

.....OH GAUDI, AM I
EVER REAL SAD BECAUSE OF EVERYTHING
LA CA LA LA DO LA LA, ETC.



THE WWSFA JOURNAL

67

WWS!

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

(The Official Organ of the Washington Science Fiction Assoc.)

Issue Number 67: June/July, 1969

The JOURNAL Staff --

Editor & Publisher: Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton,
Maryland, U.S.A., 20906.

Associate Editors: Alexis & Doll Gilliland, 2126 Pennsyl-
vania Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C., 20037.

Contributing Editors:

Art Editor -- Alexis Gilliland.

Bibliographer -- Mark Owings.

Book Reviews -- Al Gechter (Mystery & Spy).

Alexis Gilliland.

David Halterman.

Convention Reporter -- J.K. Klein.

Fanzines -- Doll Gilliland.

Prozines -- Banks Mebane.

Other Media -- Ivor Rogers.

Pulps -- Bob Jones.

((NOTE: Send material for
those persons for whom
addresses are not listed
%Don Miller (address
above). Addresses will
be published in revised
INFORMATION SHEET. --ed.))

Consultants:

Archaeology -- Phyllis Berg.

Astronomy -- Joe Haldeman.

Biology -- OPEN.

Chemistry -- OPEN.

Computer Science -- Nick Sizemore.

Electronics -- Beresford Smith.

Mathematics -- Ron Bounds, Steve Lewis.

Medicine -- Bob Rozman.

Mythology -- Thomas Burnett Swann, David Halterman.

Physics -- Bob Vardeman.

Psychology -- OPEN.

Translators:

French -- Steve Lewis, Gay Haldeman.

German -- Nick Sizemore, Steve Lewis.

Italian -- OPEN.

Russian -- Nick Sizemore.

Spanish -- Gay Haldeman, Joe Oliver.

Swedish -- OPEN.

Overseas Agents:

Australia -- Michael O'Brien, 158 Liverpool St., Hobart,
Tasmania, Australia, 7000.

United Kingdom -- Peter Singleton, Block 4, Broadmoor Hos-
pital, Crowthorne, Berks. RG11 7EG, U.K.

Needed for France, Germany, Italy, Scandinavia, Spain, and
South America.

Published bi-monthly. This issue 50¢ (4s). Subscription
rates: U.S.: 3/\$1.10, 6/\$2, 10/\$3. UK: 3/10s, 7/20s. Cana-
dian & other overseas rates same as U.S. Make checks payable
to: "Donald L. Miller." Free for published contributions (art,
articles, LoC's, reviews, news, etc.). For advertising rates,
back-issue info, etc., write the ed. General deadline for
TWJ #68: 5 September 1969. All rights to material in this
issue belong to contributors.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

COLOPHON, etc.	pg 1
TABLE OF CONTENTS	pg 2
PAN AND HIS FRIENDS -- I: THE BEAST-MEN, by Thomas Burnett Swann	pp 3,4
TOMORROW IS UPON US DEPT.: INTELLIGENT COMPUTERS DIVISION, by A.Gilliland	pg 4
SF IS WHERE YOU FIND IT; or, WHOEVER HEARD OF THOSE MAGAZINES?, by R.Jonas	pp 5-8
THE GREATEST OF THE GREATEST; or, WRITERS PITTED AGAINST THEMSELVES, by Michael T. Shoemaker	pg 8
THE DEVELOPMENT OF NEW DRUGS, by Bob Rozman	pp 9-11
IS THE ABM SF?, by Alexis Gilliland	pg 11
THE 1969 HUGO NOMINEES	pg 12
LOOKING BACKWARDS, by Alexis Gilliland	pp 13,14
THE FOREIGN SCENE (Australia, England)	pg 14
ON TACHYONS AND SUCH, by Bob Vardeman	pp 15-17
VITAL ORGANIZATIONAL MOTTOES, by B.W. Randolph	pg 17
IN BRIEF (news from Michel Foron)	pg 17
MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY -- SPECIAL AUTOPSY REPORT: <u>NEW WORLDS</u> 173-183, by Banks Mobane	pp 18-20
THE ELECTRIC BIBLIOGRAPH (II. Chad Oliver), by Mark Owings	pp 21-23
MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY: Prozing Reviews (May/June), by Banks Mobane	pp 23,24
THE BRITISH PROZINES -- <u>NEW WORLDS</u> NO. 188, review by Ethel Lindsay	pg 24
SNIPERSCOPE -- Reviews of the Doubleday S.F. Book Club Editions (Dave Halterman: <u>Nova</u> , by Samuel R. Delany; <u>Chocky</u> , by John Wyndham	pg 25
TIDBITS -- Con news and misc. news and announcements	pg 26
VIEWS, REVIEWS, AND ARCHIMEDEAN SPIRALS -- Book and Movie Reviews (Alexis Gilliland: <u>Nova</u> , by Samuel R. Delany; <u>The Goblin Reservation</u> , by Clifford D. Simak; <u>No Time Like Tomorrow</u> , by Ted White; David Halterman: <u>Star Well</u> , by Alexei Panshin; <u>Black Flame</u> , by Stanley G. Weinbaum; <u>Brak the Barbarian Versus the Sorceress</u> , by John Jakes; <u>Brain Plant: Book I -- Lovely</u> , by David Meltzer; <u>Zanthar at Moon's Madness</u> , by Robert Moore Williams; <u>A Voyage to Arcturus</u> , by David Lindsay; Peter R. Weston: <u>Stand on Zanzibar</u> , by John Brunner; Richard Delap: <u>FILM REVIEW -- "The Illustrated Man"</u> ; Joseph Oliver: <u>Imaginación y Fantasía</u> , ed. by Donald A. Yates & John B. Dalbor	pp 27-34
DOLL'S HOUSE -- Fanzine Reviews (Doll Gilliland: <u>SPECULATION</u> 21; <u>CORR</u> 1; <u>THE PULP ERA</u> (2/69); <u>CRY</u> 180; <u>HECKMECK</u> 20; <u>RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY</u> (Vol. 3, #1); <u>A BLEEDING ROSE</u> 5; <u>TRUMPET</u> 9; <u>DaSFS JOURNAL</u> ; <u>QUASAR</u> (4/69); <u>ALGOL</u> 15; <u>ODD</u> 20; <u>OZ</u> 10; mount to the stars 1; <u>OSFIC</u> 18?; <u>WEIRDBOOK TWO</u> ; <u>WEIRDBOOK SUPPLEMENT</u> ; <u>TESSERACT-REWARPED</u>)	pp 35-40
FANSTATIC & FEEDBACK -- Lettercolumn (Robert Bloch, Bob Brown, Richard Delap, Bob Vardeman, Joe Kurnava, Dennis Lien, Buck Coulson, Robert Willingham, Ian Hobana, Steve Lewis, Hank Stine)	pp 41-46
THE BOOKSHELF -- New Releases (Ace, Fawcett, S.F. Book Clubs)	pg 46
THE CLUB CIRCUIT -- News & Minutes (ESFA, NESFA, OSFA, PenSFA, LUNARIANS; Misc.: Mirm-Stf, LASFS, NEOSFS, ACUSFOOS; SOC. CREATIVE ANACHRONISM)	pp 47-50
WSFA BUSINESS SECTION -- Minutes	pp 51-53
A NOTE TO UNIVERSAL PUBLISHING & DISTRIBUTING CORP. (<u>GALAXY</u> & <u>IF</u>)	pg 54
ODDS AND ENDS -- Misc. News & Announcements (Be sure and read 1st para.)	pg 54

Front cover by Doug Lovenstein; Back cover by Walt Simonson. Interior illos by Larry Ware (1), Cecilia Grim (4), Doug Lovenstein (14, 20, 40), William Rotsler (23, 43), Connie Reich (32), Jack Gaughan (35), and Alexis Gilliland (7, 11, 17, 26, 29, 38, 49); all stencilled by Gilliland. DISCON II flyer between pages 8 and 9 drawn by Walt Simonson.

We are sorry this issue is another bi-monthly, but the backlog of work from our two-month layoff because of our recent eye infection is to blame. (Read pg. 54.)

WSFA meets the 1st and 3rd Fridays of every month at the home of the Gillilands (address on page one). Parties seem to be occurring on the intervening Fridays.

PAN AND HIS FRIENDS

by

Thomas Burnett Swann

Who can say anything now about classical mythology? Long ago a professor gave me some unarguable advice: love mythology, read mythology, Homer, Hesiod, and the rest, but don't write about myths in your poems or stories. If you do, you'll be competing with Tennyson among poets and Joyce among novelists, and such competition is inevitably fatal. I forgot -- no, ignored -- his advice and have never ceased to write about classical mythology -- that is, the mythology created by the Greeks and borrowed by the Romans -- and thus have never ceased to write about nothing new. And now I am presuming to write some microscopic essays about the gods and demi-gods who abound in my thoughts and clamor their way into my stories; through the written word, I am presuming to praise and propitiate them. Ignore me if you will for ignoring good advice.

But now, to Pan and his friends....

I.

The Beast-Men

At least since the time of Aesop (600 B.C.?) humanized animals, personified animals -- frogs, crows, foxes, and their kind -- have cavorted across papyrus or paper to amuse and instruct us by reflecting our own foibles. But the moral weighs oppressively heavy in Aesop's tales; the animals are encumbered with failings which render them less than charming even while they amuse. We learn from them but we do not love them (and modern readers have even insisted on an Aesop without Morals).

Happily, the moralistic beast fable was not the only kind of tale esteemed by Aesop's story-telling and story-listening contemporaries. There were also tales, older than Aesop, older than Homer, older indeed than the art of writing, about animals who not merely talked and sometimes acted like men, but to some extent physically resembled men. In the sea, there were Tritons and Sirens whose bodies began with human heads but ended in the tails of fish. On the land, there were a host of beast-men. Centaurs or horsemen. Satyrs or goatmen. Minotaurs or bullmen. The common folk literally believed in them and sometimes worshipped them with offerings of milk and honey. Thus, in myth as well as in art, they do not have the look of being invented like Aesop's animals but rather of being remembered, with a mingling of fear, wonder, worship, and awe.

Wherewith lies their persuasiveness and believability? In the first place, they charm us in the fashion of real animals, the animals we trap, cage, and ogle; admire for their fleetness and wiliness and even the stoicism with which they fall to our weapons. The animals we love for the charm of fur, of paws, of whiskers. Add to an engaging animality the power of human reasoning, the comeliness of human faces, and the result may be irresistible. A Greek mariner, even if he sailed under the redoubtable Odysseus, even if he was the redoubtable Odysseus, was no match for the beauty and the song of the Sirens, even though he knew that they possessed an unfortunate predilection for human flesh. A woman confronted with a mischievous goat-tailed fellow named Pan, who could play sweet music on double pipes and dance on his cloven hoofs by the light of an amber moon, was no match for his indelicate but flattering blandishments. The later Greeks rationalized that the beast-men symbolized the fierce and untamed aspects of nature which ought to be -- had been -- conquered by civilization, as witness Periclean Athens and the Parthenon, yet they continued lovingly, nostalgically, almost believably to portray them even in the pediments of their noblest temples.



For other reasons the beast-men appeal to us, as they appealed to the ancients. The gods of Olympus, in spite of their human weaknesses, their lecheries and their quarrels, are incontestably Olympian. They are divinely strong. They are divinely beautiful. They are immortal. And they belong in epics or tragedies, in the *Iliad* or *Oedipus Rex*. But everyday life is neither epical nor tragic; there must be godlings as well as gods, and the beast-men are just such beings as a woodsman could hope to meet on a forest path, or a sailor along a deserted beach. They are easily accessible to an unsophisticated imagination.

Did we pass that way ourselves, long ages ago, as Walt Whitman suggests, in our climb toward humanity? Do they hold the mirror to ourselves when we were more than animals but less than men, before the blessed curse or cursed blessing of conscience; when we were at one with ourselves and the natural world? Whatever the reason, we cannot forget them. Wordsworth, before he grew pious and pompous,

could hail old Triton with his wreathed horn. The excessively civilized Matthew Arnold could fashion a thoroughly pagan merman and grieve for his betrayal by a Christian wife. Mallarmé wrote "The Afternoon of a Faun", which Debussy put to music. Walt Disney's most imaginative movie, *Fantasia*, produced before he decided that to personify meant to prettify and lost his genius even while he enlarged his audience, danced and merrymade with a multitude of beast men. Tritons, Centaurs, Satyrs, and all their cousins: certainly they live, if not in racial memory, at least in literary memory. Perhaps in both. They still compel us even when we have ceased to believe in them. They endure not because they teach us, like Aesop's animals, but because they are forces of nature, like rivers or mountains, but miniaturized to manageable -- and therefore loveable -- dimensions.

Who has not seen a fawn and wished for a faun? Or watched the flash of a tail between the waves and thought -- dolphin -- or Triton? When we cease to love them we will have lost the natural world and become indistinguishable from our computers. But such a loss is not likely as long as the pipes of Pan play "piercing sweet by the river".

((Coming next issue: II. Pan. --ed.))

Tomorrow is upon us, dept. Intelligent computers division:

Edinburgh University. A research team under Prof. Donald Michie of the Department of Machine Intelligence and Perception has started teaching computers English. The trick appears to be finding the logical structure of the language, and then feeding the sentence in one word at a time. The computer recognizes patterns from its own experience and makes "predictions". The machine recognizes, evaluates and responds to a 7- or 8-word statement, command or question in about $\frac{1}{2}$ second.

The present objective is to make computers that think like secretaries instead of filing cabinets.

The British line of research has now been taken up by the Linguistics Corp., of Cambridge, Mass., under specialists in computer techniques and robotics from MIT.

-- Alexis Gilliland

SF IS WHERE YOU FIND IT
or,
WHOEVER HEARD OF THOSE MAGAZINES?

by Bob Jones

It is surprising, when you think of it. Very few science fiction and fantasy buffs are familiar with the wealth of good SF in the old mystery-terror pulps. Well, at least there was an occasional story along these lines. All right, so only a few of them were good. But you can't argue me out of the fact that most lovers of imaginative fiction have not read these off-beat early efforts. Since one of my objectives in life is to enlighten, I want to show that you never can tell where you'll find science fiction.

For those jaded appetites filled up on the standard fare served by the mainstream SF magazines, maybe this will be a taste of something a little different. Let's look at what has been called (by me) the "weird menace" magazines. These are rare and today quite expensive, selling for from \$5 to \$15 apiece. There were quite a few titles back in the thirties. The three top pulps in this line were HORROR STORIES, TERROR TALES, and DIME MYSTERY, put out by Popular Publications. Other publishers offered THRILLING MYSTERY, UNCANNY TALES, MYSTERY TALES, NEW MYSTERY ADVENTURES, to mention a few. I read many of these when I was young. In recent years, I've been acquiring them -- at high prices -- and re-reading them, finding a lot of pleasure in these old stories.

"A fearful menace, apparently due to supernatural agencies, must terrify the characters (and the reader, but not the writer) at the start, but the climax must demonstrate convincingly that the menace was natural, after all." This is how these stories were characterized, and most of the material in the "weird menace" magazines fits this description.

Apparently, science fiction was accepted as legitimate weird menace, since now and then an SF story was used. In fact, even fantasies crept in...and some were very good.

The bylines for this deathless prose are hardly household names. You probably won't recognize them since they didn't appear in ASTOUNDING, AMAZING, or WONDER, except in infrequent cases. The authors only rarely ventured into the speculative field, spending most of their time with the more gory, sexually-oriented "shockers" many publishers were exploiting in the thirties. This doesn't mean that these writers lacked ability, however. Behind many a garish cover was found quality writing. So, to coin a phrase, you can't always tell a magazine by its cover.

Nor did the stories, themselves, read like the usual SF piece of fiction, whatever that is. In other words, since the emphasis in these magazines was on the weird menace element, any stories straying into the SF or fantasy area exhibited all the trappings of that particular stylization. This often resulted in a more provocative story than that usually offered by the pure SF magazines.

One story I enjoy recalling is John Knox's "Man Out of Hell". Appearing in DIME MYSTERY, March 1934, it is what I consider an outstanding example of the fusion of science fictional and horror elements, blended with mystery, menace, and detection. Like many of the other authors in those early issues, Knox appeared regularly throughout the decade in Popular's magazines. He appeared elsewhere, too, but saved a good part of his productivity for Popular's Big Three.

As a fellow collector says about the story, "What a fascinating blazer!" That was my reaction, too. Bill Zeigler, a private eye, investigates a series of weird

killings. Zeigler learns that Allene's stepfather hasn't allowed anyone into his study all day. He is obsessed with a wax figure delivered earlier in an air-tight glass case. This turns out to be the man from hell. The description of him waiting patiently a week to murder Allene's stepfather is, indeed, a high point, even coming so early. There are many other terse situations in this 17,000-word "mystery novel".

A report later comes in of another murder. The creature has been forced into a swimming pool. "With additional police reserves called, more than a hundred men surrounded the pool while it was drained. The slayer had disappeared into an 18-inch drain pipe. Hurrying to the other end of the drain where it emptied into the lake, officers with flashlights sighted the monster retreating into a bend of the huge pipe. Poison gas was pumped into the pipe for thirty minutes. At the end of that time, Detective Chris Lineman, protected by a gas mask, entered the pipe's mouth. Seeing that the fiend was apparently unharmed and approaching, he retreated. In another moment, the naked demon had come out of the pipe, and spraying the stunning death rays, fought his way through a cordon of police and plunged into the lake. The monster was not seen after vanishing into the lake. Tracks found later on the marshy shore, and two abandoned flat irons, indicated that the demon had walked across the floor of the lake."

The killer turns out to be a robot created of flesh-like rubber over a duralumin body. He is controlled through radio-receiving circuits, with a television scanner in his head. (Note the modern touch in 1934.)

Tracking down his suspects, Bill finds himself trapped in a vault-like room and placed in a metal coffin. "Through one of the holes he stared out into the room. Wolff and the Hindu were moving toward the door. 'And now,' said the doctor pleasantly, 'we'll fire the furnace.'" This scene, with Zeigler waiting in an agony of anticipation as the other coffins are thrust into the oven, is the quintessence of fear-fiction thrills.

Knox never again approached the high level of this early effort. However, he did come up with a nifty short story, three issues earlier, in DIME MYSTERY (December 1933). It was "Frozen Energy". An early prototype of J.G. Ballard's more sophisticated "Track 12", Knox's story concerns a philanderer, Blanding, who steals the affections of his friend's wife. Growing tired of her, he tries to convince her husband, Dr. Laurel, to take her back. The doctor agrees, and they drink on it. Later, Blanding awakes. He can't move. It is a form of suspended animation the doctor devised, which he had earlier explained to Blanding.

"He tried desperately to make a sound in his throat, but no sound came. If he could only move -- just a finger, a toe! 'Maybe if I think hard she'll feel my thoughts. Irene, Irene! I'm not dead! Touch me, move me, shake me! My body's dead. Only my brain is alive.'" But Dr. Laurel's wife, still in love with him, grieves for his corpse.

Her husband puts Blanding in a coffin. He is left alone, to brood over the people he has wronged, "How many hours had passed? He could not guess. With a sudden sharp pang, he thought of the sunlight outside, the sky, the trees, the breeze, and all of it only a few feet from him, beyond the vault wall." Time has lost all concept. And then finally, he is released. Dr. Laurel shows him his image in a mirror. "Blanding gazed and recoiled. His face was the face of a man of sixty. His hair had turned completely white. 'My God!' he exclaimed. 'How long have I been in here?'"

"'About three hours,' said Dr. Laurel."

Moving ahead several years, we come to the February-March 1937 issue of HORROR STORIES. There we find "The Devil's Press-Agent", by John Hawkins. The author appeared once more in these magazines. No prolific writer, he still should be more familiar than the other names. He wrote one story each for ASTOUNDING and UNKNOWN, and a novel for FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES.

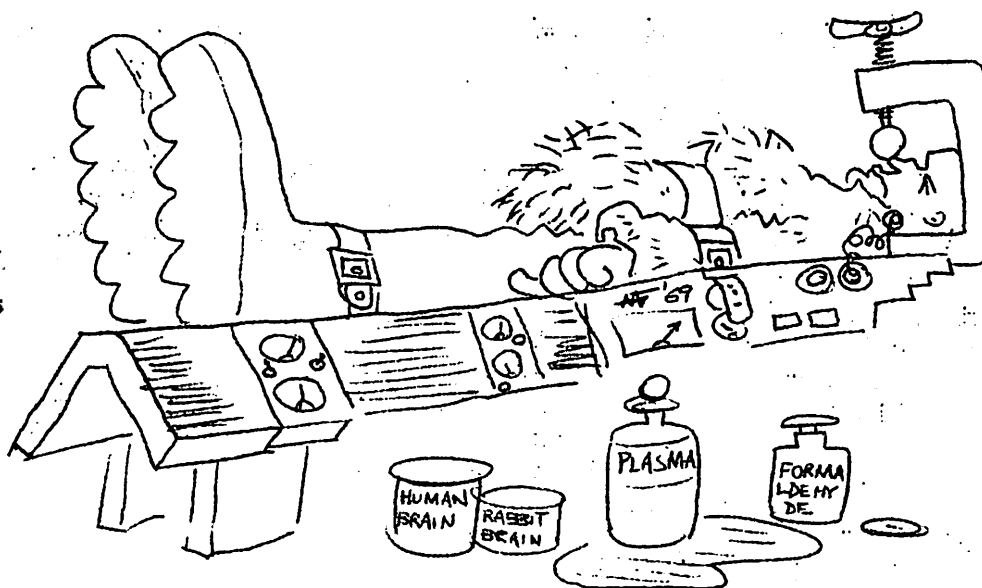
The style here is seemingly more suited to a magazine like BLACK MASK, rather than the Gothic showcase HORROR had been up to that time. A reporter, Lance Jeffcott, and his wife run afoul of a megalomaniacal scientist out to rule the world, no less. The account is deftly written, in a highly unusual verbal voice. First, it is told in the third person, then the difficult second person, next in the first (by Jeffcott), then back to the second. This was more than a grammatical exercise. The result gave it a perspective that made the story less personal, and, at the same time, more believable, despite its science fictional clichés.

Under the brutal Professor Hale, Jeffcott and his wife quickly learn their role. "You two are the first of my slaves, as the whole world shall be my slaves." The mad scientist has devised a huge power unit which "rips thunderbolts from the sinews of the sun." As Hale gloatingly explains, "With these I can center my power on any spot on the globe. The calculations are already made for every capital city in the world. I can pluck the Eiffel Tower out of the guts of Paris or I can blast the whole city out of existence." His impulse barriers in his stronghold prevent Jeffcott from venturing far from his room. Within this fortress, the reporter has to find a way to stop the madman.

W. Wayne Robbins was an author who excelled at creating nightmarish dilemmas for his heroes. His real name was Ormond Gregory, whose brother, Dane Gregory, also wrote for Popular's publications.

In "Test-Tube Frankenstein", he wrote what the magazine blurbod as, "One of the most unusual novelettes we have ever printed!" It appeared in TERROR TALES, May 1940. Such a statement generally could be shrugged off, for the weird monace magazines prefaced many stories with something similar. Only in this case, because of Robbins' skill, the story was a cut above many others. Science fiction readers familiar with Ralph Milne Farley's "Liquid Life", for instance, would have found nothing so unusual in the idea of a protoplasmic mimic. TERROR TALES readers, I imagine, found it refreshingly different. There had been several other variations similar to the above, during the preceding years, even though Popular stuck pretty closely to the type of weird monace story pioneered in DIME MYSTERY. So I hope that my judicious culling and choosing from some sixty issues draws the acclaim it so obviously deserves.

Robbins follows an experiment to nurture earthworm tissue. The protagonist's friend is talking. "That," he said,



awed of himself, 'is as near as man has ever come to the pure, disembodied will to live.'" They observe a blob. He continues. "'I can take it and crush it almost to shreds; I can immerse it in weak solutions of acids. But still it clings to whatever life it has in it. I built up that one instinct in it, practically at the exclusion of all others.'"

It is obvious that something has been created which they don't understand. "He laid a marble near one wall of the glassjar. For a moment nothing happened, but when it did I had the impulse to rub my eyes. Because there were two marbles."

The scientist becomes a victim of his own creation, when the mimic absorbs him and changes into his own image, down to his every mannerism. And all the time, its ravening hunger grows. Searching for the hero, the monster assumes one form after another. It's a frantic situation, as the hero is never sure who is real and who isn't. Readers, here, are probably reminded of Don Stuart's "Who Goes There?", to which this bears an affinity. The creature's one limitation is that it can only imitate what it sees. Because of this, it fails to kill the hero.

When it assumes the form of his fiancée, it attempts to trap him by partially disrobing and reaching out for him. "June swayed around, the subtle willowy bend of her body so familiar, so normal, so dear to my every sense. And my eyes swept involuntarily over the gentle swell of her abdomen, up to the mellow contour of her breasts.

"There should have been a shy blush of pink at the tips. But there was nothing. I cried out; my eyes crawled from their sockets. No; smoothly ivory over their entire surface, her breasts were without sign of nipple!"

The mildly erotic digression here was typical of the stories appearing in these magazines. As an element in a science fiction story in those days, it must have been slightly daring. After all, it's only been in recent years that SF has realized that women are built differently from men.

THE GREATEST OF THE GREATEST; or, WRITERS PITTED AGAINST THEMSELVES

This Issue: Simak vs. Simak:

I always see polls of "The Greatest Writers" or "The Greatest Stories", so I thought, "How about something different, like 'The Greatest Stories of the Greatest Writers'". So here it is.

Each issue I hope to present an author, for whom I'll want you to select a specified number of stories which you consider his greatest. List the stories in order of preference. They can be fantasy, SF, or horror. Consider things like Asimov's Foundation trilogy and Simak's City in their entirety rather than as separate stories. The specified number of stories which receive the most mentions will be the finalists. They will then be rated according to the average of their respective places in the ballots.

The first poll is to select the six best stories of Clifford D. Simak.

Please help to make this unusual poll a success. Mail ballots to:

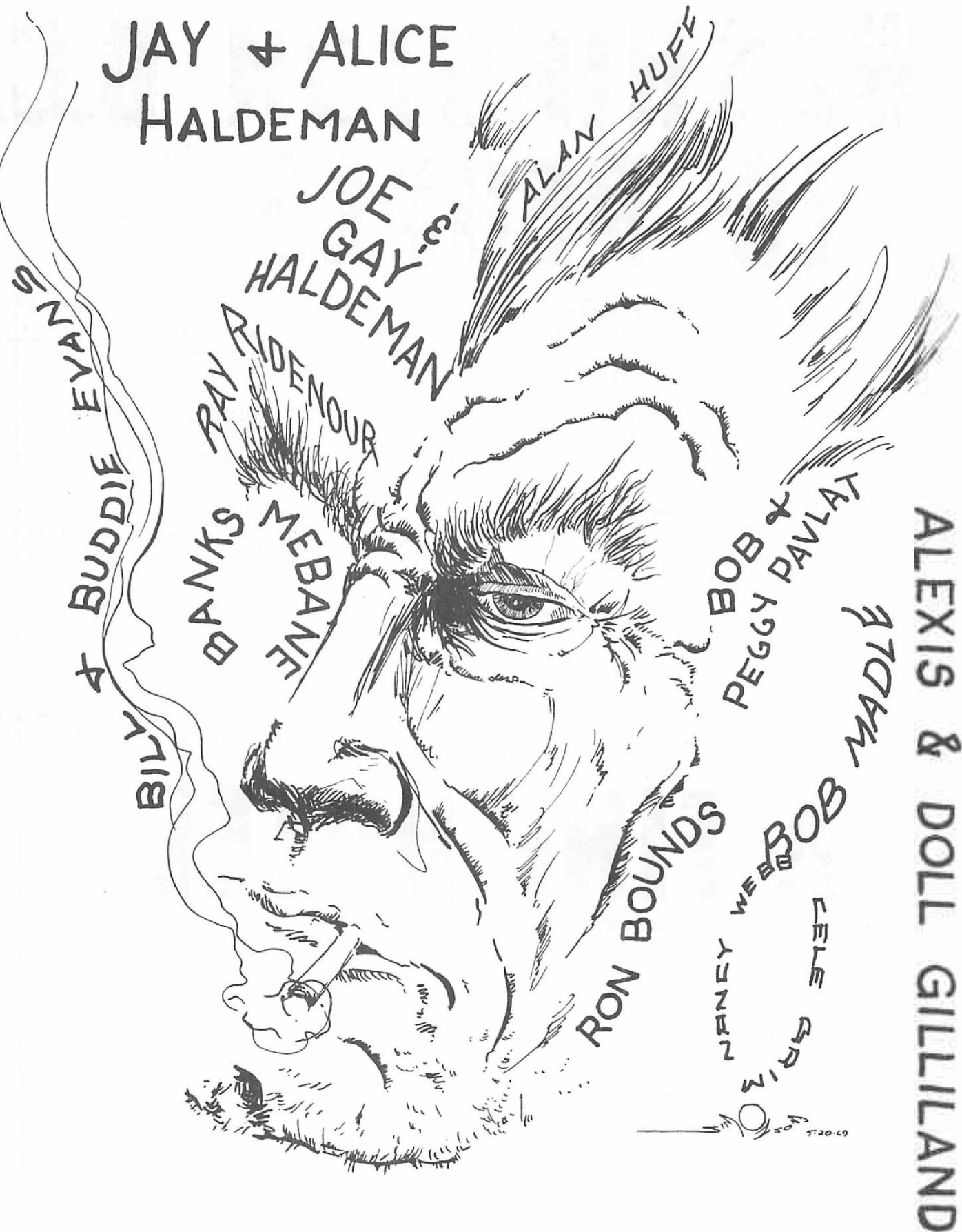
Michael T. Shoemaker, 3240 Gunston Road, Alexandria, Va., 22302.

Or, if you are in the Washington area, it would probably be more convenient for you to tell me your vote over the phone, so call 548-2709 between 6 and 9 p.m., and ask for "Mike".

In addition, in this department, I would like to have a "sound-off" section from fans. Write me a letter discussing your likes and dislikes in SF. Talk about your favorite authors and stories and why you like them. Each issue we will print a letter or two and, hopefully, we'll get a controversy going.

-- Michael T. Shoemaker

1971



WASHINGTON D.C.

WASHINGTON D.C. IS PEOPLE

Bill Evans (Treasurer) : Active since 1941 (remember Snide, co-edited by Bill Evans and Damon Knight?). Treasurer, Discon I, editor Remembrance of Things Past. Co-author, "The Universes of E.E. Smith". FAPA member since 1941.

Jay Haldeman (Co-Chairman) : Active since 1963. Editor, Tapeworm. President WSFA, four years. Past Director N3F. Director of Disclaves 1967, '68, '69. Can be found, near wife Alice, at most regional and national cons.

Banks, Nebane (Southern Representative) : Active since early 1940's. Magazine reviewer, sometime poet. Past President WSFA and past Director of Disclaves. Hugo nominee for Best Fan Writer, 1968.

Bob Pavlat (Co-Chairman) : Active since 1946. Co-founder, WSFA, and still active member. Discon I Committee. FAPA member and has held every office; currently OE.

And a cast including : Ron Bounds, Doll and Alexis Gilliland, Cole Grim, Gay and Joe Haldeman, Dave Halterman, Jackie and Jim Harper, Alan Huff, Fred Hypes, Bob Madle, Peggy Pavlat, Ray Ridenour, Nancy Webb, and others.

A FINE HOTEL

The Sheraton Park, Washington's finest

Three restaurants, four cocktail lounges

Washington's liquor laws now permit drinks seven days a week

Automatic elevators, escalator to meeting rooms

Parking free to guests; complete in-out freedom

Completely air-conditioned

Superb meeting rooms; excellent visibility for the masquerade in Washington's largest ballroom

Large, secure rooms for the Art Show and hucksters

Plenty of ice on every floor

Outdoor pool ... free to guests

And

A BEAUTIFUL CITY

9

THE DEVELOPMENT OF NEW DRUGS

by Bob Rozman

Drugs. This word conjures up visions in many minds of dope, speed, trips, hippies, undesirables. Good people don't use drugs. Only those bearded degenerates.

Drugs. What are they really? Unlike the popular idea, drugs are any chemicals, alone or in combination, that affect the functioning of the body, human or animal. This is a pharmacological definition in the broadest sense.

From a practical viewpoint, however, many substances aren't legally considered drugs unless they are for human or veterinary use. Even among these, some forms of chemicals aren't legally drugs, although some may have profound effects, e.g. on the central nervous system (coffee, tea, most alcoholic beverages).

Many over-the-counter (non-prescription) items are drugs and are regulated as such. Aspirin is a drug; so is rubbing alcohol. No-Doz and Somnex, One-A-Day Vitamins and Lydia Pinkham's miscellaneous tonics -- all drugs.

Any prescription item, for internal or external application (other than things such as braces, eyeglasses, catheters, hypodermic needles, and so forth) are drugs. How is a new one developed? Some are new combinations of known chemicals. Let's forget these for a while and concentrate on the new chemical, one that hasn't been used in humans before. What sequence of events usually takes place, from original manufacture to general use as a drug?

First, animal screening reveals a pharmacological effect that is considered desirable. This may be antibacterial, hormonal, analgesic, sedative, blood pressure lowering -- any one of hundreds of possibilities. These efficacy studies are usually extended and combined with limited toxicology studies. Let's say the compound looks good and the therapeutic dose is much lower than the toxic dose.

Now we come to somewhat longer-term (subacute or subchronic) toxicology studies -- two to twelve weeks of daily dosing, at at least three dose levels, in at least two animal species, usually one rodent and one non-rodent, by the intended human routes of administration. Complete blood counts are taken periodically. Kidney and liver function tests are used. Effects on fasting blood sugar and coagulation are monitored. Gross pharmacologic and clinical side-effects are looked at -- the electrocardiogram, effects on skeletal muscle, central nervous system effects, gastrointestinal actions, and the like. At the end of the experiment the animals are killed and gross necropsies performed. Tissues from twenty to thirty organs, from spleen to skeletal muscles, from heart to brain stem, from lymph node to stomach, are examined histologically.

If doses were chosen properly, the lowest dose will produce no discernable effect and will guide in picking the starting experimental dose in healthy human volunteers. The highest dose in animals hopefully will pinpoint the target organs, the potential trouble-spots to look for in humans.

While these toxicological studies are going on, special pharmacological tests are often being carried out. What does the chemical do to the isolated beating heart, the intact nerve, the blood pressure in anesthetized animals? What are the interactions with hormones such as epinephrine?

If the compound still looks good drug metabolism studies may start. How well is the compound absorbed, how is it distributed in the body, how is it excreted, what are some of the metabolites? Often many of these studies go on concurrently -- toxicology, pharmacology, drug metabolism, and expanded efficacy.

At this point the decision may be made to take the chemical into a limited number of healthy human volunteers for a human tolerance study. This is all part of a "Phase 1" study. The drug is formulated into a stable, convenient form, e.g. tablets, capsules, syrups, etc. All of the information gained so far on the new drug's chemistry, purity, formulation, toxicity, pharmacology, physiology, etc. is sent to the Food and Drug Administration. The same complete information is supplied to the physicians who will conduct the investigations. The physicians themselves must fill out forms listing their backgrounds and accomplishments.

The drug is now considered an "Investigational New Drug".

Human tolerance studies usually consist of dosing volunteer groups as follows:

1. Each group of several people receives only one dose level of drug for several days to several weeks. Each individual routinely undergoes a complete physical examination before starting the study. This includes blood counts, chemistries, organ function tests, urinalyses, and sometimes special tests indicated from the animal results. These examinations are repeated, usually daily during dosing, and bi-weekly or weekly after the drug is stopped, for several weeks until it is determined that no drug-induced toxic effects are present.

2. The first group starts at a low dose, with subsequent groups taking gradually increasing doses until toxic signs and/or symptoms appear. These often are nausea, drowsiness, or the like, but may be serious, such as hemolysis of red cells. Depending upon the nature and severity of the side-effects, a maximum tolerated dose is established.

Again all results are submitted to the FDA.

It is now time to see if the drug works in people. This study on human efficacy is referred to as "Phase 2" testing. A dose to be tried has been established in the tolerance studies. This time it is used in sick volunteers. Again the patient is followed closely for possible toxicity. Here efficacy is also determined. This is easy if a gross, easily measured response is what is wanted, such as curing an infection. It is much harder to determine efficacy for subtler results, such as tranquilization or mild pain relief.

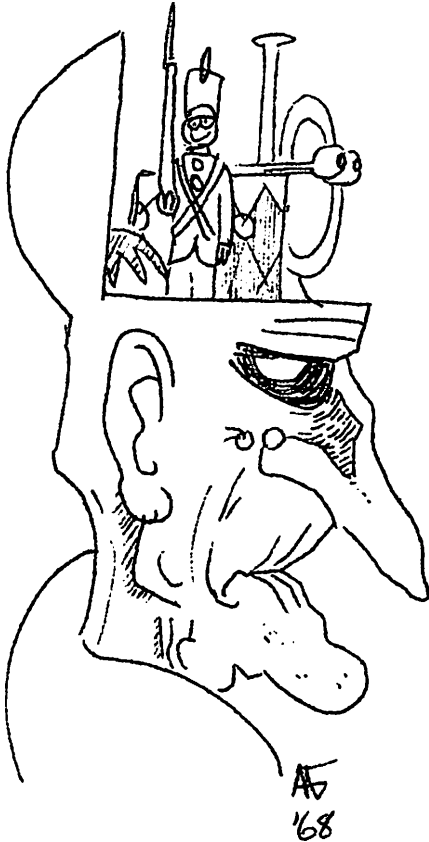
If results are promising studies are expanded to more people and a statistically valid protocol is (or should be) followed. This involves double-blind placebo studies, where one random group gets the drug and another gets an inert, but identically appearing, substance. Here neither the patient nor the examining physician knows who is getting the active drug. This helps to rule out placebo effects (the patient knows he is going to feel better, so he does) and physician bias (he wants to see the patient feel better, so the patient does).

While all this is going on, if the drug still looks good additional animal studies have started. If the drug looks good, human studies are greatly expanded into "Phase 3". Here thousands of patients and many physicians are involved. Control procedures of necessity must be relaxed, though not abolished. It is here that numbers are gained. Here, hopefully, one finds out if serious reactions occur in one patient in a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand. Here, hopefully, the true range of efficacy can be evaluated. Here, hopefully, a true toxicity-to-efficacy dose response can be determined. Here, hopefully, a meaningful comparison can be drawn with existing drugs.

If the new drug reasonably passes the human efficacy and toxicity studies, the Company asks the FDA to approve what is now a "New Drug Application". (Incidentally, this NDA may be volumes totaling 20 feet or more in thickness.) If it is approved the Company can legally market the drug. If the NDA is turned down flat, it is usually the Company's fault, for it should have seen long before that it was an in-

11

effective or overly dangerous drug. The most common course is for the FDA to require additional human work to answer specific objections. These may sometimes take years to answer.



This brief general outline, of course, sketches only a small amount of what is involved in developing a new drug. A volatile anesthetic would have studies, such as pulmonary tests, that other drugs might not require. An analgesic, tranquilizer, or hypnotic to be taken daily for years would need toxicity studies of a very long-term nature. Drugs for pregnant women require much more animal teratology (embryo malformation) studies than mood elevator drugs for senile men.

Some drugs require only a short time for approval, others many years. Many compounds are screened out initially; some drop by the wayside upon extensive testing. Few new drugs (as opposed to combinations of old acceptable ones) are approved for marketing each year. It is generally agreed that it costs between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000 to develop a new drug. On the average, between five and seven years elapse between the initial decision to go ahead based on the original animal efficacy studies to FDA approval.

((Next issue -- "The Metabolism of Drugs". --cd.))

IS THE ABM SF?

The decision to produce an ABM system is, I think, justified. The theoreticians who proclaim that the escalation will only lead to an unending counter-escalation are correct within their frame of reference, but there is, in fact, an upper limit which makes possible an ultimate defense for our ultimate deterrent.

My memory is good but not infallible, and as I recall; somewhere, in ANALOG SCIENCE FICTION or the BULLETIN OF ATOMIC SCIENTISTS, I saw a figure cited for the number of megatons which would have to be exploded to terminate life on the planet by fallout. It might have been 20,000 megatons, I don't remember. The point is, there is a point.

Thus, the defense employs A missiles with x megaton warheads, while the offense seeks to beat them down by using B missiles with y megaton warheads. The sizes and numbers of these monsters are classified and secret, but when $Ax \neq By = 20,000$ megatons, the success or failure of the attack becomes of purely academic interest. Also, the safety factors involved must make allowances for second strikes, missiles launched from submarines, and the countermeasures against these.

Once we calculate that a first strike will explode 20,000 \neq 5,000 megatons, we see that the ABM has become a kind of Domsday Machine, such as described in "Dr. Strangelove", only a highly sophisticated, incremental Domsday Machine whose response is proportional to the intensity of the provocation.

When the limitation imposed by fallout is recognized, the ABM defense becomes unassailable if not invulnerable. An additional advantage accrues to the economy-minded Administration in that the number of ABM's deployed can be reduced by using dirtier warheads -- although, as Dr. Strangelove pointed out, this is a fact which one should be at pains to advertise.

By all means let us proceed with Dr. Strangelaird's Domsday Machine. There is no safety in half-hearted measures and no security for those unwilling to beggar themselves in their defense.

-- Alexis Gilliland

THE 1969 HUGO NOMINEES

BEST NOVEL, 1968 --Goblin Reservation, by Clifford Simak (GALAXY, April-June).Nova, by Samuel R. Delany (Doubleday).Past Master, by R. A. Lafferty (Ace).Rite of Passage, by Alexei Panshin (Ace).Stand on Zanzibar, by John Brunner (Doubleday).BEST NOVELLA, 1968 --"Dragon Rider", by Anne McCaffrey (ANALOG, January)."Hawk Among the Sparrows", by Dean McLaughlin (ANALOG, July)."Lines of Power", by Samuel R. Delany (F&SF, May)."Nightwings", by Robert Silverberg (GALAXY, September).BEST NOVELETTE, 1968 --"Getting Through University", by Piers Anthony (IF, August)."Mother to the World", by Richard Wilson (Orbit 3)."The Sharing of Flesh", by Poul Anderson (GALAXY, December)."Total Environment", by Brian Aldiss (GALAXY, February).BEST SHORT STORY, 1968 --"All the Myriad Ways", by Larry Niven (GALAXY, October)."The Beast that Shouted Love", by Harlan Ellison (GALAXY, June)."The Dance of the Changer and the Three", by Terry Carr (Farthest Reaches)."Masks", by Damon Knight (PLAYBOY, July)."The Steiger Effect", by Betsy Curtis (ANALOG, October).BEST DRAMA, 1968 --"2001 -- A Space Odyssey"."Charly"."Fallout" (from "The Prisoner" TV series)."Rosemary's Baby"."Yellow Submarine".BEST PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINE, 1968 --

ANALOG

F&SF

GALAXY

IF

NEW WORLDS

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST, 1968 --

Vaughn Bodé

Leo & Diane Dillon

Kelly Froas

Jack Gaughan

BEST FANZINE, 1968 --

PSYCHOTIC (now S.F. REVIEW) (Dick Geis, editor).

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY (Leland Sapiro, editor).

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES (Ken Rudolph, editor).

TRUMPET (Tom Reamy, editor).

WARHOON (Richard Bergeron, editor).

BEST FAN WRITER, 1968 --

Richard Delap

Banks Mebane

Harry Warner, Jr.

Ted White

Walt Willis

BEST FAN ARTIST, 1968 --

George Barr

Vaughn Bodé

Tim Kirk

Doug Lovenstein

Bill Rotsler

The Committee reports a total of 410 Nomination Ballots received this year. Deadline for receipt of final ballots for Hugo Awards is August 1, 1969. To vote, you must be a member of the ST. LOUISCON. Con memberships are \$4 Attending, \$3 Supporting. Make checks payable to "St. Louiscon" and mail them to: 27th World Science Fiction Convention, P.O. Box 3008, St. Louis, Missouri, 63130. Join now!

LOOKING BACKWARDS
by Alexis Gilliland

Well, 1968 was a rotten year, what with the assassinations of King and Kennedy, the National Conventions, the War in Vietnam, and the riots at home, but perhaps it might help a little if we looked backwards to gain perspective.

In 1958 the long Eisenhower years were coming to an end. De Gaulle came to power in France and the pro-Western government of Iraq fell in a bloody coup. The year before, Russia launched Sputnik I, a by-blow of her ICBM program. At the year's end, the NEW YORK TIMES rejoiced as Fidel Castro came to power.

In 1948 Russia blockaded Berlin, Israel was proclaimed, to set the Middle East in a state of permanent Arab rage and frustration, and Czechoslovakia went Communist. The next year Russia exploded her first A-bomb, and China fell to Mao.

In 1938 Hitler invaded Austria, and Neville Chamberlain sold out Czechoslovakia at Munich. "Peace in Our Time" was his slogan. The Spanish Loyalists collapsed towards the end of the year and surrendered to Franco on Jan. 26, 1939.

In 1928 the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact was signed outlawing war as an instrument of national policy. Stalin instituted the first 5-year plan. Coolidge announced that he did not choose to run, and the stock market climbed to unprecedented heights, prior to the crash of 1929.

In 1918 an influenza epidemic killed 20,000,000, including 548,000 Americans. World War I was dragging to a close, finally costing each major combatant 1,000 men dead per day for each day that the war went on. The Romanovs of Russia were shot at Ekaterinburg on July 16.

In 1908 things were calm and peaceful. A financial panic the year before; Adm. Peary reached the North Pole and Blériot flew across the English Channel a year later.

In 1898 the Spanish-American war began, and the next year the Boer War and the Filipino Insurrection and in 1904 the Russo-Japanese War...or would that go with 1908?

So -- from 1898 to 1968 we can count 1908 as a good year, since we are not looking at the violent labor unrest during that period, and 1958 as pretty good, although there was the Hungarian uprising in 1956 plus the Anglo-French-Israeli invasion of Egypt which we Americans unilaterally repealed. Somewhere along there we started the U-2's flying over the USSR. No, 1958 was more a pause for breath. 1928 is probably best, with war outlawed, and the U.S. set up on a permanent plateau of prosperity. Talk about imbecile illusions! Still, I don't doubt that 1928 was the best of the bunch, even though Prohibition was in effect, and Unions were illegal.

What does this very cursory review of history indicate? That times are bad all over? Perhaps. Maybe also that all times are pretty bad.

For instance, if President Nixon ended the war in Vietnam tomorrow, there would be no end of our troubles, and 1978 would have something else acting up.

Ah, you say, but once we get out of that war, we will have learned our lesson and will never get into another war. Never again will we fight on foreign soil for any reason.

Without bothering to speculate on what might happen, I will merely observe that often one is compelled to choose between a lesser and a greater evil.* Sometimes it is impossible to tell which is which, and one acts and hopes.

Is the War in Vietnam going to be the last? I think not.

*Fritz Muhlhauser says you shouldn't do either, since doing evil is wrong. Fritz is able to avoid the dilemma by being absolutely convinced of the rightness and goodness of any cause he espouses. A dangerous illusion.

THE FOREIGN SCENE

From Australia --

Fan activity in Australia seems to have gone temporarily into hibernation following the successful Melbourne Convention this past Easter. At one stage, there were 99 persons at the Con.

Only two fanzines have appeared since the Con. One is the fifth annish of Ron Clarke's THE MENTOR (no. 16), which is being replaced by an expanded version of its smaller brother EOS. The other is Bruce Gillespie's rather sercon 'zine called SF COMMENTARY No. 2. The first is from Sydney, the second from near Melbourne. Addresses available from me (158 Liverpool St., Hobart, Tasmania 7000, Australia).

John Bangsund, at latest word, plans to continue the AUSTRALIAN SF REVIEW in a smaller form, while putting out his own general fanzine SCYTHORP. JB's address is now PO Box 109, Ferntree Gully, Victoria 3156, Australia.

The new Australian-British SF magazine VISION OF TOMORROW is now scheduled for release about September. Publisher Ron Graham, just back from a trip to overseas fan centres, says the magazine will be printed on 8½ x 10 7/8 slick paper and will contain all new stories. Phil Harbottle and John Bangsund are the British and Australian editors, respectively. There is also talk of two companion magazines, one to publish reprints, the other to feature translations from German SF. Nothing is definite about those yet.

The Australian Tolkien Society has published the second issue of its magazine CARANDAITH, which is available in the U.S. from "Alpajpuri", 1690 E. 26th Ave., Eugene, Oregon, 97403.

-- Michael O'Brien

From England --

Just enough room for quick mention of two new British 'zines: COSMOS SCIENCE-FANTASY REVIEW (2s. ea. from 115 Wanstead Park Rd., Ilford, Essex) and SUPERNATURAL (4s. ea. from 25 Headswell Crescent, Redhill, Bournemouth).

-- DLM



ON TACHYONS AND SUCH

by Bob Vardeman

I am always somewhat annoyed to see narrow-minded thinking like: "Nothing can ever go faster than light" or "Time travel is an impossibility". I guess statements like those bug me because they are so dogmatic, so positive. And yet how can anyone prove an impossibility? All that can really be done is to show a strong tendency or a high probability that something won't happen. For instance, I'd be willing to bet any amount of money that the sun will rise in the east tomorrow morning. It did yesterday, it did today, chances are very good it will tomorrow. But just because something has always happened before doesn't absolutely mean it will always happen in the future.

Likewise, just because we haven't yet observed anything to travel ftl doesn't mean that it is impossible. Einstein's general relativity is in all probability not all-encompassing. It might even be wrong. Look at how many theories in the past have been "inviolable" only to be pushed aside and replaced by more comprehensive explanations (phlogiston comes to mind).

But on with ftl particles. The May 1969 issue of PHYSICS TODAY (Vol. 22, #5) contained an article entitled "Particles Beyond the Light Barrier" by Drs. Olexa-Myron Bilaniuk and E.C. George Sudarshan concerning the mathematical bases for the existence of ftl particles. The basic question they pose is, "Is acceleration the only way a fast particle can be produced?"

The answer is obviously "No". Why obviously? If a photon is slowed down from its speed-of-light velocity nothing material remains. Therefore, what is accelerated in the first place to create the photon? This last question is irrelevant since the photon is just a bundle of energy and nothing has to be accelerated. Nothing material. Which is fine and agrees with Einstein and the Lorentz transformations.

Seeing that the photon cannot travel slower than light (and has not been observed to travel faster than light), is it not possible to imagine a particle which has to travel faster than light and cannot travel any slower? It is possible to at least say, "Yes, sure, I can imagine such a particle. But so what?"

The "so what?" has been extensively explored by Sudarshan, Bilaniuk, Feinberg and others. Several new terms and concepts have been adopted and I present them here more for convenience than anything else. It always helps if everyone understands the lingo.

- Tachyon: A meta-particle that travels faster-than-light.
- Tardyon: A sub-light-speed particle (like an electron, neutron, etc.).
- Luxon: A particle that travels at exactly the speed of light (e.g., photon, neutrino).
- Proper mass: The "rest mass" in conventional relativistic mechanics. In meta-relativity, the tachyon has a proper mass involving an imaginary number.
- Metamass: The absolute value of the proper mass.

These are some of the terms introduced to get everyone talking alike and are pure definition. Going a little further is one of the basic postulates of meta-relativity called the Reinterpretation Principle: A negative-energy tachyon going backwards in time is identical and indistinguishable from a positive-energy tachyon going forward in time. This invalidates certain rather complicated causality objections to the metarelativity theory concerning the existence of ftl signals and permits the development of a consistent theory of tachyons.

I won't even try to examine the causality objections since they are more mathematical than intuitive. One obvious objection arises concerning the metamass. Since

all observers travel at tardyon velocities, this implies that there is no observer in whose frame of reference a ftl particle can be at rest. To circumvent this argument, it must be remembered that the proper mass of the tachyon is not an observable quantity. The only things that remain real apply to the laws of electricity and magnetism as they appear to the observer.

The concept of something being "unmeasurable" should not be too surprising. Could Hero of measured the horsepower his "steam engine" produced? No, because such concepts had yet to be invented. Indeed, it is just possible the metamass of a tachyon may never be measured by direct means simply because we cannot develop instruments capable of measuring such a quantity without introducing an unacceptable error into the measurement.

Sommerfeld (from Maxwell's equations) calculated that a ftl particle would spontaneously radiate electromagnetic waves. Soon after the emission all the energy would be dissipated and the tachyon would travel infinitely fast. This sounds confusing by ordinary standards. An infinitely fast particle with no energy at all.

But this objection can be met since such a tachyon would have no chance of being detected. It has no energy or momentum to give. It could not collide with a "stationary" particle (and thus have the recoil observed) since the absorbing particle needs both momentum and energy. Something with no energy to spare can hardly give part of it to another particle.

What would happen then if an infinitely fast tachyon hit a "stationary" particle? The tachyon can only change the direction and not the magnitude of the momentum vector of the absorbing particle. This is somewhat analogous to an elastic collision between an absorbing particle and an infinitely massive object.

All this sounds good mathematically but what is being done to actually detect the tachyon? Some investigation (which has proven negative so far) is being done in Sweden by trying to detect the Cerenkov radiation a tachyon should radiate travelling thru space.

A more promising approach is being conducted at Argonne National Laboratories and at Brookhaven using a missing mass spectrometer. A high-energy proton hits a deuterium target and produces a helium atom and "something else". If this "something else" is a tardyon or luxon, the helium atom recoils are restricted to a limited and calculable range of forward angles. But if a helium nucleus is detected in the spectrometer when it is set at an angle larger than calculated for a luxon, then the missing reaction product can only be a tachyon.

Experiments of this nature are, to date, the most promising since the properties of the tachyon are purest speculation. It might prove impossible to detect a tachyon by deflection experiments if, like the photon and neutrino, the ftl particle is neutrally charged (or uncharged, perhaps).

These are the only "facts" so far but scientists have been proposing "hair-brained" schemes for many years. In the early '40's Stückelberg proposed that some anti-particles might travel backwards in time. In the latter part of that decade, Richard Feynman took this idea further and developed theories explaining (with sufficient accuracy) anti-particles. His theory says that it is possible to calculate what will happen in a matter-antimatter interaction by assuming the collision between one electron moving forward in time and one electron moving backwards in time (a positron).

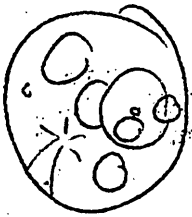
Alexis' speculations are interesting concerning a tachyon-powered ship. ((In TWJ #66 --ed.)) But as he proposed it, such a thing could not occur. The ship and all its contents would have to become tachyon meta-particles. As pointed out above,

the reaction of a tachyon with a tardyon does nothing except change the direction of the tardyon's momentum. Entropy would prevent a tachyon engine (with zero-energy tachyons) from kicking the tardyon ship ftl. You simply can't get something for/from nothing. Or to put it more science-fictionally, There Ain't No Such Thing As A Free Lunch.

What would be needed, then, is not a tachyon-reaction engine but a device for making the transition from tardyon to tachyon. And it is quite possible such a device doesn't exist. The light barrier might actually be a barrier to material things like you and me.

If this is true, then the only way we'll ever get to the stars is by plodding sub-light ships spending years in transit. But one way of keeping in touch would be the tachyon transceiver. Information might be sent ftl via a modulated tachyon beam even if it isn't possible to physically travel that fast.

Thus the old stories about communication lag being greater than actually travelling to the stars might be outdated and outmoded. The only way to find out is to wait and see. Asimov and his thiotimeline might not be so far wrong after all.



VITAL ORGANIZATIONAL MOTTOES
by B.W. Randolph

1. Re-initiate retroterminations.
2. Unthaw non-sublimates.
3. De-emphasize apodicticism.
4. Suavity over acerbity.
5. Stress discrete continuity.
6. Dohumanize anthropomorphism.
7. Obloquy over obsequy.
8. Randomize entropy reversals.
9. Recompare mutually exclusive contradictions.
10. Re-expand ectomorphs.
11. Relogitimize the unglib.
12. Restructure the neo-arcane.
13. Make antilogy mandatory.
14. Reschedule anachronisms.
15. Decelerate obsolescence.
16. Reverify unpredictables.
17. Unsieve the heterogeneous.

In brief --

Michel Feron reports, in EARLY BIRD 5 $\frac{1}{2}$, that he will be back home at 7, Grand-Place, Hannut, Belgium, beginning July 24. ((Our congratulations to Mike on his return to civilian life. --ed.)) Mike also reports that a new issue of EARLY BIRD will be out in late July or early August, and asks U.S. news-zine publishers to let him know whether they would be interested in a "sort of fannish & faaannish news service". ((Yes, Mike, for this ed., anyway. --ed.))



MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY -- SPECIAL AUTOPSY REPORT: NEW WORLDS 173-183
by Banks Mebane

These eleven issues of the "new" NEW WORLDS, July 1967-October 1968, provide the corpus for my cursory examination of this British magazine in its latest incarnation. The first thing to note is that (although it once was) NEW WORLDS is not now a science fiction magazine and does not purport to be one.

Then why review it in a sf fanzine?

Well, it does publish quite a lot of science fiction, and it's the spiritual home of the British New Thing, which pundits like Judy Merril and NEW-WORLDS-editor-for-these-issues Michael Moorcock tell us science fiction ought to turn itself into (Gad! This sentence I just wrote! Is this the effect of an overdose of NW?).

The three serials appearing here are sf fair and square, whatever New Thing affinities may be claimed for them. They've come out as books on this side of the water, so I won't review them extensively (you'll find people doing that all over), but they take up so much of the magazine that I must consider them.

Brian Aldiss' "An Age" (Cryptozoic over here) is a time-travel story in which misfits leave a drab future for a remote past that they can see but not touch. In a technicolor climax, the whole situation is stood on its head. The characters are made real, but there isn't a one of them who couldn't be sent to hell in a bucket without my giving a pfennig. Aldiss can do better than this.

Thomas M. Disch's "Camp Concentration" is his best novel to date and an important work. It's a guignol thing about human guinea pigs infected with a mutation of syphilis that causes greatly increased intelligence and eventual sticky death. Comparison with "Flowers for Algernon" is inevitable, but the intent here is more complex and sweeping. It's a talky, hothouse novel, and when the disease escapes into the general population, that's handled off-stage. I haven't fully digested this book (particularly the ruthless apotheosis at its ending) and will have to re-read it.

Norman Spinrad's "Bug Jack Barron" has stirred up beeswarms of controversy and epithets like "cynical" and "dopraved". Actually it's an idealistic novel about a man who recovers his integrity after selling out three-quarters of the way and being under intense temptation to go the whole route. It's also about the near future, immortality, and the uses and effects of power.

"Bug Jack Barron" wouldn't disturb a teapot if it weren't for the sex and the language. There's sex, more than we're used to in sf, but less (and more prissily handled) sex than in most mainstream cynosure novels. It's full of slang and dirty words, and they are there, I suppose, to make the interior monologs more convincing. The four-letter terms are used just as they are by people who habitually use them -- as mere meaningless intensifiers (****, it's a ****ing nice day). The slang is used in the usual way too, as catch-all phrases. If a number of different emotional states are all called "uptight", there's an inevitable loss of precision. I think that in aiming for intensity with his language, Spinrad has weakened his writing.

NEW WORLDS mangles its serials. Large chunks of the stories were cut out just before the ends of the Aldiss and Spinrad novels, and they were summarized in the synopses before the last installments. The climax of each story remains, but the build-up is gone.

Two of the three serials are by Americans -- Disch and Spinrad -- and so are nearly half of the shorter fictions in these issues, works by: Jon DeClos, Thomas M. Disch, Carol Emshwiller, Harvey Jacobs, Fritz Leiber, Dannie Plachta, James

Sallis, John Sladok, Gene Wolfe, Roger Zelazny, P.A. Zoline, and Joel Zoss. Several of these are trans-Atlantic Americans, as much at home in Blighty as over here (and Sallis has now become editor of NEW WORLDS), but we still have an alien contingent within the bastion of the British New Thing. Some are, or are becoming, part of it like Sallis; some are certainly concerned, influenced and influencing, like Disch; some arrived at similar results by independent paths, like Emshwiller; and some are there by accidental resemblances, like Zelazny. And some just happened to write fiction that Moorcock bought -- not everything, not even a majority of the things in the magazine, are really New Things.

Nor are all the British writers turning out New Things either. John Brunner has a brief segment of his novel Stand on Zanzibar in #177, and David Masson's "Not So Certain" in #173 is a quite conventional sf story. George Collyn, Hilary Bailoy, Christopher Finch, and John Calder strike me as only peripherally or accidentally New Thingish, if at all.

Brian Aldiss can't really be catagorized; his writing is so varied that no school can claim him. Besides "An Age", he has several stories here in his Charteris series, set in the post-Acid-Road-War era when most of the population have been permanently turned on by psychedelic weapons. Aldiss is a writer of high talent who, I think, has trouble finding something interesting enough to write about. He seems to use the Charteris stories as literary exercises -- excuses for writing in as many different styles as possible. Parts of "Auto-Ancestral Fracture" (#178), for instance, read very like Finnegan's Wake, and other scenes recall William Burroughs nightmares.

I've pussyfooted all around it, and now I must hit the New Thing head-on.

Question: Is there really a New Thing?

Answer: Yes, I think so. To myself, I call it the "school of Ballard" without necessarily meaning what I say -- that it's a school, and that it's Ballard's school.

But I do believe it's a school. It has the earmarks of a literary coterie: the swooping self-congratulatory statements, the sense of me and thee against all the world, the horn-tooting publicists making apocalyptic pronouncements.

Whether it's J.G. Ballard's school or not, I don't know. Certainly he's the doyon if not the Dean -- he's older and has been writing longer than most (or all) of the other New Thingish writers. I give him the school in my mind because he's been published over here and I'm familiar with the range of his work. His earlier stuff (like the Vermilion Sands stories) was idiosyncratic and adumbrated the New Thing before it was. What he writes now is New Thing if there is one (and there is).

Ballard aside, the writers in these issues that I consider to be New Things are: Michael Butterworth, Giles Gordon, Langdon Jones, Bob Parkinson, Charles Platt, Peter Tato, and Leo Zorin (one or two of these names I suspect of being masks for Moorcock himself). Now whether Ballard influenced them, they influenced him, or the whole shooting match was influenced by something else, I don't know. Certainly they all take much from other Avant-Garde movements and writers. Maybe some or all of them would deny being part of the school, or deny that there is a school. Maybe one or two of them don't belong here (it's hard to be sure on the basis of a page or two of prose). But they all look to me as if they ought to be in the same basket.

What they have in common is that they have abandoned objective narrative as a medium. Having done so, they depart in all directions (not necessarily one direction per writer -- not even one per sentence). They try surrealism and dream narra-

I AM
JOHN
LENNON
AND I AM
GOD.



tion, they try purely verbal effects, they try associational progression, as in poetry, and very often they use a fragmented form that seems to be influenced by visual media -- a time-sequence of images without causal connection.

Ballard himself has only two pieces in these issues. One of them, "The Generations of America" (#183), is a mere ill-tempered gimmick. The other, "The Death Module" (#173), is typical of his recent work: free associations triggered by a tragic news story, with symbolic figures and actions fading in and out. Ballard is a moving writer, as even those who don't like him must admit.

Of the others, Peter Tate is the most conventional and accessible; his "Mars Pastoral" (#174) retains the narrative form, even if it becomes subjective and illusory as in Ballard's earlier work. He has had stories in the American magazines that show varying degrees of New Thingishness.

I can recall the things by Giles Gordon and Michael Butterworth, but for the rest I have to flip through the magazines to remind myself what each one wrote. Sturgeon's Law operates, here as everywhere. Yet I think there's at least a fugitive phrase or image in each of these writers that strikes a spark. You can't think of the New Things as stories, because they aren't. If you approach them as you would a poem, you'll get more out of them. Maybe that's what they are -- a diffuse, flatulent sort of poetry.

Besides the fiction (if that is the word for it) there's not much of interest in the magazine. The verse is far tamer than the prose. Much of the criticism of books and art is pretentious, and some of it is downright bad. The scientific and pseudoscientific articles are unreadable.

Visually, the magazine has varied in these issues. The first few have some good graphics, but the overall appearance shows that vaguely amateurish look so many British publications do have (at least to American eyes). In #'s 178 and 179 there's much pandering to Popcult taste under guise of attack. From #181 on, the layout improves but becomes more conventional -- like a corporation annual report.

NEW WORLDS reminds me undeniably -- by its self-consciousness, by its dedication, by its produced result -- of a campus literary magazine.

((NEW WORLDS is published monthly by New Worlds Publishing at 271 Portobello Road, London, W.11, England, with the assistance of the Arts Council of Great Britain. Subscriptions are 60 shillings (\$10 in the U.S.) for 12 issues. Current editor is Langdon Jones, assisted by Michael Moorcock (consulting) and James Sallis (U.S.). Associate editor, Douglas Hill; assistant, Graham Charnock; design, Nigel Francis, assisted by Jeff Marsh; science editor, Dr. Christopher Evans; books editor, M. John Harrison; aeronautics advisor, Eduardo Paolozzi; advertising and promotion manager, Diane Lambert. Magazine size is now approx. 8 3/8" x 11 7/8". This information from the latest issue received at this end, #191 (June, 1969). --ed.))

THE ELECTRIC BIBLIOGRAPH
by Mark Owings

II. Chad Oliver

Anachronism -- F&SF 4/53.

Another Kind -- Ballantine: NY 1955, pp.170, \$2.00/35¢. Contents: Mother of Necessity/Rite of Passage/Scientific Method/Night/Transformer/Artifact/A Star Above It. Ant and the Eye, The -- ASF 4/53; included in Stories for Tomorrow, ed. William Sloane (Funk & Wagnalls: NY, 1954, pp. 628, \$3.95) (Eyre & Spottiswoode: London, 1955, pp. 476, 18/-).

Any More at Home Like You? -- Included in Star S.F. #3, ed. Frederik Pohl (Ballantine: NY, 1954, pp. 186, \$2.00/35¢); rep. in NW 9/55.

Artifact -- F&SF 6/55, rep. NW 4/56; in Another Kind (q.v.).

Between the Thunder and the Sun -- F&SF 5/57; included in The Best from F&SF: 7th Series, ed. Anthony Boucher (Doubleday: NY, 1958, pp. 264, \$3.75) (Ace: NY, 1962, wpps. 252, 35¢).

Blood Star, The -- SSS 1/51.

Blood's A Rover -- ASF 5/52c; included in Operation Future, ed. Groff Conklin (Perma Books: NY, 1955; wpps. 356, 35¢).

Boy Next Door, The -- F&SF 6/51; included in Human?, ed. Judith Merril (Lion: NY, 1954, wpps. 190, 25¢).

Controlled Experiment -- ORBIT 12/54; included in Space Station 42 & Other Stories, ed. Anonymous (Jubilee Pubs. Ltd.: Sydney, 1958, wpps. 114, 2/-).

Didn't He Ramble -- F&SF 4/57, rep. Aust. F&SF #14, 8/58; included in The Best Science Fiction Stories and Novels: Ninth Series, ed. T.E. Dikty (Advent: Chicago, 1958, pp. 258, \$3.50) (SFBC ed. 1958).

Edge of Forever, The -- ASF 12/51.

End of the Line -- F&SF 1/65.

Field Expedition -- ASF 1/55; included in The Hidden Planet, ed. Donald A. Wollhoim (Ace: NY, 1959, wpps. 190, 35¢).

Final Exam -- FAN 12/52, rep. AMZ 12/65.

Fires of Forever, The -- SF ADV 11/52; included in Fires of Forever, ed. Anonymous (Malian: Sydney, 1953, pp. 32).

From Little Acorns -- SAT 2/59.

Guardian Spirit -- F&SF 4/58.

Hands Across Space -- SF 8/53, rep. Aust. AF MONTHLY #7, 3/56; in Another Kind (q.v.), as "Scientific Method".

Hardly Worth Mentioning -- FAN 6/53.

Judgement Day -- SF ADV 3/53.

Lady Killer -- SS 3/52.

Land of Lost Content, The -- SSS 11/50.

Let Me Live In A House -- UNIVERSE 3/54, rep. AUTHENTIC 6/56; included in Science Fiction Terror Tales, ed. Groff Conklin (Gnome Press: NY 1955, pp. 262, \$3.50) (Pocket Books: NY, 1955, pp. 262, 25¢).

Life Game, The -- TWS 6/53.

Mists of Dawn -- Winston: Philadelphia 1952, pp. 208, \$2.00 (Hutchinson: London 1954, pp. 240, 7/6) (as Mark's Reis in Het Verleden, tr. Bauke Andriessz. West-Friesland:

Hoorn, Netherlands, 1953, pp. 188, géill, 3.90 Fl.) (as Chikyû No Yoake, tr. Asao Shima. Sekisen-sha: Tokyo, 1958, pp. 216, 180 yen). Juvenile; quite good novel of prehistoric man.

Mother of Necessity -- original in Another Kind (q.v.); included in Great Science Fiction by Scientists, ed. Groff Conklin (Collier: NY 1962, pp. 313, 95¢).

Night -- IF 3/55; in Another Kind (q.v.).

North Wind -- F&SF 3/56.

Of Course -- ASF 5/54; included in The Best Science Fiction Stories & Novels: 1955, ed. T.E. Dikty (Frederick Fell: NY, 1955, pp. 544, \$4.50).

One That Got Away, The -- F&SF 5/59.

Pilgrimage -- F&SF 2/58.

Reporter, The -- FANTASTIC STORY MAGAZINE Fall '51.

Rewrite Man -- F&SF 9/57.

Rite of Passage -- ASF 4/54; in Another Kind (q.v.).

Scientific Method -- see Hands Across Space.

Shadows in the Sun -- Ballantine: NY, 1954, pp. 152, \$2.00/35¢ (M.Reinhardt: London 1955, pp. 184, 9/6) (as Ombres Sur le Soleil, tr. Claude Elsen. Denoël: Paris, 1958, pp. 191, 450 fr.) (as Taiyô No Kage, tr. Obi Fusa. Hayakawa shobô: Tokyo, 1965, pp. 177, 230 yen).

Shore of Tomorrow, The -- SS 3/53, rep. Aust. POPULAR SCIENCE FICTION #2, 11/53; included in Tomorrow's Universe, ed. H.J. Campbell (Hamilton: London 1954, pp. 224, 8/5) (identical pb from Panther at 2/-).

Space Horde, The -- AMZ 2/58.

Star Above It, A -- Original in Another Kind (q.v.).

Stardust -- ASF 7/52; included in Adventures in the Far Future, ed. Donald A. Wollheim (Ace: NY, 1954, wpps. 177, 35¢ & Tales of Outer Space, ed. Wollheim).

Stick for Harry Eddington, A -- F&SF 8/65.

Subversives, The -- SS 2/52; included in Looking Forward, ed. Milton Lesser (Boochurst: NY, 1953, pp. 400, \$4.95) (Cassell: London 1955, pp. 500, 15/-) as "Win the World".

Technical Advisor -- F&SF 2/53; included in Crossroads In Time, ed. Groff Conklin (Permabooks: NY, 1953, wpps. 312, 35¢).

Transformer -- F&SF 11/54; in Another Kind (q.v.).

Transfusion -- ASF 6/59; included in Worlds of When, ed. Groff Conklin (Pyramid: NY, 1962, wpps. 159, 40¢, rep. 1964).

Unearthly Neighbors -- Ballantine: NY, 1960, wpps. 160, 35¢) (as Senhores Do Sonho, tr. Erasmo C. Giacometti. GRD: Rio de Janeiro, 1964, pp. 150) (as Brüder Unter Fremder Sonne, tr. Werner Kortwich. Heyne: München, 1964, pp. 155, 2.40 DM). On the problems of communicating with aliens.

Win the World -- see The Subversives.

Wind Blows Free, The -- F&SF 7/57.

Winds of Time, The -- Doubleday: NY, 1957, pp. 192, \$3.95 (SFBC ed., 1958) (Pocket Books: NY, 1958, wpps. 132, 25¢) (as Toki No Kaze, tr. Tarô Koizumi. Hayakawa shobô: Tokyo, 1962, pp. 201, 160 yen) (as Das Grosse Warten, tr. Charlotte Winholler. Heyne: München, 1963, pp. 155, 2.20 DM) (as Voter Vromeni, tr. N. Rahmanova. Mir: Moscow, 1965, pp. 255, ill., .48 ruble). Of historical interest; the American pb was possibly the last 25¢ paperback ever printed.

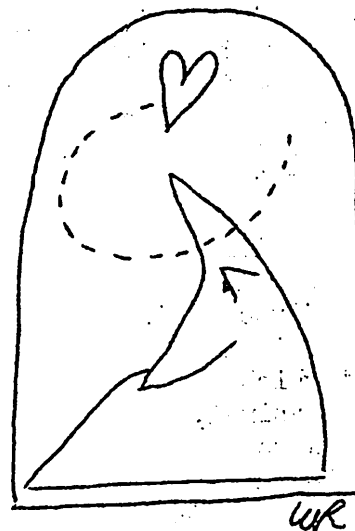
Written in collaboration with Charles Beaumont (ps Charles McNutt):

Guests of Chance, The -- INFINITY 6/56.

I, Claude -- F&SF 2/56.

The Last Word -- F&SF 4/55; included in The Best From F&SF: 5th Series, ed. Boucher (Doubleday: NY, 1956, pp. 256, \$3.50) (Acc: NY, 1961, wpps. 253, 40¢).

There is a biographical sketch of Chad Oliver in the Spring, 1944 issue of PLANET STORIES. ((Apparently Chad, then a teenager, was a frequent contributor to the PLANET STORIES lettercolumn. The sketch to which Mark refers was a brief autobiographical piece, in which Chad listed his favorite authors and gave some very limited information about himself. --ed.))



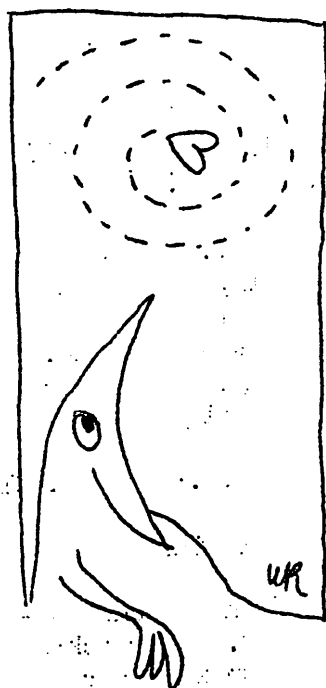
MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY: MAY & JUNE
 Prozinc Reviews: by Banks Mebane

Two months' issues are on hand and there's news to report. VENTURE SCIENCE FICTION, the short-lived companion to F&SF that expired in 1958, has been revived as a quarterly with the May issue. As you doubtless know, GALAXY and IF have changed ownership; one consequence of the change is that both magazines are skipping their June issues. This doesn't mean a two-month wait, however -- it simply means that, instead of coming out the first of their dated month, they will now share the time-travel of most magazines and hit the stands comfortably ahead of time.

VENTURE, appearing with a low-budget cover, is largely taken up by a Gordon R. Dickson novel, "Hour of the Horde". Miles Vander is an Earthman picked by the Good Guy Aliens as representative of his species to help them fight off an invasion by Bad Guy Aliens; knowing Dickson, you know that Vander will eventually come out on top after plenty of hard knocks. "Hour of the Horde" is readable but not one of Dickson's best. The six short stories that fill out the issue aren't up to F&SF quality.

A gaggle of serials conclude in the other magazines, but don't look for any Hugo nominees among them. Keith Laumer's "And Now They Wako" is an action piece with two immortal aliens fighting each other through many centuries of human history; it ends as a shaggy dog story. Gaughan has some beautiful drawings for "And Now They Wako". Poul Anderson has an amusing two-partner in the May & June F&SF; it continues his fantasy series of "Operation" stories that came out in the 1950's. "Toys of Tamisan", a two-partner in IF, is Andre Norton's first (I think) magazine serial; it's a moody science-fantasy of alternate worlds that will appeal to Miss Norton's admirers. "The Five Way Secret Agent", Mack Reynolds' two-partner ending in the May ANALOG, strikes me as one of his weakest stories; he spends much space setting up a potentially amusing situation and then does nothing with it, and I think his tendency to lecture is getting out of hand.

The most interesting story in those issues is Anne McCaffrey's novella, "Dramatic Mission", in the June ANALOG. It's one of her "Ship Who" series, and in it Helva the Brainship has the job of transporting a troupe of actors to put on "Romeo and Juliet" for some way-out aliens. Needless to say, all is not smooth sailing, and the dramatic climax nearly lifted me out of my chair. Read it.



The May GALAXY has two notable novelets. Sydney Van Scyoc's "Little Blue Hawk" is a strong enough story to rise above her awkward and unconvincing background of a future filled with unlikely human variants. Richard Wilson's "A Man Spekith" is an ingenious but lightweight version of the old Last-Man-Alive theme.

Also in GALAXY, Torry Carr and Alexei Panshin collaborate on a cover story that manages not to take the cover literally.

In the May F&SF, Suzette Haden Elgin publishes a corker of a first story, the novelet "For the Sake of Grace". With an ease that would be impressive even in an experienced writer, she builds her human story out of the conditions of a society vastly different from our own, one in which women are kept down and poets are greatly honored. I hope she continues to write.

"Sundance", Robert Silverberg's short story in the June F&SF, is a dazzling, subjectively narrated account of men on an alien world. We never are quite sure just which version of what's going on is true, but considering the nature of the human animal, I suppose it's best to suspect the worst.

Also recommended: Shorts by Burrows, Dickson, and Harrison in the June ANALOG; most of the shorts in the May and June F&SF -- they're well-written stories with overly familiar themes; for space opera buffs, only Edmond Hamilton's "The Horror from the Magellanic" in the May AMAZING, another in his Star Kings series.

THE BRITISH PROZINES -- NEW WORLDS NO. 188

This issue announces the retirement of Michael Moorcock and Charles Platt from their editorial chairs...but there is no word of who might be taking their place. ((See page 22 of this issue for a list of the current editors. --ed.))

The lead story is the beginning of a serial by Moorcock called "A Cure for Cancer", and the central character is again Jerry Cornelius -- who was the central character in James Sallis' "Jeremiad" in NEW WORLDS #187. The opening is rather good, taking place as it does on the roof-garden of Derry & Tom's department store in Kensington ((London --ed.)). The time is 1970. The story is written in a James Bond style of rapid adventures happening to the central character. Now, impossible things happen in this type of yarn, but in this opening scene one's sense of the possible is sorely tried. I could take the shootings and the helicopter descending, and even the fact that it wasn't going to be explained to me why these things were happening. But I balked at the notion of ladies who had been having tea there in the roof-garden just being left to die. And I quickly grew tired of being jerked from scene to scene. (Maybe I wasn't in the right mood!)

Graham Charnock has "The Death Layout". According to Sallis' theory ((in NW #187 --ed.)) this ought to be about life; but it isn't.

D.M. Thomas writes "Mr. Black's Poems of Innocence", and says, "This sequence is a surrealist exploration of the therapy of operant conditioning in mute schizophrenia." Quite a fascination with madness seems to possess NW writers! And with death, of course.

J.J. Mundis ends his story of a talking dog by shooting the dog...in detail.

Leo Zorin's "Ploktanov Screams" ends with the words, "'Kill him,' he murmurs."

Then there is J.G. Ballard, who has Americans fighting the British and who describes a minor action that takes place at the Kennedy Memorial at Runnymede.

The Poem by George MacBeth is titled "The Hiroshima Dream". The review section is again very good -- it ranges widely and the standard is excellent.

(Available from New Worlds Pubs., 271 Portobello Rd., London W.11, U.K.; 12 iss./\$10.)

-- Ethel Lindsay

((Note that Miss Lindsay reviewed NEW WORLDS #187 in TWJ #65. Also note Banks Mebane's coverage of NEW WORLDS #'s 173-183 in this issue, pages 20-22. Moorcock's "A Cure for Cancer", which started in #188, is concluded in #191, running four issues. --ed.))

SNIPERSCOPE: Reviews of the Doubleday S.F. Book Club Editions
by David Halterman

Nova, by Samuel R. Delany (Doubleday, Book Club Edition).

In spite of the fact that this book has seen no pb issue, it has been nominated for the Hugo. I wonder, personally, if this opinion is based as much upon the book itself as upon the reputation of the author.

It is not to be denied that Sam Delany has talent. His stories, like Zelazny's, are more like prose poems than ordinary novels; but, unlike many of the byblows of the New Wave, his stories, and Roger's, take time to entertain, and to make for themselves a structure. They are not pure description; they are not mere word play; they are not simple attempts to disguise old ideas with warmed-over gravy and a mélange of oft-mismatched spices. The ideas of these two authors are new; and their presentation is made in a very new and colorful manner that is all their own.

Nova is the story of Lorq von Ray and of his search for the power element Illyrion, which must be plucked from the very heart of a nova. It is the tale of the conflict, and the love, that lay between himself and Prince and Ruby Red. It is the growth of the Gypsy, Mouse, to his manhood.

The story is many things.

It tells of stable transuranic elements, but was written before SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN gave popular credence to the idea. It tells of the power of the Tarot, to reveal the direction of the future, in a way calculated to fascinate the cartomantic cult that has recently made its presence known in standom. (Comment on the jacket: very pretty, but why spades, hearts, diamonds, and clubs?) He suggests parallels between the Tarot and the Quest of the Grail. He states, for instance, that the suits are, properly, the sword, the cup, the staff, and the dish. Perhaps; the Marseilles deck shows cups as chalices; the Rider deck seems to show wands as what could be spear hafts. To my way of thinking, there is more relevance, to the historical and esoteric view of the Tarot, in a certain novel called The Greater Trumps; it is my feeling, however, that Sam is right in suggesting a certain connection between the two sets of mystic symbols. Both are quite probably remnants of the ecumenical movement of very early Christianity that tried to reconcile Christ with the "Fisher King" type of nature religion.

I find the book quite enjoyable and thought-provoking, and recommend it quite highly.

Chocky, by John Wyndham (Ballantine, Book Club Edition).

Chocky is the story of a little boy with an imaginary playmate who isn't quite as imaginary as his father thought. Chocky was all in Matthew's mind, but not the way Daddy thought.

John Wyndham is usually a good writer, with a very fast pace, and a good style of writing that utilizes the "English Cool" to its best advantage. In this story, however, he seems to be trying to say something -- pardon me -- Say Something Significant, and in trying, he has failed to tell a good story. The book impresses me as something like 90% sermon and 10% worthwhile. Personally, I feel that if an author is concerned about "The Importance of Understanding", Human Relations, and Conservation of Resources, he can show us in the body of the work, not in lectures by aliens, et al. If an author feels an urge to preach, he should put aside the pen and seek a pulpit podium.

Not that John Wyndham is a bad writer, mind you. He has a gift with words, and can weave a good web with them. Unfortunately, he ran out of silk this time. The book has a nice pattern, but no real body at all.

Recommended only for those who enjoy MCCALL'S and LADIES HOME JOURNAL.

((Note that the review of Chocky was written before the death of John Wyndham (John Beynon Harris) during this past March (at the age of 65) -- hence the present tense -- ed.))

DON'T FORGET, WHEN YOU CAST YOUR VOTE -- IT'S D.C. FOR FUN IN '71!!

TIDBITS

Coming cons: SFCD-CON 1969, Aug. 1-4, in Düsseldorf, Ger. For info: Peter Schellen, 405 Mönchengladbach, Alstr. 260, Germany. DEEPSOUTHCON, Aug. 22-24, at Ramada Inn, Knoxville, Tenn. GoH: Rachel Maddux. Fee, \$2. For info: Janie Lamb, Rt. #1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tenn., 37754. KYUCON (8th Japan S.F. Con), Aug. 23, 24, at Hotel Tashiro-ya, Tsuetate-Spa, in Kyushu District. For info: Takumi Shibano, 1-14-10 O-okayama, Meguro-ku, Tokyo, Japan. STLOUISCON (27th World S.F. Con), Aug. 29-Sept. 1, at Chase-Park Plaza Hotel, St. Louis, Mo. GoH: Jack Gauhan. Fan GoH: Ted White. Memberships \$3 supporting, \$4 attending. For info: ST. Louiscon, P.O. Box 3008, St. Louis, Mo., 63130. SECONDARY UNIVERSE II and 2nd TOLKIEN SOCIETY OF AMERICA CONFERENCE, Oct. 30-Nov. 1, at Univ. of Wisconsin-Green Bay, Green Bay, Wisc. Registration: S.U.-II, \$5; TSA Conf, \$1 to non-TSA members; Banquet (Nov. 1), \$4. For info: Ivor A. Rogers, Univ. of Wisconsin-Green Bay, Green Bay, Wisc., 54305. Limited to 300 persons (only 100 rooms available). PHILCON, Nov. 8, 9, at Hotel Warwick, Phila., Penna. Fee, \$2. For info: Tom Purdom, 4734 Cedar Ave., Phila., Penna., 19143.

12th Annual Rochester World (and National) Poetry Day Contest -- 1st Prize, Lilith Lorraine/Clark Ashton Smith Memorial Award (\$25 cash); Second Prize, Rudolph Konrick Memorial Award (\$10 cash). Send your best poems, published or unpublished; books or booklets; cosmic thought, etc. No entry fee (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you wish return of entry(s)). Deadline: Oct. 1, 1969 (Prizewinning display: Poetry Day, October 15). For entry/info: Poetry Day Committee, P.O. Box 1101, Rochester, N.Y., 14603.

TAFF Election results -- Eddie Jones, 104 (US, 55; EUROPEAN, 49); Bob Shaw, 89 (US, 70; EUR, 19); Hold Over Funds, 3 (US, 2; EUR, 1). Our congratulations to Eddie Jones (72 Antonio St., Bootle 20, Lancashire, U.K.). ##### TAFF nominations to send U.S. fan to Heidelberg in 1970 now open; deadline for close of nominations Jan. 31, 1970. To be nominated, candidate must meet following qualifications: (1) He must be nominated by not more or less than five fans (3 from US, 2 from Eur.); (2) He (or his nominators) must submit a one-hundred word nominating platform to be published on the reverse of the TAFF voting ballot; (3) A \$5 (or 2 Pound) bond of good faith must accompany the nomination, signed by the backers; (4) The candidate must sign a statement of willingness to travel to the convention if elected.

IN MEMORIAM -- Willy Ley, 1906-1969.

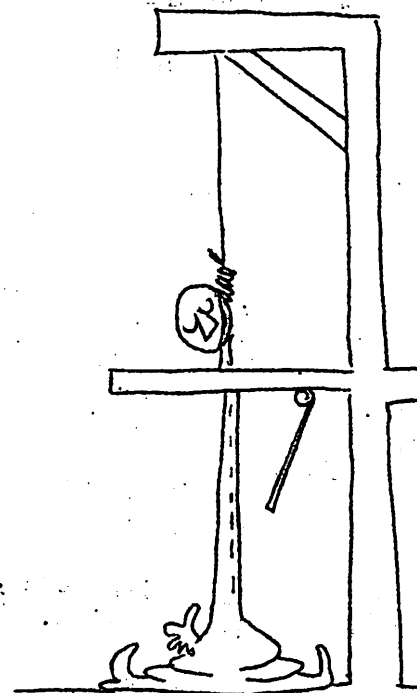
DOUBLE-BILL SYMPOSIUM, ed. Bill Mallardi & Bill Bowers, introd. by Lloyd Biggle, Jr.; 120 pp, offset. Prepublication price, \$2 (17s); after August 1st price will go up to \$3 (1.5s). Will be available at St. Louiscon, and to SFWA members and contributors at reduced prices. 15% of income from sales will be devoted to T.A.F.F. Checks & m.o.'s payable to either William C. Mallardi or William L. Bowers. U.K. agent: B. Terry Jeeves, 30 Thompson Rd., Sheffield S11 8RB, UK.

SFWA Election results: Pres., Gordon Dickson; Vice-President, Ron Coulart; Sec.-Treas., Anne McCaffrey.

LOCUS (Charlie & Marsha Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, NY, 10457; 6/\$1, 12/\$2, 18/\$3 is still the best newszine, but LUNA MONTHLY (Luna Pubs., 655 Orchard St., Oradell, N.J., 07649; \$3/yr. 3rd-class, \$3.75/yr. 1st-class, \$4.75/yr. Overseas F.C.) now holds second place. Get both, and you'll get most of the news.

What ever happened to EUROPEAN LINK?

Our list of duplicate 'zines on its way soon to those who sent us 6¢ stamps. Sorry for the delay.



AF
'69

VIEWS, REVIEWS, AND ARCHIMEDEAN SPIRALS: Book and Movie Reviews

Nova, by Samuel R. Delany (Doubleday SF Book Club Edition; 270 pp.)

There is no doubt about it, Delany writes like hell. He really writes. Nova is a stylistic tour de force wrapped around a magnificent plot structure and garnished with elegant symbolism. Besides which it has action and characters and excitement.

In short, Delany is writing a bridge between Old Wave and New Wave.

The story is about Lorq von Ray and his quest for seven tons of Illyrium, the super-duper power metal. Delany has a plausible explanation for it, how it was and what it does, and in 1969 it is not yet dated.

One of the elements embedded in the story is the Tarot, and another is the Quest for the Grail. (Arthur Waite, who made a deep and scholarly study of both, felt there was an amazing parallel between them; Delany seems to have picked up on him.) Also there is Prince Red, as fine a villain as ever trod shoe leather, with an artificial arm where Captain Hook only had an artificial hand. He and his sister Ruby add madness and lust to the practice of power politics. Delany has the gritty economic underpinnings of power politics down pat, and while in a few scenes he indulges himself and explains why things are breaking as they do, it is done gracefully and unobtrusively. The reader is told an anecdote rather than given a lecture. (Hello there, Mack Reynolds.)

We also have the narrator Mouse and his foil Katin acting to contrast what may be two sides of Delany's nature: the natural artist who feels and plays, and the sterile, would-be artist, who compiles endless notes, thinks about everything (and has valid insights) but writes nothing because he is never ready.

Together they give a depth to the story one perceives, intellectual and emotional responses to the situation.

A miscellaneous comment. In The Einstein Intersection, the hero played his machete-flute with his prehensile toes. In Nova, the hero eats with the prehensile toes of one foot. If prehensile toes figure in Delany's next story, I will begin to suspect that his toes are prehensile.

Nova is in nomination for the Hugo, and, if there is any justice, Nova should win the Hugo. (If there isn't any justice, maybe Lafferty's Past Master....)

-- Alexis Gilliland

Star Well (An Anthony Villiers Adventure), by Alexei Panshin (Ace G-756; 50¢.)

When I first met Alexei, he impressed me as having a heart as big as all outdoors -- full to the brim with ego; I wondered why.

Now, having read Rite of Passage and Star Well, I'm willing to concede that he has some justification. RoP was a creditable novel for anyone, and, as a first novel, is little short of a miracle. Star Well, written in a decidedly different vein, and with a different purpose, is equally successful.

Star Well is the first of a series of stories concerning one Anthony Villier, who could perhaps be described as a very high-class interstellar bum. In public, this character is quite polite and aloof, debonair and cultured. In private...

As the story opens, friend Anthony is in an asteroid way stop called Star Well, temporarily without funds, and looking for a ticket elsewhere. As may be expected, this "island" in the middle of nowhere includes a hotel, with "leather" and other amusements for the discerning guest, and a casino, dedicated to fleecing each and every customer out of every royal. It is also a central way station for a group of "thumbrunners" (a rum deal that), who support themselves in the popular vein -- bodysnatching for fun and profit.

Mr. Villiers, of course, runs afoul of the management, and with the help -- and occasional hindrance -- of a galactic Inspector General, a fledgling James Bond, a hairy frog, and the daughter of a "Mafia" leader, emerges, only slightly scathed, from duels, gunfights, and, horreur, dishonest card games. Which explains the likability of the character, since a hero that is too perfect is boring as hell. Anthony Villiers has just enough weaknesses to be believable, but not quite enough to be real, as a lot of authors like to think of reality.

The story, in style and content, has just enough sarcasm and cynicism to give it a touch of humor without hurting the plot. It can be read, therefore, on two levels, a necessary element for most good stories. In background, it has just enough sweep and scope to be interesting without being overwhelming. It even manages to have a nice cover. I recommend it.

-- David Halterman

Stand on Zanzibar, by John Brunner (UK: MacDonald; 42s.; US: Doubleday, \$6.95.)

"Stand on Zanzibar is John Brunner's tour de force," Chris Priest recently said in SPECULATION; It is a book that should be read by everyone who considers himself a science fiction reader, simply because it shows what an experienced and mature writer can do with a theme in which he believes passionately."

Mature and experienced writer Mr. Brunner may be, but his theme is not immediately obvious to me. Stand on Zanzibar takes its name from the fact that by the year 2010 the human race, standing shoulder-to-shoulder together, would fill the 640-square mile area of the island of Zanzibar. But it is not solely about the population problem as you may perhaps have expected, because in the book this has obviously been tackled by all the governments of the world before the opening of the story.

In the final analysis, whether he believes passionately in his subject or not, I think John Brunner deals with the aggressiveness and sheer insanity of modern man -- with the taming of this rather than of the population problem.

The stage is set in a glittering sort of world, one where the breakaway Pope Eglantine in Madrid disagrees with Pope Thomas in Rome over the contraception issue, and where the "shiggy circuit" provides New York bachelors with a ready supply of girls willing to give their all in exchange for a place to live. These are the fascinations of good science fiction, yet to me it somehow all seems a contradictory sort of background, pencilled-in around the characters by John Brunner but often seeming to surprise them as much as us!

Teeming and near-lawless, a New York of street-sleepers, berserkers and 13 million people is nevertheless completely subject to harshly-enforced birth controls and eugenics laws (for instance, children are banned to a father inheriting color-blindness!). To me restrictions like these would completely take the steam out of the population explosion -- and in the author's world they apply even to such uncivilized and unlikely areas as New Guinea!

In spite of appearances, therefore, John Brunner is doing something different than Harry Harrison, and not just taking another look into a gloomy Malthusian future along the lines of Make Room! Make Room!. As a matter of fact, although both novels are set in much the same place and time (New York around the turn of the century), they are really altogether different types of science fiction -- different in kind, not merely in degree.

Although the SF field is generally lumped under one banner, I think there are polar extremes, like outright fantasy and "hard" science fiction. As I see it, the latter deals as realistically as it can with serious extrapolations from the real world, and though probably never coming true it does reflect a possible future, at least as nearly as the writer can guess at the time of writing.

In contrast, Mr. Brunner has written a clearcut fantasy, polished and highly-imaginative and maybe even containing a message of sorts, but it can never really happen -- is not even a possible future. The author has set parts of his book in imaginary, impossible countries called Beninia and Yatakang (corresponding roughly to Togo and Indonesia as far as geography is concerned), which do not exist in the real world.

When the characters and the setting are completely imaginary it becomes almost impossible to take a story as serious comment or prophesy, as Make Room! Make Room! could have been taken.

For me those obstacles to my acceptance of the novel took it out of the "hard" class and prevented that suspension of disbelief so necessary to completely enjoy science fiction. Every word about the imaginary history, mythology, and politics of

Beninia and Yatakang was a continual reminder that this was only a story that couldn't ever happen. Why didn't Brunner use real countries for his settings, I wonder?

As pure fiction Stand on Zanzibar is a major work, noteworthy for its verve, its imagination, and its colorful language (which includes some very interesting derivations from current obscenities). On at least one occasion the action is contrived and carried forward by the author rather than by the logic of the plot, but this is a minor cavil. Whether or not he "passionately believes" in his theme, no one can doubt Mr. Brunner's sincerity.

-- Peter R. Weston

Black Flame, by Stanley G. Weinbaum (Avon V2280; 75¢.)

This book contains Black Flame, and the original printed text of Dawn of Flame. Rumor has it that, were it not for the nefarious deeds of some rat-fink klepto, the book would have contained the text of Dawn of Flame in its entirety, as Stanley G. Weinbaum first wrote it. A true work of beauty is left, however, so one cannot complain overmuch. But one can wish....

Black Flame is the story of a post-disaster world, and a man of our time who managed to sleep to see it. It is an excellent adventure story, well written, but not really great.

Dawn of Flame is sheer poetry, and one of the most powerful, beautiful works I have ever read. It is the story of an ordinary man, a warrior, and his love of two women: Vair, fair and beautiful in the eternal feminine way, and Margot, the Black Flame, dark immortal, the eternal female.

Buy the book, if you haven't already; and mourn, with me, the untimely death of one of science fiction's greatest talents.

-- David Haltzman

The Goblin Reservation, by Clifford D. Simak (Berkley Medallion Book S1671; 75; 188 pp.)

An elegant, surreal cover by Powers, in beige, tan and brown with white and chartreuse highlights.

The story is a beautiful blend of fantasy and science fiction. Goblins brewing their sweet October ale, Trolls under their bridge wanting to drink it, Brownies, Elves, Banshees and the whole schmear of mythology except Dragons.

Peter Maxwell, Professor of Supernatural Phenomena at Wisconsin, hears rumors of a Dragon on Cooskin and goes to see.

As our story begins, he is being investigated by a stock detective from a stock detective story. It seems that he returned from an interstellar wave-form trip to Cooskin a month ago, and a week later met with a fatal "accident".

Yes. Whereas he, the living Peter Maxwell has been on a planet of crystal, where the knowledge of 50,000,000,000 years (the planet survived the collapse of the universe and the big bang which rejuvenated it) has been offered to him -- his race -- his university -- anyway, he is the agent for this fantastic warehouse of knowledge but he doesn't know what the asking price is. However, a sinister race of wheeled hival entities, the Wheelers, seem to know, and as everybody keeps saying: those Wheelers are very likely candidates for the role of Man's Interstellar Racial Nomesis.

Well, enter the Artifact, which has something to do with things -- and which Time Inc., the time travel people own -- and the Wheelers are buying it for a fantastic price.



Time Inc. brought it back from the Jurassic. More recently they brought back William Shakespeare to explain that he didn't write those plays of his.

We also meet a Ghost who can't remember whose Ghost he is, and Alley Oop, the lying bragging drinking gluttonous Neanderthal Man.

Plus a pretty girl with a big, friendly sabretooth putty tat...not a real one, but a bio-moch.

The denouement is a surprise, logical, unexpected and delightful, and you can't hardly get that kind no more.

This is fine light-hearted froth -- a splendid example of Old Wave writing at its best. TGR is a Hugo-nominee, and richly deserves the honor.

-- Alexis Gilliland

Brrak the Barrbarrian Vorrersus the Sorrrcerrrross, by John Jakes (Paperrrback Librrrrrrrry #63-089; 60¢.)

Damn typow iter! He e we go again.

This time ou t usty he o is up against the Manwo m, Tama Zed, the magician, Sea letjaw, and a she-witch who is called No dica, but....

Good adventu o, this; ousing swo d-and-so ce y with a little mo e magic than usual. But with Doomdog in the fi st book, and Sea letjaw in this one, I'm getting the idea that JJ doesn't like dogs.

Anothe thing, with Amb ose the Pilla ite, the Nesto ian "Ch istians" (they ca y c osses and wo ship the Nameless God, but I am possibly jumping to conclusions), and Lo d St ann of the Silve Balances, I began to get an idea ca ly in the sto y that B ak was going to get involved with the Holy G ail. The elements of the legend a e the o; the uined castle, the ailing, much-beloved king, the mood. JJ took a mo e o dina y tack, and I felt po haps a little disappointed, or po haps elieved.

At any ate, it's a long, long way to Khu disan.

Joy In Excessis....

-- David A. Halte man

FILM REVIEW -- "The Illustrated Man", released by Warner Bros.-7 Arts, in Panavision and Technicolor. Starring: Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom, Robert Drivas, with Don Dubbins, Jason Evers, Tom Waldon, Christie Matchett. Directed by Jack Smight. Screenplay by Howard B. Kreitsek, from the book by Ray Bradbury. Photography, Philip Lathrop. Editor, Archie Marshak. Music, Jerry Goldsmith. Running time: 103 minutes. Code rating: M.

Damon Knight has said, "... the death-wish is Bradbury's most recurrent theme," and if he is right (as I believe he is), the script for this film version of one of Bradbury's most popular books has (deliberately? consciously?) supported this theory. Not only are the three stories used here concerned with three distinct culminations of this death-wish, but the link between them blatantly calls attention to Man's search for/escape from this inevitable end to his problems.

The only excuse I can imagine for Robert Drivas' nude swim during the main titles is that the director thought Drivas had a photogenic backside; this aside, however, the story moves along briskly as Will (Drivas), a young man summer-hitchhiking his way across-country, has a lakeside meeting with a stranger (Steiger) dressed from neck to foot with nary an inch of skin exposed except his face. The stranger proves bigoted, cruel, brusquely unfriendly yet with an obvious need for human friendship. The reasons for his attitude are uncovered (literally) when the man reveals he has been illustrated -- he detests the word "tattoos" -- from the neck down by a time-travelling sibyl who, upon finishing her artwork, disappeared. The Illustrated Man has vowed to search for, find, and kill her, for the pictures have turned him into a freak in more ways than one. It seems that when people look at them, the pictures come to life and tell a story, usually an unpleasant one; and Will, unable to help himself, watches it happen before his eyes.

The first (from the story "The Veldt"), and probably most accurate adaptation of Bradbury, tells of a far-future world where a man and wife (Steiger and Bloom)

have installed a special playroom for their two children, a room where the children's imaginations create the atmosphere and setting. The parents worry because the room is always tuned in to an African veldt scene, and upon the advice of a child psychologist, they decide to close the room as the children are displaying antisocial tendencies. The psychologist is right, of course, but the children are sharp-witted and the parents end up getting fed to those "imaginary" lions.

The second story (from "The Long Rain") has three astronauts crash-landed on a planet inundated by a never-coasting rain (it was Venus in the story, but the planet remains unnamed in the film). The men go searching for the life-supporting Sun Domes, but only one (Steiger) survives, doing so by sheer-gut-will and harsh, unsympathetic stubbornness.

The third story (an elaboration of "The Last Night of the World") again has a far-future Earth-setting where a man and wife (Steiger and Bloom) discover that the "leaders" have all had the same premonition that the world will end that very night. Though they have two pills, an easy way out for their children, the wife is too distressed to consider infanticide. When she awakens the following morning and finds the world still in existence, she screams in agony upon discovering her husband has given the pills to the children.

Will is distressed but fascinated by these shuddersome tales, but a final look reveals his own death at the hands of the Illustrated Man. He smashes a rock upon his sleeping companion and runs away, confused and frightened. The Man is still alive, and the film ends as he gets up and follows.

Adapting a group of short stories to the screen is not an easy task, I'm sure, and I do not think anyone could have done much better screenplay-wise than has been done here. Still, the film is not quite all it could have been, and it is difficult to fault the story or script. The stories' themes -- Death in Hate, Death in Weakness, Death in Love -- are tied up tightly by the terrible thread that binds the past and future to the present, the thread of Fear, a sign of both strength and weakness and an inalterable human condition.

Both Steiger and Bloom are proven professionals, and their performances are smooth and efficient. Steiger is especially impressive as he conveys the twisted emotions of the Illustrated Man with precision, despite the art nouveau tattoo make-up by James E. Reynolds. Robert Drivas' performance is equally convincing, and his strong good looks and talent should assure that movie fans will be seeing him again.

The technical aspects of the film are top-notch. The futuristic sets, especially the white-on-white apartment of the first story, are imaginative and inventive, yet equally impressive is the lonely country farmhouse where the Man first meets the sibyl. Philip Lathrop's photography is superb, even through some restlessness in the lakeside scenes. Jerry Goldsmith's music provides striking but unobtrusive backing overall.

What then if the film has so many good things, is wrong? Well, nothing desperately wrong that couldn't have been avoided. The biggest problem is Smight's occasionally misguided direction. Besides the aforementioned artsy-craftsy opening, Smight has a tendency to be showy for no particular reason, and static when a little showiness might liven things up. The lakeside conversations between Will and the Illustrated Man should carry on dialogue alone, but Smight apparently distrusts the script and keeps his cameras on the move and his editor struggling to cram as many cuts into each minute as is humanly possible. His "style" mixes beautifully with the "Veldt" sequence, clashes violently with the "Rain" episode, and disappears completely in the "Last Night" scene. It's almost as if Smight had directed different sequences of the film during different years of his career; the story holds together yet the technique often fights against itself and weakens the total.

"The Illustrated Man" is a good film, worth seeing if you have the time, inclination and money. But if "2001" is playing nearby, well....

-- Richard Delap

Brain Plant: Book I -- Lovely, by David Meltzer (Essex House #0117; \$1.95)

S-Type: Extrapolative cacotopia cum sex nove.

Plot Type: Overview, with selected vignettes.

Lemmie lay it on you....

Military Industry's running the country. And running guns to just about everybody in the country. Everyone has their own ghetto; the Whites have White Town, the Blacks have Black Town, and the way-out types have Outtown. The Yellows were mostly wiped out by a bit of Biological Warfare -- the Eastern Famine Plague -- so they got no town. People wear armor on the streets to protect them from rioters and thieves. Their homes are boobytrapped for the same reasons. Everybody's fighting everybody else. Except the men's men. They've got syntho-wombs so they can really love it up. And so on....

And there's a lot of four-letter words. And a little sex (surprisingly little)....

I don't think there's enough meat in this book, either sexually or stfictionally, to justify the price tag of more than one cent a page. For two bits, I might recommend it to a few fans who swim with the new wave. As it is, beer is better entertainment for the money, and more healthful besides....

The whole thing leaves me so unmoved, in any direction, that I somehow wonder why I bothered to write this review in the first place....

-- David Halterman

No Time Like Tomorrow, by Ted White (Crown Publishers; 152 pp.; \$3.95.)

This is quite obviously a juvenile -- "Young Books from Crown", an 18-year-old hero, young love, and lots of action.

The book starts with Frank Marshall being injected into the world of 2458 A.D. or 501 A.S. Ted's world looks more like 50 years in the future than 500, but he has quite a few interesting technological devices. The suggestion that television-holography in perfect color and three dimensions is still going to be trash bespeaks a certain pessimism, however.

Anyway, My Lady Dorian, the beautiful, young, innocent Heir to the great Syncom Corporation is having one of her moods, and being in the mood she goes in to visit Frank, who is newly arrived. They haven't even plugged him into the language teacher yet.

It seems that the only reason Frank is here at all is that in the course of working on the faster-than-light drive, Syncom inadvertently left their machine in 1969 and have him in its place. By this time he is educated, Dorian's father is mad at him, and Transsystems has the garbled idea that he is the key to the FTL drive, so...he and Dorian are kidnapped.

And escape(?)

If you can call being dropped into the bay an escape.

So presently there is a chase. And an adult to take charge.

Ted White hasn't written a great classic, by any means, but he hasn't written a potboiler either. The prose is smooth, competent and unobtrusive. The plotting is quite good, free from irritating loose ends on the one hand and too rigid construction on the other. Characterization is good for Frank, Dorian and Archer (the adult) and unnecessary for anyone else. The action moves right along. My main objections seem to stem from the fact that I'm 20 years older than the target audience, so we'll ignore them -- the objections, that is.

In paperback I would give NILT the thumbs-up sign without hesitation. For \$3.95 I am a bit dubious, but I guess so. If Ted is ranging in on the Public Library market I think he may have scored a bit. By all means go down to the local



branch library and borrow a copy.

The dust jacket, by Ron Bowen, is rather poor.

-- Alexis Gilliland

Zanthar at Moon's Madness, by Robert Moore Williams (Lancer #73-805; 60¢.)

This is the third in what will probably be an interminable series about Professor John Zanthar and his war against evil, mainly in the body of Fu Cong, an Eurasian gentleman of ill repute, with the wiles of the Chinese, the mentality of the Germans, and all the bad points of both. Personally, I think he's a Fu Cong idiot. As far as Oriental villains go, I have always felt that Fu Manchu was tops; at least he acted humanly inhuman, and not like a robot programmed to do no-no's. But let's face the facts of history; the Manchu Dynasty is dead, and Cong is no King.

In this handful of pages, the immortal Amazons of the Moon are kidnapping assorted and sundry Earthmen for assorted and sundry purposes, using little glass marbles to persuade people to take the trip. Our trusty Fu is trying to learn the secret of those marbles, since he's lost his already, and is making overtures to the queen of the loonyladies.

Meanwhile, the compatriots of our trusty (dammit) hero, Laurel Ponder and Red Cornish, are snatched. Laurel gets involved in the lunar underground, and Red ends up as the War Lord of a street gang called the Panthars (sic). (And I do mean sic.) Of course, John Zanthar has also gone to the moon, the back way. Eventually, of course, they get together and triumph over evil; that's inevitable in this sort of stuff. It's all very ordinary, with no great surprises, poor characters, and hackneyed plot.

I don't recommend it. You can buy it if you want; but, personally, I wish I hadn't.

-- David Haltzman

Imaginación y Fantasía, edited by Donald A. Yates & John B. Dalbor (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; pb; \$3.80; 1968 Revised Edition.)

This collection of fourteen short stories by Latin American authors is an excellent Spanish reading textbook aimed at the second and third-year levels. The editors write in the preface that they include as imaginative fiction fables, fantasies, parables, horror stories, and some light satires. This is almost a perfect description of the contents of this book.

Jorge Luis Borges, the great Argentinean essayist and short story writer, is the only author represented by more than one work. "Los dos reyes y los dos laberintos" (The Two Kings and the Two Labyrinths), only 300 words long, is a non-fantasy parable comparing the powers of man with those of nature. His second and far superior contribution is "Las ruinas circulares" (The Circular Ruins), already seen here in the book Labyrinths and in Judith Merril's Year's Best SF #11. This is a magnificent short story with a simple message: that there is more to the universe than man is capable of knowing.

There are two good murder mysteries here. "Jaque mate en dos jugados" (Checkmate in Two Moves), by W.I. Eisen (pseudonym of Isaac Aisemberg) of Argentina, and "El papel de plata" (The Silver Paper) by Alfonso Ferrari Amores, also of Argentina, both have elements of the terror story about them. The first one has a particularly good description of the murderer's wandering through the streets of Buenos Aires at night. The second is a variation of the poison-and-antidote-in-different-bottles plot.

Horacio Quiroga and Roberto Arlt, of Uruguay and Argentina, have two very good and very pessimistic stories. "Juan Darién" is an excellent treatment of man's inhumanity and of revenge, about a tiger cub transformed into and raised as a human and of the almost instinctive actions of a human mob against him when his secret is discovered. His revenge makes a very suitable and sad and hopeless ending. "La luna roja" (The Red Moon), by Arlt, is a story of the end of the world through the final war. Though Arlt concentrates on the actions of people as they realize that the end has begun, there is a prophecy of sorts about nuclear weapons (the story was written in the 1930's).

"Las abejas de bronce" (The Bronze Bees), by Marco Donevi of Argentina, is a fable with a good comment on some results of technological progress. A fox who sells honey to a bear decides to replace his live bees with more efficient mechanical "bronze" bees. Then he finds out that there isn't any way to turn them off. The mechanical bees destroy all the flowers in the world, thus setting off an interesting chain of events.

"El teléfono" (The Telephone), by Augusto Mario Delfino of Uruguay, and "En el carretón" (In the Wagon), by Clemente Palma of Peru, are two fair horror stories, the latter bearing some resemblance to the style of Lovecraft. Delfino's story is a slight twisting of the phone-call-from-the-dead plot, and that of Palma's gives a nightmare-like account of a medical student's ride to a cemetery with two corpses beside him in the back of a wagon. At the same time there is a touch of black humor to it.

The two remaining good stories are "El leve Pedro" (Light Pedro), by Enrique Anderson Imbert of Argentina, and "El guardagujas" (The Switchman), by Juan José Arreola of Mexico. Imbert's story is an unusual account of what would happen if the law of gravity would cease to have effect on only one person. On the other hand, "El guardagujas" is a satire comparing life to the horribly unreliable train systems of Latin America.

The three remaining stories, which seemed inferior to me, are "El buen ejemplo" (The Good Example), by Vincento Riva Palacio of Mexico, "El ángel caído" (The Fallen Angel), by Amado Nervo of Mexico, and "El alacrán de fray Gómez" (The Scorpion of Brother Gomez), by Ricardo Palma of Peru. The first one is a jungle anecdote from southern Mexico. The second is a Christmas story about an angel who injures his wing and falls to earth. The last one is a parable of the three miracles of a Franciscan monk.

Although most of these stories are not true fantasies, nearly all of them have some such element in them. This was an enjoyable book for me and for some friends who had this as their textbook in Spanish. I would recommend it to anyone who reads Spanish.

-- Joseph Oliver

A Voyage to Arcturus, by David Lindsay (Ballantine #73010; 95¢.)

F-Type: Allegorical fantasy.

Plot Type: Fabulous voyage.

To my way of thinking, this story seems to read a lot older than it is. The general style, the slow pace -- at the beginning, at least, the obviously artificial and ominous names, and so on all seem to remind me of the nineteenth century (which isn't necessarily a fault). As the book seems to have become a sort of in thing among many of the literati and certain beat circles, I found myself approaching the book with a certain degree of trepidation; and found my feelings confirmed, or so I thought, by the qualities mentioned. Imagine my surprise when I suddenly found myself very interested in what was going on!

I cannot bring myself to call the book well-written, because of its dreadful pacing in places; but there are some well-written, really imaginative sequences in the story. (My particular favorite seems to be the flight of the shrowk, shown on the cover.) The book is obviously not written for the person who likes fast action. I wouldn't have been able to finish it, in fact, if it hadn't been an awfully dull evening, because I found it damned hard to get through the first five chapters. That's right, five! Even ERB took less time than that to get warmed up.

If you have the time to get started, however, you may like the book. It is fanciful, colorful, and leaves me, at least, sort of wondering what the writer was really describing. It is, after all, an allegory -- suggesting, perhaps, a search for something, or perhaps Someone, that can be believed in and taken for an absolute in a very relativistic world.

-- David Halterman

DOLL'S HOUSE

fanzine reviews



SPECULATION #21 (Peter R. Weston, 31 Pinewall Ave., off Masshouse Lane, Kings Norton, Birmingham 30, U.K. 35¢, 3/\$1 ("currency, not cheques"), trade, contrib, LoC's.) Perhaps it was the stress and strain of getting out #20, but Pete's editorial is more relaxed and hence warmer than usual; it also tells a bit about the Jack Gaughan illos contained herein, with more to come. An interview with J.G. Ballard appears here courtesy of Jannick Storm (also being published in the Swedish SF FORUM) -- and so we learn how Ballard switched from studying medicine to writing. What follows after that is Ballard on science fiction old and new, science, the "new wave", the art of advertising, the literary competition he ran as AMBIT's prose editor, William Burroughs, Ballard's "condensed novels", and fandom in general. An excellent glimpse of the controversial author's thinking.

F.M. Busby takes a look at Alexei Panshin's novels -- Star Well, The Thurb Revolution, and Rite of Passage (Piers Anthony's extended commentary on same appears later in the ish); John Brunner's Catch a Falling Star (and I wonder why I haven't seen more on this book; it contains some beautiful stuff); Frank Herbert's The Heaven Makers ("not as good as I hoped"); and Phil Dick's Now Wait for Last Year ("Phil Dick here produces a story that can be followed by the ordinary reader who is hung-up on knowing a little bit about what the hell is going on." But the characters and the outcome still sound like the Phil Dick of old). Bob Parkinson writes a somewhat imaginative article, wherein he looks at Heinlein and Phil Dick, and gives the nod to the latter.

"On the Critical Front" features such illustrious people as Tom Disch, Piers Anthony, John Harrison, and Charles Platt on James Blish's Black Easter (Doubleday -- Yosi!), Judith Merrill's Daughters of Earth (Gollancz -- No), Anne McCaffrey's Restorco ("any true entertainment value (it) possesses is occulted by sheer bad writing"), and the Panshin novels (Ace), respectively. LoC's and illos. 30 pp.

Altho not as physically impressive as WARHOON or SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, it is up there contentwise; here, the accent is on the authors and their writing as well as their books. Recommended.

CORR #1 (Perri Corrick, 1317 Spring St., #110, Madison, Wisc., 53715. #1 available for 6¢ in stamps; future ish 20¢, 4/75¢, contribs, LoC's.) Perri introduces herself and brother Jim (and the whole family, in a manner of speaking; seems that both sibs and parents received degrees from the University of Tennessee at the same time). Jim writes on C.C. MacApp and Keith Laumer, and what makes one author more popular than another. He also briefly reviews several books. Poetry, a short story, a cartoon feature "Introducing the Squeegies", scattered quotes from famous writers, and decorative illos make up the bulk of this 20-page ish. CORR is a friendly, unpretentious little 'zine, and who knows? With a little bit of help they may really have something.

THE PULP ERA (Feb. '69) (Lynn A. Hickman, 413 Ottokoe St., Wauseon, Ohio, 43567. 50¢, 5/\$2.25, 10/\$4.) Not quite as attractive physically as some previous ish, but you can't win 'em all; besides, it's an expensive proposition. Lynn explains the whys and wherefores of the long interval between issues, but expects to be back on a bi-monthly basis with this; also talks about the "War in the Air" booklet by Dave Prosser which is now available (\$1.50 to Lynn Hickman) -- and if it's even more of

the Prosser art folio and essay that appeared in earlier ish, it's a honey.

Terry Jeeves reminisces entertainingly on the ads that used to appear in the sf 'zines of the '30's ("They laughed when I sat down to play"....). Book news by Lynn and reviews by Gary Zachrich -- including Alexei Panshin's three from Ace (he feels Star Well is even better than Rite of Passage -- how about that, Alexei! -- but that The Thurb Revolution is a dud), Charles B. Stilson's Polaris and the Immortals (Avalon -- last of a trilogy. "They are GOOD."), Edward J. Ruppelt's The Report on Unidentified Flying Objects (Ace -- "An unbiased report on UFO cases." An account of Air Force investigations by the man who headed Project Blue Book, I myself found this one is quite interesting), Jim Harmon's The Great Radio Heroes (Ace -- "one of the best happenings of the year." I agree), etc.

Mac MacGregor continues his series on The Spider novels (talk about bloody action-packed adventure, they are so packed they break me up); thish -- The Serpent of Destruction, The Mad Horde, Satan's Death Blast, and The Corpse Cargo. I've never read them so I can't comment on the quality of the writing, but Mac's synopses make the Spider stories appear even more exciting and incredible than Doc Savage. Cover illo of a Vorsarian Archer by Raymond Sowers, with interior illos by Jack Gaughan, Dave Prosser, etc. Letters and ads. 30 pp, oddly numbered.

CRY 180 (Elinor Busby, 2852 14th Ave. West, Seattle, Wash., 98119 -- contribs and LoC's; Vera Heminger, 30214 108th Ave. S.E., Auburn, Wash., 98002 -- trades and subs, 50¢, 5/\$2; and Wally Weber.) A Tim Kirk painting provides the splendid color cover. Highpoints of thish include the Irish John Berry's ingenious guide on how to stall your creditors with relative safety (albeit computerization may do you in), Ann Rutledge's exploration of Seattle's underground, and Wally Weber on the problem of fan communication from galaxy to galaxy (telefandom, videocletters with "do not quote" comments, restricting viewing of apazines, etc.).

The Improbable Irish by Walter Bryan (Walt Willis -- Ace) gets a boost from Buz Busby, as does the Volvo 144S. Seaman's cant salts Vera's column and manages to convey a bit of flotsam midst the jetsam. Vonda McIntyre has just discovered John D. MacDonald's Travis McGee series; she also tells of Sanibel Island before the developers moved in, lauds Apollo 9, and gives us a glimpse of astronaut Richard Gordon on a visit to his alma mater. Roy Tackett rereads A.E. Van Vogt's Slan and proffers some pertinent comment. "The Adventures of Doctor Doctor" is a blah satirical piece of newavishly-style fiction. The LoColumn comprises 20 or so of the 40 pages.

HECKMECK 20 (Manfred Kage, Schaesburg (Limburg), Achter de Winkel 41, N.L., and Mario Kwiat.) "Progressiveness without internationalization cannot be achieved even in a fandom", says Manfred, as he considers the "seclusion" of Nederfans (see HOLLAND-SF) and other fans, and urges contacts with fandom abroad; to aid in this effort, he publishes several addresses for possible contacts in various countries in Europe, Japan, etc., with a working knowledge of English. Manfred also translates an article in HOLLAND-SF on SF in Rumania, and I thought it interesting that they have a bimonthly magazine, SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, which is a supplement of the magazine SCIENCE AND TECHNICS (Technology?), devoted to the popularization of science. Frank Rottensteiner contributes an article on sword-and-sorcery and "The Rule of the Sword in Germany".

Heidelberg in 1970 is the present cry. Here we have a PerkeoCon report (which was Heidelberg in '68). Manfred's autobiographical sketch is fascinating. There is an extensive fanzine review column, a couple of pages of quips and newspaper clips for fun, a LoColumn with an international flavor, and an impressive 5-page art folio, with a truly splendid ad for Heidelberg in '70. Art by Mario Kwiat, I believe. 39 pp.

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, Vol. 3, #4 (Leland Sapiro, Box 40, University Station, Regina, Canada. 60¢, 4/\$2.) Tom Henighan looks at the growing urbanization toward the end of the 19th century, and literature's reaction, returning to the natural world -- and thus structures a discussion of the success of W.H. Hudson's Green Mansions and E.R. Burroughs' Tarzan of the Apes.

J.J. Pierce's attack on the New Wave moves Yogi Borel to a discussion of Romanticism, Naturalism, and ultimately Symbolism. Further into the issue we find Leland writing on the February issue of NEW WORLDS and the new wave in general. Jim Harmon balances this somewhat, pointing out some strengths of the old SF that the new SF lacks.

Comes Part IV of Jack Williamson's study, "H.G. Wells, Critic of Progress" -- examining The First Men In the Moon, When the Sleeper Awakes, and several short stories and novelettes. Patrick Welch pens a successful bit of philosophical fantasy entitled "Giant". "A new all-time peak in productivity of fanzines" is Harry Warner's conclusion after checking over the past decade; he also has kind things to say about PSYCHOTIC (now SF REVIEW), ODD, SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES, CRY, and NYARLA-THOTEP. Poetry, LoC's, and miscellany.

Writing of high quality, but there is little to relieve the heavy slogging thru the 70 digest-size pages of erudition, save the interior illos of REGILBERT (who also supplied the effective cover), REJennings, and Mike Higgs. Recommended -- for sercon fans, particularly.

A BLEEDING ROSE #5 (Michel Barnes, 1716 Summerlane E.S., Decatur, Ala., 35601. Contrib, trade, LoC, 35¢, 4/\$1.) Mike introduces the members of the staff. ABR's creds (the right of each participant to do his own thing), etc. Principally poetry, or an attempt at same; was favorably impressed by Tom Fuller's fine word picture of "The High Mound Poetry Circle", Joe Wall's poetic mural "Ann's October", and the little multilingual oddity "Tu et Moi" by Benjamin Urrutia. An intriguing essay by Ray Nelson relates today's musicians to the Cult of Orpheus.

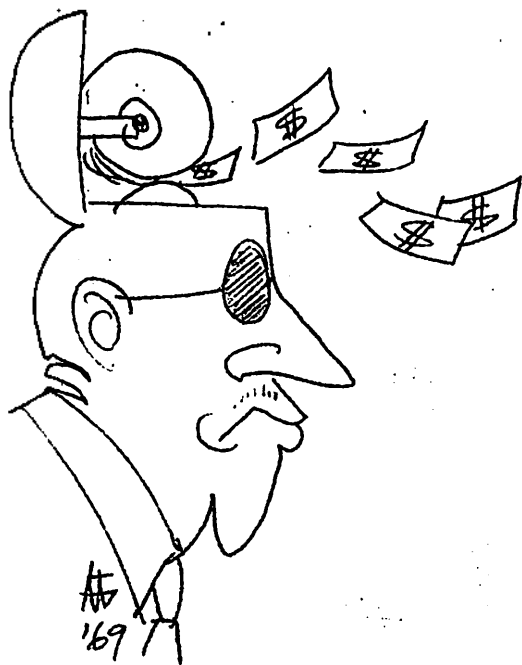
Reviews of underground student newspapers. Part II of a somewhat intriguing piece of fiction by Michel Barnes. 44 pp. or so, partially numbered, a few inverted. ABR has possibilities but they are yet to be realized, due possibly to the nature of the contents.

TRUMPET #9 (Tom Reamy, Box 523, Richardson, Texas, 75080. Printed LoC's, contribs, 75¢, 5/\$3.50. Poetry and fiction to Alex Eisenstein, 6424 N. Mozart, Chicago, Ill., 60645.) Have concluded that there should be a designation "semi-prozine" to distinguish between the usual concept of fanzines and a product such as this. A slick publication, on slick paper, pro format (typeface in varying style and size as appropriate), pro layout (three-columned pages -- except the letters, reduced in type-size to miniscule on four-columned pages), impressive pro-type logos and illos, pro repro, etc.

Begin with a magnificent Hannes Bok painting, reproduced in color, on TRUMPET's cover (the border of which is brilliant blue edged with white, the title also in white, and other cover info in black). Open to find "Hannes Bok on Creative Art" by Emil Petaja, poetry by Bok, and a magnificent 5-page Hannes Bok art folio.

"Do you by any chance consider fandom to be a way of life? If so, you are running a grave risk of having this esoteric orientation described as a symptom of schizophrenia." Thus begins a fantastic article by Peter Singleton on his life leading to and in confinement. Superman's Last Diary (reprinted from THE TEXAS RANGER), by Dave Hickey, reveals the Man of Steel's inner thoughts, trials, and struggles. For the Star Trek fans and denigrators, there's David Gerrold penning "The Awful Offal".

Toss in a bibliographic sketch of and further thoughts by Andrew J. Offutt on hypnotism and its therapeutic uses, Dan Bates writing on the better



films of 1968, bits of philosophy from Ralph Rich, a fine art folio by Steve Fabian, and other assorted illos by R.E. Jennings, Tim Kirk, Bernie Wrightson, Bill Rotsler, Rob Pudim, Jerry Mayes, etc., and you have yourself a winging issue.

There's more, but whether it adds or not is debatable. This is the "2001" dept.: Harlan Ellison's comments are terse, "heretical", and amusing. We then come to an 8-page study of the film and its critics by Richard Hodgens, liberally interspersed with references to Milton's *Paradise Lost* and its critics, and on and on; since he states on the final page, "It is not obscure construction, but an entertainment that speaks for itself, assuming some background", I am obliged to ponder upon the purpose of this tedious critique. Ye gads. If you have managed to make your way thru this, you bump up against Part I of Alex Eisenstein's footnoted commentary on the film. Alex doesn't stand a chance; by this time, the reader is so sated with "2001" he couldn't care less. And this is a shame. Alex's exploration of the film's technical blunders might elicit some stimulating and enlightening arguments from the more expert. I will admit that both Hodgens' and Eisenstein's interpretations of the Louis XVI suite sequence are new to me, but enough is enough! (I see in the Browns' *LOCUS* that the New American Library is planning to incorporate these three essays in a book they're doing on "2001".)

Be that as it may, this is an exceptional 49-page issue of *TRUMPET*. Recommended.

DaSFS JOURNAL, otherwise known as DJ (Dallas Science Fiction Society o-o. Joe Bob Williams, 8733 Boundbrook Ave., Dallas, Texas, 75231. Contrib, good LoC, trade, 4/\$1. Fanzines for review to Larry Herndon, 1830 Highland Drive, Carrollton, Texas., 75006.)

Two anonymous articles are probably the highpoints of the 29-page issue -- one on the Flash Gordon serials and other cliffhangers, the second on horror films and their stars. "2001: One More Time" finds Dan Bates reviewing pro reviews. Reviews of fanzines, Roger Zelazny's *Isle of the Dead* (Ace), a pair of films, and a TV episode -- "A Talk with Ray Bradbury" on the *Los Crano* show, Jan. 25, 1969.

Announcements, con news, and list of local fan publications. Interior illos by Mike Gilbert (who did the cover), Alex Eisenstein, and Al Jones.

QUASAR, April '69 (Wheaton, Md., H.S. SF Club pub. Greg Davis, 2705 Munson St., Wheaton, Md., 20906. Contribs, pubbed LoC's, 15¢.) A simple concise intro to the world of fandom by the late Seth Johnson, an anonymous review of "2001" errors, a couple of pieces of fiction -- one, an anonymous vampire romp; the other, a never-ending pushbutton tale. Tom Gilliland has some ideas of his own for the U.S. Space Program. Heinlein's *The Puppet Masters* comes in for some harsh words from Tom Polo. Illos by Perri Corrick, Mike Foo, etc. Book news and ads. 15 pp. (If they were numbered, the ed would find it easier to list art credits.)

ALGOL 15, Spring '69, 5th Annish (Andrew Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11201. Contribs, LoC's, arranged trades, 60¢, 5/\$2.50.) Cover by Dick Flinchbaugh, bacover another of Dick Bergeron's remarkable robot series; interior illos by Vaughn Bodé, Jay Kinney, Doug Lovenstein (he's done better), Steve Stiles, Mike Symes, and an uneven 10-page art folio by Mike Gilbert.

Andy discusses the Worldcon and the international outlook; was somewhat surprised to learn that most other countries do not award their own Hugo equivalents -- great ghu, most U.S. fans are not aware of what is being published in Sweden, the Netherlands, etc., much less the quality of the work. T'ain't the same thing as a film.

Comes an article on Bug Jack Barron by Norman Spinrad, which starts with a tribute to Larry Ashmead of Doubleday for his support while Norman was writing *The Men In the Jungle*. ('Twas as a thank you that Spinrad wrote *BJB*; you can imagine his reaction when Larry rejected it.) And he has kind words for the 1967 Milford Conference. His definition of "new wave" is much different, much bigger than I've run across heretofore -- I can see his concept. This is an article well worth the reading. Samuel R. Delany writes of sf and mainstream fiction, using string quartets and symphonies as his analogues -- beautifully structured, lyrically rendered.

(A slightly different version of this article appeared in NEW WORLDS SF #172.) Al-
tho Ted White's column on a TV show and a canoeing incident may have been written
in earlier days, its entertainment value hasn't dated.

Dick Lupoff reviews Ike Asimov's The Egyptians (one of his series of histories
pubbed by Houghton Mifflin), John Wyndham's Chocky (Ballantine -- "English rural
science fiction soap opera." Well put, Dick), and the William Tenn series put out
by Ballantine ("an outstanding series." I agree). 62 pp. A strong issue. Recom-
mended.

ODD #20, Summer, 1969 (Ray & Joyce Fisher, 4404 Forest Park Ave., St. Louis, Mo.,
63108. LoC's, contribs, arranged trades, or \$1. No long-term subscriptions.) The
20-year Annish, this is a must, if only for Vaughn Bode and Jack Gaughan playing Can
You Top This for 26 pp. in "Battle of the Titans". Oh, WOW! But if you insist on
other things, there's Bode's front and back covers, as well as a wacky tale "Swing Left
Chaboocheck", a 6-page comic strip by Mike Gilbert, a 3-page R.E. Jennings portfolio,
another adventure with Johnny Chambers' Little Green Dinosaur.

More? Well, there's Jack Gaughan's hilarious recounting of his adventures in
the sleepy little community of Rifton, N.Y.; Miko Moorcock with the background and
lowdown on NEW WORLDS; Dick Lupoff on current LP albums; Richard Gordon on all kinds
of things in "England (Ob)Scene/Observed"; a tragicomic fictional news bit by Leo P.
Kelley; Joe Haldeman writing from the jolly green jungles of Viet Nam (he's home
now, and WSFA has just elected him one of its trustees); and poetry by Joyce Fisher;
not to mention additional art by Doug Lovenstein, Pam Janisch, Ken Fletcher, Eddie
Jones, Mickey Rhodes, Ray Nelson, Bill Rotsler, Joe Haldeman, Dick Gordon; and Ber-
nie Zuber. 106 pp. or so. A splendid issue. Recommended.

OZ 10 (OMPA pub. Beryl Mercer, 10 Lower Church Lane, St. Michael's, Bristol BS2
8BA, England.) This is one of those lovely things -- a fanzine to relax with.
Granted, Beryl talks of taxes, the death penalty, looters, birth control, increased
longevity, the doctor shortage -- but it's the way she does it. And then there's
Archie with geographical paradoxes, comments on C.S. Forester's The Gun and the film
of the same name, the strange tale of Stanley Purcell, etc.

The mailing comments are an education in themselves (hm, so you don't cook
potatoes in a stew because they sop up all the subtle savory nuances). Information
of a different type is pleasantly provided by Peter Mason in an article on Britain
in the Dark Ages. LoC's and a bit of witty poetic comment. 24 pp.

mount to the stars #1 (Gail Sutton & Chas. Ford, 1714 Sisco, Arlington, Texas,
76010. Contribs, 75¢, 4/\$3, 7/\$5.) Dramatic "2001" cover and "Lankmar" bcover
by Howard Waldrop. This somewhat comics-oriented, but there are lots of other
things: a caustic commentary on the commercialization of Christmas, a plug for
Dallas in '73, and reports on local clubs (Hydra & DaSFS), local fanzines, the up-
coming Southwesterncons, etc.

Gordon Flagg comes to the defense of funny animals and begins the series with
a discussion of Pogo, past and present. Rob Gluckson reports on the F-UNcon '68.
For "truly enjoyable philosophical fantasies", Al Attansio commends Heinlein's
Stranger In a Strange Land and Frank Herbert's Dune and goes on to discuss them in
that context.

"An Introduction to Egyptian Mythology" by Vic Boruta is in reality a glimpse
of the four major cults in ancient Egypt. Sutton reports on the Southwesterncon '68.
An excerpt from the BERKELEY BARB, Sept. 6-13, 1968, includes a Bayconrep. The
Record Scene is covered by Ford, as well as a Spirit concert.

Waldrop, the cover artist, pens an essay on James Agee and his works. Mario
Mirabelli makes her fanzine debut with a diverting column on the film version of
Fahrenheit 451, UFO's, ESP, etc. Sutton also provides a very ambitious analysis of
comic circulation figures, based on a comprehensive table of same which he compiled,
and Richard Kyle has some speculative comment on the decline in sales of same.

Fiction, poetry, book reviews, art folio, newspaper clippings, and a rather
stilted 14-page comic feature "The Zombio" by Steven Stanley. 55 pp., Roman-numeraled.

A lot of time, effort, and money must have gone into this, what with double- and triple-columned pages with justified right margins, pro repro, slick covers, etc. Its contents are certainly diversified, and altho the quality of the writing is uneven, it bodes well for the future. (A curiosity -- it says in the colophon that this is the Spring 1970 issue, copyright 1969. Wonder if they did it just to see if anyone was looking. "Persecuted", indeed!)

OSFIC (#18?) (Ontario SF Club o-o. Peter R. Gill, 18 Glen Manor Drive, Toronto 13, Ontario, Canada. Contribs, LoC's, 40¢, 10/\$3.) Fine Gar Stevens cover. Meeting notes were entertaining, thanks to Gordon van Toen's vagaries. There are kind words for the Lunacon and Hotel McAlpine and cheers for today's visual SF. Movie, book, and fanzine reviews, as well as a comparative critique of the New York, Chicago, London, and Montreal subways by Phyllis Eisenstein (novel topic). "Flynn" is a comic strip by Derek Carter, but 'tain't vintage -- he's done much better. Great heavens, the earth piled 10 meters deep with fans -- thus saith Mike Glicksohn forsooth, as he foreseeth "Proliferation". Janet Fox's "Coffie Coven" is a nice little horror tale. LoC's. Art by Rudy der Hagopian, Alexis Gilliland, Angus Taylor (who did the film and book reviews), Bill Malcolm, and the otherwise wonderful Derek Carter. A pleasant, diverting 29-page issue.

WEIRDBOOK TWO (P.O. Box 601, Chambersburg, Penna., 17201. Ed.: W. Paul Ganloy. 75¢, 4/\$2, 8/\$3.75.) Weird tales in the old tradition, albeit there are some novel approaches. "No Stone Unturned" by Charlene James features a heroine who does gravestone rubbings (an exhibition of such was featured at the Smithsonian not too long ago), and the denouement is almost charming. Walter Quednau's "The Son of Time" is a heroic reincarnation tale (or do I have that backwards?). "Like Father" is a little voodoo horror by Leo P. Kelley. Joseph Payne Brennan's "City of the Seven Winds" is an Arabian fantasy with some nice imagery.

Paleontology figures in Ray Jones' "Terror from the Ages". Timothy R. Allison's "To Fade In Silence" is more of a mood piece than a story -- a good idea with good writing but sadly undeveloped. Larry Dworwin's "The Spaceship Game" is a novel variation on the piper theme. Something new in the way of horror is "The Entity" by George T. Wetzel. "The Haunted Hut" is a Robert E. Howard tale of the Hoodoo Swamp. My own particular preference is H. Warner Munn's "Return of the Spy", which carries the reader at a rapid pace to an unexpected close.

The poetry ranges from so-so to quite acceptable; among the latter, Janet Fox's "In the Mask Shop" and especially Walt Klein's "Variations on a Theme by Heine" (reprinted from FANFARE). 31 pp. An attractive 'zine, and if this is your bag, you'll like WEIRDBOOK.

WEIRDBOOK SUPPLEMENT -- An 8-page LoColumn.

TESSERACT-REWARPED (Future Mad Scientists of America, Walt Whitman High School, Whittier Blvd., Bethesda, Md., 20034.) Michele Kreps is the present editor but she is preparing to relinquish the reign come June. In the meanwhile, she brings you an original Star Trek travesty as well as Kim Hummer's punnishing ST adventure. "Hello out there, Universe" is a preview of a column by Donie Inada that will be appearing in next year's issues, and she displays winning if somewhat enigmatic form.

Gail Parker discusses graphology and proffers quickie intros to members of FMSA thru analysis of their handwriting. Ardys Clark does a rather clever review of a Doc Savage novel. Plus a pair of interviews with a Martian and a witch by Ardys and Donie. Sounds and quotes heard at FMSA sessions, poetry, illos, etc. 28 pp. A quite creditable high school 'zine.



Robert Bloch, Los Angeles, Calif.

(26 May '69)

What a pleasure to leaf through the imposing DISCLAVE special issue and come across an item by Bob Tucker, whom I've always regarded as one of Fandom's All-Time Grates (to coin a phrase). What fascinated me is that finally, at long last, he sees fit to disclose a bit of autobiographical lore; viz., his 1919 involvement with the Siberian Expeditionary Force. I always knew Tucker had been in some Russian campaign or other, but from chance remarks on his part, I'd guessed it was probably the Crimean War. Now the record is clear, or at least as clear as it's likely to be. Tucker's past is indeed remarkable; I note in the same issue an inquiry as to how he learned of Sumerian body-contact telepathy, and it occurs to me that quite possibly his knowledge is first-hand. That is to say, he may very well have been around during the height of Sumerian civilization. In any case, there's absolutely no doubt about Tucker's interest in body-contacts. I refuse to use the polite euphemism about "physical contacts"; ever since reading Bug Jack Barron I insist on calling a spade a ~~spade~~ shovel. Besides, in these days of civil rights disorders, "spade" is a dirty word. They will probably take all the copies of The Maltose Falcon out of the public libraries.

I was also gratified to read such a detailed report on the Nebula Banquet; the rundown on that NASA film particularly intrigued me. Eric Hoffer seems to have become the Bob Dylan of the Geritol Generation, and I remember reading, not too long ago, an explanation of how this came about. According to the story, Hoffer happened to attract critical attention with his first little book just about the time that the late President Eisenhower was coming in for a certain amount of criticism as an "anti-intellectual" whose reading was confined to western stories. Some political strategist conceived the notion of repairing the President's image by having him invite Hoffer to the White House while cameras ground and reporters scribbled, and from that moment on Hoffer was "in". I do not necessarily deplore this; I can only thank heaven that Andy Warhol wasn't yet on the scene. But it's certainly interesting to note how Madison Avenue "hard-sell" and "soft-sell" is being applied to the Space Program; currently, the Apollo Flight's employment of Snoopy and Charlie Brown affords a certain degree of amusement.

But I prefer the sort of amusement one can derive from WSFA JOURNAL, and thank you for it.

Bob Brown, 1484 Elm Ave., Long Beach, Cal., 90813

(26 May '69)

Ref. yours after the Bob Bloch letter -- page 76, TWJ #66:

Just last night saw the TV commercial you mention. Did not pay too much attention to it but do recall that the advertisement concerned some sort of salad dressing.

Apparently not true about TV commercials being pulled when one of the persons in it has died. The actor who played the district attorney in the Perry Mason series has been dead for about a year but the Cancer Foundation keeps running the anti-smoking bit. In this case it could be considered rather appropriate.

Richard Delap, 532 S. Market, Wichita, Kansas, 67202

(27 May '69)

((From a letter addressed to Doll & Alexis Gilliland. --ed.))

... As for issue #66, I must admit that even after two weeks I still haven't finished reading it. ... The articles are varied and mostly quite good. Jay Kay Klein's report on the Nebula Banquet was quite good, too, if a bit heavy on trifling details.

David Halterman's review of The Image of the Beast was much better (and funnier!) than that trashy book. Essex House shows promise of getting some striking combinations of sex and science fiction that will make Spinrad's Bug Jack Barron look like the shoddy pseudo-sex it really is. One recent EH novel, Hank Stine's Season of the Witch, was really impressive both in intent and execution; it was, in my estimation, one of the best sf novels of the year.

I wish I could answer Sandra Miesel's question of why romances of fantasy are so popular. I often think they appeal to the readers of low mentality and education,

yet I still find those with above-average intelligences responding to them with gusto. I can't abide a steady diet of such literature, but I find myself responding to some of them. Perhaps it is part of the search for lost innocence, the need to be upheld in the belief that something can be exciting and stimulating without a resort to uncontrolled sex and violence of purple vividness? I really can't say, but Miesel's question makes me stop and wonder.

I'd be interested in knowing Piers Anthony's original title for "Getting Through University" (a title which pleases me). ((Piers? --ed.))

I see Peter Singleton responded strongly to Spinrad's Bug Jack Barron... I wonder if his idea of "Broad Mental Horizons" is anything remotely resembling mine. I rather doubt it.

I must disagree with Bob Vardeman's remark, "the proof of the book is in the sales". I don't think this is true at all, at least not in initial sales. Before a book is read, how does anyone know how good it is? I believe selling techniques push a book initially, then word-of-mouth and good publicity (or bad, as the case may be) push it into followup printings. (To answer his question: Anita Pallenberg played the Black Queen in "Barbarella".)

Suggestions for the Santesson anthology: "Tentacleprints"; "Future Times and Crimes"; can't think of anything else at the moment.

Bob Vardeman, P.O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, N.M., 87112

(8 Jun '69)

... On #66: To start with, I wholeheartedly agree with Alexis that Isle of the Dead is a contender for the '70 Hugo. The only trouble is, as the year wears on, I've been coming up with more and more contenders. Ursula LeGuin's Left Hand of Darkness is a pretty fair bet for a Hugo nomination even tho it doesn't live up to any of the high praise written on the back cover. And, *sigh*, Frank Herbert's Dune Messiah looks like a sure-fire nominee from me. I simply can't help it, but that particular theme and Herbert's expertise in handling it add up to the BEST ever. I consider Dune to be the highpoint of the decade, indeed of SF in general, and it looks as if Dune Messiah will be just as good. Zelazny and Herbert fought a duel and tied with ...And Call Me Conrad and Dune before. I can only hope they manage to both win Hugos again (and have the impossible happen -- a second tie between the same two authors with essentially the same books).

And to further complicate things, I imagine Heinlein's new novel will start sometime later this year. It looks like a very good year for topflight novels.

Especially if The Goat Without Horns is published. Swann is one of my favorite writers, and one of the few of whom I can truthfully say that I enjoy every story he writes. Day of the Minotaur was beautiful, and, thinking back, I can't see why "Manor of Roses" didn't win a Hugo. But then fans tend to look askance at fantasy (chock thru and see how few fantasies have won any prizes -- about the only one that comes to mind is "The Hellbound Train").

Halterman's review of Bug Jack Barron fit. It, too, was incomprehensible.

In the lettercol (in my letter) you seem to think winning a Nebula will enhance sales. Perhaps it would just from the standpoint of winning something. How many fringe fans and casual readers would know what the SFWA is? How many would care? Not many, I'd wager. While there seems to be a basic human mechanism for buying something that has won, I think this is being diluted. Look at the film industry. There are so many film festivals here and abroad that it would take a really rotten film not to win something somewhere. While the field of SF isn't that bad yet, the SFWA awards are a step in that direction. If various groups keep adding awards, soon the awards just won't mean too much.

I've heard that winning a Hugo is as good as money in the bank account. But apparently only from SF prozines. While I suppose that it's a good thing that a winner is recognized as being outstanding in his field, where sales are really boosted is in the fringe areas. Look at the play Tolkien has gotten. Or the sales on Dune now that the unwashed underground has "discovered" it. Both were award-winning series/novels, but it wasn't until much later after winning their honors (in LoTR's case, almost 10 years) that sales picked up.

So many books, so many factors. Who knows if winning a Nebula would boost sales. For Panshin's accomplishment in Rite of Passage, I hope it does. I still think money is the best reward.

This next part you might want to edit out and use as an article surrogate. I'm afraid Alexis is stealing my blood and thunder. The thunder of a tachyon roaring by, that is. ((And we did edit it out; see elsewhere in this issue. --ed.))

Joe Kurnava, Route #48, Allwood P.O., Clifton, N.J., 07012

(11 Jun '69)

The Disclave Special (TWJ #66) was, as ebullient Ed Sullivan might say, a REELY BIG iss-show! (Gesundheit!)

One of the pages in my copy is now missing, though, and I can only blame Connie Reich. She, after all, forced me to eat my words concerning as SF story based on Jack Gaughan's cover. I should've known better; especially in view of the fact that Arthur C. Clarke's "History Lesson" (to me, unforgettable) was based on a similar theme.

Thanks are due Alexis G. for lettin' me off the hook as a "comics fan". In a way I am, but the connotations derived from that term can only be construed as derogatory. So, again, I thanko, Mr. G.

And thanks, also, for the illo on pg. 77. Alexis must number prescience among his many talents, as the illo was drawn far in advance of my letter. But appropriate it is, and this time he's succeeded in capturing the real me. Succinctly -- I liked it!

For Doll's edification, The New Captain George's Whizzbang can be ordered from George Henderson/ 594 Markham St./ (Memory Lane)/ Toronto 5, Ontario/ Canada at 25¢ a copy. It's devoted to movies, books, radio, sci-fi, comics, nostalgia, art. That seems to cover things fairly well, doesn't it?

Number 1 features W.C. Fields on the cover, a center-spread of Alex Raymond's "slick" magazine illustrations and examples of some real old comic strips; like, Toonerville Trolley, Dan Dunn, Tailspin Tommy, King of the Royal Mounted, Reg'lar Fellers.... ((Hmmm...brings back memories. Guess this dates us.... --ed.))

Number 2 has a beautiful center-spread of Winsor McCay's work; the comics include Felix the Cat, Broncho Bill, Babe Bunting, Dixie Dugan, among others.

Number 3 is dedicated to the memory of Boris Karloff, featured on the cover. The center-spread reprints Racburn (Abbie and Slats) Van Buren's work from the "slicks". Some of the comics reprinted are Barney Baxter, Mickey Finn, Terry and the Pirates and Flash Gordon.

Mr. Henderson also publishes COMIC WORLD. I understand the price has gone up to \$3 for 10 issues, starting with #11 (which will feature Dick Tracy strips from 1933).

No. 1: McCay's Dream of the Rarebit Fiend, Buster Brown, Happy Hooligan, etc.

No. 2: The Yellow Kid, Dimples, Jimmy, Sambo, etc.

No. 3: All Winsor McCay: Little Nemo in Slumberland, etc.

No. 4: All George Herriman's Krazy Kat. Crazy!

No. 5: Tips on drawing; Foster's Prince Valiant, Raymond's Rip Kirby, and others.

No. 6: All the illustrations from the Big Little Book, Alex Raymond's Flash Gordon in the Water World of Mongo.

No. 7: All Superman strips from the dailies, including Siegel & Shuster's origin.

No. 8: Illustrations by J. Noel Paton, R.S.A.,



YOUR SON !

for Coleridge's Rime of the Ancient Mariner. From the originals of 1863. Sixteen beautiful illos, and every one of 'em a full-pager!

Two other issues (supposedly 9 and 10, though unnumbered as such): Foster's Tarzan and Rebels of the Mine and Bud Fisher's Mutt and Jeff.

Both of the above periodicals are tabloid size and are, in most cases, excellently reproduced. The prices are infinitesimal, as far as aficionados of Nostalgia are concerned. You'll not find any better for the price in this day and age -- and that's for sure!

Some additional addenda to Mark Owings' Simak bibliography:

"Gleaners" also appeared in The Frozen Planet and Other Stories (MacFadden MB229; 60¢).

Goblin Reservation has just been issued by Berkley (S1671; 75¢).

"The Golden Bugs" also appeared in Seven Come Infinity, ed. by Groff Conklin (Gold Medal D1752; 50¢).

Ring Around the Sun was also published by Avon (S270; 60¢).

"Shadow World" also appeared in Five Unearthly Visions, ed. by Groff Conklin (Gold Medal D1868; 50¢).

If memory serves (But -- Oh! That open mind....), "The Night of the Puudly" originally appeared in GALAXY and was reprinted in the series of annual anthologies entitled The Galaxy Reader, or some such series. I think, though I'm not sure, that the above was its original title. It may have been something like "The Night of the Beast", though....

And finally, "Desortion" is also appearing in Beyond Tomorrow, ed. by Damon Knight, as noted in your new releases on page 12.

Dennis Lien, Lake Park, Minn., 56554

(15 Jun '69)

Re #66: Liked Doll's fmz reviews until I realized that Doll liked every fanzine she saw. A little constructive hewing and slashing seems in order. The puzzle in MARGOTHROND #3 & 4 was what I call a "Criss Cross" (a diacrostic is the same thing as a double-crostic, unless usage has shifted since I first encountered them). Incidentally, I proved to my own satisfaction that somebody goofed and the puzzle wouldn't work out. Suppose I should have written to MARG about it, but Youknowhow-itis....

Mark Owings' bibliography is a Good Thing by nature, but if he wants suggestions, I'd suggest that he concentrate on those not already bibliographed by Don Tuck in his "Authors' Works Listings". Simak was. Would like to see de Camp and Bloch myself. I think I have a Simak addendum: "Nine Lives" (nvt) SHORT STORIES 12/57. (It is sf, and seems to not be a reprint.)

Enjoyed "Lutiers of Cremona", though the plan sounds far too sensible to work, much less be considered. Bob Tucker's thing was the best in the issue; I'm inspired now to read the two Tucker novels I've missed -- and perhaps to reread Time Bomb, my own favorite. Gilliland with another hit in "Science Report".

Haven't read the fiction yet. There certainly were a lot of them, weren't there? Wouldn't mind seeing more book reviews; your stable seem quite good (though Gilliland gave away rather too much of the plot of Brother Assassin for someone like me who hasn't read it yet).

. . . Page 71. "I think 'Hamlet' (I suppose you meant Hamlet) would be hilarious done as a comedy." (Doll again.) Expand upon what you mean. Does Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead qualify? Or the absurdist Hamlet put on (apt phrase, that) in NYC three or four years ago, in which the "To be or not to be" speech was given in a Puerto Rican accent, Horatio wore convict garb, etc.? Little-known-fact #372: Mark Twain "wrote" the first 1/3 or so of a comic version of Hamlet -- technique being to introduce a rustic snakeoil salesman or some such to observe all the action and comment upon it, getting it all wrong, while the original play goes on unchanged around him. I've read it; it's pretty wretched. (It was published in one of the Twain mss. volumes put out by the scholarly presses a few years ago -- I forget title, etc.)

Buck Coulson, Route J, Hartford City, Ind., 47348

(22 Jun 69)

. . . I thought WSFA JOURNAL #66 was tremendous. It's been a long time since I've seen a fanzine with that much material that I enjoyed reading. (And you had a 9½-page con report and other odds and ends in addition! Enormous issue, as well as good.) ((Still a few copies left, at \$1 each, you new subbers. --ed.))

I never thought of it as a visit from the Muse, but in The Dirigible Affair, the original outline listed the two chief Thrushes as Forbes and McNulty. Then, for some reason which I forget now, we needed another Thrush for a minor operation, and introduced Hunter. And we needed an old codger, and brought in Sanders. And somehow, Forbes never recovered. He remained an offstage voice, while McNulty, Hunter and Sanders plotted and wrangled onstage. The two "minor" characters completely stole the show from one of the major ones. (It didn't make me feel very humble, though; "irritated" would be closer to it. If there's one thing I hate, it's a figment of my imagination that I can't control.)

Alexis has a fascinating Spartan extrapolation, but it seems just a trifle more likely that the elder ignored the boy's pain because noting it would have been irrelevant to the moral. It's sort of like complaining that George Washington's father ran a pretty sloppy plantation because nobody noticed what the kid was doing with his hatchet.

Oh, Tucker was in Siberia, was he? I begin to see some of the background of the strained relations between the two countries.

I loved Gilliland's ideas on rehabilitating the Indians, encouraging the Russians in Egypt, and time travel, but I don't seem to find any comments to make. Alexis said it all. Same for Vardeman's piece.

For that matter, Gilliland's fiction was the best I've seen in a fanzine for a good long time.

Markstrom's story doesn't put enough "life" into his chess game. His battle scenes are tiresome unless you're enough of a chess fan to try to pick out the precise moves, and I'm not. It may be a fascinating chess game, but it's not a particularly good example of fiction, even fan fiction.

David Haltzman can't imagine an author waxing enthusiastic over a cat in heat? Gee, I heard L. Sprague de Camp once give a detailed description of the piston action of an internal combustion engine that was as pornographic as you can get. Of course, he wasn't being too serious about it, but it was a splendid example of the things sex writers can work into a story.

Robert Willingham, 21934 Millpoint Ave., Torrance, Cal., 90502

(Undated)

Having just attended Westercon XXII/Funcon II, there is one item out of the many which I would like to share with readers of the JOURNAL, concerning one Harlan Ellison.

There is a lot I could say about Mr. Ellison here, a lot of things he said and did at the con, but right now I am interested in only one thing. And that is his television show.

I read in one of the sf fanzines that Ellison had sold an sf show to one of the networks. So it was not with total surprise that I greeted the news of it from Ellison's own mouth as he spoke before several dozens of us gathered fans. But what did surprise me was some of the things Ellison said concerning his show. Like:

(1) It's about a man (half-ompath) who comes from the future and enters our present (his past) in order to change history. He must change history because in his present a war is raging which threatens to wipe out the human race. And of course he can't just change history randomly. So he has an immense computer which (each week, friends) tells him what to do. Like for instance letting a rabbit out of a pen. (I don't know if that example was facetious or not, but it's interesting.) Anyway, the science fiction -- sorry, Harlan -- speculative fiction basis for each week's show is the action or deed that Mr. Strang must perform. Otherwise, it is supposed to be a present-day drama similar to "Naked City" or "Route 66" at their best, according to Ellison. Also, the show is supposed to be as good as "The Prisoner", "Twilight Zone", and "Outer Limits", at their collective best. Which seems like a pretty difficult thing to be. We'll see.

(2) Ellison is going to buy ideas from the top sf authors, and have the ideas turned into scripts by top screenwriters. That way everyone is working in his area.

(3) Ellison is supposed to get \$.25 million for the show. And he says he will give all that bread back to NBC and quit if the show degenerates into something like "Star Trek".

All of which is enough to make me hope the show makes it to the screen. I don't know if it will be as good as it sounds. But I'm going to watch the first show, anyway.

By the way, the show is planned for the 70/71 season; and a transcript of the Talk Ellison gave is supposed to be in Gois' zinc, S.F. REVIEW.

Also heard from were Ian Hobana (Rumania), who indicated that his English was good enough for him to appreciate the JOURNAL, and offered his help in any way possible; Steve Lewis, who translated Ian's letter for us (it was in French) and sent the following additions to Mark Owings' Simak bibliography:

"Founding Father" is in the SFBC edition of Worlds of Simak.

The pb edition of The Outer Reaches (Derleth, ed.) containing "Good Night, Mr.

James" was pub by Berkley (NY, no date, 174 pp) -- note that this edition contains only 10 of the 17 stories from the hard-cover edition.

And we heard from Hank Stine, who blasted Banks Mebane for his "Bug Duke Jackson" (in TWJ #62) and us for publishing it.

----- THE BOOKSHELF

ACE (August '69) (1120 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y., 10036) (July not received) --

The Silent Multitude, by D.G. Compton (76385; 75¢) -- "'Outstanding literary value ... might have resulted from a collaboration between Kafka and John Wyndham. The characters are superbly developed and have as their giant and terrifying set a metropolis in disintegration.'" -- SYDNEY MORNING HERALD" (Acc S.F. Special)

The Pandora Effect, by Jack Williamson (65125; 60¢) -- "... his very first collection of short stories and novelettes . . . a box of wonders from lost eons and future worlds."

The Worlds of Robert A. Heinlein, by Robert A. Heinlein (91501; 60¢) -- "Big new printing of this best-selling volume of Robert A. Heinlein's greatest short stories along with Heinlein's own remarkable essay on the future of science and the shape of things to come."

The Dirdir, by Jack Vance (Planet of Adventure #3) (66901; 60¢).

Cradle of the Sun, by Brian M. Stableford (12140; 75¢) and

The Wizards of Senchuria, by Kenneth Bulmer.

Yankee Ghosts, by Hans Holzer (93951; 60¢; reissue).

Test Your Wits, by Eric Doubleday (80300; 60¢; puzzles of various kinds).

Plus the usual "gothics", mysteries, westerns, etc. (no room to list them here).

Fawcett World Library, 67 West 44th St., N.Y., N.Y., 10036 -- Just received review copy of The Martian Way and Other Stories, by Isaac Asimov (Crest Book RL289; 60¢; 176 pp.; orig. pub. by Doubleday; pub. date, 15 July 1969. (Reviewed next issue.)

Doubleday S.F. Book Club, Garden City, N.Y. -- August releases: The Pollinators of Eden, by John Boyd ("After you've read this book, you'll never again trust a tulip."); The Demon Breed, by James H. Schmitz; September releases: World's Best SF: 1969, edited by Donald A. Wollheim & Terry Carr; Ubik, by Philip K. Dick; Fall releases: The Illustrated Man, by Ray Bradbury; Five to Twelve, by Edmund Cooper. Member's editions each \$1.49 (anthology is \$1.98) plus postage. Join and save!

(British) Science Fiction Book Club, Dept. 310, 10-13 Bedford St., Strand, London, W.C. 2, U.K. -- July: Phoenix, by Richard Cowper; August: Invader on My Back, by Philip High. Each 8s6d to members. Membership is 60s for 6 months (\$7.20).

THE CLUB CIRCUIT: News & Minutes

EASTERN SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION (ESFA) meets informally the third Sunday of every month at the homes of various members, and formally on the first Sunday of the month at 3 p.m., at the YM-YWCA, 600 Broad St., Newark, N.J. Next meeting is on Sunday, August 3; no info on the speaker.

Minutes of ESFA Meeting of 6 April, 1969 (excerpted) --

The semi-annual elections saw all officers returned. In the only contest, Allan Howard won over Tom Bulmer for Secretary. ##### Forrest J. Ackerman, the guest speaker, told of his recent trip to Rio de Janeiro to attend the film festival and symposium, "Science Fiction Literature and the Cinema", where he and some 35 luminaries of the sf world were guests of the Brazilian government. It was first-class all the way for 11 days, with transportation, food and lodgings, as well as girl-guides. Ackerman said that Brazil seems to have discovered sf about two years ago, and is very excited over it. He found, however, that books are very expensive by our standards, with paperbacks selling for the equivalent of \$2.00. Ackerman reported that newspapers were generally unfavorable to the film festival, but had high praise for the sf people, who seemed to have saved the day with their papers and talks. The whole thing was so successful that there are plans to invite 50 persons next year. The only unpleasant part of the trip was the heat and humidity encountered in Rio. Ackerman concluded by reporting on a list of sf properties proposed, or in the works for filming in Hollywood. ##### Sam Moskowitz, who also went to Brazil, said that the guest list was largely drawn from the sf personalities discussed in his book, Seekers of Tomorrow. Sam also reported the recent discovery of a prospectus sent to writers by THRILL BOOK which proves that the legendary 1919 publication was never intended to be a sf or fantasy magazine as had been thought. Rather, it seemed to have been meant to be an occult fiction magazine on the order of MIND MAGIC.

Minutes of ESFA Meeting of 4 May, 1969 (excerpted) --

Les Mayer reported that Bantam Books would begin publication of a series of novels from THE SHADOW MAGAZINE. It is also understood that Berkley would publish G-8 and THE SPIDER. ##### Chris Steinbrunner was introduced and presented a film from the TV series, "21st Century". Concerning a contrast between past science fictional prophecy and the reality of today, it was well received by the audience. A second film procured by Chris was a well-done projection of the everyday wonders to come in the year 1999, when every home will have its own computer-genie. ##### Sam Moskowitz concluded the program with an unusual film starring Hugo Gernsback, John R. Pierce, Arthur C. Clarke, and Isaac Asimov. In it they discussed the role of sf as prophecy, and their own particular extrapolative and scientific contributions to radar, satellite communications and robotics. Moskowitz, appearing at the beginning of the film, set the tone with an introductory talk on sf.

-- Allan Howard, Secretary, ESFA

Minutes of ESFA Meeting of 1 June, 1969 (excerpted) --

John Pierce circulated material about a British television series titled "Out of the Unknown" which has presented a number of well-known science fiction stories. He suggested it would be beneficial to U.S. audiences if this show were imported to this country. A brief mention was made of the fact that a "Star Trek" movie may be considered, and Leonard Nimoy is likely to replace Martin Landau in "Mission Impossible" when the show resumes next season. Bob Weinberg reported on a newly-proposed television series by Harlan Ellison titled "Man Without Time" to be possibly directed by Irwin Allen. Mark Owings mentioned that the first Perry Rhodan film, titled "Mission Stardust", was playing in New York. This led to the mention of another newly-released science fiction film called "The Green Slime". ##### Mike Deckinger read the Hugo Nominations for items which appeared in 1968, and a discussion ensued over the various categorical selections. Among the points mentioned was that Alexei Panshin's Rite of Passage was a Heinlein juvenile, except for the ending; however, it was well written and deserving of the Hugo. Bob Weinberg thought

John Brunner's Stand on Zanzibar was an excellent book, but he thought its chances of winning a Hugo were slim because of its unavailability. Nova was regarded as being a disappointment with too much mysticism. John J. Pierce assumed that R.A. Lafferty's infatuation with A Man for All Seasons was responsible for his writing Past Master, but several persons disputed this theory. Fred Lerner described Clifford Simak's Goblin Reservation as a fun book, lightweight but skillful, and not really in a Hugo class. John J. Pierce noted that Dean McLaughlin's "Hawk Among the Sparrows" was similar to an early Lester del Rey story titled "Unto Him that Hath". A discussion of Samuel R. Delany's "Lines of Power" prompted Fred Lerner to reveal that this story was a parody of Zelazny's work. Mike Deckinger stated that "2001" was the only adult science fiction film ever made and unquestionably deserving of the Hugo.

-- Mike Deckinger, Vice-Director

Minutes of ESFA Meeting of 6 July 1969 --

The meeting was opened at 3:25 p.m., with an attendance of 19 persons. The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were given and accepted. Director Burley reported that a good time was had at the ESFA picnic on June 15, even though rain cut down the attendance to only 10 people. Burley also informed the members that part of the August meeting would be devoted to trading and selling sf material among those attendant.

Sherna Burley reported that Leonard Nimoy would appear in "Mission Impossible" next season, and that William Shatner was touring in "Girl in My Soup". Les Mayer called attention to an article in the NATIONAL OBSERVER of June 30, entitled "Science Fiction Outgrows Its Pulp Origins". Les said that although otherwise well done, it contains nothing new for ESFA members. Les also had on hand a copy of Sam Moskowitz's new Doubleday anthology, The Man Who Called Himself Poe: stories in which Edgar Allan Poe appears as a character. He also displayed copies of COSMOS, a science-fantasy review fanzine edited by Walter Gillings. The second issue features a Judith Merril article, "I'm No American". Allan Howard reported a forthcoming "lost-race" movie from Disney, "Island at the Top of the World".

Mike Deckinger reported the death of Willy Ley on June 24th. Sam Moskowitz added that Willy had been an avid sf fan all his life, was a generous individual, and had been a good friend to ESFA, as he had indeed been to all fandom. Sam also spoke of the recent death of Robert Bahr, first Director of the Newark Science Fiction League, a forerunner of ESFA. Allan Howard reported contacting the Continental Ball Room as a possible site for an ESFA Open Meeting. It proved to be too expensive.

With the Secretary instructed to take out a membership in the St. Louiscon in the name of the ESFA, voting was held on the club's selections for the Hugo Awards. The winners were: Best Novel: Goblin Reservation, by Clifford Simak; Best Novella: "Nightwings", by Robert Silverberg; Best Novlette: "The Sharing of Flesh", by Poul Anderson; Best Short Story: No vote; Best Drama: "2001 -- A Space Odyssey"; Best Professional Magazine: ANALOG; Best Fanzine: RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY; Best Fan Writer: Harry Warner, Jr.; Best Fan Artist: George Barr; Best Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas.

Throughout the meeting general discussion arose on such diverse topics as: scientific errors in sf pictures, difficulty in getting good translations from foreign stories, the fact that the Apollo 11 landing will make all past moon-landing stories obsolete, the possible choice of the first words to be spoken for posterity upon landing on the moon, and the human benefits to be derived from the moon landing.

The meeting was adjourned at 5:35 p.m. A meeting of the membership committee voted in Leo Doroschenko.

-- Allan Howard, ESFA Secretary

NEW ENGLAND SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION, INC. (NESFA) meets every other Sunday at the homes of various members. Next meeting is July 27, at home of Joe Ross, 20 Notre Dame Rd., Bedford, Mass., 01730, at 2 p.m. Bi-weekly club newsletter, INSTANT MESSAGES, is available to members only (Regular, \$10/yr.; Affiliate, \$5/yr.; Associate, \$5/yr.; Corresponding, \$2.50/yr), from NESFA, Inc., P.O. Box G, M.I.T. Branch Post Office,

Cambridge, Mass., 02139. Latest issue received (#41: July 1, 1969) contains minutes of meeting of 29 June. A few items of interest from this and the few issues immediately preceding it are as follows: The club has reached agreement with the Statler-Hilton for the dates of 27-29 March for the 1970 BOSKONE. // Asimov's 100th book is coming out in Oct. from Houghton Mifflin, titled Opus 100; it is a selection of his earlier works and "fragments from a critical autobiography". // The 1968 Supplement to the Index is out and is selling for \$1 a copy. // Elections (all by acclamation): President, Anthony R. Lewis; Vice-President, Leslie Turek; Treasurer, Edwin W. Meyer, Jr.; Clerk, Susan H. Lewis; Editor, Cory J. Scidman. // The 1966 Supplement to the Index is also out (a revised edition?), at \$1 each. The 1967 Supplement is still available (\$1).

OZARK SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION (OSFA) meets the last Sunday of the month at the homes of various members. The July meeting will be held July 27, at 2 p.m. (no info on the site). Its monthly o-o, OSFAN, is free to members (Attending, \$3/yr.; Non-attending, \$2/yr.); to others, it is 15¢ ea., 12/\$1. From Hank Luttrell, 1016 Van Loon, Ballwin, Missouri, 63011. Latest issue (#49, June 19, 1969), contained club news, fanzine reviews (by Chris Couch), CoA's, and a bit of general news (much less than usual -- summer doldrums?).



PENINSULA SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION (PenSFA) meets every other Saturday at 8:30 p.m., at the homes of various members. Next meeting will be July 25 (site unknown). Club magazine is bi-weekly WINNIE THE P.O.O. Sub-rates have now been set: 8/\$1, 16/\$2, 24/\$3, \$2.50 per year for Bay-Area Club members. From Jerry Jacks, 2008 Green St., San Francisco, Cal., 94123. Last issue received (#3 of Vol. III, 15 Jun '69) contains general and club news, and lists the following other Bay-Area clubs: GOGFUS (2nd & 4th Sats., at homes of various members; call 921-2927 for details); Little Men (1st, 3rd, & 4th Fridays, mostly at 113 Ardmore Rd., Berkeley, Cal.; at 8 p.m.); The Fanatics (1st & 3rd Tues.; call 524-9502 for details. #### Preceding issue noted that Judy-Lynn Benjamin, assoc. Editor of GALAXY, was awarded the Invisible Little Man Award by the Elve's, Gnome's, and Little Men's Science-Fiction, Marching and Chowder Society (the "Little Men" of above).

THE LUNARIANS meet on the third Saturday of the month, at the homes of various members. For info write Frank Dietz, 655 Orchard St., Oradell, N.J., 07649. Next meeting should be on August 16, around 9 p.m. (site unknown). Guests of members and out-of-towners only.

Unofficial Account of 128th meeting (April 19, 1969) (excerpted) --

Everyone present agreed that the Hotel McAlpin facilities were quite satisfactory for this past Lunacon and the club recommended contacting the McAlpin with respect to the 1970 Lunacon. #### It was suggested that a sliding-rate schedule be obtained from the hotel so the club could decide on the best times to rent the facilities. The possibility of renting a room for the huckster tables from 9:00 a.m. on Saturday and 9:00 a.m. on Sunday was to be explored. This could also allow early registration. Walt Cole indicated that he would be available to handle early registrations on both days. #### It was finally agreed that the 1970 Lunacon committee would be set up as follows: Frank Dietz, General Manager; Brian Burloy, Convention Manager; Ted White, Program Chairman; Devra Langsam, Membership Chairman. Ted White indicated that he would require several assistants to help him locate speakers, etc. Tom Bulmer volunteered his services. #### Advertising rates for the Progress Reports and the Program Book for 1970 were then agreed to. They would be: \$15.00 -- Professional rate for a full page; \$9.00 -- Professional rate

for a half page; \$25.00 -- Fan rate for three insertions (This would be for the two progress reports and the program book, full page.); \$15.00 -- Fan rate for three insertions (This would be for the two progress reports and the program book, half page.); \$35.00 -- Professional rate for 3 insertions (A full page only is to be available.); \$100.00 -- The rate for the program book back cover. ##### Fred Lerner suggested a special pocket program which would list the committee suite, room numbers for Eastercon bidding parties, and other data that would be useful. Fred felt that this would eliminate the necessity of carrying the program book around. ##### . . . the members voted to retain the same membership fees for the 1970 Lunacon as were charged at the 1969 Lunacon ((\$2 advance membership, \$2.50 conference registration fee --ed.)). ##### The question of Guest of Honor was then raised. Bob Silverberg, Damon Knight and Larry Shaw were suggested names. ##### It was pointed out that Bob Silverberg was to be the Guest of Honor at the Pittsburgh Conference this June and that Damon Knight was a recent Guest of Honor at a Boston conference within the last two years. Elliot Shorter then moved, and was helped by Fred Lerner, that the club approach Larry Shaw for Guest of Honor at the 1970 Lunacon. If Larry Shaw is unable to accept, Damon Knight would then be contacted. This motion was passed by a vote of 16 to 0.

-- Walter R. Cole, Secretary

Miscellaneous -- The absence of a "Club Circuit" section from issue #66 of the JOURNAL, plus the bi-monthly appearances of #'s 65-67, has thrown our publication of club news a bit off schedule. This is why all but the most recent minutes were excerpted rather than being printed in their entirety, and why we lack recent information on quite a few of the clubs which regularly appear in this section. We offer all clubzines which appear at least monthly an "all-for-all" trade with TWJ, and those which appear bi-monthly or less an "issue-for-issue" trade. Those clubs which lack a club publication are invited to send in news and announcements, in return for which they will receive issues of the JOURNAL in which the news, etc. is published. We hope to be able to keep this club section up to date in the future.

A few of the clubs we have not heard from for some time:

MINNESOTA SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY (Minn-Stf). Next meeting, according to LUNA MONTHLY, is July 26, at 12 noon, at home of Walter Schwartz, 4138 Wentworth Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn., 55409. Meetings are bi-weekly. Last issue of club o-o, RENE, received was #15 (Feb.-March '69).

LOS ANGELES SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY, Inc. (LASFS). Meets every Thurs. at Palms Playground Recreation Center, 2950 Overland Ave., W. Los Angeles, Cal., at 8 p.m., according to LUNA MONTHLY. Last issue of club o-o, DE PROFUNDIS, received was #28 (April?, 1969).

NORTHEASTERN OHIO SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY (NEOSFS). Meets 1st Saturday, at homes of various members. Next meeting should be Aug. 2 (site unknown); for info write: Bill Mallardi, 2345 Newton St., Akron, Ohio, 44305. Last issue of club newsletter (NEOSFSCENE) received was #7 (April '69).

A CARLETON UNIVERSITY SCIENCE FICTION ORGANIZATION OF SORTS (ACUSFOOS). As of this past January, meetings were being held every 2nd Thurs. on the C.U. campus from 12 noon to 2 p.m. Don't know what club status is now, but assume meetings are suspended for summer. (For info, write Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Rd., Ottawa 8, Ontario, Canada; telephone: 731-5996.) Club newsletter, ACUSFOOS; last issue received #2 (Jan. '69).

Things pop into our mailbox now and then from the SOCIETY FOR CREATIVE ANACHRONISM, the Eastern Kingdom of which we are a member (although a pretty inactive one). The magazine of the Eastern Kingdom is PENNONCEL, edited by Marion Breen, 2 Swain Ave., Staten Is., N.Y., 10312. Membership in the Eastern Kingdom is \$3/year (from Pontecost to Pontecost): \$2 for a sub to PENNONCEL and \$1 for Society expenses, from Elliot K. Shorter, 512 W. 169 St., N.Y., N.Y., 10032. We have no details on the Western Kingdom. Most recent Society activity: Monmouth Summer Pageant, held on both coasts on Sunday, June 22 (called Midsummer Crown Tournament on W. coast). No info on current status of general Society magazine, TOURNAMENTS ILLUMINATED.

WSFA BUSINESS SECTION

Minutes of Meeting of 7 March 1969, at home of the Gillilands (excerpted) --

Present: Nancy Webb, Ray Ridenour, Alan Huff, Walt Simonson, Richard Rievo, Mike Shoemaker, Ron Hunsinger, Richard Greenblat, Alice, Jay, Gay & Joe Haldeman, Bert Trotter, Cole Grim, Bill Berg, Ron Kennedy, Dave Haltormann, Bob, Peggy & Kathy Pavlat, Don Miller, Eileen Inglesby, Doll & Alexis Gilliland, Chuck Ryan, Vega. ##### Jay designated this meeting as Welcome-Homo-Joe-Night. ##### Bill Berg reported that Bert Trotter, Vega Roocker, and Igor Wing are now Regular members. ##### Treasurer Peggy Rac Pavlat said that there is now \$60.67 in the Treasury. ##### Under Old Business, it was moved to table the pun fund motion to February 29, 1972. ##### Miss Gullied died. Alan moved that \$5 be sent to the American Cancer Society in her memory. The motion carried. ##### Don received a letter from GoH Bob Silverberg. Don moved that GoH's be given a one-year subscription to THE WSFA JOURNAL, to be called the Bob Silverberg Honorarium subscription, and that it be retroactive to last year. Motion carried unanimously. ##### Adjourned 9:55 p.m. -- Gay Haldeman, Secretary

Minutes of Meeting of 21 March 1969, at home of the Gillilands (excerpted) --

Present: Ridenour, J&A Haldeman, B.Berg, Vega, Haltormann Hunsinger, D&A Gilliland, Bob Weston, Lance Marshall, Mike & Randy Shoemaker, Simonson, Rievo, Al Owens, Grim, Greenblat, Paul Schauble, Ron Kennedy, Huff, Nick Sizemore, Jim & Jackie Harper. ##### Called to Order: 9:22 p.m. ##### At the last meeting the membership committee took in Michael Shoemaker as a Regular member. ##### The Treasury took in \$6 tonight. ##### Cole asked if the club is sending in Hugo ballots. Jay said we have two, one for the club, and one for the DC in '71 committee. Suggestions were offered for nominations. ((We'll omit this list, as nominations are already closed. --ed.)) ##### Bob Weston said that Gather, Darkness, by Fritz Leiber, is now out in paperback. Cole asked that borrowed books be returned. ##### Adjourned, 10:02 p.m. -- Alice Haldeman, Acting Sec'y

Minutes of Meeting of 4 April 1969, at home of the Gillilands (excerpted) --

Present: J&A Haldeman, B.P. & K Pavlat, D, A, & Charles Gilliland, Bill Evans, J&G Haldeman, Ridenour, J.J. & James Theodore Harper, Chuck Rein, Fred Cisin, Grim, Bill & Betty Berg, Ray & Ann Sweeney, Haltormann, Kennedy, Bert & Kate Trotter. ##### Called to Order: 9:32 p.m. ##### No new members taken in since last meeting. ##### There is now \$66.77 in the Treasury. ##### New Business: Voting on WSFA Hugo Nominations. Best Novel: Dragonflight, by Anne McCaffrey; Novella: "Hawksbill Station", by Bob Silverberg; Novelette: No award; Short Story: "Sir George, Kandron the Dragon and the Twenty Delectable Virgins", by Alexis Gilliland; Dramatic Presentation: "2001"; Pro Artist: Jack Gaughan; Pro Magazine: IF; Amateur Magazine: THE WSFA JOURNAL; Fan Writer: Alexis Gilliland; Fan Artist: Vaughn Bodd. ##### Alice and Jay are expecting a baby. Marcon had an attendance of about 115. The DC in '71 bid was represented. The Boskone had a large attendance. The DC in '71 committee gave a party. ##### Adjourned: 10:50 p.m. -- Gay Haldeman, Secretary

Minutes of Meeting of April 18, 1969, at home of the Gillilands (excerpted) --

Present: Marshall, Miller, D.A. & C Gilliland, Bob Madle, J&A Haldeman, J&G Haldeman, Sizemore, Ron Bounds, Cisin, Grim, P.B. & K Pavlat, Greenblat, Hunsinger, Webb, Huff, B.Trotter, B.Weston, B&B Berg, Haltormann, M.Shoemaker, Simonson, John Tayman, Paul Kilduff, Dave Wallace, Inglesby. ##### Called to order: 9:42 p.m. ##### Membership: New members, Randall Shoemaker & Lance Marshall. ##### Treasurer: \$41.17 on hand. ##### CBS is planning an SF series in '70-'71. ##### Randall mentioned that "Curse of the Demon" was on TV. ##### Alexis has been promoted from GS-11 to GS-12. Jay said that VegCat, their mother cat, died. Bob Pavlat had his skis stolen at Boskone. Don said that the PBL Laboratory had a show on astronomy. ##### Nominations for WSFA Annual Election as presented to the club by the Board of Trustees: President, Jay Haldeman; Vice-President, Alexis Gilliland; Secretary, Cecilia Grim; Trustees: Ray Ridenour, Ron Bounds, Peggy Pavlat; Treasurer, Bill Berg. ##### Adjourned: 10:25 p.m. -- Gay Haldeman, Secretary

Minutes of the Annual Meeting, May 3, 1969, at home of Gillilands (Excerpted) --

A,D,&C Gilliland, Ridenour, Dagmar Smith, J&A Haldeman, J&G Haldeman, Marshall, Greenblat, Inglesby, Huff, B.Trotter, Miller, B&B Berg, Michele Krops, Elton Vartanoff, Evans, Jim & Jackie Harper, Cisin, Bounds, Vega, Grim, Craig Ransom, Richard Rieve, M.Shoomaker, Halterman. ##### Called to Order: 9:28 p.m. ##### Annual Committee Reports -- Membership: 21 Regular members admitted during the year. Publication: 10 issues and 2 supplements of THE WSFA JOURNAL published during the year. Treasury: Beginning balance, May 1, 1968, \$96.97; Income 1 May '68 to 30 Apr '69, \$232.75; Ending balance, 30 Apr '69, \$41.97. Beginning indebtedness 1 May '69, \$191.80; Outgo 1 May '68 to 30 Apr '69, \$287.75; Ending indebtedness, 30 Apr '69, Zero. WSFA is solvent! Entertainment: "2001" Theatre Party; Presented "Star Trek" (sometimes); Sat on its tail most of the year. Disclave: Advance memberships closed tonight. 62 were received (@\$1.50). ##### Election of Officers -- Nominated (underlining indicates nominee was elected): President, Jay Haldeman; Vice-President, Alexis Gilliland; Secretary, Cecilia Grim; Treasurer, Bill Berg; Trustees, Ray Ridenour, Ron Bounds, Peggy Pavlat, Phyllis Berg, Dave Halterman, Alico Haldeman, Joe Haldeman. ##### Now Business -- Alan Huff has been rejected by the Air Force. Jay's car was broken into. Gillilands had a return visit from their thief. Bill Berg's car was broken into a few weeks back. Celia wants to get rid of two cats. Jay wants to get rid of some baby mice. The Cat broke the bird's leg trying to get to the mice. ##### Adjourned: 10:15 p.m.

-- Taken by Gay Haldeman, Secretary; Typed by Cecilia Grim, Secretary-elect

Minutes of Meeting of 16 May '69, at home of the Gillilands (Excerpted) --

Present: Joan Sharland, Simonson, B&B Berg, Cisin, Ed Freedman, Webb, Jack Chalker, Miller, Bill Bakeman, Krops, Dave Wallace, Linda Skiles, D,A,&C Gilliland, Huff, Ransom, R.Weston, Richard Reader, Hunsinger, Stella Calvert, Rieve, M&R Shoemaker, Owens, Marshall, Bounds, J&A Haldeman, J&G Haldeman, Kennedy, Halterman, Sizemore, Schauble, Grim. ##### Called to Order: 9:17 p.m. ##### Disclave Committee Report: It was a success! There were 174 people attending, 184 registered. Special thanks are due the Trek-a-Star cast. ##### Treasurer's Report: For Disclave, \$401.54 was received, \$348.28 was paid out, leaving \$53.29 profit! The WSFA Treasury now has \$118.82. ##### One new Regular member: Leland Sapiro of Canada. ##### The new committees for this term are -- Publications: Don Miller, Ron Bounds; Membership: Alan Huff, Bill Berg, Ray Ridenour; Entertainment: Ron Bounds, Alan Huff, Bert Trotter. ##### Jack Chalker has a new book for sale: Dragons and Nightmares, by Robert Bloch (\$4.00). ((We have a review of this for next issue of TWJ. --ed.)) ##### Ron Bounds has wheels! ##### Joe Haldeman moved that the excess liquor from the Disclave be donated to the D.C. in '71 effort. Passed. ##### Ned Brooks got tapes of Trek-a-Star. ##### Alexis asked Xerox about films. Does anyone have access to a 16mm film projector? ##### Adjourned: 9:40 p.m.

-- Gay Haldeman, Secretary

Minutes of Meeting of 6 June 1969, at home of the Gillilands (Excerpted) --

Pre-Meeting -- Bill Berg wandered around trying to get dues. He was actually having some luck. Igor was offering Fritos to one and all (love chips?). Everyone trying to stuff bottles into the refrigerator.

Meeting(s) -- Present: J&A Haldeman, B&B Berg, Ransom, Wing, A,D&C Gilliland, Huff, Halterman, Inglesby, Sizemore, Bakeman, Jim Latimer, M&R Shoemaker, Grim, J&G Haldeman, P,B&K Pavlat, B.Trotter, Calvert. ##### Called to Order: 9:00 p.m. ##### Committee Reports -- Membership: Took in two new Regular members last meeting. Entertainment: "Mission Impossible" now has Leonard Nimoy in its cast, but has lost Martin Landau. Treasurer: \$130.32 less what we owe Don Miller. ##### (Note from the Secretary: This is the first night for the new officers.) ##### Alan graduates Saturday. ## Dave Halterman re-listed on the 11th. ## Joe sold a story to GALAXY (more in minutes later). ## Joe will be out of the Army on June 21st. ## Cecilia announced her engagement to Craig Ransom. ## (Bert Trotter and Betty Berg are playing Nuclear War and ignoring the meeting.) ## Dave Halterman is having a party on Friday the 13th. ## The Bergs are having parties on the 28th of June and the 12th of

July. This will make the 12th consecutive week that WSFA has had something going (among them a lot of hangovers and blood-shot eyes). ## Jay separated his mice and the "male" mice promptly had babies. You slipped there a bit, Jay! ## Anyone want baby mice (again)? The cats find that they make nice toys. ## The Pavlats are moving. ## You'll never guess, but Peggy announced she's going to have a baby. ## Joe's story is called "Out of Phase". It will be in the September issue. ## Baby pool set up -- 50/50 (winner and Discon II). 25¢ per chance on the date of birth of Alice's and Peggy's babies. ##### Meeting adjourned at 9:38 p.m.

Second Meeting Called to Read Minutes Which Were Forgotten During First -- Called to Order: 9:41 p.m. ##### Same people present as at last meeting. ##### Minutes read and approved. ## Tapes from the Potter House ESP Lecture will be played after the meeting. ##### Adjourned: 9:42 p.m.

After the Meeting -- People drinking. ## Bridge being played in front room. ## Cele serving champagne. ## A discussion on the "well-trained" cat. Just a bit off-color. ## Baby pool making money. ## Mixers making money. ## At midnight "God Save the Queen" was sung. ## Potter House tape is playing with no one really listening. -- Cecilia Grim, Secretary

Minutes of Meeting of 20 June, 1969, at home of the Gillilands (Excerpted) --

Present: Huff, Haltormen, J&A Haldeman, Ridenour, Randy Best, A,D&C Gilliland, R&M Shoemaker, Miller, Bounds, Mike Bianchi, Rieve, Grim, J&J Harper. ##### Called to Order: 9:22 p.m. ##### Membership: One new member. Treasurer: Not here. Publication: Don Miller sent a copy of the JOURNAL to Doll to show them a review of one of their books and they sent it back with a rejection slip. Entertainment: Singing later. "Star Trek" may be done as a movie in 1971. ##### Letter and tape received from Fred Hypos, plus a \$150 check for DC in '71 bid. Fred's address: SP-4 Fred C. Hypos, RA-18825213, HHC 11CblAvnBnc, APO San Francisco, Cal., 96289. ##### The Westercon hotel has two ZIPcodes. ## Don Miller has recent copies of NEW WORLDS. He also brought in back copies of THE WSFA JOURNAL. ## Jay reported that PghLANGE was a blast (as of the meeting he still hadn't come down). ## Ray thinks he will have some parties at his parents' house this summer. ## John Jacobs is having a party. ## Our bid hotel took an ad in the St. Louiscon Progress Report. ## Jim and Jackie moved into a house. ##### Adjourned: 9:48 p.m. -- Cecilia Grim, Secretary

Minutes of the Non-Meeting of 4 July, 1969, at home of Cecilia Grim --

Present: Ron Bounds, Mike Bianchi, Dave Haltormen, Bill and Betty Berg, Paul Schauble, Nick Sizemore, Jack Chalker, Cecilia Grim. No quorum.

Called to Order: About 9:05 p.m. ##### Most of the minutes read.

Jay's Law: When the President and the Vice-President are both out, the Treasurer will hold the meeting.

Membership Committee: One new member.

Treasurer's Report: \$144.82 on hand; we owe Don Miller \$1.00.

Publications Committee: Don Miller has a new job. There is a question of whether the JOURNAL should be split into a smaller "newszine", with club minutes, etc., and the larger "genzine". Think about it until next meeting.

Discon Committee: Received a check from Larry Smith. He's enjoyed our liquor and our parties very much.

Miscellaneous: Baby pool now has \$5.75. ## \$1.50 plus food for 5th of July Party (at Jay & Alice's). Money goes to DC in '71 bid. ## Cele got a phone -- number is 293-2369 -- calls within reason. ## Jack Chalker has the cover (original by G. Barr) for The Conan Sword Book. ## Harlan Ellison is doing a book for Mirage titled The Harlan Ellison Horn Book (artwork by the Dillons). ## Jack has a complaint filed against Ted White. ## Ted and Robin White will move to the D.C. area next summer. ## Jay explained the 1971 Convention registration procedures. There will be a booth at the St. Louiscon run by one D.C. and one Boston member. \$3.00 registration fee. Voting memberships only available at the St. Louiscon.

Adjourned about 9:30 p.m.

-- Cecilia Grim, Secretary

A Note to Universal Publishing & Distributing Corp. (GALAXY and IF) --

Our copy of the August, 1969 issue of GALAXY has just arrived. It was not mailed in an envelope, as is now the custom with most digest-sized magazines, but instead was mailed with a label pasted across the cover illustration and no staple to keep it closed during transit. Result: One mangled magazine, with the cover partially shredded (it's a wonder the label made it through intact). This means that we, as a collector, will now have to go out and buy a copy for our collection, as a mangled magazine is of no use to us.

We would strongly suggest that Universal return to mailing their magazines in envelopes. Otherwise, the P.O. will have a field day in shredding copies of IF and GALAXY, many issues will never reach their destination at all, and most of us collectors will choose to buy at newsstands or second-hand rather than subscribe. The money saved by not using envelopes will quickly be more than offset by the loss of subscribers and good will.

--DLM

ODDS AND ENDS

IMPORTANT -- The August and September issues will probably be combined and come out the first part of Sept., as we will be away for much of August. In addition, we have changed jobs, and sometime later will be taking a 6-month "crash" course which will greatly reduce our publishing time. When this happens, TWJ will come out bi-monthly until things quiet down and we resume monthly publication. So, in effect, the chances are good that TWJ will stay bi-monthly for the rest of 1969 and much of 1970. If this happens, we will put out a small "newszine" monthly or more frequently to get out the material which dates rapidly -- club news, book news, etc. JOURNAL subscribers and WSFA members wishing to receive these via 1st-class mail as published would be asked to pay the cost of the postage (6/40¢, 12/75¢); the remaining subscribers and WSFA members would receive the newszine at WSFA meetings and/or along with the JOURNAL (2 ish at a time, 3rd-class). For others, the 'zine would be available at 6/75¢, 12/\$1.50. (We will not be attempting to compete with LOCUS or LUNA MONTHLY -- the newszine would be issued to fill the gaps left by a bi-monthly JOURNAL and would be abandoned when TWJ resumed monthly publication.) All persons who would be willing to subscribe to such a newszine, please let us know before the end of August (do not send money yet; if it becomes a reality, we'll send you the first issue and you can send your subscription money then).

Phyllis R. White has been named publicity director of Fawcett World Library, the paperback division of Fawcett Publications, Inc. She will be responsible for publicizing Fawcett Crest, Fawcett Premier and Fawcett Gold Medal books. Miss White has been assistant to the publicity director, Barbara Hendra, since 1966. Miss Hendra has joined Simon & Schuster, Inc., as publicity director for Pocket Books and Trident Press. ##### Prior to joining Fawcett, Miss White was with the publicity department of New American Library. She received her bachelor's degree from The American University in Washington, D.C. ((A Fawcett World Library Press Release.))

To refresh your memory, TWJ reviews of the Hugo Nominees in the "Best Novel" category appeared in TWJ #59 (Gilliland: Rite of Passage, by Alexei Panshin); #65 (Gilliland: Past Master, by R.A. Lafferty); #66 (Delap: Stand on Zanzibar, by John Brunner); and #67 (Gilliland: Nova, by Samuel R. Delany and The Goblin Reservation, by Clifford D. Simak; Peter Weston: Stand on Zanzibar; and David Halterman: Nova). Read also Banks Mebane's prozine reviews & Doll's fmz reviews.

A couple of CoA's --

Bob & Peggy Pavlat, 5709 Goucher Drive, College Park, Md., 20740.

John & Marjorie Brunner, 53 Nassington Rd., London, N.W.3, U.K.

Steve Lewis, Farmington West Apts., #3-6, Hiltbrand Rd., Bristol, Conn., 06010.

Ron Bounds, Haldeman, 5611 Chillum Hgts. Dr., W.Hyattsville, Md., 20782.

Rick Brooks, Box 1057, Huntington, Indiana, 46750.

Burton W. Randolph, 32177 Sailview Lane, Westlake Village, Cal., 91360.

