

10  
TRIP  
MOEBIUS



#10

## MOEBIUS TRIP

OCT.

## CONTENTS

1971

35¢  
3/\$1 - 10/\$3

## ARTICLES, etc

	Page
FANDOM IS NOT FOR EGOBOO (by Mae Strelkov).....	4
BIRMINGHAM BREAKTHROUGH (by Mervyn Barrett).....	7
KING KONG PLAYS PING PONG AND SINGS SONGS (by Leon Taylor).....	15
THE S-F BOOKSHELF (by Bill Wolfenbarger).....	18
BOOK REVIEWS (by Roger Bryant, Ted Pauls, Ed Connor).....	19
RECENT NEW FANZINES.....	24
EDITORIAL NOTES.....	46

## ART

Jeff Schalles: 1 (left side), 7, 30, 31, 35.

BILL ROTSLER: 4.

TERRY WELSH: 11, 21.

Ian Maule: 19.

Tim Kirk: 24.

JOHN PIGGOTT: 26.

DAN STRELKOV: 39.

Terry Jeeves: 42.

## LETTERS of COMMENT

ANNEMARIE KINDT.....26	MICHAEL D. GLYER...32	ROSE M. HOGUE.....39
CY CHAUVIN.....26	TERRY JEEVES.....33	MARY LEGG.....39
SAM LONG.....27	RICK STOOKER.....33	GEORGE SENDA.....40
JACK WODHAMS.....27	BRIAN WILLIAMS.....34	HARRY WARNER, JR...40
MIKE KRING.....28	JACKIE FRANKE.....34	ALEX VITEK.....41
PERRY CHAPDELAIN...28	JEFF SCHALLES.....34	RON L. CLARKE.....42
GENE WOLFE.....29	ROGER BRYANT.....36	DAVE HULVEY.....42
JOHN J. ALDERSON...29	DOROTHY JONES.....37	ARTHUR CRUTTENDEN..43
PAUL ANDERSON.....30	ROY TACKETT.....37	JOHN PIGGOTT.....43
BOB SMITH.....30	HANK DAVIS.....37	NORMAN HOCHBERG...43
LEIGH EDMONDS.....31	DONN BRAZIER.....38	MAE STRELKOV.....44
ERIC LINDSAY.....32	GEORGE HAY.....38	HELMUT PESCH.....45
ED CAGLE.....32	BILL WOLFENBARGER..39	BILL BLISS.....45
WAHF.....45		



# FANDOM IS NOT FOR EGOBOO

by

MAE STRELKOV

We fans (and I've been one since 1962 with gaffiations and enforced coven-tries due to local postal strikes, including one in 1971 already, lasting two months), are not as honest as we should be. We swaggeringly insist we joined fandom for its egoboo, but I think we join it for its friendliness between feuds when it is but FANGDOM, as somebody pointed out.

I will confess my own motives in joining fandom . . . I've met so many fascinating new friends. As simple as that! Egoboo comes into it . . . I like when I manage to write letters that come through the way I feel, friendly and warm and enthusiastic. But when I step on someone's corns and get slapped down, I don't feel the need to start feuding or licking wounds off in some corner. I have fun, still. (And you, Ed Connor, are behaving nicely in your responses to all the slaps so I'm with you still, applauding. You don't snarl. . . .)

Now as for fandom having a "duty" and a "message" to bring Peace on Earth and Goodwill to men of Goodwill, etcetera. Oh, quite, Leon, I agree, and am inclined to get up on my pulpit and/or soapbox and start lecturing at the drop of any handkerchief (or even weeping into said handkerchief when my guilt catches up and I think of all the things we should do and don't). However, one does need an escape and the sensation that somebody talks the same language still — if only not to have the heebie-jeebies or screaming meemies or whatever they're called. (I've seen both terms used and maybe even heard them, though the Spanish equivalents are quite different and more common. The archaic Chinese form would be kiog, maybe, similar to a Scot term still in use for troubles that bother one, spelt kiaugh in my old Webster's.)

So kiog and heck, but we're stuck here, facing whatever it may be (karma to

some) and we've got to make the best of it, while we last.

Now Leon feels we should do something quick. When I was younger I would have quite agreed with him and rushed around doing good very creepily. In the process I sure got into messes, believe me. Take the old lady I tried to find a home for at Retiro Station in Buenos Aires some fifteen years hence (in 1955). She was bloated and smelly and awful and I swear I wanted to "pass by on the other side," with the wind blowing away from her, and not towards me. Then this delicate conscience I was fettered with (by missionary parents) made me turn back and give her a hundred pesos (a lot of money in those days).

Boy, did she latch on to me gratefully, nor would she unlatch. I was TRAPPED. A crowd began to gather . . . and I recall now it was during the time when Peronistas were burning churches and we were sitting on a powder-keg, all Argentina, waiting for a new bloody revolution. So up comes a secret policeman and starts interrogating me,

"Do you allege that the government is neglecting its old and poor?"

"Good heavens, I do not allege it! Peron's done a lot for the country as everybody knows but I don't expect him to come around personally and gather this old lady to his bosom like she now seems to want to gather me."

"So what are you going to do with her?"

"Good lord, I don't know. What is she going to do with me, more likely?"

And everybody laughed at my predicament, for the smelly old hag was hugging me closer, like I were a treasure she'd unexpectedly unearthed in her own reticule.

Well, finally, the crowd drifted off, getting bored with the show, but little could I drift away . . . she continued clutching her new private property.

I finally got free by promising to show up at 7 a.m. the next morning further to care for her and her problems and find her a home.

So I showed up at 7 but she never did, God be praised. I now pass by on the other side of any street containing similar old ladies, please believe me!

But shouldn't we rescue the perishing children? Oh, definitely, but not by sending them CARE packages of powdered milk. A great majority of children lose the ability to digest milk once they're weaned, but these natives have found a wonderful use for the powdered milk of such packages. It makes a ravishing whitewash for their huts!

In short, just giving money away for someone else to invest "for the poor" is no use. One has to be personally involved, Leon, and I quite agree. BUT HOW? That story above was just one of innumerable similar dreary experiences of my former attempts at motherhood, sisterhood and all the rest. Another time an awful young female with three babies in all stages of growth (newborn, nine months and 18 months, or maybe 16 months!) sat beside me in a Delta-launch when we used to live on an alluvial island in the Islas del Ibicuy of the Rio Parana. Her babies spilled all over me and boy were they also smelly. But I couldn't do less than hold a couple on my lap (and me on my way to a posh advertising job in Buenos Aires where I went weekly to take care of their Public Relations letters written all-by-me-and-signed-by-the-bosses). They wet me, they slobbered me, they howled in my ears and I prayed (for I was a Woman-of-Faith and not yet disillusioned) for "more love" and "agape" towards the horrid brats.

Besides the brats, the woman was toting packages of all sizes. (I bet she

was pregnant anew -- my memory insists upon that scrumptious detail to round the picture out now for you.) Anyway, my conscience (cursed equipment, that it can be) informed me it was my duty to carry a baby or two and the packages all the way to destination for this poor, poor, afflicted native female. So I did. Miles and miles through dark slums of San Fernando, the river port where all the whores used to be in its golden Era just recently.

At last we reached a disreputable fonda where she planned to spend the night, so she dismissed me (accepting the bill -- be sure it was another hundred! -- I provided her) and shooed me out-of-her-way, not to risk having me compete with the affections of her stevedore mate somewhere lurking dourly in the offing.

I therefore marched homewards anew (homewards? well, to a less objectionable fonda, where commercial travelers only -- not stevedores -- would ogle me while I read a Bible to prove I was a saint at the bar's "dining-room"), and in I huffed around midnight, not earlier, having been followed by mysterious and scary strangers en route to that site.

Ha, ha! I early learned to lash out mentally at men who breathed too deeply down my neck in such conditions. I do believe I must have the gift, for I had only to halt -- hate -- and they trickled down the nearest drain. Mind you, handsome swains on swank Calle Florida downtown there, are less offensive, shall we say, and more subtle in their propositions. A dirty look is sufficient to send such away, especially if you suddenly turn to face them and they notice belatedly you're a pregnant young lady at that moment, by chance!

Well, Leon, I am a reformed character nowadays. I dodge beggars of any size, no matter how pitiable they may be. And I tell my guilty conscience, "Through fandom we shall conquer. There are always Leones to fight the battle for old me!"

So bless you, Leon, and keep it up! Love, not hate, Leon, and we'll win yet, for I am applauding you. I really am, though I may seemingly have done so now with my typewriter-in-my-cheek, to use a former Ella Parker phrase!

And if I ever come for a visit to the U.S., Leon, I shall join in a Peace March with you and your friends. This, I promise.... All the way to the White House, maybe!

And meanwhile, should I choose to march to the Pink House here they would very likely shoot me down. Which reminds me of a wise old saying, "He who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day!" Heroics . . . martyrdoms . . . deys not for me, Leon-boy!

But we still have FANGDOM . . . and while there's life and fangs to us, there's hope, maybe! (Venom too is of so much use! But use it on the sour-pusses who wish us to kill all our enemies, not just avoid them. That's my advice.)

Whereupon, brothers and sisters, I step off my soapbox and sing a hymn . . . "Silent Night" might be suitable, Amen. It's supposed to be a Christmas hymn that nobody who chants "Gods, Guts and Guns" has a right to sing, in my humble opinion. So all of you who are on the side of peace now, rise please and sing with me,

Si-i-lent Ni-i-te!

And a  
Pax Vobiscum to you.

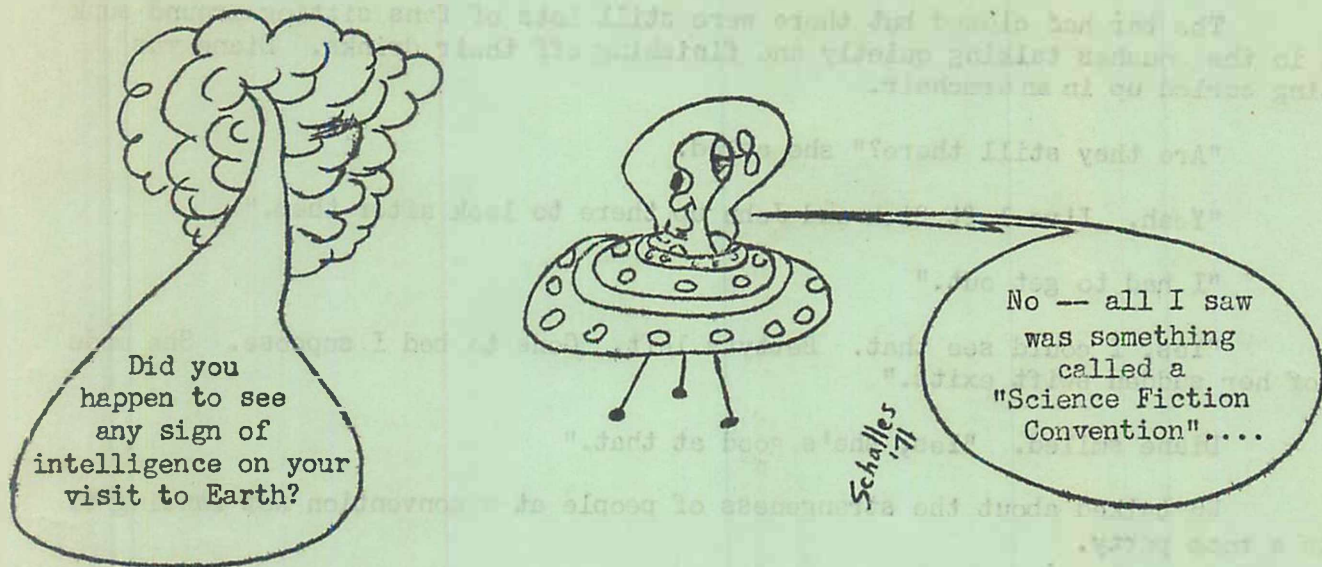
-----Mae Strelkov.

# BIRMINGHAM BREAKTHROUGH

BY

## MERVYN BARRETT

Another nifty report  
on the 1971 Eastercon.



"Where are they all?" I was asked.

"Well, I went around discreetly asking people I thought would be our sort but no one seemed very interested."

"What took you so long?"

"I checked out the movies and stayed to watch the ending of HAUNTED PALACE. Just as I left Brian Burgess was shouting, 'Party in room 410.'"

That's how it was with us on the morning of Easter Monday at about 2 a.m. We were in Dick and Diane's room because we'd decided to have a room party. There was Dick, Diane, Chris and Liz -- a couple of fans we see only at Conventions -- Betty, John Brosnan and me. Since there didn't seem to be a room party going anywhere we thought we'd have one ourselves. We waited. The usually magic words, "party in..." must by now have been whispered through the Con Hall and the lounge. Nothing happened.

"I'll go down," said John. He came back about ten minutes later with half a dozen guys I didn't recall having seen before. I think they were from one of those towns I wouldn't like even to be seen dead in -- Bradford, maybe, or New Castle -- and while they were undeniably fans their conversation didn't exactly sparkle.

"Jesus, John," I said, "I could have got fans like these up here."

"I call it my rent-a-peasant-for-a-party service," said John.

Chris and Liz announced they were going back to their hotel -- they were staying at one of the overflow places.

"I'll walk down to the lounge with you," said Diane.

They left, and with Betty the only girl left in the room all the attention of our visitors turned to her. Betty decided that that sort of attention she could do without and leapt up from the bed she'd been sitting on and whizzed out of the room.

"I think I'll go down and check out the lounge again," I said, "in case there's someone down there we'd like to invite back."

The bar had closed but there were still lots of fans sitting around sunk down in the couches talking quietly and finishing off their drinks. Diane was sitting curled up in an armchair.

"Are they still there?" she asked.

"Yeah. I've left Dick and John up there to look after them."

"I had to get out."

"Yes, I could see that. Betty's left. Gone to bed I suppose. She made one of her sudden swift exits."

Diane smiled. "Yes, she's good at that."

We talked about the strangeness of people at a convention not wanting to go to a room party.

"Maybe fans just aren't interested in raving anymore," said Diane. "Anyhow, look at this. It's all so comfortable and we have the whole hotel and the bar open for so long..."

"Yes," I said, "and maybe the lack of sleep is catching up with people but I think there's more to it than that. I think that there's some essential element missing. Conflict, maybe; or opposition. With the whole hotel taken over by fans there's no one to complain about the noise from rooms or about battles in the corridors. Perhaps if we'd arranged to have the room parties in the overflow hotels where the fans are outnumbered by the mundane guests...."

This was the Giffard in Worcester. What was to be a Birmingham Con was held 25 miles away in Worcester because of the lack of a suitable hotel in Pete Weston's home town. He'd booked the entire hotel and within a few days of hotel booking forms being sent out the place was full -- 145 or so fans -- with those who couldn't get in there having to make do at overflow hotels scattered around the town. The Giffard's a new hotel and the best one in the city. All the rooms have private bathrooms attached which is still a big deal even in a lot of hotels which are rated as high class. The Con Hall was known as the Wulstan room and near it was a smaller room with a TV in it that was used by the BSFA as a welcome room and as a room for them to maneuver, committee-wise, in. The hucksters had been relegated to the basement which was OK in terms of space but not so good from their point of view as one had to make the effort to walk down stairs and dig their wares -- the room wasn't on the way from anywhere. The main lounge was large, with lots of comfortable chairs and sofas and its picture window faced the Cathedral opposite which looked good and at night was floodlit. On the top floor three double rooms had their connecting walls knocked down and this was the Giffard suite. It was almost com-

pletely empty of furniture and it was used for a couple of parties.

We'd come up on Friday, leaving London at around 10 a.m. or so and arrived in Worcester at about 2 p.m. Betty drove. Diane sat beside her and I was the passenger in the back seat. On the way they explained the country to me. A range of hills — "These are the Cotswolds. We're just travelling around the edges of them. Those old stone houses. They're made of a local stone that's quite famous." We passed through Stratford on Avon and ignored the turn-off that leads to Anne Hathaway's Cottage.

Checking in at the hotel went smoothly and all the communications from the hotel confirming my reservation that I had ready in my pocket in case they tried the old, "We don't appear to have you on our list..." routine, were un-needed. I paid my Con attendance fee and got my badge, booklet, Riverboat trip and banquet tickets, then went up to my room to unload a bit of luggage, and have a quick wash. Down to the Con Hall then and in to the programme. It started an hour late but that was about right. Pete Weston welcomed us and Phil Rogers introduced some of the celebrities including the Guest of Honor Anne McCaffrey and the Fan Guest of Honor, Ethel Lindsay. And, this is where the programme really begins.

James Blish began it with a talk titled, "All in a Knight's Work," and it was about the Milford Group, The Science Fiction Writers of America and Damon Knight's part in preventing this from becoming just another social club. To use the words, "articulate, lucid, intelligent" when describing James Blish's talk seems a little like, at first, damning with faint praise because, after all, aren't these the qualities that one should expect to find in someone addressing a gathering like this one. Well maybe one should expect to find them but one seldom does. But James Blish has them and he was involved with his subject and concerned for it and it showed.

It happened that the two best talks of the Con were both on the same afternoon. One was James Blish's. The other was given by a biologist — Dr. Jack Cohen. His talk was about life on other planets and is, apparently, one he trots around giving to schools. He dealt with the likelihood of other stars having planets, how many of them would be likely to have the sort of planets that could support some sort of animal life, then went on to look at the factors that might be needed to produce a dominant intelligent lifeform. He projected copies of SF magazine covers that portrayed alien life. He sneered at most, praised some — such as Hal Clement's Mesklinites — and advanced his conclusions which came out as a "yes," for life on other planets and a "no," for it being humanoid.

We were all invited, after dinner, to "meet the celebrities at leisure" but my friends and I dined late and didn't quite make it. I don't even know who the celebrities were although I assume that they were the big names — pro and fan — who attended the convention: Anne McCaffrey, James Blish, Bob Shaw, Ethel Lindsay, James White, John Brunner, Eddie Jones, Ken Bulmer and so on. I don't know how this went but fear the worst because, after all, what Brit fan is going to admit that he doesn't already know, with the possible exception of Anne McCaffrey, all these people. But I hope I'm wrong and it was well attended. I get embarrassed at the thought of nobody showing up and all the celebrities having nothing else to do but introduce themselves to each other and go around signing each other's autograph book.

Then there were movies: Amateur ones from Manchester's Delta Group and real ones, too. A NASA film, THE TENTH VICTIM; a couple of episodes of a Flash Gordon serial; and DESTINATION MOON. The Flash Gordon stuff came close to being unbelievable. I don't know anything about it but my guess is that it must have been made for television in the late forties or early fifties. The non-entity who played Flash was scrawny and knotty-muscled in the fashion of a nine-day-cyclist or maybe a heel-and-toe-walker and Dale was something less than beautiful. Much as I love them I have been guilty of the odd mocking remark about the original Flash Gordon movies but

their quality equals that of 2001 compared to the acting and effects of this effort. I am, happily, constantly being cut down to size. Just when I'm starting to feel, in terms of cruddy science fiction movies, I've seen it all, along comes something like this to shake me out of my smug complacency. There are more things in back-drop heaven and papier-mache Earth, Horatio, etc....

There was a party up in the Giffard suite. I stopped off at my room on the way up to pick up a bottle of wine. I chose the Vinum Tintum Iberium -- a blending of certain rare red wines from the Iberian Peninsula which shares, along with Chilean Claret, the property of turning one's tongue black. Not many people there. Just a couple of groups of fans. The biggest one was clustered around Brian Aldiss. The other group's attention was on some polyethene jars on the window ledge that looked suspiciously like carboys of battery acid. The taste of the contents of a couple of them reinforced this first impression. But not wishing to hurt anyone's feelings I tried them all and one or two were quite pleasant in a sweetish way; but the lack of real quality made one sadly aware of the absence of that "high grade home brewed wine" maker extraordinary, Ted Tubb, from the convention.

John Brunner opened the Saturday programme at 10 a.m. with a talk called, in the programme, "Writing Science Fiction in Theory and Practice." It was more about writing in general than about science fiction in particular. This was followed by Pam Bulmer's talk, "Criticizing Science Fiction in Theory and Practice," which was mostly about literary criticism in general. I skipped the panel about "Fanzine, Past and Present," and went out to see a bit of Worcester.

It would not be unreasonable to expect a town as old as Worcester with a Cathedral that is magnificent, beautiful and aged many hundreds of years to be filled with lots of quaint old half-timbered buildings and narrow alleys and walkways. But alas, that's not the way it is. Apparently the building speculators got to Worcester a long time ago and what's left is devoid of any character or difference. But I had some lunch and nosed around the shopping area anyhow. A display in a window of Royal Worcester china reminded me that the place is famous for its pottery. The experience reminded me of how, a couple of years back, in Oxford for a Con I looked in a bookshop window and saw an Oxford dictionary there and did a sort of double-take as I realized, in wonder, that wordwise I was right in the center of where it all happens.

In the afternoon there was a publishers' panel; Don Wollheim was on it and various lesser known publishing-house reps and they talked about the state of things and the possibility of a new writer getting a book accepted on the basis of a few chapters and an outline. All present said that they'd want to see the whole book before they'd consider buying; then Chris Priest got up and said that this was how he'd sold, recently, his first science fiction novel so, the conclusion must be, in spite of what the experts say, it can be done.

Philip Strick works for the British Film Institute and, it would seem, has become the permanent advisor and expeditor for films for SF conventions. He presented a short programme which included an extract from THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE and some animated films, notably Walerian Borowczyk's THE GAMES ANGELS PLAY which comes closer than anything else I've seen to depicting alien behavior -- incomprehensible but seeming rational or logical.

After coffeebreak Philip Strick came up onto the platform for a debate with Tony Sudbury labeled the "Case for and Against Philip K. Dick." Philip Strick was pro and Tony Sudbury was anti. In the case for, Dick's humor and imagination, amongst other points, were cited. In the case against, Tony Sudbury's feeble efforts to explode what he feels is the Philip K. Dick myth proved only how, sadly, blind he is to the fact that Philip K. Dick is the best science fiction writer around.

After dinner Betty, as an Arcturan Amazon, Diane looking fabulous in an "Enterprise" uniform and a rather scruffy-looking space pirate came down to the Con Hall and the costume party to find that, horrors, cheers (mixed feelings), it was organized. Chairs for non-participants had been arranged, leaving a promenade section for the costumed to walk to and from the stage where they were introduced by Pete Weston. On the pretext of, wow, I should be recording this for fannish posterity, I chickened out from the parade bit and dashed off to get my camera. About a third of the attendees were costumed and most of the costumes were well made and some of them really remarkable. I went around taking pictures, getting what I thought would be a pretty comprehensive coverage but, as is always the way, I found when I saw the results that somehow I'd got the same guy (he same as an Overlord from Arthur Clarke's CHILDHOOD'S END) about 8 times and some not very good pictures of all the rest. Just about all the prizes went, deservedly, to some fans who came as a group from Aston University.

The Order of St. Fantony held an initiation next. It was short, played straight, the way things like this should be, and well organized. Just right, in fact. Then, on to the movies again. I sat through THE TOMB OF LIGEIA again because I like Vincent Price and Elizabeth Shepherd was so good in it. Then, after stopping off in my room to pick up a bottle of Vino Rosso (an excellent Tuscan red I get at S Parmagiani's — don't confuse it with that other Parmagiani's which is also in Old Compton St. — in Soho) I went up to the party that was being held on the top floor.



This was more like it. Most of the people at the Con were there. It was given and funded by the Order of St. Fantony with the aid of a little bit of loot that had been left over from Heidelberg. It had already been going for about an hour and a half when I arrived but I was able to get a couple of glasses of punch before the booze they were providing ran out. Remarkable it lasted so long. I met Bob Shaw whom I'd seen quite often before at conventions and the like but never spoken to and asked him about Walt Willis. I'm sure everybody does this.

Sunday morning is BSFA time at conventions in England. I'm not a member and if you're not a member you can't attend. I've often wondered what they do at their meetings. I asked a BSFA man once but the only answer I got was a wink and a knowing leer. Anyhow it's good that I can't get in because it gives me the opportunity to see some of the Con town without missing anything on the programme. It had been after 3 a.m. when I got to bed and I'd awakened at about 7 a.m. and not been able to get back to sleep again because my room was so damned light. A lot of fans were going to go back to bed but not me. I was going for a walk. Betty came with me. We crossed over the street and went into the Cathedral. And Worcester Cathedral is the most impressive building of its kind I've been in and one doesn't have to know anything of styles of architecture or be aware of historical associations to appreciate it. Its shape, its proportions, everything about it is just right and one feels this rightness instantly upon entering.

A service was starting so we left to come back later when we could look around without disturbing anybody. We walked around the side of the Cathedral, past some ruined stone walls, down to and along a path that runs beside the river. It was perfect weather for walking. A still, sunny, spring morning. I took a photo of the

Cathedral through cherry blossoms and we said "Hullo" to a friendly black-and-white dog. On the opposite bank some men were fishing. At a place where a canal joins the river we sat for a while, on a fence, and talked about our problems, other peoples' problems, the weather and what we thought about the Con so far. Then we went over to watch a boat going through a lock that would bring it down to river level.

England was once crisscrossed by canals. They were working waterways doing the job of roads. Long narrow boats carrying cargo drifted with the currents along them or were pulled against the currents by horses trudging alongside on the tow-paths made for them. Locks were built into the system to take one up or down to the required water level. The coming of road transport, the greater use of rail and the need to move goods faster spelled the end of the canals and they fell gradually into disuse. Most of them silted up, their sides fell in and their lock gates rotted. There are though still about 300 miles of usable canal and preservation societies have sprung up to keep them in use and to pay for their maintenance.

The boat going through the lock was a small cabin cruiser -- maybe fifteen feet long. Its captain and several small helpers maneuvered it into the lock and the gates were closed behind it. Then one of the sluice gates was opened and the water level inside the lock dropped rapidly. By the time river level was reached the deck of the boat was about 6 feet beneath us. Then a couple of kids and one or two of the people standing around watching pushed on the arms of the big wooden gates and Betty and I helped them. The gates opened and the boat floated out to meet the river Severn.

We came back to the Cathedral again via suburban streets and entered it from a side door used by priests. Now under shelter, running along the wall beside the door were recumbent statues, worn smooth by 8 or 9 hundred years of weather, that had once been burial markers. Just inside the door on our left was the Cathedral organ. I stopped to study it and after a minute turned to say something to Betty but she wasn't there. There was no black caped form to be seen anywhere in the church. She'd disappeared.

An hour had been set aside and labeled on the programme as "Future Conventions." I sat with John Brosnan for this session. Gian Paolo Cossato stood up and made a little speech about Eurocon coming up next year and its connection with the Trieste SF Film Festival. Lars Junell spoke next on Sweden's bid for the '76 Worldcon -- "whatever it's called; the one where the Hugos are awarded." Out of loyalty to the cause of AUSTRALIA IN '75 I'd refrained from wearing the "Stockholm in '76" button he'd given me. Sweden in '76 is a threat to the idea of AUSTRALIA IN '75 but not, I think, with absolutely no facts on which to base this opinion, a great one. More of a threat was the talk of a British bid for '75. Because of the success of Worcester the BSFA committee offered the services for such a project in a support role if Pete Weston would agree to chair it. Pete was reluctant to commit himself having found the hard way that the guys running a convention just don't get time to enjoy it. Australia's intention to bid for '75 was mentioned a couple of times but John and I, with no information to give and no brief to put in a plug for Australia, had to remain silent.

The programme moved on with the Guest of Honor's talk next on the list. Anne McCaffrey gave a nice rambling little talk about herself and the stories she's written, then she answered some questions. This was followed by a discussion chaired by James Blish titled "The Boundaries of SF" which I know I enjoyed but about which the only thing I can remember is Jack Cohen leaping up to point out that "centers" were the things we should be discussing and not "boundaries."

The final programme item for that afternoon was a film -- CHARLY -- and if applause can be said to carry a quality of surprise then the clapping at the conclusion of this film had it. It seemed as though hardly any of the fans present had

seen this film yet it had had a general release. I'd enthused about it at breakfast that morning to a couple of fans at my table who hadn't bothered to see it because none of the critics, in the reviews that appeared in the daily papers, seemed to have liked it. Sometimes I despair of the lack of awareness of some sf fans in areas they should be fairly clued up on. I can, offhand, think of only two other books that have been as well treated as CHARLY in translation to the screen. They are THE MALTESE FALCON and THE BIG SLEEP. In almost every case when an author sells the screen rights of a book he signs away all control over it and although he's supposed to be able to console himself with the money and, expecting the worst, be philosophical when it happens, I don't believe it's that easy. I'm sure that there must be a lot of writers around who envy the treatment FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON got.

At 8:30 p.m. there assembled the largest number of scrubbed, groomed, polished, and immaculate looking fans that I had ever seen. This is fandom? I wondered. Everyone had contrived to look sleek, fashionable and in some cases downright disgustingly prosperous. Even I, with the dogged conviction that that style is coming back had disinterred The Suit to be worn to complement the occasion. The occasion was, of course, the banquet and award-giving. The air of enthusiasm and fannish bonhomie that covered all helped to soften the disappointment that was engendered by the food which was ordinary and not of the standard, in terms of variety, of that which one got in the dining room at regular meals.

Awards were given and speeches were made. Prizes for the best costumes were handed out and it was hard to reconcile some of the people coming up to receive prizes with the costumed beings of the night before. One prize that didn't get given out was for a quick quiz that Ken Bulmer was to run at odd moments during the Con programme. The quiz was squeezed out after only one session at the Con's beginning. It was suggested that a bottle of sherry was available to go to the winner of the quiz but with no contest.... I must ask Ken what happened to that prize when next I see him.

In the lounge after the banquet we sat around drinking and talking and listening for word of a room party somewhere. Some fan that Betty knew told her that Chris Priest was having a party. "He's invited me up -- I'm sure he won't mind me bringing you two. I'll see you up there in about ten minutes." He gave us the number and, stopping off at my room on the way only long enough to pick up a litre of Vieux Cep Rouge -- a surprisingly good Argentinian wine I'd picked up at Oddbins (the branch under the Holborn Viaduct) the week before -- we went. We were admitted by someone who was leaving and given a rather tentative greeting by Chris. Once settled down on an empty bit of floor space I became aware that we had stumbled in to a scene that was obviously meant to be exclusive. All around us were Pros -- big and lesser name. James Blish was there and John Brunner and Anne McCaffrey too. And a couple of others as well though I've now forgotten exactly who. The fan who'd invited us was not. It was one of those interestingly difficult but not too dire fannish social situations. My fannish status in London is that of someone easy not to invite but difficult, for a suddenly confronted host, to turn away. I reasoned that for me to suddenly get up and leave might be even more awkward so I settled for trying to make myself invisible and drinking my own booze.

James Blish dug the awkwardness of our position and came over to talk to us. This is the sort of gesture which, in a similar situation, I always want to make but somehow seldom can. Usually I sit there mute, feeling embarrassed for someone feeling embarrassed but lacking that quality that would get me to doing something about it. We talked, or, more accurately, I sensibly shut up and let him talk, about music and about living in Europe.

We left the party after an hour or so then went back down to the lounge. Later on we got the idea of having a party of our own.

Monday morning was bright, sunny, and, for the time of the year, warm.

Ideal weather for riding a river boat up and down the Severn -- the last programme item of the Con. Betty and I left the hotel together at about a quarter to ten -- plenty of time to get down to the bridge by which the SS Belle was moored, by ten o'clock. A few yards behind us James White and Dave Kyle walked together. Dave was muttering into the microphone of a tape recorder he was wearing and it reminded me of that Ray Bradbury story, THE MURDERER, I think, in which people are constantly in touch with their wives and girl friends by means of little transmitter/receivers they carry.

At the river a queue of fifty yards or so was coming to a halt as it became apparent that few more people would be able to get on to the SS Belle. Every available piece of seating space on the deck was packed and it looked like one of those refugee ships just before the disaster. It was decided to run two one-hour cruises instead of the one two-hour cruise that had been scheduled. We came back an hour later for the second cruise which was not crowded at all. One could walk around the deck, talk to people, take photos or, giving one's head the mandatory bump on a low beam as one went, go below deck to the tiny saloon and have a drink. I did this on the way back. Pubs were keeping Sunday hours in Worcester that day and it pleased me to think that because of some curious vagary of the licensing laws I was able to have a Guinness at a time that land-locked mundane types were being denied this solace.

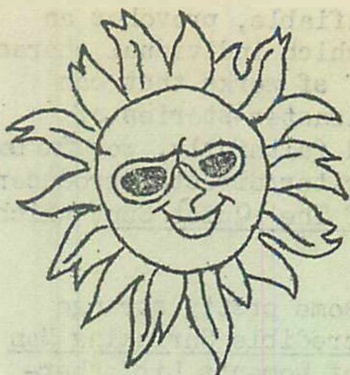
Back at the hotel we went to our respective rooms and packed then joined up again in the lounge for the traditional rites of leave-taking. All around us, sitting and standing, their suitcases piled up everywhere, sleepy-looking fans were saying their goodbyes, then leaving in ones and twos to get taxis, cars, busses, that would take them to their trains, or their planes, or their homes in near and faraway places. We said our goodbyes and piled in, with our luggage -- now several bottles lighter -- into Betty's car and with Betty driving, Diane navigating, and me in the back seat alternating between brilliant conversation and dozing, we headed for London.

We picked a route that would give us the minimum amount of traffic foulup and the maximum amount of scenery. It lay through the Cotswolds and took us along narrow roads that threaded between impossibly green hills that, even when obviously untended, managed to look shorn and cultivated. A couple of times when the road took us near the crown of a hill we looked down onto tiny villages, clusters of old stone houses built around a cobblestone street, that looked like the sort of model that might be constructed for a film set in 17th century rural England.

We talked as we went about who we'd met at the Con and brought each other up to date on odd items of fannish gossip. We compared this convention with others we'd been to and agreed that it was the best one we'd attended. Not for the programme, which was good but not outstanding, but for the comfort and relaxed manner of the whole thing. It had had a good feeling to it and the feeling lasted for quite a while.

A couple of weeks later, after an early evening screening of CASABLANCA at the National Film theatre, I saw Diane again and we went off to eat together. Downstairs at the Mille Pinne we reminisced a bit about the Con and she flipped over the lapel of the jacket she had on to show the Eurocon badge she'd been given at the Con and was wearing, 1940s F.B.I. style, as a reminder. I knew what she was getting at. Some of the glow had stayed with me too. I felt pretty happy about fandom.

-----Mervyn Barrett,  
London - June '71.



## KING KONG PLAYS PING PONG AND SINGS SONGS

by

LEON TAYLOR

(A critique of Science Fiction in the Cinema by John Baxter. Paperback library #66-420; \$1.25; 236 pp. - 1970.)

SF IN THE CINEMA is supposed to be a movieable feast, because screengoers go with cadaverous eyes (Tell the truth now: do you go to The Glob That Ate The Philadelphia-Tokyo Complex out of aesthetic compulsions or because you want to see the gizzards get ripped out of some expendable humans?). And for late-night flipping of pages and TV dials, it's not a bad novelty at all. Nothing quite like jousting with the professional opinion about some aired garbage that you happen to admire. But John Baxter For Honest Critic? I don't know; on sf movies I'm more of a bluff than a buff, and my childhood nostalgia consists largely of hiding tremblingly under squeaky beds waiting for that 40-foot caterpillar to wreak the Professor's vengeance on me. But even after proving my "R" (restricted) status as a flimsy film fan, it's thumbs south on this work that soothes feathers of erudition but rather picks its own facts to support its own hypothesis. Director's prerogative does not include this type of editing, I'm afraid.

Baxter has done an awe-full job of researching every guddam reel touching on science fiction since God signed up Jules Verne. I mean, as far as I can see he's seen them all: and that takes in at least a thousand entries, including a few whose edges are browned not with age but with barf. In answer to the riddle of the Sphinx, Baxter finds that the first sfilm was ~~Exodus~~ A Trip To The Moon (1902), a sixteen minute "music hall depiction of space flight" (Baxter does have an admirable sleeping arrangement with the English language: at times he coaxes some fine maneuvers out of his mistress). Spurting hard on after was The ? Motorist (1905 -- a motorist busts the speed limit and takes off for Saturn), An Impossible Voyage (1904 -- a train likewise gets carried away and spins off into space) and Airship Destroyer (1909 -- London is bombed by a fleet of moored dirigibles) -- well, Baxter drops the names of so many antique sf relics that one wonders precisely what kind of raiding party Baxter led thru precisely whose secret cellars. Hell would be worth several return trips just to get a glimpse at these fossils (and Baxter makes an extraordinary statement that only whettens my appetite: "A Trip To The Moon differs little from the polished products of today's film producers"). And much of the exposition of nationalist trends, even if somewhat wild-pitched, snags the reader's attention...well, it snagged mine (but I like to dwell in the trappings of sociology).

But my prime-airy complaint with SF IN THE CINEMA is in the hypothesis Baxter tries to prove by distension: that sfilms are a mythical beast, since the two segments of the phenomenon have contradicting characteristics. Celluloid, sez Baxter, is a medium that depends on emotional response and that can only approximate an intellectual argument. Whereas sf devotes itself to the manipulation of symbols -- an exercise in cerebral debate -- and evokes emotion only as a by-product of the first. Hence, Baxter argues, sfilm is an impossibility (one imagines that he should have then retitled his book or wrote finis after page 1, but Baxter goes on for over 230 pages talking about the thousand children of that non-existent wedlock, sfilm. Hmmm).

And, if one accepts that the past is the limit of the capabilities of these media, then he is certainly correct. But a brain-puzzle is possible in film (witness Mission: Impossible) and emotional linen can be washed in sf (the entire point of the New Wave or Whatchamaycallit); and the funny thing is that neither of them betrays its form: to take the more controversial, the New Wave does deal with scientific extrapolations into the future -- its only departure from traditional sf is that it

measures science's effects on the individual who, being identifiable, provokes an emotional response within us) rather than on the society (in which individual characters are used more as symbols). In fact, there are a number of sf works that can transfer intact satisfactorily to the screen — the English disaster-stories of Christopher, Cooper, Wyndham (Day Of The Triffids, if followed faithfully, would've been fantastic...unfortunately, the collective bastards of scriptwriter/director/producer made it into another scaly-monster flick) and Tucker's Year Of The Quiet Sun, which in book form already has an unobtrusive cinematic quality.

Baxter's faulty experiment conclusions lead him to some pretty strange critical assessments. For instance, in the movie ring The Incredible Shrinking Man is declared the champion of sfilm history (or, in these days of Women's Lib, "her-story"...thank you, Donnavan Howard), written by Richard Matheson, whom Baxter ladens with "skill and imagination" and consistent "insight" (but Damon Knight declares Matheson "anti-science"; and since anti-scientism is an appeal to the emotions, Matheson's work would fit perfectly into Baxter's theory of film's proper properties). He also finds Jack Arnold, Men's director, to be "the great genius of American fantasy film": now that could be, for all I know. I've seen very little Arnold (most of it by snuck glances at Green Acres). But to label the Gill Man from his Creature From The Black Lagoon as "a central (figure) in Twentieth Century mythology" seems a little too sweeping...surely there should be some established consensus of opinion before Baxter makes a statement like this (either that or some stiff evidence... which Baxter does not give). He also finds Arnold's best non-sf film to be High School Confidential; but Steven Schuerer of the NY Daily News rated that as "poor" (one star, the lowest possible, on the News' rating scale), commenting "Like, man, this one is ghastly!"

In the boob chute, Baxter makes some similiarly puzzling decisions. On Star Trek, he notes that "after beginning well, (it) degenerated sharply into stock situations", which is certainly reasonable: but he never does explain why it degenerated. Not only that, but he doesn't even mention Rodenberry, Nimoy, the superb costume designing, the careful technical planning behind each episode, and merely skims over Shatner as "the series' eventual star" without any reference to his outstanding acting capabilities. All in all, Star Trek earned  $1\frac{1}{4}$  pages for its toils (compare to Lost In Space,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  pages; British sf, 2 pages; The Outer Limits, 4 pages). As you can deduce from the parenthetical mathematics, Baxter found The Outer Limits to be the best sf series ever (but his defense of his unorthodox view is well worth reading). But no mention is made of Twilight Zone (which won more Emmys than any sf show ever), The Prisoner (considered in many quarters as a TV classic), or any of the prodigious number of sf anthology plays or TV movies or whatever. Space couldn't have been that demanding.

So limpward ho, we come to what can be considered as the carcass of the book: the in-depth analyses of separate movies. Here, altho pseudo-intellectualism hits a water-high of  $1/3$  in places, Baxter does make some provocative (if scanty) comments upon the sociological forces that shape a specific movie (besides avarice, that is). Sometimes extremely astute, sometimes a bit hysterical, but always provocative. And as somewhat of a specialist in directorial technique, Baxter has all sorts of fascinating insight in cameraplay, bringing to the discussion table some areas of moviemaking that I unaided would never have thot of. But (ah, but But...) ...I'll take a specific example to task. And to make things fair for Baxter, I'll choose one of his favorites, Revenge Of The Creature (directed by Jack Arnold), upon which Baxter dwells for 3 costly pages of extravagant praise. In fact, he makes only one criticism: the Gill Man, a freshwater animal, is shown in the film descending into the sea. But I can think of a few more — and they ain't so minor either. For one, the acting was atrocious; John Agar didn't even make a convincing Hero (how difficult is it to wear a white hat anyway?) and spent half his time fumbling for a tone of voice that sounded less fatherly and more romantic (and would you like to place your odds as to whether he succeeded?). Lovely Lori Nelson made quite a tasty bait for the Gill Man, but as for her dramatics...well, her bathing suit got the acting honors. The entire cast sounded as if they had just been read their lines for the

first time and were trying to remember them long enough to get them on tape. Of course, with the script they had, they may have been trying to forget them. From the romantic climax:

Nelson: "Of course, love is what makes the world go round. But what is love? Is it a fact? Is it a theory? Is it come kind of magnetic force? Is it electricity? You know, once when I had a crush on the captain of the football team..." (And so on ad barfium.)

Agar: "Once a poet wrote these lines..."

And how does the Gill Man come to his dastardly end? You'll never guess. They shoot him. It seems that after an entire week of being hunted in the waters by the police, US Navy and John Agar, and after running wild in Marineland past countless armed guards for about a quarter of an hour, nobody has ever thot to shoot at him. This ending also deprives the audience of the obligatory showdown in the waters between Agar and the Gill Man, which they had been led to expect thruout the entire movie. Even balancing this against some superbly directed scenes (and some ghodawful ones), I can't quite feel that Revenge Of The Creature is the masterpiece Baxter has touted it as.

And at the end of his laudatory chapter on Arnold, Baxter makes a confession: Arnold was (is?) a mercenary. "He was in the movies for money...any art was incidental." But never fear: according to Baxter, it was this very grub-concern that made Arnold great. Yep. It seems that "as in the commercial cinema at large, the greatest of sf film-makers are those who choose not to be involved" (i.e. those who choose to churn out movies for the dough. I think that Kubrick, Hitchcock and Fellini might be very interested in hearing this. This also explains why the greatest rock groups -- to name a different medium -- are those solely interested in money: people like Dawn, Bobby Sherman, and The Partridge Family who are the true geniuses of the music world.)

If you thot that was weird, hang on. It's time for Baxter's Bizarre, a collection of the most outrageous statements conceivable as randomly picked from SF IN THE CINEMA :

"It is important to discard conventional concepts of cinematic style before considering Arnold's work, or for that matter the work of most other sf film-makers." (page 115)

"The film medium is strong enough to stand alone without tricks derived from graphic art." (page 116)

"A great deal of nonsense has been written about sf on television, most of it resembling the stock criticisms of sf cinema. 'Inaccurate,' 'immature,' and 'illogical' are words frequently used, and it is probably not necessary to reiterate that all three are inappropriate in a field where accuracy, maturity and logic have no place..." (page 184)

So you can see what I want. Reassessment of the sf/film hypothesis. Better coverage of the TV sf. Reined-in generalizations. More reasonable reviewing. More "inside storying" (Baxter's account of the production of Things To Come is fascinating). And above all, a complete listing of sf films (which Baxter does not do, altho he does sorta imply that he's seen them all. Sorta...).

"Dammit, Taylor, you don't want a review. You want a bloody encyclopedia."

Alack, but true. It all dates back to my shit complex, you see. But if you're having a bumper crop with that money tree in the backyard, you might risk a buck-and-a-quarter on this thing. If you ain't, then rip the cover off and buy it surreptitiously for a dime. But whatever I may say, it is the best of its kind -- if somewhat limitedly because it's about the only. Which makes me wonder...all the vitriolic sf criticism springs out of sfanzines. How cum there ain't no cinema zines?

Busy hands mean happy minds. Hop to it, Trekkies.

-----Leon Taylor.

The Byworlder by Poul Anderson; (FANTASTIC, June & August issues, 1971), comprising 116 pages, with interior art by Mike Hinge.

This one is good, even for Anderson, who usually writes novels quite well; his large output continues bringing us quality sciencefiction — and just how many writers can claim that except Robert Silverberg and Poul Anderson? Offhand, I can only think of one other: Philip Jose Farmer.

But The Byworlder is Anderson's story.

Briefly, it concerns a fantastic starship hanging in orbit above the rim of outer space, inhabited by one member of a race called the Sigman. Our Author sets up the problem well: just how do you learn to communicate with this obviously-intelligent, obviously-alien creature? By the second (and concluding) installment we find a "byworlder" (a kind of "head" of the future) named Thomas John Wayburn finding a workable answer.

The various characters feel alive because Anderson gives them bones and flesh (and whatever) of bits of truth; this is also a love story.

There's a bit of humor scattered here, as a kind of working background, you might call it, which I'm sure Anderson never intended to come out, or even was aware of it on a conscious level: his various references to hemp grass & being stoned. These sections of dialogue and narrative are simply quite old fashioned. Anyway, there's suspense, humor, drama, intrigue, and a goodly amount of science.

Ratman by F. Paul Wilson; (ANALOG, August 1971), comprising 16 pages, with interior art by Vincent Di Fate.

This reviewer is most curious to know who F. Paul Wilson is, and most intrigued to figure where he's going. The author of Higher Centers, etc., has, in this present offering, a character easily workable into a series, that of Ratman, and I'm hoping this is his intention. Ratman reminds me of similar stories when ASTOUNDING published them in the 50s, but this particular story has been brought up to date, thank goodness.

The hero saves the day, saves a planet from vicious rat menaces, and looks as if he's wrangled a beautiful, sexy sidekick. It's fun reading and I hope you do enjoy it.

Who says ANALOG doesn't publish stories like ASTOUNDING used to in them good ole days?? Well er, uh, yes, it depends on what you consider those "good ole days" actually were, doesn't it now? And who is this F. Paul Wilson? I feel he's carving quite an amazing future for himself.

Notes For a Cylinder To Be Placed On the Sands of Mars by William Wantling; included in a collection of poems called Sick Fly; (Second Aeon Publications, Peter Finch, 3 Maplewood Court, Maplewood Avenue, Llandaff north cardiff CF4 2NB, Wales - U.K.), comprising 7 pages.

Wantling is an old beatnik-inspired poet and writer, author of novels and several volumes of verse, is now 38 years of age, who lives in Normal, Illinois (right near Bloomington, friends), and is one obsessed and happily insane. I've met Wantling a few times, and it appears his poetry and his life (i.e. same thing) are One with whatever daemon muse he holds dear.

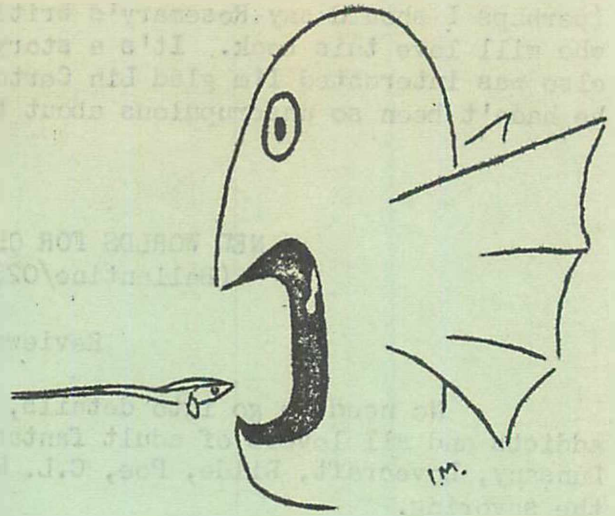
His current (well, written in 1969) selection of words and spaces is a poem of the most delicate sort, concerned, among many many other things, with life and death. Do try & get it. (It sells for a buck.)

Fandom has so far taken slight note to these old Beats, but man they really did/do some farout stuff. Everybody knows about William S. Burroughs (of Naked Lunch, Nova Express fame), but how many fans know Allen Ginsberg wrote a fantasy poem in 1958 in Amsterdam?? Poem Rocket is genius, man. (It's found in his collection Kadish and Other Poems 1958-1960, published in the Pocket Poets Series by City Lights Books in San Francisco.) It's a blessing.

Note of Possible Interest: Since fans are by nature collectors, I'm thinking of reviewing one old story per installment in this column. The question is, how do you feel about it? Maybe I'm wrong, but I'm thinking it might be worthwhile. One installment might be concerned with a story taken from FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, WEIRD TALES, UNKNOWN, ROCKET STORIES, MARVEL, PLANET, NOVA, NEW WORLDS, what have you. It's up to you.

-----Bill Wolfenbarger/Bloomington, Illinois/Aug.-Sept. 1971.

# BOOK REVIEWS



## SLOW THURSDAY NIGHT

THE MAN WHO WAS THURSDAY by G. K. Chesterton. (Ballantine Adult Fantasy Series, 02305; 1971; 95¢.)

Reviewed by Roger Bryant

I've said it before, and I'll say it again: Lin Carter has done an excellent job of picking books for his Adult Fantasy Series. Not only has he produced an almost unbroken string of high-quality books, but they're successful in the marketplace as well. It's clear (by the Series' continued existence, if nothing else) that sales are good, and that measure of security has evidently prompted Mr. Carter to be more daring.

And what could be more daring than an Adult Fantasy selection that's not fantastic in the least? *THE MAN WHO WAS THURSDAY* is a satire, and a thoroughly entertaining one. It is, indeed, one of the best non-fantasy books I've read this year. But it's not fantasy, no matter what you read in the introduction or the back cover.

Introductions and back covers are a sore point with this book. To deal with the latter first: the back cover has quotes from Carter and Jorge Luis Borges. Carter's reads, "Satiric adult fantasy..." which simply isn't true. Borges' says, "He speaks of a jail of mirrors; of a labyrinth without a center; of a man devoured by metal automatons; of a tree that grows feathers..." Somewhere, no doubt, Chesterton has written a story involving these remarkable things. But I regret to inform you (the back cover doesn't) that they are not in this book. And that is a rather dishonest advertisement.

Then there is Carter's introduction. I like introductions to these books as a rule; I enjoy having a few words about the author and his work. But in this preface Carter uses a paragraph to disclose the entire plot of the book, and I was not a bit grateful to him for it. I will not do this to you, and if you should read the book after reading this review, I suggest you leave the introduction for last. Briefly, *THE MAN WHO WAS THURSDAY* concerns a group of English anarchists, each known by a code name, to wit, a day of the week. "The man who was Thursday" is a detective who has infiltrated the group. The book first appeared in 1908, and the furor over Bolsheviks ten years afterward rather took organized anarchism out of the public eye. If you're not familiar with the anarchist movement (No, I'm not talking about LA fandom) think of them as a Communist cell in the old "Masters of Deceit" tradition and you won't go too far wrong.

It's a hilarious book. If you chuckle over James Branch Cabell or find

great humor in Walt Kelly's POGO or laugh till your eyes water at Rosemary Ulliyot (perhaps I should say Rosemary's writings, not the lady herself), you're the type who will love this book. It's a story that deserved to be reprinted, and if no one else was interested I'm glad Lin Carter took the chance to publish it. I only wish he hadn't been so unscrupulous about the cover blurbs.

-----Roger Bryant.

NEW WORLDS FOR OLD, Edited by Lin Carter.  
(Ballantine/02365-X/\$1.25/Sept.1971.)

Reviewed by The Editor

No need to go into details, I think. This book is recommended for S & S addicts and all lovers of adult fantasy of a somewhat unusual nature. Howard, Dunsany, Lovecraft, Wilde, Poe, C.L. Moore, Carter himself and others, are here for the savoring.

The Editor also reviews

THE SHORES BENEATH, Edited by James Sallis.  
(Avon/V2396/75¢/192 pp/August 1971.)

Four stories are in this book, appearing in the following order:

Time Considered As a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones: Overwritten in a way that can only be considered amateurish -- in spite of Mr. Delany's polished (but affected) technique. The story waddles along like a blubbery sideshow freak, wheezing and gasping for air. Any scientificational geegaws, futuristic references, etc., are merely window dressing to a skeletal plot of familiar and ancient vintage which, in this instance, sinks into quicksand. Looks like this one is 90% title.

The Graveyard Heart: Takes place in a world in which money can buy cold storage, so that a poor man might age much while the girl he lusts for ages very little. Of course there is much, much more to the idea than that.

It is very well written and is SF; it is far superior in all respects to the three other tales in this volume. This Roger Zelazny production is well worth the price of the book, which is recommended specifically because of this minor classic.

Masterson & the Clerks: This is well and cleverly written by John T. Sladek, quite enjoyable in parts, but doesn't come across as SF (which as one of "Four contemporary classics of science fiction" -- referring to the cover blurb -- it is supposed to be). It is contemporary -- the word "fuck" occurs in the initial paragraph, and we eventually learn that Masterson himself is an accident, conceived as the result of a malfunctioning contraceptive device.

Fact is, I thought this whole thing was too silly for words.

The Asian Shore: Another well written story -- a low-key fantasy by Thomas M. Disch. An American living in Istanbul changes in a way that has become increasingly obvious, well before the end, to the reader. Schizophrenia triumphant, you might say. As is, pretty good.

Oh hell -- buy the book. You don't read only SF, anyway.

-----Ed Connor.

DARK PIPER, by Andre Norton.  
(Ace 13795, 60¢)

Reviewed by Ted Pauls

This novel represents something of a departure for Miss Norton, and while it is admittedly dangerous to attribute pretentious motives to such an author, I strongly suspect that "Dark Piper" constitutes a conscious attempt to write a novel on a different and higher level than her normal output. The tone of this book is different; the theme is more substantial; the characters are more somberly and fully drawn.

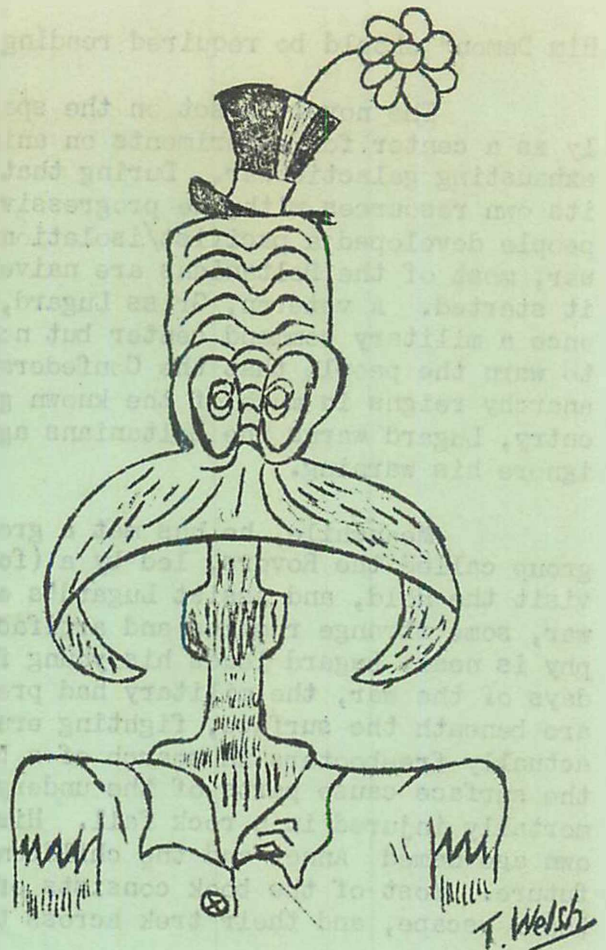
The most apparent difference of "Dark Piper" is in the manner in which it opens. The usual Norton novel begins on a thud-and-blunder note that instantly identifies it as an action/adventure story and, moreover, is frequently so cliché-ridden that it takes the reader 30 or 40 pages to overcome his initial bad impression and begin to appreciate the superb competence of the author. The novel at hand opens on a different and more subdued note:

"I have heard it stated that a Zexro tape will last forever. But even a second generation now may find nothing worth treasuring in our story.

Of our own company, Dinan, and perhaps Gytha, who now work on the storage of all the old off-world records may continue to keep such a history of our times. But we do not run our reader now except for a pressing need for technical information, since no one knows how long its power pack will last. Therefore, this tape may keep its message locked for a long time unless, ages from now, those off-world do remember our colony and come seeking to learn its fate, or unless there shall arise here people able to rebuild machines that have died for want of proper repairs."

There is in both the words and the tone a sense of sadness and tragedy, which prevails throughout "Dark Piper." There is also, I think, a subtle beauty in the narrative style established by this opening paragraph. It has always been one of Andre Norton's strengths as a writer that she can create self-consistent first-person narrative styles that are at once recognizably (if subtly) "alien" to this time and place yet familiar enough to be easily read, and in this instance she has chosen one particularly suited to the somber tone of the book.

"Dark Piper" is not by any means a complete success. There are some glaring deficiencies. For one thing, several key facts which surprise and shock the characters have been perfectly apparent to the reader long before the sections in which they are revealed. Sometimes in a first-person narrative this is done deliberately, and can be quite effective, but it is clear, I think, in this case, that what is not known by the characters is also not supposed to be known by the readers — but is. There is also some problem with the characterization. Most of the characters in the novel are children. The characterization is sufficiently effective that most of them are believable as characters, but they are only sporadically believable as children. (Miss Norton is hardly alone in this failing. Very few writers of speculative fiction have succeeded in effectively characterizing children. Henry Kuttner's "Call



Him Demon" should be required reading for any author making the attempt.)

The novel is set on the sparsely inhabited planet Beltane, important largely as a center for experiments on animal mutation, after the conclusion of a long and exhausting galactic war. During that war, Beltane had become largely dependant upon its own resources with the progressive deterioration of interplanetary trade, and its people developed a pacifist/isolationist attitude. Now, with the conclusion of the war, most of the Beltanians are naively expecting things to be as they were before it started. A veteran, Griss Lugard, returns to Beltane as the owner of Butte Hold, once a military command center but now an abandoned fortress of no value. He tries to warn the people that the Confederation has been exhausted by the war and that anarchy reigns in much of the known galaxy. When refugee ships show up requesting entry, Lugard warns the Beltanians against allowing them to land, but of course they ignore his warning.

Meanwhile, he has met a group of children organized into a pseudo-Scout group called the Rovers, led by a (forest) Ranger cadet named Vere Collis. They visit the Hold, and assist Lugard's exploration of nearby caves in which, before the war, some strange remains and artifacts were found. When he believes that catastrophe is near, Lugard leads his young friends deep into a cave which, in the early days of the war, the military had prepared for use as a command shelter. While they are beneath the surface, fighting erupts between the Beltanians and refugees, who are actually freebooters in search of a base. Shock waves from the immense explosions on the surface cause parts of the underground labyrinth to cave in, and Griss Lugard is mortally injured in a rock fall. His death leaves Vere, a girl of approximately his own age named Annet and the children trapped in the cave and alone to face the future. Most of the book consists of their adventures in the underground caverns, their escape, and their trek across the surface bereft of friendly life.

It is as an adventure story that "Dark Piper" succeeds. This is what Andre Norton does best, and she does it very well indeed. There are some memorable action sequences in this novel, and the smooth, competent writing we have come to expect of Norton. Its deficiencies do not really impinge on it at this level, and so "Dark Piper" can be recommended as an extremely pleasant way to spend a couple of hours.

-----Ted Pauls.

He also reviews

TOMORROW 1, Edited by Robert Hoskins.  
(Signet #T4663, 75¢)

Anthologists seem sometimes to respond to what is either a commercial or more likely a deep-seated emotional need to justify their compilations by postulating a grand, unifying "theme." The simple truth, that a publisher commissioned the editor to fill a volume with some science fiction that deserved reprinting, never seems to be enough. Thus, "Tomorrow 1," by Robert Hoskins, an anthology that obviously exists for no other reason than that Signet told Hoskins to select a book's worth of decent SF novelettes, but which the editor feels the necessity of orienting around some thematic focal point (you'll pardon the expression). That theme is the science fiction story as predictor of tomorrow. It's a harmless enough peg on which to hang them, and since something like 94.8% of all the SF ever written constitutes "visions of tomorrow," Hoskins can hardly be accused of narrowly limiting himself in choice of material. But was it really necessary?

One might, for that matter, ask: Was the anthology itself really necessary? With most of the science fiction that has ever been written to choose from, one has a right to expect the five selections to be sparkling gems of quality. Instead, they are, merely, five somewhat better than average novelettes, surely worth 75¢ to

readers who have missed them in earlier incarnations, but in the larger (dare I say artistic?) sense hardly worth a book.

"The Civilization Game," by Clifford Simak, is an interesting idea, handled reasonably well within the bounds of Simak's known limitations (most notably his tin ear for dialogue and the general superficiality of his characterization). John D. MacDonald's "Trojan Horse Laugh," the oldest story in the volume (having appeared in Astounding in 1949), is easily the best piece of fiction, despite its schmaltzy ending. Compelling action, enough ideas for a full-length novel, and some skillful (though of necessity cursory) character development. Then there's "The End of the Line," an early effort by James H. Schmitz, which leaves several really excellent ideas underdeveloped but is well-done and eminently readable. Poul Anderson's "Territory" is one of the best of the Nicholas van Rijn stories, though like all of them it is unbalanced by the dominance of the personality of van Rijn, the most loveable fascist pig in literature. It also suffers from an unfortunately "cute" ending. Finally, there is "The Sickness" by William Tenn, a sharply written tale of a joint US-USSR expedition to Mars, daring at the time it was written (in the depths of 1955), somewhat cliché-ridden in retrospect. A good story, even so.

All five of them are good stories, and I suppose that is sufficient justification for anthologizing them in this volume. But I'm certain that Hoskins could fill anthologies up to "Tomorrow 32" with equally good stories from the past quarter-century of SF. Who knows, he may be planning to....

-----Ted Pauls.

SNEAK PREVIEW, by Robert Bloch.  
(Paperback Library/64-660/75¢/August 1971/192 pp.)

Reviewed by The Editor

After a devastating global war, mankind exists in domes, protected from further mass-aberrations by the Psychos. But in time radiation reduction makes life feasible outside the domes and a rebel group has grown, evolving in a way calculated to take over from the hierarchy.

Probably the most potent weapon of the rebels is their knowledge of how the state "disposes" of the "socially secured" (persons reaching the age of 50), who, as far as the populace is concerned, are flown south to live out their lives in retirement domes. For the revolution to succeed the truth of this must reach the masses; it does, and all who like conventional SF will enjoy the book's ending.

Bloch has a knack of adding humor which can best be described as "underplayed." He has cleverly applied this skill to this masterfully-crafted novel. While its basic plot is far from new, it is given a setting which is uniquely Bloch.

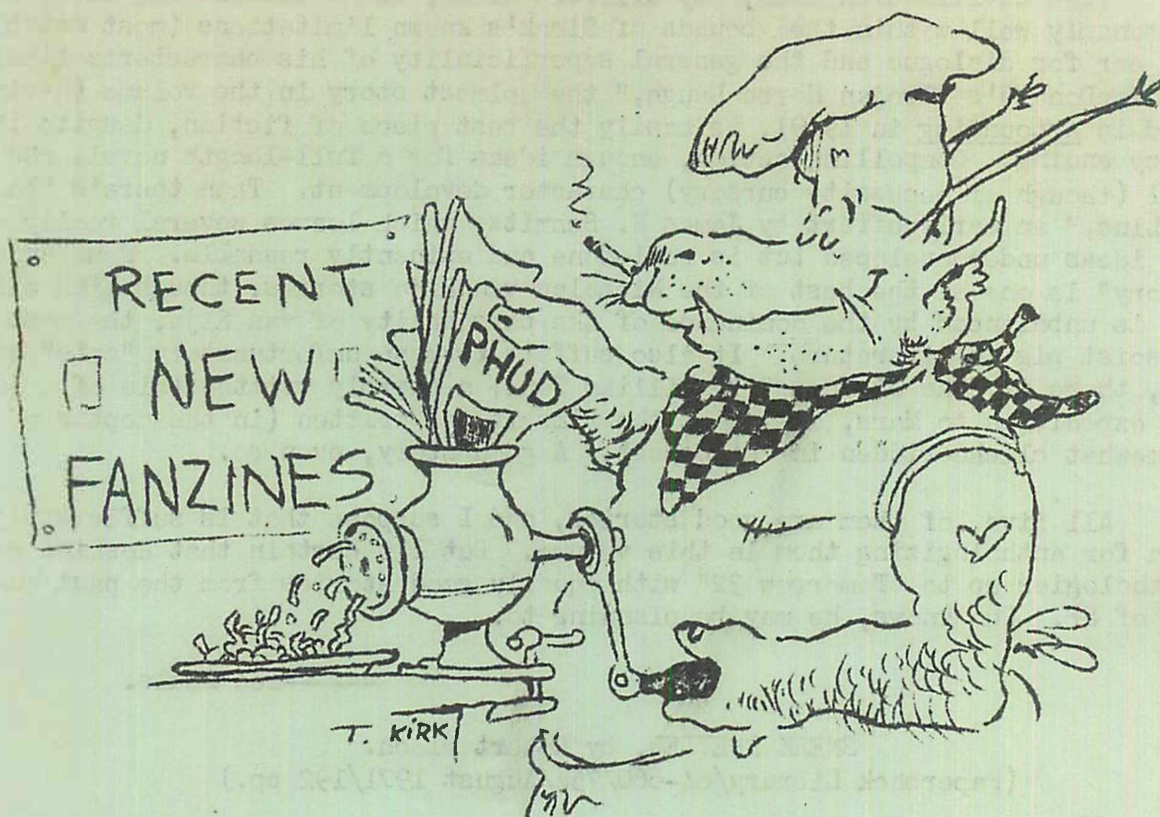
-----Ed Connor.

OUT OF SPACE AND TIME (20 stories), by Clark Ashton Smith. Each volume \$1.75  
LOST WORLDS (23 stories), by Clark Ashton Smith. (about \$4.30 U.S.)  
(Neville Spearman Publishers Ltd., 112 Whitfield St., London W1P 6DP - England.)

These two volumes are the first of five planned by this publisher. U.K. readers now have the opportunity to obtain a complete range of Smith's works including all originally reprinted by Arkham House.

Smith's talent was so far-reaching that it is hard to imagine any lover of the macabre or fantastic tale who will not like much of this material. Even SF is represented.... The author's imagination will carry you to new horizons, soothe the appetite of even the most jaded aficionado. Get the idea? Get the books!

-----Ed Connor.



TELLUS-INTERNATIONAL #1: Gerd Hallenberger/D-3550 Marburg/Alter Kirchhainer Weg 52/ West-Germany. Published irregularly in English by the S-F Club Deutschland. Price: \$1.80 U.S. or 65p British or DM 6,00 or equivalent, for 10 issue subscription. Includes 6 pp. with an introduction by Dieter Steinseifer, a listing of the many current German fanzines, a story of a trip to the SFCD convention in Vienna and miscellaneous news. Recommended for all who desire a fanzine from Germany that they can easily read...and enjoy.

KOYOTL #2: Ken Fletcher, 1501 Breda Ave., St. Paul, Minn. 55108. (14pp., dittoed, available for trades, locs and, as a last resort, money.) Very neatly produced by an accomplished artisan. (As is KAZOO! 3 which mainly holds the enjoyable tale of a trip to Milwaukee. When you write to Ken, demand both pubs.)

XRYMPH #2: Norman Hochberg (address page 43) & Louis Stathis. (25¢ or stamps, trades, contribs, lengthy letters.) Hochberg looks over seven of Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s books in an excellent but too brief review. There are quite a few fictional works and several letters. And the editorial in which is explained Xrymph's use of amateur fiction.

PLACEBO #1: Barry Smotroff, 147-53 71st. Road, Flushing, N.Y. 11367; Moshe Milton Feder, 142-34 Booth Memorial Ave., Flushing, N.Y. 11355. (25¢, quarterly, limit on subs to 4 issues; also available for contribs, locs, art, all-for-all trades with copies of your fanzines to each of the 2 editors.) Hmm...what can I say except that it is a typical first issue? I'm sure, tho, that if the zine is continued, it'll improve. Thish has 16 pages of stuff—practically all editorially written, including a review of the book "Islandia." Very promising....

GARUDA #1: Terry Ballard, 1204 W. 5th St., #10, Tempe, Arizona 85281. (20¢, trades, blackmail, etc., etc.) Hmm...what can I say? I dunno...the artwork is better than in Entropion. Uh...repro is by the ditto method. Contents include a report on Mythcon II, book reviews, an article by Bill Patterson concerning the J.J. Pierce—Justin St. John differences, etc. Worth the 20¢.

ENTROPION 3: Nick Shears, 52 Garden Way, Northcliff Ext. 4, Johannesburg, Rep. of South Africa. (30¢, 4/\$1 or trades, Locs, blood transfusions, etc.) Includes some art by Terry Jeeves, letters and written material (don't be entirely misled by the juvenile doodlings throughout). The "Belgian Fandom" piece by Julien Raasveld is short but good.

CYNIC 3: A. Graham Boak/6, Hawks Road/Kingston-upon-Thames/Surrey 1KT 3EG/England. Can be had for a reasonable amount of money, indecent fannish proposals, trades, etc. Contains a curious piece about Icarus and Daedalus, "Aircrash—Antiquity," in which the ill-fated flight of this pair is examined in a manner similar to that employed in present-day air crashes. Letters and fanzine reviews, etc., round out the ish. Cynic is now well established and worth getting.

OLJETO #2: Bill Waters, 837 Lorraine, Springfield, Ill. 62704. (Quarterly, 3/\$1, offset.) An excellent technical production. This issue focuses on fiction, altho there is a very knowledgeable look at Arthur C. Clarke and his "2001."

THE DIPPLE CHRONICLE #2: Richard S. Denyo/207 Center St./Jim Thorpe/Penna. 18229. (Quarterly, 50¢, 4/\$2, offset, 26 pp.) Several pages of reviews, five or so pages of intelligent editorial comments, plus assorted pieces of prose and poetry (including one of the former & two of the latter by Roger Zelazny), form the contents. Well done.

GEGENSCHEIN #2: Eric B. Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave., Faulconbridge, N.S.W. 2776, Australia. (Trade, Loc, 25¢, etc.) 24 pages, well executed. Quite a few reviews, letters, a couple of articles.

QUICKSILVER #2: Malcolm Edwards/236, King's College/Cambridge, CB2 1ST/England. (40¢, 6/\$2 — U.K. 10p, 6/50p. Also available for trades, contris, etc.) This issue 46 pp. Includes the text of a Thomas Disch talk given to the Cambridge U. SF Soc'y plus a James Blish talk-text from a C.U.sfs meeting. Both items substantial and interesting. There are reviews, etc. All in all a fairly serious atmosphere, rather remindful of Speculation. The third ish of this fine zine's overdue....

WOMBAT #2: Ron L. Clarke (address page 42). (Can be had for contributions, trades, Locs.) The best ingredient is the tale of a French-Canadian student's journey through Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos and Thailand on the way to Australia (map included). Several pages of letters, the same of poetry, an odd thingee by Bert Chandler, and the beginning of an offbeat tour of Sydney, presumably by Ron himself, round out the issue.

OXYTOCIC #4: Michael T. Shoemaker, 2123 N. Early St., Alexandria, Va. 22301. (Price—two bits, maybe. Dittoed, 14 pp.; contributions, including artwork, are asked for.) Contains "A Thematic Index of Stanley G. Weinbaum" by the editor, reviews, several interesting short bits. This is the first issue I've seen. (Ordinarily I only consider "new" zines as including up to the third ish.)

COVER #1: Jeff Schalles (address page 34). However, better not use that address. Instead, use Jeff's home address: 173 McClellan Dr., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15236. Last I heard Jeff was planning to quit school, but mayhap he'll complete the semester or whatever it is they have at G.C.C. The fanzine, at last: Price 40¢, 3/\$1, trades, useable artwork, written articles, Locs, unusual & heroic insults, etc. No fiction or reviews. A really good issue, with spotty repro (which Jeff says he has ended). This issue is almost gone so make haste if you want in on the underground floor....



HO BOY!  
THERE'S SOME  
REALLY DELICIOUS  
FANS IN HERE!

LOCOL

Annemarie Kindt Liked Moebius Trip immensely, as usual. Specially the interview  
Mispelstraat 29 with Frederick Pohl. Opinions of US-authors don't easily filter  
Den Haag. 2025 through over here, so every scrap of information about them in the  
Netherlands fanzines I miserly collect.

I adored Terry Jeeves' "Psi No More", but can't agree with his premise re buttered toast. The Law of the attraction of eatable bodies clearly states: "The odds that a piece of buttered and jammed toast falls face-down are directly proportional to the hunger of the preparer/prospective eater of said toast".

Your editorial: I can understand the feelings about Mario Bosnyak winning Taff, but please let nobody forget that Mario was only enabled to attend in St Louis in order to bid for Heicon '70, an event that most european fans felt (and still feel) very strongly about. If he hadn't been there the first real International Worldcon might still be an utopia! Anyway most fans who know Mario, know it couldn't have happened to a better and worthier fan. Your suggestion for alteration of the rules seems reasonable, but it would be a disadvantage for people who have experienced a sharp "decline in fortune" since they last attended a con, and even, unlikely perhaps, for immigrants either side of the ocean...\*1\*

\*1\* Personally, I wouldn't want to see the Taff rules (if there are any besides what one sees on the voting forms) become overly complicated. Even so, one can't help wondering if it is any longer possible for fandom in general to amend them (for any reason that might someday arise). Fortunately, things have progressed pretty well for Taff and only worthy individuals like Mario have won.

\*\*\*\*\*

Cy Chauvin  
17829 Peters  
Roseville, Mich.48066

...Paul Walker did a rather good job with his interview with Fred Pohl. Sometimes I think that the sf writers that began working in the fifties are neglected to a great degree -- fans tend to look up to the Old Pro Giants, the almost semi-legendary figures like Isaac Asimov, Robert Heinlein, Arthur C. Clarke, etc., that began working maybe 3 decades ago, and the newer, younger, writers of the moment, like Zelazny, Delany, etc. But not so much the in-betweeners, like Fred Pohl, Robert Sheckley, Alfred Bester, etc. Like -- what's happened to them?

Also, it struck me that Fred Pohl is the only unemployed editor around who, I think, might be able to take over ANALOG now that Campbell is gone. At least, I think he is the only one who could do justice to it and satisfy the desires of all the various types of sf fans. But John Campbell's death marks the end of an era, and while I must admit I didn't like much of ANALOG these last few years, I'm sad to see

it go.

Very nice repro, Ed, especially since illos are only traced; wish you could use larger print & fiber-paper, tho. Nice article by Glycer;.... P.S. I agree with your comments re: TAFF.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sam Long           ...Ro Pardoe's article on sea serpents had some facts that were new  
Box 401           to me; I only wish she had disguised her Gravesian iconotropy a lit-  
AP0 - NY 09378   tle better. As for myself, I read the myth she alludes to in her  
                  third paragraph as follows: The dragon is a serpent, i.e., a wind  
                  deity that is in Tiamat's breath or spirit. It is a sea serpent because she is a  
                  sea-goddess.

Long live Norstrilian fandom!

Several of your letters elicited comments from me, but I think I'll confine my written remarks to Mae Strelkov's letter, and suggest to her that her fixation of PL is more profound than she thinks. B and L were the first two letters of the ancient Irish alphabet, and B and P and V are all closely related letters. Robert Graves in The White Goddess goes into this in detail; I suggest she read it. Avalon means "Apple-island" and it's probably no coincidence that Apollo and apple sound so much alike: apple is the fruit of immortality. The Ra expeditions have shown that Old World culture could have migrated across the Atlantic. Need we then be surprised that Old- and New-world myths show strong parallels?

\*\*\*\*\*

Jack Wodhams       ...you may be feeling depressed, and anything can be better than  
P.O.Box 48       nothing. So we shall discourse upon depression.  
Caboolture       Depression is an unreasonable thing, and is quite self-  
Queensland 4510   induced, you know. We can become much more depressed if someone  
Australia       fails to notice us and our piddlings, than we might, say, over an  
                  earthquake in Chile. Unless we happen to be in Chile at the time.  
Foolish young ladies have been known to commit suicide, not because some tyrant is grinding in the faces of the poor in Haiti, but unsimply because a boyfriend may have gone off with another.

A very subjective and interesting matter is depression. To a greater or lesser degree we all suffer bouts wherein we become highly conscious of just how much unloved we are. From time to time fanzine editors surely hardly experience a variety of doldrum inferior to that of others, hm? Writers, particularly, because articulation is their business, incline to unhesitance in giving voice to their dolor under this accursed affliction, and depression would seem to be a handmaiden of the arts. Composers, musicians, painters, many have known agonies from this mental malady, and even though wee midget our mind may be, we are in good company when we despond overwhelmingly.

Becoming achingly depressed, as sometimes I know, I could wish for a mightier clamor of appreciation than what presently strains my ears in hush to discern. Yet just why anyone should appreciate me more than Ed Connor, or Mervyn Barrett, or old Will Scuggs next door, is patently not easy to fathom -- to then be of dubious value when plumbed. How is appreciation to be conveyed? If we clap too long our hands hurt, and we do have our own lives to lead in the meantime. Recognition, we all want it, and if we taste it we hunger for more, ever for more, never to be satiated, even till applause should be deafening. Then, to escape, we might run, to lock ourself into a soundproof room, exhausted, panting, knowing the most extreme and wildest of fortune and success -- to quiveringly squat upon the floor and lose ourself to despair. Sic transit Marilyn Monroe.

It is all quite droll, really. Writers, sensitive souls, can translate their own personal depression, extrapolate it and, from a subjective gloom, can compose the forecasts of woe and doom that we encounter so frequently in print. We may sometimes wonder just how much of Jeremiah was prophecy, and how much was his morale-sapping contribution to bring his prognostications to their direful conclusions.

As with other writers, the question of doom has been of concern to me -- but to defeat as a bugbear of negative connotation. At least 99% of doom tales have overtones of self-pity, along with an unrelieved apathy that is fostered by a sense of

the inevitability of the ultimate collapse of humanity. Depressing and unnecessary. Why anyone should worry more about the futuristic annihilation of the globe, than to be primarily anxious to ensure personal survival in today's traffic, is a definition to defy either case to have pre-eminence in magnitude.

At last now, in my latest book, BARJ, just finished, a mortal blow has been struck against doom. Here doom, in a practical way, is shown to be doomed. You see, there is no such animal. However, whether the abolition of doom will make us less depressed or not is a moot point that time alone may resolve. Is it to be a good thing to realize that we never die? Think about it. And if we should live forever, how would you arrange to keep life interesting? It can be done, it has been done, and the result is very ingenious and apparent.

Think about it.\*1\* A world without doom. This, do you think, might give us cause for jubilation? Just perhaps so, just perhaps a little. We can hope so, anyway.

And with these somewhat enigmatic titillations, completely elaborated and explained in BARJ, I will bid you adieu, Mr. C. Chin up, lad. Remember, you cannot enjoy doom if you're dead.

\*1\* For one thing, if you were born into a society where everyone lived forever, you would probably be schooled with that end in mind.

No doom? Not even the possibility of murder? Well, if I knew that I had something like a stream of new bodies -- a la van Vogt's Gilbert Gosseyn -- awaiting me, worry on that score would tend toward the minimal...and if everyone else -- including our little four-footed, etc., pets (and why not all the wildlife, too -- killing can be so depressing) -- is also to be without doom, there is indeed much to think about....

\*\*\*\*\*

Mike Kring  
P.O.Box 626  
Sabinal, Tx.78831

...Your columns are all pretty good (tho I'm starting to hate book reviews, 'cause there ain't no way in the world I can find  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the books reviewed down in this beautiful fannish wilderness. (Beautiful, hell!) It took me over a year before I found a copy

of DUNE....

I saved my comment on the article/editorial about Philip Jose Farmer. I never was (and I'm still not) a big fan of Farmer's but the article was so well-written, it made me half-way like Farmer-the-writer. I've got merely one question: If Farmer is so obviously talented (and he is) why is he wasting his time on bad imitations of Tarzan and Doc Savage? They're not even satires, merely rehashing the same type of plot in a different, bloodier, sexier context (tho they are better written than the originals, I will admit). Why doesn't he ask Bantam or the ERB estate for permission to write an up-to-date version of either of them?

\*\*\*\*\*

Perry A. Chapdelaine  
Rt. 4 Box 137  
Franklin, Tenn.37064

...I am partial to Fred Pohl ever since he bought my first story and began teaching me to write. I am also partial to him since he visited my Computer Assisted Instruction laboratory here in Nashville, and gave us one of his splendid, free lectures. I am also partial to him because, excepting the late John W. Campbell, he has no equal in the SF scene for his perspicacity, intellectual honesty, humanity, and general all around ability.

So naturally I was partial to the Paul Walker article on Fred Pohl.

And it all sounded soooo much like Fred.

Mike Glycer's article came through better on this reading than his original draft mailed to me long before. Frankly I thought he did a very good job and should be congratulated for using his trained historical perspective on SF. I wonder how many realize the man-hours Mike must have put in to research his article. I'd shudder to think of doing likewise. His points were well made, and he's rapidly approaching a good essayist with just a tinge of wild-eyed Campbellian just now and then.

Good show!

Gee! Send Mae Strelkov an airmail letter for her promised defense of me. I've never before had anyone defend me. It would be an unusual experience, a new experience, and certainly of interest to me, if no one else....

Gene Wolfe  
27 Betty Drive  
Hamilton, Ohio 45013

The Pohl interview was good (wouldn't it have been nice if Theodosius could have read the answer to Question 1) though, not surprisingly, I found myself in no better than partial agreement with most of the opinions Pohl expressed.

Like yourself I got a copy of Leland Sapiro's abominable snowman magazine, I suppose because he (Sapiro, not the yeti) read "Sweet Forest Maid" in F&SF. If that Dick Kyle letter is not a hoax I've never seen one. And I believe in the ABS.

If I may step -- somewhat late -- into the saucer thing, I would say that as western science is presently constituted only two sorts of evidence are acceptable. The first is that which may be confirmed at will -- either because it is a matter of nearly incessant occurrence (i.e. thunderstorms, volcanism) or can be readily reproduced in the laboratory. The second is that amenable to simple hypotheses. If saucers exist they come under neither heading, and until they do they will be ignored, as meteors and the migration of birds were for hundreds of years. To anyone who hasn't read it I recommend Passport to Magonia; and to those to whom it has not already occurred the theory that the saucer crews are not XTs but time travelers -- it fits their behaviour far better in most cases.\*1\*

\*1\* It does seem to. (Evidently, tho, it has been too farfetched a concept for most "contactees" to accept, since I can't recall reading about any such fabrication in the flood of little green men, kidnappings, messages, etc., etc.) Serious consideration of historical and contemporary UFO visitation gives definite indication of some very probably authentic entities of a more advanced nature than Earth's present inhabitants. Whether they're from near or afar, time manipulation might very well be their bag. But of course that might limit the maneuverability of the entities themselves, likely in ways we can barely begin to guess....

\*\*\*\*\*

John J. Alderson  
Havelock, Vic. 3465  
Australia.

The Loch Ness Monster is an old friend. I have seen a radar photograph of it and I have lived around Loch Ness where the people are convinced of its existence. There can be very little doubt of its existence and it may even have been pictured on one of the Pictish symbol stones.

Is any population control (other than used by individuals of their own free choice) necessary. Bernal in his recently published four volume history, Science in History was emphatic that it was not necessary, and would not be necessary for several centuries. As he points out, not one tenth of the world's arable land is at present in production. What he did not point out is that only one quarter of the arable land of Britain as compared to a century ago is being used, nor did he point out that one fifth of Common Market farmers are to leave the land and one fifth of the land must revert to nature -- due to overproduction. Nor did he mention that every Australian farmer growing food (excepting beef and mutton) are on quotas and for the latter the price stops most mutton production. With the land now in production we could feed the world comfortably. Without serious worry we could use unused but fertile well-watered land to feed ten times the population. Intelligent use of the sea could dispense with land use totally.

Secondly the huge birthrate is illusionary, or rather the rise in babies reaching maturity. We went through this a century ago so that families naturally dropped from seven or eight to an average of less than three and, taken over the West, is reasonably stationary. Undeveloped countries suddenly given medical aid that is allowing almost all the children to reach maturity is allowing the population to increase. But it will naturally drop. It is of interest that a city of 30,000 just reproduces itself, beneath it the population rises, above it it must be sustained by migrants. This observation is also borne out by experiments with animals in closed ecologies. There is a natural level above which a population will not rise and it is not based on available food.

The real killer is that man is poisoning his own world. That is something real and tangible that we can and must do something about. Or again, if we don't we will not need population control, it will poison itself back to a level where nature and not brains will keep the earth fit to live in. This has happened before.

\*\*\*\*\*

Paul Anderson  
21 Mulga Rd.,  
Hawthorndene,  
South Aust. 5051  
Australia

..lately I have been a bit pressed for time being in the middle of studies and also finding time to get a SF club at the local Uni off the ground. Still we have not been doing too badly in our fund-raising activities to finance a SF library of the titles that the Aust. distributor does not seem to want to distribute to the stands like US SF books and copies of the SF and horror movie magazines.

The usual quota of Films and Filming is about 3 copies for the lucky stands and they go in the morning of the day that they are on sale. This time just because it was a special issue and could reasonably be expected to sell a lot quicker they cut the supply instead of the logical thing of increasing the supply to meet the expected demand! At the moment they are doing something that is very interesting to the Doves in Aust. The Bantam edition of The Pentagon Papers is on sale to the suckers who are willing to pay the exorbitant price. I may have bought a copy out of curiosity after the recent publicity but I took one look at the US price and then quickly put it back. The American price was marked at \$2.25 or roughly the equivalent of \$A2 and this would be reduced by their buying the books at wholesale prices and that margin would pay for the cost of freight on each book, or so one might expect. But no; the price that they have seen fit to charge is \$A4.50 or \$US5 — a mere 133-1/3% mark-up on the original retail price. After this I will not believe those people that say that there is no profit in war. Although there may be a more sordid motive in the increase as what student has the money to shell out \$4.50 on any book that they do not need for study....

\*\*\*\*\*

Bob Smith  
1/64 Elouera Road  
Cronulla, NSW, 2230  
Australia.

... Having been a projectionist for twenty-seven years to date I am inclined to suspect that William Bliss is having himself on. Damn right there is that "special something" in the projection booth air as the last reel nears its end — another day's work is over! And if my machines sound subtly different I start sniffing around...any time. Bliss also appears to suffer from that common mistake that the projectionist becomes wrapped up in the film he is showing, and most of us tend to get over that sort of thing around year two of being a spool boy. The other common fallacy is that because the audience goes to the movies to be entertained the projectionist lives and works in some kind of semi-hedonistic environment. Yeah. On nostalgia: I can get that way about some of the dear old projection equipment I have worked with over the years, but rarely the films I have shown.

"Personally" or not, I really think that Steve Carrigan should explain just



why he thinks Australia is not "ready" for the Worldcon, and there are an awful lot of people who appear to think we are likely to get one. Recent copies of CHECKPOINT do not indicate that BritFandom is "dying," but an attitude like his sure as hell doesn't help. And I can get nostalgic about the "old" NEW WORLDS, too...great stuff and times, they was. But then I also have a soft spot for the old AUTHENTIC SF.

One way of looking at what mankind and his increasing population is doing to the planet (to comment on part of John Piggott's letter) is the good ol' ecological cycle: too many people, not enough food (for all), and in not very many years the population will rapidly fall to an existable level, because the rest will be dead. And then, presumably, Man, purged of the incredible blunders He has made, will (over the centuries) think up some new ways of eliminating Himself. So Mankind will not end, but merely go through some savage pruning, over and over again.

\*\*\*\*\*

Leigh Edmonds ...The question of population control is an interesting one even if it  
P.O.Box 74, is liable to cause a bad attack of the "depressions." ((HUH??))  
Balaclava, I feel that it may already be too late to stop the growth, even if  
Victoria 3183 firm action was taken all over the world. There are not going to be  
Australia any measures taken to control the raising birth rate so that things  
which are in a bad way now will only become desperate and critical in  
a few years time. There isn't going to be any sort of humane answer to the problem  
and if we are lucky it will probably be solved naturally by epidemics, plagues and  
things on an immense scale. If we are unlucky it will be solved by mammoth wars in  
which large percentages of the world's population are wiped out. The whole thing  
won't be very pretty but if the people who are taking part in these wars can stop  
themselves from completely ruining the surface of the earth things should be a lot  
better after it is all over.

Actually I believe that something like a gigantic war would be a lot better for the survival of the human race than the squalor which we shall all have to live in if nothing happens and we are forced to crowd together until the quality of life is so low that there isn't any quality at all.

The one hope I have about all this is that none of it happens to me, that if there is a war in my lifetime it doesn't affect me too strongly. By and large I am greatly concerned about the state of humanity but when it all comes down to the, dare I use the word, "nitty-gritty," what I am concerned about are the lives of a very few friends and, most of all, my own life. By the way, I dare anybody else to say anything else with complete honesty....

\*\*\*\*\*



Eric Lindsay  
6 Hillcrest Ave.,  
Faulconbridge,  
N.S.W. 2776  
Australia.

...so FIAWOL is an escape from reality — so what. Why this masochistic regard for reality. Yes, you have to live in the real world, but is this good. Do the realistic people who make fortunes manufacturing or trading or etc. have a better life than the penniless faned (and a lot of Australian faneds are just that — not me I admit, but then I haven't been a faned for long)? I think not, for what is real and fine and worth doing is that you generate yourself, not that imposed by outside society. Now you can claim that this is selfish, but how much concern does society as a whole have for humanity? I think it has little concern. Look at the support that charities have, look at the forefront of society's development — bigger weapons, space flight — big deal! Who is worried about the individual? Not society as a whole, no it is busy with turnpikes and dollars....

Nice to see someone dealing seriously with Farmer — I enjoy his writing but he seems somewhat neglected in the fanzines I read....

\*\*\*\*\*

Ed Cagle - Route #1  
Leon, Ks. 67074

Your interruption of Ted Pauls' eruption of KING KOBOLD admiration left no doubt as to your feelings about the review and the book, and despite the fact that I more or less agree with you .. I could have done without both. Now, there's yet another unnecessary statement of opinion brought on by unworthy words.\*1\*

...Brazier...had a few things to say about the lack of SF in some SF anthologies, and I suppose I agree with him that some strange stories break out here and there. Is it really so important for all the yarns in an anthology labeled SF to be exactly what he terms SF? Why? Maybe another reader would disagree, and then who is to decide? I think we should worry — if that's the proper term — about whether or not the stories in an anthology are reasonably readable. That's where I begin to doubt the wisdom of buying anthologies. Buy a few mainstream collections, Donn, and be surprised at the number of SF yarns you'll find. That's a welcome surprise!

...If Bill Wolfenbarger would allow, I could very well take his Letter To Lobo as being written to me. A few of us are, as Bill says: "wholly and truly (in love) with the woods." Good on you, Bill. And the next time you go to the woods, take Sturgeon along. That's where he reads the best. You might even plant a tree while you're there, to be sure there will always be paper to print on. Every little bit helps.

\*1\* It really was brought on by the (then) hot weather, which I loathe. (Thank Cthulhu I'm not a drunkard or a head — no telling what I'd put into M.T.)

\*\*\*\*\*

Michael D. Glycer  
14974 Osceola St.  
Sylmar, Ca. 91345

Strangely, MT is the only fanzine I've ever been able to read (incl. LOCUS and FECAL POINT) right on through. Not only because I had something in it; MT 8 was every bit as smooth-going and readable. You do a magnificent job in pacing/balancing the fare you print. The well-written, relaxed nature of the fanish matter makes up for the slam-bang information challenge of "serious" articles.

...The interview with Pohl, Jeeves' story, and Donn Brazier are excellent. They are, where intended, sardonic, serious, or philosophical or humorous, each characteristic in harmony with others.

I wish I could say the same for the book reviews, but it's my view that to have Ted Pauls and Paul Walker open their big guns on tin-roofed hootches like The Noblest Experiment in the Galaxy and King Kobold can only lead to a disappointing book review. When Pauls and Walker go into "surgery," probing beneath the surfaces of the books they've read, they can come up with criticisms on how such-and-such a book answered the questions of the age, or approached perfection. But when reviewing books that have as much matter beneath their surfaces for probing as a balloon has, all you find is someone trying to answer "Why is Man" with a Mickey Mouse cartoon. All one ends up with is a plot synopsis and either an excuse for or damnation of the book. To the point, you can't get a good book review out of a bad book. So why try?

...Momentarily getting back to FOTOAD ((Mike's article in M.T.#9)): I said 3-D TV would be an impossibility. According to my father (who works for NBC and

ought to know) RCA is now developing TV with perspective. I don't know when they'll get it, but my statement is disproven anyway.

\*1\* In your reference to Mr. Katz's fine 'zine, FOCAL POINT: I realize he was once a bit harsh (overly harsh, probably) on your fanzine, but why not forget it? You might get a few laughs by saying FECAL POINT, but probably from the same jerks who laughed at Arnie's anti-Glyer remarks. In most quarters, you'll only get demerits, which often tend to be considerably less ephemeral than guffaws.

\*\*\*\*\*

Terry Jeeves  
230 Bannerdale Rd.  
Sheffield S11 9FE  
England, U.K.

...I thoroughly enjoyed the Fred Pohl interview, and thought his answers to what in several examples, were stupid questions, proved to have far more sense than such questions. F'r instance... "what good are knowledge and power to a man if they do not eradicate violence, repression and industrial filth..." Well for openers, k & p can be very good for a man if they benefit him, even at the expense of his contemporaries...but this is just a quibble. Taking what the question meant... i.e. men collectively, rather than an individual. k & p benefit all men (apart from dictators etc) if they reduce by ONE TINY LITTLE SMIDGIN...violence, repression etc. To heck with eradicating them...that job awaits the millenium. Let's settle for a small gradual improvement brought about by increasing knowledge and power. Furthermore, k&p don't come into the case on either side, unless they affect for good or evil, the violence etc. Yep, I enjoyed this piece...and came out strongly pro-Pohl. Which is surprising as although I like his stories (Gentlest Unpeople is one of my all-time favorites) I do NOT like Galaxy these days.

Michael Glyer's article was also highly readable. Strangely though, despite the fact that I agree entirely with his premise...that s-f has a bum record of prediction, I found the postulates he put forward tended to rub me up. For a start, s-f doesn't pretend to predict...rather it sets out to explore what might happen given a certain set of circumstances. This might include prophecy...but this is only an offshoot. Then Michael says Tracy's 2-way wrist TV is impossible...as you can't make a miniaturized flat cathode (I presume he means cathode ray tube). Well crt's are not the only picture producers...the first TV ever, made my John Logie Baird, used a scanning disc (invented umpteen years earlier by a Russian, Nipkow). Nowadays static charges produced by crossed wires in an electroluminescent medium show promising results...and as for miniaturization not being up to it...come off it Michael. You can get an umpteen valve (equivalent) amplifier on a pin head these days.

Then again take Neil Armstrong's first step. I don't care a hoot whether or not s-f predicted it (and how about Lucian the Greek's story of a moon trip??). What raises fandom & s-f in my view is that we believed it would happen. We had faith that it would happen right back when all the kingpin science buffs said it would never come. Nevertheless, I thoroughly enjoyed the article.

Many thanks for the ERG plug...anyone wanting to sub to it Stateside, can do so via: Leroy B. Haugsrud - 5420 Queen Ave. South - Minneapolis 55410.....for 4 issues 50¢.....or my Analog Checklist at \$1.50.

\*\*\*\*\*

Rick Stooker  
1205 Logan St.  
Alton, Ill. 62002

The ad for THE NEW ELLIPTIC interested me. It appears SFR is not to be without its successors. "Perry Chapdelaine says "To Hell With the SFWA!"; "Robert Moore Williams discusses his 35-year writing career and his new battles with the SFWA...". Need I go on?

What really killed me though was "Selling the Stuff," a series of essays on selling sf by Chapdelaine, Richard Wilson, Leingang and Glyer." Of those four, the last two I've never even heard of, and of the other two only Richard Wilson seems capable of writing the kind of sf that should be sold. But, in all fairness, Chapdelaine managed to sell his Spork of the Ayor series; he obviously knows some magic spell to blind the eyes of editors and make them buy. But such a secret sf does not need.

TAFF notes: I think you have a point, but why bring it up now? Isn't there some way to question a candidate's eligibility before the election?

\*\*\*\*\*

Brian Williams, 'Kenya', ...Harry Warner's claim for Mallory's as a precedent of Ballinger, Gt.Missenden, Morris' fantasy is beaten by CHAUCER, whose Wife of Bath's Bucks., England. (Canterbury) Tale was written 100 years before LE MORTE D'ARTHUR.

...Michael Glycer's article was excellent: cynical, original and therefore refreshing. But he's wrong about TV. It has an influence all right, if only in providing people with an easy alternative to more worthwhile pursuits. Which sounds pompous, but postcards are so small...((Brian's LoC postcard))...And Glycer's comment on "Stand On Zanzibar" did not do it justice: there is no question of Brunner "admitting" the inspiration of newspapers; this obvious influence lends appalling immediacy to Brunner's book.

With a note that the '72 Con here is in Chester,\*1\* and that I like seeing Schalles illos....

\*1\* Yes, and a further note that it is now to be known as the CHESSMANCON.

\*\*\*\*\*

Jackie Franke      The interview was most enlightening. If nothing else, it showed Box 51-A RR2,      how much restraint and "cool" Pohl possesses. Never, outside of a Beecher, IL.60401      "Confidential" type publication, have I read such pointed, deliberately antagonizing questions. Mr. Pohl replied always with remarkable candor and composure. I gained a very good impression of him...and an equally opposite one of Mr. Walker.

..."3-in-1" was terrific! Couldn't agree with the first part more. This anti-technological element, so anxious for change-for-change's-sake as long as it's backwards, should be told that, by ghod, there's a sizable segment that doesn't agree with them 100%. The ills they point to, exist...but their solutions (the few times such are offered at all) seem incredibly naive or extremely improbable. (Note: Improbable...not impossible!) The "Older Generation" did not create this world, they merely coped in their fallible human fashion with what they met up with. Some things worked out; some things didn't...above average I would say compared with some of the preceeding generations who altered nothing at all, but dumped the entire mess into their children's hands.... I'm over thirty, with more than a few grey hairs, and the world wasn't perfect when I arrived, nor will it be when my grandchildren come. Nirvana was never meant to be on Earth...and never will be (and that is a prediction. ...). As for the rest, its very style makes its point. Okay, Mr. Brazier...I'll say it... What the hell were you trying to say? New Wave doesn't make sense? We already knew that....

...Wolfenbarger helped make up for the earlier article (letter?) with his book reviews. Having read three of the subjects already I find myself in agreement with his judgement. Though perhaps he tends to rhapsodize over Bryant's story a bit too much...(it was good...but not that great!)

I approve heartily of the interruption of Pauls' reviews. You control the zine...and it is refreshing to see it done obviously. True, some will say that if you didn't care for the review, the best thing to do would have been to skip it in its entirety...but the method you chose was different...and I think gets the point across much more clearly.

The other book reviews were competent and enjoyable. Walker's writing talent is coming through loud and strong this issue...though his interview technique is very grating.

The letters...well, I'll admit it, I'm NUTS about lettercols. It takes a few issues to get familiarized with the personalities and the points under discussion, but once the hurdle is taken, it's like a drawn-out rap session at a con. A well-run lettercol is mine heart's delight...M-T's ranks among my favorites....

\*\*\*\*\*

Jeff Schalles      This has been a strange evening.... Box 288, G.C.College,      First, after dinner (my brother and his girl friend are here, Grove City, Pa.16127      and it was a big family type thingee...) I had a couple bheers while listening to a bunch of old (mid 60's) records. Then, feeling sort of weird, I sat down and did about 15 of the best cartoons I'd ever done, consuming three more bheers (which my brother, who is 21, went out and bought me,

nice guy that he is...) while listening to more music. Then I sat down and read a stack of old, old NIEKAS's that I picked up cheap at Noreascon, and really dug on the ancient Rotsler stuff. Then I started to read the stacked up fanzines, both those that came in the mail in the last month and those I picked up at the con, and MT 9 was among them. In fact, I just got through reading it, and here (if you can figure out what lies between all these drunken typos...I've finished off more than a 6-pack already...) is my loc. The first I've written to anybody in months....

My ghod, man. You've simply got to do SOMETHING about all this show-through....((I will, pal, if you send me the money. Harhar.))

...Anyway, I sort of skipped over your lead article, cause although I'm sure Fred Pohl had a lot of good things to say, I'm just not in the mood for really heavy stuff right now. I'll probably read it one of these days, when I'm in a heavy mood, though....

But I got a good belly laugh (and in my condition, that's SOMETHING...) out of Terry Jeeves' PSI NO MORE. I wish to Hell he'd won the TAFF race, but that's the breaks...I would sure liked to have met him. Maybe at LAcon....

...The Hugo banquet was really fine...me and Frank Johnson had gone wandering around town looking for hamburgers, and gotten back around 8:00, and went up to look for a good \*free\* seat on the balcony, and found one, complete with a left over bottle of wine that somebody had forgotten to open the night before. We got some wine glasses out of the kitchens, and sat there toasting all the poor schmucks that had paid \$9 for bad food and bad seats. Anyway....

The Worcestercon sounded really fine. I sat for the St. Fanthony ceremony (at Noreascon) with my Pittsburgh friends, and one of them (whose name I will not mention) actually LAUGHED at it. The asshole thought it was a bunch of shit cause it had nothing to do with SF. One of these summers, before I get too old, I'm going to travel across the water and meet these wonderful people. Someday.....

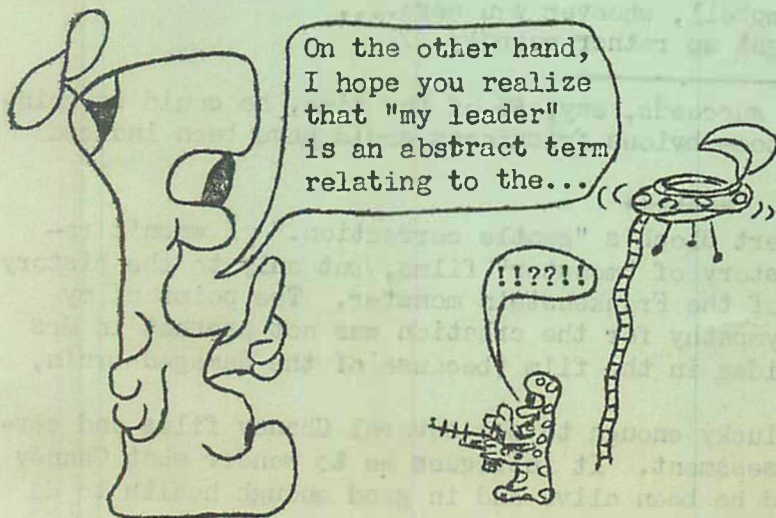
That ad for the New Elliptic was misleading -- because of it, I sent them a stack of cartoons, and was rewarded with something that looked suspiciously like a normal, every day type fanzine. Certainly nothing like the ad promised. But a good fanzine, for all that....

As for Mike Glycer's article: My Ghod What A Cynic. If man can imagine it, it can and will be done. (My own personal philosophy is: anything I REALLY want to do, I WILL do, sooner or later....)

I'm too fucked up to think of anything witty and cool to say about Bill Wolfenbarger.... And the same for Donn Brazier....

And as to Recent New Fanzines (I'm writing this as I turn the pages of MT9) COVER #1 is out and available for 40¢ / 3/\$1, or the usual (preferred) -- except that #1 is almost all gone....

And I haven't been rich enough to afford both MOVIES and my fanac lately.... so fuck you, Daniel Dickinson....



EDITORIAL NOTES: For a long time I have been trying to convince people that civilizations prior to OURS have been on a level (relatively) very much equal to ours. They, of course, insist, that anything prior to 1900 AD was in the stone age. I, on the other hand, see that such things as electronics and fluid hydrolics and astronomy could very well have been brought to a fine edge in the thousands of years of the Egyptian/Babylonian/etc. empires, and that 3000-plus years of drifting sands, heat, rain, wind, looters, could very well have destroyed all but a few tantalizing glimpses of these wonders....

Apply to John J. Pierce to join? HE is a really strange people...I encountered him at Pghlange III. You see, I was sitting at the banquet with a couple local fans, including a nice-looking fem-fan, and Pierce kept staring at her all the way through the dinner. To make sure he was staring at her and not the blank wall behind her (as she hoped) she walked across the room to another table, and his head swiveled like a camera mount to follow her. And he's 26 or so and she's in high-school. And after the dinner, he cornered her in the foyer, in the midst of a bunch of friends, and put his loong arm around her, and she was too shocked and polite to push him away, and I came to her rescue and led her away to a "secret" party. He may ask very good questions and put out a very literate (if un-readable) fanzine, but he is a social flop....\*1\*

And I think Riverside Quarterly is good for only toilet paper....(my, I'm aggressive when I'm drunk....).

And, Fuck You, Alter Ego. You gave me nothing but grief on your visit here.

Fandom is a tool...just like any other hobby. Sociologists would call it creative therapy. Which is why it helped me...if it hadn't been for my discovering fandom, I'd probably be in a nuthouse (or a jail, depending on my actions or the judge) by now. I'm basically a very unstable person (there is supposed to be a fine line between genius and insanity, and with an IQ of 150-plus I tread it very unstably) and fandom has given me something tangible to hang onto. I thank you, fandom. You've saved the government some money....

Thank you, Ron Clarke. From neo to "classic" in three years...not bad....

Between starting this letter and now I've drunk two more cans...oh wow....

And I DID get run off the road a couple weeks ago...no damage to my (my parents') car. And the culprit was a fat bastard in a new Cadillac. Down with Cadillacs!

And as for Captain Video — I remember him, though just barely. "Captain Video And His Video Rangers." It was on at 7 p.m., weeknights, and I was a very, very little tyke, and I remember it cause it was the first thing we turned to after dinner. I remember the crummy chocolate bar commercials...cause I never finished my dinner and often went without dessert...(parents just aren't into little kids' eating habits...for years they told me I would die of malnutrition if I kept up the way I was, but, yet, here I am....). Oh wow...Dr. Paulie...what a crummy show...cheap sets, cheap helmets (though at the time I thought they were great) (I even had one of my own...) (wore it every time I watched the show) crummy robot. I still remember quite vividly the robot coming crashing through the wall of the station (or whatever it was) like it was a wall made of cardboard boxes. (It probably was....) And the shit about switching to our "agents out west"...fuck...Tom Mix?

I remember....

Well, I'm at the end of the zine (and the paper...). I never read a copy of Analog, but from Lester Del Rey's speech at Noreascon, I feel I missed something somewhere. I salute you, John W. Campbell, whoever you were....

I must have been born/brought up rather weirdly....

\*1\* You must be kidding. If he only succeeds, say, 5% of the time, he could be gaining considerable satisfaction. His too-obvious friskiness could have been induced by firewater, after all....

\*\*\*\*\*

Roger Bryant  
647 Thoreau Ave.  
Akron, Ohio 44306

...To mention Robert Bloch's "gentle correction." I wasn't referring to the history of "monster" films, but only to the history of the treatment of the Frankenstein monster. The point of my letter was that sympathy for the creation was not present in Mrs Shelley's book, but was an original idea in the film (because of the damaged brain, etc.).

Incidentally, I have been lucky enough to see several Chaney films and certainly have to agree with Bloch's assessment. It intrigues me to wonder what Chaney might have done with Frankenstein had he been alive and in good enough health to do the part.

I refer...to the treatment of Ted Pauls' review. I imagine you've let yourself in for another small storm.

The fact is, I didn't agree with what Ted was saying; I've enjoyed the two Stasheff books. But hell, it wasn't very nice to cut him off in mid-stride like that. If an editor thoroughly disagrees with a review, it seems to me he has several possible actions to choose amongst. He can simply reject it and suggest the reviewer send it elsewhere; he can add a comment at the end of the review saying he disagrees; he can write a review of his own to go with the offending one (there's a fanzine that has a "Difference of Opinion" review spot as a regular feature). But to lop off what's left of the review and rail against its author seems to me pretty damned unfair. And it's not likely to encourage people to contribute. Ghod help them if they come down on the other side of your opinion of things.

And as to why Ted reads bad books, well, how is he supposed to know they're bad before he starts? And how's he supposed to know that a book which starts out poorly doesn't get better? And who said one should only review good books, anyway?\*

Oh well, good luck with controversy ex machina.

\*1\* Ted probably "examines" a book rather superficially, just like I do, to decide whether any particular volume is "likely" to be "good" or "bad"; quite likely he has certain points (like the author's record, a review he may already have read, the publisher's publicity, etc.) in mind before he begins; a surprisingly large percentage of all books can be "niched" correctly (i.e., to the analyzer's satisfaction) thru such a "preliminary" rundown. Hell, I'd be willing to bet -- cold -- that Ted comes pretty close to 100% accuracy in this respect....

As for reviews of "bad" books -- well, I've found some reviews of "bad" books very entertaining. But when they begin to outnumber the reviews of "good" books....

\*\*\*\*\*

Dorothy Jones      ...My favorite of all the articles was Rosemary Pardoe's The  
6101 Euclid Ave.      Sea-Serpent Thingees. The research she did was fantastic.  
Bakersfield, Ca. 93308      Somewhere in my stack of "newspaper clippings I must keep" I  
have something very similar to her article.

Especially enjoyed reading about the doings in Australia. They are going great guns over there, aren't they?

I neglected to mention that your Farmer article is good. Held my interest from beginning to end....

\*\*\*\*\*

Roy Tackett      ...I've time for only a brief note in re: Michael Glyer's  
915 Green Valley Road NW      article. Too bad he hasn't taken time out to read up on  
Albuquerque, NM. 87107      some of the state of the art literature in electronics.  
Glyer has apparently never heard of light-emitting diodes,  
a solid state device which, as the name implies, emits light when electrically excited. They are the basis for current design in flat screen tv and are, yes, because they can be micro-miniaturized, quite likely to be the picture screen for wrist TV. No cathode ray tube required.

Glyer is also unaware of Ma Bell's philosophy on new telephone equipment. It isn't because nobody wants it that the picture phone is not yet in everyday use -- it is because Ma Bell is not yet ready to put it on the market on a large scale. Your friendly neighborhood telephone company invests vast amounts of money in the development of new equipment and, since the telephone company is in business to make money, it makes sure that the equipment stays in use long enough to pay for itself and show a profitable return. New equipment is deliberately held back until the old equipment has earned its proper share of the loot. When such things as the princess phone and touch-tone have contributed to the harvest old Ma Bell will start pushing the picture phone.

Damn right the science fiction community took it as a personal triumph when Armstrong walked the moon because, baby, we put him there.

\*\*\*\*\*

Hank Davis - Box 154,      ...Interesting, all this Fortean stuff in a fanzine. I was  
Loyall, Ky. 40354      intensely interested in such matters from the time I was  
eleven (1955) until I built up an immunity at seventeen or

so...which immunity has apparently diminished, for I am again capable of interest in such things.

Regarding Harry Warner, Jr.'s question about "...these apparent survivals of an unsuspected past.... Why are they so few and isolated when many of them are large, tough and able to survive down through the ages?" In my trusty copy of Dinosaurs by Nicholas Hotton III (Pyramid, 1963), he states (page 105), "An interesting sidelight on the vicissitudes of Paleontology is the fact that although Tyrannosaurus is one of the best known of all dinosaurs, our total record of him consists of one skeleton, two skulls, and a modest amount of scattered and scrappy bits of bones and teeth." Remember, too, that the Tyrannosaur was an animal roaming the planet in the thousands at any given time during the millions of years that he survived. So why should machinery left behind by visiting e.t.s (which cannot be fossilized into stone as bone can) survive any better, particularly since the total number of such artifacts left behind might be less than a thousand?...

\*\*\*\*\*

Donn Brazier  
1455 Fawnvalley Dr.  
St. Louis, Mo. 63131

The interview with Fred Pohl was intensely interesting because author-interviews are interesting regardless and this one especially because of the penetrating questions asked. And, of course, the way Pohl fielded the ball. In all such judgements I wonder if I tend to find those things I agree with the most interesting. Example: I found Pohl's answer to question 5 on knowledge and power (technology) the most interesting because of my agreement. In addition I enjoyed his quantum unit, the "option". The only criticism I might make at all is a measure between a true option and a false option. In my book a false option is the choice between a red automobile and a blue one, tail fins or not. In connection with the auto, a true option — much discussed in traffic technology today — is the choice between the automobile and mass transit.

Terry Jeeves' story sounded like something I might write, and I wish I had. Terry, perhaps you may not take this for a compliment. I did find myself thinking along the physics of the jam toast, and was half set to try the experiment myself.

As for the next Terry piece about the Worcestercon, and any such pieces of which there seem to be so many, I can do without. You'll recognize this as a purely personal preference for other material; I'm sure that, judging from current fanzines I have seen and meetings I have attended, this kind of material must rate very high.

Michael Glycer's article clipping sf down to size in its prediction potential was excellent. I really had gone along thinking that, yes, the science fiction writers, like artists, more or less anticipate the trends. Michael caused me to re-evaluate. One example that Michael did not mention was van Vogt's semantic gimmick. But this brings up a diversionary point: science fiction writers may not actually predict or invent, but they introduce topics that may then be researched by the reader. For instance, van Vogt did develop a lasting interest in my reading field for semantics and word-play....

\*\*\*\*\*

George Hay  
78 Downhills Way  
London, N17 6BD, U.K.

The Fred Pohl interview in M.T.9 was very good material, though one had the feeling that Paul Walker got off on the wrong foot more than once in his questioning. I had the pleasure of interviewing F.P. over here a while back for our BBC/Radio London "Stargazers" sf programme, and found him the easiest of people to get along with. Paul's questions remind me of an occasion when I happened to be in on a Radio London programme when a young lady was interviewing Lord Longford -- of "Pornography Commission" fame. "Is it not a fact," she began "that...?" and then went on to introduce a long list of highly-charged statements. A Radio London staffer next to me muttered under his breath, "You're not asking him, love, you're telling him."

Naturally, an interviewer is entitled to any views he has, but I feel that such views should be put forward as such, not smuggled in as questions. Such a procedure merely antagonizes the interviewee, and makes it less likely that he will say "yes" to the next asker — which doesn't help the rest of us any.

I'd like to echo David Hulvey's comment on the increasingly totalitarian approach of political parties, and "movements" generally. Lately I attended a

United Nations Association Youth Seminar, and the hair stood up on the back of my neck to hear the "solutions" some folk were putting up -- to be exercised by "us" on "them". Over my dead body. No, I'll amend that -- over their dead bodies!

\*\*\*\*\*

Bill Wolfenbarger ...The most interesting item in #9 is the Fred Pohl interview  
705 East Front St. by Paul Walker. I always seem to enjoy these enlightening  
Bloomington, IL 61701 aspects into a writer's life & work. Pohl says things well.  
And ghad, did you know he's been in sf fandom for decades??

Funny story by Terry Jeeves. Enjoyable conreport by Jeeves. More Jeeves please.

...Dug the book reviews, as always.

I dig Leon Taylor writing for Moebius Trip.

\*\*\*\*\*

Rose M. Hogue "Psi No More" was hilarious -- a ridiculous story about a ridi-  
1067 W. 26th Street culous theme and ridiculously written -- my cup of tea at the  
San Pedro, Ca. 90731 time I read it. Also enjoyed Terry Jeeves' con report of  
Worcestercon!

Am never too muchly amazed at how much Nostalgia is seeing light in fan-  
zines these days -- and MF not to be outdone has more than printed its share -- not  
that I mind for I do sort of enjoy reading things about the past and especially fan-  
dom's past (for I still consider myself very neo -- in fandom).... I did so enjoy  
"Foreclosing on the Oracle at Delphi" by M. Glycer...except of course for its ending  
-- I do so seriously doubt that it was meant to be taken seriously though -- for I do  
not foresee the US being taken over by Russia or any other power -- I do foresee more  
economic crises before things get worked out but I think by far the US economy is  
more stable and in better shape than any other country of the world (except for those  
very poor countries that have no economies to worry about...) and of course the Swiss  
who always seem to have no problems....

I too enjoyed Reality Doll but am afraid that I found it lacking in ending  
-- it was too hollow a story for me -- but agree with Bill that Hoot is some charac-  
ter!! And the next favorite of mine was the hobbies -- Old Paint in particular.  
Sorry to say have read none of the other stories that Bill mentions....do please ask  
Bill for me where A. Merritt's "The Woman of the Wood" appeared!! I've been addicted  
to Merritt since I discovered him in the public library -- or rather discovered his  
books there.... Anyway have only seen a few of Merritt's works and do so hope they  
get more reprinted soon!

\*\*\*\*\*

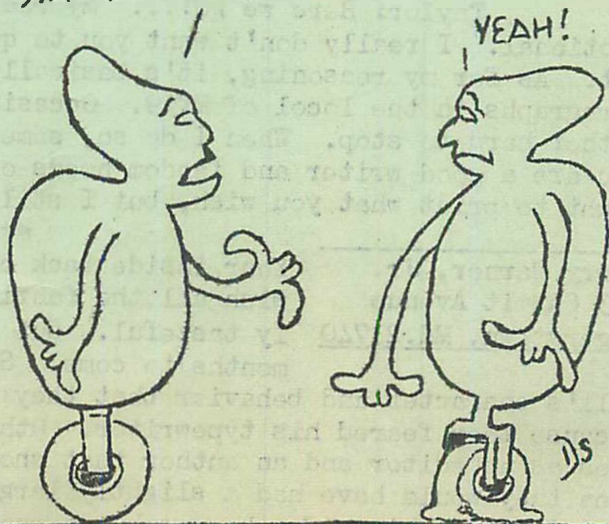
Mary Legg ...A mysterious note on page 35 about the TAFF race this  
20 Woodstock Close Flats year and the circumstances. Willingly I'd contribute my  
Oxford, OX2 8DB, England newpenceworth if I knew what it was you wanted my opinion  
on! But generally

I'm all for TAFF. For the vast majority of English fen (I speak only of them as I know  
this side better than the US one, tho' this  
is not to say the same does not apply to  
them, of course) it is about the only way  
they'll ever get to the USA for a con, un-  
less their premium bond comes up (which is  
statistically less likely of course), and  
again for many of them there will not ever  
be a chance to go on TAFF.

...About Roger Bryant's comment: I al-  
ways marvel how the films seem -- so far as  
I've seen yet anyway -- to alter the basic  
idea of Frankenstein. In the book the  
"monster" was much more sympathetic, I guess  
you could say, you know?

Now, about Ness. The papers...reported  
a talk by Steve Thorpe of the National In-  
stitute of Oceanography to the British

HAD A FLAT?



Association's conference...in Wales I think it was. Apparently there's a "monster wave" (which he likened to the Severn Bore, so if it could be seen it would be a sight to see) which is a mile down, & which surges back & forth, I think it was, every 56 hours. Moreover, Mr. Thorpe thought there was no relation between the wave and the "monster" or any similar animal about....

\*\*\*\*\*

George Senda  
775 Post St. #502  
San Francisco, Ca. 94109

Bloch: Many folk know of the scene in Frankenstein that was cut, but how many know of the other scene that was cut out in King Kong? It's a scene of Kong running amok in the African village. What is Kong doing? He's shown trampling babies. (This bit of footage was excised from most prints. I wonder if Ackerman knows anything about this scene?)

...Mary Legg: Nessie (and her relatives). This brings to mind a piece from a recent editorial....

"Morag, the new creature in the depths of the Scottish Lochs, may have a family. There is now eyewitness evidence to suggest there could be a whole batch of monsters slurping around in sinister Loch Morar, the deepest in Britain.

"This is one of the sensational theories revealed in a report from the London University-based scientific team which went monster-hunting on Morar this year. Certainly the 27 authenticated sightings of Morag make her -- or he or it -- a frighteningly more real creature than the much-publicized rival in Loch Ness.

"Eyewitness evidence for the existence of such a species, here collected for the first time, is too impressive to be ignored. On two occasions members of the survey reported very large, apparently animate, objects in the Loch which they were unable to explain in terms of species known to inhabit it, says Mrs Elizabeth Montgomery Campbell, research coordinator of the team.

"If there is a family of monsters, they have none of the shyness of Loch Ness' Nessie.

"The descriptions do vary. Some sighters reported Morag was anything from black or grey to greenish brown. But the evidence is indisputable, and most of it recent.

"Edinburgh electrician Ian Mitchell had quite a shock recently. He and Charles Fishburne, an administrative officer at Edinburgh University, were returning from a sailing trip to the head of the Loch when, at 9 p.m., they met Morag or three of Morag's children. Anyway, the witnesses are quite certain that three objects silhouetted in the water -- which was calm -- passed within 30 and 50 yards of their port side. The black, hump-shaped objects were moving from 12 to 15 knots. There followed three long, deep swells which rocked their boat.

"In Fishburne's words: 'My friend agreed that the wake was not imagination, and was bloody peculiar. We turned to shore, beached the boat and walked home!' (A local resident found the men 'walking back in a state of considerable shock.')"

(Mayhaps one of your U.K. readers could send more info on this?)

Taylor: Here we go!... My reaction to your article was, for the most part, emotional. I really don't want you to quit writing, just change your attitude a wee bit. As for my reasoning, it's basically summed up in Bob Vardeman's first four paragraphs in the local of MT 9. Occasionally someone pushes my button and I get rather hard to stop. When I do so, somebody please tell me before I get into trouble. You are a good writer and fandom needs ones like you. I'll defend to the death your right to print what you wish, but I still think you're wrong on the matter. Friends?

\*\*\*\*\*

Harry Warner, Jr.  
423 Summit Avenue  
Hagerstown, Md. 21740

Your inside back cover was a splendid way to say goodbye. I wish all the fanzine reactions to the bad news would be equally tasteful. But I positively dread what will happen in the months to come. Some people will write things about Campbell's character and behavior that they wouldn't have dared writing in his lifetime because they feared his typewriter. Other people will write tributes to his abilities as an editor and an author that should have been written during his lifetime, when they would have had a slightly larger audience, increased by one important person, Campbell himself, who was human enough to have enjoyed reading nice things about himself. There will be many paperback reprints of his fiction, which should have

been kept in print right along. All these things happened with Lovecraft and I can see them coming for Campbell. I'm glad that some professionals who wrote for him were thoughtful enough to explain in print what he did for them while he lived, and that Alva Rogers wrote that wonderful review of Astounding's golden era. His death leaves me wondering, mostly, two things. Will anyone ever again edit the same prozine for more than thirty years? And how would Campbell have developed as a writer, if he had continued to produce stories after he became an editor?

...Suddenly the thought strikes me: could Paul Walker be Fred Pohl? It hadn't occurred to me until I read this excellent interview. Then I remembered how Paul Walker became quite active in fandom after Fred left the prozine editorship and presumably had more spare time, and how everyone agrees that Paul Walker must be someone. Anyway, it's excellent and a fine example of the kind of articles we should have about all the important people in prodom. Maybe it isn't as much fun as extracting their opinions from their fiction by intuitive Freudianism but it makes me feel as if I'm much closer to knowing the minds of the subjects.

...As most of your Australian readers will probably tell you, Vol Molesworth has been dead for many years. His widow still figures to some extent in Australian fandom, I believe.

On violence for children: I liked it as a child because a child is not really a human being. I don't brag much, but I do believe that I made the transition from childhood to adulthood, both physically and mentally. Now as I grow older I am becoming more and more unwilling to have violence occurring in my presense or to know that it's happening elsewhere out of my control. I used to take some interest in football, and the sport repels me. I can't even watch boxing matches nowadays, even though the average 15-rounder isn't any worse than the New York subway at rush hour. I've been quite optimistic about the influence that the young generation may have on the world but their fondness for violence as they work for peace has upset me terribly and I'm encouraged to find a young fan or two in the letter column feeling as I do. My temper has grown sharper in recent years and it has been harder to keep it under control but this is probably just the outcome of the aging person's difficulty in adjusting to minor irritations, rather than premonitions that I'll get fond of violence again in a few more years. Harlan throwing a salad against the wall and kids taunting police during demonstrations still strike me as equally wrong. I don't think we can prevent My Lais until we learn to control our adult actions, and I suspect that we're ignoring the real problem when we waste time trying to control the primitive instincts toward violence in kids.

\*\*\*\*\*

Alex Vitek  
4672 Lakeview  
Detroit, Mich. 48215

...I congratulate you on having what I feel is the best 'zine I can find. I mean this. In fact, you have a 'zine that seems to take the idea of a Science Fiction Fanzine seriously. Take, for instance, the article on Farmer, and in #9, the interview with Frederik Pohl (incidentally, how and where was that conducted.) ((Dunno. By mail?)) Then there is the con report, and Glycer's article. Of course, I must include the reviews. Oh, don't let Bill Wolfenbarger give up on the S-F BOOKSHELF. That is excellent, and is something needed.

For one thing, I am constantly hearing from Big-Hearted Howard (DeVore) that the pro-magazines are in deep financial trouble, and some of them are very close to having to fold. He recently get a letter, or phone-call from Judy-Lynn Benjamin, of IF and GALAXY that unless they receive enough new subscriptions in the near future they will have to stop publishing. For one thing, the magazines are probably the best thing that ever happened to Science Fiction (where would we be without the pulps of yore). I don't see how people can say they are worse than ever. Even the cover illustrations have improved, let alone, the material contained within. They cannot die....

This is one of the reasons why Wolfenbarger's column is both enjoyable and necessary. They can help prove to doubting fans that the magazines do contain something worth reading.

...Incidentally, I've become caught up in the phrase "Sense of Wonder" used by our First Fandomites. The more I think about it, the more I feel that they might have something which many of the younger fans have lost, or never really had...

\*\*\*\*\*

Ron Clarke  
78 Redgrave Road  
Normanhurst,  
N.S.W.2076. Australia

Hmmm. Not having all that much to do with First Fandom (though one of the world's first fanzines was put out in Australia in the 20's) I can't talk too much about the cover ((of MT-8.)). Liked the bit on Farmer -- being a lover of Farmer's good works from way back; f'instance his Riverworld series in WOT. Can't say I thought much of the Tarzan and the Doc Savage sendups, though.

Bliss's musings was a funny bunch...I am nearly through Dostoyevsky's THE IDIOT, in which the author makes this comment: (in which he talks of the majority of "ordinary" people) "To be rich, but not as rich as Rothschild; to be of good family, but one which has never distinguished itself in any way; to be of pleasing appearance, but one which is not expressive of anything in particular; to have a good education, but not to know what to do with it; to be intelligent, but have no ideas of one's own; to possess a kind heart, but without magnanimity, and so on and so forth." and he goes on. It seems that the second and third last is growing in the world.... and will, no doubt, worsen....

\*\*\*\*\*

Dave Hulvey  
Rt. 1 - Box 198  
Harrisonburg, Va.22801

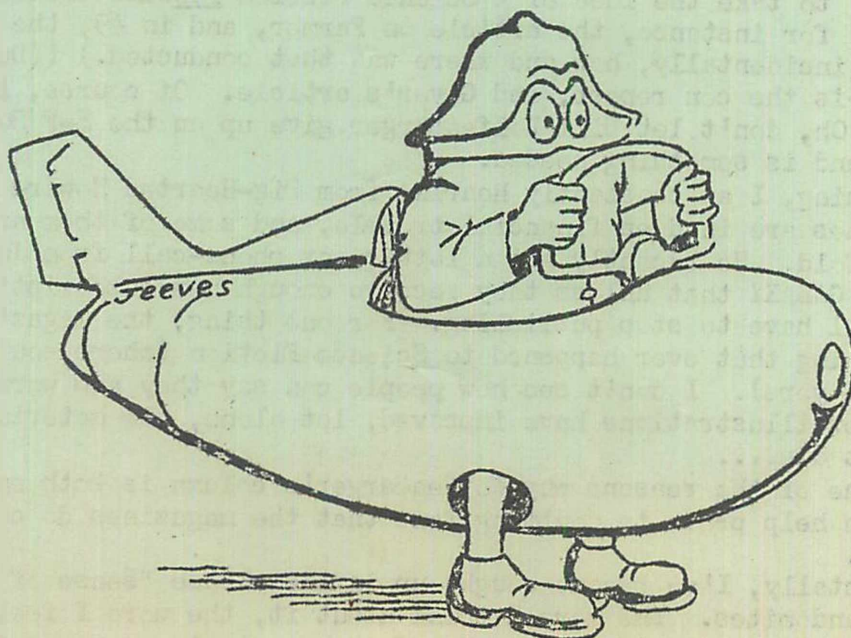
I must've missed something, because I don't remember even having said that I learned more in six months with fandom than during 12 years of formal education. Where did Taylor ever get that idea? At least he should've asked before he invented quotes for me to say in support of his...ah...article.

Later: I've looked through my zines in search of an loc which stated the ridiculous idea Taylor attributed to me. I couldn't find no such animal.

Much later: Well, I've found the quote he perverted to use my name in vain. In a coverless old RAPS ((apa)) mailing I found that I said, in essence: "I've realized more maturity from an open forum such as RAPS, than years of sterile spoon-fed facts in the EDUCATIONAL MACHINE-INSTRUCTOR COMPLEX." Now, that's bad enough without Taylor editing it to be even more pretentious. He should be ashamed.

Of course, all this noise about the innate peacefulness or warlike tendencies of mankind strike me as irrelevant. I consider man to be neutral, neither good nor evil. Modern behaviorist psychology supports this view quite well. Unfortunately, the environment into which man is thrust tends to force men to make unfair choices between war and peace.

On the other hand, I consider it quite perceptive that John Piggott mentions the violent tendencies of fans in lettercols. I find myself, more than I want, being attacked in various fanzines. Of course, I attack others in various fanzines in support of the fan ideology I believe is true. However, I try to steer clear of basic personality conflicts -- even this isn't always possible. Further, I rather



enjoy a good debate on the merits of Jefferson Starship or faanishness versus sercon. It would be dull to go through zines in order to pick out what one liked, and say nice things about it. No, I hope fans are assertive, aggressive spokesmen for their point of view, as many are.

Bill Wolfenbarger: It is a turnon communication. I dig why you said what you did now. It's my desire that you write more about the Social Lie, the Big Shuck. Next time, however, try to temper your righteous wrath with a touch of cunning and a pinch of moderation. If you do the same type of article again, I hope I can use this exchange as a basis of understanding just how your head works.

\*\*\*\*\*

Arthur Cruttenden M.T.7. Don't know quite what to say about Leon's column.  
Idiocy Couchant, Fiatfl? Possibly. Fandom is a phenomenon that affects you as  
ll, Heath Lodge Site much, or as little, as you let it. In any case, more than  
Welwyn, Herts., U.K. you affect it.

Wolfenbarger's is another odd piece of a type we don't seem to get in fnz this side. Is this because we don't like to put ourselves down on paper?

The Rotsler illo on P.7, was he trying for the female Taff voters?

M.T.8. As you say Ed, a very good write-up ((on Phil Farmer)) by a paper. Canadian fans are not the only ones who have difficulty getting Farmer's books. Of those listed I've only heard of and read "The Alley God" & "The Lovers."

M.T.9. The Pohl interview was devoured & digested, answering my questions almost as I asked them.

U might get Michael Glycer 2 do an article on s/f as anti-prophet. There must be many other things th@ we have got hopelessly wrong, quite apart from dates 4 inventions, landings, etc.

Just grilled 3 'burgers 4 a snack. Cat slept through all the preparations but when I walked past laden, he woke & parked himself on me lap. Am now typing lounging sideways--on with a full, purring cat on my lap.

Re ur editorial: am in full agreement, TAFF should b 4 those fans who cannot get 2 cons by their own unaided. Make it 3 cons gap, tho'.

Disagree strongly with John Piggott; keep ur book reviews; Recommendations & warnings r NOT solely the province of sercon fnz. After all, not every 1 gets 'em.

\*\*\*\*\*

John Piggott ...Best thing this issue was Terry Jeeves' story. Real long-laugh  
17 Monmouth Road stuff, this. Also good, though in a different way, was Donn  
Oxford, OX1 4TD Brazier's 3-in-1. And I have only one comment on Michael Glycer's  
England, U.K. accurate shit on sf as a predictive genre...three cheers. Hooray,  
hooray, hooray.

The Pohl interview and the reviews were at least interesting.... Please print Ted Pauls' reviews even when he doesn't like the books; it's always fun to read a dissection of a trashy book. In addition, we're getting all the Belmont disasters over here now -- remaindered in Woolworths at 7½p. (about 18¢) each. I used to think that at that price, any book was worth it, but after sampling the latest batch, I've changed my mind. Damn it, I should be warned about such things!

Rick Stoker may well think that British fandom isn't dead. Unfortunately, MT's lettercol sometimes seems the most active part of British fandom. During the next three months I'm planning to produce yet another magazine intent on reviving British fandom -- but I shouldn't wonder if I achieve as little as all the others who have taken such a course of action....

\*\*\*\*\*

Norman Hochberg  
Benedict College, Room E013  
SUNY at Stony Brook,  
Stony Brook, L.I., N.Y. 11790

...Glycer's piece is interesting but full of false logic, misconceptions and the like. On page 19 for instance, he says that tri-D is an impossible fact. Aside from the failure of this not-too-cute paradox Glycer is ignoring the possibility that he just might be wrong. Never,

Mike, say never....

In the same article he tends to ignore the assumption that TV does influence society (in fact, he denies it). McLuhan and many others have asserted that TV has changed our society in more ways than we can imagine. Now, ignoring McLuhan (as many

do) I think that the fact that someone will turn on a device (in this case a TV) that was not there before must change something. Surveys show that Americans watch more than three hours of TV per day. If that isn't a societal change than maybe Mike wants an all-out revolution as proof of social change....

Three in One is easily the best piece in MT9. Generally, I disagree with just about every point Donn is trying to make. But I find 3 in 1 fascinatingly well-written. More. Please.

...Bob Vardeman forgets one thing about SFWA (at least from my point of view). Dispite all their preaching about standards in sf SFWA is there, primarily, to sell the stuff.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mae Strelkov  
Casilla de Correo 55  
Jesus Maria, Cordoba,  
Argentina.

I read unbelievably your remark, "After Dick Geis suspended SFRReview." Is it possible? I've never seen his Review, but with the Hugos he's garnered, plus the reverence in all mentions of him I've come across, I'd come to regard him as perhaps the North Star of Fandom. (Always there — in your hemisphere, anyway.)

...But really, this past year in fandom produced three interesting new zines that I know about (oh, and one shouldn't forget the fourth, Aspidistra! It's valuable!). The graphics of OUTWORLDS (and now ENERGUMEN and ASPIDISTRA-which-shows-promise), are mind-dizzying. I was amused, though, at Roy Tackett's loyalty to verbal appeal, as of old. (Does he still pub Dynatron? Do you, Roy?)

Your talk of Farmer (and description of him at the Con) pleases me. His books of the past which I had a chance to read, somehow came through with a peculiar beauty, influencing me deeply and affecting the views I was forming at the time, more than any other author save Simak, perhaps. Love him! (So Farmer is a grandpa? Is it possible?)

...I've not plunged in to remark on your UFOlic chat. I believe — as per past research — something that "ain't-us-chickens" prowls around down here, anyway, for certain. But I'm giving it nowadays a wide berth. I got alarmed, after a lot of detective work by our whole family! Not scared, mind you, because if I were a fraidy-cat I'd not have done all the wild things I've attempted from birth, meebby. But the reaction I have is what I'd feel if I met a huge unknown creature, neither bird, beast nor fish. I'd want to check if it stings, bites or eats-humans before making overtures at close distance. Certainly, it's another type of brain-pattern does the things that've been "done" down here in the past. Good? Bad? How can I say? Not nice, to my way of seeing things, though....

John Piggott has my sympathy. Is the "end of mankind" at hand? Perhaps the end of the "mainstream" may be, for all we know. Cordoba City had her "first" bad case of smog just yesterday. Going from Cordoba to Buenos Aires and back this winter holiday (four of our kids traveled), the cars, trucks and buses were bumper to bumper both ways, and as the road was built for buggies originally it is narrow so accidents occurred spectacularly. (Not as bad as on your freeways, of course.)

Our great Rio Parana with its wonderful birds and fishes (we lived at Rio Paranacito for near-six-years, which is fed by it), is being turned into a great cesspool by some huge factories of Southern Brazil (and all the way south we too have our new factories, natchery!). Ed(our incipient geologist-son) took our youngest to Tigre (near B.A.) to see where he was born, and Ed says there isn't room for another boat on the rivers, and besides same are mere stinking, oily sewers by now. (Last time I was there, they still weren't, say five years ago.)

So your Industrial Revolution has moved here, having used up your air, forests and earth. I understand certain enzyme-type soaps now banned in the States are being ballyhooed over TV down here. Somebody really wants to "waste-the-Earth" the new modern way. The old scorched-Earth policy with a new twist!\*1\*

(No wonder I cheer for the new zine Aspidistra!)

...Perry Chapdelaine! If he wants to get in touch and tell me the story (and if he has some of his books he could lend me — (I'd return them at once to him) — so I get the feel of him) I'll really write an article re my "feel." He can't be as "bad" as they say. Just too earnest, just too out-spoken. I get by, because I don't give a damn, I laugh at anyone who baits me and make them laugh too. Attackers

turn into best friends. A lifelong knack I learned, BY FORCE, just to survive, for I was a very comical missionary's daughter in China, the natural prey of baiters. Turning them all into my best friends -- the whole big school of girls -- was my challenge and my triumph till now. To be loved in return for love that comes spontaneous to me (ain't I lucky to be born with it), is my prime need in life. I can't live upon or even bear to experience hate....

\*1\* The policy pursued by a considerable segment of the "destroyers" appears to be: "After me, The Deluge." They apparently figure that since they won't be around when the inevitable destruction of the environment comes, to hell with it now as long as they can sack it of whatever loot remains.

\*\*\*\*\*

Helmut Pesch  
c/o Kinderheim Castrop  
D-4620 Castrop-Rauxel  
Holzstr. 171  
W. Germany

...Your fanzine arrived, while I was attending the German Armed Forces, not willingly, of course, and then, when I should have had time to answer, it had disappeared among, oh, so many other things.

...At least I am able to tell you that I am a citizen again and back in fandom. I just have been acknowledged as a war resister by some kind of a trial, and I will start my substitute civil service in an infant asylum very soon. There will be a regular time for working, and no alarms, no marches during the night, there will be a work I like -- as I hope: or I will learn to like it! -- and so you can rely on me again.

You will be receiving locs upon Moebius Trip 9 right now, and I will not weary you talking about #8. I can tell you as much: it has been sometimes interesting, sometimes, as I must confess, rather confusing and -- "thanks" to my knowledge of colloquial English -- sometimes hardly readable. Highlight: the article on Phil Farmer; I share your admiration, and though some of his books have disappointed me, his "World of the Tiers" series is among my all-time favorites.

\*\*\*\*\*

Wm. G. Bliss  
422 Wilmot  
Chillicothe, IL 61523

...Foreclosing on the Oracle at Delphi. Ah,,, but,,, if one has described a future technology well enough, then one has invented it. And too, sf has to be believable to at least hardcore readers. Turn back the calendar to 1933 for a moment.

How many sf readers then would believe that the space programme that finally came about would be so incredibly expensive and very limited in scope and nobody had invented a meteor-shield yet and even the crackpot inventors had not thought of any hyperspace hardware yet? And most grogging and disbelievable of all -- nobody has anything better than rockets with their well-known severe technical limitations....

Evidently, the most difficult problem sf writers have is deciding what defects and anomalies a future can logically have. Since whole new elements are introduced in reality from time to time, fictional futures can only be models. For example just one thing -- selective breeding -- how would it go -- small people for economy? All introverts since that is what governments like best currently? Would a small stock of renegades be kept to restore a bit of vitality to a world of mundane people if needed?

3-in-1: The wrinkles ((skin)) are connective tissue that becomes polymerized, too many ions for too long. There is much of the world that is deteriorated, and some that has gone to ruin, and much that will be exploited to small or no further usefulness; will it come to a day when all that can be said to a future is, "Unfortunately, we can give to you only the worst of fates, death, for you will not be able to exist. We barely can."

...Very significantly, the public puts the heat about shortcomings of their technological marvels (including adult toys) on repairmen (if my tail -- metaphorically -- looks frazzled, it's because it gets jumped on all the time) instead of the manufacturers because the repairman is easily accessible. Yet the repairman has virtually zero influence on what transpires at factories. If repairmen are gone from the scene someday (easily predictable), there will be an awesome body of unvented spleen....

\*\*\*\*\*

WAHF: Bill Marsh; Verne O'Brian; Bill Wright, Ann Chamberlain, Andre Norton, Arthur Hayes; Ian Maule; Robin Johnson, Lee Hoffman, Phyrne Bacon, A.P. Boyer, etc....

# EDITORIAL NOTES

Congratulations to BEN BOVA, the new editor of ANALOG.

\*

Comments of readers in re the TAFF note of last issue were not profuse, but mostly indicated that it should continue more or less as before, with the accent on trips to individuals who have not, too recently, made the overseas trip.

\*

Don't forget CHAMBANACON, the U. of Ill. SF group's Con scheduled for November 26-8 in Urbana. Guest of Honor is Andrew J. Offutt. Registration \$3.00 advance, \$4 at the door. Info from DON BLYLY, 825 W. Russell, Peoria, Ill. 61604.

\*

Roger Bryant, Jr. notes in his review of The Man Who Was Thursday that a back-cover blurb by Jorge Luis Borges describes things not even hinted at in the story. I bring this up because I seem to remember this from a previous review (of an unrecalled number of years back) of the same novel. The Borges blurb is an obvious error, which seems to have been perpetuated in the pb edition reviewed by Roger. When and by whom was the original error made, and to what volume does the Borges blurb actually refer? Perhaps Lin Carter himself can shed light on the matter....

\*

Thanks to Sandra Miesel for a cutting from Chemical & Engineering News. An unlikely place for a "Loch Ness Monster" story, but it certainly is apropos.

International Flavors & Fragrances, Inc., of NYC was asked by Nessie-watchers for sensory lures to aid in baiting the shy "monster" of Loch Ness. Specimens of mud from the bottom of the loch were first procured, being tested for evidences of vegetation or animal life; nothing was found. However, after determining what type of creature might exist in such a lake, the IFF's experts compounded a substance which was blended into a plastic. When trailed from a boat and pulled along through Loch Ness, as was done later, the substance was "leached" out, slowly, into the water.

The lures may have worked, since sonar detected large objects underwater while they were in use. So now IFF has been evolving another carrier material for the scent which will allow much more of the latter to enter the water much quicker.

Another "monster" story was printed in Marine Resources Digest and concerned Loch Morar (see George Senda's Loc, p. 40). Seems that last summer two fishermen saw a blackish-brown object coming directly toward their boat. It rammed them, one of them swatting at it with an oar, which was "bitten" in half. Presumably, the "monster" escaped unharmed.

Also, a chap described as "American scientist Robert S. Dietz" has offered a reward of \$1000 for information positively verifying Nessie's existence. His offer is made "in the interest of science and psychiatry." He set up three rules to qualify: 1) Nessie doesn't have to be a "monster." 2) Any creature over 3 inches in size is eligible. 3) It has to be from Loch Ness and must be a new species of animal (or a "living fossil" heretofore known only from the geologic past).

The "sightings" of Nessie continued at a gratifying pace during 1971, averaging almost two per month. Oddly enough, practically all of the persons involved had previously been disbelievers in Nessie's existence.

\*

Thanks to Ron Clarke for cuttings from the Sun-Herald of Sydney, regarding the book "We Are Not the First" by Andrew Tomas of Australia.

The book covers world-wide evidences of ancient civilization(s) — rock paintings or carvings showing helmeted, "spaceman-like" figures; mention of aircraft in ancient writings; in fact, all of the things delineated in a number of similar volumes currently on the market in this country. I have 6 or 7 of what I believe to be the best of the latter and if I have time, plan to go through them in greater detail for the next issue of MT (#11), giving some idea of how this material is handled by the authors. One of the books is translated from the French, another — no, you'll have to wait. With this ample warning you may either cancel your subscription or nibble your nails to the bone.

Write soon. Next issue may be out in December....

\*\*\*\*\*

Rep. 11-11-71

WHY YOU HAVE THIS ISSUE OF MOEBIUS TRIP:

☐ We trade. ☐ Will you trade zines? ☐ You have material inside.

☐ Review of your product is within.

☒ You Subscribe. ☐ Sample copy--care to subscribe?

☐ Your subscription has now expired. All renewals accepted with thanks ☐.

SUBs. are 3/\$1 6/\$2 10/\$3; Back issues available at same rates.

Still obtainable are M.T. numbers: 2 3 4 6 7 8 9 10

ED CONNOR - 1805 N. GALE - PEORIA, IL. 61604 - U.S.A.