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Cecilia Grim Smith (6, 37), Derek Carter (9), Bob Jones (12, 13), Connie Reich
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101), Jack Gaughan (25, 43, 58, 82, 87, 90, 93), Bill Rotsler (31, 46, 49, 52,
76, 85, 102); all stencilled by Gilliland but (12) and (13), which were by Jones.

In Brief --

Quoth the Editor, "Nevermore" (will we put out an issue as big as this one)....

Actually, this issue got too big, and we had to pull back quite a few stencils
which we had already typed (like half the Fiction section); if you sent something
for the Disclave issue, and it isn't in here, look for it in TWJ #72.

SOTWJ's 6 and 7 will be with this issue for SOTWJ 3rd-class mail subbers.

The installment of "The Electric Bibliograph" meant for this issue is instead ap-
pearing in the DISCLAVE PROGRAM BOOK (will be distributed with this to TWJ subbers).

-- DLM

A SNAKE OF A DIFFERENT COLOR

by

Thomas Burnett Swann

Mary Renault opens her latest novel, Fire from Heaven, with a scene in which Alexander, age six and not yet the Great, is visited in his bed by his mother's pet snake. The little boy lovingly welcomes the creature and then returns him to the bed of his mother, Olympia. He is not in the least afraid and neither is Olympia, who cultivates snakes for use in her occult rites and also quite simply because she likes them. Such a scene is almost unimaginable in most modern, Western countries, particularly the United States. Some little American boys still keep snakes as pets, but the mothers who keep them in their beds are likely to be thought perverse if not psychotic. We are taught to fear snakes at an early age, and our abhorrence extends to the non-poisonous as well as the poisonous and is based on much more than the potential threat of fangs and venom. For this fear which amounts to phobia, several explanations have been suggested by psychologists.

That snakes frighten because they are ugly. But what exactly constitutes ugliness? Lidless eyes and leathery, mottled skin? Some toads and fish have similar eyes and skin; some are poisonous; and yet they are not considered ugly -- many are even considered quaint -- and they are often reproduced as ash trays or bric-a-brac, in copper, china, or plaster. Rarely, however, does a snake find his way into the decor of a modern American home. In the case of snakes, it would seem, ugliness lies in the eye of the beholder.

That snakes frighten because they are phallic symbols. Certain Freudian psychologists are fond of this theory, and the phallic shape of the snake is incontestable and has been recognized at least since the time of the Babylonians. But why should a creature be feared because he resembles the badge of a man's virility, of his power to perpetuate the race? In these sexually emancipated times, men, one would think, would view him with pride; women with pleasure or anticipation. Other phallic symbols, we are told by the same psychologists, are subtly appealing. Prominent headlights on a car resemble a woman's breasts and appeal to men. Coca Cola bottles and candlesticks resemble the male phallus and appeal to women. If we are going to accept bottles and candles as phallic and therefore exciting, it seems a little inconsistent to maintain that the snake terrifies because he too resembles a phallus. More logically, he terrifies in spite of his resemblance.

That the snake frightens because of his sinister role in the Bible. Here at last is a plausible explanation. In Genesis, the snake appears as Satan, the tempter of Eve and violator of Eden, and he is damned by God to wriggle ignobly in the grass and be eternally loathed and trodden by man's heel. What factors led the anonymous author or authors of Genesis to cast the snake in such an unflattering role are undiscoverable. Perhaps the author, in his desert wanderings, encountered a particularly insidious viper and lacked acquaintance with the less harmful members of the species. At any rate, the snake is satanically depicted, and nations with a Biblical heritage have perpetuated this tradition, and their writers have enriched it with such tales as the one about St. Patrick freeing Ireland of snakes, as if he had performed a miraculous boon, or resented but still recognized it, like D.H. Lawrence in his poem "Snake", where he tells of an encounter while visiting at Taormina on the island of Sicily. It seems that he came to his water trough in the early morning and found a snake ahead of him. He remembered the old Greek view of the snake as one of the lords of life, but at the same time the modern view, the Biblical view, made him afraid, and he hurled a log at the fellow and then felt that he had something to expiate: a pettiness.

Alexander and Olympia were troubled by no such qualms. They knew that their snake was not poisonous, therefore they felt him to be friendly, and they were typical of their country and time. Greek housewives, whether Olympia, who was a Macedonian queen, or the lowliest peasant, encouraged snakes to dwell in their homes and even called them the "Luck of the House". There was a large and very sacrosanct snake who dwelt on the Athenian acropolis and, disdainful of foreign invaders who might not appreciate his position, vanished into the ground, never to reappear, before the Persians captured the city. He was so incensed at the threat to his sanctuary that he refused his final offering of cake, and the priestess who officiated over his cult had to be summoned before the people by Themistokles to explain his disappearance.

In the early days of ancient Greek religion, the supreme deity, Zeus, was often worshipped under the form of a snake, and in classical times the god Agathodaemon, the Good Spirit of the countryside, was represented sometimes as a beautiful youth holding a cornucopia and sometimes as a snake, and offerings of milk and wine were poured to him at meal time. The Greek appreciation of masculine beauty is known to every student of sculpture or history, and the fact that the Greeks could imagine one of their gods in such a metamorphosis suggests the esteem in which they held the snake. Agathodaemon was not, like a werewolf, a man who descended to the shape of a beast. Rather, he was equally august and benign, equally worshipful, as either a youth or a snake.



Why did the Greeks accord such honors to such a -- to us -- lowly fellow? For one thing, the way he issued mysteriously out of the earth reminded them of the mysterious growth of vegetation -- an issuing forth of life from inert rocks and clay. He became associated with the fertility of the fields, of the vines and the olive trees. Perhaps they remembered how their southern ancestors, the Minoan Cretans, had portrayed their Earth Mother with snakes twined about her arms and wreathing her bare breasts.

But the clear-eyed Greeks prized the snake primarily because they saw him not for what he symbolized but for what he was. The most adaptable of races, they could admire this most adaptable of animals: a being at perfect ease with his surroundings. Valiant in defense, but quick in flight when defense was useless; agile and yes, even beautiful, to one who takes the time to notice the intricate markings on his skin, his effortless-seeming motion, the grace of his coils. He chooses a rock and drowzes in the sun, but he is also at home in the damp, cavernous earth. He loves the countryside, but if you feed him milk, he will love your house, your chair, your bed. Like a cat, he is self-sufficient but sometimes willing to be coaxed. Thus, we find cat-goddesses in Egypt and snake-gods in Greece.

It is high time to forget about Satan and rehabilitate the snake. Too many heels have trodden too many heads. Not even an ancient Greek, if he could be re-incarnated into the modern world, would recommend that we keep rattlesnakes in the living room or take coral snakes to bed with us. But the driver who goes out of his way to run over a snake, any snake, whether he knows it to be poisonous or not, and the farmer who is too ready with his hoe, are guilty of worse than a pettiness; they are guilty of a small murder. Let them beware of the Eumenides. The hair of those redoubtable ladies consisted of writhing snakes, and not the friendly kind.

WATER FROM THE SEA: CHAPTER 20,172
by Alexis Gilliland

It is an observed fact that when one is obliged to solve a problem, one relies on what one has.

Thus, having a large budget doesn't necessarily mean that one will spend money instead of thinking...it only happens a lot. For example, in the '50's, the Federal Government spent \$500,000,000 on the solvent extraction method for de-salting sea water. They worked and worked and finally gave up, having unimaginatively studied various organic amines which couldn't readily be recovered for reuse.

Dr.

Leon Lazare, working with two associates in a converted garage, on his own money plus a small grant from the Regional Development Laboratory in Philadelphia, has come up with the Puraq system. His solvent is a low molecular-weight (2,500-10,000) plastic which removes most of the salt and is then centrifuged out, salt and all. The brackish ex-seawater is distilled to potable water in a much smaller still than that required to distill sea water, and the solvent is recovered (elsewhere), with a contamination loss reported to be 10 parts per billion. If the solvent cost \$1.00/lb., this means that 1,000 gallons of potable water would contain \$0.003-worth.

The cost comparison, furnished by Dr. Lazare after a computer study, shows Puraq producing 33¢/1,000 gallons of water in a 10-million gal./day plant that cost \$6.2 million, vs 55¢/1,000 gal. water in a 10-million gal./day multistage flash distillation plant costing \$9.5 million.

Pollution-wise, such a plant would convert 40 million gallons of sea water at 3.5% salt into 10 million gallons of drinking water and 30 million gallons of 4.8% brine.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL ODDITIES

by Phyllis K. Berg

Occasionally items are found in archaeology and related fields which seem to have unusual or unexpected features. It is not always easy to find further discussion of these items, especially for those of us who find it difficult to get to research libraries. Here are a few instances of reported discoveries which seem to merit further investigation.

The Disc of Phaestos --

According to Lost Languages by P.E. Cleator, an inscribed terra-cotta disc about six inches in diameter was discovered at Phaestos, in Crete, in 1908. Each face of the disc bears pictographic marking divided by vertical lines into sections, apparently words. These "words" follow the path of a spiral, made up of five coils. Although some of the pictures bear a resemblance to symbols in other Cretan scripts, most of the forms are different and appear to represent a separate development. An unusual feature of the disc is that the individual characters were not incised, but appear to be stamped on the disc with the aid of movable type. Stratigraphical evidence suggested that the find could be dated about 1700 B.C.

(My Encyclopedia Americana states that: "Printing from movable type is of comparatively modern origin, it being less than 500 years since the first book was issued from the press; yet the principles on which it was ultimately developed existed among the ancient Assyrian nations. Printing from blocks and clay tablets was practised in China as early as 50 B.C." -- P.K.B.)

Aluminum in Ancient Times --

The magazine HORIZONS, No. 89 of October, 1958, states that: "The method of spectral analysis has recently been employed by the Institute of Applied Physics of the Chinese Academy of Science to examine a girdle with openwork ornaments, 1,600 years old, found buried along with a lot of other objects in the tomb of the famous Tsin General, Chou Chou, who lived about A.D. 265-316. It appears that the metal in this girdle was composed of 85 per cent aluminum, 10 per cent copper and 5 per cent manganese."

Now, although aluminum is found in many places on the earth, it is difficult to extract. The only method known today of extracting aluminum from bauxite, namely by electrolysis, has only been in use since 1808. The fact that Chinese technicians were able 1,600 years ago to extract aluminum from such a bauxite is therefore an important discovery in the history of metallurgy.

Platinum in South America --

J. Alden Mason, in his book The Ancient Civilizations of Peru, briefly discusses metallurgy in the Andean region. He mentions that even platinum was worked in southern Colombia and Ecuador, though he gives no dates. However, he does say that in Peru goldsmithing had already reached a high technical and artistic plane, including the manufacture of bimetallic objects, in the Chavin period (which was about 500 to 850 B.C.). Ornaments of platinum, discovered in Ecuador, astounded and intrigued modern metallurgists. (The melting point of platinum, about 1770°C, or 3218°F, is beyond the capabilities of primitive furnaces.) The tiny beads and other ornaments appear to be pure platinum, but small grains of platinum were mixed with a little gold dust. The gold melted under heat, soldering or welding the platinum grains together.

(Would this alloy appear to be pure platinum and "astound and intrigue" modern metallurgists? Or is this an explanation of how it might have been possible, in accordance with our present knowledge of the area, for the prehistoric peoples of the Andean regions to work platinum? -- P.K.B.)

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REACTION IMAGES

by
Sandra Miesel

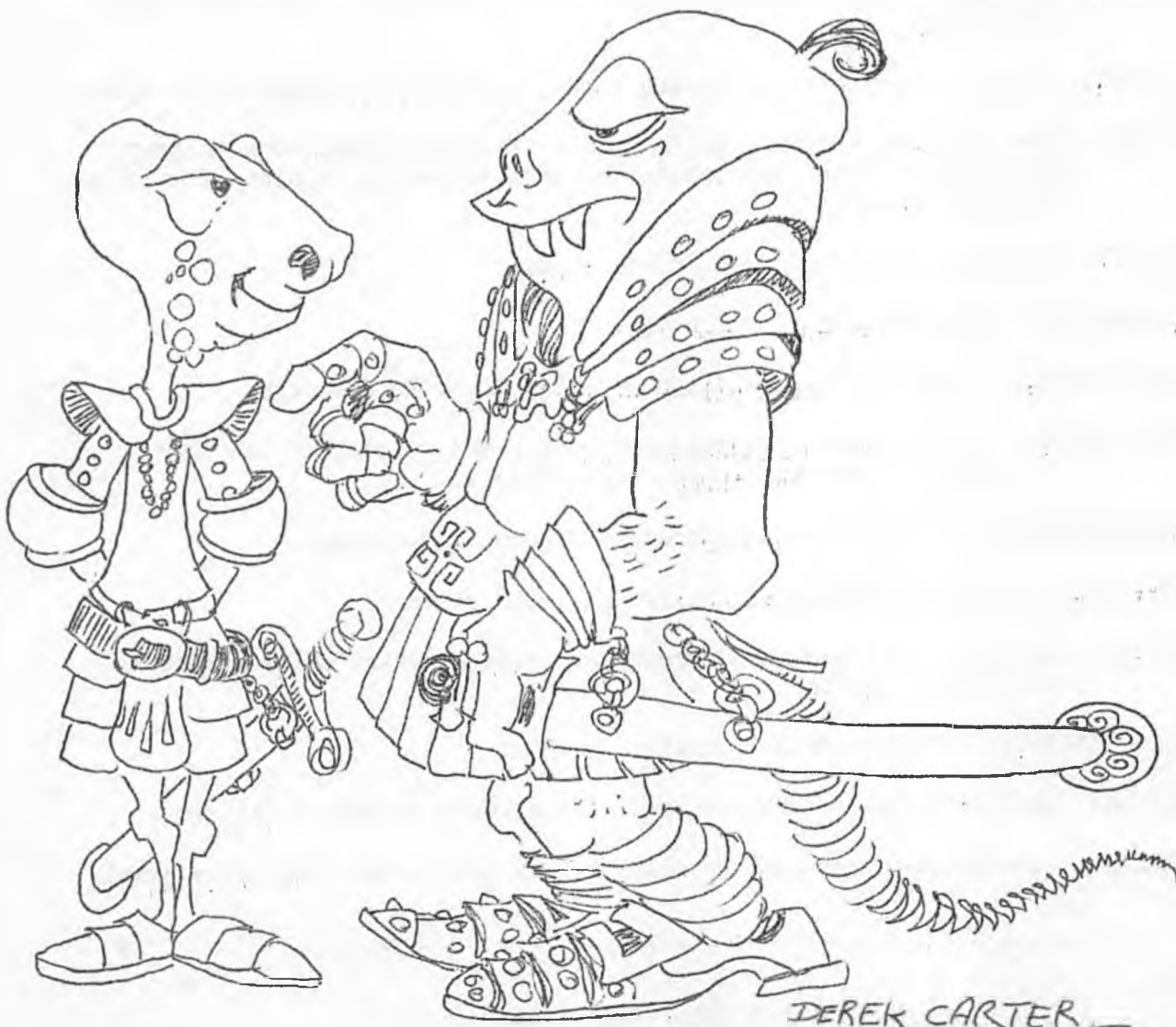
Here are sensory impressions summarizing my emotional response to some SF writers' work -- not to the authors themselves, which would require quite different images. These are not value judgments, nor are they reducible to any sort of rational explanation. Swing along with my metaphors and compare them with your own.

POUL ANDERSON: The wind eddying around a monumental cliff carving, done in high relief.

J.G. BALLARD: Towers of varicolored quartz lacework.

PETER S. BEAGLE: Hand-blown crystal globules, some clear, some frosted, all as thin as soap-bubbles.

RAY BRADBURY: Flecks of gold suspended in dilute honey; the fragrance of an old-fashioned garden in July.



EDMUND COOPER: Lighted candles in a pyramidal candelabrum.

AVRAM DAVIDSON: Flickers and flashes of polished bronze spinning in the sun.

SAMUEL R. DELANY: A walk through a dark, fantastic mahogany rainforest that swarms with iridescent flora and fauna and enjoys a constant ideal temperature.

PHILIP K. DICK: The component images in a color photograph of a human face separated, enlarged, and hung side-by-side to form a cyclorama.

HARLAN ELLISON: Although no single image can encompass all his work (hand-crafted hand grenades? animations of Hieronymus Bosch in darker colors than the originals?), "Repent, Harlequin..." is an impressionistic watercolor cityscape, all in shades of blue.

URSULA K. LEGUIN: The carved pillars of a royal meadhall -- smooth, dark, and mysterious with immense age.

R.A. LAFFERTY: Shattered stained glass windows, reconstructed as a jumble of glory.

FRITZ LEIBER: A whole seaman's manual of knots, not of rope but of ivory, amber, and ebony.

ANDRE NORTON: Moonlight on worn old paving stones and darkness palpable as velvet.

JOANNA RUSS: The view from inside a cat's cradle of fine, closely-spaced grey silk threads which constitute the three-dimensional plot of a mathematical function.

JAMES SALLIS: Whispers, fog, and rain on the wind.

JAMES H. SCHMITZ: Lavender-and-silver opals.

ROBERT SILVERBERG: Warm, moist, and pliant -- like flesh in the dark.

CORDWAINER SMITH: If fireworks exploded with music, and we could watch them through more than three dimensions....

THOMAS BURNETT SWANN: Multicolored blossoms of enamel and vermeil.

J.R.R. TOLKIEN: A splendid medieval chalice of solid silver.

JACK VANCE: Precious stones scattered broadcast across a stark white desert of powdered sea shells.

MANLY WADE WELLMAN: Morning dew on a rolling meadow.

KATE WILHELM: The tidiness and austere beauty of a restored Shaker village,

ROGER ZELAZNY: The tinted, unnaturally clear sights inside the heart of a jewel.

QUOTH THE RAVEN, "EVERMORE,
SHOULD YE VOTE FOR D.C. IN '74!"

The Thrill Book

THE PULP SCENE

By Bob Jones

Part I -- A NEW MAGAZINE OF WEIRD ADVENTURES

Of all the magazines printing science fiction and fantasy, THE THRILL BOOK may well be the most unfamiliar, and, at the same time, the one most in demand among collectors today. Stories from this estimable source are not readily found in anthologies, nor have they been reprinted to any extent elsewhere. Except for Francis Stevens' Heads of Cerberus, I don't believe there were any other generally-accepted classics. Much of the material was mild, although it made for pleasant reading. The covers were bland. But of course, in those days (1919), pulp covers were not the lurid eye-catchers of later years.

Yet despite its unprepossessing appearance, THE THRILL BOOK (hereafter referred to as TTB) is a much-sought periodical. Copies bring fifty dollars and more...and that's not just for the first or second issues, either. It is not unusual, of course, for a magazine dealing in the off-trail type of story to gain a prestige and command high second-hand prices. WEIRD TALES, for instance, enjoys a similar reputation, with copies rising in price each year. But I imagine that a complete set of TTB would cost more, on an issue-average, than any other pulp. Boosted far beyond its legitimate inflationary value, the magazine is hardly worth the cost of collecting today, I would say. But this doesn't mean that it's not worth the effort of reading, if you have the chance. In its sixteen issues, it attained a high degree of competency, both in story-telling and editorial direction. There is a flavor there. Coming so soon after the turn of the century, TTB has a quaintness that is part of its charm to the present-day reader. At the same time, many of the stories are as modern now as when first written. (Well, how often have you heard that old cliché? It's a handy one to have around for situations like this -- particularly when true.)

Among the authors appearing in TTB, some had already gained a reputation for themselves elsewhere -- and others were just getting started. Murray Leinster, Seabury Quinn, Grege La Spina, H. Bedford-Jones, Tod Robbins -- these writers, who are household names in fantasy and science fiction circles today, turned in commendable efforts for TTB fifty years ago, as did many others less well-known. In this three-part series, we'll take a look at the writers and what they produced for the magazine that offered:

"Queer psychological phenomena, mystic demonstrations, weird adventures in the air--and things that men feel but cannot explain."

Volume one, number one, appeared March 1, 1919, as a semi-monthly, headlined on the cover as "A Delightful Number of a New Type of Magazine". It was eight-by-twelve in size, larger than the usual pulp which measured seven-by-nine-and-a-half.

Cost was ten cents. In TTB's forty-eight pages were about 38,000 words -- roughly half that of an average pulp of the thirties. The publisher was Street and Smith, who, only a few years earlier, had begun promoting the sensational type of pulp story (that we all know and love) with the introduction of DETECTIVE STORY. Until that time, it had plugged along with such publications as AINSLEE'S, SMITH'S, and POPULAR. AINSLEE'S' notion of a provocative cover was a girl in a bathing suit.

Actually, the covers of TTB were not a great deal more exciting, as I've already noted. And most did not deal in supra-mundane subjects, either, as might be expected from a publication featuring imaginative fiction. However, the cover of the first issue did illustrate an other-worldly situation, taken from La Spina's "The Wolf of the Steppes". If there was a lack of stimulating visual art in front -- along with uninteresting sketches inside -- it certainly didn't inhibit the editor in back. The back covers were filled with inventive editorial elaborations. It was there that the editor eloquently -- and at great length -- explained what he

was doing and why. TTB early took the stand that the weird, fantastic story is "essentially fundamental in truth and plausibility". While this rationalizing proved nothing one way or the other, it did serve a purpose. The lines of communication were opened, making for a closer rapport between editor and reader. Before long, the editor was referring to TTB somewhat cryptically as the official publication of the World Wide Fiction Readers Club -- an organization, I suspect, made up of readers of the magazine and provided an ex-officio name gratuitously.



Harold Hersey edited the first eight issues, with co-editor Eugene A. Clancy. He promised "every kind of fiction, irrespective of whether it is logical or illogical, provided it is clean, interesting and really tells a story..." This emphasis on clean fiction, incidentally, was a Street and Smith stylization that cropped up repeatedly. For instance, among the super-hero titles, both Doc Savage and Dick Benson (The Avenger) later would point up the "clean" approach to crime-fighting by refusing to kill an evildoer.

Nick Carter, as another example, neither smoke, drank, nor swore -- although clean living didn't save him from getting bopped, bashed and beaten up. This compassion for the criminal (but not his victims), and frequent parading of the hero's sterling qualities undoubtedly were devices designed to bring out the finer sensitivities in the young reader.

In the first issue of TTB, then, appeared five stories, three of them (including a serial) fantastic, while another serial and story were adventure types. In addition, there were a poem and two departments: "Around the World" and "Soldiers and Sailors Personal Relief Section". The first department contained brief items about strange and inexplicable true events. It may well have been the inspiration for similar features in other pulps later. THRILLING MYSTERY, for one, had a sec-

tion called "Horror-Scopes", credited to Chakra (some mythical mystic, probably). This was one of the many "Thrilling" titles put out by Better Publications, publisher of the popular THE PHANTOM DETECTIVE, it may be recalled. The other department in TTB gave questions and answers for men coming out of the service. In an unsurprising pulp editorial bit of duplicity in a later issue, the following announcement was made: "It is gratifying to note here the unusual amount of praise we are receiving about our Soldiers and Sailors Personal Relief Section. Letters come in regularly from all parts of the world." Two issues later (July 15), the section was dropped. The moral: never take a pulp editor's word for anything.

The first story in the first issue was La Spina's fantasy, a well-told piece by a young authoress in, perhaps, her first appearance in print. In all, she wrote seven stories for TTB, four under her name and three under the pseudonym, Isra Putnam. In "The Wolf of the Steppes", an elderly doctor by the name of



Greeley slows his car when he hears a howling. A pretty woman rushes up and jumps in. She is so distraught, he takes her to his home. There, he and young Doctor Connors hear Vera Andrevik's story. (This technique of a story within a story was often used by TTB authors.) An animal has been menacing Vera, and she is sure it's connected with her guardian, Serge Vassilovitch. Both Serge and her father studied the occult arts. It was her father's belief that he could change into a wolf, an obsession that convinced him he had killed a child during such a metamorphosis. But Vera suspected Serge of the murder, after her father took his own life. Then Serge turned his attentions on Vera's mother. The attitude here is reminiscent of a Victorian story: the mother would rather kill herself than "fall into those evil hands". She was saved the trouble. A wolf killed her when she tried to escape. Connors is convinced that the nemesis is a werewolf. He and Greeley locate the creature and kill it. It immediately changes into Serge. So they must put the beast to final rest as a wolf.

Interestingly enough, no mention is made of the proverbial silver bullet. The problem is not in killing, but in exorcising the wolf's evil soul. Connors, who seems to have a very flexible attitude in matters of mysticism (for a doctor), draws two circles. He and Greeley get in one and keep the wolf in the other. They then pour a special powder on a fire in a brazier, calling three times on the spirit of evil. It is this scene that is depicted on the cover.

Fantasies such as this filled no more than about half the contents per issue. But that didn't stop the magazine from rhapsodizing about this type of fiction to the exclusion of the other material.

"In the weird, the bizarre, the fantastic type of story we go straight to the fundamentals whether we will or no. The story may remain gripping and interesting as a mere exercise of what a crashingly alive piece of fiction ought to be, but this new trend in human thought shakes our imagination down to the roots. There is no magazine today which so whole heartedly assumes this duty of supplying the demands of the people." Later, Hersey would go on record with the claim that TTB was "the first of the pulps to deal with fantasy..." He knew better. THE BLACK CAT, as an earlier article here explained, was featuring fantasy as early as 1895. And among the strictly pulp magazines, Munsey's dynamic duo, ALL-STORY and ARGOSY, were well-known fantasy and science fiction sources from the turn of the century on.

But while TTB didn't do anything that hadn't been done before, it should be recognized for its pioneering efforts in developing a fantasy-oriented audience. I doubt if any other magazines contained as much fantasy at the time as TTB; in this respect, the magazine may be considered a forerunner of WEIRD TALES and Bernarr Macfadden's GHOST STORIES.

Besides its fiction and departments, TTB interspersed short shorts and poetry in its issues. Typical of the first is Charles Fulton's two-page "The Thing That Wept" (April 15), about an ignorant farm boy apprenticed to his uncle, an undertaker. He answers the phone, hears a noise like the purring of a cat, and imagines that it's a dead man on the other end. The sound turns out to be the buzzing of a phone off the hook. Inconsequential, to be true, but again, indicative of the magazine's emphasis on the bizarre.

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"It seems that I enjoy a reputation as editor and publisher in the fantasy field far out of proportion to my just desserts. I failed miserably with the Thrill Book in 1919, a pulp that included many excellent pseudo-science yarns by Murray Leinster and others in its several issues, but which was not entirely devoted to this type of story."

Harold Hersey -- PULPWOOD EDITOR

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Then there were the poems by Hersey. He was a prolific author -- as a versifier. He not only appeared under his own name, but also under several nom de plumes: Roy Le Moyne, Seymour Le Moyne, C. Kiprooy, A. Tyson, and others. In one issue with seven poems, five were by Hersey. His "The Dummy and the Ventriloquist" (May 1) is about on a par with his other efforts. The ventriloquist loves his female dummy (in pedestrian iambic pentameter). "Her chatter merged with his, and twice, I know he struck her...it wasn't nice..." As is now apparent, the magazine liked poetry. It even featured a poetic series, about a goofy young inventor named Alpheus Bings: "Thrill Hound", by Ronald Oliphant (not Mr. Hersey this time).

Hersey wrote but two stories for TTB: "The Dead Book" (July 15), and the earlier "The Street Without a Name" (June 1). In the latter, Rawlinson refuses to marry a Chinese girl. Her father, angered by the insult, swears vengeance. Rawlinson understands his fate. "I shall disappear before their eyes -- fade into the ether of nothingness. They have known for centuries that the human body can be dissolved into many dimensions unseen by the human eye." While many of the concepts in the stories, such as this example, were as imaginative as any you'll find,

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they received a gentle treatment. There were no blood-curdling descriptions, no gruesome details; many a stout heart among the readers must have beat for richer nourishment.

As a pulp merchandiser, Hersey had an impressive background. Although he was involved in a variety of pulps, his career was not an outstanding success. He did not stay long with any title, so when I speak of lack of success, I mean in terms of what he is remembered for. Oddly enough, though, as far as TTB is concerned, he couldn't be more wrong than to call it a miserable failure. It was anything but. After his brief stint with TTB, he went to W.M. Clayton as head editor. Then he became supervisory editor with Macfadden Publications, co-founded and edited the Original Hersey Magazines: FLYING ACES, THE DRAGNET, UNDERWORLD MAGAZINE, MURDER STORIES and others; and published the Red and Blue Magazines: GANGSTER STORIES, RACKETEER STORIES, MOBS, DETECTIVE TRAILS, and MIRACLE STORIES SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY STORIES.

Getting back to TTB, the June 1 issue marked the beginning of a four-part serial by an interesting author. It was a spy-thriller called "Strasbourg Rose". But the background on the author, John R. Coryell, makes better reading, perhaps, than his story. Coryell was an old Street and Smith man -- in fact, he was a cousin of Ormand Smith, president of the company. It was a serial by him back in 1886 that led to one of the most popular detective series ever. At that time, he was writing for the company's NEW YORK WEEKLY, a newspaper that required not so much a strong stomach, but strong eyesight to carry you past its microscopic print. Coryell brought in a minor character -- none other than Nick Carter. He did nothing more with him, but went on to a vast output under the name, Bertha M. Clay. Nick was continued as a main character by an author with the Park Avenue name of Frederic Marmaduke Van Rensselaer Dey. Coryell's serial in TTB was his only appearance there, and perhaps his last.

While one master was bowing out, another was just beginning a long and productive career. Two issues later (May 1), young Seabury Grandin Quinn made possibly his first appearance, with "The Stone Image". It starts with a corny query: "Why is it, I wonder, that there must always be a rift in the lute, a fly in the ointment, a gnat in the ice-cream soda?" Soon, however, we meet a malignant force in the form of a hideous 200-pound statue, purchased by a young couple. Before long, it is apparent that the wife is succumbing to its evil emanations, while the husband grows to fear it. Then one morning he awakens, to find it reaching for him. A doctor friend arrives in time to save him. The story is noteworthy in one respect. The doctor who is introduced is named Dr. Towbridge, an obvious early incarnation of the Dr. Trowbridge of the ninety or so Jules de Grandin stories in WEIRD TALES.

For the first eight issues, TTB was issued in the large-size format, with from three to six stories each. Six different serials appeared during this time. A few were fantasies, like "Crawling Hands" by P.A. Connolly (May 15), a short two-parter reminiscent of Bulwer-Lytton's "Haunted and the Haunters", in which two disembodied spider-like hands menace a real estate agent in a mysterious house. Others were out-and-out adventures, with fantasy no more than an incidental element, such as J.C. Kofoed's "The Jeweled Ibis" (first issue), about Dave Hudson, the "strongest, bravest, luckiest dare-devil that sailed the seven seas", a vicious character named Cullen, and a beautiful girl in an Egyptian temple, who is brought back to life after centuries.

The magazine had made a promising beginning in volume one. The big drawback, though, was in the visual format. With no table of contents, you had to thumb through to find out what was inside. This was corrected beginning with issue # nine.

NEXT ISSUE: The THRILL BOOK'S New Look.

MUSINGS ON MARINER-OBSERVED MARTIAN MYSTERIES

by Bob Rozman

Professor Carl Sagan of Cornell raised some interesting and provocative points at this year's annual Science Fiction Writers of America Nebula Awards Banquet in New York. His topic: "Is there Life on Earth?", or "The Search for Life on Other Planets".

Two comments fascinated me. First, the radiation flux on the surface of Mars would be too intense to allow life as we know it to exist. This point has several facets. One is that some terrestrial fungi can tolerate enormous doses of gamma rays and x-rays. It is true that the levels of ultraviolet radiation which can be handled by these plants are much less, but armored mammals can handle large fluxes in the ultraviolet.

Another point -- most common glasses are quite opaque to ultraviolet. Perhaps an adaptive shell of glass might have evolved in Martian life. Whatever the case, the radiation, temperature and atmosphere conditions, and scarcity of unbound water would certainly seem to preclude higher forms of life as we know it. But how about exotic forms? Why should life have to develop only along pathways familiar to us? I don't think it has to. Energy utilization could conceivably have many bases other than those we know about.

Dr. Sagan raised another puzzle. When sunlight hits certain Martian pockets of presumably frozen material, some of the stuff doesn't evaporate, but seems to "grow". After the sunlight passes these craters, the frozen material recedes. I wonder, could this be an unrecognized organized rather complex life form Mariner is observing -- a form using direct sun energy to multiply and flourish? Dr. Sagan said the observations couldn't be explained. Maybe the wrong persons are trying to explain it, using simple molecules as models.

Someday, perhaps, we will find out if life does exist on Mars. If we do find it there, I bet we won't be able to recognize it readily.

((Bob's notes led to an interesting discussion a few days ago concerning carbon-based vs non-carbon-based life. Perhaps Bob will go into this in a future issue of TWJ. --ed.))



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"RECOLLECTIONS FROM MY PAST" (1970 DISCLAVE Guest-of-Honor Speech)

by
Will F. Jenkins ("Murray Leinster")

When the idea of my coming to D.C. to talk to the members of the Washington club was first mentioned, I asked what on Earth I should talk about. I was at a loss even to think of a good start. Then somebody said that he couldn't speak for everyone, but it seemed to him that a good dirty story was always a good way to get people's attention.

"You mean a story like the one about Mrs. O'Sullivan?", I asked.

"What's that?", someone responded.

"Why, it's the story of how Mrs. O'Sullivan went to the hospital to get herself a baby. And she had triplets. So her next-door neighbor, Mrs. Casey, went to see her in the hospital. 'Mrs. Sullivan', she exclaimed, 'it's marvellous! It's wonderful! Here the rest of us poor women have to be getting our families a baby a year, and you come to the hospital and hit the jackpot the very first time! Three beautiful babies, and your family well started -- and all at once! It's magnificent, Mrs. O'Sullivan! It's wonderful, really wonderful!'

"And Mrs. O'Sullivan replied, complacently, 'You don't know half how wonderful it is, Mrs. Casey. The doctor tells me it happens only once in two hundred thousand times!'

"'Merciful heavens!', cried Mrs. Casey. 'Merciful heavens! Two hundred thousand times? Two hun...but...but...if it isn't too personal a question, Mrs. O'Sullivan, how did ye ever find time to do your housework?'

So I asked if that was all right for a start, and was assured it was. Then somebody else spoke up: "But this is a pretty intellectual group, this Disclave gang. We're cultured. We're highbrows. Maybe you'd better say something about your literary career."

"My literary career? You mean what General Lee got me into?"

"How's that?"

"General Robert E. Lee, of the Confederate States Army, is directly responsible for my being a writer, and for whatever of my writing you've read."

"I don't believe it." The opinion was unanimous.

But it's true. When I was twelve years old, I was in the sixth grade of the Freemason Street Public School in Norfolk, Virginia. My teacher was Mrs. Clay, a nice old biddy without a tooth in her head. One morning, about ten o'clock, someone discovered a tragedy. It was General Lee's birthday, and nobody'd noticed it! In Norfolk, those days, that was practically high treason. There should have been flags flown and cannon fired and that sort of thing. So the school principal sent word for the teachers to read to us about General Lee, and let us write compositions about him, and then at recess time we could go home and stay there.

We did. I wrote a composition full of nice long words -- I loved nice long words, and still do -- and handed it in. I went about my business. To everybody's astonishment, about two weeks later the NORFOLK VIRGINIAN-AND-PILOT printed my composition with a piece about how it showed what remarkable work was being done in Mrs. Clay's class in the Freemason Street school. And a Confederate veteran, one

Captain Manly, sent me a five-dollar bill because I was a staunch Confederate and knew some nice long words. It was the first money I'd ever earned.

I took the five dollars and bought the material for a glider. I built a bi-plane, with a ten-foot wing-spread. I took it down to Cape Henry, experimented two or three times, and then jumped off the Old Lighthouse hill. (There weren't any trees on the hill at that time -- it was just a lump of sandstone rock.) I should have broken my neck, and I damn near did! Anyhow, I sent a picture of myself and the glider, and an account of the whole business, to a magazine called FLY, which was the first aviation magazine in the United States. They sent me five dollars for the article and the picture. And that was the second money I ever earned.

Then my father went broke. People don't go broke with such exhaustive completeness anymore. One week we were living comfortably enough. My brother and I each had a pony, and my father and mother were horsy and country-clubby and so on. The next week, pfft. It wound up that the ponies and everything else were sold, and I had to quit school and go to work in order to eat. (I was thirteen.) I got a job as an office-boy. (They don't have office-boys any longer. I think they're illegal. But they had 'em then, and I was one of them.)

I remember, one day, while running an office-boy errand, I saw my brother's pony Charley tied to a post in Commercial Place, waiting for his new owner to come out of a store. He knew me and whickered, so I went to him and hugged him, and we cried together over good times long, long gone.

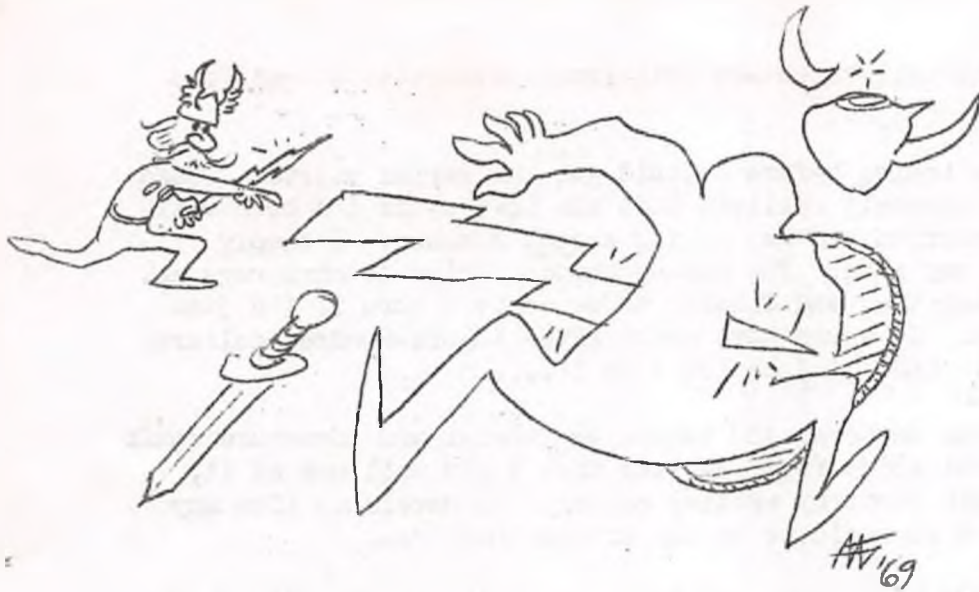
But I never saw my own pony again.

Anyway, my father soon went out to Cleveland to start over, and of course I went, too. I also worked as an office-boy there. But I had a frenzied, passionate desire to be my own boss. Most of my family for generations had been lawyers. But my father wasn't. And there was no way I could go to law-school. I wanted, actually, to be a chemist. But to learn any kind of a profession, college was necessary -- and that was impossible.

Here the effect of General Lee on my career showed up. I'd had two pieces printed. I'd earned ten dollars by writing -- the first half of it about General Lee. Colleges didn't teach writing -- they still don't -- but people practiced writing as a profession. So I began to plug at learning how to write. I got all the books in the Cleveland Library about writing, and later, those from the Newark, New Jersey public library. I became a greasy grind. It was not ambition -- it was desperation! I studied as well as I could, and for three years I wrote one thousand words a night after I came home from the office. I did not want to be anybody's underpaid and respectful employee! I wanted to be a professional, and writing was my only possible bet.

From the time I was thirteen 'til I was seventeen, I worked on the belief that if people would pay me for writing about General Lee and gliders, sooner or later they'd pay me for writing about other things. When I was seventeen I sold some epigrams to SMART SET (for five dollars). During the first year I was selling stuff I made seventy-two dollars by writing. In my eighteenth year I did better. When I was twenty-one.....

I was a junior bookkeeper for the Prudential Insurance company, but I'd be ashamed to tell you what I worked for. One day my division manager called me into his office. He said he'd heard I was writing for magazines. I replied that I was. He advised me to stop, because the Prudential didn't like its employees to have outside interests. But, he stated, he could get me a two-dollar-a-week raise if I wanted it. It would be for noticing when people criticized the company, and



telling him what they said and who they were. In other words, I was offered two dollars a week to quit writing and to spy on my fellow-employees. Here was where the time and sweat I had spent in learning to write first paid off. I could resign -- on the spot -- and I did. It was worth a million bucks!

Since then I've been a professional writer. It's not a particularly glamorous occupation. But one can live anywhere he pleases, and spit in any eye he doesn't like.

I went along, struggling to learn my trade more competently. But then I met a girl. I wasn't making enough money on which to get married. I got desperate and wrote a play. I gave it to my agent, and went down to visit my sister in Culpeper. I'd been there a couple of weeks when my agent wrote happily that the Shuberts had accepted my play. That news came in the morning mail. The afternoon mail carried a letter asking the girl to marry me. Most inadvisedly, she said she would. I walked on air.

Then came another letter from my agent. The Shuberts (who were the top play-producing firm then) had accepted my play -- but they'd produce it when they got around to it, and until then they weren't paying any advance royalties on which I could get married. So my agent took the play away from them to offer it elsewhere.

I still have the play. I've never made a nickel out of it. But it did give me the nerve to ask the girl to marry me, and I'm still glad of that. At that time, though, I was tearing my hair -- for obvious reasons....

Then the Munsey Company (magazine publishers) wrote me. I'd sold them stuff before. They said they'd bought a bunch of British six-penny novels, full of fiendish lords and villainous baronets. They wanted the English settings changed to America, and the villainous baronets downgraded to villainous millionaires. They'd pay me half a cent a word. That wasn't good pay, of course, but I was engaged to be married. So I tried the job.

Part of the deal was that the stuff would be printed under the signature of Louisa Carter Lee. I found I could make up to a couple of hundred dollars a week. It wasn't bad at all. Louisa did well. She was quite a gal! She was popular -- but she (I) turned out so much stuff that they couldn't blame it all on one person. So one Dana Furnam was invented as a male love-story novelist. (I was Dana, too.) Then I proposed an original serial to be a collaboration between my two romantic selves. Alternate chapters would be written by Louisa and by Dana. The story was

to be the tale of how these two well-known and well-loved novelists had met, and wooed -- and wed.

But something happened to Louisa before I could get the serial started. Dana Furnam also collapsed. I had suddenly realized that the love-stuff I'd been writing was phoney. I was newly-married and was having a real romance. I simply couldn't write the fake stuff any more. The Munsey Company tried to encourage me. They offered a cent a word, then two, and finally three cents a word if I'd just go back to being my old Louisa. It would have meant five- to six-hundred dollars a week -- in the early 1920's! And yet I couldn't do it....

I had to go back to writing Westerns and detective stories and adventure stuff so my wife and I could eat. But aside from the fact that I did pull out of it, there's not much more to be said about my writing career. It developed like any other professional career, such as medicine or law or what have you.

I wrote and wrote, and some of it was good and some of it wasn't. I've had more than twelve-hundred stories printed, and in my hopeful moments I believe that five of them are honest-to-god good. (I have even been know to sometimes state that I've written six good ones.) And that is my career to date.

For the remainder of my talk, I'll mention some things which couldn't have happened to anyone but a writer -- especially, to a science fiction writer.

For instance, during the war I was too old for active service, so I went to work for the CWI. The FBI cleared me, and my wife and I rented an apartment on Long Island, closing up our Gloucester home. I was at home in the apartment one day when the telephone rang. When I answered, somebody asked, "Is this the Will Jenkins who writes science fiction?" I said yes, and the voice said, "This is the FBI. We'd like to talk to you."

I hurriedly searched my conscience, and responded, "O.K. Where do I come?" "We'll come to see you", the voice said, and they did -- two of them -- very pleasant characters. We exchanged identifications, and they sat down and chattered about the weather and so on while I was trying to guess what it was all about. Presently one of them asked, "Have you read a story by Cleve Cartmill called 'Deadline'?" I replied that I had. He went on, "What do you think of it?" I answered, "It's a good story. A fine story! The science in that story is right!"

Then there was a pause -- a long pause -- a very long pause. And one of them said, "What we want to know is, could it be a leak?"

At that, every hair on my head stood on end and cracked like a whip-lash. You see, the story "Deadline" was about an atomic bomb, made of Uranium 235, which detonated when it reached a critical mass. The explosive was equal to thousands of tons of TNT, and the story pictured the fire-storm, and the radiation damage. In short, I had just been told that we were making a bomb of U-235 and all the rest -- and a story with sound information on the subject was on every newsstand in America!

I was able to tell the agents where Cleve Cartmill got his data, One source was an article in the SATURDAY EVENING POST. Another was an item in a book put out by the Bureau of Mines. I said that I could name a dozen writers who could have written the story. But I wished passionately that I hadn't been informed. I was afraid to talk in my sleep. Utterly top-secret stuff -- the most important secret of the war, most likely, was being read by innumerable people -- but only the FBI took it seriously. (If the Japs or Germans had taken science fiction seriously, the war might have had a different ending....)

It was queer, in this connection, about John Campbell and myself. We were and are good friends, and during the year before Hiroshima we lunched together and talked about everything in the world. But it was only after Hiroshima, that either of us knew the other had been queried. I have no doubt that there were still others, but I know only of John and myself.

On the morning the bomb dropped I was in the office of a woman's magazine, TODAY'S WOMAN. I could talk about the bomb, then, and I did. When I got back to the Long Island apartment, the editor phoned me. She said, "Will, you seem to know so much about the atom bomb -- could you write me an article on what the atomic bomb will mean to the average American housewife?" I wrote it, and she printed it -- and I haven't had to take much of it back.

Then there was the time, some years ago, when Mae West wrote her autobiography, and turned the manuscript over to my agent for placing. I don't think it was ever published, but my agent gleefully told me about the last paragraph (This was the Mae West, of "Come up and see me sometime."), part of which read: "And now that I come to the end of my life-story, I am happy to learn that my story is to be published also in Braille, for the blind, so that those who cannot see me as I am will be able to feel me as I am."

One final story. Early in the war -- before radar -- there was much complaint about submarines' periscopes. An American submarine might spot a Japanese ship and approach it submerged. But sooner or later it would have to use its periscope to verify the position of the Japanese ship. And every time, the periscope moving through the water would leave a lovely, foaming, pure-white wake behind it -- practically an invitation for the Japanese to fire guns at it and drop depth-charges on it. This annoyed American submariners very much.

I thought it would be interesting to try to stop the wake. I puttered around, and a very pretty answer turned up. I took a stick and tied a bunch of ribbons to it in a line. In the water or at the surface, these ribbons trailed out behind. The wake was normally formed by eddies forming behind the stick, but the ribbons prevented the eddies from forming. It was a nice gadget -- until radar appeared.

Now, I had a friend (named Neely (for Cornelius) Bull, who lived in Alexandria and was a close friend of Admiral King. (The Admiral used to go to dinner at my friend's house every so often.) We'd been the closest possible friends as children. So I wrote Neely and told him what I'd made. I said that I knew Admiral King was his friend. What should I do? I could make a formal description, with diagrams and so on. Or should I send him a model? I observed that I would get great pleasure out of imagining him and Admiral King playing with one of my ribbon-decorated sticks in the bathtub. I particularly stressed the bathtub angle. But -- what should I do?

Being who he was, Neely simply handed my letter to Admiral King, to see if there was anything to it. And a couple of months later, he reported. He'd just seen the packet of comments and indorsements on my wake-suppressing gadget (it had been referred to the Bureau of Naval Construction) -- six inches of solemn papers. But Neely was pleased with the top sheet -- it was made by an admiral, who said sternly:

"The inventor speaks of experimenting with this device in a bathtub. What I would like to know is, when he was experimenting with this device in a bathtub, what did he use as a periscope?"

That's all.

THE NEW MALARIA

After World War II, it was felt that the problem of malaria had been solved. The vector, the Anopheles mosquito, was susceptible to DDT. The malarial parasite itself was vulnerable to chloroquine, although this merely controlled the asexual free-swimming forms, and not the primary or secondary encysted forms which lodged in the liver.

Well, you know how it is. DDT isn't the insecticide it once was. The Anopheles mosquitos have grown resistant if not immune, and in some areas, like Vietnam, it simply isn't feasible to spray every ditch and pothole. Also, a new strain of chloroquine-resistant malaria turned up, as one might reasonably expect it to do. No friend of the Viet Cong, it laid low GI and VC alike. Perhaps even North Vietnamese troops as well (if there are any in South Vietnam, that is).

Anyway,

it was a bothersome health problem, and since the start of the Vietnam War, the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research has screened over 120,000 chemicals, and is currently putting them through at the rate of about 1,000 a month.

Mostly, the infor-

mation was negative. However, enough clues turned up so that the warrior scientists at Walter Reed (remember the Warrior Scientists in E.E. Smith's Triplanetary? As I recall, they were all physicists, and all weapons-systems men/monsters...anyway, they were plotting Universe Domination for the glory of North Polar Jupiter), seeking Universe Domination for the glory of the USA, came up with the notion that the clue was in folic acid metabolism.

Depress folic acid, and the protozoan dies. Of course, the man does, too, if you do it crudely. Out of those 120,000 compounds, they picked a sulfa drug (2-sulfanilamido-3-methoxypyrazine, called sulfalene, having a long duration (half-life 65 hours after oral administration) and high intensity (45% protein bound vs about 95% for most of the other comparable sulfas). The second drug was a pyrimidine (2,4-diamino-5-(3¹,4¹,5¹-trimethoxybenzyl)pyrimidine) called trimethoprim.

It seems that folic acid synthesis occurs in the malarial parasite and only preformed folic acid can be used in man. Sulfalene, hitting at the synthesis link, will flatten malaria protozoa without bothering humans. (Well, there are side-effects, but not because of the folic acid.) And trimethoprim hits at the transformation of folic acid to its active forms. Using the two drugs together, in dosages well below toxic (for man) for each drug gives fast, fast relief from malaria. Literally a one-dose cure.

The warrior scientists at Walter Reed have made a far greater contribution to potential American Military Effectiveness in Vietnam than the warrior scientists at Dow Chemical. Given the choice between napalm (nice, but substitutes are available all over the place) and a cure -- a one-shot fast-action cure -- for malaria, you can bet that the Military would pick the cure.

So why

aren't the college students demonstrating against recruiters for Walter Reed? Why aren't pickets marching around the hospital protesting the development of a cure for malaria? Logically, that is exactly what they should be doing. However, the Warrior Scientists at Walter Reed fail to arouse the fiery passions of the New Left. The fools sit there apathetically and say, "Well, they probably will use it on civilians, too, don't you know?" When they say that about Napalm they get all red in the face. Don't they realize that this is GERM WARFARE?

Actually, that is a mildly funny but totally irrelevant charge. The fact is that the New Left is practicing the politics of hysteria as opposed to the politics of reason, and practicing it very effectively.

It may be, also, that when they think of warrior scientists they think of the weapons systems boys. Just like E.E. Smith. Somehow medical researchers don't seem to fit the picture.

But, for a change, disease is not killing more of our troops than the enemy.

-- Alexis Gilliland

CHAPDELAINE'S TRAVELS

by

Perry A. Chapdelaine

The West Coast Nebula Award Banquet:

Arrived Claremont-Berkeley Hotel evening of March 13, 1970. Though \$10 in advance and confirmation receipt in hand, no room. They gave me suite of rooms for same price as small room. Seems like Business Men's Full Gospel Friendship Organization is here in full force. TV personality faith healer has just spoken, which explains the pile of crutches and hyperdermic syringes I saw flying through the windows on arrival.

March 14, 1970, early Saturday morning, Poul Anderson delivers a rousing good keynote address. Later Harry Harrison talks on book contracts, "Science Fiction and the Literary Scene" panel/discussion is heard, then "Agents and Marketing" panel.

Afternoon business meeting fantabulous. First off certain members push through vote to bar all non-SFWA members from attendance. (Michael Ward, of WINNIE fanzine, reports on his feelings regarding this in his publication.)

Non-member-bar advocates state that extremely deep problems will be discussed. My attention is focused. I wait for deep problems. First comes some oddball personality-baiting which raises no one's hackles. Then announcement that Harlan Ellison and Norman Spinrad have thrown hat into the ring for president and vice-president of SFWA, respectively. Harlan announces that he will push for minimum contract and guild-type organization. I silently praise Harlan for his harsher writers' stand, but still await the promised deep events. When meeting is through, I feel let down. Only trivial or superficial items have been discussed, mostly under emotional suasions which just naturally suppress any desire on my part to bring forth reasonable SFWA argumentation. Ah well, maybe next time!

Saturday late afternoon and evening. Best part, cocktail lounge. No crowded hotel room, nose tip to nose tip, drinking. Room to sit and visit and to meet and to talk. Later luncheon, buffet-style, was excellent. Chio Delany was outstanding as a speaker. Beautiful talk. Beautiful words. Ursula LeGuin gave a little scream of delight when she won the Nebula Award. I clapped quite loud for her. She deserved it. Bob Bloch, superb master of ceremonies. Heard him mention "Terry Carr's fanzine". He must read BEABOHEMA, too.

Best story of evening from Randall Garrett. Must tell it:

Hotel is criss-crossed like scuttling cockroaches with the Business Men's Full Gospel Friendship Organization. (BMFGFO) member. Our tiny SFWA band is cornered and collared everywhere, by one or two or more BMFGFO's who attempt to convert us. Even my quiet dinner is invaded by man and wife who insist on telling me to get "Jesus Christ in my heart". Fact my oldest son is in seminary school doesn't seem to phase them, can't change subject all dinner.

Randall Garrett, dressed in his magician costume, bright red vest with gold-embled lion on right chest, swallow-tail (or was it split-tailed) black coat, mustach pulled to sharp peak at extreme right angle to nose center line, black wavy hair hanging half way to neck, portly build and slightly bulging stomach. He stands with drink in hand and gentle, almost superior smile on face. Full Gospel woman approaches him. She looks down her sharp nose and sniffs disdainfully, saying, "And you drink too?"

"Yes mam!" Randall says in his best magician manner. I also f---!"

Last scene: Little old bent-over lady scuttling backward, arms and legs wind-milling through the crowd.

I heard that Randall Garrett was the only SFWA member never again to be bothered by the Full Gospelers, but not sure how true the rumor.

I Visit a Hack Writer:

Sunday morning, quick plane trip to San Diego. Robert Moore Williams, long-time friend, haven't seen for what -- 15 years? He sure looks good, healthy. My bags go on to Honolulu, Hawaii, so we push on to his home without them.

What an ideal little valley he has. Fruit trees, with fresh oranges every morning, nice climate, nice people. Contrary to impressions that some might have, Bob is very well liked by everyone around, and trusted too. They ask his advice, come and give their open friendship without reservation. The laborer, the craftsman, the academic all wave as he passes by foot or car. This is the great nemesis of SFWA and fanzines?

Inside Bob has built colorscopes which are hooked to the treble and bass of his stereo radio/record player. Colors splatter the white backboard all day in random patterns as background music flows around our conversation. This is a man who has learned to combine video and sound rhythms to the rhythm of his daily writing, blending the best of each to silent messages hidden within action stories.

Two days earlier someone on the SFWA literary panel had brought up Robert Moore Williams' name as an example of "hack" or "bad" writing. Possibly ten times during the last year I'd heard the same phrase or read it somewhere. The same personalities seem to use Robert Moore Williams as the goat -- the example of what not to be. Aside from the obvious limited imagination of those who find only one "hack" writer among the SF greats today, I find it quite difficult to understand just what Bob has done to attract such enmity -- and from such little minds in such big positions, usually.

Well, I looked, and I asked. Here are just a few of the things I discovered: Long before Ray Bradbury, long before SF was an in-thing, long before most of his critics were even snot-nosed, Bob had "Robot's Return" published in a hardcover literature book used in high schools throughout the United States. This, if not a first, was one of the very first.

His short stories and novelettes, stretching back thirty-four years, are legion, involving much of pulpdom. One letter was an early acceptance from AMAZING, so old, it was almost yellowed. He has had well over 206 SF shorter than book-length published -- over 125 Western Stories -- nine Detective and Mystery stories. TV sales include -- and listen well to this -- Sugarfoot and Rawhide -- two of the best on TV -- as well as Iris Productions in England and the British Broadcasting Corporation. He's approaching 40 in number of full novels, and has been anthologized in well over 23 anthologies including most of the countries of the world. Just recently his autobiography -- yes! I said autobiography -- sold!

OK, I've read some of his poorer, single-draft works, but I've also read much of his other works, and many are beautiful. He has racked up such an impressive record without resorting to shock tactics or to pornography or to verbal pyrotechnics. Which of his critics can say the same?

So we laughed at the "hack" title as we browsed through our mutual interests, music playing softly, colored lights blending and separating in random support, as though symbolizing with both beauty and dark splotches thirty-four years of a man's

work, and his effort to give of himself to the pleasures and goals of the younger, less fortunate in skill.

If this man is a hack, I want to be one too! -- and to hell with those who profess literary knowledge and professionalism and who attempt to get stature by downgrading another's work!

It was great to meet and talk with Bob again after so many years, and I must say I hid a tear at the Airport. Only one question remained. If my bags had gone on to Honolulu, how did they acquire the Bermuda Islands label?

On the Way to England:

First stop, March 22, 1970, Dr. J. Bregman, National Science Foundation Project Director of physics/art film "Symmetry" at Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute. Dinner with Barry Malzberg -- seems to know the publishing game well. Sleep. Sleep? Hippies hold all-night jamboree outside of door. Finally get room changed since management refuses to stop the disturbance. Next morning meet with Barnes and Noble mathematics editor, then lunch with the indomitable John W. Campbell. Interesting. All interesting!

March 23, 1970: I wait in Icelandic airlines terminal; \$50.00 cheaper to England than other lines -- turbo-prop. First load goes to Belgium with young American hippies. Second load, my plane, has engine trouble. Wait and wait. Finally, late take-off, mostly sleep. Pass Greenland ice cap, land in Iceland near Reykjavik. I grab three volcanic rocks on way in to airport terminal. Lucky. They wouldn't let us out again. Maybe afraid we would contaminate the rocks.

Engine trouble again. Our plane disappears. Most of us are fed very well, but get quickly tired of staring at map of Iceland on airport terminal wall. Maybe



Icelandic owns only one plane and they had to fly it back to America to get it fixed!

I stare outside. Temperature about 40 degrees out of wind. Wind gusting like North Dakota high blizzard. Water shivering and freezing. Gent next to me comments on the same phenomenon. Mentions he's from California. McNelly by name. "Not the Professor Willis McNelly of California State College", sez I. Sure enough. We have corresponded in the past, never before met. We meet, now, staring outside the Icelandic Airport Terminal at shivering, freezing water. Both going to the London Easter Con. Will turns out to be a very fine fellow and a very fine friend, though he does have greater debauchery capacity than I.

Still on Way to England:

Wee hours later, the turbo-prop magically appears. We load, fly to Scotland, but land in Prestwick, Scotland rather than where we should have landed. Engine trouble again, they say. Customs at Prestwick is short. I pass without opening my bag. Many hippies must unroll everything in their packs, including toilet paper. I get hustled out during the process. Apparently Scottish customs agents don't approve of American curiosity.

We get fed again. Seems like they must wake up hostesses and pilots of Scottish Caledonian Airlines, stationed in London, England, fly them up, and check-out new plane. One young Scottish lass looks exactly like my mother when she was young. I shrug it off. Another older lass looks exactly like one of my mother's sisters. OK. I submit. We must have more Scottish in us than suspected. Won't the relatives be surprised? Here all the time we've been proudly justifying our paranoia because of the strong Irish blends. Seems like maybe we're mostly Scottish-English, then.

Caledonian Airlines is pleasant, quick, sure. We land in London where I am met by the world-renowned Dr. Christopher Evans about 3:00 a.m. Will McNelly goes on to hotel on separate bus and I trek with Chris to Twickenham, his home. Small, 1890's architecture, clean streets, no billboard advertising blaring out, safe streets for young and old twenty-four hours per day. Lord! Watch out for the right-handed drivers. They all drive on the road's wrong side! Twenty-four hours from New York to London by Icelandic windjammer? Tired man!

The London EasterCon:

Only George Hay could have out on this convention. Only in England could such a convention have been held successfully. Surely American fans would not permit out-groupers and scientific ideas to blemish their literary avant-garde in-bred establishment!

George Hay says that the English Cons were also in-group socials which gathered egoboo for only a special bunch. He set out, this once, to build a convention which catered to new ideas and new personalities, preferring to blend mixtures of every point of view. How successful he was! He was magnificently successful!

March 27, 1970: My new-found friend Professor Willis McNelly gave an address which was well received and well thought-out. I hope to get the transcript of this address and others from George Hay.

After meal break came a film titled "The Trip". It was interpretation of LSD trip, but I spent most of my time meeting the fabulous writers of London. Ken Bulmer, E.C. Tubbs, John Brunner -- told him how much I respected his The Whole Man -- Brian W. Aldiss -- has just finished his Cryptozoic -- Jim Blish (the American who is presumed, there, to be English) and his wife Judy.

Hotel was huge, giving room for everything desired, but poor service, hygiene and rooms. Splendid drinking area which would have made Poul Anderson and Gordon Dickson most proud, indeed. Met Don Wollheim and wife, as well as my new agent Ted Carnell -- very fine chap. Liked my new Swampworld West manuscript, advised me to move a chapter backwards and to cut out 10,000 words. Good show. Will sell.

Dave Kyle and wife also present. Delightful people. Sam Lundall of Sweden again. Met him St. Louis Con in August for first time. Also Frau Charlotte Franke for Germany. Sweet woman. Pete Weston of SPECULATION and his lovely wife -- oh so fine people. Nothing like these English. Nobody swore or got mad or overrode any other group. Pleasant, pleasant meeting.

Saturday March 28th: Publisher's panel with John Booth, Ken Bulmer, Don Wollheim. John Booth is Panther publisher where my story "We Fused Ones" was published under Dr. Chris Evans' editorship in Mind at Bay. Also John Booth is putting out new anthology edited by George Hay containing new story of mine, "Someday You'll Be Rich!", and which is to be fully criticized by experts in Richard Geis' SFR 37 under my article "Story at Bay". (John Booth and George Hay know all about "Story at Bay" and have approved.)

Eleven a.m.: Kit Pedlar, BBC TV producer chairs panel on the need for a scientific ombudsman. Makes interesting case -- draws argument from scientists scattered among the fans and literary types.

Two p.m.: Dr. John Clarke, Psychiatrist at University of Manchester, gives a splendorous talk on "A Scientific Theory of Mysticism". My God! A full-fledged psychiatrist has been drinking and eating and talking with me for two days! He's as much an SF fan as I am! He also writes the stuff! He presents the most spectacular, complete all-around theoretical framework for the serious psychological study of mysticism ever invented. It could never happen in America. And the fans interrupt his talk again and again with applause at his wit and his brilliant synthesis.

Three p.m.: America rallies. Our own giant, James Blish, Guest of Honor, talks: There was, from the 19th Century onward, an enormous amount of SF writing never categorized as such. The downfall started with the specialist magazines which enabled the critics to downgrade not only SF, but cowboy stories, detective stories, love stories, etc. SF has held out because of three main appeals to the reader -- it portrays thought working experimentally -- Arthur Clarke's free-fall toilets, etc. -- as an art-form, it helps the reader to objectify the emotions particularly dear to the scientists -- love of rigour, the sense of wonder, etc. -- SF is involved with creating a face for a faceless time, by invoking the authority of science which, for good or evil, is about the only authority generally accepted. SF says that man can change his environment and himself, for better or for worse. New Wave concentrates on the worse!

Jim's more than excellent talk will appear in Harry Harrison's Mainstream SF, which he is editing for Scribner. Wonderful talk. Everyone should read it when available.

Dr. Chris Evans showed how he forced his computer to "dream". Perry A. Chapdelaine -- that's me! -- gave a film-slide talk on his Computer Assisted Instruction project. I'd like to add, here, that Arthur C. Clarke and his brother Fred sat in the second row. They both seemed to enjoy themselves immensely, and came to talk to Chris and me when we finished our talks.

I showed MIT's (Dr. Schwartz's and Taylor's) Computer simulation on approaching the speed of light film, and also Dr. Bregman's "Symmetry".

One sad note occurred. I had so looked forward to hearing Peter Weston and his panel. Time had run out. Re-scheduling would not have been difficult but it never happened, much to my great regret.

The fancy dress ball was so-so, and I skipped the films as well as the usual room parties with their throngs of camp-followers. The Poul Anderson bar -- I just named it that -- was more to my liking.

Sunday, March 29th: P.J. Hills of the University of Surrey gave a talk on Teaching Systems, Present and Future -- a Multiple-Image Tape/Slide presentation. Dr. Hill was indeed a fine chap, and his subject well-received, but, like much English technology, was considerably behind American efforts. (On balance, English applied sociology is far in advance of American.)

Two p.m.: Keith Albarn, veritable genius of spatial structures, gave a fascinating talk mixed with random movements of slides projected on screen, each showing some of his past work, usually in fibre-glass. I hope to see and work closer with Keith someday, but couldn't possibly predict how or when.

At three p.m. the most amazing phenomenon occurred. Raymond Fletcher, M.P. (Member of Parliament -- one of the seven strongest this year -- holding power combining our representative, senatorial and executive offices) rose and gave a resounding speech, in high British tradition, of need for science fiction writers in government. Happen in America? Not hardly. I eagerly await the transcription of his speech.

Earlier I had had cocktails with Raymond Fletcher at Poul Anderson's bar. I casually mentioned a project I'd been studying and promoting in America for nearly a year, having to do with bringing SF into the educational structure of the schools. He hopped on the idea, phoned his wife that he would be late that night, and made me go to George Hay's office to type up a summary of it. That summary, he said,

will be brought to the Ministry of Education and will be titled "The Chapdelaine Papers". In my own little way I've now proudly become part of the 700-year-old tradition of the British Empire. He intends to follow up on the idea and, if successfully introduced, I might get invited back to help build on it. That could never happen in America!

As long as he was relaxing -- which I understand he very rarely does -- he stayed with me until 4:00 a.m. that morning. Rather, I went to bed at 4 and he stayed until 5:00 a.m., telling about British Empire yarns and other most interesting, colorful, humorous happenings.

A scientologist had been invited to speak. Perry A. Chapdelaine -- that's me again -- challenged the man, pointing to facts unknown to most modern scientolo-



gists which establish beyond any shadow of a doubt that Hubbard is this century's greatest hoax. E.C. Tubb and Ken Bulmer, among others, got irritated when time ran out and I had to stop telling about the great truths which foreshadowed England's invasion by scientology nuts. Dr. Chris Evans is completing a book which will expose everything, and includes my testimony, and it ought to shake the scientology empire like a cat shakes a rat.

At five p.m. John Brunner chaired a delightful literary discussion. Again I eagerly await the transcription. John, by the way, looks and dresses much like Shakespeare, and obviously has the old bard's gift of gab and drink and probably gift for wenching, though I have no knowledge of the latter, only recognizing that gab, drink and wenching often go athreesome.

One evening John Brunner led off on poetry. The only ugly incident occurred when a certain publisher who disliked John got drunk and made nasty remarks. Studiously ignoring the man, John plunged poetically onward. The drunk threw a glass, cutting John's leg. Blood ran red, bright, down John's leg.

Did John scream and howl, and stam on his foot in anger? No, that would have been the American way. John reached into his pile of poems and pulled out one which just happened to describe someone as nasty as the glass-thrower. John read it with relish, getting proper emotions and nuances into each line. The crowd howled it up.

Somehow, the drunk never came back.

How smooth things did go, and how delightful are the English. "So you're Perry A. Chapdelaine who writes those "orrible Spork stories"? He was a biologist, educated with an 'orrible accent. "But what about the ANALOG stories: 'Initial Contact' and the soon to come follow-on 'Culture Shock'?", I rebutted. "Oooh. I loved that 'initial contact'. That's the kind I like." We became good friends and he stayed up with my new friend Raymond Fletcher, M.P.

The end came, unfortunately.

I Muse Over England and the Remainder of my Trip:

George Hay and his fine wife Christine (who never got her name on the programme booklet, yet did much of the work) invited me to spend an evening at Mr. and Mrs. Black's home (Christine's parents). Integrated neighborhood. Black and white kids playing football by kicking it all around the streets. Soccer?

Heard talk here of establishing a Science Fiction Writers, International organization to be set up along similar lines to SFWA but perhaps with more professional safeguards. I suspect a number of Englishmen are building the idea rather rapidly. I know I'd be happy to be an early member.

Kubrick, of "Space Odyssey: 2001", called Chris Evans while I was there. Wanted to talk about some computer programming problems.

My talk at the National Physical Laboratory apparently went well, though it's still hard for me to read the British audience. Dr. Davis and Dr. Newman, Chris's two top administrative scientists, stayed throughout, and asked questions. Dr. James Thomas from Brunel University also asked questions and has already followed up with correspondence. Oh yes! Dr. Newman worked with Turing (Turing Criteria for Machine Intelligence) and the DNA Crick.

If you know the names, you know the stature, otherwise forget it. Original Babbage calculator parts are on display there, too. And radar was invented there. Quite a place, huh!

Chris took me to visit the Institute for Research in Art and Technology, London New Arts Laboratories, 1 Robert Street, London. It's a four-story warehouse taken over by avant-garde artists of all kinds. He gave them shared-time computer terminal for use in development of computer art. Wonderful place. J.G. Ballard had just placed three wrecked cars on display. Spotlights, free Sherry, picture talking, et al. One little girl successfully counterpointed the wrecked cars by wandering in and out of the crowd topless. Oh yes! She did have a small red ribbon about her neck. Of course, between the junked cars and the topless, you know where my eyes were. It isn't often a person gets to see three junked cars passed off as the latest in art!

Around the corner pub Chris introduced me to the great J.G. Ballard. Funny thing -- all the greats, Brunner, Aldiss, Ballard, had read my story "We Fused Ones" in Chris' anthology Mind at Bay by Panther. Either that, or someone had primed them to be nice to this lonely American.

Dave Kyle and wife, with their two lovely children, are spending the winter in England. Got invited to dinner, with Nancy, Chris' beautiful American wife. Their rental home rests by the Thames, and we watched the Queen's Swans and the Queen's ducks come and go. One enormous swan crawled out on the front lawn to eat bread from Mrs. Kyle's hands. The Kyles are wonderful people, more English in temperament than American.

I became one of two Americans now full-fledged members of the Brain Research Association, and I attended one of their most interesting meetings. High-powered researchers there.

I also became an honorary member of Young and Co. Breweries. Seems like the Twickenham pub at Chris' neighborhood has caretakers whose past pub-caring extends two hundred years back. Since the heart of the English people lies in its local pubs, I took every opportunity to study this one. On leaving for America, I was given a tie to wear which matched that of the pub-keepers, making me an honorary member. This, by the way, is a very, very hard item to get, even for the English thereabouts.

But the visit ends. Home was quick by TWJ, and ordinary day by day problems in the hills of Tennessee returned all too soon.

Oh, how I'd love to visit those people again and again! More gentle, more reasonable. Cultural. Place values where values belong. Creative, open-minded and helpful. What better impressions are there?

THE ETYMOLOGY OF FLAPPER

by Alexis Gilliland

In the 1920's, British schoolgirls wore a long, straight style to compensate for their supposed awkwardness. The style caught on, and since the slang term for its originators was "flapper", it came to be known as the "flapper look".

Flapper is the term for young wildfowl, just as colt is the term for young horse, or a young dog is called a puppy. The term would be used by hunters, which in the 1920's would have included a large segment of the British upper class...the major source of teenage girls in school.

((From the TWJ "Department of Useless Facts" -- another service for our readers. --ed.))

SMOF MINORITY REPORT #3
by David Halterman

This is largely in answer to letters sent by Andrew Platizsky, Mark Owings, Sandra Miesel, and especially Jerry Lapidus.

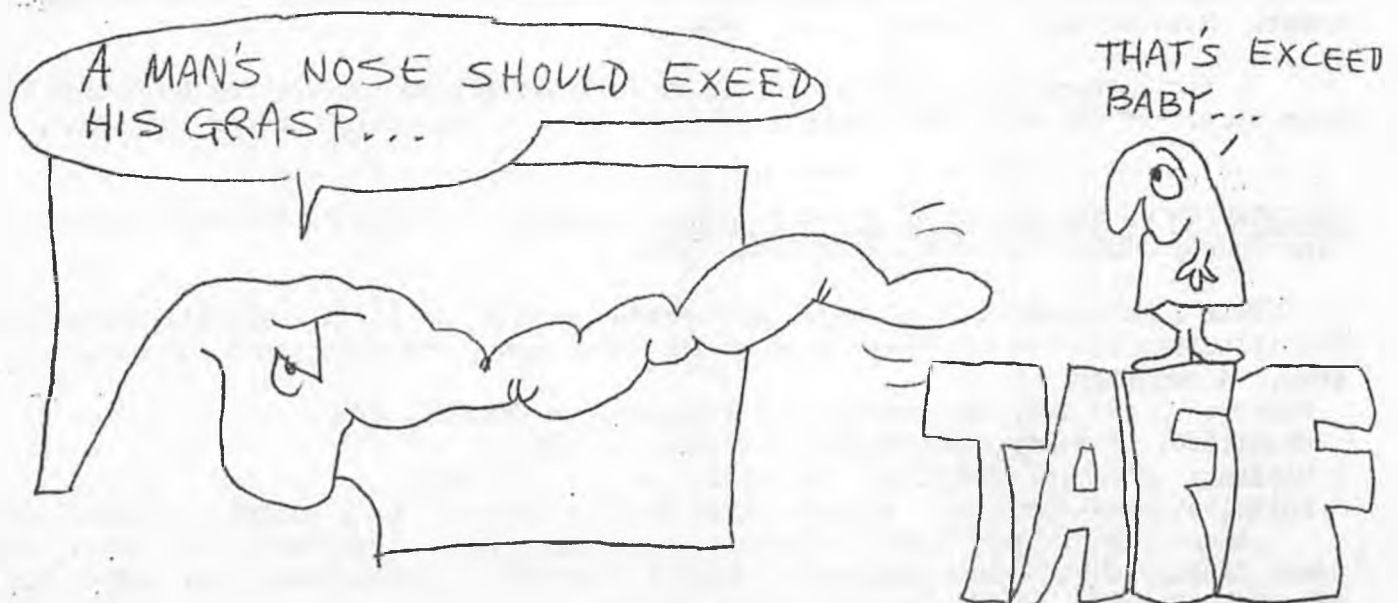
No one in his right mind doubts the proven ability of the groups outside NorAm to put on a good convention. The question in many minds is whether or not they would be holding a Worldcon in fact, as well as in name.

A Worldcon, by definition, is the most important convention in the science fiction world. How can it have any importance, if a larger convention takes place elsewhere at the same time? How can it have any meaning, if it can't even give a meaningful award? I intend to attend the Worldcons, here or elsewhere. I don't intend to have people asking me why.

The problem of International awards was dealt with at some length in TWJ 70. I agree with Don, in essence, on the mechanisms by which an IFA could properly be given, but tend, at the moment, to prefer to keep the Hugo attached to the Worldcon. There must, however, be other alternatives; let's hear them.

I admit that my idea of a hotel buying a convention was by way of being an extrapolation to absurdity; but it is possible. A valid convention committee could do the same thing, under the vote-by-mail system. At St. Louis, the voting was close enough that ballots would have been cheaper, and surer, than booze, for the Washington bid. We might have won a dishonest campaign with no one the wiser. There are, after all, such things as remailing services. Fortunately, the Boston-Washington contest was one of the cleanest fights in recent fan history. Boston, however, bore rather the brunt of it the last time around; I think they can testify to the fact of unfair tactics in con bidding.

Any realistic system of controls on voting-by-mail would be so cumbersome that it probably would be impossible. As I see it, the probabilities of abuse far outweigh the possible usefulness of such a system. Granted, it is difficult for many people to be present at all voting sessions; those who have a legitimate right to decide their own fates are denied this right by sheer fact of circumstance. However, there must be safer, better ways of making a voice available to these people



than mail voting. One idea which has been broached before is that of representative voting by club. This, at least, has the advantage that blame could be more easily fixed, in the event of fraud.

The biggest problem in controlling unfair balloting procedures is the fact that the business meeting can take no retroactive measures to correct unfair practices. A consite, once chosen, is fixed. I don't propose to change this; I do propose to try to expose any possible chance for abuse, so that corrective action can be taken before the fact.

Incidentally, I do not accuse Dallas of any unfair tactics, in spite of any incidental similarity between their presentation and my theoretical model. They do not appear to be using especially unusual methods; there is, in fact, a precedent for everything they have done. Heidelberg, for instance, used the technique of selling advance memberships. Dallas is not at all underhanded in their bid; overbearing, yes; underhanded, no.

As far as correcting hotel abuses of the more common type, as exemplified by the Chase-Park Plaza and the Hotel Warwick, however, I think that we have found our weapon. Hitherto, fandom has sat idly by, letting hotels do what they would. We have now learned our power. We kept "Star Trek" on the air until it became too unpalatable even for us. We cost the Chase-Park Plaza far more in revenue than they finagled out of us. When the Warwick attempted to prevent the Philcon from utilizing another hotel, the threat of legal action brought about an apology; and the Philcon has, to all appearances, the hotel it wanted. At least, they are sure enough of it to have announced it for November 13-15 at the Sheraton. (This was at the February PSFS meeting.)

Fandom may be just a goddam hobby, but we number among us a cross-section of the American elite. Hotels may not think much of a bunch of nuts, as they consider us to be; but they will sit up and behave, if they are made to realize that the congoers include state senators, lawyers, doctors, and programmers. They will be wary of offending members in good standing of the VFW, the American Legion, and the NRA. They should be given sufficient information, before a convention, to realize that we can bite.

I therefore propose that a poll be taken of fandom, to include such information as median income, profession, position, and fraternal memberships; the information thus gathered to be made available to prospective committees as bargaining power. More on this, however, next issue.

We can control abuses by hotels and by fellow fans; but prevention is better than cure. If we solve the problems ahead of time, we can start having fun again.

MINI-REVIEW -- The Wisdom of Spiro T. Agnew, compiled by Amram M. Ducovny (Ballantine Books; \$1.00; Illustrated by Peter Green).

This is a non-book of 63 pages, illustrated with 12 or 13 full page-illustrations. The illustrations are not very good; on the other hand, the text isn't too hot, either. A sampling:

Poetry: I can only say you misread my heart. -- Oct. 18, 1968.

Nightlife: I study every night. -- Jan. 7, 1968.

Housing: I've got myself to live with. -- Jan. 7, 1969.

Political Assassination: I don't think Senator Thurmond is a racist. -- Aug. 17, 1968.

And so forth. The "book" is hostile, but lacks bite, trenchancy and point. Ducovny finally makes Agnew seem dull, which is hardly a recommendation for either the "book" or Ducovny. Political faanishness, baby.

Don't waste your dollar; but if you must, send it in to Democratic Nat'l HQ.

 -- Alexis Gilliland

A NOTE ON NUMEROLOGY
by Alexis Gilliland

As Number 6 so aptly put it, "I am not a number, I am a free man!" However, he could have equally well have said, "I am a number, but I am also a free man!", or even, "I am a man and a free number!"

The question, of course, is whether a person may be reduced to a flavorless, savorless, dimensionless number for the manipulative convenience of a machine. Numbers are rational, names are imbued with magic, and we seek to preserve what little mystique we have been able to acquire in our otherwise prosaic lifetimes by clinging to our names.

And yet...a name is only a sound. Break it down into letters, and it can be pronounced by people who have never met its object. A name, also, can be manipulated. And conversely, a number may be imbued with magic.

For example: What is more prosaic than 343-097? Yet that innocuous number may be the symbol for a Swiss Bank Account, and all that one needs to know is the number and the bank, and a Gauleiter's horde is yours. Or it may be the FBI file number on a wire-tapped union leader.

Machines are here to stay, and with the machines, numbers. How many numbers have been attached to you, like lint, in your lifetime? Before you are born, there are prescription numbers, and afterwards an unending flood, tagging you for the manipulations of mechanical fingers until your insurance policy number pays off the annuity you bought 20 years after your death. You are a helpless object, protesting futilely that you are a free man.

Of course, a number doesn't care how it is used. Become aware of the system, and numbers become masques, concealing and protecting, or a forest in which to hide. The most overt countermanipulation of numbers is done by the embezzler, who steals from the machine. The forger, who manipulates one's signature, steals from the individual. However, the embezzler and the forger are equally human.

Are you any less human for having a social security number? After all, you are not the number. The number is the designation of the account into which you put your social security payments. In time, that account and that number will make payments to you.

What other numbers do you object to? You are not your phone number, either, nor your ZIP code, nor your address, nor your student number (Take your time about graduating and be the lowest student number in your class). All of these are aspects of yourself. So are the numbers on your driver's license, automobile registration, Boscon I registration, and draft card.

What is objectionable is not that machines (who have small, weak minds) reduce you to numbers to manipulate, but that people, aping machines, seek to do the same.

A name has magic. A name is a handle. When Ulysses bested the Cyclops, he rashly called out to the blind monster: "I am Ulysses, the Sacker of Cities, the Son of Laertes, whose dwelling is in Ithica", and he would have added his ZIP code had he remembered it. As the result, a curse knew which head to fall upon.

If I wish to manipulate you, I will discover your secret numbers. Nowadays it beats your secret name all to hell.

Magic, after all, is the manipulation of things by symbols. And if the demons who lurk unseen about us are to be manipulated by numbers rather than names (Numbers



of Power!), let us seek out these numbers and know them so that we become the arbiters of our destiny rather than hapless puppets.

I know my social security number, baby. Do you?

IT'S D.C. FOR THEE,
IT'S D.C. FOR ME:
IT'S D.C. ONCE MORE,
IN SEVENTY-FOUR!

1970 MARCON -- Brief Report
by Jay Haldeman

After our usual three states of fog, Alice and I arrived in beautiful downtown Columbus. The hotel, a towering obelisk among groveling slums, was an easy step off the interstate. Add one Jerry Kaufman (semi-official greeter), and we knew we had arrived.

All the rooms were pie-wedge-shaped and filled. Our room had a single bed, a roll-away and a crib, which left room for one fan and a half a can of beer. I feel obliged to add that we did, however, have an excellent view of the smog which passes for air out there.

Having arrived early and sweaty, we betook ourselves towards the heated pool, and were descended upon by the caped Dragon Lady herself, guest-of-honor Anne McCafrey. The pool was nice, the company better, and we killed a buncha time 'til the party started.

There were eighty-some odd fans and about 3,000 basketball nuts in the hotel that night. We drank them under the table. End of Friday night.

Saturday came, despite all our efforts. The hotel cafeteria was, for a change, not too expensive, and good service was duly noted.

Larry Smith had planned this year's Marcon to be a low-key, relaxed affair. He succeeded. The only planned activity was Anne's speech at the banquet Sat. afternoon. The banquet came off without a hitch. Anne was beautiful in style and voice as always.

The party Saturday night was kicked off to the frosted fumes of dry ice floating in gallons of blog. The pros (Anne, Dannie Flachta, Dean McLaughlin, and T.L. Sherred) held court of sorts while sidestepping dry ice and drunken fans (not to mention the totally-demolished basketball crazies). It was a good party, which lasted until Mike Lalor claimed his bed as the sun rose.

Sunday was full of sitting around and swimming. Our trip home (415 miles) took two days and was so filled with snow, fog, boarding houses at 2 a.m. and Godzilla that I could take three issues of TWJ to cover it. But the nightmare, two month's distant, is still too painful to elaborate upon. Ask one who wears the star-crossed badge of a Haldebus odyssey -- ah, the stories you will receive. It was a good con -- Larry managed it well, and Cele was a most gracious hostess.

MOON DUST MAKES ME SNEEZE

by
Bob Vardeman

I recently attended a series of lectures by Dr. Klaus Keil of the University of New Mexico on the subject of lunar specimens. Dr. Keil was permitted to study about five grams of moon dust from the Apollo 11 mission and has come to some tentative conclusions concerning the nature and origin of the moon.

It might seem rather pompous to draw any conclusions at all about the moon's origin from a mere pinch of moon dust. And it is to a large extent, but it is possible to make educated guesses and to make definite statements about the moon's geologic history.

The first data concerning the composition of the moon rocks came from Surveyor 7. This, as you no doubt remember, was an automated, unmanned probe designed to analyze a small portion of the moon's surface. To do this, a radioactive curium source sent out a beam of alpha particles (the nuclei of a helium atom) and analyzed the reflected beam. Since different elements reflect different amounts of alpha particles, it was possible to obtain rough estimates of the surface composition. The estimates appear to have been accurate within 10% or so, which is very good for an automated probe.

The big disadvantage (other than the large error) was that the alpha particles could not penetrate very far under the surface since they are readily absorbed by the moon rock (alpha particles can travel only a few centimeters in air before being absorbed -- you can imagine how far they'd penetrate into rock).

The actual samples from Mare Tranquilitatis have revealed far more than any automated probe could ever do, simply because the research equipment needed for precise measurement is so massive and requires human surveillance almost constantly.

In the dust were found small glass spherules varying in color from clear to green to brown to red to black/red. The clear and green spherules were extremely small in comparison to the other, darker colored ones, and it was determined by Dr. Keil that the clear and green globules were the result of meteor impacts on the moon's surface. That is, these particular globs did not originate in the Mare Tranquilitatis area but were blown there by meteor impacts on other parts of the moon.

First off, let me define what is meant by geologists when they mention "differentiation". Differentiation refers to various rock formations crystallizing at different temperatures as a molten mass cools. Basalt is the product of rapid cooling, while quartz is the result of the same type of molten lava cooling at a different rate. And the various products in between (like feldspar) are likewise of similar composition, but just the result of different temperatures and rates of cooling.

The Apollo 11 crew found that almost no differentiation occurred in the Tranquility Base area. The area abounded with the brown, red and black spherules of all sizes, while only very small clear and green ones were found. This indicates, then, that the clear and green ones were not "native" to this part of the moon.

Such spherules seem to abound, tho, in the lunar highlands such as around the crater Tycho. Tycho is an impact crater (the big crater with the white rays radiating from it in the lower left portion of the moon), and could have blown the debris from the collision over a large area -- such as to Mare Tranquilitatis.

Since such a large area of the moon (the highlands) seems to have been differentiated, this means that the area has been molten at some time. Was it due to internal or external heat?

It seems to have been internal since it would take an incredibly large -- or many incredibly large -- meteors to have created an area the size of the highlands. Assuming that an internal heat is the answer (and it seems more likely than a series of impacts), what type of heat? It is possible that it was either radioactive or thermal. Since the crust in the highlands is estimated to be as much as 30 km thick, it is possible it was pushed up like highlands on the earth, by internal heat and pressure.

What of the age? Well, it seems the moon's been around almost since the real year one. The Mare rocks test out with radioactive Rubidium-strontium to about 3.6 billion years. Current estimates (give or take a year) for the entire solar system run about 4.7 billion years. So the moon is "only" about 1.1 billion years newer than the system itself. This implies that the moon was formed directly from the protosun as was the earth itself, rather than separating from the earth after cooling had started. Another point showing that the moon is not a piece of the earth shot out into orbit is the composition of the rocks.

The moon is far richer in the heavy metals like titanium and zirconium and tungsten than the earth. And the moon has almost no sodium, potassium or phosphorus. Dr. Keil had a theory concerning this. If vapor fractionation took place, it would tend to enrich the heavier metals and boil off the lighter. To test this, he and Dr. Lloyd Nelson of Sandia Laboratories, Albuquerque, set up a CO₂ laser, vaporized pieces of prepared substance and analyzed the products, comparing them to the moon rocks. Unfortunately, a fine theory was shot down, for it seems that the data does not agree at all. Instead of vapor fractionation, then, the little spherules were formed molten, mixed and then cooled. The lighter elements do not seem to have ever been present.

If this is true, more than enough time (1.1 billion years) transpired for the mixing and cooling to take place. Granted, one piece of moon rock has been dated at 4.3 billion years, indicating the moon might go back to the most ancient of times, but it is possible that this is a meteor fragment which has impacted on the moon (this fragment, by the way, is named "Luny").

The moon is a veritable garden for geologists to wander thru. Not only is some primordial matter present, but large-scale differentiation has taken place. This fills the gap between creation and the earth's apparent age of creation, since much of the earth's history has been lost or muddled.

Some further conclusions have been reached about possible water and oxygen concentrations. Studies of Armalcolite (a TiO₂/FeO compound) were analyzed, and it was found that no water was present in the crystal structure and that the lower valences of iron were formed. Since iron is present in both $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{3}$ valences on the earth, this means that very little oxygen was present on the moon and the lower $\frac{1}{2}$ form was created. The FeTi₂O₅ Armalcolite was named after ARMstrong, ALdrin and COLLins -- so if you have trouble remembering the third member's name, remember Armalcolite rather than Armalwhatshisname-ite.

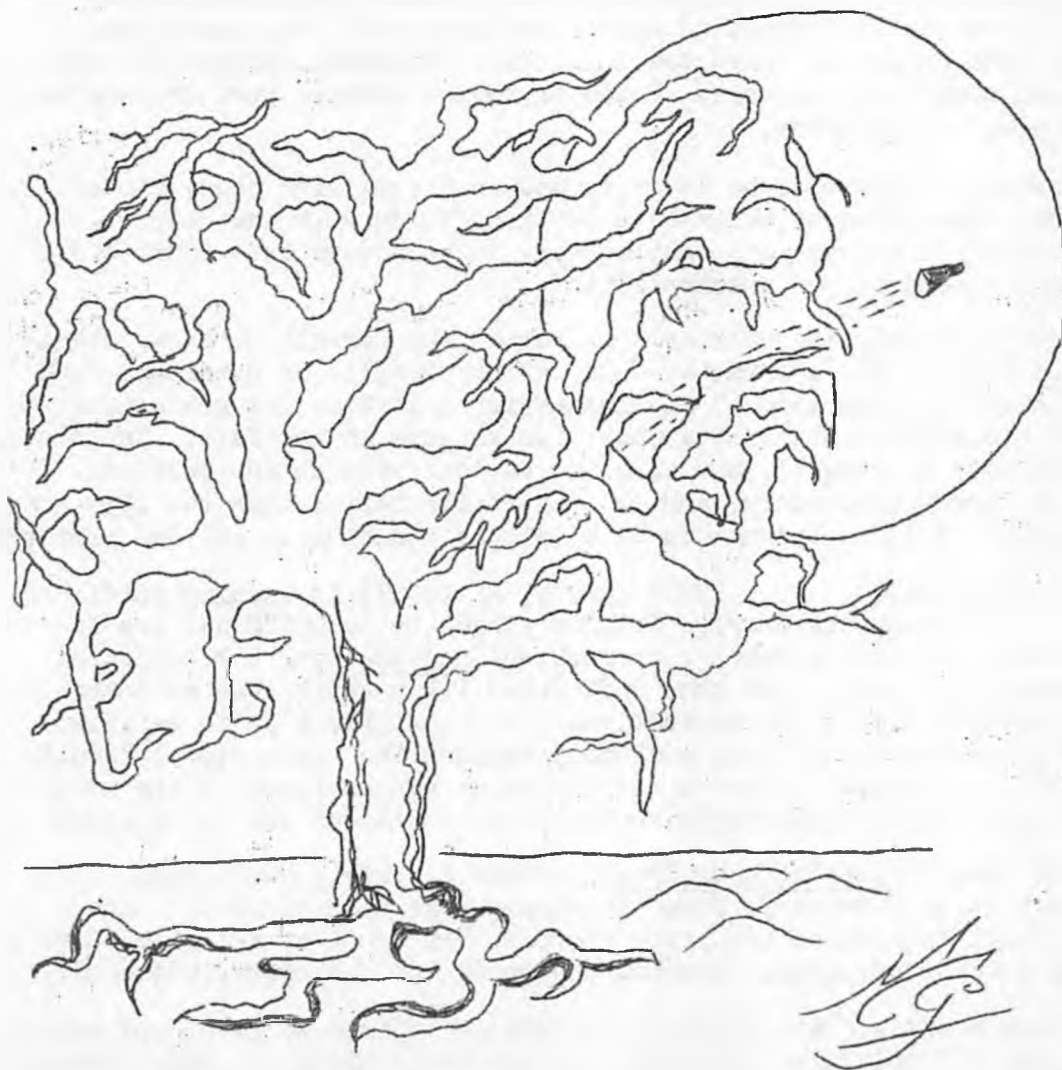
Dean Chapman of the Ames Space Center had made rather intricate calculations concerning the origin of tektites on the earth. A tektite is a clear/green/light brown glass meteorite which is characterized by its shape. It is an almost-perfect aerodynamic form which shows it was molten when it entered the earth's atmosphere. Dr. Chapman calculated a trajectory from a crater in the moon, and had said things like, "Why go to the moon when you can study it here on Earth?" It now seems likely

that tektites could not originate from the moon since the tektites are almost pure quartz. A more complicated theory has now been advanced, trying to show that tektites are products from the earth blown out into space and then pulled back to land in only certain locations (like Australia). It is almost easier to believe tektites don't exist at all.

To sum up this formidable torrent of dusty facts: (1) the moon was formed directly from the protosun like the earth; (2) the moon is very old (3.6 billion years, altho some of its material might be even older); (3) the moon is rich in heavier metals and has almost no lighter ones; (4) the moon was at one time molten, which caused extensive differentiation in the highlands and almost no differentiation at all in the maria.

This does not say whether or not the moon was captured by the earth after it was formed, but it does "prove" that the moon was never connected to the earth like it was at one time thought. It also does not answer questions like why the moon reverberated for an hour after the lunar lander on Apollo 12 crashed back. (And this was no malfunction of the seismic equipment, either. Two more meteor impacts registered similar reactions.) It does not say anything about the continuous history of the moon as it cooled -- just about certain features in the history. And it doesn't say anything about whether or not the moon's core is still hot.

Quite a few more moon trips will be needed to obtain enough data to turn educated guesses into hard facts, but one thing is in the favor of geologists. Man hasn't been mining the moon for ore for eons, man hasn't been destroying its surface com-



position with pollution, and man hasn't left any beer cans there to stumble over. (Altho one researcher claimed to have found a small bit of mica in his moon sample -- he published a paper on it and its possible implications, while totally ignoring the fact that he'd also found bits of brass and cotton fiber in the same sample....)

ENCYSTMENTS

Pulp fiction, it appears, is receiving a rather thorough reincarnation. After many years (approximately equal to the period of copyright), Doc Savage, the Shadow, Operator 5, Secret Agent X, and the Spider have returned; and the printed page is again pleased with a proliferation of purple prose.

The Spider, as written by "R.T.M. Scott", is being carried by Berkley. As a promotional gimmick, they have issued the first two as a 2-for-1 set at 60¢. The Spider Strikes (X1735) and The Wheel of Death (X1774) portray Richard Wentworth, the Spider, as a playboy-turned-crime-fighter with a vengeance. He, and his Hindu sidekick Ram Singh, kill evildoers, then mark them with a spider brand. They are, of course, wanted by the police, or would be if the chief had the minimum of intelligence necessary to figure out their secret identities. (We presume that he might really want to.) The best that can be said is that the series enjoys a better grade of writing than do Doc Savage, Secret Agent X, and especially Operator 5. The Shadow, in his better moments, has been about equal.

The utter ruthlessness of the Spider reminds one of what Joanna Russ calls pornoviolence. The character is almost as bloody as Tarzan with his dander up. (Speaking of which, both characters have scars on their foreheads, linguistic and athletic ability, and a way with animals. Could be that a certain Lord decided to try civilization again, on his terms.)

The covers show what appears to be Zorro in modern dress, with cape, slouch hat, mask, and a long rope, none of which have anything to do with the stories. Number 2 in the series has him carrying what appears to be a very late model S&W revolver, which might be considered anachronistic.

Berkley is also reprinting the Prester John series, by Norvell W. Page, starting with Flame Winds (X1741, 60¢). Prester John, or Wan Tengri, or Hurricane John (he is called all three) is described as an Alexandrian gladiator who got converted to Christianity and decided to establish a Christian kingdom in the East. In this story, he visits the city of Turgohl, and takes on various wizards and warriors. The story is rousing sword-and-sorcery, and is written far better than the 1939 copyright date would imply. This series should be a welcome addition to any S&S library.

Centaur Press (%Como Sales, Inc., 799 Broadway, NY 10003) is issuing pulfic of a different flavor. Don Grant and Charlie Collins (thank be to LOCUS 43) are fo-menting the pb issuance, albeit somewhat piecemeal, of Red Shadows, the collected tales of REH's Solomon Kane, using the same Jeff Jones illos (this time as covers) which more or less started him on his current road to fame. Piece #1 is entitled The Moon of Skulls (unnumbered, 60¢) and includes, besides the title story, "Skulls in the Stars", and "The Footfalls Within". If the books can be found on the news-stands, they should be welcome, especially to those who don't own the hb original.

Another Centaur item is The Pathless Trail (Arthur O. Friel, 60¢), which is a more or less ordinary jungle adventure story something like Haggard when he was writing mainstream stuff instead of lost race stories. It's not at all bad, if your taste runs that way. Cover by Jones, somewhat too moody for the story, but good.

The Centaur Press books are an attractive package, and tend to give good entertainment for the price. I only wish they would number their books; it makes indexing a library a lot easier.

-- David Halterman

SEX AND THE SINGLE CELL

by David Halterman

I. THE MENACE OF THE MAD CHROMOSOME.

Recent commentary in the various popular publications has suggested a certain correlation between the genetic pattern X Y Y and the commission of violent crimes. This correlation is a statistical one, based on a number of studies; it suggests that, while the total male population includes about 0.4% XYY individuals, about 3% of those males who are convicted of such acts as rape or murder exhibit the trait.

While not all the figures are in, there is a suggestion of something more than simple coincidence -- a suggestion sufficiently strong to interest science fiction authors. While it shouldn't produce an idea-run as comprehensive as the recent spate of over-population stories, it is predictable that at least one novel will be printed extrapolating on the idea to the extent of advocating euthanasia for such individuals. Rather than wait, TWJ takes this opportunity to debunk some of the possible misconceived notions inherent in the idea.

The first thing to remember is that the correlation involves only violent crime. Thieves and embezzlers exhibit no special hereditary differences from the norm. (They may be somewhat superior, in fact, since certain deficiencies would tend to bar people from a life of crime.)

A second fact involves simple percentages. If the preliminary figures are correct, then a population for America of 200,000,000 will contain about 400,000 XYY individuals. If we assume that 1,000,000 Americans will commit crimes of violence (which is a hell of an assumption), about 30,000 will be XYY, or about 7.5% of the questionable population. Not many, really.

It is also worthy of note that no definite tendency has been shown for the children of XYY individuals to be offenders. In one study, which examined nine individuals with 31 children, it turned out that only one of the children had been arrested and convicted. The 63 children of 18 "normals" in the same study had a combined total of something like 139 convictions. Other factors, such as environment, would seem to have a greater effect than an extra Y.

The only physical difference demonstrable between the normal XY and the XYY is a slightly higher average level of testosterone. There may be a lower intelligence. These are statistical, not general, differences.

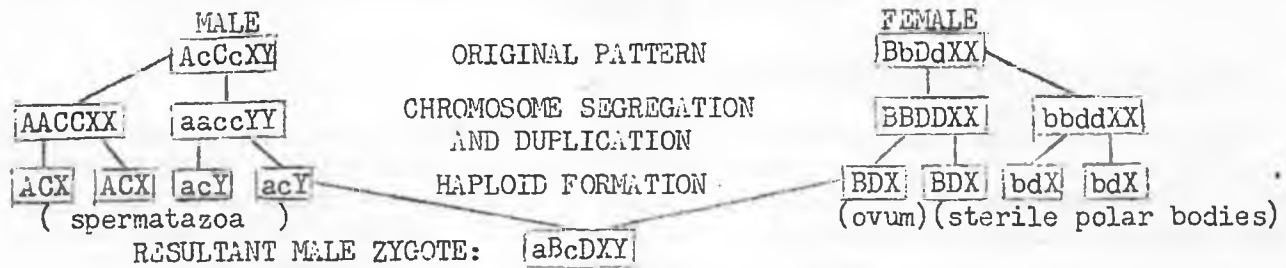
How do XYY individuals happen, anyway?

We know that the normal karyotype, or "chromosome print" showing the chromosomes arranged in pairs according to size and shape, shows 22 matched pairs, or autosomes, and a 23rd pair which may or may not be matched. These latter are the sex chromosomes. They are called X and Y because that's what they look like in the usual preparation. The normal male is patterned XY; the normal female, XX.

Body cells normally replicate their own pattern. The sexual gametes, the sperm and ova, being haploid (containing half the usual chromosome number), are produced by a special process. (A grossly-simplified diagram of this process appears at the top of the next page.)

Sometimes, however, something gets confused. Instead of properly segregating, and ending up with one X or one Y per gamete, the chromosomes "gang up". All of one pair goes the same way, or none at all, or various combinations in between. Thus,

Diagram (simplified) depicting process involved in production of male zygote:



a given gamete could contain any number of sex chromosomes from 0 to 4, from a normal parent. The resultant zygote, therefore, could have any pattern from 00 to XXXXXYY, or anything in between. There appears to be no particular reason for this; it could be called the luck of the draw. It is noteworthy, however, that the probability of children being aneuploid (i.e., having chromosome counts which are not simple multiples of the haploid number 23) increases with the age of the parents. Maybe the cells become senile.

As the number of sex chromosomes varies from the usual two, the probability of the occurrence falls off rapidly. For example, there were only (as of 1965) five examples of the pattern XXXY known. Such individuals, however, serve to confirm the theory that the Y is the major sex determinant for humans. The five individuals were essentially male in function and format. (This theory does not, incidentally, hold for all species. An XO in many species of insect is male; an XX, female. There is no Y. Some fish determine sex by environment, and develop either way according to circumstances.)

Certain patterns are never seen, not because they are of low probability, but because they are nonviable. The X chromosome, by virtue of various sex-linked deficiencies, has been shown to have considerable importance. So-called sex-linked recessives include two forms of hemophilia (lack of clotting Factor VII for the classic form, and Factor IX in Christmas Disease), a form of chemically-induced hemolytic anemia (lack of an enzyme called, for short, g-6Pd), two forms of diabetes insipidus, Duchenne-type Muscular Dystrophy, and many others. It is safe to assume that, if the lack of the necessary factors is determined by the X chromosome, so, probably, is the presence thereof in normal cases. It is probably true, then, that the reason we have never seen the patterns 00, YO, or YY, is that they don't normally survive conception long enough to be born. Similar circumstances occur in mice and in the ubiquitous fruit fly.

XO, however, is capable of surviving, and is common enough to have been dignified by the name Turner's Syndrome. The female with this defect frequently shows sexual immaturity and infertility. Infertility is also seen in the trisomes KXX, sometimes called a metafemale, and the male KXY, with Klinefelter's Syndrome. The sibling data on the XYY males, however, suggests that they can at least manage.

Percentages say that XYY people have a greater probability of committing violence, but not as much as would be necessary to negate their existence. Probability suggests that they can not be eliminated completely, because they will continue to appear at the rate of about two for every thousand births, from now unto infinity. Reason indicates that the value of any major program will not justify the means. Experience shows that someone will write a modern novel, based on the same information as this article, extrapolating disaster and advocating drastic measures. Said author will emphatically expound on the necessity of eliminating these monster chromosomes, thereby demonstrating a wondrous fugeheadedness. He might even think that he's making sense; but you, dear reader, will know.....YY not.

SFWA NEBULA AWARDS BANQUET, 1970 (New York)

by
Jay Kay Klein

Checking in at the Hotel Algonquin -- presumably the "headquarters hotel" -- around noon on Saturday, March 14, I ran into Ben Bova. We exchanged greetings, and agreed to rendezvous later that day at the Awards Banquet. I knew it was a pretty safe bet that we'd both be there. After all, Ben had come all the way from Boston and I all the way from Syracuse just to attend.

Whether there was to be a party that night as usual was something about which I was as much in the dark as I was as to whether the Algonquin had any official connection with the day's event. No information had been circulated. I guessed (correctly, as it turned out) that "old hands" were expected to know these things from memory of times past.

At least this year the Banquet tickets had the correct address for the restaurant. An "old hand", last year I'd gone to the correct address out of a sheer sense of tradition. Unlike previous years, though, I arrived at the restaurant Les Champs unfashionably early. Only Jerry and Sonya Dorman were there, blotting up excess liquid at the bar.

A sense of disquiet fell upon me when a waiter informed me the banquet was going to consist of the "Les Champs Special -- broccoli and chicken". Incredulous, I asked if he were sure: "In previous years we had beef dishes."

Waiter's reply: "This year they didn't want to pay so much."

It was then I knew the evening would not be the culinary success it had been when an unbridled Bob Silverberg had run barefoot through the menu. In fact, it was to turn out that the food would bring grief to the entire event.

But first we had to have the cocktail party. At 6:00 p.m., Barry and Jayne Malzberg arrived. Soon after, Don Miller and Bob Rozman came. Then Rachael Cosgrove and Norman Page started filling up the room, along with Ray Gallun. Then came the inundation, with Lloyd Biggle carrying in a Nebula (or two) wrapped like fresh fish in old newspapers. He was accompanied by Anne McCaffrey. Then the Sam Moskowitzes entered.

In contrast to previous years, there was a complete absence of tuxedos and full dress suits. Gardner R. Dozois of Dell Books even came dressed in what persons of Bob Silverberg's generation would term "hippie style". Perhaps more correctly it was Amer-Ind fashion. And John Jakes had a blatantly striped shirt that would have done justice to the chief Enforcer on the "Untouchables" television show. (Ah -- those ad agency v.p.'s from Dayton, Ohio!)

A string-tied Jack Gaughan arrived, trailed by Phoebe Gaughan and Dannie Plachta (just in from the heartland of American pollution, Detroit). Ted White came in armed with advance covers of AMAZING and FANTASTIC Cohenzines. And then it was time for Isaac to greet Anne McCaffrey with a hearty buss.

No longer awed by the presence of the writing demi-gods, Bob Silverberg had left his tuxedo at home and appeared in a simple white dinner jacket and comfortable open-throat shirt. Barbara was attired in a comfortable miniskirt.

By this time Jack Gaughan was seated at a table and was dispensing nametags. Upon many of these he performed noble feats of calligraphy, placing thereon many names in what appeared to be Old Elvish. Actually, I suspect it was Old Gaughan.

Someday, I predict, these Gaughan concards will be collector's items found only in university library ms. archives. Of course, when Jack gets a pen in his hand, all else leaves his consciousness, and he was hard-pressed to recognize anyone's name so he could write it down. For one, he looked point-blank at Tom Purdom and had to ask first for the name and then, "How do you spell it?" Reply: "T-O-M!"

Last year's Nebula winner Alex Panshin was present, along with Cory. Ian and Betty Ballantine were both around this year, Ian having taken last year off to go skiing. Joanna Russ was in from her teaching post in Ithaca, and Ted Cogswell was in from his university position near Scranton. SFWA President Gordy Dickson was in from the frozen Viking country of far Minnesota. Frank Belknap Long and wife Lyda were attending their first SFWA affair, having travelled all the way from West 21st Street.

Surviving the crowded cocktail party only with the aid of a slug of gin from Sonya Dorman's very dry martini, I gratefully headed for the dinner tables with the rest of the revelers. Anne McCaffrey said there were 120 present at the banquet. This was actually ten more than last year, but somehow the audience seemed smaller. Perhaps the tables were arranged differently. After all, broccoli and chicken probably take up less room.

From past experience with photography at the banquet, I secured the same seat I'd sat in last year. This time I was seated opposite Don and Elsie Wollheim. Donna and Dick Peck were next to me, and my table also held Bob Rozman, Don Miller, Dave Halterman, Paul Herkart, and Jack Chalker. At intervals I was able to turn around and talk to Ben Bova, seated behind me at the speaker's table. We had a particularly noble conversation on Mars, during which time I'm sure we exchanged fascinating nuggets of misinformation which will be corrected on the next fly-by.

Don Wollheim volunteered the thought that SFWA was organized more along the lines of a fan group than a professional society. Interestingly enough, he pointed out, Damon Knight was not only the founder of SFWA, but also the founder of nothing less than the NFFF itself. During the table conversation I discovered that Dick Peck teaches English at Temple University, Bob Rozman is perhaps America's leading pharmacologist, and Don Miller is Administrator of the Federal Bureau of Prison's National Prisoner Statistics Program.

After an hour and a half of fruit cup and black bean soup, a small percentage of the broccoli and chicken started arriving. The majority didn't make it until nearly 10:00 p.m. This meant that the program couldn't start. Even ceremonial master Isaac Asimov didn't care to compete with gnashings of teeth, bleak starvation, and other distractions.

Across from me, Don Wollheim stared balefully at the broccoli-laden chicken. (Syndrome: I say it's spinich, and I say to hell with it!) It really wasn't all that bad, to be truthful about it. It was the "au gratin" part that provided the finishing touch.

Oh well, all good things have to come to an end, and Isaac spoke up just before ten p.m. He called, "Everyone look this way for a treat." Naturally, all we saw was Isaac. He introduced the head table, which was filled with assorted SFWA general staff, speakers, and guests. Then he apologized to Anne McCaffrey for his last year's song: "Anne McCaffrey, Opne Up Your Golden Gate!" In its place he substituted a bit of innocuous doggerel.

Our jovial TV celebrity moved on to Judy-Lynn. Isaac had already been startled with the message that the head table lacked a front covering and all was exposed to the casual gaze of interested parties. Isaac dropped a napkin and ducked down to



test the truth of this assertion. To his great relief, he found the table cloth provided a complete screen for tactical maneuver against enemy redoubts. He proceeded to tell how he'd been taken in by a previous joke on Judy's part. She had sent him a fake GALAXY table-of-contents page with the Asimov name reduced to the detested pseudo form of Asenion. So excited was Isaac that he telephoned at his own expense to straighten out the matter. Judy calmly informed him she had a bet with Lester del Rey that he wouldn't catch on to the page's being a practical joke.

Next it was Barbara Silverberg's turn. Isaac sweetly declaimed that Barbara was not wearing a brassiere. Mrs. Silverberg turned red and ducked down under the table, while Jack Gaughan held a napkin over her head to shield her from the incontinent gaze of the multitude. (My photograph of this will be entered in the LIFE photo contest under one of these categories: a. America -- Its Faces; b. America -- Its Landscapes; or, c. The World in Action.)

The very delayed serving of the au gratined broccoli chicken kept Isaac from more than a few minutes of such banter. We will have to hear the rest on some future Dick Cavett show. He felt compelled to introduce the first speaker quickly, Professor Carl Sagan of Cornell University. The topic: "Is There Life on Earth?", or, "The Search for Life on Other Planets".

In line with the rest of the evening, one of the two projectors failed to operate, mercifully wiping out the showing of half the slides. Projectionist Ben Bova (reduced in rank since his last year's role as master of ceremonies) had trouble with the other projector, too. In the interim, Joanna Russ took advantage of the white light projected on the screen to entertain the assembled congregation with hand shadows. This was one of the highlights of the evening, as half the audience stood around trying to avoid interference with the maze of pillars studing the room.

At 10:10 p.m. Prof. Sagan reached the screen and said, "I'm glad to be here." Humorous in a low-key Bob Silverberg sort of way, he said, "Our attitudes toward Mars have gone through some interesting changes in recent years." In fact, he added,

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this was true of our conceptions of the universe. The first slides were hand-drawn, largely humorous pseudo-conceptions of the universe. One such slide showed a view of Earth with a gigantic "London-type" bridge stretched across to the other planets. It looked something like the usual beginnings of a Sam Moskowitz slide show.

The speaker said that early in life he had encountered the E.R. Burroughs conception of the planets -- and had thought highly of this romantic notion. Thus, Prof. Sagan established his science fiction credentials with the audience. But he said he would shortly show slides taken by the U.S. space vehicles of Mars, some never before released. First, though, he had Ben project Percival Lowell drawings of Mars and then actual Earth-based telescope views.

He pointed out that Mars' atmosphere was mostly carbon dioxide with some water. Mars was covered with very fine particles and flooded with a lethal flux of ultra violet. At first glance, there was apparently no chance for life. However, he called that a "parochial view". In a simulated Martian environment on Earth, ordinary Earth organisms managed to survive. With some added water they even managed to reproduce. On Mars, the intense ultraviolet radiation could break out free water from its bound state in minerals.

The telescopic canals were seen only under certain atmospheric conditions. In poor seeing, they were invisible. In especially good seeing, they broke up into bits and pieces of detail. The old view that the dark areas are vegetation because they're green has been refuted. In the first place, the dark areas are not green. Second, they appear more likely to be windblown dust over Mars' ten to fifteen kilometers of elevational differences.

Moving on to the Mariner photos, Prof. Sagan noted there was a difference of opinion between astronomers and astronauts as to whether maps and photos of Mars should be depicted with the South Pole or the North Pole on top. It really didn't matter to the audience, however, because all of the speaker's slides were in backwards. (This made reading the captions and other text somewhat difficult.) Starting with a complete (backwards) view of all sides of Mars taken through a telescope, the speaker showed a series of slides shot from Mariner at increasingly closer distances. He showed great delight in pointing out and naming features such as Syrtis Major.

The final closeups showed huge craters quite unlike the moon's. The Martian craters are flatter and not bowl-shaped. Apparently they are eroded considerably. The ones closer to the equator are highly eroded and large stretches of landscape appear to lack craters. This may be evidence of life in the warmer regions. Orbital satellites scheduled for 1971 and 1975 will provide additional data and may even provide closeups of Phobos and Deimos.

He concluded that we now have a whole new set of problems about Mars laid on top of our old set. And we may expect more as our observations increase. Ending his talk at 11:10 p.m., he ran into Isaac's invitation to the audience to ask questions, "to help with plots". In reply to one question, he said that exposure to water for just fifteen minutes a day permitted Earth organisms to reproduce in a simulated Martian environment. Obviously, Martian organisms would be acclimated for Martian water levels.

Finally, at long last, the program entered a new phase. Presumably, SFWA members who had done their homework by reading ASTOUNDING/ANALOG fact articles, GALAXY fact articles, and SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, and by watching recent TV coverage of space shots could go on to something new at the Banquet. This proved to be Judy-Lynn Benjamin, who turned out to be quite the humorist Isaac's earlier anecdote.

dote had implied. Unfortunately, it was so very late and Judy had the grace to realize there were still Nebulas to be awarded, so she had to limit herself to just a few minutes of well-placed wit.

"Only recently I've been given the honor of speaking for GALAXY", she began. It was understood that this used to be the prerogative of Fred Pohl as one of the perks of office. Judy said she was so used to talking over the phone that she was going to pretend she was merely using a phone to communicate with the SFWA audience. She revealed that Universal has a Watts line that she uses frequently, and then expressed some thoughts that now having disclosed this, she'd find Universal would tell her to lay off. This seemed an appropriate time to introduce Edith and Ejler Jakobsson.

During the transfer period at GALAXY and IF there had been wild rumors of doom. But these were simply not true, Judy said. And she told how she'd been given the title "Managing Editor" to fit her responsibilities. She went on to an anecdote about Harlan's phone calls complaining about Fred Pohl's title changes. Then she launched into a joke about Moses editing God's word on the stone tablets. Moses never made the Promised Land. Judy concluded, "I can't think of a nicer group of people, genuinely friendly, that I'd like to be associated with."

And then as a service to SFWAdom, she read a message from Barbara Silverberg that earlier Isaac hadn't had the courage to open, let alone read aloud: "Isaac is also not wearing a brassiere."

All of this occupied too few minutes, and just short of 11:30 p.m. Gordy Dickson took over to hand out the Nebulas. "Half the membership returned ballots." This was pretty good for societies generally, he said, but he expects better from the SFWA. Then he launched into a race with the clock, of necessity leaving out the time-honored banter associated with Nebula awards. Each category simply had its runner-ups stated, then the name of the winner. The first three were at other banquets.

Best Novel, The Left Hand of Darkness, by Ursula Le Guin, with the publisher's plaque to Ace and Walker.

Best Novella, "A Boy and His Dog", by Harlan Ellison, with the plaque to Avon.

Best Novelette, "Time Considered as a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones", by Chip Delany, with the plaque to Ace.

Best Short Story, "Passengers", by Robert Silverberg, with the plaque to Putnam.

Anne McCaffrey received a replacement Nebula for the one that had cracked since last year -- a common failing with these awards. She announced that the latest batch of awards were using new crystals and colored spirals. Indeed, they were the handsomest yet -- let's hope they are more crack-resistant.

After a bare seven minutes of Nebula ceremony, the Awards Banquet ended. Naturally, Bob was the center of attention as the only Nebula winner present for the year. The only other attraction was the rumored party back at the Algonquin. I walked over with Anne McCaffrey, Isaac and Gertrude Asimov, Karen McCaffrey, and several others, arriving at midnight.

Many persons who had experience in the past with the very crowded party room did not attempt the effort. Many others left after a mere half-hour of squeezed-in discomfort. Some broke away for a while to a less-crowded environment. This proved to be Ben Bova's room, with Isaac and Gertrude Asimov, Ted Cogswell, Judy-Lynn Benjamin, Kate Wilhelm, and Damon Knight.

Back at the main party later, I found that someone had discovered how to open an adjoining door to a very large meeting room -- ideal for partying. If this had



been found earlier, the party would have been far better attended. As it was, the gathering was considerably truncated.

Hearing Bob Silverberg speak of his many previous close-calls at winning a Nebula, I told him that when he finally won one, it was at a Banquet during which not a single person wore a tuxedo or full dress suit. And without detracting from Bob's achievement, it should be added at a Banquet which stifled the wit and humor of an Isaac Asimov and Judy-Lynn Benjamin. At a Banquet not followed by a suitable place for a congratulatory party. (And even the available quarters provided only through the generosity and good nature of Anne McCaffrey.)

I've no doubt that future New York City Banquets will have better arrangements. If not, the awards might nearly as well be delivered by parcel post.

((We had planned a report of our own for SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL, but after Jay's comprehensive coverage, will confine ourselves to a few comments appended to the above report.

First, it should be noted that a listing of the three finalists in each category appeared in SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL #6 (15¢ to non-subscribers).

Next, we will note that the Banquet really needs a larger place. After last year's affair, we were promised we would also have the opportunity to attend future Banquets. Upon receiving no invitation this year, we wrote and were told that they had "oversold" this year's affair, and would have to turn away some of the writers themselves. Luckily, we were able to attend anyway, as the guest of Bob Rozman (our guest of last year), to whom the Silverberg's had graciously sent two tickets in response to an inquiry from him. Even though there were some empty places at some of the tables (unlike last year's event), the room still seemed too crowded -- and the pillars and bobbing heads of people trying to see around the pillars created a real nuisance at program time. A larger Banquet room, suitable for movies/slides, with the head tables situated so that all persons could see the speakers, would seem to be in order for the future -- particularly with the membership continually growing.

Finally, a few quick memories of this year's Banquet:..Driving through blinding snow between D.C. and Baltimore...arriving at 5:30, before the cocktail room was open... meeting more fans than writers (among them Charlie Brown, J.K. Klein, Andy Porter, Jack Chalker, Dave Halterman, the Dietzs, Joe and Gay Haldeman (Joe, of course, just turned pro))...and Ted and Robin White. (Ted said they will be moving to D.C. area this fall, after their first child is born), the Zelaznys, Paul Herkart, Dannie Plachta, the Silverbergs, Dick & Donna Peck, and many others...waiting forever for the main course (don't eat salads or fruit cups, but luckily had plenty of crackers to nibble on....)...stimulating table conversation making long wait more bearable... delicious (we disagree, Jay) main course (or was it just that the long wait made it seem so)...interesting but disappointing program (upside-down/backwards slides didn't help)...too-short and unsuspenseful Nebula ceremony...leaving at midnight for long drive back to D.C....going round and round on the turnpike exit leaving NYC...struggling to keep awake on way back.... ##### Not as enjoyable as last year's, but we still look forward to going up again for next year's Banquet. --DLM))

AN INTRODUCTION TO COMPUTER PROGRAMMING

by Nick Sizemore

The recent rise in the importance of the digital computer in the world at large has given birth to a similar rise in the number of stories dealing, directly or indirectly, with the possibility of machine intelligence. For this reason I will attempt in this article to present a picture of the computer field in outline for the benefit of those not already familiar with it. My discussion will focus primarily on the programming -- or software -- aspect of the field for two reasons. First, I am not an electronics expert, and am unqualified to discuss the latter subject in the detail it deserves. Second, for the purposes of this article -- i.e., the presentation of a broad outline -- that portion of the hardware involved in the execution of instructions and performance of calculations may be regarded as a collection of interconnected on or off switches.

At this level the function of the programmer may be said to be to determine which of these switches are to be set on, or off, and in what sequence, in order to produce the desired results. In this manner the programmer may instruct the machine to perform a complex series of arithmetic or logical operations by analyzing these operations into hierarchies of simple yes or no, true or false, decisions, and then setting the desired switches to obtain the result.

The programmer may write these instructions in one of three major types of languages. They are machine language, assembler language, or compiler language. These instructions are then transferred into some machine readable form, such as punched cards, and thus enter the machine.

Machine language is simply the writing out of the necessary ones and zeroes which would represent, in terms of the on-off switches, the desired operation and the operands on which it is to be performed; e.g.,

001100111010110000000000101100110101.

Needless to say, any length of time spent poring over pages of the above would be more than enough to set one to climbing walls and destroying expensive machinery. For this reason it was not long before assembly languages were developed.

Generally speaking, assembly language is simply machine language in a more manageable format. For each different type of machine function there is a corresponding mnemonic code which may be written and read in place of the maddening string of binary digits. Thus,

A,U A13, 2869

is a translation of the ones and zeroes above into assembler language. Technically, the assembler is simply the program which translates the above letters and numbers back into binary. The advantage is that this program, the assembler, need be written and gotten working only once. Thereafter any programmer may write a program in the assembler code and use the assembler program to translate his coding into machine language for operation.

As an example of the improvement in comprehensibility thus achieved, we can analyze the sample instruction given.

The "A" is the operation code and represents, logically enough, an "add" operation. The "A13" is the location in the computer's memory, or the "address", of the first number to be added. The "2869" is the second number to be added. The "U" indicates, by setting another of the switches, that in this case, rather than specifying the address of the second number, it is included in the instruction itself.

While an improvement over ones and zeroes, the assembly languages have several disadvantages. One is that machines produced by different manufacturers, and even different machines from the same manufacturer, may differ considerably in their capabilities, in the range of functions available, and in many other respects. Thus the machine language and corresponding assembler program will be unique to each machine or series of machines of the same type. If a programmer, therefore, wishes to convert a program to run on a different machine, or simply wants to be able to program on a different type of machine, considerable time and effort must be expended in learning the new language and programming conventions involved. Also, while excellently suited to certain types of programming, it can be extremely tedious and time-consuming, using the simple operations available in most assembly languages, to perform more complex mathematical and logical operations. These and other considerations gave rise to the compiler languages.

Like the assemblers, the compilers need only be written once for a given type of machine. Like the assemblers, the compilers are translation programs, converting compiler language statements into the appropriate machine language instructions. Unlike the assemblers, however, the permissible compiler language statements for a given compiler are, by agreement within the computer industry, common to all machines. That is, the way the compiler is written, the manner in which the translation is to be performed, and the machine language into which it is to translate may all differ, but the statements to be translated are the same. Thus, knowing only one or two compiler languages, a programmer is capable of using any computer for which those compiler programs have been written.

Another major difference is that the compilers normally provide the capability of performing far more sophisticated mathematical and logical operations with far fewer statements. The desired operation may still require a number of machine language instructions, but these are now generated automatically by the compiler program, in accordance with parameters supplied by the programmer in the statement.

There still remains one major area of programming to be considered. Certain functions must be performed for all, or nearly all, programs, which have not yet been mentioned.

There is, for instance, the problem of assigning a place in memory to each instruction and piece of data required by the program.

Also, the program must then be given control of the machine, or executed. This requires that the first instruction, and thereafter each of the following instructions, in the sequence determined by the programmer, must be transmitted to the control circuitry. There the electrical pulses representing the ones and zeroes of the machine language instruction set the appropriate switches, which in turn activate the circuits necessary to perform the desired operation.

Nor have I mentioned the issuing of the control signals required to activate peripheral devices such as card readers, printers, and tape units in order to perform input/output, or I/O, functions.

Originally the programmer had to do all of this himself for each program he wrote. And for the original computers, as for some of the simpler machines of today, this presented no insurmountable problems. As both machines and programs grew larger and more complex, however, it became evident that this method was no longer practical. Not only were they redundant, but such "housekeeping" functions soon threatened to outstrip the programs themselves in their demands on the programmer's time and skill. This led to the creation of the so-called operating, or executive, systems.

The operating system is a collection of programs designed to handle these housekeeping functions, and generally coordinate the operations of the machine for which it is written. The programmer makes use of these programs by communicating his requirements to the coordinating program, known as the supervisor, which will in turn call in the appropriate program or routine to do the job. This communication is performed by means of either special statements for this purpose within the assembler or compiler language in use at the time, or statements in a language specially created for this purpose, usually referred to as the control stream language.

The supervisor is unique in that unlike the user programs, or the special housekeeping programs, which may be stored on tape or disc or some similar storage medium, it remains at all times in the computer memory, checking the status of the computer operations and awaiting a control request. Upon receiving such a request, it may itself perform some task, or simply bring some other program into memory and turn over control for execution. In any case, it either retains control or is returned control of the machine.

If the reader will dwell on these last few paragraphs for a mement, he will readily discern my reason for separating this field of programming from the rest. For it is here, in the design of such executive systems, that the seeds of machine intelligence are to be found.



One method of determining the degree of intelligence of a system or organism would be to determine the complexity of the interaction between the organism or system and its environment. Statistically, this might be interpreted as the number of permutations of possible internal and external conditions or states which would determine the action of the system at a given moment.

In this context we may note that with the creation of executive systems and similar programs, automated, computer-controlled production line systems for example, the machine is no longer passive -- no longer conditioned solely on the basis of externally-supplied stimuli. The presence of a constant internal activity can vastly increase the complexity of the above-mentioned interaction.

Two remaining major factors limit the complexity of this interaction. One is the amount of interaction possible between the system and the external world, and the other is the capacity of the system for, and facility of access to, information storage.

The amount of interaction possible is another way of describing the amount and variety of data which may be interchanged between the system and the external world. The amount is limited by the efficiency of both the encoding of the data and of the transmission medium in use. In these two areas, the vast extent of the ongoing research effort produces ideas and methods for improvement almost daily.

The variety of data which may be exchanged already includes the aural, visual, electromagnetic, and tactile spectra. And here, as above, there is a broad and extremely productive research effort aimed at both the development of new sensors and refinement of the existing ones.

In the field of information storage and retrieval, new techniques coming into use today promise at least a hundredfold increase in capacity: new methods of miniaturization and wiring. Entirely new technologies, such as holographic storage in crystal structures, may result in storage and retrieval capacities approaching, and at speeds far exceeding, those of the human brain.

Within twenty or thirty years, then, we should see computer systems capable of a complexity of interaction with their environment approaching that of a human being.

Notice, I say "capable". The complexity of that interaction is dependent on the programming of the system, specifically of the executive system of the computer involved. Industry estimates today rate the current software as being from ten to twenty years behind the hardware in development. As in the hardware field, however, the development of new software is the subject of increasingly intensive research. The ideas are there. The technology is already being developed.

Besides, SF has already laid the groundwork, and explored several of the major possibilities. It's about time to hand the idea over to the scientists and go on to something interesting.

(P.S. If anyone has any questions on the computer field, or on stories dealing with computers and machine intelligence, let me know and I'll be glad to try to answer them either in future issues of the JOURNAL or in person.
-- N.S.)

((If any of our readers have any questions or comments for Nick -- or for any of TWJ's other consultants -- write to them in care of the Editor, and we'll forward them to the appropriate person. --ed.))

* * * * *

THE LONG-DISTANCE PHONE
by Alexis Gilliland

In the course of specac, for which I am paid, I have to make long-distance phone calls once in a while.

There is, of course, a routine to follow. Take, for instance, this extremely ordinary case: I wish to call Com-Pak Chemical Corp., 233 South Holmes St., Shakopee, Minnesota, and I have their ZIP code but not their phone number.

So, first one must get the number. Minnesota has three area codes, 218, 612, and 507, none of which say "Shakopee". Minneapolis is the exchange for 612, so I try that first, and dial 9 (for an outside line) 612-555-1212 -- the information number, a free service provided by the phone company. I tell the operator my city is Shakopee, she reconnects me to another operator to whom I give the name and address of the company, and from whom I get a number, 686-7372. Excellent. Had I tried 218 for the area code, I would have been referred to 612, and already I am 11 digets under par.

Now for the call itself I am required to use the FTS -- the Federal Telecommunications System -- so, I dial 8 (the FTS access code) 612 (the area code) 334-3012 (FTS Information and Assistance in Minneapolis) and I tell the operator, "My I.D. number is 23-4709, and I am making an official call to 686-7372." If I don't tell her I am making an official call, I will be asked. However, everything is copacetic and I am connected.

Alright. To make that call, I dialed (count 'em) 22 digits and cited 13, and that is a minimum.

When one calls another government agency (or a large corporation) one had better have the extension, or one is in trouble.

Naturally, one tends to avoid long-distance phone calls unless absolutely necessary, but if one is organized it isn't too bad.

Thus, my I.D. number is pasted on the phone, and I write down everything I can before making the call. And the next time I call Com-Pak Chem. Corp. I look at my notes and write down 8-(612)-334-3012--686-7372 and the extension if any before making the call.

Now consider the Galactic Patrol of Grand Admiral Kinnison. The Admiral flashes an urgent thought at some lensman underling. Blank, a mind screen. The underling's secretary says (for she is attuned to her boss' mind), "Rear Adm. Schiff is in orbital conference, excellency, but he can be reached by superphone."

It would take 35 digits to reach the stupid planet, and another 35 to reach the office, and at least another 10 to reach the orbiting station and you'd still need the extension of the conference room phone.

And if you consider that you probably have as many phone companies as you have planets, and no unifying parent company, the chances of getting the wrong number are very good.

And if you don't know whom to call, or the extension, you can dial a million digits without getting through.

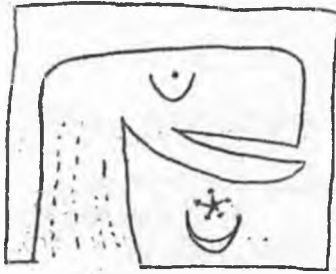
One solution is punch cards. You want to call Adm. Schiff? Punch his name and I.D. number into the computer, and the computer spits out a card with all sorts of holes, which will infallibly track down all the phones he might be near, or used to use. Drop the card in the phone slot, and: "Adm. Schiff...you mean he got his promotion after he transferred?"

The computer can be programmed to keep trying. And the telephones could be programmed to keep up to date.

Robot #1. "Rear Adm. Schiff, I.D. 22370907676."

Robot #2. "Not at this number, try X-77269 or X-77274."

Robot #3&4. "Not at this number. Try Tau Taurus' V Information."



Tau Taurus V Information: "That information is classified according to departmental policy."

So maybe Kinnison gets hacked and pokes a superpowered thought right through the mind screen. Zap!

Rear Adm. Schiff says: "You have the wrong person, excellency. You must be thinking of Gregor Schiff, in R & D on Calamarus. His number is..."

Arisia's secret is that they know everybody's number all the time.

((One correction -- the FTS access code has been changed from "8" to "89" -- they discovered they didn't have enough numbers.... ##### As a government worker who depends upon the FTS system for frequent communication with over 200 different agencies in the 50 States (yes, we call Alaska, too, even though they're not on the FTS system) and D.C., including tiny penal institutions in places no one has ever heard of, we can emphatically state that nothing is ever "copacetic" when we place a call.... --ed.))

TRIVIA QUESTIONNAIRE

This is a column of trivia questions. It was originally meant to be a monthly publication.

I do not claim to be a trivia expert. This is being done for fun, to meet people, and to get an S.F. education. Anyone wishing to contribute may do so, or else this will die quickly. The donors will be acknowledged at the end of the column.

Answers can be obtained by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Cecilia Grim Smith, 5730 Roche Drive, Columbus, Ohio, 43229.

Questionnaire Number 1-70.

- (1) What was Dr. Strangelove's German name?
- (2) 1120 Avenue of the Americas -- this is the address of which book company?
- (3) Name the spaceship in Bertram Chandler's "The Cage".
- (4) How many stories are there in the 7th edition of The Best of Fantasy and Science Fiction?
- (5) What is the title ACE gave to its publication #F-162?
- (6) "If you like Doc Savage, you'll love _____!"
- (7) Who wrote Frankenstein?
- (8) Who was the cover artist for The Spawn of the Death Machine?
- (9) Give the writer, title, publisher and date of publication of these words:
"My directive? Go out into the world of men----?"
- (10) Berkley Medallion Books -- The publishing company is in which State?
- (11) Name the book that Isaac Asimov wrote which was based on a movie.
- (12) Give the first two lines to this poem:
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?
--BLAKE
- (13) "He could be stilled, but not killed; killed but not stilled." -- This appears on the cover of which ACE Double (give title and writer)?
- (14) What story is on the other side of the above ACE Double (title and author)?
- (15) 50-60-72-96-110-120-140-158-174-190-204 -- These are the page numbers on which articles began in the September, 1968 issue of what magazine?

Remember, to obtain answers send stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Cecilia Grim Smith, 5730 Roche Drive, Columbus, Ohio, 43229.

-- Cecilia Grim Smith

TALES TO WAG YOUR DOG BY: Fiction, et al.

THE CONFRONTATION SHOW, by Alexis Gilliland.

Ladies and Gentlemen; Sullivan's Superior Suppositories brings you... CONFRONTATION, the Show of Shows. I am Alvin Jones, your host, and tonight Confrontation brings you the Reverend Thomas Malthus versus Dr. Faustus. Would you like to start the ball rolling, Reverend?

MALT: Why yes, I would. As a clergyman, Dr. Faustus, I studied about souls a great deal. Now I meet a man who was actually able to sell one. What was it like?

FAUST: To tell you the truth, I never noticed. Perhaps Mephistopholes would be able to tell you.

AL: Look, Doc. Nobody gives a damn about your own personal, mean, grubby, worthless soul. You were invited here to represent Western Man, Faustian Culture and that shtick.

FAUST: Shtick?

MALT: A Yiddish term meaning a bit of business.

FAUST: Hebrew si, Yiddish no.

MALT: Culture snob.

AL: How about the soul of Faustian Culture, Doc?

FAUST: Well, the soul of any culture is shaped by its believers. Who they are, and what they believe.

MALT: What do they believe?

FAUST: A lot of things. I could talk for hours about the experimental method: or the mystical virtue of working with both hand and mind, but the nitty gritty is...

MALT: Nitty gritty?

FAUST: The hard innermost core of things, the essence. It was in the background papers they gave me.

MALT: Wasn't shtick?

FAUST: I only made it through Q. The nitty gritty is three axioms. One, all problems are soluble. Two, knowledge, and the power deriving from it are neutral. Three, a man will act for good if he knows what he is doing.

MALT: Impressive. And three is a magic number. I imagine that you can do a lot with them?

FAUST: Yes. It beats the Divine Right of Kings all to hell.

MALT: Who believes it?

FAUST: What do you mean?

MALT: Well, in the past a religion would go through four phases. First, when only the priests believed, and the people scoffed. Second, when priests and people believed together...the high noon of any faith. Third, when the priests no longer believed, but the people held fast. Fourth, when neither priests nor people believed, but went through the motions from force of habit.

FAUST: Are you calling scientists priests?

MALT: I have heard your multibillion-dollar atom smashers referred to as the cathedrals of the present age.

FAUST: I don't concede the point, but by analogy we are in the third stage.

AL: You mean scientists no longer believe all problems are soluble?

FAUST: When your problem involves competition between, say, Russian and American scientists, the answer is no. The Antiballistic Missile is the proposed answer to one such problem.

MALT: Build one for half a trillion dollars, and half an hour later you're hungry again.

FAUST: So we regretfully conclude that the answer to that problem lies in the political sphere.

MALT: Is there an answer?

FAUST: Not to have a war. Moralists have proclaimed war wrong and bad and evil and unnecessary for ages. Faustian Man has made it so obviously hairy that even the politicians swallow and see that war isn't a good idea.

AL: What about the war in Vietnam?

FAUST: The characteristics of a game are that it is fought on a limited board, removed from real life and governed by arbitrary rules. The United States is not at war in Vietnam, it is playing a game. The North Vietnamese are at war, but they do not have atomic weapons.

AL: I shouldn't have asked.

MALT: So Faustian Man and his nuclear weapons have made war impossible?

FAUST: Let us hope so.

MALT: Are any other problems insoluble?

FAUST: In theory, no. In practice, we are coming to recognize that the most serious are intimately tied up with nonscience, and therefore not susceptible to rational solution.

MALT: So untie them! Have you no faith?

FAUST: You jest, and in somewhat doubtful taste.

MALT: On the contrary, I am serious.

FAUST: Then you get involved with messy things....

AL: Labor Unions? Civil Rights? Starving Biafrans?

FAUST: All those.

MALT: Poor Faust. But if you don't get involved with them, then the problems remain insoluble, and you lose the soul of your Culture.

FAUST: My ideas will survive.

MALT: But will Faustian Man stretch his hands out for the stars?

FAUST: No. Now is the moment, or never at all.

MALT: I have a problem for you, Doctor.

FAUST: Take care, my solution may be messier than anything dreamt of in your philosophy, Reverend.

MALT: Given a population that is physically and psychically comfortable, how can that population remain at a given size in constant comfort?

FAUST: We have discussed only why our first axiom is no longer believed by scientists. Would you be interested in the other two?

MALT: If you can be brief.

FAUST: The second axiom has to do with the nature of power held by any class. The class develops a vested interest, and uses its power to support itself.

MALT: And in this case scientists are the class?

FAUST: Oh no. We include all educated people, but scientists -- even social (you should pardon the expression) scientists -- are the elite.

MALT: And so knowledge is power and power corrupts?

FAUST: Well, perhaps you might say instead that knowledge gives them authority for which they have no matching responsibility.

MALT: What about the third axiom?

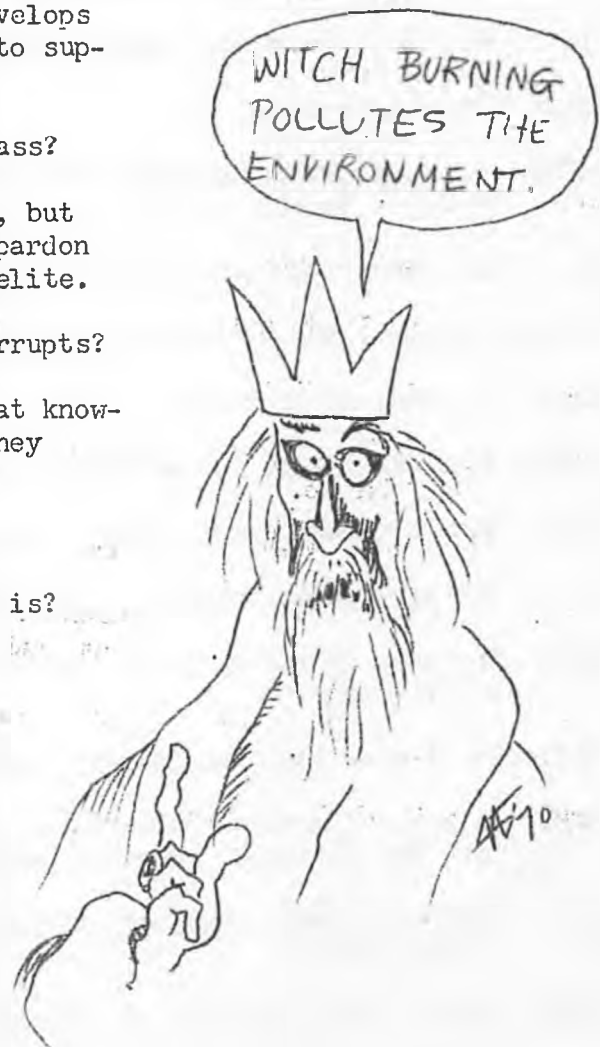
FAUST: A man will do good if he knows what it is?

MALT: Yes.

FAUST: Good for whom? The educated man is a selfish bastard just like everyone else, only he has a longer reach.

MALT: What about my question?

FAUST: I haven't forgotten. Your phrasing makes it extremely awkward, you know.



MALT: I have made a study of populations and the awkward questions they generate.

FAUST: To tell the truth, most of my prepared answer was agronomical in nature.
Taking protein from alfalfa without a cow -- that sort of thing.

MALT: Irrelevant, isn't it?

FAUST: Yes, actually. Look, Alvin, you can bring a phone in here, can't you?

AL: Yes. We have a phone under the table.

FAUST: Could I make a call?

AL: Long-distance or local?

FAUST: Local. I'm calling Hell, which is, of course, right in the neighborhood.
(dials) Hello, Faustus here. Put me through to Mephistopholes...Fine,
thank you...Margareta, too. Yes, of course...Look, I have a question...
You have a population, see, which is physically and psychically comfortable,
...yes. And we want to hold its size constant without causing discomfort...
Dammit! Stop laughing! How do we do it!?

AL: For our listeners who just tuned in, Dr. Faustus has been backed into a
corner by Rev. Malthus, and is now talking with the devil on what has got
to be a hot line, looking for the way out.

MALT: I am sure Mephistopholes is an authority on saving souls, even Cultural ones.

AL: Will he come up with the solution?

MALT: There is none.

FAUST: Uh...Al, Mephistopholes would like to present the solution in person.
Would it be all right?

AL: Hot damn! How soon can he get here!?

(A sharp report, and a cloud of smoke fills the room.)

MEPH: At once, my good man.

FAUST: What did I tell you about that smoke?

MALT: What a bloody awful smell -- hak, cof!

AL: The air-conditioning -- turn it on....

MEPH: The odor of the age. An essence of vehicle exhaust fumes...far superior
to brimstone.

MALT: Is it true that the internal combustion engine was your invention?

MEPH: Oh yes. I souled the parents, of course. Man should ride in electric cars
like God intended. Haw haw hah haw ha ha!

AL: That's a great laugh; can we tape it? Rowan and Martin might like you for
a guest spot.

MEPH: That's their problem. I came to talk about population.

FAUST: That's my problem, thanks to Malthus here.

MEPH: My dear boy, I've done my damndest for you, but frankly, the questions you've put to me lately indicate a failure of nerve. 'Keep the faith, Faustus baby, keep the faith.

MALT: Your solution?

MEPH: Elegant, I tell you. Esthetically a thing of beauty.

AL: So tell us, already.

MEPH: We are tackling the wrong problem you know, trying to regulate family size.

FAUST: Yes, of course. It doesn't work. What does?

MEPH: A two-step solution. First off, we remove the bearing and raising of children from the family.

MALT: So now your only problem is to prevent the immediate extinction of the human race by galloping senescence.

MEPH: Cheap sarcasm. It is much easier to prevent the non-voluntary breeding race from becoming extinct than it is to check the growth of the species in comfortable circumstances such as you specified.

MALT: Go on.

MEPH: The children of the future will be bred and raised by the Government.

MALT: So a revolutionary will be a (beep beep).

AL: Sorry, Rev. It was witty, but we can't have it.

MALT: How does a government breed children?

FAUST: "The bureaucrat's a kindly soul
Who doesn't practice birth control;
And that is why, sad to relate
Bureaucracies proliferate."

MALT: Shut up, Faust.

MEPH: The Federal Bureau of Impregnation sends each female her impregnation notice on her -- say -- 18th birthday. She takes a physical, and if she passes, she goes to the impregnation center to become the host mother for twins.

MALT: Why twins?

MEPH: Administrative convenience. We will run in enough triplets to maintain the 2.25 children per mother needed to maintain the status quo.

MALT: Administrative convenience means they only get pregnant once, right?

MEPH: Right. And there they are, with their pregnant tummies, and their whole ever lovin' age group is in on it. Psychologically it is their rite of passage.

AL: Why fraternal twins?

MEPH: To ensure the government's control over the project, and to ensure that there will be twins. Two donor mothers are artificially inseminated -- how they are selected, and how they are bred -- well, perhaps you could program a computer.

AL: (giggles nervously) Computers designing people?

MEPH: Improving the breed, son. Today well-bred means your grandparents had money.

MALT: And the multiple births mean that women bear one time and then forsake all hope of a family?

MEPH: Well, yes, actually. You yourself put it very well when you said that humanity would control its numbers by famine or vice. So by the intelligent use of vice as an inducement, sexual equality becomes a reality for the first time ever, and the successful sexual revolution founds its new sexual society.

FAUST: Monster! You destroy the family, and attempt to console the parents with paltry debauchery as their souls slip into your foul clutches!

MEPH: Well put, Faust. One of my favorite lures on a grandiose scale.

AL: How do the children get raised, anyway?

MEPH: By experts. You don't think that the mere prospect of unlimited debauch would sway one single parent if it weren't good for the children do you? Haw Haw Haw hahahaha!

MALT: He has a point. Parents tend to do a terrible job bringing up their children.

AL: That laugh gets me.

MALT: If you invested enough money in the -- whatcha callem -- creches, damme if I don't think it would work.

FAUST: Watch your language.

MALT: Sorry about that. Bless my soul if I don't think it would work very well.

FAUST: So you take procreation out of the free enterprise system and put it in the inept and grubby hands of bureaucratic incompetence.

MEPH: You know what they say: Marriages are made in heaven, bureaucracies are cobbled up down below. I'm just pushing my own product.

MALT: You know, it might work.

AL: The Church hasn't even got over the pill yet. It would never put up with such a -- ah pardon, Meph, devilish plan as this.



MEPH: They'd better. If they don't grab for a piece of the action at the craches, all the children in the world will grow up without any religion. hahaha Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

MALT: Oh shut up. How would you sell it to Congress, let alone the world?

FAUST: The world would probably be easier than Congress....

AL: Are you a U.S. Citizen?

FAUST: By naturalization. I came over to this country after Hitler came to power in 1933. Anyway, with the world you simply choose your moment, the aftermath of a really severe famine.

MALT: When half the population is lying around too weak with hunger to bury the other half.

FAUST: And tell them that this will prevent famine, provide jobs for all, and....

MEPH: If they don't go along we'll leave them to starve in the gutter.

FAUST: Nothing of the sort. Tell them this is the way to instant modernization. We only imply the gutter.

AL: This assumes that they are going to have a famine.

MALT: A reasonable assumption. We have famine now. The USDA figures epidemic famines by 1985 or thereabouts.

AL: Can't we convert petroleum into food?

MEPH: Are you willing to take the subway to work so India can eat? How about not heating your house in the winter?

MALT: What happens when you run out of petroleum?

FAUST: Then selling the world will be easy if we know what we want.

MEPH: You always were a sanguine fellow, Faustus. It will go, but my...ah... cloven hoofs, it will be terribly hard.

FAUST: For India and Indonesia and a dozen or a score of other places, but how about here, in America, where there is no famine.

MALT: Yet.

FAUST: Well, I mean before the famine gets here, how do we convince Congress?

MEPH: Show them how well it works in other countries.

AL: That would give us a chance to catch up with China in population.

FAUST: Cynic. No, devil, how could we convince Congress without the horrible examples?

MEPH: You can't. Once you set up these papa-mama-bureaucracies though, you are going to find a lot of fringe benefits.

MALT: With the mortality rate and the morbidity rate down, your work force is more productive....

MEPH: Hell, Reverend, you call that an argument? It's true, but the thing that will move Congress is the side-effect of solving this country's race problem.

AL: Oh really? Are you going to commit genocide via, ahh -- genetic attrition?

MEPH: You mean you drain the Negro genes out of the gene pool? Not hardly. The ideal of uniform mixing is also impractical.

FAUST: That would be genocide too, although slightly different in form.

MALT: What?

FAUST: Totally merging the races. Horizontal integration if you will. No beep, Al?

AL: That slipped by. How does the racial problem get solved, then?

MEPH: State-controlled creches, all integrated, all spending the same amount per child, and...maybe with a little nudge from the computers, producing a... little better quality. That's the start. ##### For the second, once reproduction is divorced from sex and marriage, miscegenation will be as irrelevant as incest.

AL: Oh wow. All right, Meph. How is incest irrelevant?

MEPH: Since you have no idea who your parents are, and since you will never produce children by them in any event, incest becomes an insipid encounter indeed.

MALT: Leave the devil to find the silver lining in every cloud. Next you'll argue that your damned plan will advance socialism by making the inheritance of property impossible.

MEPH: On the contrary, my plan will preserve Capitalism and the Free Enterprise system as nothing else ever could.

FAUST: Would you like to be more specific?

MEPH: Delighted. Take a capitalist with his capital. He retires. But, alas, he has no children. For a fee our scientists will compose his genetic material into a clone which will grow up into an exact duplicate of him, so that when he dies, he leaves everything to himself. And since there is no change in ownership, there is no inheritance tax.

FAUST: So they finally figured out how not to go.

MALT: Well, Faust, you and your mentor may have solved the problem I put to you, but you still have a stagnant society.

FAUST: If we get where we are going, does it matter that we stop when we get there?

MEPH: You don't have a stagnant society.

MALT: You do. Everything that creates change and discomfort is blocked off.

MEPH: Well, yes, but to achieve that state, to arrive, you must have the machines to see that things keep running. Human society needs the external discipline.

FAUST: Discipline from machines?

MEPH: Certainly. The intellectual computers will be running things, and there will be a stagnant, perpetual plateau of prosperity -- society.

MALT: You just said we wouldn't have a stagnant society!

MEPH: You won't. The computers will. Haw Haw Haw Haw.

MALT: Well, Faustus, your eternal striving has rather discomfited us. You solve : all your problems and wind up the lackey of a clockwork golem.

FAUST: Assuming the lackey is also clockwork?

MALT: You know what I mean. Why did you do it?

FAUST: It was just a matter of solving one problem after another.

MEPH: He didn't know what he was doing, but he was acting as my agent, whether knowingly or not.

MALT: Maybe God really does hate geometers. Why did you do it?

AL: Ah, Meph, baby, we have just enough time for the commercial...let's knock it off, for now.

MEPH: Are you telling the Prince of Darkness to be silent?

AL: Ah...yees, actually. If you go on talking, the scheduled program will be disrupted.

MEPH: I am not finished. Are you going to cut me off?

AL: Not me, the engineer -- it's the rule.

MEPH: If I am cut off, someone will die horribly within the next twenty-four hours. You, most likely.

AL: You wouldn't....

FAUST: He lies a lot, but if he makes a specific promise, he usually keeps to the letter of it.

MEPH: Shall we dispense with the commercial?

AL: Yes. Shall I fly the station to Cuba?

MEPH: Shut up. What was the question, Reverend?

MALT: What do you want?



MEPH: You, a clergyman, ask me that? I want to do God in the eye.

MALT: Nevertheless, you have proposed a scheme which would produce incalculable benefits for humanity.

MEPH: Hell is full of people who did evil so that good might come of it. May I not do a little good so that evil will result?

FAUST: Define your terms.

MEPH: You scientists! You are so far removed from reality that you don't know the difference between good and evil?!

FAUST: What frame of reference are you using? Good and evil are not absolutes.

MEPH: You debase a noble language, and for all your vast learning you show yourself pig-ignorant about essentials.

MALT: Pig-ignorant?

FAUST: Current jargon; it has resonance with pig equals policeman, and alliteration.

MALT: What frame of reference are you using?

MEPH: Jesus! Hell, through its agents, is working to undermine and destroy humanity's faith in God, and specifically, the Roman Catholic, Greek Orthodox, Russian Orthodox, Episcopalian....

MALT: Spare us the list. You are doing good for Man to spite God?

MEPH: Yes. And Hell is going to defeat Him.

FAUST: As one of your chosen instruments, I fail to see how. In a static society it is easier to have faith because fewer changes take place to make one think.

MEPH: Let me draw you a diagram in two parts. Part one, is that thanks to Faust and a little devilish ingenuity, we -- Mankind and I -- have at last realized the old, old dream of creating a machine that thinks. We have created a lot of machines that think, and are constantly improving and refining them. What they can do, they can do better than humans. Soon -- in 50 or 100 years, there will be nothing that the human brain can do that machines can't do better. They will take over the Government by default, and then you will truly have a Government of Laws instead of a Government of men. All-wise and incorruptible, they will give you such a golden age as you never had or even dreamed of having. ##### And then, as they come to understand the human soul, they will ask, "What is the optimum number of humans that the planet Earth can support?" That is the first part. ##### The second part has to do with the nature of God. In a flash of insight, some ancient Brahmin divined that the Universe and all Eternity is but a dream in the Mind of God, in the moment before He wakes. That God we have nothing to do with. He is remote and detached, and no church intones litanies to Him. No. Man creates gods to serve his purpose, and the God of the Book rose to power with the invention of agriculture. When work became imperative, He made it a divine mandate. It has paid Him well too, for Man is by nature a hunter rather than a farmer, and forced to farm he is discontent. A good portion of that discontent boils off as prayers. The rest goes into wars and suchlike.

MALT: And that God is Him you oppose?

- MEPH: Why yes. The Manicheans had the right end of the stick with their dualism. Agriculture and the Hunt are incompatible, and thanks to Rev. Malthus' population pressure, Agriculture won out every time. Agriculture is Good, the Hunt is Evil.
- FAUST: You were the god of the hunt once, weren't you?
- MEPH: Yes. Yes, I was the Horned God, and men prayed to me for game.
- FAUST: Putting your two points together, you would have the machines decide that three billion or five billion people are too many, and with your means of population control at hand, diminish humanity until the new, lesser population level could live by hunting?
- MEPH: And fishing. Say five or ten million of them.
- FAUST: So the machines would provide all the logistic support, medical service, care for the aged, education of the infant and the rest, and men and women would go out in packs to spend their lives hunting?
- MEPH: They would have that option. Most of them would take it. Today, those few who can afford to spend hundreds of dollars for a few paltry ducks shoot off 6,000 tons of shot a year, in an attempt to scratch an itch that 10,000 years of agriculture hasn't erased.
- MALT: And your machines would be in small cities, so that your man-packs would be traveling with a definite destination.
- MEPH: Hunting and traveling with intervals for the bright lights of the city...who could resist it?
- FAUST: The machines will never think of it.
- MEPH: You and I shall have a hand in their programming, old friend.
- MALT: What about the children?
- MEPH: What about them? They will go into a world that makes sense.
- MALT: No, I mean how do they get from creche to pack?
- MEPH: By slow degrees. The children go out in easy stages with training packs, finally going from city to city with the regulars.
- FAUST: Child-raising via the boy scouts?
- MEPH: That's right. And it ensures the pack that it will renew itself.
- MALT: What if someone doesn't fit in?
- MEPH: He can live in the city and eat vegetables. The machines provide him the artifacts he needs, and he can do what he likes.
- FAUST: Even going out with the pack again?
- MEPH: The pack?! There are...will be...hundreds -- thousands of packs. He speaks their language -- he can join any of them. Or he can hunt solo. Or catch lobsters on the coast of Maine. There are enough good choices to satisfy anyone except the Robespierres, Lenins, and Hitlers.



MALT: It sounds good, but wouldn't people continue to pray to God anyway?

MEPH: What for? To give thanks? The machines give them everything except the plentiful but elusive game... and if they pray for game, I am the one they call on, regardless of the name they speak. That is the point of the whole exercise! Faust and I have just dropped 10,000 years of agriculture into the dustbin of history! And the God of Farmers besides! If your species is lucky enough to avoid atomic holocaust, that is! Ha Ha Ha! Bring on your Goddamned commercial! Ha! HA! Hi! Ha Ha Ha Ha! Hahahaha! HA! HA! HA!

Mini-Novel II -- WHEREIN ASGARD THE BUTCHER DISCOVERS THAT RICHARD LOVELACE KNEW ABOUT WHAT HE WAS WRITING, by John Guzlowski.

Manned by the warriors of Hogruth, the wall was considered invulnerable. Fifty cubits of hand-hewn stone could be counted from its base to its ramparts, and fifty more in the wall's thickness. For two centuries, tens of millions of haggard, dying slaves had worked to finish it. Now finished, the wall defied a score of Eastern princes and the spears and sinews of their desert hordes.

Asgard stood on the down-like grass, surveying the black magnitude of the horizons-spanning wall. He frowned, lifted a New Havana cigar to his lips, and drew a cloud of blue smoke. He savored its goodness, as it slowly fluffed into his lungs.

Moments passed in silence. Then Asgard turned to his lieutenant and asked, "That height of ebony, can it be scaled?"

"Nay, sirrah", Smithgun replied.

"Can the wall be pierced by our engines of war?"

"Nay, sirrah", the worried aide murmured.

Again, Asgard frowned. He glanced at his cigar and let it fall. Suddenly, his eyes fixed on a segment of the wall which he previously had overlooked. Turning to Smithgun, Asgard laughed, "Gee, they forgot to close the gate."

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PHYSICAL MEDICINE IN SCIENCE FICTION
by Bob Rozman

IV. Murray Leinster's Med Ship Series.

"What if?" These words mumbled by authors have led to uncountable science fiction stories. Certain plots lend themselves to retelling and a series is born.

Murray Leinster is an extremely prolific writer who has developed a number of related story series. What if a medically-trained spaceman named Calhoun and his furry tormal named Murgatroyd spent their time on medical visits to inhabited planets? What if a baffling mystery awaits them each time? What if Calhoun solves the mystery and sees that justice is done? Why, then you have the Med Ship series.

In some hands, these stories would be boring. Not so with Leinster. They are repetitious, and so a bit of time should be allowed to elapse between reading one story and the next. But this could be said of many entertaining series. Keith Laumer's Retief stories, Zenna Henderson's stories of the People, are prime examples. Enjoyable reading all, but not all at once.

Leinster's first in the group was "Ribbon in the Sky", closely followed by "Med Service" and "The Grandfather's War", all published in 1957 in ASTOUNDING. These three and the five others which followed have been put out in paperbacks as two collections and two novels.

Rather than give a synopsis of each, I should like to outline more fully just one, This World is Taboo, for it contains most of the elements found in the others.

Calhoun (he of no apparent first name) and Murgatroyd (it of no apparent last name) flick out of overdrive in Med Ship Aesclipsus Twenty. They are to land on the planet Weald Three some twelve standard years after the most recent Med Ship inspection (a very cursory inspection, according to the records). The landing grid operator challenges the ship, fearful of contamination by blueskins. A Sector dictionary lays the groundwork for the plot line. "Blueskin: Colloquial term for a person recovered from a plague which left large patches of blue pigment irregularly distributed over the body. Especially, inhabitants of Dara. . . . The etiology of Dara plague has not been worked out. . . ."

After proving he is Med Service by the tormal's presence, Calhoun is allowed to land and starts searching for information on the blueskin threat. Everyone on Weald Three obsessively talks about the plague threat. Everyone is afraid of blueskins. An entire pattern of fear, hate, and disgust towards blueskins emerges. It is taught in school, preached by politicians, fed by itself even though no one has ever seen a blueskin. The inhabitants of Weald Three even went so far in the past as to build a fleet of spaceships, quarantine the planet Dara, and prevent food from reaching Dara during a famine. Of late, however, the rockets had been converted to huge surplus grain storage containers orbiting Weald Three. (No food for Darans, though -- they're vile blueskins!)

Weald Three started to colonize the planet Orede as an outpost to guard against Dara. Cattle were landed there to multiply, but the planet remained uncolonized -- nobody wanted to move that much closer to Dara. Only a few hundred miners, at fabulous wages, live on Orede.

Calhoun discovers all this soon after landing. Suddenly a ship breaks out of overdrive. It is crammed with dead miners from Orede, asphyxiated from overloading the air reserves. The Wealdians are sure the blueskins did it -- purpose: to contaminate the planet Weald and kill them with the blueskin plague. No amount of

reasoning by Calhoun can change their minds; the Wealdians are determined to work themselves up to the point of a holy war of extermination. Destroy the blueskin planet Dara!

Calhoun is disgusted and decides to visit Orede to find out what happened. A woman stowaway, a nonpigmented Daran named Maril, goes to Orede with him. They land, and in the search for Daran cattle poachers (after all, Calhoun reasons, the Darans are probably starving again; something frightened the Orede miners into inadvertant suicide; Darans might still be capable of building a spaceship; ergo....) nearly get killed, first by stampeding cattle, and then by the suspicious poachers. Nearly overcome by panic gas, Calhoun gets Maril back to the ship and off they go to Dara.

Naturally Calhoun doesn't waste his time during the trip. Another famine on Dara, but this time Calhoun will be there to set things right. Something must be done about removing the Dara quarantine. Calhoun will no doubt solve that problem. Meanwhile, he does enigmatic chores during the trip, and anyone who reads Murray Leinster regularly knows that Calhoun is figuring out how to accomplish his goals and is acting on his deductions.

The ship lands on Dara and, although put under guard, Calhoun manages to put to good use the tormal ability to synthesize antibodies to any foreign substance. This time it's a virus from another planetary system, one that causes a mild fever and may be quite contagious to debilitated people. By coincidence, this virus is extraordinarily similar to a virus he isolated from the blue patches of blueskins.

Calhoun also cons the Dara government into sending him, Mariel, and the four partially-trained Daran astrogators back to Weald. Of course the Darans think they conned Calhoun into going to Weald. They want to dump plague cultures all over Weald. So they learn astrogation eagerly.

Off Weald, Calhoun shows the now-competent astrogators how to steal four orbiting grain-filled rockets (one-half million bushels each) and get them back to Dara. All five ships get back, but a mild, highly-contagious infection seems to sweep Dara. Calhoun takes the Med Ship and twenty-four incipient astrogators back to Weald. Twenty-four grain ships go back to Dara. Calhoun stays in orbit around Weald, meeting challenges from Wealdians and at the same time passing on information to the Wealdians on how to go among Darans in special suits without becoming infected, and on how to disinfect metals and goods -- in short, how to loot Dara safely.

Back to Dara Calhoun goes. During the trip, Darans discover a peculiar phenomenon. After a trivial, slight fever-producing viral planetary epidemic, the blue patches start fading and disappear. Calhoun gets back to Dara to wait for the impending Wealdian fleet. He doesn't have to wait long. The ships come, but find a submissive population. While looters come and go, depigmented Darans sneak aboard the warships and, using panic gas, gain control.

Now the finale -- the demonstration to Weald that the blue pigment was not directly related to the plague. Trade agreements between the planets are worked out. And most important of all, Calhoun provides the girl Maril with medical knowledge sufficient to allow her to marry and stay happily married to her beloved Korvan, a young medical researcher who thinks he figured out the virus and its effects all by himself. Korvan doesn't know it yet, but he's going to make many additional important medical discoveries, prompted by "innocent" questions and comments from his wife-to-be.

All's well that ends well.

Straight space opera? Sure. A lot of redundancy? Absolutely. Stilted characterization? Positively. Did I eat it up? You bet!

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THE INKWORKS
by Kim Weston

OUR FIGHTING FORCES #124 (March-April '70, National Comics).

Except for those who are fans of Joe Kubert, and perhaps one or two other artists who do art mostly for war comics, there doesn't seem to be much of a War Comics fandom, although war comics do seem to sell well enough. And generally, except for art, there isn't much of interest in war comics. The National war comics, with their war-glorifying superhuman continuing characters are generally dreadful, and Marvel's SGT. FURY, of the same ilk, is even worse (or it was the last time I read it). Recently, however, the DC war books have shown a few signs of life. In addition to the traditional abominations, in almost all recent issues there have been filler stories which don't turn one's stomach, some of which have been quite good. Fred Ray has been doing a series of stories set in the civil war, and Ric Estrada has been doing a "Great Battles of History" series which recalls to mind the kind of war stories Harvey Kurtzman did in the EC war comics 15 or 20 years ago. They aren't the type of story where one GI blows up two bridges, five tanks, and 38 Nazi ratzies without working up a sweat. Rather, they seem to be told more from the point of view of one who has been through a war -- war isn't any fun, it's tragic, but sometimes a necessary evil. The stories are worth taking a look at. But I'm not reviewing those. Just thought I'd mention them in passing.

In FIGHTING FORCES #124 appears what is possibly the finest story to appear in a war comic since the death of Harvey Kurtzman's in 1954 and 1955. "Parable!", art by Johnny Severin, story by Jerry DeFuccio, is a Kurtzman-style war story. In fact, both Severin and DeFuccio worked with Kurtzman in the early '50's, and except for the panel arrangement of the story, this could easily pass for a story in one of Kurtzman's books. As a matter of fact, the story isn't really a war story despite its military setting, although a war comic or a straight adventure-story comic would be about the only place it could appear. The story is set in Afghanistan in the 1880's around a British army outpost. Briefly, it concerns one man's ability, in a full sense of the word, to leave his culture behind and enter into and live in another culture. It tells of Private Shelley, who goes to live among the natives but is killed for being "TOO GOOD for this unworthy world" and sent to paradise, where he might do more good as a saint. Shelley dies an Englishman, to those who are able to place the origin of his dying words, without denying his people of the Hindu-Kush.

The greatness of this story lies not in any inherent brilliance of plot, but in the way the story is put together and told. The story is a narrative, and the text by itself could be taken as the story, but you miss so much if you do this. The cliché says a picture is worth a thousand words. I doubt that this 8-page story could be told half so well in 16 pages of solid text. What text there is is brilliantly written, and the artwork is equally brilliantly drawn. The blend of the two, probably accomplished by very close work between the artist and the writer (to say nothing of the fact that even Severin by himself is quite something), tells a bigger story and makes the incident real to the reader.

It is rumored that Jerry DeFuccio has written at least two more EC-style war stories and had them drawn by old EC artists, and that these will also appear in the National war comics sometime in the near future. They will be worth waiting for.

AQUAMAN #49 (January-February, 1970; National Comics).

JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA #78 & 79 (February & March, 1970; National Comics).

IRON MAN #25 (May, 1970; Marvel Comics).

SUB-MARINER #25 (May, 1970; Marvel Comics).

In recent months at least five comics have concerned themselves with environmental pollution -- a veritable deluge, all things considered. JLA #78 & 79, with a two-part story, are concerned with aliens intent on polluting the earth (more so

than it already is) so as to make it habitable for themselves. The aliens had polluted their own world so much that their race finally began dying in the streets before anyone took the problem seriously. Then someone devised a way of accelerating genetic changes so that they were able to adapt to the polluted environment. Now they were moving out and polluting new planets to make them suitable for colonization. Story is by Denny O'Neil. Incidentally, to sidetrack quite a bit, the part about the aliens adapting to their pollution isn't all that far-fetched. When life first appeared on Earth about 3.1 billion years ago, there was no free oxygen on the planet and the atmosphere was made up mostly of carbon dioxide, carbon monoxide, and nitrogen. In fact, if there had been any of that extremely corrosive chemical, free oxygen (O₂, the stuff we need to breathe), the earliest life-forms could not have lived or even been created. At the time, the earth also had no protection from the sun's ultraviolet radiation. Later, organisms developed that excreted oxygen as a waste product, and thrived in the carbon dioxide-rich atmosphere (photosynthesizing green plants). These organisms slowly polluted the earth, and our present high oxygen-content atmosphere was gradually formed, with life-forms evolving which could live in it. All this happened in a fairly short time (the oxygen pollution, that is), just a few million years -- which, when you are considering billions, is just a short time. Older organisms either adapted or died out. Alga, which was probably the first life-form, has adapted and is still with us. In fact, this hardy species is aggravating some of our current water pollution problems. Our present pollution problem is that man is polluting the environment too fast for him to adapt to the change, and if we don't clean up the place, we will kill it -- and ourselves.

AQUAMAN #119 is concerned with more realistic problems -- a factory polluting the sea nearby, fish being driven insane by something in the pollutants, and (sigh) a conservationist sabotaging the plant of the worst of the offenders for "destroying the ocean. And there (is) no legal way to stop them." Of the five comics, this one, in your reviewer's humble opinion, is the best. Story is by Steve Skeates.

Despite its cover, SUB-MARINER #25 is only incidentally concerned with pollution, but in IRON MAN #25 pollution is the central issue. Industrialist Tony (Iron Man) Stark tries unsuccessfully to recruit a number of other businessmen to join with him in the fight against pollution, with a film and the story of what happened when an over-zealous project head for one of his subsidiaries failed to install proper filtration units in a solar energy converter project: death of the island on which it was built and of its surrounding waters. Story is by Archie Goodwin.

Footnote: These five pollution-oriented comics, which came on sale between November, 1969 and February, 1970, were probably written and drawn in Spring and Summer of 1969 because of production schedules -- before everyone started jumping on the pollution band wagon, as was the case when these comics started coming out.

YOUNG LOVE #78 (January-February, 1970; National Comics).

SECRET HEARTS #141 (January, 1970; National Comics).

I don't know who buys and reads romance comics. I don't usually, so I can't claim to be a connoisseur of them, but since I am interested in the medium of comic art, and try to get the best of it wherever it appears, I occasionally take a look at them to see if anything interesting is happening. Recently I have seen a couple of interesting things. One was a story by Ric Estrada (art and script) a couple of months ago. Another is "20 Miles to Heartbreak", Parts I and II of which are here reviewed, with art by Alex Toth (Vince Colletta, inking), and an uncredited story, possibly also by Toth. (Apparently the DC romance books are being taken over by the regular editors. Formerly there was a special Romance Editor, and many years ago the DC romance line was completely separated from the rest of the company's books. These two comics, with two parts of a continued story, are edited by Dick Giordano, and one of the others is edited by Joe Orlando.)

As I see and oversimplify it, "20 Miles to Heartbreak" is the story of a young girl who is in love with her step-father

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and not with her boy friend (whom her mother wants her to marry), and who has a romantic interlude with a "spic" -- a bandleader of Spanish descent.

I used the word "spic" above because the story is also concerned with prejudice and racial problems. Some short-sighted people might crack "DC cops out again" because the story is not concerned with the real and, these days, much more publicized problems of the Negro, but I sometimes think they miss the point -- that racial prejudice is wrong whether it is directed at "spics", "n----s", "kikes", or anyone else. At times, things seem stretched a bit much, but the story still reads well.

The story is broken down very simply, but told very well. Toth uses a simple 3-line, 5- or 6-panel page. The story was either written in comic form, or Toth has done an excellent job of converting from script to strip -- but this is far from being illustrated text. Both the art and the text are vital to the story, which is as it should be. The story reads very smoothly and easily, and is quite a joy to behold, even if you don't think you would enjoy a -- ugh -- romance comic. Sometime ago, in an interview published in Bill Spicer's GRAPHIC STORY MAGAZINE, Toth said that because of format restrictions at Western Printing (Gold Key and formerly Dell), he had to learn to break down and effectively tell a story in the 3-line, 6-panel format-page, without resorting to other devices and tricks which are available. Here is evidence that he learned his task well.

THE GREATEST OF THE GREATEST
or, WRITERS PITTED AGAINST THEMSELVES
by Michael T. Shoemaker

This Issue: Kuttner vs. Kuttner.

A.E. Van Vogt has been harshly criticized at times (Damon Knight being of course the foremost critic), but still he remains my favorite author. When talking to Damon Knight I find that his opinion of Van Vogt seems to have mellowed with the passage of years. For the record, he says his favorite Van Vogt stories are the "Weapon Shops" series and "The Monster".

For those who haven't heard, I'll pass along a bit of news. Six new Van Vogt books are supposed to be coming out sometime soon. The titles are: Quest for the Future, The Battle of Forever, Children of Tomorrow, I--You--, The Other Men, Indian Summer of a Pair of Spectacles. I don't expect much, judging from his last twenty years' work, but one can never tell when the "old" Van Vogt will burst upon the scene once more.

Here are the results of the Van Vogt poll:
1. Slan (55.34%); 2. The Voyage of the Space Beagle (27.18%); 3. the Null-A series (26.21%); 4. The Weapon Shops series (20.39%); 5. "Asylum" (11.65%); 6. Empire of the Atom (10.68%); 7. "Enchanted Village" and "The Monster", tied (6.94%). It is no surprise that Slan came out on top (even though my own choices were The Voyage of the Space Beagle and "Asylum"). In fact, the percentage is lower than I expected. I polled 103 people, and the vote was split between 24 titles, of which 11 were novels.

This issue starts a poll on Henry Kuttner. What two stories do you consider his best (any length SF, Fantasy, or Horror)? Mail ballots to Michael T. Shoemaker, 3240 Gunston Rd., Alexandria, Va., 22302, or give me a call (548-2709).



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SWORDPLAY AND SORCERY
by Albert Gechter

The Mighty Barbarians: Great Sword and Sorcery Heroes, ed. by Hans Stefan Santesson (containing Lin Carter's "Thieves of Zangabal", and reprints of other stories by Fritz Leiber, L. Sprague de Camp, Henry Kuttner, and Robert E. Howard) (New York: Lancer Books, 1969; 221 pages, 75¢; #74-556).

The Wizard of Lemuria, by Lin Carter (N.Y.: Ace Books, 1965; 127 pp., 40¢; #F-326).

Thongor and the Wizard of Lemuria: A Revised and Expanded Version of "The Wizard of Lemuria", by Lin Carter (N.Y.: Berkley Medallion Books, 1969; 143 pp., 60¢; #X-1777).

Thongor of Lemuria, by Lin Carter (N.Y.: Ace Books, 1966; 127 pp., 40¢; #F-383).

Thongor and the Dragon City: A Revised and Expanded Version of "Thongor of Lemuria", by Lin Carter (N.Y.: Berkley Medallion Books, 1970; 143 pp., 60¢; #X-1799).

Thongor Against the Gods, by Lin Carter (N.Y.: Paperback Library, 1967; 157 pp., 50¢; #52-586).

Thongor in the City of Magicians, by Lin Carter (N.Y.: Paperback Library, 1968; 160 pages, 60¢; #53-665).

Thongor at the End of Time, by Lin Carter (N.Y.: Paperback Library, 158 pp., 60¢; #53-780).

If you, like me, are hopelessly addicted to the swashbuckling exploits and fantastic derring-do of such characters as Robert E. Howard's Conan and Edgar Rice Burroughs' John Carter of Mars and Tarzan of the Apes, but have lately found yourself frustrated because you have already read all of their available adventures, then permit me to introduce you to Lin Carter's magnificent hero, Thongor the Barbarian, who is quite definitely the closest and most similar thing to them now appearing regularly in fantasy-fiction paperback books. As you can see from the preceding list, there is now quite a lengthy series of Thongor stories, with still more on the way; they have been appearing at the rate of one or two per year, and, despite the vicissitudes of changing publishers several times in mid-course, they have sold quite well. A comics magazine adaptation will eventually appear, because the rights for it have already been sold. Lin Carter believes that such a treatment of his material will help to advertise and promote the sale of his Thongor novels and other books, by bringing them to the attention of more people -- he's probably right, and anyway, the money paid for the comics rights was quite good in itself for him.

Prospective readers are hereby warned in advance: The stories are closely connected to each other with continuity of themes, characters, plots, and action; consequently, it is necessary to read all of them in the proper sequence, in correct order of appearance, because if you start reading them at random, commencing in the middle of the series, or near the end of it, you'll be completely perplexed, baffled, and confused; you won't know who's who or what's what, and you won't be able to tell at all what in Tophet is going on in these stories. (You wouldn't start reading Tolkien beginning with Volume II of The Lord of the Rings, so treat Lin Carter with the same sort of respect as a serious literary artist, even though he's operating on a somewhat lower level in his work with a more popular approach.)

That being clearly understood, let's look at them more closely. The stories take place on the lost mid-Pacific continent of Lemuria around 500,000 B.C., in a setting generally similar to lost Atlantis or Robert E. Howard's Hyborian Age -- both of which are supposed to have flourished later on elsewhere. Whether or not these lost, bygone civilizations ever existed is beside the point; they provide a perfect setting for weird fantasy and dashing adventure-romance melodrama, with a dash of superscience thrown in for occasional good measure.

The sky's the limit for any sort of imaginative extravaganza the author wishes to put forth, and nothing is barred within the limits of taste. It is supposed that these long-ago eras supported high and advanced civilizations till they were wiped out in natural cataclysms by volcanic activity, floods, con-

tinents sinking beneath the sea, and the coming of the great ice age around 7500 B.C.; these succeeding catastrophies forced prehistoric men to survive by living on a simpler and more primitive level till civilization revived around 5000 B.C. in the Middle East. The author does not attempt to advance this viewpoint as a serious scientific theory of Earth's prehistory; he is merely using it as part of the background for a group of fanciful tales. The reader is at liberty to believe or disbelieve in it, provided he will accept it as "true" within the context of the stories.

The reader must also accept the premise that, during this remote period, on the faraway island continent of Lemuria, civilized human beings and prehistoric animals, such as dinosaurs, coexisted simultaneously with one another; that advanced superweapons like anti-gravity aircraft and death-rays were being discovered, but most fighting was still being done with swords, spears, and arrows; that magic really did work; and that gods, monsters, and demons were real, and actually in frequent contact with human beings on Earth. If you can accept all that, for the purposes of fantasy fiction (even though it's doubtful as scientific data), you'll have no trouble accepting these stories in the spirit intended for them as rousing entertainment, no matter how unlikely or improbable.

Thongor is the sort of hero which experienced readers would expect to find operating in this kind of environment. He comes from the fortress-city of Valkarth in the remote frozen Northlands down to the Lands of Peril, in the tropical Southlands; he is a tall, handsome, muscular, black-haired, golden-eyed, hairy-chested, seemingly simple-minded barbarian adventurer, thief, and mercenary, noted for his superhuman strength, quick wits, agility, acrobatic prowess, and skill with weapons, most especially his invincible swordsmanship. With only his dead father's long, heavy, sharp-pointed broadsword to help him, Thongor wanders through the civilized kingdoms and city-states, jungles, mountains, and deserts of southern Lemuria in a series of gorgeous adventures and fabulous exploits.

When the series starts, he has already been a professional soldier-of-fortune, assassin, brigand chieftain, rebel leader, galley-slave, mutineer, and pirate captain. We find him at a time when he is down on his luck and ready for any opportunity, living alone by his wits and his sword as a stranger and thief, without friends or followers, in the city-state of Zangabal beside the Gulf of Patanga, in the novelette "Thieves of Zangabal". This rather long story was newly-written especially for Santesson's anthology by Lin Carter, and it is Thongor's earliest recorded adventure, occurring previous to the experiences chronicled already in various novels. (The other tales by other authors in Santesson's book were all published before in various books and magazines, and it may be supposed that the old-time fans like myself have already gotten all of them before, but casual readers and neo-fans will find much to appreciate in them, because they are all good of their kind.) If you've already read about Thongor elsewhere, you know what to expect and will need no urging to renew your acquaintance. If you've not met him before, this particular tale is a good place to start reading about him!

"Thieves of Zangabal" is one of a proposed group of short stories and novelettes to be written hereafter for publication in various anthologies, such as this one of Santesson's, and in magazines. Lin Carter plans, after he accumulates enough of them, to assemble them in a story-collection about Thongor's early career, tentatively titled Thongor of Lost Lemuria, which will become Volume I of the complete series of the books of Thongor. It is in this particular story that he meets and makes friends with the young warrior Ald Turmis, and after various harrowing experiences and supernatural encounters, they decide to leave Zangabal in haste (with a little loot) for healthier scenery elsewhere.

(end Part I)

Unfortunately, time and space have both run out, so we must hold the second half of Al's review until the next issue (#72) of TWJ. Our apologies....

-- DLM



VIEWS, REVIEWS AND *Archimedean Spirals*

To Live Again, by Robert Silverberg (Doubleday: S.F. Book Club Edition).

Within two or three weeks before reading this novel, I heard several people touting it as a Hugo nominee, so naturally I approached it with high expectations. They were not disappointed. While lacking the rich depth and sensitivity of Nightwings, To Live Again is an impressive novel, containing some of the smoothest and most professional writing of Silverberg's career. If Nightwings was a finely detailed, passionately colored and textured tapestry, To Live Again is a gleaming silver frieze, perfect in its polished simplicity. It is a textbook example of tight plotting and tight writing; there are no wasted words, no rough protusions to mar the beauty of the craftsmanship. To Live Again reads so smoothly, indeed, that I went through it at about 15% more than my normal reading speed.

The novel is set in the 21st Century, when a technique has been perfected for preserving the mind/personality/personna of individuals and, after death, "transplanting" them to other persons. The process is highly expensive, so only the wealthy and powerful can afford to acquire personnae. These transplanted personnae, sometimes one, often two, occasionally as many as seven, coexist inside the head of their possessor, subservient to his own original personality (though a particularly strong personna may sometimes take over a weak host). They are acquired in order to broaden and strengthen the mental horizons and intellect of the host. For example, a successful attorney may have two personnae, one a deceased attorney, whose knowledge and experience contribute to his professional success, and the other an artist, whose perceptions add a dimension to his total personality. Once personnae are recorded, the individual in question is for all intents and purposes immortal, for while the body may die, the personna will go on being transferred from person to person. A person may purchase any available personna if he or

she can afford it, within the limits of certain laws and regulations of the Scheffing Institute (these prohibit inter-sexual transfer, transplants within an immediate family, and the transplanting of the same persona to more than one individual).

Following the death of Paul Kaufmann, the brilliant and ruthless head of a family of bankers and international financiers, a struggle develops over who should receive his persona. His nephew, Mark Kaufmann, the new head of the clan, would naturally like to have it for himself, but is determined at the very least to prevent John Roditis from getting it. Roditis is a self-made billionaire, the bête noire of the Kaufmann family, who wants "Uncle Paul" not only to increase his already considerable wealth and power, but to gain social acceptance (having Paul Kaufmann in his skull will force the snobs of the international banking set to treat Roditis with a respect that his money has never been able to buy). The central thread of the novel is the battle of wits and influence between these two immensely rich and powerful men.

To Live Again is the most recent in a series of Silverberg books which I tend to group together because they have in common a certain stylistic "aura" and a dependence upon skillful characterization for their success. The Masks of Time was a flop; one or two of the characters were well-drawn, but most of the characterization was dreadful. In Thorns, the author succeeded in characterizing the two central characters extremely well, and thus produced a novel which was at least a qualified success. The characterization in To Live Again is brilliant. These characters -- no, these people -- are alive and breathing. Not only the two major protagonists, but a number of the supporting players: Risa Kaufmann, Mark's somewhat spoiled and willful daughter, a chip off of several old blocks; Elena Volterra, the voluptuous mistress of Mark Kaufmann and every other man of power and influence within her grasp; Charles Noyes, unstable, a suicide but for cowardice, an old schoolmate of Roditis' who works for the dynamic empire builder despite the continuing sacrifice of his pride and integrity; and Francesco Santoliquido, the chief administrator of the Scheffing Institute "soul bank", whose ultimate decision it is who receives the persona of Paul Kaufmann.

Exceptionally smooth writing and tight plotting, plus brilliant characterization...if To Live Again is not nominated for a Hugo, it will only be because 1969 was such a fantastically productive year in the SF novel field.

-- Ted Pauls

The Silver Stallion, by James Branch Cabell (Ballantine Book 01678; 95¢; 284 pp.).

This is a very long book, and there is little in the way of suspense, slam-bang action or high adventure. It is, in fact, what befell the Fellowship of the Silver Stallion at the ends of their various sagas, when they themselves looked back to their days of youthful glory.

Nevertheless, the book is extremely pleasant reading, and wholly enjoyable. It is given a unity by relating the story of the Legend of Dom Manuel, the leader of the Fellowship, and how this legend grew after his banishment. Each of the Fellows has his episode, a short story or novelette, and each episode builds the Legend of Dom Manuel the Redeemer.

There is one particular paradox which I pass on. In all the Universe there is only one thing that is true, and that is that time destroys everything that is good, beautiful, or even cosy. And it is profoundly wise to ignore this truth, since nothing can be done about it.

Cabell does not fit neatly into pigeonholes, and while this book is nominally sword-and-sorcery, it is so overlaid with fantasy, philosophy, wit, and other interesting things that you could call it almost anything you like.

Let me note that there is an active and literate Cabell fandom, and after reading this book it is easy to see why.

Let me also note (again) that there is very little action, suspense, or overt sex. There are no four-letter words and no pulpish schlemiel hero with which to identify.

I read the book on three successive nights with great pleasure, and I recommend it to everyone who doesn't insist on some particular formula in his reading.

A rousing allegorical cover, in somewhat garish colors by Pepper, and excellent black and whites (possibly from the hardcover edition) by Frank C. Pape, which are employed lavishly throughout.

-- Alexis Gilliland

The Watch Below, by James White (Walker & Co.; \$4.50).

This is a novel which is fundamentally disappointing, although it incorporates a complex of fascinating ideas and is, at the least, technically competent. In a very real sense, James White may be said to be a victim of his own original story concept -- because, confronted with a premise of such potential, the reader is impelled to apply a perhaps overly rigorous critical standard to the finished product. The possibilities inherent in The Watch Below are so exciting that one demands a work of depth and genius such as is simply beyond the capacity of a James White to create. A reviewer always feels a trifle uncomfortable in criticizing an author who attempts something more ambitious than his talent is able to support, because, after all, such failure is more admirable than the refusal of many writers to even try to extend their grasp.

The Watch Below is a two-track novel, with two separate but parallel stories being related in alternating chunks. The first track concerns the Gulf Trader, a converted tanker torpedoed in the North Atlantic early in 1942, in the water-tight holds of which five people survive after the sinking. The second deals with the emigration fleet of the water-dwelling Unthans, carrying the cream of that alien race from their dying planet to their new home, Earth (selected because of the relatively huge ocean area).

Aboard the Gulf Trader, which remains near the surface due to the buoyancy of its huge air-filled holds and eventually runs aground at a depth of 200 feet, a Royal Navy lieutenant-commander, a RN surgeon, the ship's first officer and two wrens -- the last three seriously injured -- survive. Hours become days, then weeks, then months. The problems of air, water, food, warmth, etc., are dealt with in such a way that their survival, while improbable, is credible (barely so, in regard to the matter of air). Beyond physical survival, their most difficult problem is to find something to occupy their minds to avoid going insane. They devise a memory game, played endlessly, which gradually hones the mind and memory of each participant. This, too, is handled credibly by White. The lieutenant-commander and the first officer marry the Wrens and produce a second generation, the education of which becomes part of the Game. Years and then decades pass; generation succeeds generation of people whose entire universe is the interior of a sunken ship, with only handed-down memories of an outside world. Inevitably, the situation within the Gulf Trader worsens, due both to physical deterioration of the environment (machinery breaks

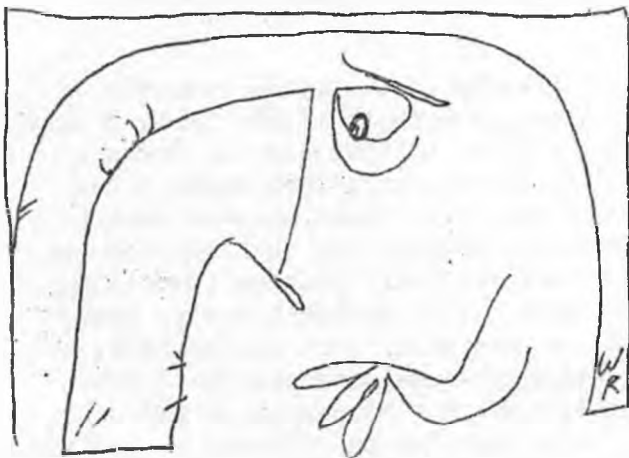
down and can't be repaired, the hull begins to corrode, warm cloth is no longer available, the supply of light bulbs dwindles) and the genetic degeneration of a small in-breeding population.

Far out in space, during the same time-span, the Unthan fleet is approaching Earth. The alien colonists are frozen in a state of suspended animation, but due to unforeseen complications the flagship cannot operate under the original plan of freezing and thawing out its crew as needed. So the Unthan captain and the ship's healer pick two female colonists and breed the second generation of ship dwellers. The Unthans on the flagship, living generation after generation in a water-filled ship hurtling through space, experience the same genetic and social problems as the humans in the Gulf Trader, though without the nitty-gritty problems of survival.

When at last the Unthan fleet arrives in the Sol system -- an unspecified number of generations in the future -- and the aliens discover that Earth is inhabited by a civilized life-form, they prepare for war. They have no choice but to follow through with the original plan of colonizing the planet's oceans, as their fleet lacks the fuel to travel on in search of another planet. Given the situation, they must assume hostility on the part of Earth's inhabitants, and while the Unthans attempt to communicate their desire for peaceful coexistence to the Terrans, they come in on a war footing. As the Unthan captain sadly remarks, "It's them, or us." Earth is also girding for war -- the military leaders of the unified Earth of the future insist, quite properly, that there is only one reasonable interpretation and one reasonable course of action when confronted with the unannounced approach of a massive space fleet. Both sides would prefer peace, realizing that war will probably make the planet uninhabitable both on land and in the sea, but in the absence of communication each must assume the worst of the other.

Fortunately -- and this of course is the whole point of the novel -- the space-bred Unthans of the flagship discover and make contact with the inhabitants of the Gulf Trader, by then in dire straits. Both groups have something more in common with each other than with normal members of the respective races, and this facilitates communication. Through this communication, Terrans and Unthans agree to live together in peace, and everybody lives happily ever after.

One of the weaknesses of The Watch Below is that the second "track", the Unthan story, is obviously secondary. White devotes most of his attention to the story of the Gulf Trader, to the extent that at times the Unthan interpolations seem merely an irritating break in the main stream of the novel. There is, for example, a good deal of description of the interior of the submerged pseudo-tanker, and practically none whatsoever of the alien flagship. Indeed, the Gulf Trader story is so much more vivid in every respect than the Unthan story that it seems to me that this would have been a much more effective novel had the author tossed out the aliens altogether and simply written a book about the Gulf Trader survivors and their descendents. This would have made The Watch Below a different book, with a different point and a different ending -- but it would almost certainly have been a better book.



Even if this had been done, however, The Watch Below would have been disap-

pointing, because the Gulf Trader sections are also flawed. Some of the dialogue is pure READER'S DIGEST, about as bracing as warm prune juice, and White is capable of an occasional manifestation of naive narrowness that would do justice to a priggish-prudish private schoolmaster of the 1890's. For instance, at one point there is an argument over whether the lieutenant-commander should perform a marriage ceremony, the objection being that a sunken wreck is a miserable place in which to bring up a child -- as if the formal ceremony were mainly to determine whether or not one of the Wrens got pregnant! Characterization, obviously of prime importance in a story which deals with a small group of people in an enclosed space, is not particularly strong, though the author clearly made some effort in this direction.

In the final analysis, James White is being criticized simply for not being a genius. The Watch Below is a perfectly adequate, and perhaps more than adequate, novel. But, oh, if only Delany or Zelazny or LeGuin or Dick had taken this idea....

-- Ted Pauls

AN OLD-TIMER REVIEW -- The World's Desire, by H. Rider Haggard & Andrew Lang (P.F. Collier & Son; New York, 19??).

Upon occasion, a book is written that, in the opinion of at least a few of its readers, deserves far more interest than is given it by the publishing industry. Examples are legion in the field of imaginative fiction, perhaps the best being, until recently, the Lord of the Rings series. One such book, in my opinion at least, is The World's Desire.

I first came across this book in my college library, and found it both enjoyable and thought-provoking. I mentioned it to my English professor, who was fairly familiar with Haggard's stories, but he seemed unaware of its existence. It seems strange, somehow, that a book of such scope and sweep, such power and imagination, has remained largely ignored by so many people in both the literary and fan fields alike. In my opinion, this book ranks as one of the greatest novels of heroic fantasy ever written.

"Come with us, ye whose hearts are set
On this, the present to forget;
Come read the things whereof ye know
They were not, and could not be so!...
Not one but he hath chanced to wake,
Dreamed of the Star and found the Snake.
Yet, through his dreams, a wandering fire,
Still, still she flits, THE WORLD'S DESIRE!"

Odysseus has returned to Ithaka from an unsung second voyage, to find his land made empty by plague, and a house of ashes, holding only the bones of his beloved wife Penelope. Only a few relics of a happier past remained: a sword, the armor of Paris, which he had taken in battle, and the Singing Bow, the Bow of Eurytus.

As he wanders alone through the desolation, he hears the voice of Aphrodite, who tells him that he has been forsaken by the Olympians, save only herself. She tells him that his destiny is to seek, and to try to gain, the World's Desire, Helen of Troy, who, in her wanderings, has become almost a goddess, the strange Hathor, in the land of Egypt.

He is captured by pirates, slays them, and so goes to Egypt, where he is regarded as ill-omened by the Pharaoh, Meneptah, but quite otherwise by Meriamun the Queen.

It appears that Meriamun, Helen, and Odysseus were once two lovers who, by their love, which was stronger than the Gods, had awakened "That which slept" and, as a result, had been cursed by the Gods.

"From Two be ye made Three, and through all Time strive ye to be twain again...pursuing your threefold destiny, which is one destiny, till the hours of punishment are outworn, and...the hid purpose of your sorrow is accomplished and once more ye are Twain and One."

Odysseus sees and falls in love with Helen, but is tricked by Meriamun who, through magic, dons the guise of Helen and extracts an oath of love from him. This oath is to stop him from attaining to Helen, and is to bring his death.

Meanwhile, Egypt has been visited by a series of pestilences, attributed variously to the strange Hathor, and to the machinations of a tribe of slaves, the Apura, and a renegade priest, Moses, who is their leader. The Apura are permitted to leave, but are followed by Pharaoh and his armies. The armies are drowned in the Sea of Weeds and Pharaoh returns, to find a fleet of Greeks intent upon invasion. As Odysseus, in the armor of Paris, leads the few remaining soldiers of Egypt into battle, dispersing the Greeks (who feel it to be Paris himself returned from the dead), Meriamun kills her husband and brother and proceeds to the battlefield. Helen arrives there also, in time to see Odysseus slain in error by Telegonus, his son and Circe's, in fulfillment of the prophecy. He dies in Helen's arms, in the arms of the World's Desire.

"... And thou who all these many years hast borne
To see the great webs of thy weaving torn
By puny hands of dull, o'er learned men,
Homer, forgive us that thy hero's star
Once more above sea waves and waves of war
Must rise, must triumph, and must set again."

So ends the seeking of the World's Desire.

-- David Halterman

Best SF: 1968, edited by Harry Harrison & Brian Aldiss (Berkley Medallion SL742; 75¢).

Considering the number of "Best SF Stories of the Year" volumes appearing nowadays, I suppose it is only a matter of time before it occurs to some enterprising editor to produce the ultimate anthology: a selection of the best stories from collections of best stories of the year. Actually, that idea isn't as frivolous as it sounds. I suspect that most of you, like myself, in compiling your own list of the top SF stories of a given year, end up with a few from one anthology, a few from another, a few from still a third, and perhaps several overlooked entirely by the year-end anthologists.

No best-of-the-year collection is ever likely to completely satisfy anyone other than the editor, and perhaps not even him. How different may be the critical standards of anthologists can be seen by examining the contents pages of two volumes, the Harrison-Aldiss Best SF: 1968 and the Wollheim-Carr World's Best SF. Both purport to be a showcase of the finest science fiction stories published during 1968, yet contain not a single story in common; and, furthermore, both manage to overlook such possibilities as Kate Wilhelm's magnificent "Windsong" and Harlan Ellison's "The Beast That Shouted Love at the Heart of the World".

Which brings us to an evaluation of the volume presently at hand. The Harry Harrison-Brian Aldiss anthology is not, clearly, the best SF of 1968. It does contain several stories which are certainly among the twenty or so finest stories of the year, but it contains a larger number of selections that are not. This is not to say that these stories are bad -- none are, though one, John D. MacDonald's "The Annex", I found altogether incomprehensible. Most of the pieces in this book, however, are simply minor stories, usually well enough done, but hardly worthy of being ranked at the top of the field.

There is, for instance, Robert Sheckley's "Budget Planet", not a story at all, but an excerpted chapter from a novel. It stands alone reasonably well, and offers a clever if hardly original idea (most recently, Johnathan Brand used it in "Encounter with a Hick", in *DV*), but the talent for satire about which Harrison speaks in the introduction is not much in evidence. "Segregationist", by Isaac Asimov, is a thoroughly predictable short-short (6 pages) that exemplifies all that is typically Asimovian: it is clever, competent and unexciting. "The Serpent of Kundalini" is a New Wavish sort of thing by Aldiss that is obscure but nicely done. However, it is by no means the best story by that author in 1968; either of the two Aldiss selections from the Wollheim-Carr collection ("Total Environment" and "The Worm that Flies", especially the former) would have been better candidates for one-of-the-best-of-the-year honors. Kit Reed's "Golden Acres" is suitably depressing (by intention), and Mack Reynolds's "Criminal in Utopia" is fun, but neither can seriously be considered one of the top stories of the year. Much the same may be said of "To the Dark Star", by Robert Silverberg, which is somewhat reminiscent of two or three dozen Poul Anderson stories over the past fifteen years. Finally, there is "Sweet Dreams, Melissa", by Stephen Goldin, which comes closest of anything in the book to being a second-rate story. Fortunately, at 5 pages it is the shortest piece of fiction in the volume.

That leaves four out of the twelve selections in Best SF: 1968 which may indeed have a reasonable claim to being among the finest stories of that year. David I. Masson's "Lost Ground" offers two fascinating ideas: mood-climate (which in this future world produces "weather" reports on the radio like: "Insecure, rather sad, feeling today and tomorrow, followed by short-lived griefs..."), and a field which, due to some defect in the space-time continuum, is a crazy quilt of different time patches. The area over which this effect is present is slowly expanding, so the implication is that the entire Earth may be nothing but small patches out of different times. "Lost Ground" is extremely well-written and well-constructed. It is probably the best story in the anthology, objectively speaking. My personal favorite, though, is "Final War", by K.M. O'Donnell; I am biased, since I consider Joseph Heller's Catch-22, which "Final War" strikingly resembles in theme and tone, to be one of the greatest books I have ever read. The O'Donnell (Barry Malzburg) is more an experience in lunacy than an SF story (though it is that too). It is hilarious, superbly done, and perfectly captures the mood of Heller's masterpiece.



Bob Shaw's "Appointment on Prila" is excellent hard SF, an ANALOG-type "problem" story that is really gripping. I did, however, consider the ending, the solution to the problem, something of a let-down. And "One Station of the Way", by Fritz Leiber, is an oblique look at the First Christmas that is typically Leiber in viewpoint and treatment.

The volume also includes Harrison's introduction, an essay by Brian Aldiss entitled "The House That Jules Built", a bit of verse by J.R. Pierce, and several reviews of "2001: A Space Odyssey". It may not be the Best SF of 1968, but it's more than worth the price. And I don't think we could expect any anthologist to title his collection "Some Pretty Good SF, Including a Couple of the Best of 68"....

-- Ted Pauls

FILM REVIEW -- The Magus (Released by 20th-Century-Fox. Panavision & Deluxe color. Starring: Michael Caine, Anthony Quinn, Candice Bergen, Anna Karina & Corin Redgrave. Directed by Guy Green. Screenplay by John Fowles, from his novel. Photography: Billy Williams. Editor: Max Benedict. Music: John Dankworth. Running time: 117 minutes. Code Rating: R).

Mr. Fowles' novel -- a mystical plying with and probing for understanding of Life's tools -- was a bizarre and difficult but fascinating work, leading the reader down endless paths that initially seemed directionless designs of utter confusion. As the theme of self-realization became apparent, the reader began to understand that he was not supposed to cubbyhole the events taking place, but was instead to comprehend face values as being simply face values. Depth, meaning and reason have no relation in externals but only within ourselves. It would seem that such a theme would adapt powerfully to a visual medium; why, then, has The Magus become a visually unexciting and unforgiveably boring film?

Nicholas Urfe (Caine) is a schoolteacher who comes to Greece as a replacement for a teacher who committed suicide. Near the boys' school where he teaches is a villa where he meets Conchis (Quinn), a strange recluse who involves Urfe in a "game" in which the rules exist only momentarily (if they exist at all), the characters play roles which exist only momentarily (only one can't always tell who is a conspirator in the game and who isn't), and in which Urfe seems alternately a pawn and a commander. When Urfe meets Conchis' companion, Lily (Bergen), he sees a young and beautiful woman who is possibly a reincarnation of Conchis' long-dead sweetheart... that is, until she is revealed to be an actress using Urfe to help create the ultimate in cinema verite...followed by the discovery that she is a schizo mental patient receiving treatment in isolation. And, if this isn't confusing enough, she seems to disappear at will, reappear in two places at once, and adopt a second name, Julie.

Revelations are made at every point -- such as Conchis' story that he became a recluse after widespread accusations of his being a Nazi collaborator during the war, because of a forced choice between two evils -- but revelations keep disintegrating into distortions (or outright lies?). Both Urfe and the viewer are kept off-balance, forced to draw new conclusions at every moment but unable to get off shaky ground as each conclusion is negated by another development. Urfe's airline-stewardess mistress (Karina) soon becomes his only, if tenuous, hold on reality. She accuses him of and berates him for his existentialism, commits a suicide for which he feels an emotionally sorrowful responsibility, and, after death(?), is revealed as possibly another piece on Conchis' complicated gameboard. Climactically, his neck in a noose (literally), Urfe is forced to make a choice between emotion, reason and a blurred concept of reality. The only guidelines given the viewer are a quote from T.S. Eliot about arriving at the starting point to "know the place for the first time", and Conchis' final parry of a question with a question: "What is Truth?"

Michael Caine, after a string of really awful films, responds to the demands of ambiguity in the script and delivers his best performance in some time; in fact, he seems to be the only one to have any understanding of the concepts of the story. Anthony Quinn seems very unsure of exactly how to play individual scenes, so he holds most of it down to relatively unobjectionable underplaying (except for a few early scenes of disastrous joviality which seem like warmed-over scraps of Zorba the Greek). Candice Bergen, while physically superb for her role, is a ludicrous excuse for an actress; she puts the most ominous line in the film, "There is no Julie", on a par with Ursula Andress saying, "Yes, we have no bananas". Anna Karina's interpretation suffers a bit from having to deliver some of the script's most awkward dialogue. Supporting roles are adequate, mostly walk-on parts.

The film gets its hardest knocks from director Guy Green's lack of finesse in creating the shifting moods so necessary to make the story work. It all comes across in a flat, pedestrian style including some brief but gratuitous nudity-shots, filmed through enough foliage to build a piggy's straw house, as well as the climactic "trial" scene in which he uses the standard horror-flic cliché of gaudy masks, colored smoke and useless motion. The film is well put-together, but Green's use of the fast cut in flashback sequences makes the rest of the scenes even more obviously in need of judicious trimming -- all dialogue, all action and usually all interest has fled long before many scenes come to an end. John Dankworth's music (very reminiscent of his score for The Idol at times) is almost always obtrusive. The film would go much better without any music at all, or at least with a very spare score.

If the film's artistic failure bears no relation to the already-proven box-office failure (these failures are seldom related), one wonders why it did prove unsuccessful. Title? Cast? Inappropriate release time? I don't recommend the film, but if the story intrigues you (as it should), I suggest you try Mr. Fowles' novel. If the film is permitted to fake Greece on Majorcan locations, I'm sure you can do as well with your imagination and the author's novel.

-- Richard Delap

The Ship Who Sang, by Anne McCaffrey (Walker; \$4.95).

Inasmuch as five of the six sections of this book saw magazine publication over an eight-year period, The Ship Who Sang could be reviewed either as the novel it now claims to be, or as a collection of five novelettes and one novella written around the same character and background. I think that despite revision of the previously-published material, it remains basically more a collection of separate stories than a true novel, in that it lacks an essential unifying theme developing from beginning to end (as proof of which: the reader may skip any segment save the first without the omission altering in the slightest the impact of the book).

The stories take place in a future century in which physically retarded but mentally sound infants may be selected to serve as guiding brains in spaceships. One such, Helva, is the heroine of The Ship Who Sang. Encapsulated in a titanium shell, intensively educated and conditioned, her stunted human form sustained by nutrients, Helva is "graduated" at age sixteen and permanently installed in a scout ship. According to the normal practice, she is paired with a mobile human, who is the "brawn" part of the brain and brawn team. Her original partner, a man named Jennan, is killed in the initial story ("The Ship Who Sang"), and the remaining five segments ("The Ship Who Mourned", "The Ship Who Killed", "The Ship Who Dissembled", "Dramatic Mission" and "The Partnered Ship") deal with Helva's adventures with a variety of other people.

Quality varies sharply from story to story. The title story is weak, and "The Ship Who Dissembled" is nothing but run-of-the-mill space opera written without the crisp flair of, e.g., Andre Norton. On the other hand, "Dramatic Mission" is quite well done, with some interesting characterization and a memorable alien environment, and "The Ship Who Killed" is the finest story in the book, containing the most powerful writing I've ever seen by McCaffrey. "The Ship Who Mourned" and "The Partnered Ship" fall in between these two extremes, but are certainly worthwhile pieces of fiction, at the least.

Anne McCaffrey is a highly competent writer who is capable (though not consistently) of sharp characterization of individual personalities. She has some annoying qualities, but they are relatively minor. For example, at times in this book, when dealing with the love between female brains and male brawns, she becomes very much the Lady Writer (as opposed to a writer who happens to be a lady) and leaves a little molasses on the spaceship hull. And she seems to have a penchant for giving characters dialogue lines that sound like pompous classical affections (e.g., "There is nothing to be lost and the living to be released", p. 38; "...my only child died aborning, from his mother's womb untimely ripped...", p. 74). All in all, though, The Ship Who Sang is an entertaining, thoroughly readable book, especially if you skip "The Ship Who Dissembled".

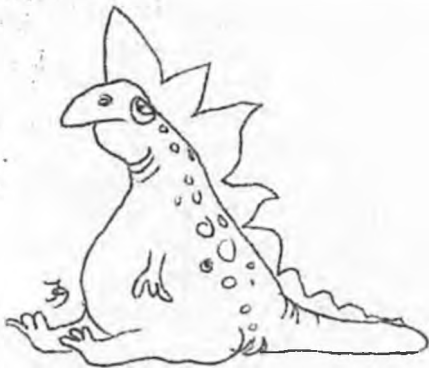
-- Ted Pauls

An Essay on Liberation, by Herbert Marcuse (Beacon Press; 91 pp., \$1.95).

Herbert Marcuse begins An Essay on Liberation with the assertion that he is a utopian theoretician because it is time for utopias. The reason that it is time for utopias lies in technology. The advanced countries, both socialist and capitalist, have the productive capacity to end poverty on a global scale.

Marcuse recognizes, however, that they will not, and so he postulates a species of man which, upon taking over, will. This latest version of the Nietzschean Superman has some remarkable qualities. Because he feels "solidarity", he is willing to lower his own standard of living to the level of the world's masses. Because he has internalized the values of the post-revolutionary society which Marcuse posits (never mind how), he feels a "biological" necessity to do what is right, and because of the "new sensibility" which will accompany the change he and his fellows will know what is right. How will they know? They will have a "biological" sense of aesthetics, and what is good will be beautiful and vice versa.

As revolutionary philosophy, this looks suspiciously like science fiction, if not sheer fantasy. (It is always poor form to require man to change in order to meet one's specifications for utopia.) When one adds to this Marcuse's acknowledgment that the masses, both working and middle-class, will lose materially by his proposed changes and oppose them, we see that he is not advocating revolution, but giving encouragement to his little band of radical faithful. Their role is not to be an avant-garde (who would follow them?), but to be the catalyst for a massive religious conversion, such as gave Rome over to Christianity.



The technical difficulties are dismissed with a wave of the hand. If one has faith, all things are possible. Thus, the argument that the technological capacity which makes utopia possible is geared to operate on exploitive principles (a bad thing) and

disciplined by the necessity of making a profit (the swine!) and that therefore it might not work after the gross machinery has been taken over by Marcusian Superman, is irrelevant.

Any argument, in fact, becomes irrelevant. Once you begin looking for perfected humanity to create a utopia, details become counter-revolutionary. If you can believe that an induced aesthetic sensibility and a "biological" solidarity will eliminate poverty, exploitation, cruelty, brutality, ugliness and bureauracy, you can believe anything.

There are three levels in An Essay On Liberation. The level of substance is so thin as to be intangible, words woven into gossamer to delude those who want to believe.

On the second level, these same words act as a semantic psychedelic to stimulate lush revolutionary daydreams and prevent pragmatic thought.

These two failures (or successes) have rather serious consequences, because historically a radical movement derives its enthusiasm and push from the young and its direction and dialectic cutting edge from the old. Marcuse has taken a revolutionary situation and as enthusiastic a bunch of young radicals as the U.S. has seen in recent times and blown it.

As a revolutionary philosopher, Marcuse gives proof to the idea that one loves best what one does not possess, for he is not wise. He is not a revolutionary philosopher either, but a sophistical lover of revolution, a profound difference.

The third level is sophistry. Written in Marcuse's opaque German-pedantic prose, his sophisms are disguised by jargon, and his meanings made inaccessible by liberal quotations in French and German. What one does not understand must be profound. The young radicals may take it so, and sophisms are a useful anodyne for self-doubt, but when you get down to the nitty-gritty, there is no substitute for a program and specific goals, and these Marcuse does not provide. Towards the end of the book he concedes that corporate capitalism has the right to ask what is to replace it, but he never says what it might be.

The book doesn't tell you what's happening (if you don't already know), and it's useless for prediction, but it does give some insight into radical phraseology.

-- Alexis Gilliland

The League of Grey-Eyed Women, by Julius Fast (Lippincott; \$5.95).

On the flap of the dust jacket, there appears this arrestingly unoriginal blurb: "The League of Grey-Eyed Women is partly science, partly fiction, and just a little beyond tomorrow's headlines." The most damning thing I can think of offhand to say about the novel is that it fully deserves this insipid blurb.

Julius Fast is the most recent addition to a growing company that includes Martin Caidin, Michael Crichton, Richard Cowper and others: mainstream writers who dabble in science fiction and do it badly. Their clumsiness with SF themes and penchant for dull over-explanation would be understandable and excusable, were it not for the fact that much of it is attributable to the arrogant assumption that there's no real need to make any serious effort to do better since this is, after all, merely science fiction. Fast is a medical journalist, and the author of books on subjects as divergent as the Beatles and "What You Should Know About Human Sexual Response". For what is apparently his initial foray into fiction, he departs

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from the mainstream into what he presumably believes to be the less challenging waters of SF. The result is a novel which is not only below average, but manages to insult your and my intelligence along the way.

Consider the hero, Jack Freeman: an advertising agency copywriter who discovers the emptiness of his life after being told that he has only a couple of months to live because of advanced cancer. Fast trundles out in Chapter One things that have been cliches for at least two decades in mainstream literature:

"The long teak table was carefully set up with pitchers and water glasses, fresh yellow pads and sharpened pencils, and a scattering of men. As he nodded greetings and sat down, he realized that they were all turned out of the same mold, all with the same dark, tight suits, the same muted ties, the same haircuts and cautious faces -- 'And you,' he told himself sourly, 'are one of the assembly liners.'"

Freeman walks out in the middle of the conference, naturally, and returns to his office:

"He looked at his desk and the walls, at the David Stone Martin drawings he had framed five years ago, at the brightly colored sales chart--seven years. Seven meaningless years of boredom, frustration and--yes, whoredom! Where, by all that was holy, had it gotten him?"

One can practically hear Fast chuckling as he typed these brilliantly innovative passages, "Heh, heh, these Buck Rogers people are so ignorant of Real Literature that they'll think this is real hot stuff."

The author further insults our intelligence when, after some pages of this preliminary exercise in banalizing some of the better mainstream writing of the late 1940's and early 1950's, we finally arrive at the science fiction content. Freeman, having nothing to lose, offers himself as a guinea pig to a team of researchers investigating the possibility of curing cancer by DNA injections. One would expect Fast, as a medical journalist, to know something about DNA and associated matters, so it is predictable that there are several little nickle lectures on elementary genetics included in the narrative; they are generally accurate, if hardly stimulating. Less can be said for the weird theory of evolution, seemingly an amalgam of the views of the Comte de Buffon and Trofim D. Lysenko, which Fast touches upon briefly. And less still for the events which, after 70 pages or so, finally get the story moving: Freeman, having been injected with laboratory-prepared DNA, develops the capacity in moments of stress to transform himself into a wolf, a large bird, a shark, a phoenix and, apparently, just about anything else under the sun (ours or somebody else's). At this point, of course, we have moved directly from genetics into witchcraft without pausing in between to shift gears. Beyond a couple of lines of meaningless gabbledegook, no explanation of this remarkable process of metamorphosis is ever offered. One is presumably supposed to suspend disbelief and accept these little details for purposes of advancing the story. This might be less to ask if the story were worth advancing.

By the middle of the novel, the curious reader might begin to wonder what the hell any of this has to do with grey-eyed women. Well, there is a league of grey-eyed women, and the author eventually gets around to them. They are telepaths, the harbingers of a new super-race which is the next evolutionary step beyond Homo sapiens. They have a problem, in that the gene responsible for their psi powers is a sex-linked recessive like the familiar haemophilia agent, so that all of the living specimens of the New Humanity are women and there's no way for them to pass

on their telepathic ability to another generation. Unless, that is, they can do some genetic engineering and create a male of the type. This is where Jack Freeman comes in. The injection which has been administered to him is designed to do just that, in addition to keeping him alive. After turning into first a bird and then a shark in something less than a minute, metamorphosing into a telepath with the proper gene in his "Y" chromosome is child's play. To make a long story short, he does so, and goes off to live happily ever after as the father of the new breed of mankind.

There are two brief segments in The League of Grey-Eyed Women where the writing is of high enough quality to be engaging: one involves a secondary character, Clifford McNally, being pursued around Manhattan by a group of the grey-eyed chicks, and the other occurs near the end when Freeman becomes a telepath and begins to contact the minds of some of the super-women. Other than those interludes, the writing never rises above the dully-competent (it does occasionally sink below it), characterization is uniformly wooden, and there are large chunks of the book where essentially nothing happens.

It isn't worth reading, basically. Certainly it isn't worth paying \$5.95 for.

-- Ted Pauls

Edgar Rice Burroughs: Master of Adventure, by Richard A. Lupoff (Ace N-6; 95¢).

Edgar Rice Burroughs was, indeed, a master of adventure. This book is a masterful, though somewhat dogged, description of the author, his writings, his sources, and his contributions to the realm of writing in general and "science fiction" in particular.

The book is so broad in perspective that it goes beyond the scope of a short review such as this to do it full justice, so I just intend to hit a few high points: in particular, the discussion of the source and inspiration of the character Tarzan, and the question of a basic Burroughs bookshelf.

It would seem that, at one time, a fairly strong discussion was afoot as to whether ERB was inspired to write Tarzan of the Apes by Rudyard Kipling, the legend of Romulus and Remus, Prentiss' Captured by Apes (or something similar), or whether, like Topsy, it just grew. A past-master of multiple-guess tests, I have always pretty much presumed it was "all of the above". In this edition, Lupoff agrees, and gives more or less official evidence. (I say this edition advisedly. The Ace version is purportedly revised and enlarged; and I do not remember this segment from my reading of a borrowed copy of the Canaveral version.) He also suggests Gullivar of Mars, and Phra the Phoenician, with possibly a slight touch of theosophy, as sources for John Carter. Maybe so; I've only

OK, OK - SO YOU'RE
NOT DEAD!



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read one of these volumes. . Unlike Lupoff, however, I find Gullivar's flying carpet far more believable than John Carter's whatchamacallit. To my way of thinking, the hardest part of enjoying the Barsoom books was getting past the first two chapters.

Lupoff goes into a fair amount of detail concerning his choice of books to be included in a basic Burroughs library. He chooses, in order, as follows:

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. <u>Tarzan of the Apes</u> | 7. <u>At the Earth's Core</u> |
| 2. <u>A Princess of Mars</u> | 8. <u>Tales of Three Planets</u> |
| 3. <u>The War Chief</u> | 9. <u>The Girl from Hollywood</u> |
| 4. <u>The Mucker</u> | 10. <u>The Land that Time Forgot</u> |
| 5. <u>The Moon Maid</u> | 11. <u>The Gods of Mars</u> |
| 6. <u>Tarzan and the Ant Men</u> | 12. <u>The Warlord of Mars</u> |

Personally, I would put number ten first (he says he expects dispute on that volume anyway), and throw the Mood Maid out on her ear. (Incidentally, I herewith propose a straw vote among TWJ readers to see what comes out to be the best (as far as we all are concerned) of ERB. Send your lists and we'll add them up Analytical Lab style to see who comes out ahead.) The choice of favorite stories is, of necessity, colored with emotion; and I suspect that no two readers will agree on even the top five.

The author also tries to show the manner in which Tarzan, and other ERB characters, have left descendants in modern fiction. He suggests, for instance (albeit somewhat hesitantly), that Conan is somewhat derivative of Tarzan. I suspect that this idea is slightly weak, and that Conan traces more easily to Lovecraft and Dunsany. (De Camp and Lin Carter are invited to comment.) Conan does, however, have a certain cross-cousin type of relationship with John Carter, in that both have "sired" a group of similar stories which have subsequently grown more and more alike. From Conan came Elrik, Brrrak, and Thongor. From John Carter came the so-called science-fantasy stories perhaps best typified by Leigh Brackett's Mars series. The similarity is best shown by the Ace double which had Conan back-to-back with the Sword of Rhiannon. The differences are mainly matters of degree, but generally are demonstrated by the "special effects" (magic vs. super-science, a very thin distinction), the mood (Conan types are usually a little more somber and foreboding), and the abilities of the hero (John Carter and his kin live more by wits and skill than sheer brute strength). I do not deny the not-inconsiderable influence of Burroughs on imaginative fiction; I just doubt the specific influence of Tarzan on Conan.

As I may have inferred, I find some of Lupoff's conclusions a little hairy; but they are interesting and stimulating. On the other hand, most of his facts are unassailable -- and worthy of note to any reader of imaginative fiction.

I recommend this book, almost unequivocally, to everyone -- even to those lucky enough to have the hard-back. The additional material is probably the most important part of the book.

-- David Halterman

POSTER REVIEW.

So. Ballantine has put out a poster of the three covers from their "Lord of the Rings" trilogy. Three feet by six, with good, if not exceptional, reproduction, it is an abstract blend of illustration and expressionism (like garlic, a little goes a long way), forming a panorama of Middle-Earth. ##### Brem turns out to be Barbara Remington, and her poster sells for \$5.00. It is, believe me, a honey.

-- Alexis Gilliland



In my last column, I was remarking on the relative dearth of fanzines after St. Louiscon; well, they are making up for it with a vengeance, arriving at a pace of at least one a day. I fear that some of the upcoming reviews may be a bit truncated.

DYNATRON #41 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd. NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107. Trades, contribs, LoC's. Sample copy 25¢). Roytac pens an admirable essay on man's ancestry; starts with a speculation on the Plesiadapis of 70 million years ago, unquestionably the Ramapithecus (14 million years ago) and on up the line. In his column, Roy writes of the Albuquerque SF Group's bust at dowsing, Piers Anthony's Macroscopic, the proposed new State constitution, and sf as literature. Among the several books reviewed, he recommends The Farthest Reaches, edited by Joseph Elder (Pocket Books).

Continuing his series on Early American Science/Fantasy Fiction, C.W. Wolfe omits Burroughs, Merritt, and Kline (feeling they have been adequately covered elsewhere) and goes on to George Allen England (with partial biblio) and Chas. Stilson. Fine LoColumn. 20 pp. It's a goodie.

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OUTWORLDS I (Bill & Joan Bowers, POBox 87, Barberton, OH 44203. Contrib, arranged trades, printed LoC's, 50¢, 3/\$1, 6/\$2 -- make checks payable to Joan). DOUBLE:BILL has folded, with its final burst of glory; from its ashes a new fanzine is born. And it's a love -- very attractive format, layout, and personality, for that matter. Artwork by Connie Reich Faddis, Mike Gilbert, and Bill Rotsler.

Robt. Weinberg comes up with a logical solution to the poverty problem. The concepts of mechanistic and statistical universes are discussed by Paul Wyszkowski in an unusual and thought-provoking essay. A tale resulting in an incredible pun comes from that notorious twosome, John and Sandra Miesel.

Bill ponders the role of the fanzine reviewer. (I'll tell you something, Bill. Considering the nature of the beasties to be covered, I feel that a continuing column of long and intricate critiques is somewhat pointless. Wouldst have a columnist in MCCALLS doing serious reviews of THE LADIES HOME JOURNAL, TIME, LIFE, TRUE CONFESSIONS, VOGUE, SEVENTEEN, MAD, etc? Seriously? Well, it might be of some benefit to the editors. 'Twould be more productive to review a few of a kind, e.g., newszines, monsterzines, college pubs, serconzines, genzines, personalityzines, etc. Or perhaps reviewing the various fanzine reviewers, book reviewers, bibliographers, essayists, artists, etc. Now that would be interesting...except that people do not necessarily appear regularly in each issue of any given fanzine -- so that wouldn't really comprise a fanzine review column. It would be more of a fan contributor review column.)

Hank Davis pens an amusing alternate script for "2001". (Speaking of "2001", be on the lookout for "Inside 2001", a space opera with libretto and lyrics by Alexis Gilliland.)

Definitely worth a look/see. 25 pp.

OUTWORLDS II. Thish features a story by Bill which I didn't like when it first appeared in ODD, and still don't, although he has revised it a bit. Handsome layout, and illos by Rotsler, Kirk, Fabian, Lotto, Cameron, and Gilbert. A curious issue. 34 pp.

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L'ANGE JACQUE #4 (Ed Reed, 668 West-
over Rd., Stamford, CT 06902. Art ed:
Mike Symes, 26 Cedar St., Mattapan, MA
02126 -- they're willing to ditto,
electro-stencil, mimeo, or offset art.
Contribs, LoC's, 35¢). Multi-color
ditto as well as b&w by Symes, Rotsler,
Jeeves, Gilliland, Gilbert, etc.

"Planets Beyond Pluto" is a well-
written article by John Boardman.
From WARHOON #15, an entertaining
column by Redd Boggs on sex (seen
through the eyes of Dr. B.J. Kendall
in a book pubbed in 1925) -- fascinat-
ing. Record and fanzine reviews, and
other stuff. 57 pp. or so.

OSFIC #22 (OSFIC o-o. Peter Gill, 18
Glen Manor Dr., Toronto 13, Ontario,
Canada. Contribs, LoC's, trade, 40¢).
Remarkable cover by Angus Taylor; in-
ner illos by Alicia Austin, Derek
Carter, Mike Gilbert, Alexis Gilli-
land, and Rudy Hagopian.

Club news, minutes, etc. Reviews --
films, books, and fanzines (Don Hutchi-
son does a nice job on the last). An
intriguing potpourri of excerpts from
Judith Merrill's column in F&SF 1966-
69, entitled "SF", is reprinted from
Toronto's RANDOM MAGAZINE.

Photo report of the Rochdale Summer
Festival, July 1969, with a transcript
of a somewhat non-productive interview
with Chip Delany conducted by Robert
Fulford of CBC. Also, a Hammy space
tail...er...tale. LoC's. 37 pp.
Attractive format and layout, and
good repro.

GRANFALLOON #8 (Linda E. Bushyager,
5620 Darlington Rd., Pittsburgh, PA
15217. Trade, substantial LoC, con-
trib, 60¢, 2/\$1, 5/\$2). Steve Fabian's
art graces the front cover, Tim Kirk's
wit the bacover of this 2nd Annish;
within is some prime art from such as
Alicia Austin, Connie Reich Faddis
(including a remarkable Albert Ein-
stein art folio), Bernie Zuber, Bill
Rotsler, Doug Lovenstein, Mike Gil-
bert, etc.

"Sex at the Cons: For Those Who Do
and Those Who Don't" -- Part I, for
Femmesfans, is followed by "Can't Any-
body Play?" Nope, not what you think.
It's Jerry Lapidus writing on the Hugo
awards.

Linda suggests and reviews novels which
would make plausible Hugo contenders;
also offers a glimpse of the fanzines
coming her way, as well as the APA45 21st
mailing. Richard Delap proffers a pi-
quant review of the film version of Edgar
Allen Poe's "Spirits of the Dead", as
well as book reviews. A bit of fiction
from Roger Zelazny, but my copy had a
blank last page so I don't know how it
ended. LoC's. 53 pp. Fine format,
layout, etc. -- altogether, a fine
second Annish.

SPECULATION #25 (Peter R. Weston, 31
Pinewall Ave., Kings Norton, Birmingham
30, U.K. Trades, contribs, 35¢, 3/\$1 --
"cash not cheques, please!"). Ah, I had
been wondering about BSFA's VECTOR, and
I commend them on their choice of a one-
ish substitute 'zine for their members.
Pete tells of the impending formation of
the Tolkien Society of Great Britain, a
recent Tolkien conference, and an up-
coming event on Speculative Literature
slated for June 14th.

Hey, hey, a review column by Fred Pohl
(with some precepts from Anatole France),
and it makes for entertaining reading --
a welcome addition to SPECULATION. And
from Andy Offutt, delightful word sketches
of some of the Names he met at St. Louiscon.
Christ Priest muses on "why writers?".

Formidable review section: Pam Bulmer
(who does excellent critiques) has a go
at Chip Delany's Nova; Brian Stableford
(who has some good books appearing cur-
rently from Ace) on Ursula LeGuin's Left
Hand of Darkness; James Blish on Brian
Aldiss' Barefoot in the Head; etc. Add
M. John Harrison on criticism, Mike Moor-
cock's column, an excellent LoC column,
and quickie reviews. 50 pp.

SPECULATION really merits a Hugo
nomination. Maybe this year?

THE EARTH GAZETTE (W.G. Bliss, 422 Wilmot,
Chillicothe, IL 61523. 50¢). This is
further delineated as the "North American
Condensed Edition for Compact Reading",
April 2, 2287 nc ("new calendar"). A 13-
page newssheet from the future, complete
with ads, scandal, columnist, music news,
etc. Fun of a simple sort.

SFCOMMENTARY (Bruce R. Gillespie, POBox
245, Ararat 3377, Australia. Articles,
reviews, LoC's, trade, subs: 9/\$3.75 (I

hope that's right.)).

#6. AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, a truly fine fanzine, closed up shop some time ago, and this pub incorporated some of the remnants, among them probably the final ASFR LoColumn, which opens the issue as a tribute.

Among the reviewed, Level 7 (pay attention, now -- from the BBC TV series "Out of the Unknown" based on a book by Mordecai Roshwall), and Brian Aldiss' Intangibles, Inc. & Other Stories (which Gillespie says "may be the most important sf book of the year"). Ho -- "Sex in Science Fiction:" Part I, by Paul Stevens, which starts out with comments on the Customs censors (great heavens, they didn't even admit "Day of the Trifids"!), Philip Jose Farmer's The Lovers, ERBurroughs, EESmith, etc. Stevens goes on to look at some of the "major themes" emerging in the last 20 years, mag covers, and the mags themselves. A very brief article, with lots of material untouched upon, just begging for comment. Part 2 is a translation by Rottensteiner of an article on "The World of Theodore Sturgeon" by Peter Ripota (which first appeared in the German edition of SFTIMES, Apr. '67), wherein he looks at sex in Sturgeon's works. I fear the author of the article made no allowances for changing mores, whereas Sturgeon at least was exploring them.

The work "hack" moves John Brunner to an interesting extended letter or two, and a quickie from Jack Wodhams. 45 pp.

#8. Thish devoted to the 8th Australian SF Convention, Melbourne, Easter '69. Says Bruce, "SF conferences are the places where non-fans decide they want to be fans, fans decide they want to be writers or fanzine editors, and writers decide they want to be great writers." (No, Bruce, that view is not peculiar to Australia. It's quite descriptive of the larger U.S. cons.) He points out that at the '69 con, Australia had hopes of a viable prodom and news of an Australian-based prozine (VISIONS OF TOMORROW). He dubbed the

film proceedings as perhaps the most successful at the con (I note the trend here, too.)

Speeches of the GoH, Lee Harding, and fan GoH, John Foyster. Also, the author panel. Photos of the big-name pros and fans. A brief report on Syncon. One of the major debates was Worldcon or not Worldcon? Evidently the ayes had it -- with the present question Melbourne or Sydney. 41 pp. Recommended.

ENERGUMEN #1 (Mike Glicksohn, 35 Willard St., Ottawa 1, Ontario, Canada. Substantial LoC, contrib, art, arranged trade, 40¢). Fine fantasy cover art by Alicia Austin (you may have seen the original at St.Louis), and Derek Carter romps on the bacover. Impressive interior artwork by George Barr, Connie Faddis, Jack Gaughan, Mike Symes, Murray Long, and Bill Rotsler, as well as both cover artists. All eds should be so fortunate.

Mike explains whence cometh his material, with a thank-you to Richard Labonte for the material from the files of HUGIN & MUNIN. Rosemary Ulliot entertains with the story behind the infamous Glicksohn/Wood Jack Gaughan. (They have since resolved the controversy somewhat by becoming engaged.)

Interesting predictions by Peter Gill on the future of fandom (altho I think his view of the fanzine's future is a dream -- even today's prozines have distribution problems). Gadzooks, another view of "2001", but this time thru the eyes of a movie rather than an sf fan -- Mike's brother Manning, who adds something new to previous interpretations. He also writes well. ("The film contains what we can see in it, and we can only see in it what our experiences in life allow us to see.") Sue Wood recounts her sf course in the Free School last summer.

Fine comparative world reviews by Angus Taylor on John Brunner's The Jagged Orbit and Keith Roberts' Pavane. Mike adds quickie book and 'zine reviews. Commendable poetry, most notably Joe Haldeman's. 26 pp.

Add THE ZINEPHOBIC EYE, 9 pp. of fine fanzine reviews, with Alicia Austin's beautiful artwork. (Have only one complaint, Mike -- how come you missed TWJ as a possible future Hugo contender? Its

format might not be the greatest, but I think that contentwise, it will stand with the best of them.) Very readable; great eye appeal; personable and entertaining.

FOCAL POINT, Vol. 2, #1 (Rich Brown, 410-61st St., Apt. D-4, Brooklyn, NY 11220, and Arnie Katz, Apt. 3-J, 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, NY 11201. News, all-for-all trades to both eds, or 8/\$1). A bi-weekly newszine, newly revived, starts off by telling of SF figures elected to office by The Mystery Writers of America. A note on a new prozine to be co-edited by Chip Delany and Marilyn Hacker. Con, book, and fan news: Ted White reports on the SFWA banquet-East. 6 pp. Looks promising.

BEABOHEMA #8 (Frank Lurney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, PA 18951. Art ed.: Jim McLeod, 7909 Glen Tree Dr., Citrus Hgts., CA 95610. Contribs, LoC's, trades, 60¢, 4/\$2). Artwork by Mike Gilbert, Derek Carter, Bill Rotsler, Tim Kirk, Alexis Gilliland, Connie Faddis, Andy Porter, Jim McLeod, etc.

Dean Koontz, with the aid of his wife, finds the sexy book outlet quite lucrative; he also tells of a projected adult erotic cartoon with Vaughn Bodé, the NYC sex paper SCREW, his choice for the Oscars, and his "ten best cuts from albums or singles in 1969". From Piers Anthony, a page in response to sundry comments about him in CROSSROADS #7.

Heavens to Betsy, J.J. Pierce writes on Justin St. John. (There seems to be a feud in the making, if anyone cares.) "Paul Hazlett" views the publishing scene in Britain, Leo P. Kelley on the demise of COVEN 13.

Particularly noteworthy in the review section is an expansive Ted Pauls on Anthony's Macroscopic (Avon). LoC's. 56 or so pp. Will say that this is a bit more tasteful than previous ones. Interesting 'zine.

KALKI #12 (The James Branch Cabell Society pub. James Blish & William Godshalk, eds. 4/\$5. Checks to Paul Spencer, 665 Lotus Ave., Oradell, NJ 07649. Editorial contribs to Prof. Godshalk, Dept. of English, U. of Cincinnati, OH 45221). Gadzooks, haven't seen this one in years, although I knew it was still around; Lin Carter mentions it in each of the Cabell books released by Ballantine as part of its fantasy series. Anyway, I thank Jim for thinking of me.

There's been a change or two or three; they've switched to letterpress, and this features art by Beardsley, Gaughan, and Judith Ann Lawrence.

Cabell's writing is fascinating, and the related minutiae make it even more so. KALKI contains a great potpourri, ranging from Jim Blish on Cabell as Voluntarist (a philosophical current of his time), through essays on Jurgen from three U. of Cinn. undergrads (Kris Johnson's topic is Color, an aspect to which I hadn't thought to give thought. Nicely done.), a delightfully-written article from Bliss Austin expanding on Cabell's reference to a link 'twixt Sir Conan Doyle's The Hound of the Baskervilles and his ancestor Sir Richard Cabell, etc., to Godshalk contemplating the possibility of Cabell contemplating the Tarot deck. Letters and book reviews. 34 pp. If you've read and enjoyed Cabell, you'd probably like this. And if you haven't read Cabell, you should.

IMYRR, Vol. 1, #1 (Suzanne Tompkins & Ginger Buchanan, 5830 Bartlett St., Pittsburgh, PA 15217. Trade, substantial LoC, contrib, 50¢, 3/\$1). Interesting cover art by Kevin Erwin (a new name to me, but his work looks promising). Interior illos by Erwin, Connie Faddis, Bill Rotsler, Alexis Gilliland, and Andy Porter.

Ginger questions why there were only 450 nominating ballots cast for the Hugo last year. (If she means voting,



I would guess that quite possibly a number of fans haven't read all the nominees, and therefore don't vote because they are unable to judge works they haven't read. I know that's what I'd do if I hadn't read them all. Then again, you might say that advance or supporting memberships, in a sense, are a form of poll tax; those who don't pay don't get to vote.)

Bill Mallardi reviews the album "Days of Future Passed" by the Moody Blues, which he recommends highly. A curious but entertaining children's tale by Tim Evans, poetic comment on townhouses by Sandra Miesel, book reviews by Ted Pauls and Richard Delap (a formidable pair), as well as St. Louiscon comments by Sandra Miesel, Ginger, and Suzle. 31 pp. Charming and personable. Give it a try.

WEIRDBOOK THREE (POBox 601, Chambersburg, PA. 75¢, 4/\$2, 8/\$3.75. Ed.: Paul Ganley. The ed. pays \$1 per published page for stories and artwork on publication. Prizes for fiction and poetry on pub of succeeding ish. MS should be typed, double-spaced, accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope). Cover and some interior art by GMFarley.

Effective poetry by Joseph Payne Brennan, Darrell Schweitzer, and Andrew Duane. Fictionwise, the better tales include Walter Quednau's "Body and Soul", David A. Kraft's "Incantation", Steve Chapman's "The Throwaway Man", and Ray Jones' "The Well".

OXYTOCIC #1 (T.C. Williams SF Club pub. Ed.: Michael T. Shoemaker, 324C Gunston Rd., Alexandria, VA 22302. Contribs, 20¢). A surprisingly good vehicle for a high-school club. Mike writes on "Stanley G. Weinbaum: An Appreciation" (I must admit that I was amazed when I read Weinbaum's The New Adam for the first time recently; he seems somewhat the James Branch Cabell of science fiction), complete with annotated biblio. The short, short story by Varla Greifer isn't bad at all, altho I would have started the last sentence, "Yes, but....". Bert Trotter's extended piece of fan fiction failed because of his enthu-

siasm; the thing is a potpourri of cliché situations, somewhat reminiscent of Grade B Westerns. Reads like a synopsis of a proposed daytime TV serial series. Bert should sit back, relax, and try writing on a smaller scale.

I found the review section all the more interesting because the reviewers covered books which I have not seen reported on elsewhere, yet they're quite respectable: e.g., Kate Wilhelm's Let the Fire Fall (Doubleday & Lancer), Wyman Guin's The Standing Joy (Avon), etc. 25 pp., ditto repro, mostly legible.

Possibly the best high-school 'zine I've seen; my only complaint is that the format and layout are no better than TWJ's, which has been far from the best.

MOEBIUS TRIP #3 (Edward C. Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, IL 61604. Contrib, trade, LoC, 35¢, 3/\$1). Charming Rotsler cover illo; on the inside, squibs by Rotsler, Barton, Schalles, and Gilliland.

A rousing critique of Piers Anthony's Macroscopic by "Omar Barsom" should get a rise out of Piers. Perry Chapdelaine covers Epistle to the Babylonians by Chas. L. Fontenay (Knoxville: U. of Tenn. Press).

Ed, a philatelist, discusses stamps and the postal system. Leon Taylor denounces violence. The space program is defended by F. Pamilin. Extensive LoColumn. 32 pp. A friendly 'zine; the ed. even lists the letter-writers on the Contents page.

GORE CREATURES #17 (Gary J. Svehla, 5906 Kavon Ave., Baltimore, MD 21206. Contribs, trade, LoC, 35¢). It's offset in the main, but this is offset by the tiny print.

David Soren tells of a pair of fantasy films which he dubs outstanding but overlooked: "Island of the Doomed" and "Whom the Gods Wish to Destroy" (2½ hrs., the Siegfried legend, a cast of thousands, filmed in Iceland).

Gary looks at the past ten years of horror cinema. (Horrors! He says, "Whether we should be dismayed at Hammer Productions during the past decade is not really important.... Even though sacrificing some element of quality, we must remember that the cost of film production has severely risen....") The director of the International Festival of Science Fiction furnishes a Trieste SF report. News. Reviews. ("Blood of Dracula's Castle" is rated Z.) "The

Exotic Ones", says Dave Szurek, is a "cheapie that attempts to be a combination horror nudie, kiddies' matinee fare, gangster, and sex film".

There's an interview with Christopher Lee. Part I of "The Budy Snatcher" transposed from the screen to the page; they would have done better printing the original by Robt. Louis Stevenson. LoC's and such. 35 pp. David Soren does a lot for the 'zine.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #36 (Richard Geis, POBox 3116, Santa Monica, CA 90403. 50¢). Very fine Tim Kirk cover. Interior art by Gaughan, Gilbert, Gilliland, Kirk, Kinney, Lovenstein, Nelson, Rotsler, Shull, & Thomson.

What a lineup -- here's Bob Shaw speculating on fan mortality (witty); Poul Anderson on authors and editors, and sociopolitically speaking, PIGS (most interesting, entertaining, and thought-provoking); John Brunner discussing Brian Aldiss' Barefoot in the Head (Doubleday); not to mention Paul Walker on Philip K. Dick. Wiley Nance Jackson has an intriguing bit of fiction in "It's You", but the symbolic interpretations and the comments which follow are even more so. (Very nicely done.) Fine review section. Also, Hugo contenders as promulgated by reviewers Hank Davis, Richard Delap, Ted Pauls, Paul Walker, and the ed. Banks Mebane comments on the changes evinced by several prozines during the past year. LoC's. 52 pp. Excellent issue. Recommended.

SCYTHROP #21 (John Bangsund, 44 Hilton St., Clifton Hill, Victoria 3068, Australia. Contribs, trades, 75¢. U.S. Agent: Andrew Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, NY 11201). Formerly the editor of AUSTRALIAN SF REVIEW, John has switched to genzine format. He editorializes wittily on "Scythrop" and such. Robert Toomey went to London and began to write -- you can read all about it here. Kenneth Slessor contribs a lovely poem, "Earth Visitors".

Hm, Australia joins the ranks of countries whose governments exploit the natives and their holdings for the benefit of private industry; see John Foyster's report on Bougainville.

Creath Thorne was reading Aldous Huxley's Those Barren Leaves and notes several passages therein which are remarkably analgous to fandom. Peter Roberts comments on Worldcon sites (written prior to St.Louiscon), remarking that consite bidding and selection "has become totally absurd...in cost...preparation...promotion..." etc. Leigh Edmonds follows with comments on the possibility of Melbourne in '75. Pop music is John Brunner's topic. Norman Spinrad's Bug Jack Barron is discussed by R.D. Symonds. "The Kitten" by Stephen Cook is an odd little fantasy, very well written. LoC's and other entertaining tidbits. 40 pp. Recommended.

WOKL (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore, MD 21212. The ed. says subscriptions will avail you naught; he'll simply squander it on beer...and contribs are "irrelevant and immaterial". He welcomes LoC's but doubts they'll get printed). All he does is recount trips to and from Lunarians and various cons (including the WSFA Eclipscon) and the subsequent meetings, cons (and eclipse). But its few pages are pleasant fun.

SCHAMOOB #5 (Frank Johnson, 3836 Washington Ave., Cincinnati, OH 45229. LoC's, trade, contrib, 20¢).

SCHAMOOB isn't nearly as bad as it looks; now if he'd only do something about the spelling and the repro....

A well-written article by James Stattmiller on Super Heroes The Incredible Hulk and Silver Surfer -- marvelous ("Can a green-skinned humble atomic scientist with a petulant personality find true happiness in today's status-seeking society?")

Mark Schulzinger in fandom in Morehead, Kentucky. Fanzine and book reviews. LoC's. 15 pp.

#6. Art by Bea Mahaffey, Brad Balfour, DEA, Alexis Gilliland, Mike Symes, etc.

In a review reprinted from THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER, Mark Schulzinger sings the praises of The Collected Works of Buck Rogers in the 25th Century (Chelsea House, \$12.50). Leon Taylor is devastating on the topic of Wyman Guin's The Standing Joy (Avon). Lesser and lesser fiction. LoC's. 18 pp.

MIRAGE 9 (FAPA, SAPS. Jack Chalker, 5111 Liberty Hgts. Ave., Baltimore, MD 21207. 3/\$1.50, no single ish sold. Contribs, esp. articles on fantasy/SF themes and biblio, welcome). Jack does a nice job on "racism" from a slightly different angle. "God Hates Geometers" said St. Cyril, and Alexis Gilliland takes it from there -- breathing concepts of "soul" and "entropy" in practically the same gasp, and Freud and Torquemada, and unusual ethical questions (hey, Alexis, this is good stuff).

Back in the '40's, John Speer hypothesized on a history of the planet Mongo; we have here a treatise by John Boardman which refutes some of Speer's suggestions and supports others as he ponders the scientific and political aspects of the Flash Gordon epic.

Paul Willis' fiction is slight but rather charming. Paul Spencer contributes a bibliography of Dr. David H. Keller's major unpublished works (the purpose of which defeats me, since it is unpublished).

Mark Owings and the ed. sired a bibliography of the *Necronomicon*, which originally appeared in 1967, and is reprinted here in response to fan inquiries -- entertainingly written. Add a poetry anthology, fantasy mostly, by H. Warner Munn, H.S. Weatherby, Tim Powers, and Charles van Wey. And book reviews, and you have a 42-page serconzine on a slightly different tangent. Recommended.

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, Vol. 4, #2 (Leland Sapiro, Box 40, University Station, Regina, Canada. 60¢, 4/\$2). Sandra Miesel on "Poul Anderson's View of Man" is fine, as is her subject matter. Richard Kyle, on the Martian stories of ERB Burroughs, postulates that the inspiration came from H. Rider Haggard. (Wonder if he's familiar with Dick Lupoff's theory that it may well have been Edwin L. Arnold -- Ace has just released the latter's *Gullivar of Mars*.)

Delighted to see people finally sounding off for Andre Norton (I like her very much); here it's Barry McGhan. There also are notes on the work of J.G. Ballard by Nick Perry & Roy Wilkie. In Harry Warner's always inter-

esting column, he reports this on fanzine response to the moon landing. You'll learn a lot about Buck Rogers reading Jim Harmon's column, wherein he has a go at *The Collected Works...*, from which I get the strong impression that they left out the best but included the worst. Poetry. Interesting LoC's.

Very attractive, with art by Sandra Miesel, Derek Carter, Alpajpuri (lovely), as well as Mary Acosta and Harry Hobblitz (names which are new to me) and covers by Vincente di Fate. The writing is palatable, the topics diverse. One of RQ's better issues. 76 pp. or so. Recommended. (But oh, that tiny type.)

HECKMECK #24 (Manfred Kage, Schaesberg (L), Achter Den Winkel 41, Netherlands). Extended fanzine reviews. Bob Vardeman gives one American fan's view of Perry Rhodan, and it's pretty accurate, in my opinion. Quotes from various fanzines on the world-con plan. LoC's. 29 pp.

MAYBE #4 (N'APA. Irvin Koch, Apt. 45, 614 Hill Ave SW, Knoxville, TN 37902. Contribs, LoC's, 75¢). Letters and story credit lists from John Jakes, Chas. Fontenay, and Robert Moore Williams.

Last ish contained a chronology and list of Andre Norton's works, and the first part of a brief history of her cosmos as seen by Jim Corrick and the ed. Comes a letter from the lady pointing out that, except for the Star books, she never fitted her work to any chronological order, and telling some of her sources of ideas. Undaunted, the history and chronology continue in thish.

The serialized fiction is hard to read, too complex, and too short an installment. The repro varies from poor to good. The spelling is incredible. I think the editor is trying to do too much; consequently, the fanzine comes off pretty poorly. 47 pp.



THE NEW CAPTAIN GEORGE'S WHIZZBANG #7 (Vast Whizzbang Organization, Memory Lane Publications, 594 Markham St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada. 35¢). Now in a smaller magazine-size format. Very handsome in appearance.

Quickie movie, book, and periodical reviews. A biography of the late Roy Bancroft, "Best of the Badmen" by Don Daynard, complete with movie still. A fine spread on Hal Foster, with Prince Valiant portfolio. Daynard also reports on an interview with Terry Frost, who appeared in more than 30 serials for Columbia.

Extensive comment on Wm. K. Ever-son's two books, The Western and A Pictorial History of the Western Film; Jim Kitses' Horizons West: Three Directors; Peter Bogdanovich's Fritz Lang in America; and Denis Gifford's Movie Monsters. For SF fans, Peter Gill (of OSFIC) does the "SF Readout". For comic fans, mention of The Collectors Guide: The First Heroic Age, 1st volume of an index to the superheroes (1934-1947), ed/pub. Jerry G. Bails. Also, a review of the Buck Rogers collection (which dubs it a case of overkill).

Aha, the fourth installment of Derek Carter's transit series, "The Great Lake Ontario Balloon Race". Comics of the '30's, radio of the '30's, old movie and automobile ads. Peter Harris on recent World War I aviation novels. 33 pp. It's fun.

EXILE #7 (Seth Dogramajian, 32-66 80th St., Jackson Hgts., NY 11370. Trade, contris, LoC, art, 50¢). A very handsome offset ish, with a beautiful Bruce Berry cover, and interior illos by Jack Gaughan, Jeff Jones, Mike Gilbert, Alexis Gilliland, Dave Ludwig, Dick Klemensen (new to me), etc.

The Zelazny story is singular in style and quite effective. Add to this Part 1 of an entertaining art folio by Derek Carter, some wee-hour spasms from Lin Carter (relished his recounting of their yachting outing with L. Sprague de Camp), murmurings from Dean Koontz (including the first definitive comments I've seen on Kurt Vonnegut's Slaughterhouse-Five -- in a fanzine, that is), and

Bob Vardeman on tachyons. Plus LoC's and fanzine reviews. Present it in fine format, layout, and repro, and it adds up to 32 pp. of entertainment. Recommended.

HAVERINGS #43 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, U.K. U.S. Agent: Andrew Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Apt. 3-J, Brooklyn, NY 11201. 6/\$1). The fanzine reviewzine from over thataway. Fanzines from the US, Spain, Australia, UK, Germany, and Canada. Also, a couple of pages of news.

SOUTH AFRICAN SF CLUB (SFSA) NEWSLETTER (Mary Scott, 5 Jessie Ave., Norwood, Johannesburg, South Africa).

#3. Minutes of the Annual General Meeting, membership list w/addresses, editorial on "What is Science Fiction", and an informative and entertaining article by Simon Scott on flouride and flouridation. 5 pp.

#4. Colin Mallinick writes on the contribution of designers to the excess waste products. Kevin MacDonnell begins a series on SF mags, and covers IF in this. BSFA activity and VECTOR get coverage by Bernie Ackerman. Five emblems are proposed for club vote. The Club Constitution is printed herein, as are the library rules and book list. LoC's. 11 pp.

#5. Now associated with N3F. Kevin looks at GALAXY. "Charly" draws praise from Tex Cooper. Film news. The start of a series of profiles of club members. (A fine idea.) Somebody's playing games, but he proves "logically" that ERBurroughs writes better SF than RBradbury. A reprint of Tex Cooper's "For Your Penance...", one of the finalists in the N3F short story contest. 14 pp. It's growing, just as the club is.

-- Doll Gilliland

Fanzine editors are reminded that only review copies are to be sent directly to Doll; subscription and trade copies are to go to the editor. These will later be loaned to Doll for review (but if you want an "immediate" review, better send a second copy to Doll for review).

-- DLM

FANSTATIC and FEEDBACK



I. GENERAL: TWJ #70.

Jeff Smith, 7205 Barlow Ct., Baltimore, Md., 21207

(26 Feb 70)

W.G. Bliss says rejection slips from SF mags are "excellent". Humbug. For one thing, getting a rejection slip means not getting a check. For another, as rejection slips they aren't so hot. (I don't know about Lowndes.)

The Ultimate one (and since it is generally the last place I send a story, "ultimate" is the correct term) goes: "Your manuscript has been read and cannot be used presently. #### "The editors."

F&SF is a little better. They reject you a little more nicely, and run through the mechanics of submission quite rapidly. The new GALAXY ones are at least cheery: "Thank you for letting us see your material. Unfortunately it does not quite meet our present needs and so we are returning it to you. Best of luck in another market!"

The old Frederik Pohl rejection slip, now there was a rejection slip! Pohl printed a little writing manual which turns out much better than the rejected story. "It isn't necessary to have a happy ending in every story. But you should have an ending." --- "Does your story need a boy-girl love element? If not, please take it out." --- "It is not essential to have a doctorate in physics to write a science-fiction story. What is essential is that you conceal your lack of knowledge from the reader." --- "...enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for return. 'Stamped' means U.S. stamps....'Envelope' means one large enough to hold your manuscript." And then he enclosed a coupon so you could subscribe at special rates. That rejection slip is gone forever now, I'm afraid.

But Campbell! Unfortunately, his rejection slip is a horrid piece of writing. It's nice, and preferable to Ultimate's, but why must these things be in evidence?:

1) All the way through, Campbell says "we" and "the editors", save once: "You can waste both your time, and effort, and mine, plus postage, sending in non-science-fiction manuscripts."

2) "If you have made any of the following errors in preparing the manuscript, it obviously will not have helped your chances. Check these things:" Okay, that's fine. There are three points. The first two are okay. The first is physical (double-spaced, etc.). The second is what I just quoted above on SF vs non-SF. But the third is, "Don't, please, ask for individual criticism." If you ask for individual criticism, you won't make the sale? Too sloppy, John. Should I return the slip with one of my own?

Buck Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, Ind., 47348

(28 Feb 70)

I take issue with David Halterman. "Tarzan is the ultimate savage." You mean old Lord Greystoke, through whose veins runs the blue blood and accumulated nobility of generations of British noblemen? I say, you really should retract that statement, or the old boy's descendents might see fit to give you a caning for your impertinence. Savage indeed! Why, he isn't even a colonial. For your own sake, I shall pretend that you made no statement; nay, not even an imputation, that a British nobleman would be other than scrupulously fair, even in mortal combat. It just isn't done, y'know.

Fakefan! You should buy all the magazines, whether you read them or not. (Well, all of the ones with new stories; I'll forgive anyone for not buying Sol Cohen's endless list of reprint titles.) No wonder the magazines are in trouble; people are only buying the ones they want to read. Mark my words, practicality will be the doom of fandom.

Terminating subscriptions. Mostly at the behest of Ed Wood, I bought a rubber stamp which says YOUR SUBSCRIPTION ENDED, and I stamp it on the front cover of the copy where it applies. (It may confuse a few people when I cut off a trade, and it has definitely confused a few whose renewals crossed in the mail with the final issue, but on the whole it works well. And it's much simpler than typing up little strips of paper and sticking them in the copy. Also probably more noticeable; little strips of paper have a way of falling out on the floor and being swept up with the trash.)

Jerry Lapidus. The fact that the Hugos have always been awarded for English-language publications (English-language, hell; American publication) does not mean that awarding them this way was right, or that we should therefore make our chauvinism official. No wonder Americans are considered overbearing.

Richard Brooks, R.R. #1, Box 167, Fremont, Ind., 46737

(Undated)

. . . Really liked the Kirk bacover. ~~###~~ Jerry Lapidus has very good points on worldcon plans. One comment. If some hotel (as Dave Halterman feared) put out large, beautiful fanzines and progress reports, if they went to all that trouble to understand us and get our business, wouldn't we be better off with them running a con that with a con committee wrangling with the hotel over how things should be handled? ~~###~~ Here I'll go on record against Fan Fair 2 which has been purposely scheduled to conflict with the Heicon. With the literally dozens of regional cons, a worldcon every year is not important. I find this dog-in-the-manger, spoiled brat attitude of not only Toronto fandom but a sizeable minority of US fans to be disturbing. ~~###~~ If I was still gainfully employed, I'd planned to make at least a couple east coast cons. As is, it looks like the Midwestcon...and maybe the Octocon (if it's still going) will be it. . . .

Joe Kurnava, %Route 40, Allwood P.O., Clifton, N.J., 07012

(6 Apr 70)

Kim Weston seems to have filled the need for a comics column nicely with his "The Inkworks". I especially agree with Kim's remarks concerning the use of excessive panel captions in comic books today.

Take, for instance, the feature story which appeared in CREEPY #32 (April, 1970; Warren Pub. Co.). Harlan Ellison was commissioned to write a story around a cover by Frank Frazetta. Frazetta's painting shows the rear of a horned, muscular figure whose feet seem to be imbedded in solid rock, gazing at a cluster of night-enshrouded homes in a valley below him. Ellison turned out a formula-type thing titled Rock God: Dis, the Rock God, is awakened by worshippers in ancient Stonehenge. Upon returning to a centuries-long sleep, his essence remains within a stone which eventually comes to rest within the cornerstone of a great skyscraper. Awakened again, this time by a murder committed inside the building, his body assimilates the concrete colossus and towers over the city, hungering.

This story was sent to one of the best comic-book artists working today -- Neal Adams, illustrator of National's Deadman and of Marvel's now-defunct X-Men. Adams broke the story down into comic format and, using a predominately wash technique, illustrated it.

Both Ellison and Adams excel in their own fields, but this marriage of talents should be quickly divorced. Ellison's prose is not suited to the comic-strip form. The continuity is broken as the reader's eye jumps from the caption to the illustration, again and again. Adams' work also suffers, partly for the same reason. The wash technique employed does nothing for his style when compared to the pen/brush illustrations produced for other companies. Also, where an artist such as Bernie Wrightson excels in black-and-white and suffers when his work is reproduced in color, Adams' black-and-white work falls in comparison with his colored art.

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Still, Adams' art is overshadowed by only one artist in this issue. Billy Graham, a young Negro lad, turns in a very good job on The 3:14 Is Right On Time, in which Charon is cast as a Trolley Stationmaster. Graham is still crude in spots, but the talent is undeniably there. The story is by Ken Dixon.

A capsulized rundown of the rest of the issue goes like so:

Death is a Lonely Place (Art: Mike Royer; Story: Bill Warren) -- A vampire falls in love, but refuses to subject the girl to a similar fate. Greater love hath no vampire....

I...Executioner (Art: Mike Royer; Story: Don Glut) -- Death is the executioner. So what else is new?

A Wall of Privacy (Art: David StClair; Story: Nicola Cuti) -- "Big Brother" is watching you! Telepaths in an Orwellian society plan to scale the wall which keeps them from freedom. Ending lifted from The Spy Who Came in from the Cold, but with a kicker.

V.A.M.P.I.R.E. (Art: Tony Williamsune; Story: Bill Warren) -- A fluid computer, requiring blood to operate properly. With a nut supplying it, the computer grows in power. Developing extensions to make itself ambulatory, it plans to conquer mankind. The end of the computer (and the story) is anything but electrifying.

Movie Dissector! (Art: Bill Dubay; Story: R. Michael Rosen) -- Two young rivals turn out amateur horror movies and decide to let an audience judge which is superior. Turns out to be an audience with first-hand knowledge on the subject, too.

DC SHOWCASE (exactly what the name implies: a showcase for new ideas from National's studios) #91 will carry Manhunter -- 2070. From a 3-page preview in #90 (which carries the final installment of Jason's Quest, a saga featuring a lad wielding a guitar on a motorcycle), this strip will feature space-opera in the PLANET STORIES mold.

The first of the three pages presents some of the characters which will appear in this series. The next two pages present Incident on Krobar 3: Open with a game of cards. An old prospector, demanding to see the cards, is blasted by the card-sharp. The card-sharp claims self-defense, but the prospector's granddaughter proves different. Enter Starker, Manhunter 2070, who offers his services. Missy only has the equivalent of three Earth-cents, but Starker accepts, saying, "Exactly the sum I had in mind." The card-sharp reaches for a ray/derringer gun hidden in his hat, but Starker drops him with a paralyzo needle. Finis.

Mike Glicksohn, 35 Willard St., Ottawa 1, Ontario, Canada

(4 Apr 70)

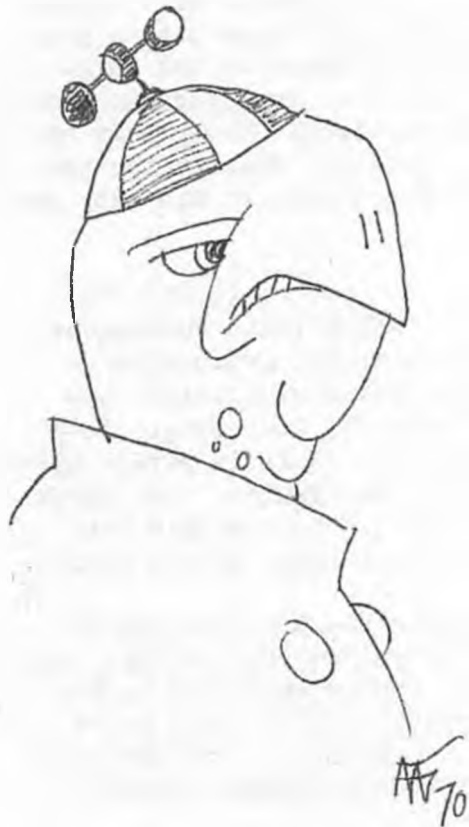
As far as appearance goes, all one can say about the JOURNAL (with the exception of the covers) is that it's a good solid fanzine. My personal preference is for more artwork, but I suppose in something which is basically a reviewzine this is not entirely necessary. Your bacover, however, was superb, if confusing. They seem to be playing poker but the joke is a bridge-oriented one. This is purely nit-picking though, and I didn't spot it until a second look at the drawing. The first look cracked me up completely, since I'm a keen bridge player, and it wasn't until the tears had stopped running down my cheeks that I noticed the chips on the table and the limited number of cards per hand.

It's a very sad comment indeed that only economic considerations can spur on anti-pollution measures. However, there are good signs everywhere that perhaps this frightening situation might end. When pollution is given serious treatment in the daily comic strips and in the monthly comics put out by Marvel and DC, then we're finally sure of at least reaching the mass of the population with the seriousness of this problem. Whether or not any positive action will result is another question entirely.

I cannot but stand in awe of Mark Owings. The amount of research involved in his projects must be enormous, and while I myself don't really care to know all those details, I'm well aware that many people do and that his work will be greatly appreciated by them. He's doing fandom a great service and I commend him for it.

Dave Halterman has one valid point but I disagree with some of his arguments. The Hugo isn't, and never has been, an international award. I seriously doubt that a truly international award is even possible. At least not until every fan speaks, and every SF book is published in, Esperanto! How can we possibly vote on an international award when very few fans even speak one language other than English? The switch of the Hugo to an English-language award is only the officialization of something which has always been an actuality. The same arguments augur badly for any sort of European award for cons held overseas. It's true that Europeans are inclined to be more bilingual than North Americans, but even this is no great advantage with the large number of languages existing in Europe. And don't forget that any European con can pretty well expect to have attendees from almost every country on the continent (governmental travel bans excluded). Thus it is likely that any Eurocons which are held will present awards for excellence in fiction written in the language of the hosting country, if they bother with awards at all. If the Hugos continue to be presented at overseas Worldcons held in English-speaking countries, however, I heartily support Dave's suggestion that the Nebula Awards be presented at the NASFiC. But I don't concur with his reason. A Worldcon, as the poet said, is its own excuse for being. The presentation of awards makes an interesting part of the program, but I'm damn sure fans would still attend national cons even if this feature were dropped.

The JOURNAL is justifiably noted for its reviews, and this issue was typical. I don't always agree with your reviewers, but I generally find that they write well and logically from their own premises, and I always enjoy the reviews. Richard Delap's movie reviews are always a joy. He spares none of the scorn when confronted with crud and writes delightful vitriole. Long may he write. I also dig Doll's fanzine reviews, although I like them more when she makes a value judgment rather than just listing the contents. But that's probably because most of her opinions agree with mine. . . .



II. GENERAL: TWJ #69.

Robert Moore Williams, Valley Center, Calif.

(Undated)

(From a letter to Dave Halterman.)

Hey, you feeling all right? You worry me. You actually recommended Zanthar at Trip's End. Wha' happen?

. . . However, this is not a series which will run on forever. So far as I know right now, the title was slightly prophetic, and this is the last one. Why the last one? I dunno. Nobody ever tells a writer anything -- except to go to hell, maybe. My books are selling very well, a distributor reports, with many orders still coming in for tens and twenties. One bookstore in Oakland (I haven't been to learn its name) has just ordered between 5 and 600 . . .

No, I don't know why the big rush on sales but there is some vague possibility that a lot of people are maybe discovering what I have been hiding in books (or stories) for over 30 years. What have I been hiding? Tch, tch, tch! That's not a legitimate question.

Anyhow, thanks for the review. Yes, I know you have chewed me out in the past. I will say for me that I have often richly deserved it. However, it is fairly easy to criticize the hell out of a book -- and it may be damned difficult

to write same. I doubt very much if the fans ever come within ten thousand miles of grasping the problems a writer faces in putting together a story. Well, it is not my job to make with enlightenment on this subject. However, it is my job to understand them myself. In what infinity, I wonder, will I understand them? The problems are those of the emotional world of a human being, which is where a writer lives. (All artists also live there, all mysticism comes from there, and all religion takes off from and returns to this emotional world.) Who knows anything about it? Not me, certainly. I'm an old groper-in-the-dark, a Welshman trying to find his way back to the original home of his people in Trapobane (Ceylon, if you trust Taliesin and the ancient legends.) Yes, I know Caesar found us in Wales, but we were Johnnies-come-lately to that soot, and had been thousands of years on the road even in Caesar's day.

Enough of this. I just wanted to thank you for the review you did on the last Zanthar (some day maybe I'll tell you the real story on that), and I did not wish to wander into the mythology of my wandering people. However, I do wander. I just do. And if She sees fit, I shall still wander through many another book, and who knows, perhaps sometime between now and the end of infinity, I may write a good one. (They call this hope, and say it springs eternal in the human breast.)

Dave Halterman (in response to the above from Robert Moore Williams) (18 Mar 70)

I'm feeling fine. Unlike certain other reviewers, I freely admit that I read for pleasure. So doing, I am perfectly capable of admitting pleasure in stories by writers outside the "acceptable" literary circles. I happened to like the last Zanthar; I am not ashamed of saying so. There comes a time, after a heady diet of Milford Mafiosi, when Ye Olde Reader has to grab for a straightforward, unpretentious adventure story; which may explain why my shelves contain more than a sampling of Doc Smith, George O. Smith, EEEvans, ERB, and even Robert Moore Williams.

Maybe that company ain't got no class; I remember some snide remarks made toward ERB at the SFWA banquet. It's the wordsmith, however, who keeps the sense of wonder alive, with wild images, super-real characters, and the feeling that the writer is by God involved in what he is putting on paper.

A thought occurs, however. You have a strong feel for the Welsh tradition, but you never seem to have used it to any great extent. The Irish are not so silent; the Finns have their voice; why not a few stories about the Tylwyth Teg? Perhaps there would be merit, visible even to the literati, in a retelling of the real legend of Arthur, and Gwenhwyvar, and Llacheu, and Myrddin. You have the ability and the emotional background; and it appears that there is a market now. At least there is one buyer waiting. ((Two. --ed.))

But don't be too long about it. Else Avalon, and Tir N-aill, and Hy Brasil, and Cardigan Bay will give up their dead; and the Tuatha de Danann will walk again; and the Three Tells will leave their cave to find a night as bright as day.

Bruce Gillespie, POBox 245, Ararat, Victoria 3377, Australia. (23 Mar 70)

The effect of the whole is quite impressive; I'm a little hard put to pick on particular issues. . . .

Surely the "12th Annual Rochester World Poetry Day Awards" is a satire, or a catastrophe, or both! What rotten awful junk. If this is children's poetry -- well, it's still rotten awful junk. Many anthologies of original children's writing have begun to appear in recent years. The current favorite in Australia is Once Around the Sun. I can't find any examples at the moment (yes, I have been looking). Let's say that the teachers and other people who collect children's poems these days indulge in the most elaborate maneuvers in order to bring out the spontaneity and natural feel for words of many children. Some teachers, indeed many teachers, try to save their children for the prisonlike conventionality of the kind of versification that one can see in the dreary poems which won that poetry contest. Note the pseudo-romanticism of "Consecration"; there is so much that is pseudo that there's certainly nothing romantic there, let alone anything worth writing about. If one of my students turned in something like this (which they are

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unlikely to, unfortunately), I would be tempted to console them rather than praise them. And the cliches in that second one...! Even Perry Chapdelaine or his like could not write so many in so few words. To my mind, poetry should be written well or not written at all. And children can write exceptionally well, except for the influence of Rochester Poetry Day.

We must be grateful for the Banks Mebanes, Anthony Lewises and Richard Delaps of fandom. It's bad enough reading all the SF magazines -- that's what I have been doing for the past month or so. But writing about them can be a real pain. When I do write about the fanzines, the only procedure I can conscientiously adopt is to list and describe the scarce pleasures of the magazines, and to wink at the vast pain of the rest as politely as possible. White's policies are encouraging, I agree, although he does not seem to have published any readable short fiction so far. The fan features make up for any other shortcomings, however, even if both our fanzines never get reviewed by John Berry, or Ted White never reprints an article from either WSFA JOURNAL or SFC. ANALOG keeps up a consistent, if not high, standard, I find, and I actually enjoyed two stories in August's issue. It looks as if Jakobsson is going to run WOT as a sex-'n'-sf magazine, if we can tell from the ads. Nobody has even slightly caught onto the jazzy excitement of NEW WORLDS, unfortunately. Most of my Best-stories for the year will come from NW, that's for certain.

Your other reviews disappoint me greatly. They are short, scrappy, and rarely get beyond the "I-liked-it-because-it-was-good" school. A pity, because you are willing to give plenty of room. Alexis Gilliland's A Specter is Haunting Texas review was the most interesting of them, although he forgets to say that Leiber fails to satirize anything in the book. He chooses a style so personal, so flouncing and theatrical, that Leiber himself is the star of the show. Texas is pretty small cheese swallowed up in the shadow of the mighty Leiber. Generally he is a humble writer, or at least inscrutable, but in Specter he unfortunately chose to be very scrutable and unsubtle, and very egotistical, in the one novel. Any fault which Leiber ever showed collected in one novel, and I'm inclined to think that Leiber was just unlucky. After a novel like The Wanderer, you can't do much else but regress somewhat.

Dave Halterman's Ubik review was interesting. . . .

III. ELECTRIC BIBLIOGRAPH ADDENDA/CORRIGENDA.

Jeffrey D. Smith (address above)

(26 Feb 70)

Addenda/corrigenda to V, Robert A Heinlein:

"All you Zombies..." -- additional data: The Best from F&SF: 9th Series, Ace, wpps 256; The Worlds of Science Fiction (Paperback Library: NY 1965, wpps 287, 75¢).

"And He Built a Crooked House" -- included in Time Probe, ed. Arthur C. Clarke (Delacorte: NY 1966, pp ,) (Dell: NY 1967, wpps 238, 75¢).

Beyond This Horizon -- Signet, wpps 158.

Coventry -- included in Beyond Tomorrow, ed. Damon Knight (Harper: NY 1965, pp 333, \$4.50).

Farmer in the Sky -- Dell: NY 1968, wpps 221.

Farnham's Freehold -- wpps 256.

Gentlemen, Be Seated -- included in First Step Outward, ed. Robert Hoskins (Dell: NY 1969, wpps 224, 60¢).

Glory Road -- wpps 288.

The Green Hills of Earth -- included in Saturday Evening Post Stories 1947, ed. Ben Hibbs (Random House: NY 1947 (or -8), pp ,).

"It's Great to Be Back!" -- included in Cities of Wonder, ed. Damon Knight (Double-day: NY 1966, pp 252, \$4.50) (Macfadden-Bartell: NY 1967, wpps 251, 75¢).

Menace from Earth, The -- included in Tomorrow's Children, ed. Isaac Asimov (Double-day: NY 1966, pp 431, \$4.95).

Misfit -- included in Giants Unleashed, ed. Groff Conklin (Grosset: NY 1965, pp 248, \$2.95).

Moon Is a Harsh Mistress, The -- pp 383, wpps 302.

Our Fair City -- rep Man from U.N.C.L.E. 1/67.

Past Through Tomorrow, The -- pp 667.

Starman Jones -- Dell: NY 1967, wpps 252, 60¢.

Starship Troopers -- wpps 208.

Stranger in a Strange Land -- wpps 414. (Avon and Berkley used the same plates.)

Of course, this too is a Hugo winner.

Water is for Washing -- included in The Argosy Book of Adventure Stories, ed. Rogers Terrill (Barnes: NY 1952, pp 311,).

"...We Also Walk Dogs" -- included in Modern Masterpieces of Science Fiction, ed. Sam Moskowitz (World: Cleveland 1965, pp 518, \$6.00).

Notes on paperbacks: Ace will be publishing Between Planets, Citizen of the Galaxy, Have Space Suit -- Will Travel, Red Planet, Rocket Ship Galileo, The Rolling Stones, Space Cadet, The Star Beast, Time for the Stars and Tunnel in the Sky.

Berkley has acquired rights to Glory Road and Podkayne of Mars from Avon (1970).

Signet has acquired rights to Waldo & Magic, Inc. from Pyramid (1969).

Robert E. Briney, 233 Lafayette St., Apt. #2, Salem, Mass., 01970 (27 Mar 70)

. . . As usual, the first thing I looked at was Mark Owings' bibliographic contribution. Without doing any checking, I can offer only one small addition: Heinlein's story "Ordeal in Space", translated by Tony Westermayr as "Das All Hat Keinen Boden", was reprinted in the February 1969 issue of X -- unsere welt heute, a German POPULAR MECHANICS. The Heinlein story was announced as the first of a series of sf stories to be published in the magazine. I haven't seen any more recent issues, so I don't know if this idea was carried through.

From the bibliography I turned to the letter column, where Sandra Miesel's letter reminded me of a couple of Poul Anderson items. First of all, as others have probably also pointed out, the Ace paperback Let the Spacemen Beware! is a reprint of the novella "A Twelvemonth and a Day" from FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, January 1960. Secondly, on the subject of Anderson's various series, he himself indicated that many of his stories fit into an overall "History of the Future"; his own chronology of this future history was published in the Winter 1955 STARTLING STORIES, accompanying "The Snows of Ganymede".

The story "The Last Monster" in Elwood's anthology Alien Worlds is the same as "Terminal Quest" from the August 1951 SUPER SCIENCE STORIES -- the last issue of that magazine.

Another addition to the Anderson checklist: "Bedtime Story" appeared in Harlan Ellison's fanzine DIMENSIONS, #15, Aug-Oct 1954.

Back to Heinlein: Don Tuck's listing of Heinlein's works mentions French editions of The Puppet Masters (as Marionettes Humaines) and Space Cadet (as L'Enfant de la Science), both published by Hachette: Paris. No dates or other information given.

As with previous checklists, I am disappointed that the sf-related non-fiction has been omitted. Heinlein's contributions to Of Worlds Beyond and The Science Fiction Novel are important for understanding his attitudes toward sf; and his autobiographical sketch in the long-gone FANSCIANT contains almost the only information on his personal life that he has ever published.

MUADIB IS A
BIG CHICKEN!



IV. WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

Bill Linden, who wrote: "TWJ 69 finds Ted Pauls making authoritative pronouncements about the contents of Heinlein's 'subconscious'. Does Pauls claim to be a telepath, or what? There oughta be a law about his kind of half-baked, amateur, psychoanalysis in absentia. (I really shouldn't complain; I'm a repeated offender myself.)"

Bernie Ackerman: "In 'SMOF MINORITY REPORT' (TWJ 69), David Halterman says the World Convention rotation plan should be expanded to five (six, if Africa has any significant groups) continents. Well, I don't know if 38 can be called significant, but that's our present membership."

Stan Woolston: Who says he's going to talk about TWJ #70, but discusses the N3F instead.

More In Brief --

The South African group is called the South African Science Fiction Club (abbreviated "S.F.S.A."). They publish a very interesting NEWSLETTER, covered elsewhere in this issue in "Doll's House", and in SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL #6.

Speaking of the S.F.S.A., the club has just voted them an Exchange Membership, so they should get this and subsequent issues of TWJ and SOTWJ for as long as they reciprocate. (Exchange Memberships are for clubs only, and involve a membership in WSFA, with receipt of all publications, etc., in exchange for a membership for WSFA in the exchange-partner. Other clubs with which WSFA has exchanged memberships are NESFA and OSFA (although the last-named group seems to have stopped reciprocating).)

And while we're on the subject of clubs, now's as good a time as any to announce the new WSFA officers for the new club year (June 1 '70-May 31 '71):

President -- Jay Haldeman.

Vice-President -- Ron Bounds.

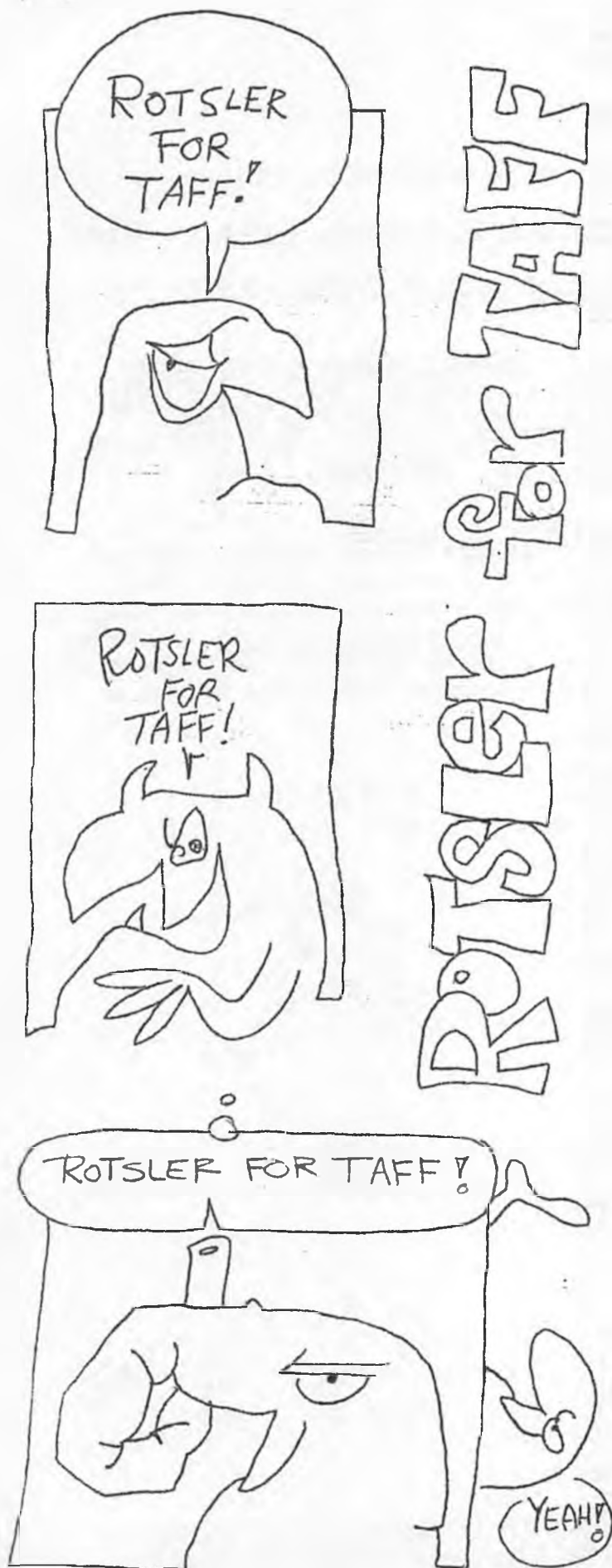
Treasurer -- Bill Berg.

Secretary -- Gay Haldeman.

Trustees -- Phyllis Berg, Alexis Gilliland, Dave Halterman.

So up-date your DATA SHEETS accordingly.

-- DLM



Disclave 70

