin Demmon, I notice you edged past us by a single point on the basis of a 12 to 4 thumping in the Weird & Perverty category!

New members: Welcome, Chalker, Dian Pelz, Alva Rogers. I look forward to frequent and substantial participation from all of you. (How's that for sounding patronizing?) And -- and -- and who's that, #1 on the WL? Do my eyes deceive me or is it...Ethel Lindsay? Welcome, Wee Ethel!

HORIZONS 114 (Warner): There are several reasons for stencilling those J.K. Bangs stories with such wide margins (and correspondingly narrow columns of type). One of them is JKB's habit of writing monstrously long paragraphs. Look at the story in this issue for samples. I'm one of the people who subscribe to certain theories about the visual presentation of copy, and I just wince at the idea of that huge a block of solid type. Of course setting the column so narrow makes the para's even longer, but I think this is more than offset by the visual relief of the narrower column.

I'm not ignoring your comments about the fact that Burroughs didn't win the all-time-best-series vote even though a Burroughs fanzine won a Hugo that year (1966). However, I've heard rumors to the effect that there was a serious manipulation (not to use the more direct word, fraud) in the all-time-series category. Until/unless this is cleared up, discussion of the meaning of the outcome is itself meaningless.

THE DEVIL'S WORK 8 (Metcalf): Norm, I want to crash your discussion (with Harry Warner) of Andre Norton. I too have read a few of her books and tried a couple more, and find them very very bad. I think your statement sums up the situation very well ("Her writing is lifeless, the characterizaiton is bad, pacing is out of phase by about 180°...."). I also happen to know at least one artist who's illustrated her stories who hates them (but an assignment is an assignment) and at least two editors who have handled her stories and think they're dreadful (but they sell, they sell). Now the question is, if she's so bad (in the eyes of thee, me, one artist and two editors) what does she have that makes her so popular?

It would be easy to answer "Nothing," but of course that's not so. She has immense popularity and it has to be due to something. I just won't accept the idea that a capricious fate picks one writer and decrees arbitrarily that she shall be popular. If it isn't her style, her characterization, her plotting and pacing...what is it? Coulsons and others are invited to reply.

MOONSHINE 35 (Moffatts/Woolston): June, I'm afraid you won't be able to search me at the Baycon. We'd have loved to attend, and had planned to do so, but things haven't worked out that way. Well, another year perhaps. You may search for anything you like, but take warning that I'm a little ticklish here and there. The Incomparable Peregrinations were dropped after the murder of Martin Luther King. The next installment was partially written at the time, featuring Jefferson Jackson Clay ("He looks like Harry Belafonte, thinks like Stokely Charmichael, talks like Stepinfetchit!"). I'll try to resume one of these mailings.

Stan, it was Hal Annas who died, not Phil Harrell.

THE RAMBLING FAP 42 (Calkins): I guess my feelings about NYC/San Francisco are really only specific cases arising from my general attitude toward life and living conditions. I really dig people. On an intellectual/esthetic level I guess I can appreciate the Beauties of Nature: Blue skies dotted with fleecy white clouds, the delicate beauty of a petal, the grandeur of snow-capped granite peaks, the fecund odor of rich, black loam, the flash of a silver-scaled fish darting through sparkling blue-green waters, etc. etc. But what really gets me in the gut is people: mankind and all his works. Mankind in his endless variety and endless vitality. I can walk the hottest, dirtiest, most crowded block in New York on the hottest, stickiest day of summer and reach the far end tired, soaked with perspiration, but delighted and revitalized.

Another city that I visited for the first time recently (more expense account living, yes) was Montreal. Only spent a few hours, but I liked it very much. Hope to spend a week there this fall, with Pat, and maybe I'll have further comments to make in a mailing or two.

TERMINUS TELEGRAPH 1 (Scithers): I've often thought thoughts to the effect of "There must be thousands -- tens of thousands -- hundreds of thousands of people out there, who would be interested in _____...if only we could reach them!" Fill in that blank with any topic you like, emphatically including fandom. Now, to borrow a gimmick from Calkins, if the Good Fairy appeared and offered us a way to reach all of those people...should we use it? Think a while before answering. Would you really want 18,000 people at a worldcon?

SNICKERSNEE 4 (Silverberg): I read (and enjoyed) your report on Istanbul not long before reading Delany's "Aye, and Gomorrah." I think I enjoyed the story more for it. Had the feeling (almost) that I knew the city he was writing about.

GODOT 9 (Deckinger): After reading comments in many places about "Dangerous Visions" (including Psychotic, Dynatron, and your own) I finally got a copy and read it. I hope to do a medium-length review of the book somewhere -- maybe even in Horib -- but I'll give my reaction in brief, now. I thought the stories ranged from excellent through competent to really dreadful (the Slesar was probably the worst in the book) with enough in the categories from "competent plus" upward to make the book generally successful as a collection of original stories. What I found most objectionable was the alternately bombastic, patronizing, and sneering attitude of the editor, as revealed in his general introduction and his introductions to the various stories. If only the book had been presented with a little humility....

THE OLIVER KING SMITH AGENCY (Tucker): Funny funny funny! But you know, there are outfits that devote themselves professionally to putting on conventions and I think their promo brochures might not read too differently from your lampoon. We've always got along with volunteer labor performed by the members of ad hoc committees -- set up to bid and put on the con, disbanded afterwards. But as conventions grow (see comment to Scithers) we may find the work increasing to the point where volunteer labor won't suffice. And then....

KIM CHI 11 (Ellington): When I was attending the University of Miami (1952-56) Gary Miller was a fairly well-known figure on campus. Well known because he was a dwarf. I knew him by sight but we were never particularly friends or anything. Some years later he became prominent under the name Michael Dunn. Another fellow whose career at UM overlapped mine, although we were a few years apart in age, was Jerry Herman. Him I knew slightly and disliked cordially. He turned up as the composer of "Milk and Honey," "Hello Dolly," "Mame," etc. A very talented fellow. I wonder who else is going to turn up.

DOORWAY 3 (Benford): Gosh, a mailing comment more than two whole pages long. Wow, that's the longest mc anyone has ever addressed to me. Gosh. Well, uh, I have a kind of funny reaction to this New Wave stuff. See, I'm known (justly) as a guy with a peculiar quirky interest in old timey stf. Read something like 400 books published before 1920 as preparation for that volume on Burroughs back in '65. Got hooked. So when all this New Wave stuff came along, I avoided it for a coupla years. Then I figured I'd read a little just to make sure that I didn't like it. Only I did. I really like J.G.Ballard, Delany, Zelazny, Disch, etc. Terry Carr asked me why I liked Ballard, and all I could think of to reply was "Well, nothing ever happens in his stories." Which is, of course, far more reason for dislike than the opposite. Still, it's how I feel. Anybody who can explain this will have arrived at a Profound Understanding of the Psyche of Lupoff the Man. Probably best if no one does.

Of course you're wrong that one must live in New York to sell stf. Just look around, Greg, and count the number of SF writers who live on the West Coast, in the Middle West, the South...or in England. G.C.Edmondson and Avram Davidson both operated from Mexico at one time. I suppose A. Bertram Chandler is the champion from this viewpoint -- doesn't he pilot a ferry between Australia and New Zealand or some such incredible thing? No, you can sell from anyplace.

This notwithstanding, there are situations and individuals (on both sides of the editor's desk) when it's a damned handy thing for an editor to be able to call a writer and say, "Hey, Jack, I want to talk to you about a story, howzabout lunch tomorrow." And when times like that arrive, it's an undeniable advantage to live in or near New York. So, as in so many of the rumors about so many things, there's a grain of truth in the "Gotta live in NY" bit. But only a grain. Anybody who can write salable stuff can sell it from Oshkosh, Sheboygan and points west as well as from New York.

ANKUS 21 (Pelz): I admire your bibliographic work. Back in my Apa L days I recall somebody (forget his name) doing an index to the stf and fantasy in Argosy, and putting it through Apa L bit by bit. Question: Did he ever complete it? Did it ever appear in collected form? Is there any way I could get a copy?

SALUD (Elinor Busby): I suppose you're right, that I ought not to have put an "Uncle" book down for lack of characterization. The reader would be expected to be an Uncle fan, and know, uh, what 're their names, dammit, oh yeah, Illya and Napoleon well in advance. This is the case with series books as well as books of the Uncle stripe. To get (first-) personal, this is one of the reasons why I don't want to write another R.L.Parker book for Lancer, despite urgent reqests from them to do so. Creating characters is half the fun of writing fiction, and I see little appeal in writing "The further Adventures of...." (anybody). Of course this is all academic, as I'm not writing any fiction these days. I will, tho.

SERCON'S BANE 36 (Buz): Yeh, the rotor blades on the pogo-stick/autogyro do fold during the up-cycle. Actually they fold down and flip up, but now that you suggest it, t'other way would have been a more practical design. Too late now. Back when I was a tad (during WWII) I used to build airplane scale models for a hobby. Thunderbolts and Flying Fortresses and Grumman Wildcats and Avengers and Hellcats, Focke-Wulfs and Messerschmitts, etc. If I still had the equipment (and the requisite skill) I'd like to make a miniature working model of that gadget, but I don't, so I won't. Thanks for the (partial) verification of the Partch thing. But I won't be fully satisfied until somebody can cite chapter and verse.

BOBOLINGS (Pavlat): I can honestly say that I've enjoyed every Worldcon I've ever attended, although naturally some more than others. And different conventions in different ways and for different reasons. The Discon was, in several respects, one of the most enjoyable conventions I've attended, but that doesn't mean that it was perfect, particularly in regard to the hotel. We wrote to the Statler Hilton well in advance of the con and asked for a large room with two extra cots. Don and Maggie Thompson were planning to meet us at the convention, share our room, then travel home with us and visit in New York for a week or two. At the time they were pretty broke and couldn't have afforded a room of their own. The hotel took our deposit and confirmed our reservation.

When we arrived we discovered that there was a monstrously long and agonizingly slow-moving line at the registration desk. It seemed to me at the time (and still does) that hotels should have some sort of quick-registration system for people who arrive with confirmed reservations in hand, and not make such people stand angrily behind the bozo from podunk who just walked in off the street and is giving the desk clerk conniptions with his demands. But anyway, we reached the head of the line after forty minutes or so, and, showing the clerk our letter of confirmation, were informed that the rooms were too small and they couldn't provide cots for our friends. We volunteered that we would pay whatever extra charge was involved. They said that would do no good, we'd have to take two rooms. Period. So we took one room. Period. Used the old mattress-on-the-floor dodge and screwed Statler Hilton out of a few bucks. Their own fault, not ours. That was one gripe.

The other was that arrangement of the back-to-back platform separated only by a curtain (in the main meeting hall) -- with what sounded like a Hitler Youth rally going on on the other side while we strained to hear the quiet words of the aged Seabury Quinn. That was annoyance #2. But on balance, I'll agree that it was an OK hotel and a fine convention. When we gonna see you & Peggy up here?

NIEKAS 19 (Ed Meskys): I found several items of interest in this issue; I am fairly sure that I would have liked it better if the thing were better put together in terms of layout & typography, but let us not get off onto that. Most interesting item was Piers Anthony writing about "Dangerous Visions." I was particularly taken with his idea of dividing the book into sections: Heretical Religion, Strange Sex, Assorted Cautions. He gets 13 of the 33 stories neatly sorted out in this fashion, then quits. That's too bad. Of course it's barely conceivable that the remaining 20 were all so different from one another that continued sorting-out was impossible. But I don't believe it's so. I believe that Anthony just didn't have the intellectual stamina to see through the job he'd started...too bad. I do go along with several commentators who have challenged Harlan's claim that the stories in the book couldn't have been published in any other market because they're all too "dangerous" for the conventional markets. I don't think there was a story in the book that couldn't have been published in one or another of the conventional markets -- either the standard SF zines or the Playboy-type market. I have an unhappy feeling that I'm dribbling away my comments on this book in chunks and bits instead of saving them for a comprehensive treatment. I hope that things don't work out that way, because I do want to make an overall statement about "Dangerous Visions." Somewhere.

DAMBALLA 17 (Hansen): Growth of your group(s) sounds most encouraging. Time may come when I have to make a business trip to IBM's operation in Boulder, and if that happens I'll try to pop in for a reunion with you, Caz, Greenleaf, and Teitler. Oh, and Metcalf, of course...just ran my eye over the material again and realized that I'd omitted him. I think you've got the people there to put on a fine convention, and I'd like to see you in there bidding next time it's Western time.

Welcome, also, to the Volvo club. We have three in the family -- Pat and I have a 1965 122 2-door sedan and a 1967 122 station wagon; my brother and sister-in-law have an 1800. I know Bill Evans has a 122. Jack Gaughan has a 122 wagon. Maybe it will become the official science fiction car...just as the VW seemed to be a few years ago.

NULL-F 44 (White): I am heartened to hear that OMC was well distributed in your neighborhood. Glad to hear that from anyplace: it sure as hell was spotty. Right now your own Captain America book is being well distributed around here; the other day I was in NYC on business and stopped off at Bookmaster's before coming home, & Mike McInerney pointed it out to me there, also. I have mixed feelings about that cover painting. It's undeniably an effective picture in the hero-portrait vein. Cf. the famous Hubert Rogers "Grey Lensman" painting. But it's unfortunate that the gun emphasis is there. Somehow, just a bad time, in view of the current national mood, for a gun-glorifying package.

Lemme see if I can remember what Jim Harmon had to say that day (it's almost a year ago now). As I recall, Harmon pointed out that Ackerman was (or at least should have been) aware that Pickering was a pretty unstable kid, likely to go off one deep end or another at any time, especially if left unattended. That Pickering was known to faunch after some of the stuff in Forry's collection. Yet (Harmon's version) Forry seemingly went out of his way to cast temptation in Pickering's path. I.e., leaving him alone with that very

material, making it obvious that Pickering could come and go pretty much uncheck and unsupervised. Well, I suppose it's a matter of what Forry did or didn't know about Pickering, and what his attitude and motives were in what he did. Which I'm certainly not qualified to judge from the distance of 3000 miles, and never having met Pickering. I will say this about Forry, though. While he is undeniably an extremely personable fellow, don't let that fool you into thinking that he's 100% good-hearted, altruistic, etc. It isn't so. I have a little correspondence from him that might surprise you, in that regard, and there are a few stories that I won't repeat because I can't prove 'em, but that come from reliable sources (you know, them famous old reliable sources)....

How goes it with the Fanoclasts? We haven't made a meeting in too long a time. Only one or two since the Nycon, as I recall. Well, maybe this fall.

WARHOON 23 (Bergeron): A fine issue all around, from its charming purple-gold-and-black front cover to its charming p-g-&-b back cover. Your discussion and illustrations of alternate-design Hugos was interesting, and I have to agree that the standard V-2 shape is less than ideal. But it's been around for something like 15 years now, and I wonder if Tradition doesn't start to become a value now, attaching itself to the old design. Still, those shapes on page 6 look nice, all three of 'em. Willis was a delight, as always. I was very disappointed when he dropped off the FAPA waiting list, and it will be a substantial consolation if he continues to appear in Warhoon.

I finished reading Blish's Black Easter this morning, and read his ("Atheling's") "Trilogy as Trinity" this afternoon. I was somewhat disappointed by the sparseness of the prose -- Blish has previously pointed out, as critic, that a frequent failing in "our" fiction is the incompleteness of the characters: they have neither faces nor weights nor childhoods behind them nor hobbies not politics (unless those things are vital to plot developments), but are merely nametags that go around speaking and acting. I would lay this complaint back at his own doorstep: now I see that sparsity is deliberate in the book. With this sole complaint, I found it a brilliant work, one which I will probably reread -- a rare thing for me. I share with Doc Lowndes the experience of having been directed to William Gaddis's "The Recognitions." It is an excellent book, incredibly rich and varied in its content, yet with a unity overall. Don't miss it.

"Forced, unfunny, unpleasant" was Pete Graham's comment on "Bathtub Gin," a oneshot that Steve Stiles, Rich Brown, Rick Norwood and I put out about 1963. It seemed to me the ultimate putdown of bad one-shots, and I have been using it ever since, sometimes meaning it, sometimes meaning the opposite; apparently others, too, have been using it.

I think I'll let pass the discussion of deadwood/wait-listers, etc. At least for now. I don't want to get into personalities right now...but that should not and surely will not stop others from continuing the discussion, and I'll probably barge back into it one mailing soon.

Altogether a fine Warhoon. I look forward to more, and soon.

In fact, a good mailing, Warhoon and Niekas being big, solid genzine contributions, plus all the other fine stuff. I think I'm going to like FAPA.

personal note

In the last Horib I blathered on for almost two pages about a little story of mine that my agent (Henry Morrison) had sold to Nugget magazine for their July issue. Perhaps needless to say, I waited breathlessly for that issue to appear. When it did I immediately purchased a copy and with trembling fingers sought my story. It wasn't there. Mixed reactions: shame, anger, chagrin, etc. After examining the contents page several times and then the magazine itself a couple to make sure that the story wasn't there, I sent Henry a note and asked him to find out what had happened.

Back came a note, to the general effect that "The editor who bought your story had to leave the country immediately. In the ensuing confusion the material planned for the July issue got reshuffled and your story lost out. It will be in the next (September) issue instead."

I couldn't hold my breath for 60 days but I became a notoriously nervous fellow, starting violently at sudden noises, cringing visibly at the sight of a newsstand, sedulously crossing off the days on two desk calendars at work and three wall calendars at home. I lost weight. I bit my fingernails. I became wild-eyed and verged on incoherence. At last the September Nugget appeared. I quickly bought a copy, riffed to the contents page, looked under the fiction heading and -- my story wasn't there. Again I carefully examined the contents page, just in case the story was erroneously listed as Pictorial or Article or Opinion. It wasn't. I examined every page in the magazine, from the naked lady spreads (not the best I'd seen, but it's hard to knock naked ladies) to the articles (a long one on the workings of the brassiere industry) to the fiction (better than I'd expected it to be). But my story wasn't there.

So I sent a note to my agent and asked him to find out what had happened.

Back came a note to the general effect that "They're kind of scatter brained at Nugget. When they <u>did</u> schedule the story for the September issue they didn't send it out for artwork soon enough. When they finally sent it out the artist missed his deadline and you were replaced by a coupla pages of nudes. Your story will be in the November issue."

So...for the third time I am counting the days to the next issue of Nugget. A friend of mine at work suggests that they do this to everybody who submits material to them. The poor writers keep buying the magazine waiting to see their work in it, and it keeps getting left out, and they keep coming back buying the next issue, and it all makes Nugget a profitable venture.

Aside from the egoboo aspect of it (which is not inconsiderable, but ....) aside from the egoboo aspect of it, one might suggest that the writer, having spent Nugget's money for the story, forget the whole thing and go on to the next story. Unfortunately, Nugget pays on publication, so all the time they're fiddling and diddling around with the story, I haven't been paid yet either.

Grrr!

But I'll buy the November <u>Nugget</u>. "At the Esquire" <u>might</u> be there.

# S O M E B O O K S

PICNIC ON PARADISE by Joanna Russ. Ace Books, 1968, 157 pages, 60¢.

Ace Books has always been a congenial market for young SF writers attempting their first novels, and this first novel is doubly blessed by being presented in a very attractive package by Leo & Diane Dillon, as part of Terry Carr's Ace Special series.

Joanna Russ herself has been appearing in several of the SF magazines for some time now with short stories, and has now begun to work toward the novel. Note that I do not say that she has written a novel; more on this point soon.

"Picnic on Paradise" is a book with a simple plot, although it is one laid against a more complex background. In an unspecified future year, when interplanetary travel and colonization, and indeed interstellar t & c, are commonplace, mankind has inhabited many worlds. (There is no element of alien influence in the story.) A kind of time travel exists, but it is used only by archaeologists to dredge up ancient artifacts and geological samples. There are no resident agents of the future in earlier eras, nor travellers to tomorrow.

Except one. Alyx, a sneak-thief from ancient Tyre, caught and thrown into the Mediterranean bound to a rock, to drown, is accidentally scooped up and into the future. She is clever, independent, resourceful. And she is given a job: A band of men and women must be shepherded across the face of a world, refugees from a planetary war which does not concern them, but which threatens their lives.

She does so, and that's the whole of the book.

It's nicely done. Alyx is herself a breathing, believable, and likeable person. Several of the others -- particularly a withdrawn boy self-dubbed Machine -- are also skillfully handled. But the book is not paced properly. It opens too abruptly: the characters are introduced and set on their way and -- whoosh! -- their trek is in progress. The characters would have been better introduced and the story more gracefully opened with a longer opening section.

And the planet which they cross is one giant winter resort. The setting for the entire story is snow and ice. Only the transition from flatland to mountains offers any change, and that offers too little. The characters act and interact -- it is a classic situation, the Grand Hotel technique. There is courage and cowardice, violence and sex and death; the author's style has a rhythm of its own that took me a little acclimitization to get used to, but is a good style once one is into it.

Altogether it's a fine long novelette. But it isn't a novel.

One further cavil: Terry Carr has complained from time to time about 'fake SF.' Stories that appear in the trappings of science fiction but that are really only sea stories, murder mysteries, etc., in clever plastic disguises. The Bat Durston syndrome. "Picnic on Paradise" is a Bat Durston book. It could just as easily have been set in Greenland in World War II, or in Siberia in 1905, or elsewhere.

RITE OF PASSAGE by Alexei Panshin. Ace Books, 1968, 254 pages, 75¢.

Alex Panshin's previous SF is also in shorter lengths; this is another first novel in the Ace Special series. But whatever one can say about "Rite of Passage," it's undeniably a full, meaty novel. Not only are there 100 pages more to it than to the Russ book, the type is also packed tighter so there's about 1/3 more copy per page.

Alex has recently published "Heinlein in Dimension," a kind of guided tour, complete with analysis and evaluation, of the works of Robert A. Heinlein. Panshin is clearly impressed with Heinlein's juveniles like "Citizen of the Galaxy" and "Have Space Suit, Will Travel." "Rite of Passage" (I am not at all the first to note this) is a complete Heinlein juvenile, complete with Heinlein type characters: the brat heroine, her best pal and her peer - foe, the Wise Old Man, and so on.

There is also the carefully worked out and lengthily drawn in background. In this book it's the classical "generation ship." As in Heinlein's "Universe," the people of the ship have substituted a perpetual journeying for any final destination. Unlike the people of "Universe," those of "Rite" know who they are. There are, in fact, many colony worlds operating at generally pre-technological levels. The ships cruise from world to world, trading knowledge for goods.

What we have in the book is the story of one girl, Mia: her coming of age (at 14 in Ship society), her adventures on the Ship, her preparations along with her contemporaries for their Trial -- thirty days planetside -- the Trial itself and her acceptence into (and of) adulthood back on the Ship. Although the book is generally quite nicely done, there are some flaws. One is the garrulousness of the heroine. Since the narration is first-person, I suppose she can't be reticent, but good grief, every time she does so much as go potty we are treated to three pages of anticipatory chatter, and then two more pages of review and evaluation after she's done it. After a while I wanted to strangle poor little babbling Mia.

A trick of Heinlein's that Panshin faithfully apes is the inclusion of little essays in the narration. Unfortunately, while the essays themselves are not badly written, Panshin does not successfully weave them into the story, as he so admires Heinlein for doing. As early as page 11 there's a short one on soccer. Later on there's a longish one on How to Build a Log Cabin. And several on schools of philosophy: "Utilitarianism is...." (page 148). "Humanism is...." (page 166). The interruptions to the plot are annoying.

And a major flaw, I think, is the ethical problem and solution with which the book ends. A kind of neo-fascistic attitude in which the Ship decides to wipe out the entire population of a planet is regarded as an acceptable solution to the problem of keeping that planet in technological subjection to the Ship. Of course the decision of the characters is not necessarily the decision to be expected of the author in the same circumstances. In this regard Panshin again emulates Heinlein. Still, it strikes a false and jarring note, and unfortunately it is the closing note of the novel.

Altogether a flawed but generally acceptable imitation of Heinlein. Next I would like to read a book by Alex Panshin in which he is himself!

OF MEN AND MONSTERS by William Tenn, Ballantine Books, 1968, 251 pages, 75¢.
THE SQUARE ROOT OF MAN, same data, 220 pages.
THE WOODEN STAR, same data, 251 pages.
THE SEVEN SEXES, same data, 236 pages.
THE HUMAN ANGLE, reprinted from 1956 edition, 152 pages.
OF ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS, reprinted from 1955 edition, 159 pages.

To celebrate the publication of "Of Men and Monsters," the first novel of William Tenn (Philip Klass), Ballantine Books has seen fit to issue a uniform edition of what must be his complete works. In addition to the novel five volumes of short stories and novelettes are included, three first editions and two reissues, for a total in these six books of one novel, 43 shorter stories accumulated over a span of two decades, one minor article, and several introductions. It is an impressive bundle.

One wonders why Tenn. Not that he is undeserving, but there are so many men in the field who would seem more likely candidates for this treatment: Bradbury, Asimov, Anderson, Heinlein, Vance, Brackett, Blish, Knight. Some are simply too prolific. Others, I suppose, presented copyright complications, or other problems. Well, that is as it may be.

Tenn's first novel, "Of Men and Monsters," is very impressive. No youngster starting out and tackling more than he can handle (one thinks of Mark S. Geston), Tenn comes to the novel mature and prepared to control the form and his talent. He does not fling his characters onto the page, but introduces them gradually, adding dimension as he progresses. He does not splash a single setting and rationale down in chapter 1 and then stay within it for the whole book, but instead exposes his world little by little, hinting first, revealing gradually, working to a climax of emotion and event.

The theme again is a familiar one, as old at least as Wells' "War of the the Worlds." Technologically superior aliens have conquered the earth and mankind survives under the feet and within the massive walls of the giant domiciles of the giant aliens. Man regards the aliens -- the Monsters -- with an implacable hatred. Although reduced to a neo-barbaric state, man struggles on, not merely to survive but with a burning dedication to strike back at the monsters and to win again dominion over the world on which he originated.

A whole new social organization has evolved, with women cast as the preservators of knowledge and healing, men serving as warriors and thieves. To steal from the Monsters is the young man's rite of passage into adulthood. An official religion has grown up around the idea of regaining Human Science as a weapon and tool to use against the Aliens. It is heresy to suggest using Alien Science against the Monsters themselves.

Further, mankind is divided into many tribes, ranging from the totally bestial Wild Men through the levels of front-burrow tribes and back-burrow tribes, up to the most civilized survivors, the Aaron People.

And the attitude of the Monsters towards Men? They are not regarded as intelligent or civilized creatures at all. Not respected foes in a war, but merely vermin, a nuisance to be exterminated. The book is skillfully done, a good adventure story at the least, if you wish to read it that way, with a marvelously telling surprise ending that will leave you wondering.

The five volumes of short stories, as I mentioned, cover a period of more than twenty years -- from Tenn's first sale, 1946, up to the present. The stories range in quality from pretty poor to really marvelous, with most of them falling at the right end of that range; and in approach, from all-stops-out, old-fashioned space opera through the Astounding "idea" school, the Galaxy sociological extrapolation school, to the modern men's magazine ultra-with-it, hip kind of SF. There are also a number of pure and/or weird fantasies thrown in.

Rather than arranging the stories in order of original appearance, they are divided more-or-less by theme. One group deals with sex, another with war, I have a feeling that one ("The Square Root of Man") was intended as a showcase for Tenn's own development as a writer, offering the widest possible range in the age and tenor of stories. And two of the books are reissues. Perhaps this last is the crucial matter -- Ballantine didn't spend the money to set new type, and so these two volumes had to stand "as-is."

Well, I'll take the books in sequence by their Ballantine serial numbers. "The Square Root of Man" comes first, and it contains nine stories. "Alexander the Bait" from Asf, 1946, and was Tenn's first published story. It's a typical Campbell story; one can almost imagine young Phil Klass reading a Campbell diatribe, or perhaps hearing one in person, on Why We Don't Have Space Travel. The idea is that the state of the art -- or arts -- in 1946 was such that we could have had space travel, pretty soon, if only somebody had put up the bucks. (Tenn has industry rather than government doing this.) Problem: to motivate big money boys to want space travel, To want it enough to pay for it. It's a neat, flippant, trivial story, an interesting introduction to Tenn.

"The Last Bounce"is from Fantastic Adventures, 1950. I have a feeling that it was written several years earlier and just took a long time finding a home, because it's actually the most old-fashioned of all Tenn's stories. It's pure old-fashioned space-opera, with the gallant spacement kissing their gallant women good-bye and (literally) marching off, arm-in-arm, singing the Spaceman's Anthem as they go out to meet peril among the far-flung stars. It's all very bad, and very, very dated stuff, and worth reading only for historical perspective on Tenn.

"She Only Goes Out at Night" is a rather weak vampire story from Fantastic Universe (1956), but another fantasy, "My Mother Was a Witch" (F&SF, 1966), is a pure gem of delight. Set against the author's Brooklyn immigrant background, the story stops just short of being a maudlin dialect piece. As it is it is handled with complete control of characters, beautiful dialogue, beautifully balanced plot and pace. It's a delight.

"The Jester" (TWS, 1951) is a madcap, Kuttner-type tale of a super-robot running wild, banging its head on the floor to further addle its brains, etc. It's mildly amusing, but overdone. "Confusion Cargo" (Planet, 1947) is another space opera, better than "The Last Bounce," and "Venus Is a Man's World" (Galaxy, 1951) is about as close as that magazine ever came to space opera.

"Consulate"(TWS, 1948) is a typical "super aliens swuuped down and told us we were being tested for the Galactic Federation" story, and pretty ignorable.

Which leaves only "The Lemon-Green Spaghetti-Loud Dynamite Dribble Day" (Cavalier, 1967). This one is hardly a story at all -- just an idea, and it has to be carried by imagery and general quality of writing. Rationale: what if, as has been suggested, somebody laced the New York City water supply with enough LSD to turn on the whole city for a day? (It wouldn't take much.) Well, people wander around doing weird, psychedelic, tripped-out things. The story's narrator, along with a few others in the city, happens not to have touched a drop of water since the phenomenon began, so he sees it all with a normal eye. I wonder how the story would have come out if the narrator, too, had had his dose. Hmmm.

That's the book, the William Tenn showcase. It isn't an attempt to put his best stories in one volume, but rather to show where he started...how he developed...where he is now...and (maybe?) where he's going. I think it's the key volume of the five volumes of shorts, and I'll cover the others much more briefly. If you're interested in Tenn, though, but don't want to tackle the whole six books, take the novel "Of Men and Monsters" and "The Square Root of Man" and you've got Tenn pretty well.

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"The Wooden Star" is blurbed as a pacifist collection, and it, too, contains stories ranging from Tenn's earliest days well up into the 60s. The opener, "Generation of Noah" (Suspense, 1951) is a classic grim warning-against-the-Bomb type story. I remember reading it at the time and being duly impressed. The story itself holds up -- it's as good as ever -- but somehow we've all got so accustomed to living with The Bomb that such stories don't hit us any more.

"Brooklyn Project" (Planet, '48) is a gorgeous time-paradox story. It's another that I read many years ago, and it's one that stuck with me with great vividness. But I could have sworn that it was by Theodore Sturgeon. Which is one of the strange things about Tenn. For all that he has a voice of his own, there still is a kind of chameleon quality to many of his stories. I mentioned that "The Jester" was Kuttner-esque. "Brooklyn Project" is like something out of Sturgeon. I could have sworn that Tenn's "Betelgeuse Bridge" was by Ross Rocklynne, and I was certain that Tenn's "The Flat-Eyed Monster" was by Robert Sheckley!

Is it that Tenn every so often falls under the spell of another writer, and (perhaps unconsciously) writes a "Kuttner story," a "Sturgeon story"...or is this phenomenon purely in the eye of the beholder? I'd like opinions....

Still in this volume, for instance, is "Eastward Ho!" (F&SF '58) which I was certain was by Fritz Leiber! Anyway, it's an effective and ironic examination of what we did to the American Indian, cast in a future (or alternate?) world in which the United States is slowly deteriorating and being taken over by the resurgent Red Man.

"Betelgeuse Bridge" (Galaxy '51) is that little classic about the aliens who arrive and flim-flam mankind out of his wealth. In a way it's a rewrite of "Alexander the Bait," and a considerable improvement. Similarly, "The Deserter" (Star SF Stories '53) is a kind of distant reprise of "Generation of Noah." And "Brooklyn Project" echoes in "It Ends with a Flicker."

"The Masculinist Revolt" (F&SF '65) is probably the weakest story in the book. It descends from satire into farce, and just doesn't quite come off.

But on the whole "The Wooden Star" is probably a better (although less widely representative) book than "The Square Root of Man."

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"The Seven Sexes" is the last new book in the group, and concerns itself largely with inter- and intra-personal relationships. No space-wars here, no gigantic wide-screen action. Just people.

The opener, "Child's Play" (Asf '47), is another enjoyable vintage piece in which a child's "Bild-a-Man" kit from the future is accidentally delivered in the present. The result is a kind of "Four-Sided Triangle" situation, played for laughs and with a sharpened stinger in its tail.

"The Malted Milk Monster" (Galaxy '59) is a chilling, highly effective picture of the inside of the dream-world of a neurotic child. It's a humorous story with a terrifying horror-story conclusion.

The rest of the stories in the book are rather minor, with "Venus and the Seven Sexes" (no magazine, first book version 1949) an interesting failure. Tenn tries a seven-way sex farce and it doesn't quite come off.

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The remaining two volumes in the set are reissues of old books, and their contents are likely familiar by now. If not, they should not be missed, for this vintage Tenn includes many fine stories. I found myself remembering earlier appreciations of "Down Among the Dead Men" (a "Heinlein story"), "The Liberation of Earth" (an anti-war fable), "Project Hush" (a little classic with a snapper ending), "The Discovery of Morniel Mathaway" (another time-paradox) and others. You'll have your own favorites, of course.

I think that Ballantine Books has done a substantial service to science fiction readers by collecting and issuing these six books of William Tenn. As a writer he's always been well received and appreciated, but somehow never given the attention that these books should bring him.

The uniform packaging is attractive and the cover paintings are colorful and eye-catching, although they do not sustain detailed examination very well. I wonder, though, if the books don't look too much alike. Perhaps uniform design but greater variation in color would have made them more easily distinguishable. Well, too late for that now.

Again, an outstanding set. If you want a good gift set for, say, your young cousin whom you're trying to interest in science fiction, rather than the Lensmen series, I'd suggest these six by Tenn. With all due affection for the late Doc Smith and joyous remembrances of reading his works, Tenn far more effectively depicts the science fiction of the modern era.

In conclusion, I have one small question:

Where's "Firewater"?

SCIENCE FICTION BY GASLIGHT (A History and Anthology of Science Fiction in the Popular Magazines, 1891-1911) Edited by Sam Moskowitz, World, 1968, 364 pages, $6.95.

At this price, I suppose SFBG is intended mainly for a library market, plus only fanatical SF book collectors and nuts like me with a love for dust-covered ancient science-fiction books and magazines. Normal people will borrow a copy or wait for it to come out in a cheap edition or just pass it up. But for a nut like me....

SFBG starts to be a delight with the first laying-on of eyes. The dust-jacket alone is a high-camp charmer showing a proper gaslight-era gentleman ensconced in his wing-back armchair, eyes popping and jaws agape at the horrors and the wonders that pour from the printed page. Endless praise to Roger Hane for the jacket -- and to Christine Wilkinson who designed the book itself: another treat, from its Mucha-Tiffany cover to its wonderful period type. The illustrations within are authentic period artwork, rescued by Christine Haycock (Mrs. SaM) from the same ancient magazines that yielded the stories.

The hand of Sam Moskowitz is felt more heavily in this book than is the case for most anthologists and their products. Sam provides a four-page preface in which he explains the place of this new book in the domain already staked out by his Explorers of the Infinite and Seekers of Tomorrow, talks a bit about his working methods and the background of the book, and makes the usual bows: editors, friends, and helpful colleagues.

Then follows a 35-page introduction, actually an essay on gaslight-era SF in the popular magazines. As is the case with so much of Sam's output, the energy expended in gathering and studying research materials must have been prodigious. The result is a compendium of rare data presented in Sam's accustomed pompous and graceless style. A saving factor is the array of malapropisms which dot Sam's work, of which the samples in SFBG are some of the very choicest. [I wonder, though, if the World Publishing Company has a copy-editor on their staff at all.]

One example now (more later): "For the great segment of the population of the United States and England that could not afford the 25-cent magazine, there were nickel weeklies (in England as cheap as 1 pence, less than two cents)...." [p.17]

But if one can overlook Sam's "lumpy prose" (that perfect epithet is Sturgeon's, by the way), the introduction is really a very fine piece of scholarship. Aside from presenting the specific facts involved, Sam's purpose here is to establish a link between the 19th Century "book" science fiction of men like Verne...and the pulp-era "magazine period" that began early in the 20th Century, and reached its major turning point with the beginnings of Weird Tales in 1923 and Amazing Stories three years later.

The strong orientation of SF enthusiasts from the pulp era until just the past few years, has been toward magazines -- initially, the "variety pulps" best typified by Argosy, and later the specialized SF and fantasy magazines. (Only in the present decade has the magazine faded from its place of prominence, to be replaced by the paperback book; perhaps we are in for a major reorientation -- if, indeed, it has not already taken place.)

I suspect that the heavy emphasis -- perhaps the over-emphasis on the magazines -- might be laid at Sam's doorstep to start with. I do not mean in the least to imply that he ever attempted to mislead anyone on this point. If anything, the opposite has been the case. But the devout Gernsbackolatry that Sam practiced in public for so many years may actually have overshadowed the personalities of this earlier era.

Well, be that as it may, Sam provides excellent documentation on the rise of the "popular magazines" starting with the first issue of The Strand in 1891, of their two decades of greatness, and of their final replacement by the pulps. Sam picks 1911 as the cut-off point; this makes a very convenient 20 years, and I will certainly not be one to quarrel.

Sam divides the 26 stories in the book into nine categories: catastrophes, marvelous inventions, monsters and horrors, future war, man-eating plants, far-out humor, scientific crime and detection, medical miracles, and adventures in psychology. Some of the placements are more or less arbitrary. "The Monster of Lake LaMetrie" by Wardon Allan Curtis, for instance, which deals with the transplanting of a dying man's brain into a saurian, is handled with such surprising restraint that one might wish to consider it a "medical miracle" rather than a "monster and/or horror." Similarly "Professor Jonkin's Cannibal Plant" by Howard R. Garis and "Itself" by Edgar Mayhew Bacon, while classified as "man-eating plants" and "medical miracles" respectively, could both come under "far-out humor." But I suppose this is really so much hair-splitting on my part.

The real point is that most of these stories were deeply buried and forgotten until Sam resurrected them, and they deserved resurrection, some as historically interesting antiques, others as still-gripping fiction. By far the best story in the book is "Finis" by Frank Lillie Pollock, first published in 1906. Its rediscovery would have counted as a major coup for Sam, and this reviewer was just limbering up for a floor-dusting doff of the propellor-beany when a little voice whispered: "Check your Day Index."

And there, neatly noted, the fact that the story was reprinted in Famous Fantastic Mysteries in 1940 and then again in Fantastic Novels in '48. This of course renders it no less a gripping story with a dazing scientific premise worthy of Larry Niven, and some excellent writing. The story could appear, with very little revision, in New Worlds today.

Let me be perfectly honest here. A re-perusal of Sam's introduction to the story shows that he acknowledged the two reprints, and even added another, in a British anthology in 1965. There is certainly no fraud here, but there is also no particular rediscovery.

I mentioned those malapropisms before. Sam provides an introduction for each story in the book, and I could not help feeling that his handling of SFBG was startlingly like the approach Harlan Ellison took in "Dangerous Visions." Sam's introductions provide further valuable data, further pomposities, and the following delicious bits of prose:

"Wardon Allan Curtis...authored at least one science fiction novel...and he did a monogram on David Bower Frankenburger...." [pp.177-8]

And again:

"There would be many other stories of American wars with Japan, at least enough to warrant the writing of a substantial monogram...." [p.224]

I can just visualize old Wardon Allan Curtis doing that monogram on David Bower Frankenburger. Out come the crocheting needles and yarn and Curtis sets to work heedless of poor Frankenburger's cries of pain, working out that monogram. I wonder whether he did WAC or DBF though....

As for the second monogram, I guess its placement is up to Sam. Hmmm. I think I can guess of one place he'd like to put it.

And then -- I promise I'll quit after this last howler:

"Within the limited range of mounting and sustaining a peak of unrequited horror, William Hope Hodgson achieved heights of genius." [p.190]

Okay, gang, here's our intrepid hero Harry Bigelow McClintock, cautiously exploring the cellars beneath the old Gilmore Mansion. In the dankest, darkest corner of them all, by the flickering light of a yellow taper, Harry brushes back the dusty cobwebs, puts his hand on a rust-pitted knob, and pulls.

Ancient hinges rasping their protest the mould-flecked door yields, and to Harry's unbelieving eyes there appears The Fiend of Gilmore Mansion!

Now here's the point: Harry's so damn terrified that he doesn't know whether to run like hell, holler for assistance, or just collapse in a quivering heap. But the Fiend -- the Fiend ain't scared at all: he just sees his dinner there.

And that...that, my friends, is unrequited horror. Yes it is. Really.

Well, okay, that's enough laughs at Sam's expense, at least for now. I really shouldn't be too harsh, because SFBG is a good book. It's far from being just everybody's cup of tea, but for the right readership it's a treat and a delight, and I for one am delighted with it.

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End of Issue Bonus: A SHORT QUIZ OF RAFFLESIANA
(Courtesy of Dean Dickensheet)

1. What was Raffles' first name?

2. What was Bunny's first name?

3. What was Bunny's last name?

Answers in the next Horib if I don't misplace them in the meantime. O, worry.

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Barring some very unexpected turn of events, we will be unable to attend the Baycon. We'll be sorry to miss it; our thoughts will be with the attendees and especially with you Fapans. Hoist one to us if you think of it! --P&D

# THORIB

# HORIB

eleven