

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

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In Brief --

No change in status of TWJ #80 or #82 since SOTWJ #95. Watch this space....

With this issue we begin the break-up of TWJ #82 to keep the material therein from dating too badly. We'll hold off on the rest of the material (some pretty good things therein) until Alexis returns from his vacation in August; if the missing stencils don't turn up by then, there may not be a #82....

We haven't mentioned our mimeo problems for a while, so we'll do so now in case any of you were thinking they no longer existed. They do--the mimeo could still go at any time, and no replacement is in sight. So if there is a sudden unannounced period of inactivity on our part, think the worst....

Have already put SOTWJ's 97 and 98 on stencil (97 mostly Apr-Jun Quarterly Prozone Index; 98 Delap's April prozone column and some other material), and are typing #99 ("catch-up" issue #2, unless the incoming flood of material drowns out the older stuff and forces out another "news" issue. We don't know yet what we'll do with #100 (if anything) to celebrate the milestone....

We meant to mention last issue, when we announced our new Agent line-up, that we had had three other persons ask (almost simultaneously--Ethel Lindsay came through for us (thanks, Ethel!)) for the job of U.K. Agent: Dave Piper, Dave Bendelow, and Keith Freeman. We thank them all very much--and suggest you write Eric Bentcliffe (17, Riverside Cresc., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire CW4 7NR), to see if there's anything you can do to assist him (we hate to let all that eagerness go to waste).

SOTWJ is at least bi-weekly; subs: 25¢ (10p) ea., 10/\$2 (UK: 10/80p) or multiples thereof; all subs incl. any issue(s) of THE WSFA JOURNAL (at least thru #82) pubbed during sub (count as 2 or more issues on sub., dep. on length). For info on air-mail, "Collector's" (3rd-class) subs, ads, addresses of Overseas Agents (see #95), etc., write ed. For address code meaning, see #95 (but note that K, Something of Yours is mentioned/Reviewed Herein; N, You are mentioned herein; X, Last issue you will receive, unless.... WSFA Members note: All WSFA subs end with this issue (unless your sub has been extended thru contrib.); better renew yourself if you don't want to miss any issues (WSFA won't get around to any action for some time....).

--DLM

TWJ/SOTWJ

% D. Miller

12315 Judson Road

Wheaton, Maryland

U.S.A. 20906

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THE MYSTERY NOOK

BOOK REVIEW (Reviewer, George Fergus) --

Operation Stranglehold, by Dan J. Marlowe (Fawcett Gold Medal original; 5/73).

This is the seventh in a series of spy novels starring former bank robber Earl Drake. As usual, it starts out well with Drake, under the impression he is being stalked by gangsters out of his past, inadvertently kidnapping a couple of aides to a U.S. senator. It soon degenerates, however, into a relatively pedestrian story of rescuing an American from a Spanish prison, that is only slightly enlivened by the characterization. ## Dan Marlowe used to do better. Back in the '60's he wrote a number of good crime novels generally featuring hardboiled protagonists, but then Gold Medal apparently convinced him to do a series. He started well enough, resurrecting his strongest character from his best book (The Name of the Game Is Death), which as a first-person story about a cold-blooded criminal I tend to think is even better than Jim Thompson's more famous The Killer Inside Me or The Getaway. But then Marlowe got his hero working for the government as an undercover agent, at which point his writing began to go downhill. ## I'm not sure if it's because his continuing cast of characters keep doing the same things over and over again in each book, or because his spy plots are trite. In all fairness, though, I must point out that some people seem to think these books are great stuff--the fourth in the series, Flashpoint, won an Edgar. However, although moderately entertaining, they are lacking in the inventiveness I had come to expect from Dan Marlowe.

FANZINES RECEIVED --

THE ARMCHAIR DETECTIVE VI:3 (May '73) (Quarterly Journal "devoted to the appreciation of Mystery, Detective and Suspense Fiction"; Allen J. Hubin, 3656 Midland, White Bear Lake, MN 55110; 4/86 (4/87 outside U.S.); offset) -- 100 pp., / cover (by William Dixon); "Pulp Tradition in Mystery Fiction: A Panel Discussion", transcribed by Frances M. Nevins, Jr.; "A Word with Dick Francis", by Deryck Harvey; "The Problem of Moral Vision in Dashiell Hammett's Detective Novels (Part I: Introduction)", by George J. Thompson; "Concerning Nena Sahib", by Paul Plass; "Mystery Master: A Survey and Appreciation of the Fiction of George Harmon Cox: Chapter Two", by J. Randolph Cox; "Rare Vintages from the Tropics: T.S. Stribling's 'Clues of the Carribees'", by Frank D. McSherry, Jr.; "The Paperback Revolution", by Charles Shibuk; "Ian Fleming: Book Collector", by William White; "A Checklist of Mystery, Detective and Suspense Fiction Published in the U.S., Dec '72-Mar '73", by George J. Rausch; Movie Notes, by William K. Everson; "Retrospective Reviews"; Reviews of Current Material; Lettercolumn; Book Exchange; Continuation of Bibliography of Crime Fiction (G16-38, H1-2); Classified ads; misc. short material. ## A "must" for all mystery fans--don't know how we did without it for this long....

GLEANINGS FROM THE PRESS --

BOOK REVIEWS -- By Jean White (WASH. POST): An Unsuitable Job for a Woman, by P.D. James (Scribner's, \$5.95; ". . . classic English mystery--literate, intelligent, with shrewdly observed characters and sound plotting"); A Dying Fall, by Hildegarde Dolson (Lippincott, \$5.95; contains number of characters from her earlier novel, To Spite Her Face, but they have "lost some of their freshness and original flavor the second time around"); Death in a Salubrious Place, by W.J. Burley (Walker, \$5.95; "a low-keyed, leisurely mystery with careful plotting, good characterization and psychologically sound motivation"); The 95 File, by James E. Martin (Simon & Schuster, \$6.95; "an absorbing, taut novel of police work that rings with authenticity"); Abracadaver, by Peter Lovesey (Dodd, Mead, \$4.95; "a delightful, offbeat offering . . . set against the background of the Victorian sporting world . . . [with a] clutch of extravagant characters . . .").

Here Comes Immortality, by Jerome Tuccille (Stein & Day, NY, 1973; \$6.95; 191 pp.).

"Cryonics, the science of preserving the recently departed at extremely cold temperatures--in the hope that they can be reanimated at some later date--is a fairly recent addition to the language."

And with that little fact tucked under our belts, we're supposedly ready to let Tuccille guide us into the world of tomorrow, where people are shunted into huge cryotoria, to be reawakened when cures for their assorted maladies become available. The basic, pervading question, however, is: do you really want to live forever?

Tuccille opens his book with a simplified orientation program for those who have been so busy just keeping alive that they've not kept up with the science articles in TIME and NEWSWEEK and are puzzled by words like "clone", "cyborg", and "negative entropy". As arguments are presented against immortality for mankind, Tuccille dismisses them casually with flip jokes and an ironic eye on the contradictory suppositions of the antagonists. He demolishes the religious objections with a frighteningly sane comment, "War is a profitable commodity," then fails to do the same with the overpopulation alarmists, using desperate and misleading assertions about past predictions having proved false.

Tuccillo's optimism is infectious but senseless. He has a tendency to categorize human actions and reactions, putting them in cubbyholes (one here for crime, one over there for religion, and one down there for the pessimists) and presuming they will stay securely in place. The poor man doesn't seem to even notice the dark shadows cast by people who, throughout all of human history, have traveled chameleonlike and unnoticed between cultural enclaves, leaving only a remarkable trail of destruction to mark their paths. One moment he sees us as a sheep society, the next he denies that individual freedom is outdated and concludes we are faced with numerous "options and alternatives". The way he explains it we'd have contradiction compounded into chaos, not the smooth and easy ride to the future he extrapolates later in the book.

After familiarizing us with the possibilities technology holds in the quest for immortality, Tuccillo takes us on a journey through the next hundred years, seen through the eyes of a "reanimate" catching up on history by a trip to the local library after his unfreezing. The America (and eventually the world--baaa! baaa!) of the future is structured on the Mike Todd principle: E / P = PG, or Entertainment / Pizazz = Profits Galore. Walt Disney, the first reanimate, greets the world with a divine "I am the Way", then proceeds to create an a-national group of non-polluting island societies, Oceana, that does, indeed, become the Way for the fun-loving society of tomorrow. Technology is everything, does everything, creates everything, from "sex dolls" to schoolteaching, from clean, cheap fusion energy to a renewed interest in and exploitation of emerging telepathic powers.

It's all very nice to dream and hope for such a future, but the problems are far more immense than Tuccillo supposes in his contrived optimism. For example, he states, "the solutions to monumental crises of each period usually turn out to be incredibly simple...the answer almost always found lying out in the open right beneath our collective nose." This may be true--but it is not always true, as any scientist, philosopher or housewife can tell you. Idealism should be a perfectly collective phenomenon, yet in this form they have a horrible tendency to go awry, and it is even more unlikely that the idealisms of splinter groups will coalesce

(Over)

S.F. PARADE (Continued) --

into a shapeless but viable utopia in a mere hundred years, immortality notwithstanding. The question of life is, essentially, always more important than the definition of death, and the erasure of the latter is not enough to guarantee an improved quality in the former. (If you don't believe me, ask any atheist who's trying to make the most of his life here and now.)

It is fortunate that the author doesn't take himself too seriously. His tongue is obviously, if not always firmly, in cheek as he dramatizes problems in speculative conversations with the doubtful reanimate. While the humor is welcome it is not always suitable, not always witty, and not always in the best of taste.

Future speculations are always needed, and in today's world very necessary. So if Death is not the final equalizer, then Life must take that role. And Life, as already proven, is not quite that predictable.

-- RICHARD DELAP

Nine Princes in Amber, by Roger Zelazny (Avon Books).
The Guns of Avalon, by Roger Zelazny (Doubleday).

Some critics claim that Roger Zelazny has fallen off lately in the quality of his writing. I cannot agree. True, he has taken different paths of style; he now even has a detective novel to his credit. But the degree of skill and thought brought to each of his works has never faltered. Take these two fantasies, for example. They are the first parts of a multi-book saga of the adventures of Eric of Amber. Amber is the center of Creation, the source of Platonic shadows (of which Earth is but one of many), and Eric is one of the nine rival princes who have a claim to it because of the disappearance of their father, the King.

Simply stated, these are very exciting, enjoyable books. They are quite awesome in their sense of wonder, which Zelazny weaves from his words and situations. Beneath the prose there is a theme that is available for those who seek it.

Zelazny's sources of inspiration are obvious: Swords-&-Sorcery fiction; the Ace "Pocket Universes" series of Philip Jose Farmer; and, believe it or not, Marvel Comics (particularly THOR). But with these inspirations he creates a very different sort of fiction that not only incorporates the above but adds a certain flavor of excitement and awe that is Roger Zelazny's alone.

I recommend these books not only as enjoyable pieces of fiction, but as proof of the continuing fecundity of the author's creativity.

-- JEREMY FREDRICK

The Infinite Man, by Daniel F. Galouye (Bantam Books).

Daniel Galouye's latest novel is a hybridization of Hal Clement's Needle and Ursula LeGuin's The Lathe of Heaven. A group of scientists discovers an alien presence lodged in the subconscious of a drug-addicted youth named Bradford. Further investigation reveals this alien to be the creator of the universe. The creator is gradually losing control of its universe as it retreats into catatonia induced by maintaining such a complex structure. Bradford's psychiatrist is invaded by another such entity, determined to destroy the universe. The conflict proceeds logically, predictably, and ultimately to the destruction of the universe. Galouye's extrapolation is interesting, his writing lucid, but the plot is too dull to hold such concepts.

-- DON D'AMASSA

FANZINE FRICASSEE: Fanzine Reviews
by Michael T. Shoemaker

This time around I want to talk about the fanzine Hugo. Even though it is too late to sway anyone's opinion, I still want to set down my own thoughts just for the record.

My pick for the top five fanzines of 1972 are (in order of preference):

- 1) TITLE, ed. by Donn Brazier
- 2) SF COMMENTARY, ed. by Bruce Gillespie
- 3) MOEBIUS TRIP, ed. by Ed Connor
- 4) PREHENSILE, ed. by Mike Glycer
- 5) RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, ed. by Leland Sapiro

TITLE #3-13, 273 pp. total, monthly, 25¢ each or the usual, from Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Drive, St. Louis, MO 63131.

When I first got an unsolicited issue of TITLE (#3, June 1972) I thought, after a quick scan, that it was just a well-produced crudzine. Later I took the time to read it. I was impressed, but not sufficiently to immediately write an LoC. Shortly thereafter TITLE #'s 4, 5, and 6 came within a ten-day period. These were a tremendous improvement over #3, and I was enthralled. Never have I been so compelled to LoC a 'zine. The result was a necessarily brief LoC of six typewritten pages.

Since last August I have been promising Donn that I would review TITLE. I never got around to doing it. Besides, TITLE's format does not really lend itself to issue-by-issue reviewing.

TITLE is basically a letterzine. However, it is surely like none you have ever seen before. In the first place, Donn cuts up letters and rearranges the readers' comments by subject matter. Secondly, he comes up with more short comment hooks and interesting ideas for discussion than anyone. In a statement of policy in #3, Donn said:

"I am not aiming at a huge circulation of TITLE. I'll be happy with a limited but interested group of readers who are interested in the same sort of curious and off trail ideas as I am."

Of course, for that very reason Donn's chances of even being nominated for a Hugo are almost nil. This is a shame, because Donn is a one-man revolution in fanzine publishing and TITLE is (fill in your own superlative).

What other fanzine editor LoC's the LoC's he received? What other monthly fanzine with a circulation of 100 gets this kind of response: #1, 19 letters; #2, 31; #3, 29; #4, 53; #5, 27; #6, 58; #7, 76; #8, 65; #9, 80; #10, 88? What other 'zine can inspire a reader to produce something like Don Ayres' 11-page TITLE LOCZINE #1 and 9-page TITLE LOCZINE #2? As one becomes involved in TITLE, one senses a tremendous feeling of camaraderie among the readership which is much stronger than in any other 'zine. One thing that contributes greatly to this feeling is a regular column devoted to the mundane aspects of various fans. Besides the multitudinous jokes and short comment hooks, some of the most interesting lengthy discussions have been: SF literary value, superstition (occult, astrology, etc.), why people read SF, SF in the classroom, SF and criticism, plant sentience, an excellent series of articles by Ben Indick on the Oz books, the relevance of science, Shaver, and--in #13--Shaver reveals all about the relationship between Palmer and him.

TITLE does not have much in the way of graphics, but the layout is fine and the reproduction is excellent, and there are almost no typos.

SF COMMENTARY #26 (Apr. '72; 120 pp.), #27 (Jun; 14 pp.), #28 (Jul.; 50 pp.), #29 (Aug.; 48 pp.), #30 (Oct.; 38 pp.), #31 (Dec.; 48 pp.); irregular; 9/33 or the usual. Bruce Gillespie, GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia. USAgent: Charlie Brown, 3400 Ulloa St., San Francisco, CA 94116.

I was shocked to see SF COMMENTARY dead last in the voting last year. I think it all goes to show that faanishness is a dominating force and that people would rather look at pretty graphics than have their intellect stimulated by a fanzine like SF COMMENTARY. In 1972 Bruce once again produced a fine slew of issues; six in all, including two faanish issues. These two were #'s 28 & 30, and they provided a nice diversion from the usual fare.

#28 was a personal 'zine of sorts with accounts of 1971 as seen through the eyes of Leigh Edmonds, Bill Wright, Harry Warner, and Bruce. Edmonds' piece was the poorest of the lot. It was inundated with triviality and mundaneness and was terribly padded out in its writing. Bill Wright's piece was a little bland from the fact that he did not interject enough of his own personality into it. At this point, however, the feast begins. Harry Warner's "How I Became Half as Old as My Grandmother", reprinted from HORIZONS 129, is the best piece of fanzine writing I have ever read. Nicely-turned phrases of comic cynicism abound: ". . . the last through train service in the Hagerstown area was discontinued when the nation's rail service was improved this year. . . ." At the same time, other parts nearly brought tears to my eyes. Gillespie's contribution offers the reader a closer look at how he thinks in regard to books and movies.

#30 was a pleasant con report issue, complete with photos. Bruce has two well-written, lengthy reports: one about Syncon 2, and the other about Melcon. Also included in the issue are a few humorous snippets of a transcript of all the panels at

Melcon. Bruce promises to publish more of this transcript in the future.

#26 is another one of his huge issues. The lettercolumn is, as usual, long and varied, the highlight (for me) being Sandra Miesel's letter on Rottensteiner. Darko Suvin has a vague, pseudo-intellectual essay, "Cognition and Estrangement: An Approach to the Poetics of the Science Fiction Genre". This is the essay that Richard M. Hodgins ripped to shreds in a thorough analysis that appeared in RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY #19. Barry Gillam, who seems to me to be the best of the fan movie-reviewers, has reviews on The Andromeda Strain and Willard. In Part One of "The SF Novels of Brian W. Aldiss", Bruce shows himself to be perhaps the most perceptive fan critic around. However, the article is interesting only to the extent that one is familiar with the works being discussed.

#29 has Part Two of Gillespie's article, and the above remarks still apply. Barry Gillam masterfully presents the definitive critical look at A Clockwork Orange. John Foyster uses a review of The Issue at Hand as a front to grind his eternal dull axe against SF. He makes some telling points, but I detect a lack of sincerity in his motives.

A gloominess hangs over issue #31, yet the issue is still quite intellectually stimulating. A very melancholic mood emanates from Bruce as he talks about a lecture by Ivan Illich, the advocate of "Deschooling", and in his comments that are sprinkled throughout the issue. John Gibson adds to the gloom with a letter of despair over "All those wasted years". Likewise Stuart Leslie's letter, which exhibits tendencies of a drug-inspired psychotic. To top off the issue, Philip K. Dick's speech from the Vancouver SF Convention deals with gloominess on a lofty intellectual plane. The speech is a real puzzle. At times it is nothing less than brilliant, and just as often, it is twisted and deluded in its views. However, the article undeniably has a cornucopia of SF ideas, and indeed, Dick says that it serves as a takeoff point for the SF writing in which he is once again engaged.

Gillespie's dung beetle among the swans for 1972 is issue #27. Actually, this catastrophe was perpetrated by John Foyster, but for some obscure reason Bruce wants to share the blame. The thing looks like a one-shot crudzine. The layout looks like it was thrown together randomly, the covers are nonsense, and the illustrations, besides being lousy, have absolutely nothing to do with the text. As for the text--an essay by Foyster on Ballard--it is barely comprehensible and has no value whatsoever in the incomplete form in which it is presented.

MOEBIUS TRIP #15 (Oct. '72; 60 pp.), #16 (Jan. '73; 42 pp.); quarterly; 50¢ or 5/\$2 or the usual from: Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, IL 61604.

I have been a staunch supporter of MOEBIUS TRIP for a long time. Last year I hoped it would be nominated, but alas it was not. MOEBIUS TRIP is the most balanced fanzine currently being published. It has something for everyone. It has the Paul Walker interviews, con reports, fannish articles, sercon articles, middle-length book reviews (the kind I like best), and perhaps the best letter column going. Ed Connor edits the lettercolumn in a manner that seems to be unique. He tries to fit in as many Loccers as he can who have something worthwhile to say. He does this by selecting only the most pithy comments from his mountain of letters. Consequently, a large number of people appear in the lettercolumn, but few have more than a couple of paragraphs.

#15 has an interview with James Schmitz, which was enlightening and timely in view of Roy Tackett's recent discussion of Schmitz in DYNATRON. Donn Brazier tells you "How to Create a Monster", Walt Liebscher has a humorous article on humorous word games, and Randall Larson has a nice account of Westercon XXV. Jack Wodhams has a nine-page "caricature" on Joanna Russ which is in surprisingly poor taste. Worse yet, his drawings are the most abysmal scrawlings

ever to clutter the pages of a fanzine. Leon Taylor, writing in his column, seems to be under the delusion that SF fans are limited in their outside reading.

#16 seems to be dominated by Paul Walker. He has a detailed article on Lafferty's The Devil Is Dead, then another article, written later, which is a rethinking of his ideas on Lafferty and on SF in general. The content of these articles is good, but the presentation is somewhat disorganized. Walt Liebscher gives us an amusing satire of To Your Scattered Bodies Go, and Eric Lindsay has a rather brief, impersonal report on Syncon 2. Bill Wolfenbarger's column has some thin ramblings concerning Arthur Machen.

PREHENSILE #5 (Summer '72; 45 pp.), #6 (Nov.; 52 pp.); irregular; 35¢ or 3/\$1 or the usual from: Mike Glyer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, CA 91324.

Mike Glyer's PREHENSILE, which has improved very rapidly since it first started, is quite similar to MOEBIUS TRIP in many aspects. In the first place, it is printed on the same kind of paper with the same two-column layout, although with less impressive interior art. Also, PREHENSILE has the same good balance of material as does MOEBIUS TRIP. I hold up the balance of material exhibited by these two 'zines as an ideal of the best way to edit a fanzine.

The content of PREHENSILE 5 is not quite as good as that of the last couple of issues. The best item is a very revealing article by Perry Chapdelaine on the lack of truly scientific inquiry into psi. It will astonish you. Also excellent is a friendly exchange between Don Keller and David Gerrold concerning Gerrold's book, With a Finger in My I. Friendly discussions of this sort, between author and fan, are something I would like to see more of in fanzines. The rest of the book review column is poor because of the insignificance of the books covered. The rest of the issue is filled out with a mildly enjoyable assortment of material of little lasting effect: Dan Goodman's article on ZEEN, a fanhistory quiz by Bruce Pelz, Kees van Toorn re-

porting on the foreign fan scene, and Bill Warren's film column.

PREHENSILE 6 is the best issue to date. Mike leads off with an angry, but level-headed, editorial touched off by the notorious events of LACon. Dan Goodman's fanhistory column discusses Tom Digby. This should lay to rest forever the question "Who is Tom Digby?"; he is the greatest fan humorist ever, and if you find that hard to believe just read Goodman's column. Paul Walker, in his article on Silverberg and reviewing, makes one of the most acute observations on the present state of reviewing that I have ever read. He says, "The trouble with most of the reviews in SF today is that they lack enthusiasm, if not affection, for the genre. They demand it to be something it is not, and express contempt for what it is." This, of course, expresses perfectly one of the primary faults of the Franz Rotensteiner, etc. school of reviewing. Perry Chapdelaine's psi article from last issue concludes.

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY Vol. 5 No. 2
(Feb. '72; 80 pp.; whole no. 18),
V:3 (Aug.; 88 pp.; whole no. 19);
twice-yearly; digest-size; 60¢ or
4/92 or the usual from: Leland Sapiro,
Box 40 University Station, Regina,
Canada.

Actually, I have been having second thoughts about RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY's being on my list. The reason for this is that it only published (to the best of my knowledge--I have not received a copy since Aug. '72) two issues in 1972. I do not believe any 'zine that publishes only twice a year should be in the Hugo running, but RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY is an underdog (and besides, I like it), so....

#18 is a below-par issue, although it still has a few excellent items. One such gem is "Moskowitz on Kuttner", by James Blish. Blish pens a marvelous refutation of Moskowitz's critical view of Kuttner as a writer who was an opportunist and imitator of others. The only thing that bothers me is (as Patrick Mc-

Guire pointed out) why has Blish written this essay six years after the fact? Part Two of Sapiro's "Cliches in the Old Super Science Story" is required reading for any sercon fan (the title is self-explanatory). The presentation of his thesis is very well structured, and my only complaint is that splitting the essay into three parts greatly undermines the continuity. Ursula K. LeGuin's guest-of-honor speech from the 1971 Vancouver convention is a well-written, but uninspired, look at "What is Art?" David Engel's study of the novels of Kurt Vonnegut suffers from his never making clear just what his thesis is.

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY #19 is an exceptionally good issue. Five articles of major importance all in one issue. Incredible! Jeff Rikkenbach's explanation of Alfred Bester is startlingly original in its perceptions and very well presented. He concludes that "Bester sees man as a social being, driven by pre-conceptual urges from the sub-conscious, who is led to progress and greatness by passionate, driven leaders, and as a potential god-like being whose Will is a tool of chance." This article is much appreciated in the wake of George Turner's criticisms of Bester. Wayne Connolly has an article that is not only interesting as an historical account of Wells' The Time Machine, but is also a persuasive argument that "... Wells' disaffection or at least his questioning of Karl Marx and his doctrines had already set in by the beginning of the 1890's. . . ."

"What does the literary community think of science fiction?" William Rupp asks this question and attempts to answer it by the results of a questionnaire that was answered by 31 literature instructors at three different colleges. Admittedly, the validity of his method is questionable, but it all makes for interesting reading. The real feast of this issue is Richard M. Hodgins' masterful analysis of Darko Suvin's essay that appeared in Nebula Award Stories Five and has been reprinted in SF COMMENTARY 26. This issue concludes Sapiro's exhaustive study "Cliches in the Old Super Science Story".

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY's greatest weakness is the regular poetry and occasional fiction that it publishes, which is as bad as that which appears in other fanzines. Many fans protest that RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY is too dull, but I do not often find this to be true. No doubt, what puts fans off is the "small literary journal" style of this fanzine. I only wish that this would not blind fans to the very real value of much of what it publishes.

"Brand X" Fanzines.

Three fanzines that do not appear on my list, but which are undeniable strong contenders for the Hugo are: ALGOL, ENERGUMEN, and GRANFALLOON. All of these are "fancy" fanzines, and right here I have a complaint:

- 1) Because of their elaborateness they appear too infrequently.
- 2) Much of their content is terribly ephemeral.
- 3) The possible discouraging effect on neos has been much discussed and I tend to agree that this is true.

4) They are overpriced for what one gets. I realize that this is an unavoidable consequence of their elaborateness, but that is exactly my point. I would rather see a simpler format at a lower price.

5) Since they are quite costly to produce, other editors--who do not have similar resources--are put at an unfair disadvantage in competing with them. Similar situations in the mundane world, such as professional boxing or high school sports, are handled by having classifications based on weight and school size, respectively. Perhaps what we need are Hugo classifications based on overhead and circulation. But who is to judge, and how in the world would one be able to check up on a fanzine?

6) I sympathize with their editors' ideals to go to any lengths to give the readers the best fanzine possible, but I wonder: just what is the limit? I think it hinges on more than simply the question of whether or not con-

tributors are paid. As I see it, 'zines that make a profit are no longer fanzines. Andy Porter says ALGOL 18 cost him \$400 and that he broke even. ALGOL 19 cost him even more, since it is completely typeset, and now he is talking about bookstore sales. Is ALGOL, then, still a fanzine?

7) Conclusion: In addition to all of the above, "Jeff Glencannon", in GRANFALLOON 16, reflects my feelings exactly. I applaud that installment of his column to no end.

Frankly, in view of all this, and seeing the trend of the last few years, I would like to see the fanzine Hugo abolished.

ENERGUMEN #13 (Sept. '72; 50 pp.); quarterly; for LoC, arranged trade, or contrib.; 75¢; from Mike Glicksohn, 32 Maynard Ave. #205, Toronto 156, Ontario, Canada.

Mike's editorial goes into great detail concerning the planned demise of ENERGUMEN with #15, and also contains a brief LACon report.

The most enjoyable item in the issue is Susan Glicksohn's humorous account of the Great Will Straw Investigation, organized to discover whether or not Will Straw is a hoax. The result: he is for real...or is he?

Walt Liebscher is present with another of his good-humored articles. If he keeps up this high-quality production he should be a strong contender for the fanwriter Hugo at Discon II. His subject is unusual words and he begins by giving the reader 40 of them, saying: "If you know the meaning of ten of the above you win a gaggle of swooshes." For someone, such as myself, who thinks he is a pretty good Scrabble player with a good vocabulary, this can be quite a blow to the ego. I only knew seven of the words. A cleverly-written article.

The serious articles in this issue come up disappointingly short. Sandra Miesel's discussion of Fred Saberhagen's "Berserker" series can only be described as adequate. There is nothing here that is especially memorable or brilliant. Angus Taylor's article on Philip K. Dick does not even come up to the level

of Sandra's article. There is no unity in his article. He rambles aimlessly, discussing whatever characteristic of Dick's writing happens to occur to him from moment to moment.

GRANFALLOON #16 (Dec. '72; 44 pp.); irregular; 75¢ or 3/\$2 or the usual from Linda & Ron Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, PA 19076.

From issue to issue the predominant characteristic of the content of GRANFALLOON is its unmemorableness. Good material, but rarely outstanding. #16 is no exception.

Aside from Glencannon's column there are only two articles worth mentioning. Joelle Brink (a name that is new to the fannish scene as far as I know) provides some new insights into A Clockwork Orange. The article is interesting reading even for one who has not seen the movie. Mike Glicksohn has a very funny article (one of those rare outstanding items in GRANFALLOON) about run-ins between fans and customs officials.

ALGOL #19 (Nov. '72; 43 pp.); twice-yearly; 75¢ or 4/\$3; or contrib., published letter, or prearranged trades. From Andrew Porter, POBox 4175, New York, NY 10017.

There is little that is more nauseating than to see a fanzine editor beg for a Hugo. That is what Andrew Porter does in his editorial. He cannot understand why after nine years of publication he has never been nominated for a Hugo. He cannot understand why it is, with a circulation of 1000 and some of the best material and production of any 'zine, that he cannot garner a Hugo nomination. I submit that perhaps many fans feel as I do: fanzines are a form of communication, and any 'zine that publishes only twice a year ceases to be a viable form of communication. Another thing is that ALGOL lacks any trace of personality.

Besides...I do not think ALGOL has some of the best material, as

its editor claims. Marion Zimmer Bradley has a mediocre retrospective article on the New vs. Old in SF. One of her claims is completely wrong: she says she was the first writer to explore the feelings of the mother who gives birth to a mutant child. This is simply not true! Judith Merrill's "That Only a Mother" in ASTOUNDING in 1948, and also a Ray Bradbury story (whose title escapes me at the moment), both preceded the Bradley story.

Fred Pohl's "Science Fiction as Social Comment" is just a rehash of old ideas.

George Turner is present with an essay which is just an inconsequential condensation of some of his ideas that have been treated more fully elsewhere.

Ted White in his column advocates that the SFWA publish books. He presents a powerful case for his idea.

Really, ALGOL 19 is an awfully disappointing issue for a 'zine that some fans tout for a Hugo as best fanzine for 1972.

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((Fanzines for review should be sent to Mike Shoemaker, 2123 N. Early St., Alexandria, VA 22302. Traders who want their 'zines reviewed promptly should send review copies to Mike, and trade copies to the editor.

Mike has indicated that he will do some columns in the same way he did his column in TWJ #81, and others on a magazine by magazine basis. His columns will be appearing in occasional issues of SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL as well as in THE WSFA JOURNAL itself. --ed.))

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FOR SALE OR TRADE --

#208. A rainy summer afternoon, seen through an open casement window.

#209. Same as above, but sunny weather.

#210. A perpetual motion machine that stopped when I tinkered with it.

#211. A dust-devil, trapped in a chianti bottle. Raising hell.

#212. The keys to an abandoned sand castle.

-- DON JAMES