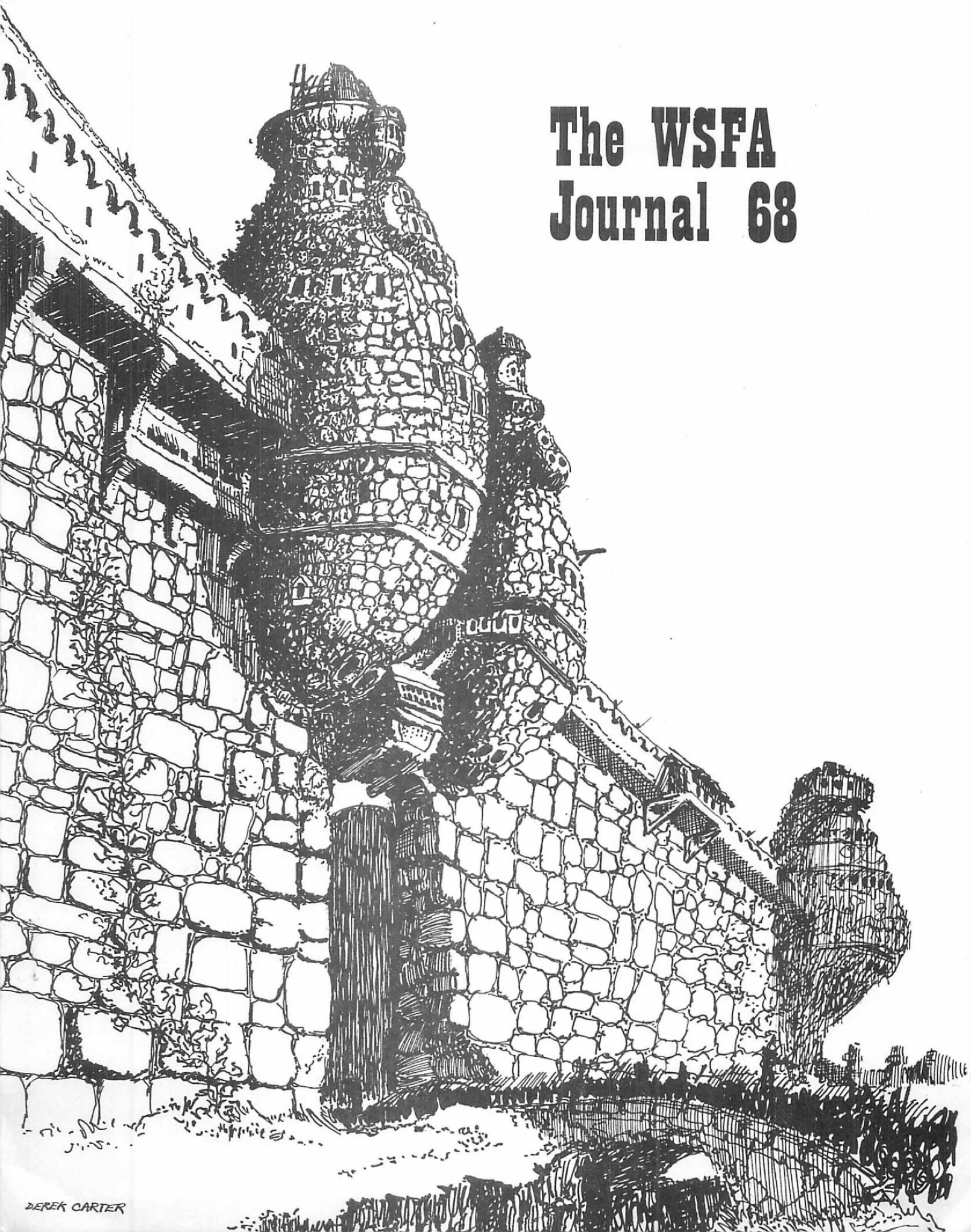


# The WSFA Journal 68





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Front cover by Derek Carter; Back cover by Walt Simonson. Interior illos by Larry Ware (1), Perri Corrick (4, 28), Bob Jones (7), Sandra Miesel (19), Jack Gaughan (31), and Alexis Gilliland (10, 13, 16, 22, 25, 34, 37, 40). All steñ-cilled by Gilliland except one on page 7, which was cut by Bob Jones. No adver-tisements this issue.

For advertising rates, back-issue information, etc., write the editor. (We will note here that issues since covers were started as a regular feature include #'s 56 through current issue; all of these are still available, although several are in very short supply (like one copy). #56 (1968 DISCLAVE Special) is 50¢; #'s 57-64 are now 40¢ ea., #'s 65 and 67 are 50¢ ea., #66 (1969 DISCLAVE Special) is \$1. Most earlier issues are still available, ranging from 50¢ (#42 -- 1967 DISCLAVE Special) to 10¢ ea.) ##### Address code: A, Overseas Agent; C, Contributor; E, Contributing Editor; K, Something of yours is reviewed herein; L, Life Member of WSFA; M, Regular Member of WSFA; N, You are mentioned herein; P, Corresponding Member of WSFA; R, For review; S, Sample; T, Trade; W, Subscriber (# indicates last ish on sub); X, Last issue unless.... ##### General deadline for TWJ #69: 7 November 1969. ##### All rights to material in this issue belong to contributors.

-- DLM

PAN AND HIS FRIENDS  
by  
Thomas Burnett Swann

II.

Pan

Goat-footed, hairy-flanked, lecherous of eye, seducer of nymphs and inspirer of "panic" fears in lost travelers. This was Pan. Sweet musician whose pipes seemed captured birds. Friend of the shepherd, protector of strayed lambs, and scourge of marauding wolves. This too was Pan. King of the beast-men; bestiality tempered with humanity.

He lacked the augustness of the great Olympians. He never dwelled on Olympus and feasted on ambrosia with Zeus and Athena. His table manners were no doubt deplorable -- he preferred his meat raw and his wine neat -- and he would certainly have given chase to Aphrodite at the faint provocation of a smile. The greater gods -- and the mythologists -- wisely left him where he belonged: in the forests of Arcadia. There, and throughout the rest of Greece, he was enormously popular with the country folk, who honored him with offerings of flowers, milk, and honey and did not feel that he required a massive Parthenon to house his crude images of wood or stone. A cool grotto, a hollow tree, a dry stream bed carpeted with leaves. Here you could find him, approach him, honor him because, his name meaning "all", he was the forested earth personified as a god. He was sometimes capricious and cruel, like a forest which harbors lions as well as deer, but no one thought to condemn him for being what he was born, a force of nature.

The ills of the 20th Century are multitudinous, and not least of them is our estrangement from the earth. We call ourselves outsiders and bemoan our alienation and mechanization. We have forgotten how "to talk to the treetops", we will level a forest or drain a lake to build a shopping center, and the wildest, loveliest beach, where seagrapes writhe in an ecstasy of wind and spray, impresses us only as a place to build condominium apartments. But Pan was an insider and not an outsider; he reminds us how it was with the Greeks, when even the largest city was within walking distance of a forest, and nymphs of surpassing beauty and no discernable morals were presumed to inhabit the streams and the trees and solicit company.

The coming of Christ meant the going of many gods, but Pan has wilily accommodated himself to a Christian civilization, and if he no longer receives offerings on rustic altars, he enjoys another kind of immortality, that of literature. Because it is poets much more than novelists who deal with emotions, and because Pan himself is a loving, hating god whom men in turn either love or hate, passionately, it is the poets who have most often written about him. John Keats lamented that in his lugubrious age, "under pleasant trees" Pan was no longer sought, but he followed him back to the time before "glory and loveliness" had passed away and hailed him with the ardor of a Greek shepherd. Mrs. Browning wrote thirty-nine stanzas in which she recorded the death of the god with the advent of Christianity, but she hastened to resurrect him in "A Musical Instrument": "Yet half a beast is the great god Pan, down in the reeds by the river." And Edna St. Vincent Millay, in this "dourest, sorest age", the 20th Century, exhorted her readers:

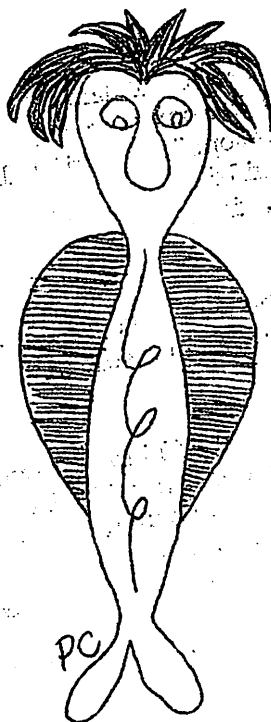
Doubt no more that Oberon--  
Never doubt that Pan  
Lived, and played a reed, and ran  
After nymphs in a dark forest,

In the merry, credulous days,--  
Lived, and led a fairy band  
Over the indulgent land.

But the poets are not alone in their resurrections. In The Music on the Hill, the Irish novelist Lord Dunsany imagines the god reappearing in England and, somewhat like the Pied Piper (himself perhaps an echo of Pan), bewitching the entire populace of a small town, even to its God-fearing minister. In his horror story The Great God Pan, Arthur Machen identifies him with the darker and still surviving aspects of paganism. And the playwright James Barrie mingled fairy lore with mythology to disguise and gentle him into a boy named Peter Pan, who lives in a mushroom house with Tinker Bell and assorted human admirers.

My own relationship with Pan has been one of respectful, no, adoring distance. Who am I to write well about a god whom Mrs. Browning and James Barrie have written about supremely well? Hence, the distance. But the adoration has not let me remain in total silence about this most engagingly roguish of beast-men. I have not yet dared to present him in his own furry magnificence. But I introduced one of his Roman cousins (offspring? He got around), a Faun, in a novelette called Where Is the Bird of Fire? and more recently I used a race called the Panisci, or "little Pans", in a novel, The Day of the Minotaur. Some authorities call them his children, some his cousins, some a diminutive race unto themselves. At any rate they share his tail, horns, haunches, and love of mischief. I felt companioned by them because I felt myself approaching, however distantly, to the deepest knell in the deepest woods, to the haunts of the god himself.

I look forward to our ultimate confrontation. His horns may frighten me, and being descended from a Puritan grandmother, I have never quite approved of his ravishing nymphs (except the willing ones). But I hope I will one day meet his bark-brown eyes with a steady gaze and grasp his time-sinewed hand; I hope I may afterwards hold my pen with unshaking fingers and number myself more truly among his devotees because I will be bringing to him the one offering of which I am capable: a book.



#### A DIGITAL FANTASY

A bit of noise,  
A bit of light,  
A bit of joy, and love's delights  
And love's bequest, the lonely nights.  
A bit of rhyme, a bit of strife  
A bit of time. A bit of life  
The only sum. Then why  
Must we in lonely silence cry  
To add a bit of death, have nought  
As our result? The thought  
That surely we have lost a bit  
Somehow in our account of it;  
Of life some better epitaph, or name,  
Than Fate's most elaborate zero-sum game.

--- Nick Sizemore

# THE Witch's Tales

## THE PULP SCENE

By Bob Jones

### THE WITCHING HOUR HURRIES BY

In the thirties, pulp magazines popped up as fast as corn in Iowa -- and disappeared as fast. A new title would hit the stands one month, be gone the next. One issue might cost a publisher \$5,000. That might have been all the capital he had.

THE WITCH'S TALES appeared November, 1936. It could not have been a \$5,000 production effort, judging from its unprepossessing appearance and unremarkable contents. But whatever it cost to produce, it must have been a total loss, based on its quick disappearance. There were two issues, the final one dated December. Publisher was The Carwood Publishing Co., J. Thomas Wood, manager.

It's too bad Mr. Wood didn't follow Harold Hersey's publishing credo. Hersey put out a variety of pulps, nearly all on a bi-monthly basis. As he points out in his book, Pulpwood Editor, this allowed him to determine how the first issue was selling, before plunging ahead with the second. Apparently, neither issue did well. Old Nancy, the Witch, suffered the same fate as the victims in her stories: a quick demise.

The usual pulp hoopla announced the birth. "With this initial issue, there comes into being a monthly magazine which as a conveyor of weird, dramatic and fantastic fiction, will reflect all the astounding and thrilling qualities of the fireside dramas, as told on the radio by Old Nancy, the Witch.

"Grisly specters of the restless dead arising from their tombs at midnight. Sorcerers brewing weird and awful potions by the light of a pale new moon. Ravening werewolves pursuing helpless prey...There are but a few of the supernatural ingredients which Alonzo Deen Cole mixes with the normal human motives of hate, envy, greed and romance to concoct his sleep-dispelling dramas..."



Cole was the editor, with Tom Chadburn as managing editor. Cole was also editor and author of the radio program of the same name. Included in each issue was one of his "fireside dramas". The rest of the contents was notable for its unknown authors -- not a one is familiar in the pulp field. Perhaps they were writers on the program. Compared to them, Cole was a veritable giant of the pulps; two additional stories of his appeared in WEIRD TALES later.

The magazine sold for 15¢. It measured 9x12, similar to the bedsheet ASTOUNDING. Total wordage was about 36,000, a little over half that of the average 7x10-inch, 128-page pulp magazine of the time. Covers and interior illustrations, by Elmer C. Stoner, were crude and sketchy. There was hardly anything to redeem THE WITCH'S TALES. Even Old Nancy's intentions were dishonorable. She promised "weird and supernatural stories", but threw in a bunch of adventure types. Of five stories in the first issue, only two were fantasies. And two of the eight in the second issue were pedestrian mysteries.

The best stories were those by Cole. "The Madman", in the first issue, is about a demented electrical genius who has secreted himself in a decaying mansion for twenty years. A couple stop there, and are locked in. They discover a death bed, which would have killed them had they slept in it. The top is geared to descend and crush the sleeper. When they try to escape, the madman paralyzes them with a raygun. They finally overcome him when he drags into the room the mouldering, mummified body of his wife, kept all those years as his companion. He treats her as if she were still alive, whispering words of endearment. The relic falls apart. So does the madman, from the shock.

Also in the first issue was a heavy-handed story of sadism, by Laurence Smith, in which two unscrupulous men are torturing and murdering members of a family in Mexico, to learn where a treasure is hidden. Another story, "The Fountain of Youth", by William Hamilton Osborne, has an odd style and a bizarre idea. From references in the story, it seems there was an earlier account, although this was probably the author's way of developing a continuity. Or trying to.... He fails, and only confuses, by his elliptical style. A green vapor is found in Baker's Lane, on the East Side of New York. It contains a strange principle of energy. Rising from the sewers, it has the power to bestow immortality. As "dramatic fiction", it was a bust. As a solution to air pollution, it might have some value.

The second issue was an improvement -- it couldn't be anything else. Cole's "Mrs. Hawker's Will" was an effective ghost story. It must have caused many shivers when aired over the radio. Again, an old mansion is the setting used by the author. It is the home of Mrs. Hawker, an eccentric old woman who has just died. Inexplicably, she leaves her property to her nurse, who had been in her employ but two weeks. In fact, each time she had a new nurse, the lawyer explains, Mrs. Hawker makes out a new will in her favor. The only stipulation is that the nurse must occupy the old woman's bedroom each night. The girl, her brother, and her aunt go to the mansion. It is a twenty-room edifice that Mrs. Hawker had built to her specifications fifteen years earlier -- something right out of Inner Sanctum.

The mystery grows, when the aunt is found dead in the bedroom, apparently from fright. A police sergeant stays to investigate. He is convinced she was murdered. He rigs up a network of gossamer-thin strands on the walls. Later, there is an attack on the nurse by an animated corpse. With its phosphorescent eye-sockets, sallow skin, and long, straggly white hair, how could it fail to scare young girls? Investigating, the sergeant finds some strands broken. He locates a hidden opening in the wall. Mrs. Hawker had been buried in a mausoleum near the house, so they decide that the passage leads there. They proceed to the tomb. It is the sergeant's theory that if they shine bright lights on the corpse, they will rob it of its powers. The scene where they wait beside the recumbent body, ready



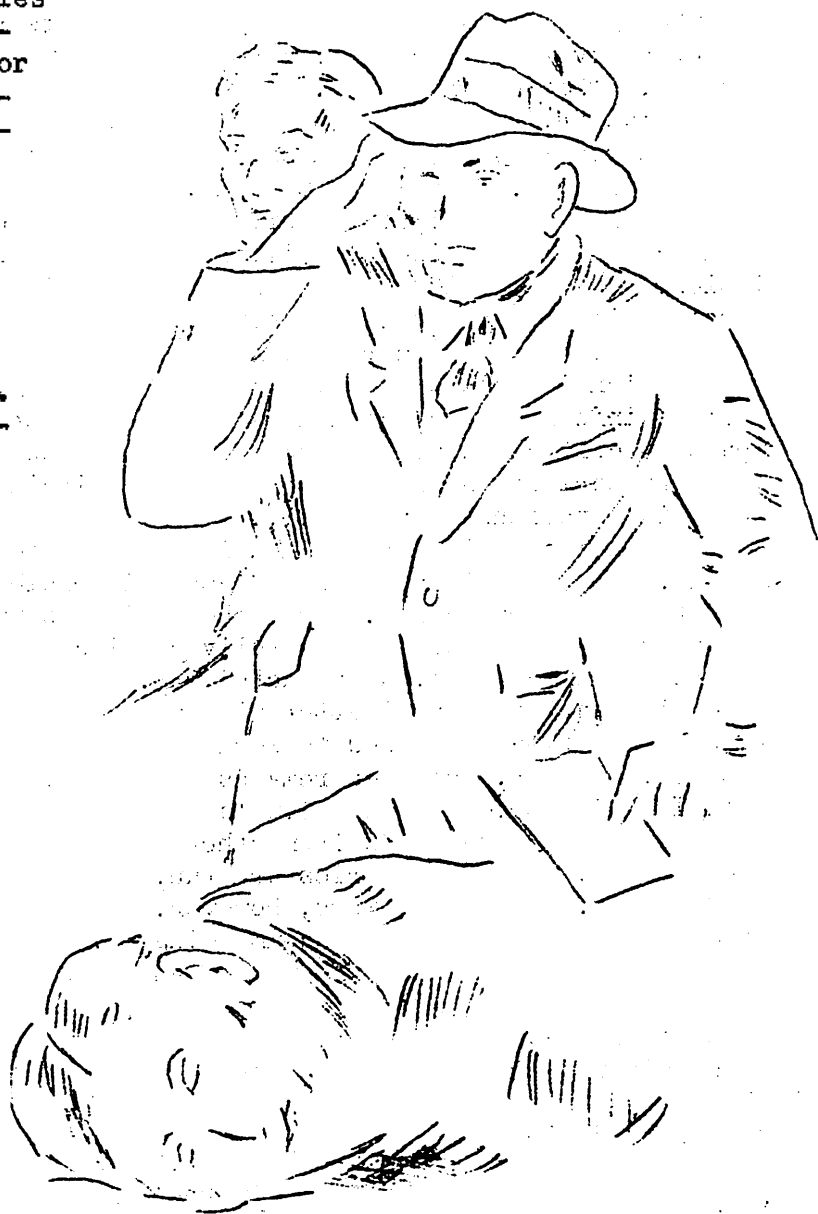
to test the sergeant's idea, must have been a high point on the program. There is a ferocious fight. Finally, the creature succumbs. It had been attempting to gain reincarnation through a young woman.

So much for Cole's efforts in THE WITCH'S TALES. If he seems to have come in for more than his share of attention, it was by default. His stories were good, but they scintillated next to the others.

Some of the ideas in the stories weren't bad. But they suffered because of inept handling. Except for Cole, the authors seemed to be amateurs. "The Death-Trap" had possibilities. Two men discover that a weird, unnatural creature lives in the Chicago sewers. It has been snatching people from the streets. No reason is given for these abductions. The Death-Trap, for such is the awkward title bestowed on this monster, must be killed. There should have been some excitement as the pair prepared to descend into the depths. But too much time is spent in rambling conversation and stilted description. "What is the hazard that you have in mind?" I demanded, and, strange to say, I felt my nerves refresh as the world-old thirst of men for the chancing life against great odds in a dangerous mystery, tempted me." Wow! Not since The Blind Spot had the English language been so manhandled.

Well, to end your suspense, I can report that they run the foul thing down, and, with the aid of a police detective (met in the sewers, of all places), are able to kill the demon. After all the buildup, the least you expect is a good fight. But the detective grabs the evil nemesis, and they expire in each other's arms, as each squeezes the other to death.

Although Cole lost his showroom, WEIRD TALES gave him a display counter in the November, 1941 and May, 1942 issues. Again, the stories were adapted from his radio program, and were very entertaining. Cole skillfully depicts the mounting terror and moral degeneration of his heroes. In one of the stories, a man murders his wife. In the other, a vengeful hand tries to kill -- similar to "The Beast With Five Fingers". It's too bad that Cole's stories weren't used to fill up THE WITCH'S TALES. The magazine might have enjoyed a longer life.



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

Hawksbill Station, by Robert Silverberg (Doubleday, Book Club Edition).

A new government in the United States. Neither conservative nor liberal, but dedicated to "law and order" and a "return to normalcy". A prison in time, in the late Cambrian Age, for male political prisoners. A prison of no return, because, it is said, time travel only goes one way. A spy from Up Front, the future they came from. But that is not what the story is about.

The growth of a revolutionary -- or counterrevolutionary -- movement. The feel of a movement of change. The people and politics of rebellion, intelligently directed. That's part of it.

Isolation, deprivation, imprisonment. The knowledge that you can never go home. Desolation. Hopelessness. Men in ultimate hardship. Men under strain, slowly going mad. That's part of it.

This story, as might be surmised from the above, is not a typical, oldtime, swashbuckling novel like Bob Silverberg used to crank out with regularity in the fifties. It is considerably less concerned with a hard plotline than with the personalities of the people involved.

As most of the readers may remember, this story first appeared in GALAXY. This version is expanded from the magazine story, mostly, as I recollect, in the realm of information concerning the revolutionary movement of the future. This expansion corrects what I remember to have been a fault in the original, in that the characters how sound a little more convincing as political prisoners. But my memory is notoriously bad, so....

My only complaint about all time travel stories is that, while they make nice reading, the whole idea seems so damned impossible. There is no real problem in this story with paradoxes, since the action is rather thoroughly prehistoric; but no such story has ever left me fully convinced that time travel is possible, or even really imaginable, as an actuality. The methodology described herein, that of converting matter to antimatter with a reversed time flow, sounded unconvincing to me, because it was supposed to work in only one direction. Even with that problem resolved, however, the idea remains unconvincing. It's not Bob's fault, though, since I just happen to be a little hardheaded on the subject.

Comments I have heard from other authors and fans suggest that others feel as I do; namely, that the stories are fun, but that they tend more towards fantasy than science. These feelings, however, did not prevent me from enjoying the story, and do not prevent me from recommending it. It is quite good. However....

Horseshoe crab hash? From the man who plans Hugo banquets? YECCH!!!

a specter is haunting texas	here old	texamerican
fritz leiber	long	and the
walker	bones	superpatriot
book club edition	jones	it takes the line of
	comes down	logical extrapolation
howdy	from the moon	to its
my fellow afanicans	and he goes	ultimate conclusion
this is yore friend	and stirs up	one step beyond
yngvi	them mexicans	it has everything
yngvi the cockroach	damn little things	from the sublime
who is not a louse	holy lyndon	to the ridiculous
this here book	everbody knows	mostly the
was a satire	texas is a fun place	ridiculous
but it aint funny	anybody comes	but it has one
any more	they get a bang out of it	sublime song
why does everone		la cucaracha
pick on texas	its a fun book	take it from me
they got enough trouble	really	yngvi the cockroach
already	about the	who is not a louse

9

A REPORT ON THE ST. LOUISCON  
by Alexis A. Gilliland

I. Reservations and Elevators, or, Ashes Upon the Head of Chairman Ray.

Dolly and I traded off driving all night, and we pulled up in front of the Chase Park Plaza Hotel some 14 hours after leaving our house in Washington on the Potomac at 8:45 p.m., Thursday. In other words, we got there about 10 a.m. local time.

So we park and go innocently in, to register for a double. I am standing around kind of numb, but Dolly is listening, and when we get to the registration clerk, I ask if he has a double for Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. He asks if we have a reservation, and my first inkling of trouble is Dolly asking him -- in a nasty tone of voice -- whether it made any difference. He said, "No, ma'am, we're full up."

Subsequently we found out that the hotel had oversold 20% on their reservations, expecting 20% cancellations. They got 5%, which means that for every 20 fans getting rooms, 3 did not, counting only those with reservations that were dishonored. Probably several hundred like us were simply turned away.

We heard later that there were two other conventions in the hotel, as the Hotel Management blithely broke their pledge to Chairman Ray. No other cons, they told him, faces perfectly straight, and, he, perforce made their pledge his own. Lots of room, he said...and there would have been.

Well, we wound up in the Washington suite on a single bed, which was at least something. At Baycon we slept in the back of the car one night and in San Jose for two. San Jose to Berkeley is a long commute after a heavy party, and no joke with a bombed-out navigator.

Turns out, would you believe, that you can get from the Claremont in Berkeley to Fred Hypes' house in San Jose in less time than it takes to get you up to your room in the Chase Park from a dozen floors below! It seems nobody told the night staff that there might be trafficking on the elevator at this convention, and at midnight two of the three elevators closed up. Actually, one of them had a pronounced lateral motion and had been taken out a bit earlier. Which is to say, a 24-floor tower had one elevator with surly operator slowly going out of his skull.

Friday night, about 2 a.m., local time (my watch said 3 D.C. -- and it felt like 3:30), instead of tending bar for WSFA's party I volunteered to go get ice. With Dave Halterman for moral support, and a couple of paper bags for hauling (the ice chests had bottles, water, a little ice, and were very, very heavy), we set out. Luck was with us -- the down elevator arrived in about 20 minutes.

So, off we go. The ice machine was on the first floor, in the kitchen, and with a little asking -- as we wander around in the theater, looking for where we were told the machine would be -- we eventually picked up a native guide who led us there.

Into the theater, on the left, through a pair of sliding doors, down the corridor and turn right through the swinging door, the ice machine is all the way back. Sure enough. It was even well enough hidden so that there was still plenty of ice.

Putting one bag as a bottom reinforcement for the other, we fill up, taking a good 30 or 40 pounds. This was not easy using the little bitty scoops provided, but we made it, and went back to the elevator in triumph.

There was, you wouldn't believe, a crowd waiting. So I stand there in my silk jacket, with my arms full of ice which is melting, Egypt, melting. (It could have been worse. I might have had a bag full of melting ice cream....)

I put the bag on the floor and waited. And waited. I would have been all right if I had made it on the first elevator.

More waiting. At least fans are a congenial group with which to wait for elevators. My god, that's a slow elevator.

On the way back, we start the count-down on the 10th floor. 10 - 9 - 8 - 7, hold. Holding at 7. Still holding. Someone said they had aborted the mission. 6! 5!! 4!!!! 3!!!! Holding at 3. Oh yes. On the 3rd floor the operator goes in for a session with his headshrinker once a trip. He needs it. Fans bug him severely..

Hey! Here it is. The doors open, people pour out, I pick up my bag of ice cubes and...SHEESH! Ice cubes all over the floor as the bottom drops out. Laugh, you idiots!

Loyal and devoted, I staunch the hemorrhage of ice cubes, saving about half, and enter the elevator. Drip. Drip. Drip. Soak. Soak. Soak. Chill. Chill. Chill. If you think the elevator was slow while you were waiting for it, try holding a rotten bag of ice cubes to your bosom as you wearily ascend to the 15th floor.

That was the slowest elevator ride I ever took. Still, my mission was fulfilled with distinction. Joe Haldeman closed the WSFA bar at 7:30 a.m. many years later, and there was plenty of ice left over for breakfast.

Oh yes. Chairman Ray. Report has it that he called up the Mayor of St. Louis at 1 a.m. to complain about the Hotel service. Whatever he did, it was better on the other nights, but that first impression is going to last and last.

In a similar situation, a Washington Con Chairman would have to call the President of the United States. We know it, and the Hotel knows it. Hopefully Washington elevators will perform better.

Two events provided me with a good deal of egoboo.

The first was a brief encounter with Harlan Ellison. He had read an editorial I wrote for OSFIC, and told me that in 1½ pages I had done the nicest demolition job on the 2nd Foundation that he had ever seen. Later P. Gill, OSFIC's editor, told me that Ellison didn't get a copy.

The other was Jack Gaughan asking me to send him some artwork. He may not buy what I send him, but how about a Hugo for best Art Editor?

So what else? I had a good time, met nice people, and generally had a ball. The details of such are the traditional stuff of



con reports. Here I have tried to stick to matters of more general interest, writing perhaps a con report which even jaded Buck Coulson might read.

It might be noted with some regret that Washington lost out to Boston for '71, with 41.5% of the vote, 169 to 119. A further report will tell what we plan to do about it. No firm decision was taken at the con, although a Washington in '74 move was announced.

## II. The Toastmaster Who Shouted Clarion at the Hugo Awards.

We begin the day before, at the auction. Bob Silverberg had just pushed Harlan Ellison off on a syndicate of girls in Gene Roddenberry sweatshirts for \$115 and Ellison in turn had sold Silverberg for a rousing \$66. Harlan, holding the floor, then explained that "Clarion" was a school for s-f writers, and a Good Thing, and Needed Money, and he proposed that the committee split the take on him and Silverberg with 50% going to Clarion. Well, he had really given quite a show getting the bids up, and Ray Fisher said, sure, why not.

Cut to Harlan making a speech, where he announces that he is giving up con-trotting to get down to writing, and also -- since he has an editor willing to buy stories about today's scene -- that he is going to be writing stories about TODAY! Parenthetically he remarks that he feels he has a great future as a demagogue. He also hoped to move the world off dead center by being in earnest. Since the young Revolutionaries are where it's at, and since science fiction is what they mainly read, Harlan figured to get people acting on what he writes.

Well -- that's Harlan. His delivery was exciting, his language a bit florid, but that was the substance of what he said.

Cut to the Costume Ball that evening. The contestants go past a movie screen backdrop, out onto a runway past the judges, back, and off on the other side where the photographers are blazing away with their backs to the audience. Things are on schedule, working like clockwork, and the finalists are being called up and the winners announced.

In the Most Humorous costume, Rick Norwood took first as Charlie Brown (of Peanuts, not LOCUS) with his hapless Kite. In keeping with his role, he stumbled a lot, and the kite was a battered wreck as he went off the runway. It should be noted (a) he was trailing string, and (b) he was without his glasses. Anyway, he kept in character by falling off the runway and tearing the movie screen.

It should be mentioned that the Hotel rented the screen for \$40 a day; that the tear was made along a seam allegedly already torn and repaired with tape, and that movies were to be shown later that evening. (Except for the movies, none of this was immediately known.)

Harlan Ellison stepped into the breach immediately. Acting on his own initiative, he asked the Hotel Manager what repairs to the screen would cost, and carried this information to the floor: \$250!

All right, fans, if we each kick in a buck the committee is off the hook. The response is a flood of one dollar bills pouring in on Harlan, Ray Fisher, and sundry other people acting as collection points. Harlan announces the total. Ha Ha! You wouldn't believe this...but \$600!?

Ray Fisher: No, Harlan, between \$400 and \$500. Harlan: The excess over repairing the screen ought to go to Clarion. Ray Fisher: We're going to take the extra money and throw a beer bust Monday night. Audience: Yay! Hooray!

The sight of all that money pouring altruistically in on the committee even moved the non-fannish bartenders to kick in a couple of bucks. Remember those noble sentiments. They are relevant.

We now cut to the Hugo Awards Banquet, Harlan Ellison presiding. After a very acceptable dinner with excellent service, Harlan got up and nattered a bit while the waiters cleared off the tables. The audience liked it, and generally grunted after the banquet, sat back in an affable warm mood. I didn't eat at the banquet, but seats were set up at the back of the ball room, and I was in the first row on the aisle, with an unobstructed view of the action.

This is what happened (bearing in mind that I wasn't taking notes).

Harlan announced, flat out, that the excess loot from the screen collection was going to Clarion. Now. No warm up. No explanation. This is the way it is, baby. Rumor had screen repair down to \$36, the collection up to \$800. The audience didn't like it. (Eventually Harlan explained that Clarion Workshop was supported by the State of Pennsylvania, which was about to retrench and economize, and that Clarion needed both money and moral support in the face of this oncoming fiscal catastrophe.) No effort was made to sell Clarion, or pit the evil State of Pennsylvania against fandom's happy few beforehand. Nothing but a chutzpah grab at money he had no right to touch, for a cause other than that for which it was sentimentally intended. (In all fairness to Harlan, I don't think he is connected with Clarion, either as a teacher, backer or alumnus. You couldn't pay him to do what he did for...essentially...love.)

His announcement was not well received. Elliot Shorter stood up to protest, and Bruce Pelz. There was a good deal of hissing. Ray Fisher tried to bail Harlan out, and if he had had a little cooperation from Harlan, he might have done so. However, Harlan appeared to feel put upon, and being an old hand at verbal pushing and shoving, he drew blood even as he defended his main point. What he said was something like, "Well, if you don't want your dollar to go to Clarion, Ray Fisher is a nice guy, and if you just go up and ask him for your dollar back, he'll give it to you, you stingy bastards!"

I wonder if Harlan has as much future in demagoguery as he thinks. It should be obvious that one does not make debator's points against an angry crowd. Most probably he simply reacted instead of thinking and then reacting.

In any event, we were treated to Elliot Shorter doing a very good imitation of a wounded water buffalo. He assured me afterwards that he never left his place, but he gave the impression of storming the podium.

By this time, the crowd was really upset and beginning to get ugly. "Franz Kafka is alive and writing the script." said Harlan, a little upset himself. At which point Ray Fisher and Jack Gaughan took over and cooled it. Harlan offered to do a bit of business with Elliot Shorter -- a palpable peace offering -- and was refused. Gaughan went down, the old moral authority went to work, and Elliot went up in spite of himself.

The awards were anticlimactic, possibly even to some of the winners.

What to make of it, what to think?

In the first place, Harlan was acting on an essentially honorable impulse. In the second place he was displaying the same kind of insensitivity to the feelings of others that endeared Mayor Daley to practically everybody at the Chicago Convention.

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"Ray Fisher will give you your dollar back" was a cut at everybody who gave to take the committee off the hook. I imagine Harlan would give up his fourth Hugo to be able to unsay it.

### III. Fuggheads at the Break of Day.

So after we left the Boston party at about 5 a.m., we hit the sack. In justice to the hotel, the elevator only took about five minutes to respond to the call. Anyway, at 9:05 I struggled awake, and dragged off to the business meeting with Dolly, who was so far out of it she wasn't even complaining.

The business meeting was a strange blend of small-mindedness and monumental stupidity. A faceless mob consisting mostly of Tony Lewis, Charlie Brown, Elliot Shorter, Bruce Pelz, Bob Pavlat, Bill Evans, and George Nims Raybin was giving fandom the business. John Trimble, the chairman, acted as if he wanted to get the thing over with, and since he was running short on sleep too, this was understandable.

The first step was something about the Hugos, which I missed.

The second step was the presentation and acceptance of the Raybin report, which called for a U.S. Committee to meet with a European Committee, and present the following demands:

- (1) The Hugos stay English, and remain in custody of the Americans.
- (2) The U.S. will continue to hold a big convention over Labor Day every year.
- (3) We will generously let Europe hold a con at the same time, and the title "Worldcon" will go to Europe in even years, after Heicon in '70, and to the U.S. in odd years. In even years the U.S. Worldcon will be called a NASCON, for North American Sector.

As soon as the report was accepted, a motion was made that the report be passed as a motion. Even Raybin thought that was a bit much, but parliamentary procedure carried the day, even though a nominal discussion of the about-to-be-accomplished fact was permitted.

At the very most, there were thirty fans present, about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ % of the con, and half of them had no idea of what was going on.



Subsequently, a motion was passed to rename the Hugo Award, changing it from Hugo Gernsback to Hugo Chauvinistic (by altering the inscription on the plaque to read: "English language only."). The thought that a valuable commercial property like the Hugo might go to Perry Rhodan once every five years was simply too much for the good fen and true who were demonstrating their secret mastery.

SECRET MASTER OF WHAT ?!

So what does all this mean?

It means that Heicon '70 will be the last Worldcon ever held in Europe. The title "Worldcon", shorn of the Hugos and competing for U.S. fans with a U.S. con



(actually North American, but the phrase is cumbersome and N.A. is a poor abbreviation), is going to be a nothing event.

At the meeting someone pointed out that Heidelberg was worried about a big U.S. con competing with them, and that was dismissed with, "Yes, but that's Heidelberg" as if Paris or Stockholm or London wouldn't worry.

It means something else. The end of the idea of an International fandom. Giving Europe an empty title every other year is not my notion of just dealing with one's peers. Either European fans are our peers, or they are not. If they are not, somebody ought to explain to me -- and to them -- why not. (At the last WSFA meeting someone told me that European fandom was moribund and decadent, and we were doing them a favor by not letting them have Worldcons.) If they are, we should play fair.

If the SMOF's feel that no Worldcon once every five years is a catastrophe (It should be noted that it was European fandom's complaint about having the Worldcon only once every five years that moved the SMOF's to this ingenious solution. Actually, what they should have done is wait until Heicon and then change the rules. EDG), nothing is stopping them from infringing on each other's territory. Jack Chalker tried to push Bermuda in 1970, but if he had taken Las Vegas in 1972 he might have pulled it off. Baltimore in Las Vegas? Why not?

What is going to happen under the present rule is this. The first time a committee wins the "Nascon" and doesn't like the title, they start calling themselves the "Worldcon", with or without quotes. My guess is 1972, out west. This will be the first Nascon, and probably the last. What will happen to the committee that flouts the wise and just rule just passed to call their Nascon a Worldcon? Nothing. What happens in Europe? The European Worldcon dies on the vine. Pity, pity, pity.

Either you support World Fandom in fact as well as in name and give them a con once in awhile -- including the Hugos -- or you do not. The St. Louiscon, by its action does not, and all the fair flowery verbiage "they" may choose to spout will not hide or alter the fact.

We might also dispense with TAFF while we are at it. With two Worldcons butting heads, who goes where? And with no European Worldcon at all...why bother? Charity begins at home, and rather than disburse the honor, prestige, and money exclusively to Europeans, we might pass it on to Harriett Kolchak's NeoFan Fund.

After breakfast in the Tack Room -- lox and one (1) bagel, a second being brought on request -- we went into the lobby, where we (Dolly and I -- a legal "we" rather than an editorial one) encountered a perfect example of the essential banality of evil. Los Angeles fandom was running a "Worst fan" contest, vote with cash, highest dollar volume wins. The leading candidates were the Hotel -- which was hardly a fan; Charlie Brown (who had been gifted with \$70 by a genuine fugghead); Harlan Ellison; John Boardman; and others. Possibly Boardman was a little worthy of the honor; he has been putting out an "11-foot Poll" which does the same thing. However, to be listed on such a rating can hurt very badly, and the whole thing stinks with the spirit of a lynching.

Either the people running the poll should get written permission from the candidates (this is a fun thing, I was told....), or else the voters should be required to list their names and contributions.

If Washington gets the bid in '74, I shall do what I can to prevent the whole schmeer.

PHYSICAL MEDICINE IN SCIENCE FICTION  
by Bob Rozman

III. Fred Hoyle's Andromeda Android.

British Astronomer Fred Hoyle, recently elected to the National Academy of Science, is well known to SF readers. He and John Elliot, the dramatist, have written two novels reprinted by Fawcett (Crest Book) which represent good solid workmanship, though they do drag in spots. Andromeda Breakthrough, the sequel to A For Andromeda, follows the first book so well in plot and characterization that the two could readily be printed as one long novel.

In A For Andromeda, the world's largest radio-telescope (naturally in Great Britain) picks up intelligent signals from the region of Andromeda. These coded instructions outline the building of the world's most complex (and quite enigmatic) computer. Using a poorly understood feedback, the computer designs life with the assistance of Dr. John Fleming and Professor Madeleine Dawnay. This leads to the design by the computer of a "human" woman, called Andromeda or Andre. She in reality was created by the computer (physically grown by Dawnay following the computer's instructions) to act as a rapid information input for it. International spies enter the scene, the British military has partially taken over, and the computer, while learning about the earth, has started the British economy on the upswing. During all of this, Andre is under the spell of the computer and Fleming is suspicious of her and the computer. Eventually he destroys the computer and flees with Andre. She appears to drown and thus ends the first novel.

At this point Andromeda Breakthrough starts. Andre recovers. She and Fleming wind up in a mid-East country, Azaran, which is dominated by the spies (a ruthless trading group called Intel). Wonder of wonders, Fleming's best friend has sold out and Intel has a non-working duplicate of the computer. Dawnay is also lured to Azaran by Intel and all are reunited. The computer starts working when it sees Andre and the arms race is back on, with Intel's power growing all the time.

The world, however, is increasingly threatened by storms. The air grows thin. People die. Dawnay finds out that this is due to a rapidly multiplying water-dwelling primitive life form she herself had synthesized and dumped down the sink. It absorbs enormous amounts of nitrogen from the air, locally thinning the air and causing severe storms. The computer comes to the rescue, discovering a bacterium which destroys the nitrogen-absorbing bacterium and thickens the air again.

Against this backdrop we have the constant jockeying of various power-hungry factions. Andre grows ill because of faulty design. Fleming, who fluctuates from suspicion to intense warmth, finally persuades her to seek help from the computer. It spews out chemical details for an antidote which is synthesized by Dawnay. Andre gets well, Intel is smashed, and the computer can be used to help mankind.

In these books, Fleming, the most brilliant man imaginable, is as silly and immature as the average SF hero. This is forgivable. We are all this way at times. Dawnay, a rather mannish eminent woman chemist, is a different story. She is obviously an extraordinary and knowledgeable sort, one who can be relied upon to give correct feedback information to the computer every step of its way in designing life, culminating with Andre. How could the computer possibly have created Andre when Dawnay comes up with such gems as, "The hemoglobin in the blood carries the electricity supply to your brain."? This is not forgivable.

After that, I wondered what other blunders the authors would come up with. Thirty-eight pages later I found out.

Two high tension lines, connected to the computer, end in unshielded terminals (purpose unknown). A woman technician is hypnotized by the machine and is electrocuted by it. During the ten-second electrocution the machine apparently learns so much that it can finally design a viable human (Andro). I disagree with the author that this is possible. An electric current that large should completely destroy the normal cell membrane ionic flux. It would change enormously the normal anion-cation distribution within the cells. It would completely override normal brain waves. It would immediately stop the heart. Finally, it is hard to conceive of a live human body complexly modulating a current of that magnitude in such a way that the information obtained would be sufficient to design an almost replicate live human. In addition, this "replicate" is to be grown in a vat from some complex molecules through oligo-cellular stages, embryo formation, and develop into an infant and rapidly grow to an adult woman.

The next questionable point is seven pages later. A very complex laboratory is set up to "... manufacture phosphate components, deoxyribose, adenine, thymine, cytosine, tyrosin and other ingredients needed for making D.N.A. molecules ...". If the authors had bothered checking an elementary biochemistry text, I don't think they would have listed the amino acid tyrosine. Perhaps they meant to type in the other major purine base found in DNA, guanine, and hit the wrong keys.

These basic errors are scattered throughout the first novel, but are almost nonexistent in the second. Perhaps someone wrote Hoyle after A For Andromeda appeared, kindly setting him straight before publication of Andromeda Breakthrough.

I realize than an author simply can't know everything (with the possible exception of Isaac Asimov), but mistakes like these take the edge off an otherwise good novel for me. I don't know about errors in other fields, but I'll bet his astronomy is impeccable.

#### Tidbit --

Speaking of the two Andromeda books by Hoyle & Elliot brings to mind the most-reviewed (in the mass media) book we have seen in a long time -- Michael Crichton's The Andromeda Strain (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.; 295 pp., \$5.95). We haven't read this book yet, but it seems to have caused a bit of a stir among the mass media reviewers, so we thought we'd pass on a few of the things said about the book.

In LIFE, 30 May '69, Melvin Maddocks has a  $\frac{1}{2}$ -page review entitled, "New Note: the Novel as Sci-Non-Fi". Skipping most of the quotable quotes in the review about sci-fi in general as well as concerning the book, we'll just pass on his closing sentence: "The Andromeda Strain is as matter-of-fact as the skull-and-crossbones instructions on a bottle of poison -- and just as chillingly effective."

In THE WASHINGTON POST's "BOOK WORLD" (8 Jun '69), Alex Comfort also has a  $\frac{1}{2}$ -page review, "When Fiction Invades Science". His theme is, "... (science fiction) used to minister to our need for prophecy; now it ministers to our need for fear." He states that Crichton "titillates and scares ... mere scientific pornography," and calls the book "a very skillful and well-observed piece of fake actuality."

J.E. Rall, in THE WASHINGTON POST (3 Jul '69), calls the book "a science fiction concoction of medicine and adventure in equal parts".

But what's the book about, you say? Rall: "a threat of annihilation of man by organisms from space."

-- DLM



# THE BLAST-OFF OF APOLLO 11

(A special con report from Our Man at Cape Kennedy)

by Banks Mebane

The Apollo 11 mission to the moon was the true climax of innumerable science fiction stories and the real dawn of the space age, but I didn't expect it to be a fannish experience too. Yet that's what it was for me.

The week before the launch, Dave Kyle phoned me from Potsdam, N.Y. -- he had press credentials for the lift-off and could I put him up? I could indeed.

His plane landed at Melbourne Airport on the afternoon of July 14, the Monday before the Wednesday Apollo shot. I met him in the air-conditioned Volvo, and we drove directly to the News Center in Cocoa Beach. Dave was representing WPDC, and (since every radio station needs an official photographer) so was I.

Driving up the beach, we wondered how to locate Arthur Clarke. Dave knew he was around somewhere, but we hated the thought of calling hotels at random till we found him among the some half-million expected visitors. At the News Center, who should be almost the first man we saw walking across the parking lot but Arthur C. Clarke! He looked exactly as a man ought to look when he is about to see a life-long dream come true.

After a brief chat with Arthur, we plunged into the mobscene in the Center (the working press numbered in the thousands for the event). We got badges, schedules, countless pieces of paper, and three thick books each. These latter were the Apollo 11 Flight Plan, the Lunar Surface Operation Plan, and a Press Kit packed with additional facts about the Apollo program and the Kennedy Space Center.

Stashing most of these goodies in the car, we walked across the highway to the Cape Kennedy Hilton, where Arthur was staying (and where they had a booth set up in the lobby taking future reservations for the Lunar Hilton). We stopped by Arthur's room while he changed clothes. He was with CBS for the whole event and had a tight schedule; much as he complained about having to rush from thing to thing, I think he was relishing every minute of it.

Science fiction writer Joseph L. Green, who lives on nearby Merritt Island, was holding open house all week. Dave and I stopped by for what was intended to be a brief visit but were talked into staying for a buffet supper. Dave renewed old acquaintance with the Greens, whom he hadn't seen since Seacon, while I met Joe, Anita, and their daughter for the first time. Russell Seitz and Win Hall from Boston were there also, and Dan and Carmel Galouye arrived from New Orleans before we left. But leave we did, and early, for two busy days lay ahead.

Tuesday morning we got to Cocoa Beach in time to catch a press bus going out to Launch Complex 39 to enable photographers to film the removal of the Mobile Service Structure, a 402-foot-tall, 9.8-million-pound tower used to service the spacecraft at the pad. The Structure is carried from the pad by the Crawler Transporter, an enormous tractor, itself weighing six million pounds, which also is used to take the spacecraft on its mobile launch pad from the VAB (Vehicle Assembly Building) to the launch complex.

As the transporter started its trip, minutes were needed to detect any motion. Gradually it accelerated until it attained its maximum loaded speed of 1 mile per hour. They have two of these transporters -- a drag race between them would be a drawn-out affair but a ponderous sight to behold.

We were less than half a mile from the bird on its pad, and I studied it through binoculars. It was hard to grasp the 363-foot height of the spacecraft, standing up from the flat land as it was with nothing familiar nearby to give a size comparison. I watched tiny workmen clambering over the umbilical tower (which remains attached to the bird until its flight). "Dave," I said, "that's a 35-story building we're going to see go up tomorrow."

Tuesday afternoon, Dave got an extended tour of the Space Center with some TV cameramen from Atlanta, while I went to the dentist. Oh, ugh.

Tuesday night was party night at the Greens', and a fine fannish broth of a brawl it was. Arthur C. Clarke was there, and Robert Heinlein and his wife dropped in briefly between other engagements. The Galouyes were there, and writer Don Walsh (also from New Orleans, I think), and writer Richard C. Meredith, his wife Joy, and Robert Blake from Pensacola. Russ Seitz and Win Hall also made the scene, and I think almost all of New Orleans fandom: John Guidry, Rick Norwood, Danny and Mary Frolich, and Justin Winston. Some TV men showed up, set up lights and camera, and began to film interviews with the writers against Anita Green's space mural on the living-room wall.

Dave and I reluctantly left to make it back to Melbourne Beach and bed by midnight, only to rise again at 4:30 a.m. We drove to Cocoa Beach through thickening traffic and got to the News Center in time to take the 6:00 bus to the Press Site. Traffic was clotting rapidly, and the bus took over an hour to make the trip, bogging down near the VAB (where Apollo 12 is almost complete, and Apollo 13 is being put together). Not long after 7:00 we were at the Press Site, some 2 miles from the launch pad, and rubbing elbows with such as Norman Mailer, William Buckley, and my neighbor Sybil Leek, the Witch of Melbourne Beach, who was covering the event for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Dave and I caught a shuttle-bus over to the VIP Site and gawked at the celebrities for a while, witnessing the arrival of LBJ and Lady Bird, then back to the Press Site well before the 9:32 lift-off.

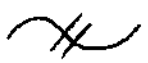
As the countdown narrowed, the tension mounted. A few heedless seagulls wheeled in the sky. In the last seconds no one spoke, and there was only the chatter of counting loudspeakers. "Ignition." Fire spurted out in the flame trenches to left and right, an instant yellow-orange jungle that writhed and burgeoned. Seeming slow and serene, the spacecraft lifted out of that stunning violence. Faster it climbed, drawing fire with it out of the collapsing jungle. The sound hit, surer than thunder, booming on and on. The rocket soared to rival the morning sun, its flame trail spreading, receding, fainter now, beyond the cloudwracks now, still visible. Then cut-off, and first-stage separation, and second-stage ignition, all still visible. Then it's gone.

The launch was over. We walked toward the buses, hearing the loudspeakers and transistor radios. Finally the words, "Orbit insertion." Twelve minutes had passed.

The buses crawled through a real jam now. Armstrong, Aldrin, and Collins circled the world while we went from the Press Site to the Cocoa Beach News Center.

The group at Joe Green's was quiet that evening, rather like a last-night World-con party. Many had left, but the Pensacola and New Orleans contingents were still there. Joe set up a screen and projector, and we watched "The Dance of Gumdrops and Spider", an excellent movie of the Apollo 9 mission. We talked.

Everything went on as before, but the world would never be the same.



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by Mark Owings

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First Strike -- F&SF 6/53; in So Close to Home (q.v.).

FYI -- original in Star Science Fiction Stories #2, ed. Frederik Pohl (Ballantine: NY 1953, pp/wpps 196, \$2.00/35¢) (Boardman: London 1955, 9/6); in So Close to Home (q.v.).

Galactic Cluster -- Signet: NY 1959, wpps 176, 35¢; Faber: London 1960, pp 233, ; Four Square: London 1963, 1965, 1968, wpps 128, ; as Tene, il faut Mourir, tr. Michel Deutsch, Denoël: Paris 1961, pp 256, 5 NF. Contents: Tomb Tapper/King of the Hill/Common Time/A Work of Art/To Pay the Piper/Nor Iron Bars/Beep/This Earth of Hours. British editions omit 1st, 2nd, and last stories and include "Beanstalk".

Genius Heap, The -- GAL 8/56.

Get Out of My Sky -- sr 2 ASF 1-2/57; included in Get Out of My Sky, ed. Leo Margulies (Crest: NY 1960, wpps 176, 35¢); as Saio do meu céu, tr. Waldemir N. Araujo & Erasmo C. Giacometti, Editions GRD: Rio de Janeiro 1963, pp 203, 600 Cr. (with Kris Neville's Bettyann as such).

Giants in the Earth -- See Beanstalk.



Hero's Life, A -- IMPULSE 3/66.

Homesteader -- TWS 6/49.

Hour Before Earthrise, The -- sr 3 IF 7-9/66; Putnam: NY 1968, pp , \$3.75 as Welcome to Mars. Juvenile; outrageous but enjoyable.

In Memoriam, Fletcher Pratt -- F&SF 1/57 (verse); included in Best from F&SF: 7th Series, ed. Anthony Boucher (Doubleday: NY 1958, pp 264, \$3.75) (Ace: NY 1962, wpps 252, 40¢).

Jack of Eagles -- in TWS 12/49 as "Let the Finder Beware"; exp -- Greenberg: NY 1952, pp 246, \$2.75; GALAXY NOVEL #19, 1954, wpps 128, 35¢; NOVA NOVEL #4, 1955, wpps 159, 2/-; Avon: NY 1956, wpps 190, 35¢ as Esper, 1968, 60¢, as Jack of Eagles. A prototype of too much of the work of Randall Garrett; wherever Blish got the ideas for this one, we should be thankful he hasn't gone back there.

King of the Hill -- INFINITY 11/55; in Galactic Cluster (q.v.).

Let the Finder Beware -- See Jack of Eagles.

Life for the Stars, A -- sr. 2 ASF 9-10/62; Putnam: NY 1962, pp 224, ; Avon: NY 1963, wpps , , 1968, 60¢; Faber: London 1964, pp 148, . Juvenile; 3rd "Cities in Flight" novel.

Masks, The -- F&SF 11/59; in So Close to Home (q.v.).

Matter of Energy, A -- F&SF 5/55, rep Aust F&SF #13, 6/58, as part of "With Malice to Come" (q.v.); included in Best from F&SF: 5th Series, ed. Anthony Boucher (Doubleday: NY 1956, pp 256, \$3.50) (Ace: NY 1961 #F-105, wpps , 40¢).

Mission to the Heart Stars -- Putnam: NY 1968, pp , \$3.75; Faber: London 1965, pp 136, .

Mistake Inside -- SS 3/48; included in World of Wonder, ed. Fletcher Pratt (Twayne: NY 1951, pp 445, \$3.95); included in The Dark Side, ed. Damon Knight (Doubleday: NY 1964, pp , \$4.50) (SFBCed) (Curtiss: NY 1969, wpps , 60¢).

Night Shapes, The -- Ballantine: NY 1962, wpps 125, 35¢. ERB pastiche/satire; was bought for filming.

No Jokes on Mars -- F&SF 10/65.

Nor Iron Bars -- INFINITY 11/57; in Galactic Cluster (q.v.) with "Detour to the Stars" as "Nor Iron Bars".

Now That Man Is Gone -- IF 11/68.

Oath, The -- F&SF 10/60; in So Close to Home (q.v.); in Best SF Stories of James Blish (q.v.).

Okie -- ASF 4/50; included in Stories for Tomorrow, ed. William Sloane (Funk & Wagnalls: NY 1954, pp 628, \$3.95); written into Earthman, Come Home (q.v.).

One-Shot -- ASF 8/55; in So Close to Home (q.v.).

Our Binary Brothers -- GALAXY 3/69.

Phoenix Planet -- COSMIC STORIES 5/41.

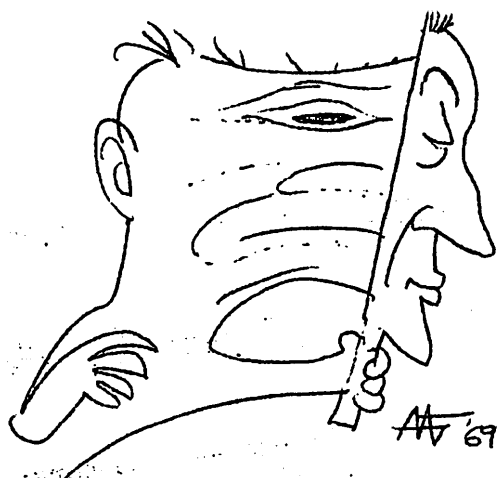
Real Thrill, The -- COSMIC STORIES 7/41.

Sargasso of Lost Cities -- TWO COMPLETE SCIENCE-ADVENTURE BOOKS Spr/53; written into Earthman, Come Home (q.v.).

Seeding Program -- Original in The Seedling Stars (q.v.).

Seedling Stars, The -- Gnome: NY 1957, pp 185, \$3.00; Signet: NY 1959, wpps 158, 35¢; Faber: London 1967, pp 185, ; as Auch sie sind Menschen, tr. Tony Westermayr, Goldmann: München 1960, pp 181, 6.80 DM, rep 1962 at 2.20 DM. More or less novelization of Seeding Program/The Thing in the Attic/Surface Tension/Watershed.

Skysign -- ASF 3/68.



So Close to Home -- Ballantine: NY 1961, wpps 142, 35¢. Contents: Struggle in the Womb/Sponge Dive/One-Shot/The Box/First Strike/The Abattoir Effect/The Oath/FYI/The Masks/Testament of Andros.

Solar Comedy, The -- FUT 6/42.

Solar Plexus -- ASTONISHING 9/41; included in Beyond Human Ken, ed. Judith Merrill (Random House: NY 1953, pp 334, \$2.95) (Grayson: London 1953, pp 240, 9/6) (Pennant: NY 1954, wpps 248, 25¢ as Selections from Beyond Human Ken).

Sponge Dive -- INFINITY 6/56; in So Close to Home (q.v.).

Star Dwellers, The -- Putnam: NY 1961, pp 224, ; Avon: NY 1963, wpps 128, 40¢; Faber: London 1963, pp 153, ; as Das Zeichen des Blitzes, tr. Tony Westermayr, Goldmann: München 1963, pp 171, 5 DM, rep 1965 at 2.40 DM.

Star Trek -- Bantam: NY 1967, wpps 136, 50¢. Contents: Charlie's Law/Dagger of the Mind/The Unreal McCoy/Balance of Terror/The Naked Time/Miri/The Conscience of the King.

Star Trek 2 -- Bantam: NY 1968, wpps 122, 50¢. Contents: Arena/A Taste of Armageddon/Tomorrow is Yesterday/Errand of Mercy/Court Martial/Operation -- Annihilate/City on the Edge of Forever/Space Seed.

Star Trek 3 -- Bantam: NY 1969, wpps , 50¢. Contents: The Trouble with Tribbles/The Last Gunfight/The Domsday Machine/Assignment: Earth/Mirror, Mirror/Friday's Child/Amok Time.

Struggle in the Womb -- See Battle of the Unborn.

Sunken Universe -- SSS 5/42, rep 11/50 (as by Arthur Merlyn).

Surface Tension -- GAL 8/52, rep SELECTED SF #4 (Aust) 8/55; included in Year's Best Science Fiction Novels 1953, ed. Bleiler & Dikty (Frederick Fell: NY 1953, pp 315, \$3.50) (Bodley Head: London 1955, pp 192, 9/6 as Category Phoenix); included in Six Great Short Novels of Science Fiction, ed. Groff Conklin (Dell: NY 1954, wpps 384, 35¢); included in Second Galaxy Reader of Science Fiction, ed. H.L. Gold (Crown: NY 1954, pp 504, \$3.50); in The Seedling Stars (q.v.); in Best SF Stories of James Blish (q.v.).

Sword of Xota -- See The Warriors of Day.

Testament of Andros -- FUT 1/53; included in Portals of Tomorrow, ed. August Derleth (Rinehart: NY 1954, pp 371, \$3.75) (SFBCed, pp 214) (Clarke, Irwin: Tor. \$4.25) (Cassell: London 1956, pp 214, 12/6); in So Close to Home (q.v.); in Best SF Stories of James Blish (q.v.). While perhaps not the best of his work, this story says a great deal about his strengths and weaknesses, and is useful in an understanding of his total output.

There Shall Be No Darkness -- TWS 4/50; rep MOH #25 1/69; included in Witches Three, ed. Fletcher Pratt (Twayne: NY 1952, pp 423, \$3.95); included in Zacherly's Vulture Stew, ed. John Zacherly (Ballantine: NY 1960 wpps 160, 35¢); in Best SF Stories of James Blish (q.v.). Magazine appearances represent a shorter version than anthogizations; no info on which form is in the collection.

They Shall Have Stars -- Faber: London 1956, pp 181, 12/6; Avon: NY 1957, wpps 159, 35¢ as Year 2018!, later printings original title; as Aux Hommes, Les Etoiles, tr. Michel Chrestien, Denoël: Paris 1965, pp 223, 6 francs; as Uchû reinen, tr. Asakura Hisashi, Hayakawa shobô: Tokyo 1966, 270 yen). Novelization of Bridge/At Death's End, with new material.

Thing in the Attic, The -- IF 7/54; rep SECOND WORLD OF IF (1958); written into The Seedling Stars (q.v.).

- This Earth of Hours -- F&SF 6/59; in Galactic Cluster (q.v.).  
Time to Survive, A -- F&SF 2/56.  
Titan's Daughter -- See Beanstalk.  
To Pay the Piper -- IF 2/56; in Galactic Cluster (q.v.).  
Tomb Tapper -- ASF 5/56; in Best SF Stories of James Blish (q.v.); in Galactic Cluster (q.v.).  
Topaz Gate, The -- FUT 8/41.  
Translation -- FU 3/55.  
Triumph of Time, The -- See A Clash of Cymbals.  
Turn of a Century -- DYNAMIC SF 3/53.
- Vanished Jet, The -- Weybright & Talley: NY 1968, pp , \$4.50. Juv.; borderline.  
Void is My Coffin, The -- IMAGINATION 6/51.  
Vor -- TWS 2/49 as "The Weakness of Rvog" as with Damon Knight; exp -- Avon: NY 1955, wpps 159, 35¢ and later printings; Corgi: London 1959, wpps 160. Reads like a novelization of an uncommercial monster movie.
- Warriors of Day, The -- In TWO COMPLETE SCIENCE-ADVENTURE BOOKS as Sword of Xota; GALAXY NOVEL #16; Lancer: NY 1967, wpps 160, 60¢.  
Watershed -- IF 3/55; reprinted FIRST WORLD OF IF (1957); written into The Seedling Stars (q.v.).  
Weapon Out of Time -- SFQ Spr/41.  
Welcome to Mars -- See The Hour Before Earthrise.  
When Anteros Came -- SFQ Win/41-42.  
Who's In Charge Here? -- F&SF 5/62.  
With Malice to Come -- F&SF 5/55, rep Aust F&SF #13, 6/58. Three vignettes: A Matter of Energy/The Billion-Year Binge/A Feast of Reason (q.q.v.).  
Work of Art, A -- SFS 7/56 as Art-Work; included in Science Fiction Showcase, ed. Mary Kornbluth (Doubleday: NY 1959, pp 264, \$3.95) (SFBCed); included in New Dreams This Morning, ed. Frederik Pohl (Ballantine: NY 1964, wpps , 50¢); in Best SF Stories of James Blish (q.v.); in Galactic Cluster (q.v.).  
Writing of the Rat -- F&SF 7/56.
- Year 2018! -- See They Shall Have Stars.
- Written with --  
    Phil Barnhart:  
Two Worlds in Peril -- SF ADVENTURES 2/57, Brit ed 5/58.  
    Virginia Kidd Blish:  
On the Wall of the Lodge -- GAL 4/62.  
    Damon Knight:  
Secret People, The -- FUT 11/50.  
Tiger Ride -- ASF 10/48.  
Weakness of Rvog, The -- See Vor in main section.  
(as by Donald Laverty) No Winter, No Summer -- TWS 10/48.  
    Norman L. Knight:  
The Piper of Dis -- GAL 8/66; written into A Torrent of Faces (q.v.).  
Shipwrecked Hotel, The -- GAL 8/65; written into A Torrent of Faces (q.v.).  
To Love Another -- ASF 4/67; written into A Torrent of Faces (q.v.).  
Torrent of Faces, A -- Doubleday: NY 1967, pp , \$4.95; SFBCed; Ace: NY 1968, wpps 286, 75¢; Faber: London: 1968, pp 279, . The Shipwrecked Hotel/The Piper of Dis/ To Love Another intertwined and novelized with much new material. Reads like a 1940 ASF serial; on an overpopulated utopia.  
    Robert A.W. Lowndes (as by John MacDougal):  
Chaos, Co-ordinated -- ASF 10/46.  
    Robert A.W. Lowndes (as by Michael Sherman):  
Duplicated Man, The -- DYNAMIC SF 8/53; Avalon: NY, 1959, pp 222, \$2.95; Airmont: NY 1964, wpps 128, 40¢.

James Blish also has written a contemporary novel, The Frozen Year (Ballantine: NY 1957, pp 155, \$2.75/35¢) (Faber: London 1957, pp 224, 15/- as The Fallen Star); an historical novel, Doctor Mirabilis (Faber & Faber: London 1964, pp 287, ); and a collection of criticism, The Issue at Hand (Advent: Chicago 1964, pp 136, \$5.00), as by William Atheling, Jr. He also edited a prozine that lasted one issue: VAN-GUARD SF.

My thanks to Steve Lewis and Mike Deckinger for supplying contents of Galactic Cluster, and Gerald Bishop for info on British editions.

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LITTLE HOUSES MADE OF TICKY-TACKY  
(...And They All Look Just the Same)  
by Alexis Gilliland

The space program always said it would produce technological fallout to benefit the taxpayer.

Now it appears that maybe they were right. In the course of winding glass fiber filaments around missile casings as big as a house, a technology was developed which learned to fabricate very large, very strong, and very light components as cheaply as possible.

In short, housing.

A Department of Defense supported project has come up with the design for a mobile factory which will produce housing modules by winding slabs of urethane-foam filled glass reinforced polyester with epoxy resin-wetted fiberglass. Yeah! I knew that would get to ya.

Actually, the fiberglass is first wound around a mandrel, the slabs are set in place, and then a second winding is applied.

This produces a very light, very strong rectangular box open at both ends. The factory also produces the ends, which contain the doors and windows, and when one goes to assemble a house, it's like putting a model airplane together. Even the bathrooms are modular.

Exclusive of land and financing, a factory producing 10,000 units a year would build housing for \$12.95 per square foot, vs. the national average of \$13.

More important, the building can be done very fast and with unskilled (i.e., non-union) labor.

Incidentally, the drawings coming with the article (MODERN PLASTICS, May 1969, p.62) indicate a box of about 28x24x12 feet external dimensions. Evidently the high ceiling is justified by the flexibility obtained by being able to turn the module on edge for a two-story arrangement. Figure internal dimensions of 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ x22 $\frac{1}{2}$ x10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; thus one module has about 595 sq. feet of floorspace, and two modules would make a house with about 1,190 sq. feet.

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

This Issue: Heinlein vs. Heinlein:

The results of the last poll show (according to local opinion) that Simak's best stories are as follows: (1) Way Station (36.36%); (2) City (30.68%); (3) "The Big Front Yard" (15.99%); (4) The Fisherman (Time Is the Simplest Thing) (10.22%).

This issue starts a poll on Heinlein. What two stories do you consider his best? Send ballots to: Michael T. Shoemaker, 3240 Gunston Rd., Alexandria, Va., 22302.

Or give me a call: 548-2709. But do something, otherwise the next time I see you I'll ask you about it. There is no escaping the Mad Pollster.

Also, I would like to see letters concerning your general likes and dislikes in SF (this means you, Cele Grim).

-- Michael T. Shoemaker

## VIEWS, REVIEWS, AND ARCHINEDEAN SPIRALS: Book and Movie Reviews

The Jagged Orbit, by John Brunner (Ace Special 38120; 95¢; 390 pp.)

Brunner has a hell of a story here, designed to be read at a gallop, and it pulls you in and holds you by the throat.

He also has some godawful weaknesses in his theoretical underpinnings. This may be due to his English view of the American scene, but more likely it was simply the imperatives of his plot structure.

Anyway, he has taken the United States of the Spring of 1968, where Negro and White are pulling apart under the shocks of King and Kennedy being assassinated, and by freezing this moment and extrapolating it as the wave of the future, he has set up his underlying society. This is stabilized by taking the vociferous Liberal guilt-feelings as being representative of White America as a whole, and putting the "knees" in city-sized ghettos around the country. This presumption made, it follows somehow that the Federal Government is reduced to relative impotence, while the Mafia takes over the arms industry.

Yes. Brunner makes the point that 5% of the population kicking over the traces will bring down any government and for his story has postulated that the "knees" have the will to act, while the "blanks" sit around paralyzed with guilt.

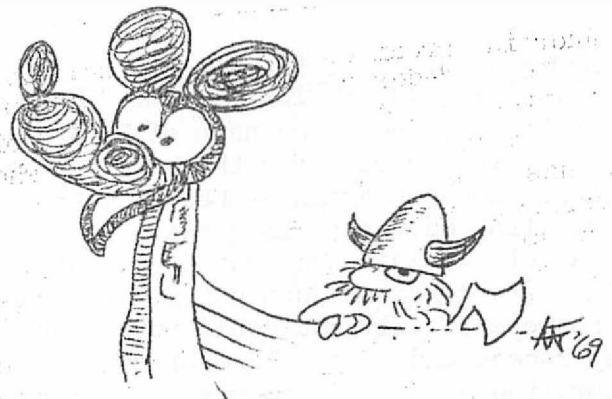
The inevitable thrust of his story is towards the armed confrontation of knee and blank, for the profit of the Mafia arms salesmen. A truly powerful and at least partially valid theme. However, had American society gone the route he suggests, the tensions generated would have released themselves in genocide long before the story ever began. Liberal protestations of guilt notwithstanding, the American people are prone to violence, and a breakdown of the civil order would result in vigilanteism and lynching rather than the catatonic civil defense described by Brunner.

Also, power abdicated at the center does not dissipate, but is seized by the periphery. In which case, Federal weakness gives way to aggressive and powerful States. All of which makes for an entirely different story than what he wrote.

On the plus side, we do have a hell of a story, carefully plotted, splendidly characterized and boiling with action. Brunner has his plot lines running parallel, crossing, interweaving, and finally driving him into a logical cul-de-sac from which there is no escape. His escape is a thing of more than oriental splendor.

His people include: Dr. Mogshack, head of the State Mental Hospital, who wants the whole world committed to his care. Matthew Flamen the spool pigeon, television's answer to the syndicated columnist, and the last of his breed. (He rates his program by the percentage of suicides caused among his subjects.) Anthony Gottschalk, rising young munitions maggot of the Mafia. When he says "maximize profits", he means: Kids should play cops and robbers with real guns. Xavier Conroy, Mogshack's adversary, but also a real live valid human. Mikki Baxendale, gutter poetess, a caricature of depravity and evil, but vivid for all that she had a bit part. Harry Mason, inexplicably competent knee mental patient in a blank hospital. He is competent all right, but is he sane? It gives nothing away to tag him as *deus ex machina* of 1969.

It is a mark of quality that the power of Brunner's best scenes are enhanced by being taken in context. Also, whatever I may think of his socio-political strategy, his people-level tactics are reasonably valid. Or, put another way, in the preposterous situation he sets up, people would behave pretty much the way he indicates.



AHOY DAR !

On the whole, I enjoyed reading the book, and all things considered it is very hard to fault his inclusion of Liberal ideology in a science fiction novel. An author has to draw those wild ideas from somewhere.

Jagged Orbit may be in contention for the Hugo come 1970. You ought to read it.  
-- Alexis Gilliland

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The Blue Star, by Fletcher Pratt (Ballantine Adult Fantasy #01602; 95¢.)

This book and The Well of the Unicorn are written somewhat in the tradition of The Worm; in my opinion, however, these are a lot more readable. Of the two by Pratt, I feel that this is the better, by virtue of slightly better pacing and coherence. It does, however, have certain faults, most notably the use of a narrative hook and a dream treatment ending -- two gimmicks for which I have never had any love. The story, however, manages to excel in spite of these things.

To those who have expectations of epic fantasy in the tradition of Tolkien or Howard, I give due warning. About the only things this story has in common with the above are, of course, the scope of a totally developed secondary universe (which is the reason for being for such stories, anyway) and the presence of magic. In fact, the story is technically not even fantasy, since it uses sfnal explanations (e.g., parallel worlds and psionics) rather than supernatural ones. This, however, is the merest bagatelle, since, obviously, the semantics of science fiction are at least as unresolved as those of any other subject.

The Tolkien-type story has, as a more or less basic factor, a style and mood such that it is possible, with very little rewriting, to replace at least one of the characters with a child. This, in fact, is what I take to be the reason for the great appeal of the stories, in that they are able to reach people on a multitude of levels. The Blue Star is not this type. The characters are most definitely past the age of puberty, and not at all childlike. This does not imply a fault -- just a different mode of story. Tolkien could not have written this particular sort of tale in his normal manner, since the subject and style would have been just a little incompatible.

The Howard-type story is characterized by fast action, bloodshed, and brawny heroes. Not so this book. There is comparatively little violence, and the protagonist sounds more like Casanova than Conan. (An apprentice Casanova.)

This is, in fact, little more than a love story, one of the very few in fantasy and science fiction literature. In style and development, it is most nearly akin to the collaborations of Pohl and Kornbluth.

I don't like love stories. I don't know exactly why I like this book. But I do.

Recommended.

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-- David A. Halterman

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Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?, by Philip K. Dick (Signet T3800; 75¢.)

The mind-destroying maze of "Zap Gun" is alive and well and living in every fan's library under the name of Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?.

In other words, for those of you who have not yet read this novel, yes, Philip Dick has done it again -- has written another perversely brilliant book which skates in dazzling patterns along the very brink of incomprehensibility. Of course, it is not at all unusual when reading something by this author to have the feeling that things are going on just outside the range of your vision and that you could understand more if only you could turn your head fast enough to catch them (you never can; they recede under the glare of concentration). But at least the approximate configuration of major elements is discernible. In the case of Androids, I can't even make reasonable guesses about some of the major elements.

The Plot is reasonably straightforward but difficult to summarize without delving deeply into some complex background. Briefly, it concerns Rick Deckard, an assistant bounty hunter employed by the San Francisco Police Department, whose

job consists of "retiring" (killing) escaped androids. The androids are created to work on off-Earth colonies, to which most of the surviving humans have emigrated following World War Terminus. Those that manage to escape return to the dying Earth, on which most forms of animal life are extinct and a few thousand humans inhabit the deteriorating shells of former great cities, and mingle with the human population. They are physically perfect imitations, distinguishable only by a bone marrow test, but the authorities employ certain mental and psychological tests to apprehend and retire the renegade androids. Deckard, during a 24-hour period, hunts down and disposes of six of the newest model androids.

That sounds like a conventional SF adventure story, and in the hands of many authors it would be. But not, of course, in the hands of Philip K. Dick. There are complications.

There is, for example, Mercerism, the established religion of the dying Earth of the 1990's. The moral basis of Mercerism involves an absolute distinction between The Killers, who are to be ruthlessly exterminated, and all other forms of life. Thou shall kill only the killers, and revere all other creatures. One result of this is that every person desires to own an animal, but there aren't enough animals to go around so some must be content with the android equivalent (Rick Deckard and his wife own an electric sheep). The practice of Mercerism revolves around the use of "empathy boxes": citizens, by grasping the handles, become fused into a sort of group-being as Wilbur Mercer, an old man climbing a hill while being stoned by unknown evil, going through an endless symbolic cycle of birth-struggle-death-rebirth. It is never clear whether this Mercerist experience is a true mystical-telepathic experience, a mass hallucination, an electronic gimmick engineered by sinister totalitarian rulers, or all three at once (the latter is implied).

Just as there is no clear explanation of what or who is behind Mercerism, so there is none for much else in this novel. The government of Earth and, for that matter, of the colonies, is an unknown quantity. The highest authority present in Androids is the local police departments. Clearly there must be something above those, some central governing authority, but there is no glimpse of it here. Likewise the opposition, i.e., the androids. Some escape as individuals and in small groups, but there are hints of a purposeful organization; what its exact purpose may be, however, is unclear. There is the Rosen Association, which manufactures the androids. Its expressed goal is to create a model which cannot be distinguished from Homo sapiens, but why is never explained. Or if the explanation is there, I am too dense to have seen it.

The theme of Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep? is empathy. It is empathy, the ability to identify emotionally with another living creature, which separates man from all other life forms (and from the androids). And it is empathy, empathy for the androids, which changes Rick Deckard in the course of the 24 hours of his life chronicled here. (The title of the novel itself raises the question of empathy: do androids dream of electric sheep? I.e., do androids have that uniquely human quality of soul?)

The writing is Dick's usual highly competent, effective prose. Characterization is a bit uneven -- some of the characters, notably that of John Isidore, are portrayed extremely well, but Deckard, the hero, is weak, and because he is the central character it hurts. Ideas, of course, are in abundance. There is, for instance, a fascinating device called the Penfield mood organ, on which one can dial the precise mood of one's preference and have the proper brain cells stimulated. This is just sitting there, in the background, a "given" fact of life, in accordance with Dick's familiar tendency to underplay striking ideas to which other writers would devote detailed pages -- or even chapters -- in exploring.

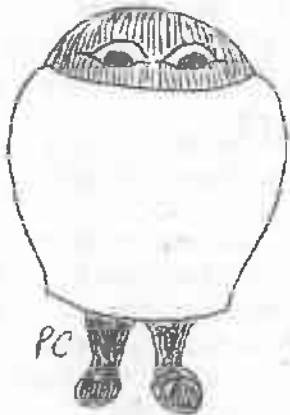
No review of Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep? would be complete without mentioning that the cretin who wrote the blurbs, in particular the one on the back cover reading "Synthetic humans programmed to love and then destroy!", is the best argument I've seen in years for reviving the venerable practice of drawing and quartering (I volunteer to do the job at the 1971 WorldCon if the culprit can be produced).



In any case, Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep? is definitely recommended reading. I found it highly enjoyable, albeit perplexing.

I have this recurring nightmare that one day Phil Dick and J.G. Ballard will collaborate on a novel, and after I read it I will spend the remainder of my days leaning against a soft wall and cutting out paper dolls.

-- Ted Pauls



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Dragons and Nightmares, by Robert Bloch (Mirage Press; \$4.00)

I usually don't buy anthologies, but Jack Chalker came up to me at the end of a WSFA meeting one time and asked me if I had \$4.00; and like a drunken fool, I said, "Yesh..."

Having long had a warm place in my heart for Thorne Smith (I keep it on a shelf over the kitchen stove) I enjoyed these stories immensely, especially "Nursemaid to Nightmares", which reminded me very much of TS's Night Life of the Gods.

Bob Bloch seems worried that these stories may become dated, or worse, quaint, since they are couched in referents that are rapidly becoming obsolete. I think, however, that he needn't worry, since fantasy, generally speaking, becomes timeless if it is good, and remains enjoyable long after more worldly fiction dies. As witness to this statement, I suggest a poll to determine how many people have read, for kicks, anything of Dickens' work except A Christmas Carol. (Emphasize the "for kicks".)

The typical mainstream reader might look on Topper or Turnabout with nostalgia. The fantasy reader looks upon such stories as what they are, good stories. He is used to being out of his own frame of reference, and enters into a story fully expecting such carryings-on. Perhaps this is why Lester Del Rey is correct when he says that science fiction writers don't get a lot for each individual sale, but earn their living on the residuals and reprint rights.

At any rate, I'd like to thank Jack for taking advantage of me.

Recommended.

-- David A. Halterman

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A Feast Unknown, by Philip Jose Farmer (Essex House 0121; \$1.95; 282 pp.)

Tarzan of the Apes vs Doc Savage? Yes indeed, and bloody wild brawl it is, too. Farmer caught the feel of both pulp-epic heroes, and conveys it -- in a few passages -- admirably.

He also includes a detailed and convincing infra-structure to explain (a) why Tarzan and Doc Savage are contemporaries, (b) why they never met before, (c) why they are meeting now, and (d) why Doc Savage is out to nail Tarzan's hide to the wall.

This infra-structure, which doubles as a deus ex machina, is The Council of Nine, a Secret Master sort of thing which has discovered the recipe for immortality. Actually, this is merely extreme longevity, i.e., 30,000 years, and limb regeneration, and...would you believe an old one-eyed man with two ravens? Farmer has included some highly evocative figures in his Council.

That isn't all he has included, either. As the story begins, Tarzan (Lord Grandreith in the book) outlines his descent from Jack the Ripper, and we discover he has a problem. Every time he kills, he has an orgasm, and worse, that is the only time. The fact that the Kenyan Government is sending in the army to get him pales into insignificance beside this. Besides, a sinister Albanian is also after him, Enver Noli, a villain in the best tradition of villains. Also, a little later, Doc Savage.

Anyway, Tarzan's genitals are as overblown as the rest of him, and as he slays and ejaculates through the enemy host, one is filled with a gradual sense of disbelief...until, finally, he runs dry. This doesn't stop him from behaving so atrociously that he is upset, and when Doc Savage appears seeking to destroy this human beast, I felt genuine elation.

It quickly turns out that Doc Savage is even more evil than Tarzan.

Thus, he sics a 650-pound lion on our hero, shoots the knife out of his hand, and stands back to watch. Tarzan gets a full Nelson on the lion...and begins to worry whether he will come before he breaks the lion's neck. The orgasm will loosen his hold with possibly fatal results.

Quite possibly Farmer is conveying a delicate and socially redeeming message along with all the action and sex scenes. However, the sex is a little overpowering. Repeated castrations, sodomitic assault (on Tarzan)(!), fellatio, rape by an ape -- even normal intercourse -- all feature very largely. Some of the scenes are funny, but in many of them the horror is blunt and explicit. Sex loses force by being related in this manner, but it also drives out any subtle nuances which Farmer might have hoped to convey.

A Feast Unknown is a powerful book, superbly plotted, psychologically sound, and brilliantly characterized. The plotting is about as tight as any I've seen.

A Feast Unknown is also a goddamned dirty offensive shocking piece of trash. The same book.

What was my reaction to it? I was really really turned off at times, but I couldn't put it down. In compensation, there were also scenes that really turned me on. Funny asides...such as the inside dope on this or that Tarzan episode as related by ERB...or the comeuppance of Enver Noli.

After two weeks' reflection, the aftertaste is a bit repellant, and...unlike the originals, there is not the slightest desire to reread. Farmer has also set himself up for a sequel, a prospect which evokes wary enthusiasm.

The cover is a well-drawn depiction of Tarzan and Doc Savage wrestling Greco-Roman style. Muted colors, classic pose, very tasteful. No credit given.

-- Alexis Gilliland

Galaxy 666, by Pel Torro (Tower 42-185; 50¢.)

This story is beastly. Its errors in style, logic, and general good writing are legion, and the story makes me feel a little devilish.

The cover is great -- the Enterprise model with three auto tail lights and a plastic model car bumper, photographed badly out of focus.

To give a few indications of the quality of writing, I could mention the fact that the author considers the method of giving space travel a convincing and realistic feel is to recite a complete page and a half of checklist. To indicate that human values and languages have changed, he gives names like Korzaak and Ischklah to the heroes. To indicate the depths to which space travel has affected the mores of the society, he has the characters swear by the "seven green moons of Gongle".

What's the use? This story is one of the worst examples of hack writing I have yet seen. It is easily comparable to Volsted Gridban and Vargo Statton at their utter worst. In fact, this book is also copyrighted in Great Britain.

The literary value of Galaxy 666 is nil. The entertainment value is even less, unless you enjoy finding examples of bad writing.

-- David A. Halterman

**FILM REVIEW** -- "The Oblong Box"; released by American-International. In Color by Berkey Pathe. Starring: Vincent Price, Christopher Lee, Alastair Williamson, Hilary Dwyer, Peter Arne, Harry Baird, Sally Geeson; directed by Gordon Hessler. Screenplay: Lawrence Huntington, with additional dialogue by Christopher Wicking, based on a story by Edgar Allan Poe. Photography: John Coquillon. Editor: Max Benedict. Music: Harry Robinson. Running time: 91 minutes. Code rating: M.

This is AIP's 13th production tying in with the Poe name (though not always from the author's works, as witness the last "Poe" film, "The Conqueror Worm", based on a novel by Ronald Bassett). Another time around the graveyard seems to be in order since the films keep making money and earlier productions have been re-released in packages of five, cleaning up with the summer drive-in crowds. Like "Worm", which

also involved Price, Dwyer, and photographer Coquillon, "The Oblong Box" is replete with objectionable excesses of bloody brutality, run-of-the-mill performances, and a plot which runs away in too many directions, thereby destroying any buildup of suspense.

Julian (Price) has returned from Africa to his English manor where he lives with his brother (Williamson) who has undergone some terrible mutilation in Africa and must be kept chained in an upstairs room. In a rather involved sequence featuring a local attorney (Arne), the brother is given a pill which gives him the appearance of death. Buried by Julian, the brother is soon recovered by a group of grave robbers who turn him over to Dr. Neuhartt (Lee). Because of his bodysnatching activities, the doctor is blackmailed into silence as the brother begins a mad rampage of mayhem and murder, all the while concealing his identity beneath a scarlet mask.

It is about at this point that the story begins to fall to pieces. The brother's revenge is supposedly a repayment of a series of "debts", but the whole thing becomes so haphazard that he ends up killing a prostitute (who has nothing at all to do with the story proper), several odds-and-ends minor characters, the doctor, and, finally, he attempts to kill Julian. It seems that the brother's mutilation came about because of a crime that Julian had committed. The brother is killed, but not before he has bitten Julian on the hand, thereby passing on the terrible curse of a ruined face. It's a speedy climax that abruptly leaves its audience suspended in mid-shudder.

For all the efforts to make one wonder "who-will-get-it-next", the film falls short in the terror department. The murder scenes keep getting dropped into the plot with little or no lead-in structure -- suddenly there is a gasp or a scream and the screen is washed with torrents of freely-spilled blood. It's certainly grisly, but it isn't in the least suspenseful and is almost forgotten a few moments later.

Price, as has come to be expected of late, drifts through the picture, over-acting when the script demands a reaction of some kind but usually not acting at all. Lee is adequate in his role but is really asked to do very little. Williamson comes across best of all, and considering that all his dialogue must be delivered from behind a mask, he's more effective than his ill-defined role should permit. The rest of the cast has little to do but feed lines to the principal characters, or die, or both.

Technical credits are on the asset side, and credit should be given to George Provis' art direction for creating a believable, 19th-century tawdry tavern (among other good set designs) on an apparent limited budget. Coquillon's camerawork is much better than his awful rendering of the "Worm" film. It seems a terrible waste of craftsmanship that all this expert work should be given a film which hasn't a script to match up.

Ah, well, 13 was always supposed to be unlucky. Number 14 will be a French-made item titled "Spirits of the Dead", starring Brigitte Bardot -- and if the story is square, we all know Bardot's curves aren't.

-- Richard Delap

An Anthony Villiers Adventure: The Thurb Revolution, by Alexei Panshin (Ace G-762; 50¢)

Most series-type stories tend to go downhill from book to book; this one went out of its gourd. This story, the second of the series, goes in so many directions at once that it meets in the middle; and Anthony Villier is the middle. There is something about the story that reminds me of pure, unmitigated, beautiful, organized chaos.

Villiers, his furry frog friend Trog, and an old friend, a sort of super boy scout fleeing from a girl his father wants him to meet, go camping on the planet Pewamo. Following them are a group of yagoots, or idle rich boys, and a student, who are fascinated by Trog's frobbing (That's when he goes "thurb")., one yagoot's father, an assassin, a gawk, and many others. Awaiting them is God. Hoo, boy.

This story is so damned funny that I couldn't find time or breath to laugh until I finished it. Recommended, by all means.

-- David A. Halterman

# DOLL'S HOUSE

## fanzine reviews



Ye gads and all right, already. Fanzines are flowing in here in such a spate that I am beginning to doubt my ability to keep pace. May have to cut back either on the comments or the coverage. To those who have interpreted my reviews to mean that I like all fanzines, it ain't necessarily so. I usually remark on a fanzine's strong points (occasionally on weaknesses that just can't be overlooked). Thus, if my comments are limited, the odds are that the same can be said for the contents. Many times there are things that I would like to go on at length about, but the pile of fanzines still to be reviewed precludes such indulgence.

Thus, I interpret my role in this game to keep TWJ readers apprised of what fanzines are being published, who is appearing in them, what they are writing about, and oftentimes, who is worth reading. 'Nuff said.

SF COMMENTARY #1 (Bruce Gillespie, PO Box 80, Bacchus Marsh, Victoria 8840, Australia. Contribs, LoC, trade, 40¢, 9/\$3.) Bruce reviews NEW WORLDS #178-183, with the highest praise for Brian Aldiss' Acid War series; actually, #179 looks like a winner, with humor strongly in evidence; he deems the next three issues blah, but #183 is back up there. George Turner reviews several books, Robert Toomey a couple more, dubbing Samuel R. Delany's The Einstein Intersection "a work of art...and the author a genius." Kurt Vonnegut's Sirens of Titan and Cat's Cradle get a thorough going-over by Damien Broderick, who classifies them as "anti-bodhisattva" novels.

George Turner discusses IQ, intelligence per se, etc. John Foyster reviews the "Decline and Fall" of SF or at least its current doldrums.(!) On the prozine scene, Bruce's only kind words for February ish are directed at the features and reviews; for March-May, "out of 74 pieces of short fiction,...only six are worthy of comment," etc., and lists his Best of the Worst awards (for stories appearing between October, 1967 to September, 1968) -- three to Aldiss, two to Harvey Jacobs, and singles to Blish, Lafferty, Leiber, Bruce McAllister, and Zelazny. Bruce also begins an extended series on Philip K. Dick's novels.

"2001" time again -- Turner on the book, Gillespie on the critics' reviews. A plug for the Melbourne SF Club and several Australian scenes. 66 pp. ASFR, Jr.? For sercon fans, especially, at least this ish.

THE COLLECTOR'S BULLETIN #10, April '69 (N3F. Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St., Newport News, Va., 23605.) Wacky treasure trove cover by Alexis Gilliland. Seven pages of news and comments from letter writers (who are included alphabetically). An exception is Harry Warner, Jr., whose letter Ned prints in its entirety since HW is up for the best fan writer Hugo.

Don Markstein contribs the names of several comics indices. From Mark Owings comes a suggestion for a fan achievement award for the best "science-fictional non-fiction", considering criticism, bibliography, etc. I am under the impression that that's what the fan writer Hugo has been awarded for. Maybe someone can clarify this for me. An addendum to the Checklist of Collection and Anthology Title Changes appearing in #9 is furnished by George Fergus. Leslie Sklaroff contribs a Mervyn Peake checklist. There is also a potpourri of info on old radio tapes, mailing envelopes, religious art by Kelly Freas, etc.

From Joanne Burger we have a list of new books, altho hardly complete. She also pens a helpful article on Finding Old Science Fiction Books and Magazines, and Walter Wentz writes entertainingly of the dealers. Ed Cox offers a guide of sorts for de-

termining the selling price for old fanzines. Twelve pages containing The Series Index Checklist, by author, title of series, and number of stories Ned has listed under that title, welcoming any additional info. Stephen Sanderson provides a bibliography of Maxfield Parrish, illustrator. Ads. 53 pp. Recommended, if this is your bag.

DYNATRON #39 (FAPA. Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd., NW, Albuquerque, N.Mex., 87107. Trade, 25¢.) C.W. Wolfe begins an engaging series on "Early American Science/Fantasy Fiction (1900-1930)" -- this installment is concerned mostly with the Munsey magazines, Bob Davis (its editor in those early days), and Roger S. Hoar (Ralph Milne Farley), including an index of the latter's major works -- more authors and indices to come. On the other hand we have a brilliantly witty discussion by Carnie Lynn Toulouse of "Archaeological Site Construction as a Tool of Socio-Cultural Interpretation and Methodological Necessity" (sounds like a new movie title, no? "Will Hieronymous Bosch....?") And we must not ignore C.W. John's interview with Mr. Hjalmar K. Wong, "radical centerist".

Roy meditates on Apollo 8, basic American food, the Dec. '68 issue of F&SF, SPACEWAY ("reprintzine"), a couple of fanzines, water for his house, and the Gold Medal collection The Others, edited by Terry Carr, worldcons, "N.Y. fanzines", his current favorite fanzines, Lionel Williams assigning Leonore Kandel's poem "Love Lust" to a freshman English class and resultant furor in the New Mexico legislature and elsewhere, John Brunner's The Jagged Orbit (Ace).

24 pp. or so, unnumbered thru the issue, all numbered 39 on the contents page. A mixed bag as far as the contents go, but all of the writing is good.

SCOTTISHE #52 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, U.K. U.S. Agent: Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, Cal., 94701. 25¢, 4/\$1.) Witty cover and inner illos by Art Thomson. Ethel looks at NEW WORLDS #177-188, COSMOS #1, John Rankine's Binary Z (Dobson -- "an unusual book for the SF genre"), Phil Dick's Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep? (Rapp & Whiting. "An absorbing novel...told in a compelling fashion"), The still, small voice of trumpets by Lloyd Biggle, Jr. (Rapp & Whiting. "a very exciting and satisfying story"), John Brunner's Stand on Zanzibar ("I am immensely impressed."). Quickie and some more extended reviews of Ace paperbacks, etc.

"Pedlars I Have Known" is an entertaining article from the pen of Joe Patrizio. Helen Highwater reveals "how Nigel keeps fit". Ethel comments on the slang in Brunner's Stand on Zanzibar, and English newspapers. LoC's. 25 pp. or so. Refreshing and pleasantly informative.

HAVERINGS (Ethel Lindsay, see above. 6/\$1.) Ethel's other pub, "a fanzine of comments upon fanzines received...." 11 pp. of comprehensive fanzine reviews. She has several emanating from Britain that I have not seen, which appear to be of more than passing interest.

LUNA MONTHLY #1, June '69 (Ann F. Dietz, 655 Orchard St., Oradell, N.J., 07649. 25¢, 12/\$3.) "News, features, reviews, and publishing information of the science fiction/fantasy field." 32 pp., digest size. Ethel Lindsay writes on European fandom and the Worldcon; Fred Clarke on SF and the movies; Richard Brisson compares three sword-and-sorcery books; Marylow Hewitt & Barbara Lee Stiffler cover children's books. Other reviews and reviewers. A memorial tribute to Seth Johnson.

CRY #181 (Elinor Busby, 2852-14th Ave. W., Seattle, Wash., 98119 -- LoC's and con-tribs; Vera Heminger, 30214-108th Ave. S.E., Auburn, Wash., 98002 -- tradezines and subs (40¢, 5/\$2); and Wally Weber.) Strong cover by Alex Eisenstein; interior illos by ATom, Toni Gourd, Gary Lloyd, D. Monahan, Bill Rotsler, Steve Stiles, Wally Weber, and Bernie Zuber.

Wally's topic is advertising -- whence and whither. Elinor draws attention to Desmond Morris' The Naked Ape, and commends James Herndon's The Way It Spozed To Be.

Vonda McIntyre amuses with the gory details of her latest quarter at the U. of Wash. Richard StirKrazy's "The Parker Pen Score" is 1962 F.M. Busby, and probably was funnier then. Roy Tackett writes of his interview by a high school student.

Buz looks over such things as the ABM program, the WALL STREET JOURNAL and catnip for psychedelic kicks, several books, and his 15th wedding anniversary celebration. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. spoke at the U. of Washington recently, and Phil Haldeman reports with some charm. Stanley Weinbaum's "Dawn of Flame" and "The Black Flame" both appear in Avon's edition of The Black Flame, here discussed by John J. Pierce. And, of course, the LoColumn. 42pp. of pleasant diversion.

NIMROD #12, Fifth Annish, April '69 (Dwain Kaiser & Al Snider, 1397 N. Second Ave., Upland, Cal., 91876. 50¢, 5/\$2, contribs, reviews, LoC's and trades (two copies). Cover and art folio by Lynn Pederson, unusual multi-color bacover by Gregg Atwood. Interior illos by George Barr, Gene Klein, Bill Rotsler, Don Simpson, Rick Seward, etc. Marshall Spruce puts together a synopsis of all that has gone before in "Dark Shadows" so that you who haven't seen it will know you haven't missed anything. (Did I state that properly?) "Sam drinks more, Roger smiles less, and Elizabeth wrings her hands....Vicky begins to fall for Burke. Joe begins to fall for Maggie. Carolyn goes to the movies by herself. David gets even more neurotic. Roger still can't smile...."

Part Four of "Mescaline", continued excerpts from a letter by John Lanctot, is reprinted from CENTAUR (U. of Vermont, Spring, 1962). Dwain reveals NIMROD'S dark past, the present ish, Westercon bidders, etc. Al describes the printing of the previous ish (which seems to be a trend nowadays. You people are lucky Alexis and I don't publish TWJ; you'd get some mighty unusual gripes, e.g., being burgled twice in two months, totting our 5-yr-old Mike to Children's Hospital emergency ward twice in 5 days; landlord plaguing us with a repair crew to patch the piecing plaster, and paint -- one wall in each room, where the principal part of the patching necessitated such; the constant changeover of nursemaids; and on and on; whereas our esteemed editor, Don Miller, only had back trouble, eye trouble, colds and such to throw him off schedule. But back to NIMROD) and his marvelous gasoline-powered mimeo machine.

Duane Greeley is responsible for the segment on "The Illustrated Man", which comes on like a publicity blurb, telling of the film, giving a synopsis of the scenario, and discussing Bradbury's filmdom career; also included are four stills from the film. "Barbarian Invasion -- Fact of Fiction?" is a forum about fandom, new fans, splinter groups, etc. Thish, we have Lee Klingstein on the Third Foundation (an LA splinter group); Stan Hoffman on the "fringe" groups and their place in fandom (he feels the real danger is in the pseudofan); from Dwain, the question under discussion is "Can science-fiction fandom and drug fandom live together?" (He makes the point that oldtime fans indulging in illegal activities, i.e., passing phony checks, stealing, etc. -- found themselves out of fandom. Drug use is also illegal, but it doesn't seem to bother LASFS.); Ted Johnstone looks at the neos and the new subgroups -- the Trekkies, the Medievalist Movement, etc. -- "Fandom is evolving more special interest subgroups as natural results of the increased population"; he believes the changes taking place in fandom are more evolution than revolution. Jim Schumacher also comments on the flood of new people in fandom ("I'd estimate...active membership has increased three-fold...since Tricon.") and the drug bit ("Just as I find fans are nicer than most people, I find heads are more pleasant than most fans. And fan-heads are the nicest of them all.") Regarding the latter statement, Jim gives a clue when he says, "They are gentle people, and don't dig all the hostility, power plays, uptightness, upmanship, and insecurity rampant in fandom." (I find these latter attributes more characteristic of the earlier fandoms.) Thus, Jim's answer would seem to be, don't cop out and splinter; use drugs instead. Intriguing!

Interesting LoC's, including the pros and cons of John Boardman's "liberal politics". Pages are only numbered thru 17, but 62 or so would be a more accurate count. Much of the material evidently was written prior to Baycon -- enough so that it does serve to make the issue appear far less current than its date of publication. Dated or not, the contents are of interest, the quality of the writing ranges from fair to good, as does the art. And the LoColumn in response to thish should be wiggy.



THE NEW CAPTAIN GEORGE'S WHIZZBANG (Vast Whizzbang Organization, Memory Lane Publications, 594 Markham St., Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada. 5/\$2.)

#2. Derek Carter's Mark VII British Flyer graces the front page of this newspaper dealing with movies, books, radio, sf, comics, nostalgia, etc. His Corn Grummit Chaser and the Ontario Hunters' Hedge Hopper appear elsewhere. George Henderson

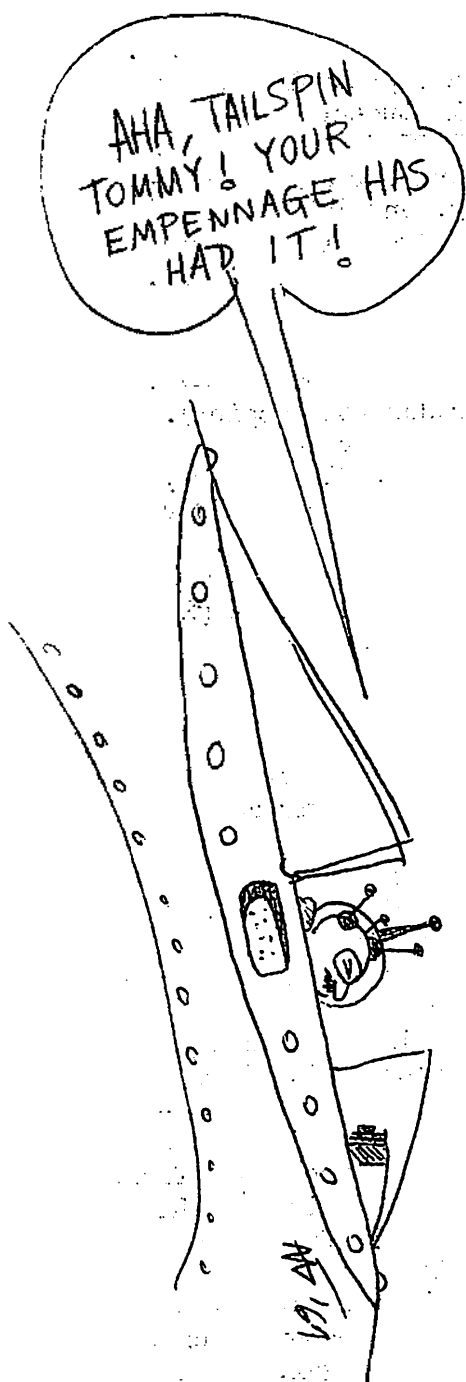
writes on August Derleth (novelist, poet, and a director of Arkham House) and his comics collection -- "the world's largest." Yakima Canutt, movie stuntman extraordinaire, is Don Daynard's subject. Reviews of three books on Tarzan and ERBoroughs, one on Canadian steam locomotives, and another on trolley cars. A special by John Clute on Dick's Counter-Clock World.

The delightful centerspread honors Winsor McCay, complete with McCay illos. A special segment on Dixie Dugan and other comics of the '30's. Also, radio and film stars of the same period, with a brief feature on Madeleine Carroll. Peter Harris revisits "Bonnie & Clyde" with cutting comment. Daynard on filmusic. The back page has a magnificent Diana motorcar ad from a 1925 SATURDAY EVENING POST. 16 pp. Great fun.

#3. "The world's first international newspaper for collectors. No ads...." Yep, all art done by experts; I suspect the same may be true of the written contents. Anyway, TNCGW is shaping up as a kind of VARIETY splinter. Consider the contents: Movie reviews -- quick glimpses of films that might be of some interest to fandom; book reviews -- quick glimpses of several film-oriented tomes; magazine reviews -- AIRCRAFT ILLUSTRATED (military and civil aircraft, past and present, and SOLDIER (for modellers); "Only Superman Can" -- a brief glimpse of the late George Reeves, TV's Man of Steel in the '50's; George Henderson's "The Collector" column, in which you'll find reviews of anything from a recent GOSHOW! to a MacFadden Publication from the '20's and early '30's, PHYSICAL CULTURE. (If you have something you'd like to see reviewed, try him at the above Memory Lane address.)

Captain George deals with tigers in films, or at least he reveals how others did. Don Daynard, stunt and badguy buff, pens a personal tribute to Boris Karloff which reads like something from one of the movie mags, yet contains a tremendous amount of information, and genuine admiration, and in that sense is touching if cliché-ridden. Henderson follows with a well-written detailed article on the makeup for "The Mummy", in which Karloff starred. (Derek Carter's illo differs considerably from what I've seen of his work elsewhere, but is quite impressive.)

Dashiell Hammett's fictional private detective without a name (Continental Op), the romance as a prose fiction form, "Those Great Old B Westerns" and their stars (Gee, John Wayne was almost pretty back thar in '33), "Radio Heroes on the Silver Screen", Derek Carter's delightful satire on transit corporations -- you name it. The artwork of Raeburn van Buren during the late '20's gets a full two-page spread, save for the comic strip sample from Abbie & Slat's, 1941. Other comic strips from the '40's and their creators. Back page features ads for the very early talkies. Great fun, as I said.





ID #4, Spring '69 (James Reuss, 304 South Belt West, Belleville, Ill., 62221. Contribs, LoC's, arranged trades, 50¢.) ID was a good fanzine when it first appeared, but it's even better now. Here we find Bob Tucker writing about zeppelins and such -- great fun! Dean Koontz has quite a bit of comment and info on Vaughn Bodé and his doings of late (that proposed children's book with Zolazny sounds fascinating). Leslie H. Whitten's Moon of the Wolf (Ace), Alistair MacLean, and the April ANALOG's editorial. Jim Dorr lures the unwary into his column with a great teaser of an ad in poor taste, but there are thrilling things in store -- IBM's law suits, TTBB ("Touch-Touch, Bang-Bang" -- no, not a sex technique), and further adventures with Cynthia.

Oof, Laurence M. Janifer brings up the question: "If a man with an artificial arm is repairing a machine, is the arm part of man's struggle against the environment, or is it part of the environment against which he's struggling?", and in that context discusses Algis Budrys' Who?, several of Cordwainer Smith's works, and his own A Piece of Martin Cann. Typewriter ribbons, rock & other music, NY fans now living in the Bay area -- these are John D. Berry's topics.

Richard Delap reviews the film "Charly" -- appreciates Cliff Robertson's acting efforts but little else. Oh-ho, here is a review by Steve La Monica of Tucker's Warlock and the French translation of same, Troc; he feels that Warlock is one of the best novels he's read in a long time, but that M. Chauvet's crude translation lowers the quality of the French version to hack. Jim Schumacher listens to Bob Dylan's album "Nashville Skyline". Doing his usual good job, Chris Couch looks at three new fanzines that have improved tremendously since their first issue, seeking the "how". "On the calibration of a star drive by means of stellar aberration and associated phenomena" -- a most serious article by Bob Vardeman. Poetry, LoC's, and interior illos by John Berry, George Foster, Pam Janisch, Miko Gilbert, Connie Reich, and Bill Rotsler. Nice format, attractive layout. 42 pp. A fine issue. Recommended.

BEABOHEMA III (Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa., 18951. Contrib, LoC, trade, 60¢, 2/\$1.19, 3/\$1.50.) Cover by Jim McLeod (who also has some excellent artwork within), backcover by REGilbert; interior illos include work by Al Andrews, Seth Dogramajian, Jack Gaughan (some really fine art), Gene Klein, etc.

There's one piece of fan fiction, David T. Malone's weird little tale of "The Great Black Blat", and this is perhaps the least of the issue. On the other hand, we have Leo P. Kelley, whose column tells of an interchange with Frank Ross of MEDIA & METHODS and relates the details of the N3F SF Story Contest. This is followed by three present-day pro authors on their past experiences with such contests (co-authors of "Mandroid"): Piers Anthony and the 1963 N3F contest; Andrew J. Offut and the 1954 IF College SF Contest; and Robert E. Margroff and the 1966 computer fiction contest.

On to the other columnists. Seth Dogramajian, who is featured regularly on sf artists, writes on the work of Robert E. Gilbert. Gary Hubbard's topic is heroic fantasy, with a few constructive asides to Lin Carter. Piers Anthony's column contains some introductory autobiographical notes about himself, his writing, his relations with fandom. Dale Goble, Jr. pens his first impressions of fandom -- and oh, what he says about Harlan Ellison, Frank Lunney, Jack Gaughan, Terry Carr, etc.

Fanzine reviews in depth by Al Snider (Box 2319, Brown Station, Providence, R.I., 02912). Faith Lincoln dissects The Ring by Piers Anthony and Bob Margroff (Ace), concludes by recommending Anthony Burgess' The Clockwork Orange; for Daniel Keyes The Touch (Harcourt, Brace, and World), she suggests a dash of Bob Silverberg's Thorns; but she really lays into Andy Offut's "The Defendant Earth" in the Feb. IF. Chip Delany's Nova (Doubleday) rates kudos from Bob Willingham, and so on. Poetic tidbits from Raki.

Must mention the LoColumn, which bids fair to rival that of Dick Geis' SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW. 76 pp. BEABOHEMA has moved from crud to quite good in just three issues. Keep your eye on this one: it's really moving. Recommended.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #30, April '69 (Richard E. Geis, P.O. Box 3116, Santa Monica, Cal., 90403. 50¢, 6/\$3.) Wraparound science-fantasy cover by Steve Fabian, and the

color adds dramatically to the mood. The editor chats about characterization in SF, and then strews news about sf activities on various campuses, etc.

From Harlan Ellison comes an essay on creativity (originally the postscript to Hank Stine's Season of the Witch -- Essex House), and a truly imaginative exhortation it is. In his column, Roy Tackett takes a hilariously devastating view of the film "Space Thing". Poul Anderson discusses the amazing lack of authenticity in "The Red Mantle" (Hagbarth & Signe) -- an old Nordic saga filmed by Scandinavians, and discusses the "fascist" epithet which leftists apply to writers such as Kipling, Heinlein, and Anderson himself. Arthur Jean Cox does a polemic on "The Polemicist" as part of his Fans We All Know series -- and considering his constant emphasis on the negative aspects of every type of person you might meet, it would not surprise me if his final installment concludes with a denunciation of all of fandom. Banks Mebane looks at the prozines and discusses the covers and stories written for them, even providing an "infallible" method of telling which came first.

In the review section, Bob Toomey tears into Keith Laumer's Galactic Odyssey (Berkley); Richard Delap feels that with Isle of the Dead, Roger Zelazny has made a "solid reentry into storytelling"; he also raves over a Piers Anthony manuscript (which the publishers had not snapped up. 'Tis a puzzlement.); John Boardman's review of Andre Norton's Operation Time Search (Ace) leaves little doubt that he disapproves of her political attitudes. Boardman does a better job on a comparative analysis of L. Sprague & Catherine De Camp's politically innocent The Day of the Dinosaur (Doubleday) and Bjorn Kurten's equally uninvolved The Age of the Dinosaurs (New University Library). Edmund Hamilton's World of the Starwolves (Ace -- Starwolf #3) gets Banks Mebane's nod as a "thumping good juvenile of the old-fashioned, or pre-sex education school"; Earl Evers quite evidently cannot adjust to quiet fantasy, judging from his review of Thomas Burnett Swann's Moondust (Ace), but I cannot explain the vehemence of his remarks. More books and more reviewers.

"I Don't Like My Hand", Jack Gaughan's Son of Primer of Heads, is another example of his wit and writing skill. Delightful interior art by Rotsler, Gaughan, Kirk, (Mike) Gilbert, Thompson, Berry, Lovenstein, Gilliland, Fabian, Foster, (Gabe) Eisenstein, Kinney, Reich, and (Cynthia) Goldstone. And, of course, LoC's. Fantastic. 65 pp. Recommended.

INTERIM (A. Graham Boak, 7, Oakwood Rd., Bricket Wood, St. Albans, Herts., U.K.) A 12-page one-shot in which Gray relates the birthing of the Herts. Science Fiction and Fantasy Fan Group. Fanzine reviews by Jhim Linwood. Sounds like a fun weekend. Interior illos by Alexis Gilliland and Harry Bell.

EXILE #5 (Seth Dogramajian, 32-66 80th St., Jackson Heights, NY, NY, 11370. Contributions, art, trade, LoC, 50¢.) Poor Seth, he's having his problems. The last ish was offset, but the type was so microscopic it was almost impossible to read. This he switched to mostly ditto, but legibility ranges from fair to poor. Maybe he'll get it all ironed out next issue.

"Not as Hard to Read" is Harry Warner on paperback books, especially Pocket Books which appeared some 30 years ago. Dennis Cloud discusses the "closed universe" theory. An extended section of in-depth fanzine reviews, a mini-folio of Jack Gaughan's BEM's and such; a brief overview of Isaac Asimov by Bill DeAndrea. Oh wow. Dave Szurek, who has had his mind and outlook expanded with the aid of drugs (and goes on about this for three full, unparagraphed pages) reviews a pair of John Macklin collections, Frank Edwards' Strangest of All, Strange Horizons (compiled from BORDERLINE magazine), and Brad Steiger's World of the Weird. (I find Hans Holzer superior to these, but I guess it all depends what you're looking for.) Can't really comment on the article or the fiction that follows because of partial illegibility. Chris Walker reviews several SF collections. Interesting offset art folio by REGilbert. LoC's. 51 pp. or so. If he gets his repro problems straightened out, he should do well.

CHECKPOINT #1, Apr. '69 (Peter Roberts, 87 West Town Lane, Bristol BS4 5DZ, U.K.) American agent: Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Rd., Ottawa 8, Ontario, Canada. Trade,

15¢, 4/50¢.) Fanzine reviewzine, 14 legal-size pages. Excellent in-depth reviews of some 15 fanzines from Australia, Britain, Germany, and the U.S.

PELF #7 (Dave Locke, 915 Mt. Olive Dr. #9, & Dave Hulan, 1005 Mt. Olive Dr. #10, Duarte, Cal., 91010. Contribs, LoC's, arranged trades. Sample copies, 10¢ in postage.) ATom cover; interior illos by ATom, Rotsler, Zuber, Kirk, etc. Dave introduces the contributors, and while he's at it, gives cognizance to his wife's contribution to his editorial achievements. The other Dave talks about such things as the tax burden of the single person, the internationalization of the Worldcon, his favorite writers (John Dickson Carr, Georgette Heyer, L. Sprague de Camp, Rex Stout, etc.), and promises the next issue of PELF to those who write in with a list of their favorites. (My own include such as George Bernard Shaw, Mary Renault, Nikos Kazantzakis, Harold Lamb, Kurt Vonnegut, Samuel Delany, Fritz Leiber, Isaac Bashevis Singer. Or how about Peter Beagle, Barbara Tuchman, Shirley Jackson, and would you believe Alexis Gilliland. I find them all entertaining and satisfying.)

Tina Hensel comes up with delightfully informative suggestions on "What to Do Until the Exorcist Comes". Rick Sneary has some comments on world conventions and distribution of the profits from same. Roy Tackett's topic is letterhacking, and he speaks with the voice of experience. Creath Thorne reports on the Univ. of Missouri and the SDS. Harry Warner, Jr. explains why he started to write a fan history (recently released by Advent). Mots from Bob Tucker; LoC's. 36 pp. Pleasant reading. Give it a try.

DOUBLE:BILL #20, June '69 (Bill Mallardi & Bill Bowers, 2345 Newton St., Akron, Ohio, 44305. Printed LoC's, contribs, trades (2 cys), 60¢ (except #21, which will be \$1). Art editor: Alex Eisenstein, 6424 N. Mozart Ave., Chicago, Ill., 60645. They're going offset.) Attractive Eddie Jones cover, Steve Fabian bacover. Eisenstein "2001" cartoons (nicely drawn but uninspired) preface the results to a D:B poll on the same subject. More than 400 of Mark Schulzinger's questionnaires were distributed, with 64 replies recieved and represented herein. First the question followed by poll results and comments from respondents; summation; conclusion; and assignment (I loved this last). Very well done, 'tho some of the comments were redundant. But then there were such statements as Connie Reich's "The starchild looked like the christchild looking for another Virgin." Listings of participants, age, educational level, occupation.

The peace march in New York last Easter is recounted sympathetically by Mike Deckinger. Movingly written, albeit the view is from one side. Book reviews by Richard Delap, Banks Mebane, and Allyn Brodsky. There is also a folio by Eddie Jones of characters from Jane Gaskell's Atlan.

Back in '63, the eds. came up with a poll of some 72 pro authors and editors on 10 questions -- the resulting mass totaling more than 100 pages (D:B #7, 8, and 9). Well, they've updated it with 16 additional authors who have made it within the last five years, and are putting it together into one volume, to be sold as The Double: Bill Symposium for \$1 (15% going to TAFF). A 5-page sampler is offered here, featuring comments by the later entrants. LoC's and poetry. 56 pp. Interesting stuff here. Recommended. ((Hey, Bill, where's our sub copy? --ed.))

# HONDSTARFER



SONS OF BACCHUS #1 (Donald D. Markstein, 2232 Wirth Pl., New Orleans, La., 70215. Trade, contrib, LoC, 30¢.) Ken Hafer, the

art editor, does the cover, numerous interior illos, and an article in praise of Andre Norton's Witchworld series. Don delves into the character of Captain Hook, revealing how Peter Pan really got the better of him. Reviews of books, fanzines, comics, and films. Pat Adkins casts an evil eye on encyclopediae.

Don's report on the New Orleans Nebula Award Banquet is entertaining and revealing, especially in the glimpses it provides of R.A. Lafferty. "The Freudian Pipe" is a delightful and instructive article by Justin Winston on meerschaums. Then there's Winston and Markstein on the Center of the Universe. Very nice. 31 pp. Nice light fun; certainly worth a try.

SANDWORM #7 (Bob Vardeman, PO Box 11352, Albuquerque, N.M., 87112. Contrib, LoC, 20¢ (50¢ for #8, proceeds donated to the Heicon bidding committee).) Some have it, some don't. SANDWORM does, and it's one of my favorites. Super-responsive to format critics, Bob lists all 22 of the fanzine's 34 pages in his Table of Contents. (What? Well, LoC's begin on p.22 and continue for another 12 pg. 22's.) This is not meant to imply that the pages in SANDWORM are in numerical order, but the pg.22's are.

Fast-paced editorial on Albuquerque's new psychedelic-type club, dirty poetry and UNM, Criswell Predicts, a local wine-tasting, etc. Roy Tackett looks at a pair of \$6 books, A Glass of Stars (stories by Robert F. Young) and Once and Future Tales, ed. by Edward Ferman (Harris-Wolfe & Co. The lead story is Thomas Burnett Swann's "The Manor of Roses" -- as Roytac puts it, "a guaranteed grabber"), preferring the latter. Paul Walker rereads the Foundation series by Asimov, and concludes that it has a fine plot but the writing is poor. (That's rather ironic. Nowadays I find that in the better sf -- with some exceptions, of course -- the writing is good but the plotting is poor.)

Darrell Schweitzer's doggerel is pretty poor, but the layout is lovely. However, David Malone's comments on Arthur C. Clarke's "The Star" are something else. Book reviews by Dean Koontz and Vardeman. Also, fanzine reviews. A highly entertaining LoColumn, including a horrendous pun fest with Ron Whittington (Aargh), and witty illos by such as George Foster, Jim Young, Doug Lovenstein (love that Luv), Alexis Gilliland, etc. More thruout. Great fun. (Ho, I found you out, Vardeman; there are two page 19's, and you only listed one.)

SPECULATION #22, April/May (Peter R. Weston, 31 Pinewall Ave., off Masshouse Lane, Kings Norton, Birmingham 30, U.K. 35¢, 3/£1 (currency, not cheques), trade, contrib.) Exciting Eddie Jones cover. The ed's SF Diary takes us from February thru April, including Eastercon, which he dubs "one of the most successful of all British conventions," despite the GoH speech. David Redd is entertainingly instructive as he offers some hints as to the mechanics of writing sf. Harlan Ellison's Dangerous Visions collection is reviewed in depth by Pamela and Ken Bulmer. Very well done. A winning commentary on the sf scene emanates from Chris Priest in suburbia.

Along the Critical Front, excellent reviews of Thomas Disch's Under Compulsion (a short story collection), Fritz Leiber's A Specter Is Haunting Texas, Report from Iron Mountain (on the Possibility and Desirability of Peace) "introduced" by Leonard C. Lewin, and Keith Roberts' Pavane come from David Pringle, Brian Stapleford (most insightful), Tony Sudbury, and Graham Hall, respectively. Also, capsule opinions, #25 of which is Jack Marsh's rollicking glimpse of Ted White's Spawn of the Death Machine. Quickie reviews commend Robert Silverberg's The Anvil of Time, Larry Niven's Neutron Star, Intangibles Inc. & Other Stories by Brian Aldiss, and John Boyd's The Last Starship from Earth. LoC's. Illos by Gaughan, Yates, and Latto. 32 pp. Recommended, esp. for sercon fans.

A very brief note. Bob Tucker raises the question: "Why, when no HAL-9000 has ever made a mistake or malfunctioned, are there big red lights saying COMPUTER MALFUNCTION on board ship?" ##### The answer is obvious. The men in cold storage were obviously packed in off-the-shelf hardware, since the ship was built in a hurry. This off-the-shelf hardware was intended for use with cheaper computers which did malfunction from time to time. Hence, it had the COMPUTER MALFUNCTION lights operative, since it would be quicker and cheaper to have them working than to disconnect them.

-- Alexis Gilliland

## FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK: Lettercolumn

Mark Owings, 2486 Elm Place, Bronx, N.Y., 10458

(Midsummer Night, 1969)

Bob Jones might be interested to know that a West Coast sex-novel publisher, Corinth, put out six volumes of reprints from the horror pulps about 2½ years ago. The first three were the three Dr. Death novels, the other three (Stories from Dr. Death and Terror Tales 1 and 2) were anthologies. They were terribly -- no, abominably -- distributed.

There is, by the way, a thing in the WSFA Library's fanzine file called MACABRE INDEX that lists a lot of the magazines.

Any science fiction reader who read WEIRD TALES knew before May, 1940 that women were built differently from men; the Margaret Brundage covers made it obvious. In fact, by that time, Earle K. Bergey was pointing it out.

I think, but am not certain, that "The Night of the Pundly" is "Good Night, Mr. James."

As far as duplicating Tuck's "Authors' Works Listings" goes, I don't really plan to let it bother me. I've never seen the bloody things, so I think it exceedingly unlikely that any large percentage of TWJ's readership would have them. They've definitely been O.P. for five years, and I think more like eight.

The only ones I can think of I'd avoid because of published bibliographies would be Sturgeon, Bradbury, Asimov, Leiber, J.R. Fearn, Zelazny, Aldiss, Lovecraft, Howard, C.A. Smith, and maybe Andre Norton. (The last was in an obscure fanzine about five years ago.)

Hank Stine, % SFWA

(Undated)

It is one thing for a "fan" reviewer to express his dislike of a book (even if that expression IS in hysterically bad taste, as is all too often the case with Mr. Mebane), but for anyone to perpetrate such a piece of juvenile mud-slinging as "Bug Duke Jackson" is an affront both to all serious writers and to all men of good taste and will. This piece of crap -- the obvious mouthings of an unruly whelp: i.e., s.o.b. -- is the kind of bad-mannered bravado one has come to expect of the more brazen snots in fandom lately.

Yet it is exactly this kind of fan, who, when an author is unable to extend himself for some secondary matter, like a convention or an auction, denounces authors as uncooperative and unappreciative. That you should have seen fit to print it must inevitable lower you in the eyes of any professional. Further, the piece is neither adequate satire, nor adequate humor. I hope your policy will not include such matter in the future.

Robert Bloch, Los Angeles, California

(4 Aug 69)

... Just a note to thank you for TWJ #67 with its wealth of goodies. But no wonder, with that staff lineup! Apparently all you need to round it out is an Italian of Swedish descent who teaches bio-chemistry and practices psychology as a hobby. In other words, a sort of gentile Isaac Asimov. (No offense to Ike, whom I like to think of as the Jewish Arthur C. Clarke.) What impresses me about the JOURNAL is that within its pages, New Wave and Old seem to enjoy a fairly peaceful coexistence; one is never put down at the expense of the other -- at least not this time around. And I feel that's a good thing for the field.

Dennis Lien, %Graduate English Dept., Univ. of Arizona, Tucson, Ariz., 85700 (16/8/69)

TWJ #67 is at hand. ... A strange, or not so strange, mixture of (to me) the very interesting and the utterly non-interesting. That the former category is the larger can be seen by my willingness to LoC when I should be running around buying a corsage or whatever. ((His wedding was only a week away. Congratulations! --ed.))

Clearly in that first category is Bob Jones on what he calls the "weird menace" magazines. Considering the number of issues of this sort printed in the pulp days, sheer chance must have produced some good stories among the crud that seems to have been their staple. Nobody else seems to be very interested in digging through the

swine droppings in search of such pearls (or semi-precious stones, anyway), so an article like this is quite welcome. (I had about seventy copies of TERROR TALES, HORROR STORIES, etc. last summer, but sold them just weeks after obtaining them without even opening most of them. I'm glad Jones doesn't find too many good stories, or I'd feel as though I missed out on something.)

Two quibbles: I can't find a story by John Hawkins anywhere in ASTOUNDING, nor does Day list any. And nobody wrote novels "for" FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES. (Oh, I love to pick nits.) I'd like to see more by Jones on this subject. Does anyone know if the more recent sex and sadism magazine, WEB TERROR TALES, ever published anything readable?

I suspect that Michael T. Shoemaker is going to wind up with about five ballots, but I'll send him one anyway. And I don't even much like Simak....

The Mebane reviews also qualify as I for Interesting, and might be even more so if I read NEW WORLDS. (Or, I suppose, might be less so. No comment possible, anyway.)

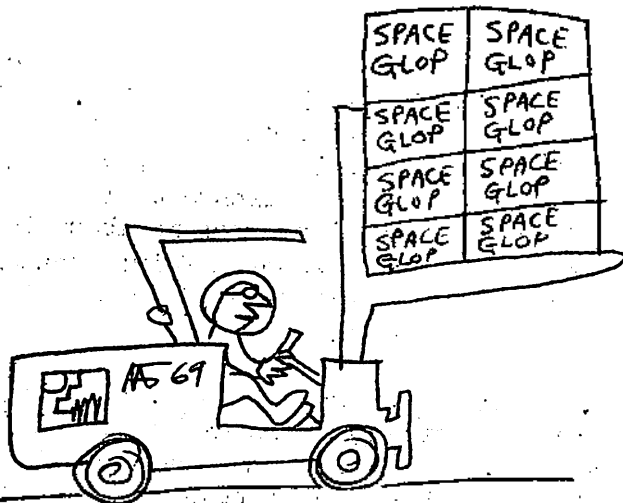
Ah, good. "The Electric Bibliograph" this issue does the job on Chad Oliver, who has not already been bibliographed by Don Tuck. Of course, Oliver was bibliographed by William Nolan in 3 to the Highest Power (Avon) just last year, along with Bradbury and Sturgeon, who had previously been bibliographed in F&SF, which also did the job on Asimov, previously bibliographed by Tuck. With all the reasonably prolific authors of the last few decades, it's disconcerting to watch the relatively few bibliographers stomping all over each other's sandboxes, but so be it. (Anyway, I much prefer the alphabetical arrangement of Owings and Tuck to the chronological one of Nolan and Moskowitz in F&SF.) One addition strikes my eye: the collaborative "The Guests of Chance" was reprinted in a Charles Beaumont collection, Night Ride and Other Journeys (Bantam, 1960). After a more lengthy once-over for a third time and double-check against Nolan, I come up with: an addition -- "Just Like a Man" (FANTASTIC, July 1966) -- and some unnoticed reprintings: "Guardian Spirit" in 3 to the Highest Power as "The Marginal Man"; "Hardly Worth Mentioning" in the March, 1966 FANTASTIC; "The Space Horde" in the fourth issue of MOST THRILLING SCIENCE FICTION EVER TOLD OR SO THEY CLAIM; and an entry would be needed for "The Marginal Man" -- See "Guardian Spirit".

Jakes' Brak the Barbarian Versus the Sorceress is apparently a reprint of the first Brak serial in FANTASTIC, "Witch of the Four Winds", November and December, 1963. (I remember the Manworm from the blurbs -- never read the story -- not much of a Brak fan.) So apparently Scarletjaw precedes Doomdog, whoever he is (which came first, the Scarletjaw or the Doomdog, and how many demons can dance on the head of an inverted cross? -- questions to ponder, if not necessarily to answer). Then there's MARVEL COMICS' Lockjaw....

Bob Brown's letter: The television commercial he mentions may have been continued at the request

of the actor's widow; at any rate, I noticed a squib in the paper the other day about how that commercial had inspired her to quit smoking and to urge others to do so.

Bob Vardeman's letter: Hugo-winning fantasy besides Bloch's "That Hellbound Train" -- the only other one, really, is Leiber's "Gonna Roll Them Bones" of last year. AMRA has, of course, won a couple fanzine Hugos, but the attraction here may be more in the artwork than in the sword-and-sorcery slant of the material. (Come to think of it, count it anyway; it's fantasy artwork.) Some fantasy contenders of recent years that didn't make it: "Scylla's Daughter" (Leiber) in 1962; Sylva (Ver-cors), "Where Is the Bird of Fire?" (Swann), "Myrrha" (Jennings), "The Unholy Grail"





(Leiber), and the movie "Burn, Witch, Burn!" (Leiber's Conjure Wife), all in 1963; Glory Road and Witch World (Heinlein, Norton), if they qualify, in 1964; the movie "7 Faces of Dr. Lao" in 1965; "Stardock" (Leiber) and The Lord of the Rings (in the all-time category) in 1966; Too Many Magicians (Garrett) and Day of the Minotaur (Swann) plus "The Manor of Roses" (Swann) and maybe others in 1967 (I haven't read several of the nominees); and "Wizard's World" (Norton) last year; plus, this year, Goblin Reservation (I suppose) and the movies "Rosemary's Baby" and "Yellow Submarine". And maybe "Fallout" (I haven't seen it). There seem to be enough fantasy fans nominating to get a fair amount of fantasy on the final ballot each year, but not enough to give it the final push. Strange. (And note that the two fantasy stories which have won were contact-with-the-devil stories.)

The various club minutes were enjoyed; sort of like fannish voyeurism. I would send you minutes from the Tucson SF Club, but there isn't any. In fact, the only other Fan in town moved away last year without my ever meeting him. He was supporting Boston in '71, so you probably wouldn't want to hear about him anyway. ((Just came across another Tucson fan this past summer -- Phil Pritchard -- but he just came East to go to Harvard this September.... --ed.))

This tended to be a pretty bibliographic LOC, didn't it? But the Rosman and Vardeman articles left me cold -- not my thing -- and the other pieces that left me warm didn't seem to offer comment hooks. So I wind up offering names and dates instead. That and a sneaky plug for -- Minneapolis in '73.

Sandra Miesel, 4365 Declaration Drive, Indianapolis, Ind., 46227. (20 Aug 69)

... Peter Weston criticizes the invented countries in Stand on Zanzibar. Brunner also set The Squares of the City in a fictitious locale. Such creations certainly simplify the author's task -- how could he have made a meaningful extrapolation from contemporary Indonesia or Togo? I don't think this license spoils the book. Could any of your readers tell me the derivation of "shiggy" in SoZ? I figured out the rest of his slang but this puzzles me. (N.B. Brunner's given derivation of "whaledreck" is a hoax.) My mother suggested it might come from "sheila", a British term for "girl", but this seems too innocent.

Mark Oving's bibliographies are really a useful service. We thought we had all Chad Oliver's books until we read Oving's list in #67. Suggestion: could Mark do deceased or retired authors of note, like H. Beam Piper or Walter Miller?

Readers determined to fully understand Nova might find Jessie L. Weston's From Ritual to Romance (pb, Anchor, 1957) helpful. Alexis Gilliland's interpretations of Katin and Mouse as two sides of Delany himself is particularly interesting. I had been content with Judith Merrill's view of these characters plus Lorq as three faces of a Delanyesque Hero. Of course, one would expect a writer to be on intimate terms with his archtypes. And as for the mysterious toe motif -- Alexis, did you notice the agile toes of the cycle gang in "Lines of Power"?

Many people have pointed out the Heinlein influence on Rites of Passage, but has anyone noticed the Georgette Heyer flavor of Starwell? The social structure, customs, diction, etc. fit her favorite periods. Starwell could just as easily have been some eighteenth-century gambling hell. And Panshin is known to be an avid Heyer fan. The Thurb Revolution, of course, spoofs fandom -- complete with a version of the famous Ellison-Asimov confrontation.

Even without knowing any of the participants, those minutes of WSFA meetings seemed so funny! (But maybe I have a queer sense of humor.) Are there any theories why cats seem to be the preferred pet in fandom? Challenge: Let someone write a New Wave story in club-minutes format. ((O.k. You heard the young lady -- get cracking, you budding young writers! (Or maybe a story on why cats and fandom go hand-in-hand?) --ed.))

Richard Delap, 532 S. Market, Wichita, Kansas, 67202. (24 Aug '69)

Did DELL really send back the JOURNAL with a rejection slip?? I think that's the funniest thing I ever heard of!...though rather frightening for any authors who worry overmuch about how closely their manuscripts are read.



... Halterman's book reviews are beginning to disturb me. I'm getting a little tired of his telling me he can't figure out why he bothered to read such-and-such a book; if he doesn't like it, he should simply say so and cut the hog-wash of self-incrimination. Also, I question his clarity when I read lines like: "It is an excellent adventure story, well written, but not really great." (underlinings mine). Now just what the hell is that supposed to mean? Halterman, understand, isn't that bad a reviewer; he just isn't careful enough about how he writes them up. Some strict editorial acumen might clear this up. . . .

Avram Davidson, Novato, Calif.

(7 Aug 69)

Thank you for your kindness in sending me THE WSFA JOURNAL No. 65, which has reached me at last after a perigrination through several countries, and which I appreciated in all its parts...including the fare for the 1969 SFWA Nebula Awards Banquet (East Coast)...which I could not attend. I have always appreciated Gertrude Stein's grapple about novelists who "always tell you that the people in the books ate but they never tell you what they ate"! I appreciated Robert Moore Williams's article without necessarily agreeing with it in toto. In connection with Bob Rozman's "Physical Medicine In Science Fiction", I suggest he not forget a novel of Ward Moore's serialized in either AMAZING or FANTASTIC during the 50's, the title of which I can't remember; the setting was a future in which the medical profession has established a dictatorship. And I diffidently suggest my own "Up the Close and Down the Stair", F&SF later 50's; also Ted Sturgeon's "Children of the Comedian" in the old VENTURE.

In David Halterman's appraisal of my The Phoenix and the Mirror one is indeed pleased to discern a reviewer who knows the field (and a rather special one) of the novel reviewed; in fact, I would greatly appreciate his accepting the burden of passing on to me any bibliographical data relating to that area which he can conveniently do.

As a footnote to Mrs. Doll Gilliland's review of THE NEW MILLENNIAL HARBINGER #1 ("...the chap who published the original MILLENNIAL HARBINGER more than a century ago, one Alexander Campbell...(founder of the) Disciples or Churches of Christ..."), it may not be universally known that Karen (Mrs. Poul) Anderson is Alexander Campbell's great-great-granddaughter, wow.

#### In Brief --

We had planned a couple of more pages (at least) in this issue, but the new TWJ news supplement, SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL, ran four pages longer than originally planned.

All JOURNAL subscribers and WSFA Regular and Life members will receive issue #1 of SOTWJ with this issue of the JOURNAL. Future issues will be sent out as follows: To WSFA Regular and Life members -- will be distributed at WSFA meetings, and mailed 2 issues at a time with the bi-monthly 3rd-class WSFA JOURNAL. Members who can't attend meetings but would like to receive SOTWJ as published, via 1st-class mail, may do so by payment of 40¢ for 6 issues, or 75¢ for 12 issues. TWJ Subscribers -- will be free to all subbers if either picked up a WSFA meetings or mailed, 2 at a time, with the bi-monthly 3rd-class TWJ. Or you may receive SOTWJ monthly, as published, via 1st-class mail, at the rate of 6/40¢ or 12/75¢. Others may receive SOTWJ monthly, via 1st-class mail as published, for 6/75¢, or 12/\$1.50. Air-mail rates for U.S. or overseas will be provided upon request. SOTWJ will also be available through the various TWJ Overseas Agents.

Note that the datable "news" type material, such as club & con news, book news, etc., has been pulled from the slower TWJ and is now appearing in SOTWJ.

This issue of TWJ, and issue #1 of SOTWJ, were both scheduled for the 3rd Fri. in Sept. However, the eye inflammation which plagued us this past spring has returned, and has again thrown us way off our publishing schedules. As a result, both these 'zines will not appear until the 1st Friday in Oct. The next issue of SOTWJ is due out the 3rd Fri. in Oct., and the following issue of SOTWJ and the next issue of TWJ are due out the 3rd Fri. in Nov. We hope to be able to meet these schedules.

-- DLM



