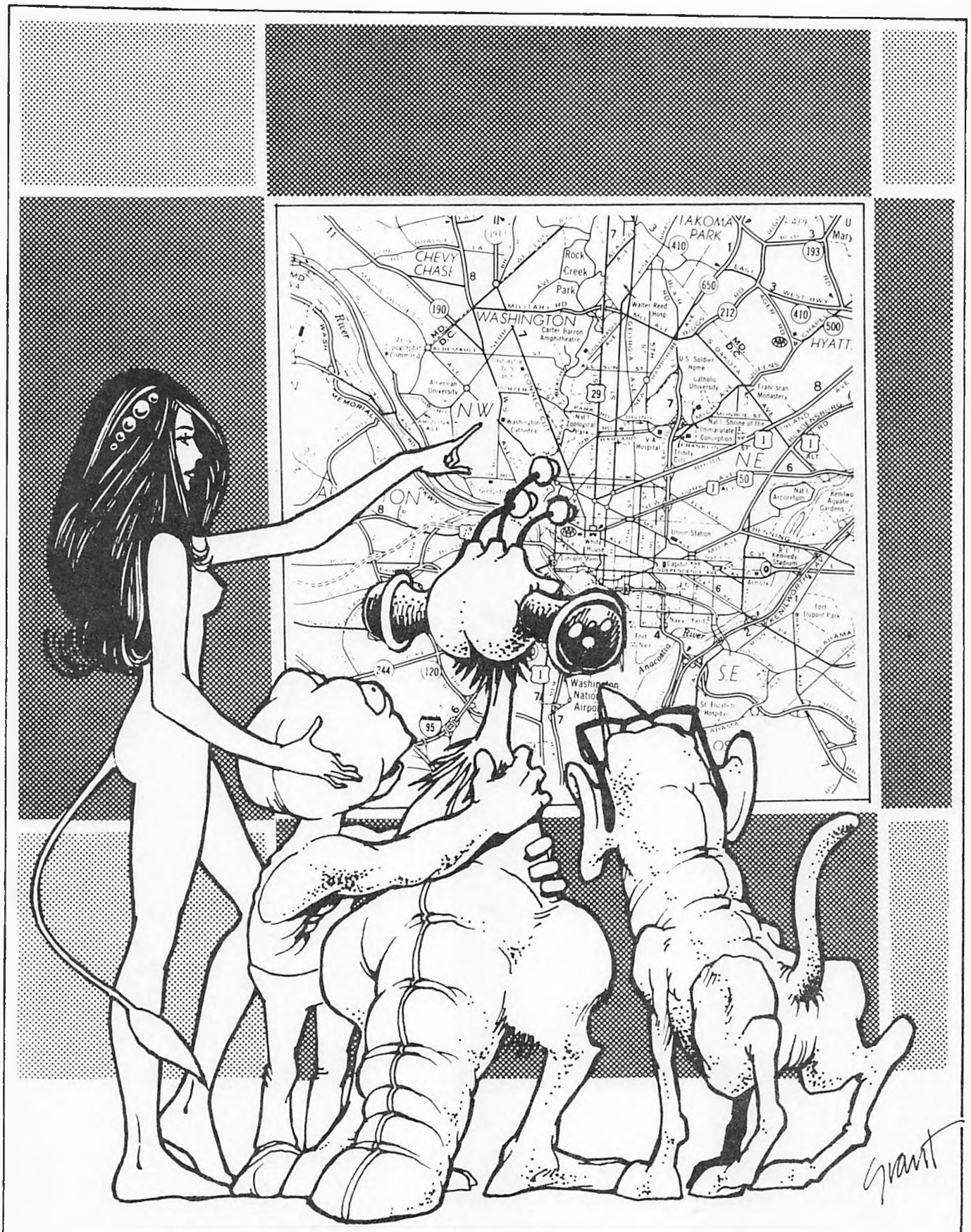

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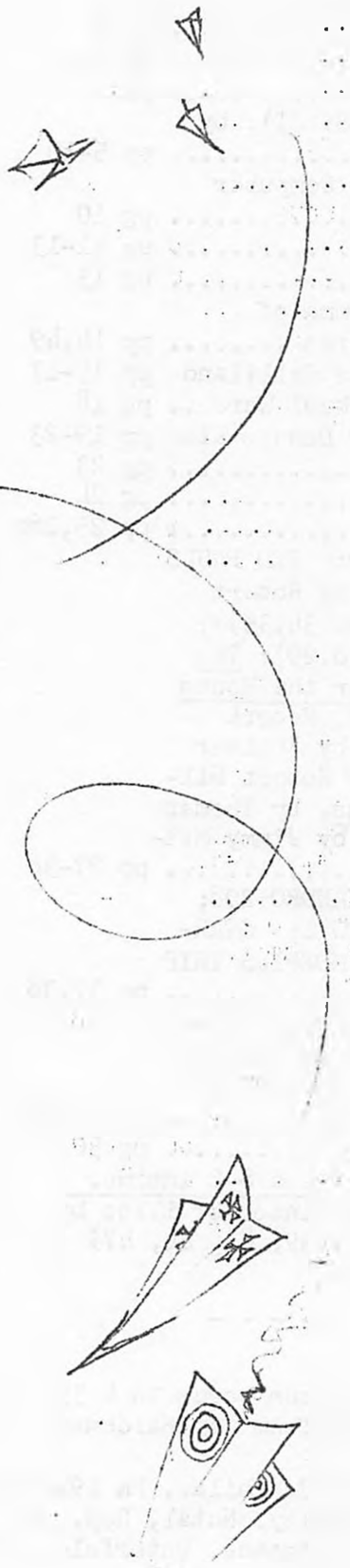

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Front cover by Grant Canfield; back cover by Walt Simonson; interior illos by Alexis Gilliland (1, 4, 11, 15, 17, 19, 22, 27, 30, 33, 37, 39, 43, 44, 47) and Bob Jones (5, 6, 7, 8; all adapted from STRANGE TALES).

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In Brief --

If it gets here in time, there'll be a Disclave Flyer between pages 38 & 39; if not, remember that it's the last weekend in May; details from Jay Haldeman, 405 Southway, Baltimore, MD 21218 (phone 301-366-2921).

Changes to page one: New address for Labowitz (POBox 15727, Phila., PA 19103); New address for Ackerman (%Cheshire Home, 890 Main Rd., Moseley, Natal, Rep. of South Africa); New German Agent (Gilbert Kapkowski, 5868 Letmathe, Unterfeldstrasse 3, W. Germany). Note new sub rates at bottom of page.

The TWJ Supplement, SOTWJ, is published approx. bi-weekly, is 10-pg., and is 20¢ ea., 6/$1.10, 12/$2 1st-class (or 12/$1.75 3rd-class, in bunches, for those who want it mailed flat, in envelopes, but are in no hurry for their issues).

All readers, please be sure to read page 50 in its entirety....

SOTWJ's published since last TWJ: #'s 36-53. -- DLM

FICTION INTO FILM

by

Thomas Burnett Swann

Recently The Omega Man, the second movie adaptation of Richard Matheson's I Am Legend, opened in New York to unanimous condemnation by the critics, who charged that a small, eerie masterpiece had been inflated into an empty epic with superfluous inter-racial romance and clumsily obvious attempts at symbolism and relevance. These charges were at least partly justified, but unjustified was the wider charge, which we often hear in other contexts, that good fantasy and science fiction novels rarely make good movies. In truth, the success of such adaptations rests with the skill of the adaptors and the actors and may even surpass that of the originals.

I recently re-read Algernon Blackwood's classic horror story, "The Doll", and was surprised at the stiltedness of the characterizations, particularly of the Governess, Madame Jodzka, the central character, who is another in that long line of wooden governesses written in bad imitation of Charlotte Brontë's wonderfully animated Jane Eyre. I recalled the movie version, one of the episodes in The House That Dripped Blood, released in early 1971, and I deliberated why the film had been superior to the story. It seemed to me that its superiority lay in the fact that a consummate actress, Nyree Dawn Porter, had played the Governess. (Miss Porter, television audiences will recall, won attention as Irene in the BBC Forsyte Saga, shown at least twice in this country in most educational networks.) In Blackwood's original, the Governess is a woman as stiff and automated as the Doll. We are told that she has strong religious convictions and a modicum of compassion for her young ward, Monica, and the girl's father, Colonel Masters. We are told about her terror at the sight of the Doll. We are told, not shown, and certainly not convinced while she creaks as stiffly across the pages as the Doll across the bed of her young owner.

The film, however, shows as well as tells, and thus convinces. Physically Miss Porter is piquant and charming rather than beautiful, and therefore all the more believable, since women who look like Raquel Welch generally do not become governesses. Her compassion is evident in her speech, both in what she says and how she says it, and in the luminous sympathy of her eyes. She performs with power and believability, and her terror is as real as her compassion. We love and pity her even as we loathe the Doll. In Blackwood there is an object to despise, but no one to particularly like, not the Colonel, nor his daughter, nor the Governess. In the film, the child and her father remain nebulous, but the much more important character of Madame Jodzka triumphs in the performance of Nyree Dawn Porter.

Let us give the movies their due. The next time someone remarks that a picture is not as good as the book--for example that Matheson's I Am Legend has been desecrated as The Omega Man--observe what a fine movie was made from his Incredible Shrinking Man. When someone remarks that the latest Wuthering Heights is a debacle, played with menace but without passion or mystery by the hero, Timothy Dalton, as Heathcliffe, observe that there are producers like George Pal, who has produced The War of the Worlds and The Time Machine with fidelity and conviction, and perhaps mention too Pal's Naked Jungle, recently shown on television, in which a short story is inflated to fill the big screen without deflating its quality and given the potent performances of Eleanor Parker and Charlton Heston who, unlike himself in The Omega Man, does not seem to be playing Moses or Ben Hur. Careful writing and acting can do justice to the finest classics of science fiction and fantasy.

There is even hope that Lord of the Rings and Stranger in a Strange Land, both being readied for production, will emerge as cinematic masterpieces.

* *

ON THE BEACH

Sprawled on the sand
(On this dainty odorous stuff anyhow)
Brooding.... Sniffing the filtered air
Of a cultured pearl society,
A lotus-state pledged to inverted bigotry,
Where equality would be king
And apotheosis of excellence;
But where equality and excellence together
Remain raisin-sweet, raisin-spent, equally.
Here an ideal is snarled in its attainment:
These lushly minted folk about me
Left too much soul dust clinging to their dies.
Their shapes, their features are comely,
But of a waxy harmony, a cloying uniformity;
And their eyes are cages wherein tamed brutes drowse,
Unconscious of their captivity.
My companions move, speak with undulant grace--
Not purposefully, because the acts in themselves
Are pleasing to the sense,
But by reason that to do otherwise
Would cause a stitch to be dropped,
And the ritual pattern altered.
Such would be unthinkable.
Ambition, the quickened pulse of curiosity
Are strangers here; men at last are content
And novelty is neither experienced nor bred.
Over-blessed with the gift of quiet, too, think I.
My ears reach for a shout, a hail,
An engine idling out of phase, at least;
But the machines are too efficient, too perfect.
Wind and weather too have been made to conform
With some master plan for the pausing short of initiative.
It all is like attending a drawn-out wake;
As if last season something died,
Leaving its torpid August ghost to tend the world.

-- JAMES ELLIS

STRANGE TALES OF MYSTERY AND TERROR

THE PULP SCENE

By Bob Jones

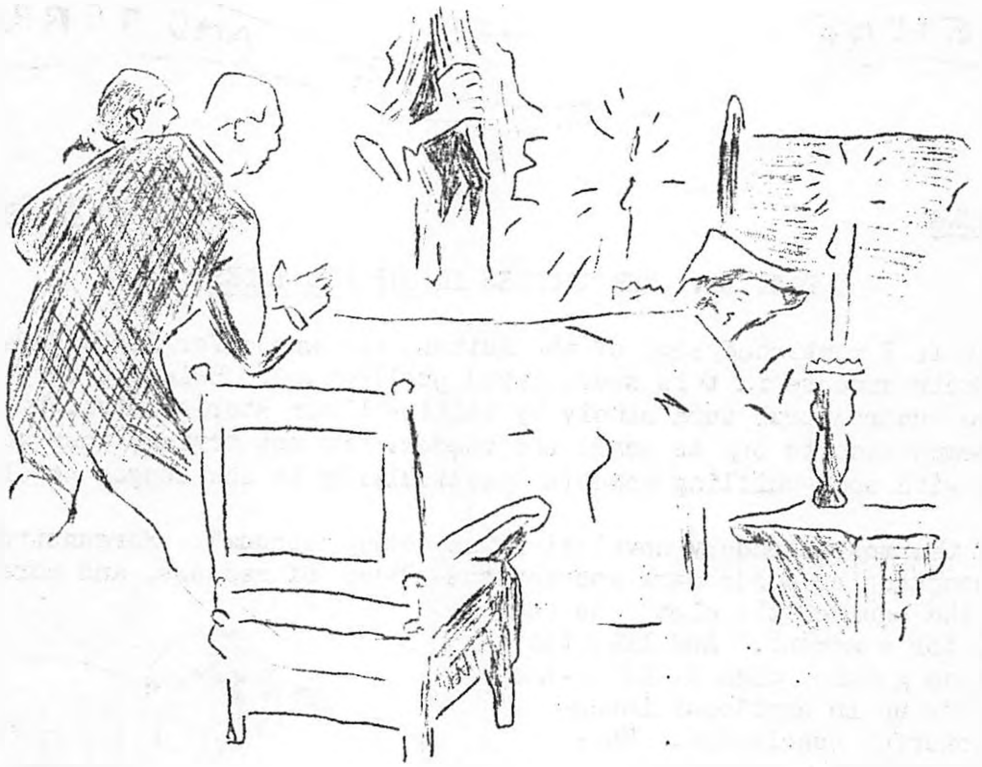
PART II. THE STORIES IN STRANGE TALES

In Part I, I mentioned some of the authors who wrote for STRANGE TALES, and explained their success in this short-lived publication. Briefly, they created an effective supernatural aura simply by telling their stories straight-forwardly, with no attempt made to try to scare the reader. By not trying, they very well did come up with some chilling moments, particularly in the longer noveletter.

One of the most shuddery novelettes was "Murgunstruum". Mergunstrumm--the very name conjures up deeds dark and devious--"much of madness, and more of sin, and horror the soul of the plot", to wax Poe(etical) for a moment. And like that early American gothic, Hugh B. Cave--the author--builds up in emotional intensity to a powerful conclusion. Murgunstruum is a dwarf, proprietor of the "candle-lit and decayed" Gray Toad Inn. He is a gargoyle, "froglike in shape, with narrow, close-set eyes blinking continually beneath beetled brows that crawled together, like thick hairy fingers, in the center. The broad nose, twisted hookwise, seemed stuck on, like a squatting toad with bunched legs."

Like good action stories should, this one begins well into the plot. Paul Hill has escaped from the state insane asylum. From the father of Ruth, his fiancee, he learns that the same two physicians, Drs. Anton Kermeff and Franklin Allenby, who had him committed, have sent her to an asylum as well. With Jeremy, his stout-hearted chauffer, he decides to investigate the Gray Toad Inn, where his troubles started. It was during an earlier visit there, by Ruth and him, that he received a shock--now forgotten--which caused a breakdown. He knows the inn holds some fearful secret. The two creep upon it at night.

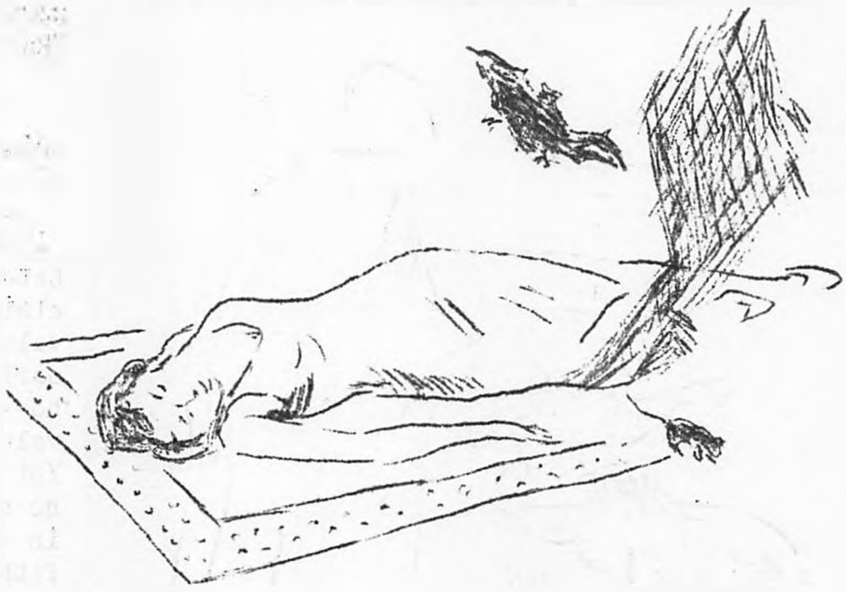
They see a light "in the lower level, winking out into the darkness. A wan yellow light, filtered through a cracked blind, clutching outward like a thin bony finger, as if pleading for old times to return." Soon, a man arrives with a young girl. Paul is able to discern marks on her throat, and realizes that she has become a slave to a vampire. This, the profound discovery that unhinged Paul before, is seemingly taken in stride by him this time. It is one of the few weaknesses in this otherwise gripping story.



Through a ruse, Paul gets the two doctors to come with him to the inn. (First, though, he had taken the precaution of stitching crosses on each person's chest, behind their buttoned coats.) Various silent couples come and go while the group is there. During all this, Murgunstruum, like a flitting bat, hovers about, the leitmotif to Cave's mordant danse macabre. Some of the vampires, who have been gathering there, begin menacing the four men, but are kept at bay by the crosses. There is an exciting scene when the two doctors, left alone as Paul goes off in search of one of the girls, try to fend off the vampires, only to fall as their crosses are ripped off.

The inn is a weird labyrinth of dank, dark rooms and creaking corridors. Paul corners Murgunstruum in a large room, "a vault, choked with things white and gleaming". Ruth and her father arrive. (It's not explained how she got out of the asylum, or how they knew where Paul was.) She and Paul are overpowered by two vampires, and another quickening scene takes place, as he tries to overcome the creatures' superhuman strength. They finally escape with crosses made of wood. With the coming of daylight, the vampires disappear, before any harm comes to Paul and his friends. They seek out the lair of the creatures, but Murgunstruum does the job for them. Believing that he has been betrayed, he drags them from their coffins and kills them. It is then that we learn the dwarf's secret: he eats the flesh of the vampires' victims. To close with a metaphor, you might say that while the vampires were satisfied with the appetizer, Murgunstruum preferred the entree.

Besides providing some good scary moments, the story was noteworthy for not being standard format. When the two doctors are overpowered, their doom seems routinely in order. But somehow, they escape. Pedestrian plotting would have had them fall victim to the vampires. Finding the room of bones does not lead immediately to a revelation of Murgunstruum's secret. And placing the dwarf in the role of avenger, with a mental collapse following, is a potent ploy.



Cave wrote three other stories for ST, including the evocatively-titled "Stragella". This was set aboard a ship, and inspired Wesso's best cover. (Actually, he wasn't much good at fantasy, and his other six covers were undistinguished.) As noted last time, Cave was only a part-time fantasy author. Most of his output was for Henry Steeger's Popular Publications (HORROR, TERROR, DIME MYSTERY, among others), and comprised weird menace--where a logical explanation is given at the end--detective and mystery.

A few other authors appeared with some frequency, including Whitehead, mentioned last time. Gordon MacCreagh wrote a minor series that was enjoyable, about a psychic investigator named Dr. Muncing, called upon to help a man menaced by a nebulous malignancy. There were two stories on this theme, and a third one announced for the eighth issue, which never came off the press. Whitehead had six stories in ST, the best being "Cassius", about a sinister scuttling thing bent on pure destruction. (For the record: last time I noted that three of his Canevin stories appeared in Arkham House books; actually, all four published in ST came out in Arkham House. While I'm making such painful admissions, I might add that there were eight novelettes, not seven, in the seven issues. "Cassius" was a novelette, appearing in the November 1931 issue, a fact I neglected to point out before.)

Clark Ashton Smith had five stories in ST: "The Return of the Sorcerer" (September 1931), "The Door to Saturn" (January 1932), "The Nameless Offspring" (June 1932), "The Hunters From Beyond", which had a cover illustration (October 1932), and "The Second Interment" (January 1933), the weakest of the lot. In "The Sorcerer", with its references to Abdul Alhazred and his Necronomicon, we come upon the Lovecraft mythos, as a scholarly recluse calls up the dead. "The Nameless Offspring" "quotes" from the Necronomicon. A monstrous creature, kept in captivity by its own father, is related to a white, semihuman inhabitant of the family vaults. When the old man dies, the creature breaks out and tries to consume the dead body. "Hunters" is probably Smith's best offering in ST. A painter's sweetheart is spirited to a "vast, viscid, miasma-haunted place" from which the hunters from beyond fare forth. He theorizes that they can't harm her body. When she returns, she looks normal at first. Then it is seen that she is as one dead. Never again would she "respond to love or terror". She was "like an empty cerement, retaining the outward form of that which the worms have eaten in their mausolean darkness".

If "Murgunstruum" was a bravura vampire story, then Jack Williamson's "Wolves of Darkness" was a definitive werewolf delineation. The author was 22 when he wrote "Wolves", yet I much prefer it to his later celebrated, and more mature work on a similar subject, "Darker Than You Think", from UNKNOWN.

Very little fantasy then, or science fiction either, paid attention to characterization--an omission that continued in this type of literature for years and years. Later, Williamson would gain acclaim for his emphasis on the human values in his stories. But this early, the other authors--and even he--didn't have much chance to develop their stories in this vein. Yet even in the fast-moving "Wolves", he projects a feeling of empathy, in the plight of Stella and her father, unwilling but subjugated hosts to a malevolent force that turns them into werewolves. The story is the better for it, without doubt. In fact, I don't know when I found a fantasy better-plotted or faster-moving.

"Wolves" is a novelette, as already mentioned (about 15,000 words or so), and this gives Williamson a chance to round out his presentation. As a matter of fact, the novelette length seems ideally suited to fantasy, allowing for cumulative buildup of a single effect, without too much room for going astray, yet with enough leeway for elaborations and complications. In contrast to the short story, for instance, Williamson's "Wolves" features several crackling crises, as Mike Connell repeatedly tries to escape across the snow, only to be tracked down by the wolf-girl and her animal companions. You can almost feel his fear. "Dusk has fallen. The moon had not yet risen, but the snow gleamed silvery under the ghostly twilight that still flooded the sky. My ears were straining fearfully for the voice of the dreadful pack. But a shroud of utter silence hung about me." The intensity builds, to a final confrontation between Connell and the "monsters from that world of black nightmare, beyond the copper ring".

Williamson is what may be called a master of the pyramidal pitfall, to coin a somewhat oppositive phrase. He would build to a dramatic plateau, allow the reader to catch his breath, and then go on to a higher one, as each predicament led to a worse one. This technique, reaching a culmination in his "...And Searching Mind", is strongly in evidence here, adding greatly to the satisfaction of the hero's final victory. It is puzzling that "Wolves of Darkness" has remained neglected so long--a fate shared by many other fine stories in STRANGE TALES.

While most of the other novelettes were a cut below "Murgunstruum" and "Wolves", one was very good (Ray Cummings' "The Dead Who Walk", September 1931), and another was nearly up to the first two (Paul Ernst's "The Duel of the Sorcerers", March 1932).

After a long career as a science fiction author, Cummings turned to fantasy and weird fiction; during the thirties, he turned out many credible stories in this vein. They did not become classics in the sense that much of his sf did. But one reviewer's comment that he deteriorated into cheap sensationalism during this period was far indeed from the truth. This appraisal was based largely on his work in such publications as HORROR STORIES and TERROR TALES, which went through a sex-sadistic phase in the late thirties. Yet even there, much of his fiction was of an acceptable quality.

"The Dead Who Walk" is a tale of dispossessed spirits inhabiting bodies of men who die. The protagonist, Jack Rollins, theorizes: "This man--this ego--with his antiquated English had perhaps lived in the American Revolutionary War period. He had died and become a wanderer--a lost soul, submerged in the suspended torture his misdeeds on earth had brought upon him. And now he had come back and had stolen this body of Kent Cavendish." There are several of the animated entities about, seeking physical habitations. But no explanation is given as to why they suddenly come upon the scene.

"Duel" was written early in Ernst's career. Author in the forties of that remarkable crime fighter series, The Avenger, Ernst began with fantasy and later broadened his output to include all types of pulp fiction. He is retired today, living in Florida. The "duel" is between Professor Tholl, a lifetime student of the supernatural, and Doctor Quoy, who once worked with him, and who spirited away a lost chapter of Cagliostro's that gives the secret of immortality. Doctor Quoy becomes a vampire, and as the story opens, is seeking the lifeblood of Priscilla, ill in a hospital. Young Rick Ballard and the professor mount a vigil to keep the evil entity away. Later, they try to best the creature in his hideaway.

The story builds up in expectation effectively, with a harrowing scene as Tholl and Rick enter the house in search of Quoy, and find him in slumber. Tholl gives Rick the stake to kill him with, but at the last minute Rick stops himself... just in time to avoid a deadly mistake, for the sleeper turns out to be Tholl, while the pseudo-Tholl was in reality Quoy.

This Harry Bates-edited fantasy publication was not around long enough to establish its own familiar names, although, as we have seen, several authors appeared more than once. Among them was Robert E. Howard, with "People of the Dark" (June 1932), a Conan tale, and "Cairn on the Headland" (January 1933). In the January (final) issue was a letter by Clark Ashton Smith that proved more entertaining than his story in the same issue ("The Second Interment").

One of the readers earlier had asked for more characterization in the stories. Smith takes exception to this suggestion. He writes: "In a tale of the highest imaginative horror, the main object is the creation of the supernatural, extra-human atmosphere; the real actors are the terrible arcanic forces, the esoteric cosmic malignities; and the element of human character, if one is to achieve the highest, most objective artistry, is properly somewhat subordinated, as it cannot be subordinated in a tale of ordinary and natural happenings.

"For this reason, I fear that the weird tale, if written as psychological analysis, would tend to forfeit some of its highest and rarest values". He singles out Algernon Blackwood and Walter de la Mare as examples of emphasis on character. In their stories, he says, he fails to find "the highest imaginative horror, the overwhelming sweep of black, gulf-arisen wings, such as is conveyed in the best tales of Ambrose Bierce, Poe and H. P. Lovecraft, where human character is treated more briefly and subversively."

Smith's letter provided food for thought...and, unintentionally, served as a sign-off for ST--which, in a brief seven issues, story-for-story offered more good material than any other weird magazine of comparable length.

* *

BUT THAT'S...MUNDANE!
(Scanning the News Media)

II. "A Computer Curve to Doomsday".

In the January 5, 1972 issue of the WASHINGTON POST, columnist Claire Sterling discusses the results of a computer study by Prof. Jay Forrester of M.I.T., published in a book entitled World Dynamics. In this study Prof. Forrester attempted to determine how much longer world population and industrial expansion could continue before the Earth's environmental system broke down, by means of a computer simulation--"a dynamic worldwide model tracing the effects of population, capital investment, geographical space, natural resources, food production and pollution upon each other, over a long span of time."

"What is striking about his findings," writes Ms. Sterling, "is not just how close they show we are to the 'Crisis Level'--only another 40 or 50 years away--but how stark our few remaining options are." For example, planet-wide birth control, rather than helping, might make matters worse by accelerating the pollution crisis and encouraging a quick rise in the birth rate to take advantage of the extra food. A cut of 1/3 in the world birth rate, it is estimated, would delay the crisis level by only 20 years. Likewise, finding more substitutes for dwindling raw materials would encourage more capital investment and a higher birth rate; finding ever higher-yielding varieties of wheat and rice would also lead to a higher birth rate (higher birth rate would, in turn, trigger the pollution crisis); finding more sophisticated ways to cut pollution would also encourage more capital investment and a higher birth rate, in turn leading to still more pollution. Again, it is predicted that any of these technological panaceas would merely delay the date by twenty years, at which time an environmental collapse from pollution would occur, thus "causing more people to suffer the eventual consequences"; or, the increase in population might produce a "starvation" crisis even before pollution reached the critical point.

The study goes on to state that the vicious cycle can be broken only by two changes in the computer's equations: a planned decline in (a) industrial and (b) agricultural investment, "bringing population growth to a screeching halt"--i.e., a "deliberate policy of anti-growth".

Finally, the article offers the following insights from Dr. Forrester's study:

(1) "Ours may be a golden age, with a higher quality of life than the future offers."

(2) "Within the next century we may be up against a four-sided dilemma: suppression of industrial society by a shortage of natural resources; decline of population because of pollution; limits on population by a food shortage; or population collapse from war, disease and social stresses caused by overcrowding."

(3) "Birth-control may be self-defeating, bringing improved food supply and living standards causing a resurgence of population growth."

(4) "Poor countries may have no 'realistic hope' of matching present living standards in rich countries . . . their attainment of rich countries' standards would increase the planetary /pollution and natural resource/ load ten times. . . In fact, the present disparity between developed and underdeveloped nations may be equalized as much by a decline in the former as improvement in the latter."

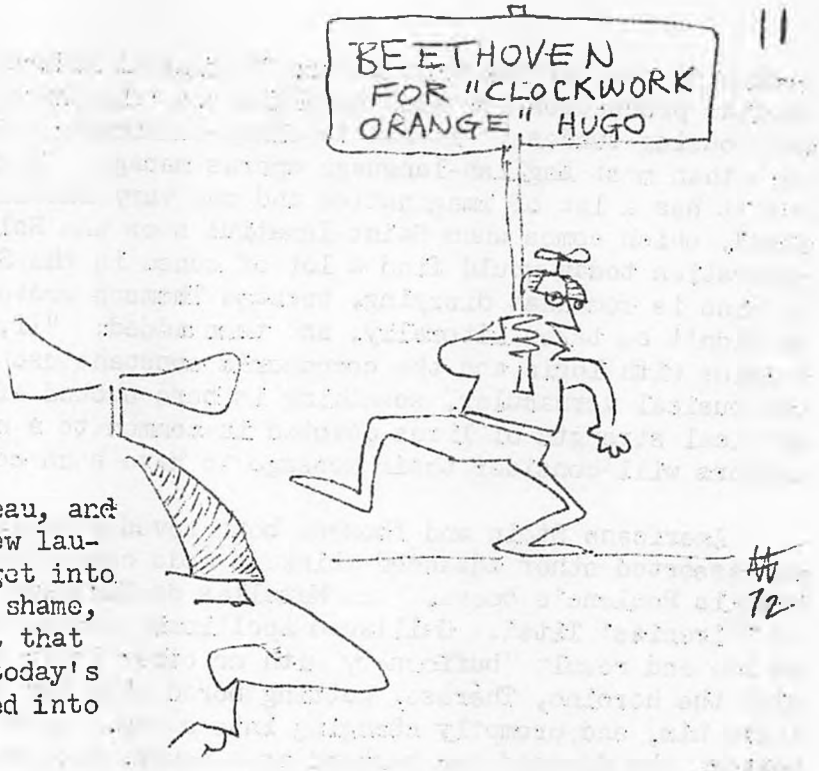
(5) "Rich industrial societies may be 'self-extinguishing', pulling the average worldwide standard of living back to the level of a century ago."

(6) "Poor countries may be unwise to persist in industrialization. 'They may be closer now to an ultimate equilibrium with the environment than industrialized nations. . ." (and thus won't be so disrupted when the collapse occurs).

* *

MUSIC OF THE SPHERES
(or, Sci-Fi Music)

a column
by Harry Warner, Jr.



V. Music Askew.

Jacques Offenbach, Jean Cocteau, and Gertrude Stein achieved quite a few laurels, but they lived too soon to get into the running for a Hugo. That's a shame, because it's increasingly apparent that they would have been eligible if today's fannish preferences were transposed into the past.

When the Firesign Theater got a Hugo nomination for "Don't Crush That Dwarf", the LP was hailed as something unique for its particular blend of madness and significance. But it's actually a descendant of a whole succession of askew ways of looking at the universe, frequently confined to the spoken word but sometimes involving music, too. I don't know if the people who made the record were actually influenced by what had gone before, or discovered independently the style. Let's look at some musical works that seem akin in one way or another to the Firesign Theater concept and also brush fantasy or science fiction in some manner.

There's Harry Partch, for instance, an American composer who is so far out that you don't hear much about him even among far out people. He invented a new way of creating music which is based on tones much closer to one another than either those created by conventional instruments or the quarter-tones that some people have experimented with. Partch uses 43 different tones to the octave, compared with the 13 tones that you find in an octave when you play the piano, and called it monophony. In 1961 he wrote a theater work called "Water! Water!" which must be something to see and hear. A city is on one side of the stage and open countryside is on the other. There has been such a dreadful drought that diverse people like a disc jockey and a feminine mayor decide to use the services of a jazz band which has a reputation as rain-maker. There is considerable conflict because the mayor isn't comfortable around such awful musicians and the bandsmen think the city dwellers aren't respectful enough to the powers of darkness. But they finally get the rains going, with two results: first a baseball game is interrupted and then civilization collapses and a second flood of the Noah caliber takes over. Big lawsuits are filed against the main jazzman and a witch, but a dam bursts and even the stage musicians end up in the orchestral pit. It's all supposed to symbolize society's temporary mastery over nature. Songs have fascinating titles like "We really love each other in 43 whines to the octave".

You know that "Four Saints in Three Acts" is something special as soon as you learn that there are more than four saints in the cast and what's more, four acts. Virgil Thomson wrote the music to Gertrude Stein's words. The author wanted to write about Saints Teresa of Avila and Ignatius Loyola and didn't worry about such minor matters as the fact that those particular saints never got together in real life, and the composer wanted to create music about them because they were powerful and saintly. The opera was first produced by a group with the

promising name of The Friends and Enemies of Modern Music, in 1934. It was a special production for such novelties as cellophane scenery, an all-Negro cast, and rousing success. It ran to sixty performances in a year, about fifty-nine more than most English-language operas manage. It doesn't exactly have a plot, but it has a lot of imagination and one very famous line, "Pigeons on the grass alas", which comes when Saint Ignatius sees the Holy Ghost. Maybe the young generation today would find a lot of sense in the Stein prose that taken line by line is somewhat dizzying, because Thomson wrote a warning that the words shouldn't be taken literally, and then added: "If, by means of the poet's liberties with logic and the composer's constant use of the simplest elements in our musical vernacular, something is here evoked of the childlike gaiety and mystical strength of lives devoted in common to a non-materialistic end, the authors will consider their message to have been communicated."

Americans Stein and Thomson both loved France, where cubism, Dada adherents, and assorted other advanced thinkers made conditions just right for things like Francis Poulenc's opera, "Les Mamelles de Tirésias", which might be translated as "Tiresias' Tits". Guillaume Apollinaire wrote the play, and the composer called the end result "buffoonery with no other logic than caprice". Things begin with the heroine, Thérèse, getting bored with her stupid husband, deciding to leave him, and promptly changing into a man. As a last thought before leave-taking, she dressed her husband as a woman, and when a policeman comes up to take care of a minor homicide, he falls in love with the husband who in disgust with the feminine race decides that men shall create children from now on. With the help of an incubator, he has thousands of babies in a single day, some of whom become famous. However, the population explosion enters the situation. The policeman worries about how all these throngs of motherless children will be fed, and when the husband suggests the use of cards the policeman mistakes the reference to the French form of food stamps to mean playing cards, and thereupon a fortune teller appears, none other than Thérèse--who for no particular reason has resumed her feminine qualities except for her breasts, which had turned into red and blue children's balloons and sailed away when she became a man. Everyone immediately joins in a chorus directed to the audience, advising everyone to "go make children". This must be the only opera text in existence that is really a delight from beginning to end to read. You'd think the Marx Brothers were around somewhere when the characters prove that the setting in Zanzibar is actually in France. Poulenc's music is sheer delight.

The previous century in France had seen a spiritual ancestor of Poulenc, Offenbach, write several operas that have librettos which seem wild today and must have been even funnier when all the allusions and satire of a topical sort was instantly obvious to the audience. It's hard today to find the humor in a parody on a Meyerbeer melody, because we don't know all the Meyerbeer tunes by heart as did the 19th century Parisians, and there must be scads of social and political lampoons that only diligent research would bring to light. Still, something like "La Belle Hélène" is still infinitely funny and educating for the way it looks at humanity under the guise of legendary figures and Greek gods. The libretto was the work of Meilhac and Halévy, who were a few years later to create a libretto for a quite different opera, "Carmen". They treated the events leading up to the siege of Troy in a Second Empire guise. The high priest of Jupiter uses loaded dice and resorts to trickery to create thunderbolts. Paris proves his heroism by winning a game of charades. It's quite a victory, because the word that brings him success is "locomotive". Helen finally gets kidnapped through a complicated succession of events in which the king of Sparta finds himself faced with the demand to be cuckolded in order to prevent the moral disintegration of Greece. There are stupendous puns, most of them unfortunately untranslatable because they don't work in English.

Ballet is both easy and difficult for this sort of thing. Easy, because the audience is accustomed to use its imagination and to see material objects and backdrops and impossible maneuvers when they aren't there, solely through the posturing and gestures of the dancers. Difficult, because the humor and the implications must be visual without the help of long dissertations from the lips of the characters.

"Parade" is a good example of how much can be suggested under these limitations. One book calls the Satie-Cocteau-Picasso collaboration a "real life tragedy of little people and their inability to communicate talents to those who might be in a position to encourage and sustain them", a situation in which quite a few millions find themselves in today's real world. Cocteau called it "rehabilitating the commonplace". There's no real plot. It all happens outside a street theater in Paris where managers are trying to drum up business. The Frenchman features a Chinese magician and the American has a typical American girl who pantomimes the purchase of a Kodak camera and riding a bicycle, among other things. A third barker arrives in the form of a dummy on a cubist horse. A typewriter is one of the orchestra instruments. It all ends quite unhappily, because the public just doesn't seem interested in these wonders.

If you like this sort of thing, there are all sorts of other possibilities. Lord Berners wrote the music for a wild ballet produced by Diaghilev in 1926, "The Triumph of Neptune". It deals with a sailor and a journalist who discover fairyland with the help of a magic telescope. When they decide to visit it, Neptune tries to stop them and Brittania, dressed as a music hall performer, comes to their rescue. The journalist gets sawed in half after he is captured by an ogre, and the sailor suffers an even worse fate--the discovery that his wife has fallen in love with a man who sings "The Last Rose of Summer" out of tune. When a drunk breaks the telescope, the sailor marries Neptune's daughter and lives happily ever after.

Then there's "Schlagobers" by Richard Strauss. It starts out like a new ballet in the "Nutcracker" tradition, based on the traditional over-consumption of candy and pastries on confirmation day in Vienna on Whitsunday by boys and girls. All that wonderful Viennese food is personified to such an extent that one small boy even becomes sick in the stomach. However, this in a non-sequitur manner develops into an apparent international allegory which you'd hardly expect the small boy to experience in a nightmare. The Viennese take their music so seriously that Strauss was forced to change the name of one of these nightmare characters, so the dancing wouldn't seem to be too literal propaganda for an alliance between Germany and France that was being urged when the work was composed in the early 1920's.

All but one of these works has been recorded in either complete or partial form, although not all of these records are still listed in the Schwann catalogue. The Partch creation apparently hasn't found its way to vinylite. If future worldcon committees follow the Noreascon lead and make recordings eligible in the dramatic Hugo category, you might watch for the first recording of "Water! Water!" and remember it at nomination time.

((Carl Orff's "Der Mond" is our personal favorite in this "category". --ed.))

* *

FOR SALE OR TRADE:

#202. 1/2 of a formula for producing cheap atomic energy.

#203. Lock of mermaid's hair. Still damp.

-- DON JAMES

SCIENCE FICTION GAMES: An Occasional Column

Games Involving Time Travel. (Info supplied by Alister Wm. Macintyre.)

A. Assassin! (Alister Wm. Macintyre, 2729 Stratford Ave., Cincinnati, OH 45220).
Played with paper and pencil, like Salvo, GoMoku, Tic-Tac-Toe, Sprouts, and many other popular games. No board is involved--it is a "game of logic which pits player against player instead of player against rules". Involves targets which are moving in time and space. Actually a series of games (see short article below) involving different kinds of time-travel situations.

B. Repercussions (Antonio Leal, SDC, 2500 Colorado Ave., Santa Monica, CA 90406).
A time-travel game for four players, who race to manipulate their playing pieces through nine areas; since no two players can occupy the same place simultaneously, they must outguess their opponents and avoid wasting moves. ##### The players may (if they see a better move) go back in time to any previous turn and change their move for that turn, thus altering their relative standing through the most recent move.

C. Time-Travel Chess (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Md., 20906).
A Chess Variant, still under development (to be published in either THE GAMESMAN #7 or #8), in which spatial movement on the board also entails a relative movement through time.

(Anyone know of any more? If so, please send details.)

Dilemma of Paradox, by Alister Wm. Macintyre.

In the game series Assassin!, I'm designing individual groups of time-travel situations before combining them all in a complete (more expensive) package. The first version was Maze, in which the basic logic was developed, but all paradoxes were scrupulously avoided.

The second version, Zombie!, introduced the concept of meeting an earlier self, and, using the advantage of hindsight, persuade him to go elsewhere. The two possible consequences here are: (a) the elder advisor vanishes because his ancestor went elsewhere--but now there is no reason for the ancestor to ge elsewhere, and the elder advisor reappears to give the advice which vanquishes himself, and (b) two younger selves leave the meeting place, one through time into the elder advisor, and a zombie--hence the name--wherever the elder advisor says. I chose the latter, as I sought an interesting game.

A similar choice has arisen in Paradox!, the third version, but the more playable alternative is less easy to defend logically. (It's almost the ageless conflict of realism and playability again.) In Paradox!, players maneuver armies through time from battle to battle; the survivors of one battle are used in the next, so reinforcements to a completed battle can so radically change combat odds that chain reactions of altered troop strengths can affect every other battle in history.

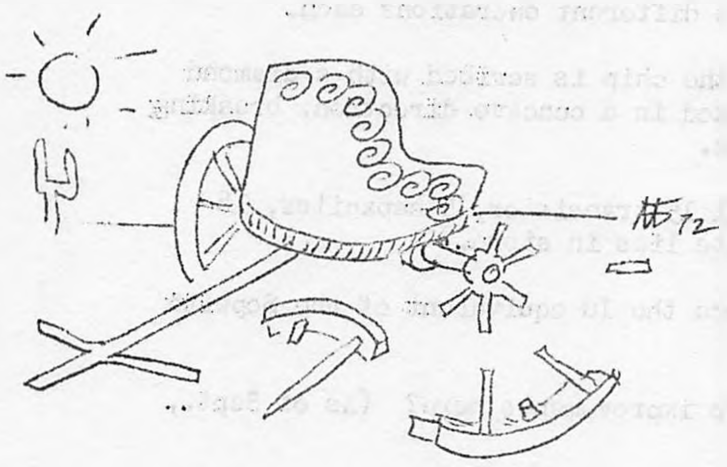
Suppose attackers were given an advantage. The other side sends reinforcements. Do the reinforcements have an advantage, due to surprise, over their enemies? Suppose both sides send reinforcements, and the survivors of the battle on both sides go back in time to the start of the battle to both warn and fight alongside their younger selves. Who should have the advantage?

This makes surprise impossible unless survivors of an initial attack are zero, and we must use a combat results table. Next problem. Your younger selves are attacked, you rush to their aid, your numbers diminishing to zero before you get to the battle. Since the situation changed when your younger selves were attacked, why did they ever leave? We go back in time in the history of the game and make different decisions. Dice are no good because we just go back in history and throw again.

(Continued on page 49)

THE TRIUMPHAL CHARIOT OF TECHNOLOGY RIDES AGAIN

by
Alexis A. Gilliland



Technological change is more often the result of many small improvements interacting synergistically than of any dramatic breakthrough.

Consider the Sopwith Camel. We add retractible landing-gear, variable-pitch propellors, higher-strength aluminum alloys, an improved power-plant, higher-octane gasoline and flush riveting and viola--the Supermarine Spitfire. In their day the Camel and Spitfire were each the best plane flying, but the Spitfire is 20 years further advanced.

Computers, machines that are beginning to make thinking motions, have two basic interacting areas, the circuitry, or hardware, and the program, or software. A programmer, wishing to do something freaky and far out at the edge of the state of the art, is brought up short by the deplorable state/design/configuration of the hardware.

The machine-design team, in turn, listens to what the idiot programmers want their brain-children to do, collective jaws agape. They are already pushing to the limits imposed by design, fabrication and materials.

Let us now consider the integrated circuit, called IC from here on, and how it is made. We begin with an ultra-pure disc of silicon or sapphire, ground smooth and given a high polish. On this surface, or substrate, a series of layers is added. If you had something the size of a card table, you could cut out pieces of adhesive vinyl and put them down, in a series of layers, so that you finally have a composite design in three dimensions.

On the IC substrate, the layer is added by sputtering. That is, the substrate is the anode, and the cathode is whatever layer you are putting down at the time, be it gold, or germanium, or silicon (which can be oxidized in place to SiO_2, an excellent insulator) or what not.

Theoretically, the substrate is covered by a uniform layer of--say--gold, and then the IC-to-be is covered with a layer of photo-resist, and the pattern you want for the gold is then imprinted on the photo layer. On a chip 1.5 inches in diameter, a pattern five feet by eight feet is put through a series of reducing lenses, à la micro-photography, including a fly's-eye lens, which breaks up the image into 500 individual images.

These 500 images are now resistant, and remain on the chip like a plastic stencil while the rest of the photo-resist is dissolved off. Then, using different chemicals, the gold is dissolved off, wherever it isn't covered by the 500 patterns of photo-resist, and finally the photo-resist is removed.

We are now ready for the application of the next layer--say, germanium--and the process is exactly the same, except that once we go to apply our pattern, we

must be very sure that our registration is correct. One sees sloppy registration in the Sunday funnies where the red is out of line sometimes, giving strange-looking oranges, purples, and lips. On our IC, registration tolerances may have to be held to a few microns on seven or eight different operations each.

When the last step has been completed, the chip is scribed with a diamond cutter, placed on a rubber diaphragm and flexed in a concave direction, breaking each individual IC out along the scribe lines.

We now have something like 500 identical 15-transistor, 3-capacitor, 18-resistor microcircuits ready for whatever fate lies in store.

Technology is sure amazing, for these are the IC equivalent of the Sopwith Camel.

What are the slow and steady synergistic improvements here? (As of Sept., 1970.)

Well, to begin with, the development of the spinel substrate. Spinel is an aluminum-silicon oxide, which is a better insulator than either sapphire or silicon--so that we avoid seepage of electrons, unwanted capacitance, and similar evils. Spinel is also not so hard, but is physically stronger, so it is less brittle--an advantage in the manufacturing stage. If a spinel substrate disc is messed up (a not unheard of occurrance) it can be cleaned off and reused, where a silicon or sapphire disc would have to be discarded (at $10 per disc).

We also have sputter etching, now. Basically the reverse of sputtering for deposit, the IC chip becomes the cathode, and under much milder conditions the unmasked portions of the working layer are removed. (So, also, is the photo-resist, which is laid on thicker for that reason.)

Big stupid deal. This is an advantage? Yes. When one removes a thick layer* by chemical means, the chemical attacks the side as well as the bottom of the working layer, and undercuts the photo-resist. The result? A cut on the photo-resist 25 microns wide is now 30 microns on the working layer--intolerably sloppy work. With sputter etching, nothing is removed from the sides, and the working layer is cut as sharply as you can define the image on the photo-resist.

Also, and perhaps more important, sputter etching leaves an absolutely clean surface to work on--cleaner than ultra-clean, in fact--an advantage not to be sneezed at.**

Comes finally ion implantation. The transistors on an IC are a semi-conductor material doped with boron or phosphorus, to produce n-material and p-material, and where the layers overlap, to form an n-p junction, or (depending on the order of steps taken) a p-n junction, which is not the same thing.

The old technique was basically thermal diffusion, exposing the IC chip to gaseous boron or phosphorus at 1000-1200° C. Not surprisingly one was limited in the precision with which one could define one's transistors, and a p-n-p transistor would often be rather hazy on the first laid boundary, owing to continued thermal diffusion. (n = negative, p = positive.)

Ion implantation now takes a sharply-focused ion beam, of energies ranging from 10 keV to severam meV, and allows a hitherto unobtainable precision in doping transistors. Also, since the temperatures are lower, 400-900° C, unwanted thermal diffusion is sharply reduced.

*Like 5 or 10 microns.

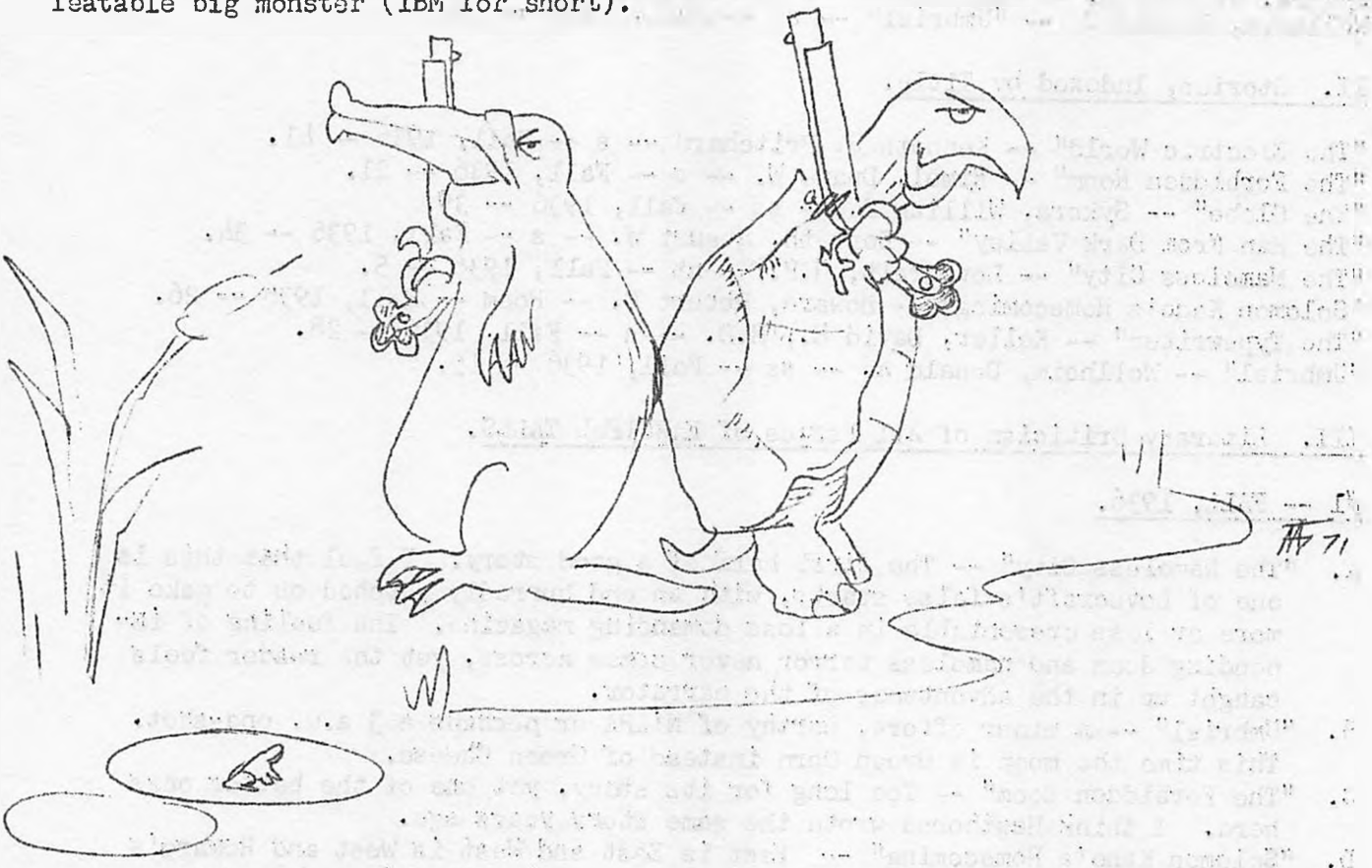
**Which would cover the ultra-cleaner than clean surface with germs.

Finally, we come to the possibility of using a variety of transistors on the IC surface. Without further masking or stripping it is possible to focus the ion beam as precisely as one wishes, and by varying the time of exposure and beam intensity to produce transistors of widely-varying but exactly-controlled quality.

Add to this electron beam machining controlled by electron microscope, and you can see that IC's have come an appreciable distance from what they were.

If the IC of today is a Sopwith Camel, the IC based on the elements we have just outlined is a Supermarine Spitfire.

And what have IC's to do with computers? They are the basic building blocks from which computers are assembled. Improve them a little, and you can change the design of the computer a lot. And if you are going all out to build the computer that will eat IBM for breakfast, you sit and brood morosely over little things. And you dream the impossible chip (IC for short) to fight the indefeatable big monster (IBM for short).



And IBM knows this. Every meeting of the board opens with a prayer: "Dear God, don't let those smaller corporations overtake us."

And in the bowels of IBM's R&D Dept., we surely have already on the drawing board an IC that is an FW-190*, intended to wipe out the upcoming competition. Along about 1973 it should have worked its way up into the next generation of computers to be springing out upon us. Perhaps the first of the HAL series....

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*The 1944 production model of the Focke-Wulf 190 was a formidable competitor. A SATURDAY EVENING POST ad, "Who's afraid of the new Focke-Wulf?", was posted at the headquarters of one of the fighter wings, and signed by every pilot in the wing.

* *

18

COMPLETE INDEX TO:

FANCIFUL TALES OF TIME AND SPACE
(Published Quarterly by Shepherd & Wollheim)

by Michael Ward

I. Stories, Indexed by Authors.

Derleth, August W. -- "The Man From Dark Valley" -- s -- Fall, 1936 -- 34.
Howard, Robert E. -- "Solomon Kane's Homecoming" -- poem -- Fall, 1936 -- 26.
Keller, David H., M.D. -- "The Typewriter" -- s -- Fall, 1936 -- 28.
Lovecraft, H.P. -- "The Nameless City" -- nt -- Fall, 1936 -- 5.
Pritchard, Kenneth B. -- "The Electric World" -- s -- Fall, 1936 -- 41.
Rimel, Duane W. -- "The Forbidden Room" -- s -- Fall, 1936 -- 21.
Sykora, William S. -- "The Globe" -- ss -- Fall, 1936 -- 39.
Wollheim, Donald S. -- "Umbriel" -- ss -- Fall, 1936 -- 19.

II. Stories, Indexed by Title.

"The Electric World" -- Kenneth B. Pritchard -- s -- Fall, 1936 -- 41.
"The Forbidden Room" -- Rimel, Duane W. -- s -- Fall, 1936 -- 21.
"The Globe" -- Sykora, William S. -- ss -- Fall, 1936 -- 39.
"The Man From Dark Valley" -- Derleth, August W. -- s -- Fall, 1936 -- 34.
"The Nameless City" -- Lovecraft, H.P. -- nt -- Fall, 1936 -- 5.
"Solomon Kane's Homecoming" -- Howard, Robert E. -- Poem -- Fall, 1936 -- 26.
"The Typewriter" -- Keller, David H., M.D. -- s -- Fall, 1936 -- 28.
"Umbriel" -- Wollheim, Donald A. -- ss -- Fall, 1936 -- 19.

III. Literary Criticism of All Issues of FANCIFUL TALES.

#1 -- FALL, 1936.

A. "The Nameless City" -- The first half of a good story. I feel that this is one of Lovecraft's false starts, with an end hurredly patched on to make it more or less presentable in a less demanding magazine. The feeling of impending doom and nameless terror never comes across, yet the reader feels caught up in the adventures of the narrator.
B. "Umbriel" -- A minor effort, worthy of N'APA or perhaps a 3 a.m. one-shot. This time the moon is Green Gorn instead of Green Cheese.
C. "The Forbidden Room" -- Too long for its story, yet one of the better ones here. I think Hawthorne wrote the same story years ago.
D. "Solomon Kane's Homecoming" -- East is East and West is West and Howard's a Kipling Fan. Not only do his verses rhyme, they sometimes even scan.
E. "The Typewriter" -- Yes, but who screamed? And I would be surprised if he pushed her aside with seeing arms--maybe he had DPO or CdS cells in his fingers....
F. "The Man From Dark Valley" -- Witchcraft and astral bodies are exported to New York by the Appalachia program. Derleth has great potential, and may be good some day.
G. "The Globe" -- A midgetale--should have been two pages shorter or twenty pages longer.
H. "The Electric World" -- Little Willie, born disgrace,
Threw some mud at reader's face.
Reader, in an awful fret,
Hasn't said a clean word yet.

* *

A PARTIAL CHECKLIST OF SINGLE-AUTHOR SF BIBLIOGRAPHIES (Annotated)

Compiled by Dennis Lien from his own collection

((Reference Dennis' letter elsewhere in this issue. Corrigenda and addenda are solicited from the readers of TWJ, so this embryo list may be expanded into as full a list as possible. --ed.))

Donald Tuck of Tasmania issued three sets of "Author's Works Listings" in the early '60's. Although reviewed in ANALOG (I think the Feb. '61 issue, but don't have my magazines here to check) and available at that time from Howard De Vore, the sets seem to be largely unknown today (Mark Owings said he'd never seen a copy). Tuck described them as "a loose-leaf series appearing periodically from February 1960 consisting of 35-40 pp (20 sheets) approx. quarto duplicated". The price is listed at 25¢ American per set, though I seem to remember paying 40¢ ea. They would be cheap at ten times the price. Each "Listing" featured a brief biographical/critical note; an alphabetic list of all books published in all editions, with contents of each; a list of series stories by the author; an alphabetic list of all sf stories (including the books), including those under known pseudonyms (which are specified), giving title, length (ss, s, n'te, n), and all appearances; followed in many cases by similar lists of articles, poems, publications other than science fiction, etc.

For example, from the Nelson Bond "Listing" (I expand unclear abbreviations in brackets [ ]):

Conqueror's Isle. s. BB [BLUEBOOK] Jun '46; Mr. Mergenthwirker's Lobblies (Bond) 1946; AFR [AVON FANTASY READER] #4 '47; Other Side of the Moon (Derleth) 1949 & 1959 PB (not Brit ed '56); Arg (Brit) Mat '50; Spanish rights 1950; No Time Like the Future (Bond) 1954; World of Wonder (Pratt) 1952; French rights Robinson Sep '54; Stories of Scientific Imagination (Gallant) 1954.

Only major problem with "Author's Works Listings" is Tuck's tendency to abbreviate excessively, especially in the early sets where he generally referred to anthologies not by name and editor (as above) but by code number assigned in his 1959 publication, "A Checklist of Anthologies" (now equally out of print).

A second problem--the fact that they are now from nine to eleven years old--will be overcome when Tuck issues the third edition of his Handbook of Science Fiction and Fantasy, into which he apparently is incorporating them. The Handbook is coming out from Advent in three volumes some day--but not soon.

Tuck Set 1 (Feb. 1960) -- Asimov (8 pp.), Bond [rev. ed. Aug. '60] (7 pp.), Fred. Brown (4 pp.), Clement (2 pp.), Cummings (5 pp.), Heinlein (6 pp.), Knight (6 pp.), Weinbaum (2 pp.).

Tuck Set 2 (Sept. '60) -- Anderson (7 pp.), Clarke (10 pp.), Keller (6 pp.), O.A.Kline (2 pp.), Leinster (9 pp.), Nat. Schachner (2 pp.), H.S.Whitehead (4 pp.).

Tuck Set 3 (Feb. '62) -- Derleth (10 pp.), Hamilton (8 pp.), Kornbluth (7 pp.), F.B.Long (7 pp.), Russell (6 pp.), Simak (5 pp.).

Final note on Tuck: his "Foreword" lists bibliographies of Howard, Lovecraft, Kuttner, Silverberg, and C.A. Smith published by others, and adds that "two other authors, John Taine and Abraham Merritt, will not have a high priority as their coverage in the Handbook is practically complete from the story angle". The C.A. Smith bibliography was compiled by T.G.L. Cockroft in 1951 (plus 1959 errata), and until recently (and possibly still) was available from F&SF Book Co. (P.O.Box 415, Staten Island, NY 10302). More recent bibliographies of Howard, Lovecraft, and Silverberg exist (see below). The Kuttner was published in Henry Kuttner: A Memorial Symposium in 1958. (Since I've never seen a copy of that, I wouldn't mind seeing Mark do Kuttner sometime. However....)

Total for Tuck's "Author's Works Listings": 21 authors, 124 pp. /plus errata pp., etc./.

Mark Owings' Electric Bibliographs in THE WSFA JOURNAL (taken from TWJ #76, pg. 35):

1. Simak (TWJ 66).
2. Chad Oliver (TWJ 67).
3. Blish (TWJ 68).
4. Anderson (TWJ 69).
5. Heinlein (TWJ 70).
6. Leinster (TWJ 71--DISCLAVE Program Book).
7. H. Beam Piper (TWJ 72).
8. Hamilton (TWJ 73).
9. Walter M. Miller, Jr. (TWJ 74).
10. Stapledon (TWJ 75).
11. Silverberg (TWJ 76).

Note that five of the above (#'s 1, 4, 5, 6, 8) were also done by Tuck a decade earlier.

I've found Tuck and Owings about equally admirable: Owings gains in completeness by listing contents of anthologies edited by his subject, while Tuck gains in ease of use by (1) interfiling collaborative stories with the others in one alphabet (though always identifying them as such); (2) giving an additional listing of all books written by the subject, as well as including them in the main list; and (3) indicating length of story (ss, n'vt, etc.). Also, Owings abbreviates more clearly, but does not provide a series list (except insofar as the information is given in the main list).

Bibliographies Published in Special Author Issues of F&SF:

1. Sturgeon -- Sept., 1962.
2. Bradbury -- May, 1963.
3. Asimov -- Oct., 1966 /5 pp./.
4. Leiber -- July, 1969 /6 pp.--Al Lewis/.
5. Anderson -- April, 1971 /8 pp.--no compiler named/.

Compilers vary; these generally list only first appearances of stories and are arranged chronologically rather than alphabetically--interesting but awkward.

Bibliographies Published in EXTRAPOLATION:

I don't have current access to a file, but if memory serves this journal has printed single-author bibliographies of at least Lovecraft, Tolkien, and Jules Verne; probably also several others.

Bibliographies Published in Paperback Anthologies:

Bradbury, Oliver, and Sturgeon in 3 to the Highest Power (ed. by William Nolan?--memory fails, and my copy of the pb is packed away somewhere).

Other Single-Author Bibliographies Owned by Me:

ALDISS -- Manson, Margaret. Item Forty-Three/Brian W. Aldiss: A Bibliography 1954-1962 (Birmingham, U.K.: Dryden Press). Ed. limited to 500 copies.

Published c. 1963; runs about 25 unnumbered pp. "List A" (122 items) lists all fiction and verse; Lists B, C, and D deal with non-fiction, etc. Includes a word-count of each story and annotations by Aldiss.

HEINLEIN -- Appendix (pp. 193-8) to Panshin's Heinlein in Dimension (6 pp.). To which one might add pp. 186-7: "Bibliography--Heinlein's Non-Fiction" (18 items).*

HOWARD -- The Robert E. Howard Fantasy Biblio. Compiled by Robert Weinberg and published by Weinberg and Mike Deckinger at 50¢ c. 1969.

Does not list his fanzine pieces, non-fantasy, non-fiction, or verse, but otherwise fairly complete. The separate books list overlooks the hc Conan the Barbarian. Interesting notes.

SMITH, C.A. -- The Tales of Clark Ashton Smith: A Bibliography (cited earlier on 2nd page of this biblio). 5 pp. + 2 pp. addenda.

Does not include pre-1920 non-fantasies or all of Smith's prose-poems (or any of his verse). No series list.

TOLKIEN -- J.R.R. Tolkien: A Bibliography, by Bonniejean McGuire Christensen. BULLETIN OF BIBLIOGRAPHY #27 (July-Sept. '70), 61-67.

Everything: scholarly, "popular", reviews of both, critical works on both, audio-visuals, the whole bit. Apparently exhaustive except for fanzine pieces (and some of these are present). (Other Tolkien biblios presumably exist....)

VANCE -- Jack Vance--A Bibliography, by Robert Briney. Published as part of a 1965 pamphlet by the Coulsons and long since o.p.

Other Items Not Available to Me:

ANDERSON -- Two additional bibliographies cited in the April, 1971 F&SF.

HOWARD -- Early issues of THE HOWARD COLLECTOR indexed his published and unpublished verse and stories, series stories, etc.--and they may still be doing so; I didn't stick with them.

LOVECRAFT -- Several bibliographies: one in The Dark Brotherhood, etc.

WELLS /& Bierce, & Verne, etc./ -- I presume scholarly bibliographies exist for most sf and semi-sf writers whom the literary establishment has learned to tolerate; I've seen a couple for Wells but don't have the information here and may or may not have the chance to dig it out before mailing this. ((He didn't. --ed.))

*The Paperback Library ed. (1971) of de Camp's The Glory That Was has an introduction by Heinlein not listed by Panshin. Don't know if it was in the hc (1960).

BURROUGHS -- Several bibliographies, including one by Brad Day, who also did Mundy--and, if memory serves, Haggard and Rohmer. (And didn't Briney also do Rohmer?) Rev. Heins' Golden Anniversary Bibliography is well-known, and (I believe) both o.p. and expensive.

BRADBURY -- Nolan's early '50's fanzine-whatever, whatever it was called....

BOUCHER -- Very thorough and annotated checklist, confusingly arranged, in two or three (1969) issues of THE ARMCHAIR DETECTIVE ($1 an issue from Allan J. Hubin, 3656 Midland, White Bear Lake, Minn., 55110). In all probability, these issues are o.p., but AD prints many bibliographies of detective writers, some of whom have published some sf (e.g., John Creasey (Dr. Palfrey) and Edward G. Hoch (Simon Ark, if he counts)).

CLARKE & BROWN, FRED -- Two library science students at the U. of Arizona compiled bibliographies of these two authors in 1971. The sf collection in "Special Collections" owns one typescript copy of each. Photocopies might be available through Interlibrary Loan for someone affiliated with a library or graduate school elsewhere, or if you ever happen to be in Tucson.... The Clarke is the better of the two, but the Brown has the advantage (if that's what it is) of listing foreign editions of his works--especially the detective stories--in profusion.

((Added at the end--presume from his collection--ed.)):

FEARN, J.R. -- Harbottle's The Multiman.

NORTON -- THE COLLECTOR'S ADVOCATE #1 (Aug. '65), pp. 3-10.

SMITH, CORDWAINER -- RENAISSANCE, Vol. 3, #2 (1971), 8.

A total of 48 authors and 71 total bibliographies with the expense of most of one evening and only such references as I happen to own, have at our Minneapolis address, and have unpacked--running this through the U. of M. library would turn up more (at least of the Wells-Cabell sort), and fill out details that I left blank herein--but I doubt I'll have the time and energy to do that in the near future, so will send this off as is for what it's worth....

Note that besides the authors I suggested for "The Electric Bibliograph ((in his letter, elsewhere in thish--ed.)) (de Camp, Bloch, Lafferty, Brunner, Moorcock, Sheckley), the above lacks such names as Delany, Zelazny, Ballard, Ellison (maybe bibliographers, being pedants at heart, naturally try to avoid the New Wave?), Seabury Quinn, and /reading down the contents page in Seekers of Tomorrow/ Doc Smith, Campbell, Williamson, Wyndham, del Rey, Van Vogt, C.L. Moore, and Farmer.

((We could add another 30-50, at least, if we had time to run through our collection; remember seeing three of Zelazny (one of which appeared in an earlier issue of TWJ), at least.... --ed.))

And, finally, a sort of index to the foregoing:

AUTHOR	NO. BIBLIOS CITED	AUTHOR	NO. BIBLIOS CITED
Aldiss	1	Long	1
Anderson	5	Lovecraft	2
Asimov	2	Merritt	1
Blish	1	Miller, Walter M.	1
Bond	1	Mundy	1
Boucher	1	Norton	1
Bradbury	3	Oliver	2
Brown, F.	2	Piper	1
Burroughs	2	Rohmer	2 (?)
Clarke	2	Russell	1
Clement	1	Schacher	1
Cummings	1	Silverberg	2
Derleth	1	Simak	2
Fearn	1	Smith, Cordwainer	1
Haggard	1 (?)	Stapledon	1
Heinlein	4	Sturgeon	2
Howard	3	Taine	1
Keller	1	Tolkien	1
Kline	1	Verne	1
Knight	1	Weinbaum	1
Kornbluth	1	Wells	1
Kuttner	1	Whitehead	1
Leiber	1	¢Hamilton	2
Leinster	2	¢Smith, C.A.	1

((Sorry the two at the end are out of alphabetal sequence. --ed.))

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REFERENCE GUIDE TO FANTASTIC FILMS

The first work in what will be a comprehensive, multi-volume study of fantastic films /science fiction, fantasy, and horror/ has been completed and is now being typed for publication. The Reference Guide will cover every fantastic film any mention of which has been discovered in 20 years of intensive research with the assistance of major libraries across the continent and experts around the world.

Approximately 20,000 film listings from some 50 countries over 75 years are included. Typically, the listings give alternate titles (thoroughly cross referenced), production and release data, length, production credits, cast, fantastic content, references to source material, origin of story, sequels, etc. The complete work runs some 1900 pages in rough draft, but will be considerably more compact in published form.

Though fantastic films make up only a very small fraction of total film production, their importance to film history, technique, economics, and art is impressive. Besides devotees to the fantastic film genre, the Reference Guide will be of interest to those who collect films, write about them, or are seriously interested in film history.

Orders for the Reference Guide are now being taken. The prepublication price is $22.50; after publication, the price will be $28. California residents add 5% sales tax.

-- Walt Lee
POBox 66273
Los Angeles, CA 90066

POLLUTIONE D' ITALIANE

by Alexis Gilliland

After World War II, Italy was a defeated belligerent, occupied by the Americans and suffering from extensive physical damage. In an effort to rebuild, she sought capital from abroad, offering enticements such as tax vacations, and municipally-built factories.

It is hard to fault Italy for not insisting that all new plant construction, particularly in petrochemicals, be equipped with pollution-meliorating devices.

Moreover, the Italian variation of parliamentary democracy is a pretty good example of the horrors of too little government, which should be carefully studied by those who are against too much. (An example is that, as of February 1971, there is no Italian law requiring detergents to be biodegradable.)

It should be pretty obvious that sewage treatment facilities are not required by law, either for new industry or old (we got along without one for 750 years) municipalities.

Nevertheless, Italy has experienced a great surge in population, along with the rest of the world. More people, more industry produce more sewage, dumping ever-increasing volumes of untreated effluent into the Mediterranean on the west and south, and the Adriatic on the east.

Several adverse effects have already been noted. One of them is that 70% of the beaches are seriously polluted and 13% are dangerously polluted. The Roman equivalent of Coney Island was closed down as a health hazard last summer. Typically, the officer responsible, the procura, was dismissed for incompetance.

Nevertheless, people risk infection ranging from simple skin rashes to infectious hepatitis by going in the water. Moreover, the sea breezes stink. One result is that many Romans go to sit in the sun, but will not play in the water, or even let their children do so. Since tourism amounts to some 12% of Italy's total exports, the degradation of the beaches is a serious matter, particularly if the word gets out. (The Italian Riviera stinks!)

In the north, where the petrochemical complexes are, the offshore breeze is killing the pine trees. The mechanism seems to be that the tree's respiration is choked by a coating of hydrocarbon on the needles.

Needless to say, the quantity and quality of shellfish, which are harvested along the shore, have suffered. Italian restaurants import mussels and clams from Greece and Turkey. A recent development...polypropylene ropes (which resist rotting) dangled from barges in various harbors as a means to cultivate mussels; pull up the rope after six months and scrape the mussels off...is unusable close to the major markets.

Now the Mediterranean is a generally shallow sea, fed by the rivers of Africa (mainly the Nile), Europe and Asia Minor. There is a small current from the Atlantic passing the Straits of Gibraltar, but mostly the flow is outward. Moreover, all the rivers feeding the Mediterranean are polluted, the European rivers badly so.

Within the Mediterranean lies the Adriatic, a shallow stagnant sea. Like the miner's canary, a disaster in the Adriatic will provide an early warning for the Mediterranean.

What could happen to the Adriatic? Well, the commercial fish catch could drop to zero, for one thing. Life may not vanish, but life useful to humans is already on the way out. And there is the aesthetic consideration, most notably the smell. A swamp does not smell like the sea, nor does a sewer or a septic tank. What the man-killed Adriatic will smell like is still unknown, but some changes are invariably for the worst.

What will the Italian Government do about the situation? As presently constituted, it will do nothing, or, under desperate pressure, a very little. If a catastrophe takes place, the chances are good for governmental collapse.

Lake Eire is in dire straits. However, if I may be permitted to mix a metaphor, at least someone is trying to bail her out. By contrast, the Adriatic Sea drifts rudderless towards the pollution-death, attracting little concern.

* *

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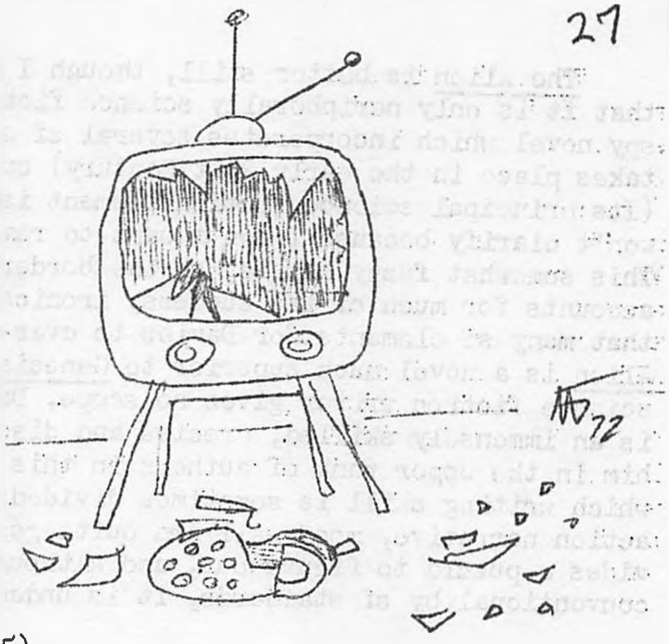


VIEWS, REVIEWS, AND
ARCHIMEDEAN SPIRALS

(Book Reviews)

The Alien, by L. P. Davies (Doubleday; $4.95).

Mainstream writers who invade the science fiction field are, on the whole, notably unsuccessful (the exceptions generally being cases where the author simply uses sf premises as a take-off point for expressions of a unique perspective and style--as with Kurt Vonnegut). Among several reasons for this curious fact, as I have observed before in these pages, the most important is that there exists a complex of shared, unspoken premises within the genre, a sort of conceptual "shorthand" understood by both writers and readers, which is unobtrusive to the point of invisibility in its presence, but grossly evident when it is absent: i.e., a writer not conversant with these premises sticks out like the proverbial sore thumb. There are certain ideas which are characteristically "sf", such as "flying saucers" as interstellar vehicles of an advanced civilization, infinite parallel worlds, alien observers masquerading as human beings, and so on, ad infinitum, ideas that form the fundamental shape of most science fiction stories. The ideas are part of our literary--one might even speak of an historical--tradition, and are assimilated automatically by most readers. Their reasonableness, as it were, is assumed. Mainstream writers, though, are usually not aware of this; and even when intellectually aware of it, they tend to be awkward and uncomfortable with those ideas. And so, nearly always, they succumb to the urge to explain the obvious, to go into enormous and unnecessary detail justifying these premises.

At its most egregious, this practice can result in almost unbearably protracted boredom. The premier Horrible Example of the last decade is Martin Caidin's The Mendelov Conspiracy, in which the author devotes two long chapters to a lecture cataloguing all of the natural explanations for UFO's. Can you imagine a Silverberg or a Brunner, in a novel about flying saucers, devoting more than a few lines or at most a few paragraphs to dismissing the bulk of unreliable UFO reports?

L. P. Davies is no Martin Caidin, but he is an essentially mainstream writer (known primarily for suspense novels) who is insufficiently versed in the conceptual shorthand of the science fiction field. One of his previous novels that I reviewed, Genesis Two, involves a couple of travelers who are trapped in a country village when it is transplanted to another world. Davies over-explains this common idea to the point of tedium, and it takes the heroes an unconscionably long time to figure out what's happened to them. Even so, Genesis Two was a novel worth reading, because Davies is such a skilled professional that he can instill new vigor even in a motley collection of rusty elements.

The Alien is better still, though I suspect there will be some who assert that it is only peripherally science fiction. Basically, it is a rather involved spy novel which incorporates several sf elements (including the fact that it takes place in the early 21st Century) but could have been written without them. (Its principal science fiction element isn't, an inscrutable statement which I won't clarify because I don't want to reveal any of the author's surprises.) This somewhat fuzzy nature, on the borderline between sf and something else, accounts for much of its success, ironically enough. For there really aren't that many sf elements for Davies to over-explain, with the result that The Alien is a novel much superior to Genesis Two. With his principal fault as a science fiction writer given no scope, Davies' virtues emerge more clearly. He is an immensely skilled, precise and discriminating writer, whose abilities put him in the upper rank of authors in this field in all of the categories into which writing skill is sometimes divided: dialogue, characterization, background, action narrative, mood--all are quite good. Besides all of this, The Alien provides a puzzle to figure out, and although its answer may seem disappointingly conventional by sf standards, it is undeniably well-constructed.

Certainly it isn't a major novel, because it advances no significant theme and introduces no new ideas, but it's very competently done and most enjoyable to read.

-- TED PAULS

Operation Chaos, by Poul Anderson (Doubleday; 232 pp.; $4.95).

If you subscribe, as I do, to the premise that science fiction and science fantasy are two separate categories of the same literary genre, loosely labeled "fantastic", then it follows that it ought to be possible for an imaginative author to bridge that difference. That's what Poul Anderson, one of the sharpest (and best-selling) authors in the business has done in Operation Chaos.

He starts with the uncontested assumption that Heaven and Hell do exist, each being but one in a continuum of multi-dimensional universes. This parallel universe idea isn't new, but to the best of my knowledge, no author has developed such a logical framework to explain, quite apart from the storyline itself, the reality of what we term magic and all the attendant so-called black arts of demonology, lycanthropy, witchery and the rest of the thaumaturgical gamut. And I defy any reader to deny, in his secret heart or mind, that our heritage contains a great many arcanums that cry for the clear light of logic.

In a world at the same point as our own, yet occupying slightly different space, magic is the guiding principle of life. Steven Matuchek, a werewolf, marries Virginia Graylock, a witch.

No, don't scoff at those appellations; there isn't any other way to describe them. Anderson's straightforward explanations somehow make it suddenly quite plausible. For example:

> ". . . Wiener showed that the process /lycanthropic transformation/ was simply one of polarized light of the right wave length, triggering the pineal gland, and the Polaroid Corporation made another million dollars or so from its WereWish Lens."

In this same vein Anderson makes common usage of paranatural forces sound natural, if not fully understood (but, after all, we put many things to use in our own unmagical world without fully understanding what really makes them work--electricity, to mention just one). Within this naturalness, then, he has

woven a first-rate tale of good (protagonists a werewolf and a witch) and evil (antagonists The Adversary and all his undead minions) joining in the battle that is as old as Man's thought processes.

When their daughter is kidnapped and held in thrall in Hell (where else would The Adversary dwell?), Steven and Virginia, with appropriate incantations and spell-weaving, cross into yet another of the parallel universes to do battle with the Forces of Darkness.

Schmaltzy? Not the way Poul Anderson makes the action accelerate. Not the way he weaves a spell or two of his own!

-- JAMES R. NEWTON

Vandenberg, by "Oliver Lange" (pseudn.) (Bantam Books Inc., N.Y., NY; 1972).

This is a novel about the Soviet occupation of the United States, and of one man's resistance. It qualifies as sf by Heinlein's definition (". . . stories about things that haven't happened yet . . ."), although I don't think it was intended as such. The basic premise of the story is two-fold: That the U.S.S.R. uses some kind of chemical or biological toxin to wipe out the government centers in and around Washington, D.C. and invades the U.S. in the following confusion; and that the Americans are too soft to fight back (except for the hero, of course).

The book is Vandenberg's story, not the invasion's, however. Having established that the average American would not resist--we are asked to accept this on the author's say-so--the author uses most of the book explaining why Vandenberg does, and why those who join him also do. His characterization is excellent, and the reader comes to believe in and identify with the Hemingway-like hero, even if he is a middle-aged drunken, unsuccessful artist. However, the majority of this effort of characterization is lavished on Vandenberg and on the supporting character of Abelene Trixier, a broken-down old rodeo cowboy, who talks Vandenberg into turning his individual resistance into a guerrilla revolt. The others--rebels, occupying forces, and collaborationists--are only sketched in.

The revolt has to fail, of course. It is a cliché of the modern anti-romantic school of literature, to which the author so obviously belongs, that heroes never win and the individual must inevitably be crushed by the System. It is the "deus ex machina", or more correctly the "machina inferna", that the author employs to defeat the fledgeling guerrilla which is unsatisfying. Jet fighter-bombers are not accurate enough to find and destroy, without ground or air spotters, a force of less than a dozen men in a small clearing half a kilometer from their designated target. And in only two passes at that! Never happen, fly-boy! But then, this reviewer has seen jet aircraft attacking irregular infantry under various conditions (but that's another story), and is aware of their limitations. The breakdown in credibility might not occur with the average reader. Still, C.M. Kornbluth handled the same theme much better some years ago in Not This August.

-- WILLIAM C. MARLOW

The World Inside, by Robert Silverberg (Doubleday; $4.95; 201 pp.): Two Views.

The reviewer is happy to see Silverberg's Urbmon stories collected in one hardbound volume, but less pleased to see them presented as a novel. To judge The World Inside as a novel in accordance with Doubleday's invitation is to do

the author a considerable disservice, for this is a series of stories each possessing its own resolution, or deliberate irresolution, but in any event possessing it individually. To blend them into a genuine novel would require such massive reworking that the resultant volume would be an altogether different book.

For example, the starting point for this exploration of the future, the brilliant short story "A Happy Day in 2381", is distinguished not only be being textually separate and complete, but also by possessing a somewhat different emotional atmosphere. It was rather obviously, I think, written in the conventional "They-have-made-a-hell-and-called-it-utopia" vein. Indeed, it even adopts the device of having a well-adjusted member of a crowded, rigidly-controlled society giving a guided tour to a representative of a freer, more open, more informal social group. The guide shows off his world proudly, but the outsider, and through him the reader who of course shares his background, is secretly appalled at what he is being shown. The story was an unusually deft and superb treatment of this concept, but it did not vary from the formula in its essential thrust. In the other stories, though, this attitude is much less pronounced or absent altogether, and Urbmon society is treated not as a horrible example of something or other but as one valid, albeit imperfect, form of social organization.

Overcrowded, regimented, technologically-advanced future societies are a dime a dozen in sf, and Silverberg doesn't offer any stunningly new insights . . . into the potentialities. Still, he portrays this type of society with greater care and skill than most writers, and The World Inside emerges as another in a lengthening string of excellent Robert Silverberg books. His background--the physical environment of Urban Monad 116, a building containing over 850,000 people; its political administration, technological sophistication, class structure, sexual mores--is thorough and consistent, there are a number of fine characterizations drawn against this background, and the writing is his usual nearly flawless prose. Emotionally, the stories are deliberately underwritten. Silverberg's hive-like future society is quietly overwhelming and subtly oppressive; in contrast, for example, to T.J. Bass's Half Past Human which I read just a week or so ago, whose portrait of a not-too-dissimilar future world is the verbal equivalent of an Hieronymous Bosch conception of Hell.

Not a novel, but a valuable compilation of related stories, well worth adding to your library.

-- TED PAULS

* * *

I find myself in disagreement with Ted Pauls; The World Inside is, in fact, a novel. Not having read the Urbmon series previously, they--the individual stories--didn't hit me as individuals, but more as a team. One might say they have synergism.

In any event, the novel concerns itself with the depiction of the Urbmon universe, and it is Urban Monad 116 that is the theme of the novel, just as Napoleon's invasion of Russia was the theme for War and Peace (written by Silverberg under the pseudonym of Leo Tolstoy).

Several faults in the individual segments are of such a nature as to indicate that they were chosen deliberately. Dillon Chrimes is a rockbander instead of a musician because a musician's inner resources would have set up a conflict eclipsing the pallid and rather grisly view of Urbmon 116 which the author creates. Hence the emotional underwriting noted by Pauls.

The people and incidents are only lines which trace the shape in which Silverberg is interested, and the shape of Urbmon 116 is sufficiently horrible to warrant a novel to describe it.

Having said this, I don't think the novel is a success. For one thing, it hits me as a tract for Zero Population Growth. For another, it is...as a novel... essentially descriptive. Conflict has been deliberately avoided, and we are left with a series of juiceless vignettes hoked up with lots and lots of sex. Well... sex is part of the scene, after all, but when a man is reduced to a prick with ears he cuts a sad figure, and it is this realization, as much as the strain of unending infants that drives the men flippo. There is nobody in the whole book taking a hand in shaping his environment. Nissim Shawke, the high executive, is basically passive in the service of the status quo.

There are other quibbles, but they are minor. The power of judgment and execution vested in the police is merely dramatic shorthand. Due process would have the same effect at tedious length, although no society--not even Nazi Germany--has ever so empowered the arresting officer. Also, why no anti-sex graffiti? "Mary is a Virgin" or "Down with population", for instance. The detail of opposition lends validity to tyranny. A Roman Catholic underground practicing birth control would have been a nice touch.

My personal evaluation? Dissatisfaction.

-- ALEXIS GILLILAND

- -

The Stars in Their Courses: Essays by Isaac Asimov (Doubleday; 199 pp.; $5.95).

What can one say about Isaac Asimov that others (including himself--frequently) haven't said? Nothing much, I'm afraid. Nevertheless, I must try, if only because one can only either like or dislike his style; no one is neutral about Asimov!

The Stars in Their Courses is non-fiction. All of the seventeen essays are reprints from THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, and appeared from May 1969 through September 1970, spiced up with lead-ins and postscripts in the one-and-only Asimovian style (which, by and large, is schmaltzy but sparkling).

Ike (damned if I'm going to keep calling him Asimov, even if I've never met him. Doesn't owning and reading all his deathless science fiction permit some familiarity? No matter....) has thoughtfully divided the essays into four categories: astronomy, physics, chemistry and sociology. Of course, there is an introduction which falls into yet another category (untitled) that I call pure Asmovia. Each chapter has its speck of Asimovian leavening designed, one supposes, to provide continuity among disparate elements, to clarify or otherwise emphasize obscure points (Ike does let an occasional obscurity creep in now and then), to take advantage of yet another opportunity to loose the undiminished Asimov intellectual energy, to satisfy a truly monumental egomania, or all of the above.

If I sound snide in my comments so far, perhaps I am where Ike is concerned, for I confess to having a nearly limitless envy for the man for his razor-sharp

wit (when not obscured by his schmaltz); his gestaltic grasp of mathematics (which I think I could understand if I had the will to buckle down and study; it's too late now, though!); his steely-eyed practicality in the face of the vast illogic of living on this side of the pale; his absolute gift of gab, which, unlike most verbose men (of which he is certainly one of the most verbose!), he strings out into enjoyable reading; his encyclopedic pool of fact (and fancy) on which he draws at the drop of a hat, hand, or nothing at all; and, most of all, his ability to understand that being oneself--and screw the dissenters!--is possibly the most precious freedom of all.

He's sort of like the product touted in a current TV commercial: "Nobody doesn't like Isaac Asimov!" You may get awfully tired of having the same message thrust at you, but a quality product still tastes good. So even if Ike's manner is sometimes fleetingly irritating, we can forgive, believing no one should be so right such a high percentage of the time anyway. His wise-guy style of speaking and writing and otherwise expressing himself hasn't one iota of falseness--give him that credit. "Take me or leave me!" he seems to cry. And few leave him. Why? Because--because--because he's Asimov, that's why!

He inhabits each page of The Stars.... Whether he's discoursing in astrology (". . . stuff and nonsense, sheerest bilge, absolute tripe, obviously!") and giving it its due as a one-time serious attempt to answer some universal riddles, or lambasting man's obdurate refusal to recognize the total danger of overpopulation ("There's a race in man's future between a death rate rise and birth rate decline and by 2000, if the latter doesn't win, the former will."), the reader can never be unaware that Asimov is present.

Yet he spellbinds, no doubt of that. His is a knack of elevating the mundane to the exciting stature of fresh data. Can you think of anything with less inherent glamour than the periodic table (unless you happen to be a chemist, which he is, but whom I doubt was really ascendant when he wrote the essay)? "Bridging the Gap" may not be exactly glamourous, but after an Asimovian buffing it shines pristine and sharp. Not that he transformed this reader into a chemist, but now I have a feeling for what a periodic table is, how it grew, why it developed, where it fits in the scheme of modern technology, and who was involved in its development. And if these aspects sound like the familiar five W's of journalism, you're right; his account certainly contained much that was news to me!

Although science fiction buffs have a tendency to consider Ike solely as a purveyor of that genre, many others consider him one of the best popularizers of "straight" scientific subjects. The Stars... illustrates that very well. Among the more than one hundred books this self-described "compulsive writer" has turned out are dozens of works on science, and many on history and language.

One always has the feeling that the Asimovian flippancy really masks a high degree of seriousness. The essays in The Stars..., taken as an exegetical whole, spell out his concern in many areas: correcting the layman's illogical thinking about science; clarifying misconceptions of the scientific disciplines, particularly astronomy, physics, chemistry and sociology (his categorizations, remember?). He stretches from the naming of lunar landmarks to Newton's laws of motion, from the Doppler-Fizeau shift to the ethics of scientists, from an expanding universe to the need for multinational cooperation in the space effort--and these are just samples.

Actually, I think Ike has set forth his credo in the opening paragraph of the final story in The Stars.... In "My Planet 'Tis of Thee--" he says:

"I love people, I really do, and yet, in viewing the future, I am forced to be guided by a certain cynicism because so many people, however lovable, seem immune to reason."

This statement goes a long way toward explaining the apparent Asimovian contradiction of schmaltz and seriousness that somehow always get mixed together in Ike's frenetic literary outpourings. But whether he exasperates or exalts you personally, there can be no doubt whatsoever that there is only one Isaac Asimov. And as The Stars in Their Courses so aptly illustrates, the Asimovian phenomenon is not likely to remain anything but fascinating.

Enjoy it.

-- JAMES R. NEWTON

The Goat Without Horns, by Thomas Burnett Swann (Ballantine Books #02395; Oct. '71; 175 pp.; 95¢).

Swann is best-known for his fantasies set in the days of ancient Crete or Rome. The Goat Without Horns is set during the era of Victorian England, though the locale is a lush volcanic isle in the West Indies. Charlie Sorley, an upper-class English youth, is engaged to come to Oleandra Island to tutor a young girl who lives there alone with her mother and a small tribe of Caribs who do menial chores. Charlie finds the mother a wilting English lily, unable to cope with the atmosphere, while young Jill is totally under the influence of the Carib chieftain who is educating her into his unnatural animistic religious practices. Charlie's duty is obvious, but can he, an untried boy, combat the spell of this practised sorcerer?

It's hard to guess whether it's the change in setting that's thrown Swann off or if this was just a bad day, but this is his weakest novel to date. The descriptive narrative is lovely, but aside from a brief climax there's virtually no action. Even the personal conflict never comes alive. Charlie becomes romantically involved with both Jill and her mother, and the plot revolves about his attempts to decide whether he really loves a woman old enough to be his mother or a girl young enough to be his kid sister? The cultural conflict isn't quite convincing, either. While most readers will agree that dolphins are nicer than sharks or that birds are nicer than spiders, the implication that the one is naturally good while the other is naturally evil is a bit too simplistic. But the biggest failure is in the characterization of the book's narrator, Gloomer, the dolphin. Swann is obviously extrapolating here upon the legendary friendship of dolphins for sailors, especially young and handsome ones, but Gloomer's feelings for Charlie are so excessive that they're virtually homosexual. Gloomer constantly describes Charlie in terms like, ". . . as modest as he was lovable . . .", or, "The golden aureole of his hair was subdued by the water and clung about his ears like seaweed, but his splendor was undiminished." Gloomer is also unconvincingly anthropomorphized. He makes statements such as, in regard to observing Charlie preparing for skinny-dipping in the lagoon, "I was not accustomed to seeing young English gentlemen remove their clothes.", when from all the evidence so far he shouldn't have the slightest understanding of the

concept of "English gentlemen". The result is that the entire book, despite the quality of the style of writing, is unconvincing, unexciting, and not really worth reading.

-- FRED PATTEN

- -

Analog 8, edited by John W. Campbell (Doubleday; $5.95).

Two ironies are involved in my review of this anthology. The lesser is that I received the book to review on the same evening that I learned of the death of John W. Campbell. The greater irony is that I had hoped to make this more than a simple book review, by citing Analog 8 as representative of so many of the years of ASTOUNDING/ANALOG, containing fiction which, if it did not soar to new horizons, was consistent in its serious approach and skillful, professional execution. In all honesty, unfortunately, I find myself unable to do that, for unlike most of its predecessor anthologies, Analog 8 is a clunker. What a genuine shame that the collection from his magazine that was published just before the greatest editor of our field died should be, not one of the best, but one of the worst.

The trouble is the preponderance of trivial stories: all but one, and possibly two, out of nine in the volume. The outstanding story in this anthology, by an overwhelming margin, is "Gottlos", by Colin Kapp, which leads it off. Although major elements are predictable, it is so superbly and sensitively done that this in no way detracts from the story. It's about war machines of the future, and the emphatic connection between machine and human controller, and Gottlos, the ultimate development of this principle. The only other piece of fiction in Analog 8 that comes close to having something worthwhile to say is "Hawk Among the Sparrows", Dean McLaughlin's novelette about the pilot of an ultra-secret, ultra-refined jet who is (with his aircraft) snatched back in time and participates in the embryonic air war of World War I. McLaughlin has a lot of fun showing off his knowledge of biplanes, and makes the obvious point that a modern airplane is not in all events a perfect instrument in such a primitive setting (though he relies over much on his pilot's stupidity to make this point). But the most important point to be found in this story is one the author makes no effort to let be seen and (although here I may be unjustly underestimating him) may not even be aware of: the difference in attitude toward killing of contemporary as opposed to 1918 military man. It may be all the same to the victim, but philosophically there's a world of difference between a biplane ace roaring down in maniacal excitement and shredding an opponent with machinegun bullets, and a Forward Air Controller casually vectoring napalm in on a peasant in a thatched hut. "Hawk Among the Sparrows" could have been a truly fine novelette, had McLaughlin extended the ending to show that the victorious pilot from the future was, even while being congratulated, being looked upon by his fellow pilots with a certain aversion--because he went outside the current "rules" in order to destroy their German foe.

McLaughlin's contribution, while in my opinion a failure, is at least thought-provoking. That's more than can be said for the other seven stories. Robert Chilson's "In His Image", about a scientist who creates a trio of androids resembling a somewhat hip McGuire Sisters, is the sort of low-grade humor that would have been more comfortable in AMAZING STORIES a decade ago than in ANALOG today. "The Powers of Observation", by Harry Harrison, is a near-future spy story with some nice action and first-person narrative in the hack-spy-story style. "Jump", by William Earls, is a cliché story of a spacer quitting then discovering that he'd rather be back in space after all. Its principal distinction is that it actually uses the dreadful "I always thought Manual Labor was a Mexican" joke. "Womb to Womb" is a modest tale of a psychological problem of future warfare, and Lawrence A. Perkins and R.C. Fitzpatrick each contribute even more modest (and even more

minor) shorts, the former about The Aliens Among Us, the latter concerning improved police methods. Finally, there is Steve Chapman's "Testing...One, Two, Three, Four", a rather nicely-done albeit predictable story which inexplicably has an irrelevant two-page essay tacked onto the end.

When all is said and done, the reader fondly recalls that back at the beginning of all this largely purposeless motion, there was a superb story entitled "Gottlos". But even "Gottlos" isn't worth $5.95.

-- TED PAULS

- -

Under the Moons of Mars: A twin bill of science fiction and fact edited and with a history by Sam Moskowitz (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; 433 / xiii pp.; $7.95).
The Mirror of Infinity: A critics' anthology of science fiction edited by Robert Silverberg (Harper & Row; 324 / xi pp.; $6.95).

Science fiction historians will want these two volumes. Released within one week of each other, they together offer samples of sf tales that trace the evolution of this genre from its infancy through the beginnings of its modern phase to the work of the latest generation of authors. Of the two, Moskowitz's work looms as monumental. Silverberg's, though less an individual accomplishment, presents superb examples of the sf art plus extremely well-done essays that trace the maturation of the form.

Under the Moons of Mars, a companion to Science Fiction by Gaslight, illustrates the scientific romance as it emerged in the early part of this century. Beginning with the Edgar Rice Burroughs title story, which set the style for the scientific romance, Moskowitz's terse prefatory comments thread on a string of light continuity each of the nine samples by little-and well-known sf authors: George Allen England, Charles B. Stilson, J.U. Giesy, Francis Stevens, A. Merritt, Ray Cummings, Murray Leinster, and Austin Hall and Homer Eon Flint. Judicious selection of sample segments from larger classics leave some loose ends, but this should only serve to whet the serious reader's appetite for more.

Moskowitz's 142-page "A History of 'The Scientific Romance' in the Munsey Magazines, 1912-1920" is alone worth the price of this book for its absolutely enthralling narrative history of the development of the scientific romance from its first appearance in THE ALL-STORY MAGAZINE in 1912 through the next twenty years of its heyday.

For old sf buffs, Moskowitz has packed nostalgia in an almost irresistable package. For the younger or new sf fans, Under the Moons will be like meeting venerable grandparents for the first time.

Silverberg has collected an impressive array of science fiction stories demonstrating the qualitative growth of the genre in modern times. Of the thirteen tales, eleven originally appeared in sf magazines published between 1934 and 1967, and represent the work of today's acknowledged masters: John W. Campbell, Isaac Asimov, Lewis Padgett, Arthur C. Clarke, Robert Sheckley, James Blish, Cordwainer Smith, Robert A. Heinlein, J.G. Ballard, Harlan Ellison, and P.A. Zoline. The two exceptions are tales by H.G. Wells (1897) and Jorge Luis Borges (1962), both of which are included to illustrate contrasting extensions of magazine-fiction traditions.

A special feature of this collection is a uniquely-interpretative critical commentary attached to each story. All thirteen analytical essays are by men recognized as sf authors and critics of note in their own right. Nine are practicing writers and critics: Jack Williamson, James Blish, Damon Knight, Alexei Panshin,

Algis Budrys, Kingsley Amis, Robert Conquest, Harry Harrison, and Brian W. Aldiss. Four are professors of literature who deal with science fiction in the classroom: Thomas D. Clareson, Willis E. McNelly, Ivor Rogers, and H. Bruce Franklin.

In their forewords these contributors make a strong case for increased attention to science fiction as a window to the future, as past science fiction writings uncannily mirror a future we call the present.

The reader can make up his own mind, but the one point these two excellent volumes seem to make is aptly expressed by Silverberg in his introduction to Mirror of Infinity:

> "The makers of myth must never be spurned; and in science fiction, which accepts no limitations of time or space and uniquely liberates the imagination, I believe we will find the governing myths of the dawning age of galactic man."

-- JAMES R. NEWTON

- -

The Big Win, by Jimmy Miller (Knopf, 241 pp., $5.95; paper: Bantam N5651, 1970; 95¢; 196 pp.).

Miss Miller's novel attempts to make a mockery of everything from human motivation to scientific fact in this faked-up, shoddy and ultimately disgusting farce set in the world of 2004 A.D. The book is fantasy, not science fiction (in the usually-applied sense of these terms), one which the publisher states "reads like a collaboration between Herman Hesse and the Marquis de Sade". But this is simply not so: Hesse's spiritual loneliness themes cannot be conveyed nor even hinted at with empty caricatures of human beings, and figurative children swinging cats by the tail is about as depthful as the sadism gets.

The center of the plot is a hunt for the escaped Chinese war criminal, Suan N.Y., after the U.S. and Russia have been vastly depopulated by the Chinese Poison Plague of 1991, and France becomes the only world power with a surprise attack that wipes out the scheming orientals. The hunt's major participants are: Gerry Fieldman, a New York "Poory", hoping to some day strike it rich in the life-and-death Game sponsored by the bored Richies; Nicole Martine, one of the incestuous aristocrats of the new France, upholding the misconception that the French, an ethnic group, really groove on kinky sex; and Franky Jordan, exile to Venus, living with his hippie tribe and reptilian beasts, freaked out with the ultimate drug, Viz-Nez.

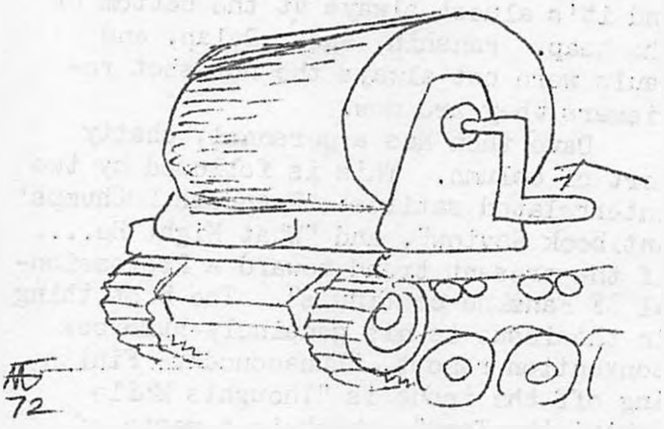
Circumstances bring these three together, and their search takes them to the Yucatan jungle (with pineapple trees, no less!), Guatemala (an experience of homosexuality, bestiality and cannibalism), Russia and, finally, by spaceship to Mercury (one-side-to-the-sun and airless, which doesn't halt one man's bursting into flame the moment he runs into direct sunlight). The quest, however, is delayed for a moment as the hunters are given time to examine their motives, their prey and their probable futures...which is exactly what the author has been laying the groundwork for since the opening. And if you hadn't guessed, the conclusion is neither caustic nor amusing, merely foregone and tiresome.

Speculations--and yes, even morals--are firm bases for stories, even when peripheral or expertly hidden behind implication, but this alone is not enough. The strength must eventually tell in the characters who bring life to the story, and whether tuned to poles of reality or non-reality, they must live in their world completely and convincingly. And this is where Miller's novel falls the hardest, for the people are meaningless mouthpieces, their dialogue all pulled from the same wrinkled bag, interchangeable, non-diversive and boring.

The Big Loss.

-- RICHARD DELAP

FANZINORAMA: Fanzine Reviews
by
Michael T. Shoemaker



YANDRO #208 (Robert & Juanita Coulson, Rt. 3, Hartford City, IN 47348. 40¢, 4/$1.50, 12/$4.00; 34 pp.).

I notice that YANDRO has not been reviewed in TWJ for a few years. No wonder; what can you say about an institution? It's very regular and is usually enjoyable, relaxed reading. This issue is no different--it has some chatty material by the editors, and a couple of below-par articles by others. The best things in this issue are the usual quickie-reviews by the editor, the letter-column, and a large number of fanzine reviews. This issue does seem a bit thin, though.

THE DARKLING & RAVAGE TRAVELING PANDEMONIUM & SHADOW SHOW #1 (Randy Bathurst, 19771 Forrer, Detroit, MI 48235. 50¢, trade, LoC, contrib; 37 pp.).

This first issue has many rough points about it which will no doubt improve in the future. The most unappealing thing is that it is printed on green paper, which gives it a dull appearance.

The editorial is a typical first-issue thing setting forth policy, etc. This is followed by a short history of Heroic Fantasy by Jerral Steele, which says nothing that is not already fairly-well known. There is a mediocre satire on pollution and one on Star Trek fandom. Moderately funny are "Auntie Ursula's Advice", presenting fandom's answer to Ann Landers, and "The Adentures of Randy in Fan-Land". There is one book review each by Leon Taylor & Guy E. Snyder II, two run-of-the-mill pieces of fiction and a third--a modern fable--which is okay. Finally, there is an editorial by Eric Rhinestone on the Vietnam war which made me sick. Editorializing on world affairs has no business in a fanzine; it can be found easily enough in the newspaper.

All in all, not too bad--but very overpriced!

STARLING #19 (Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 1108 Locust St., Columbia, MO 65201. Trade, LoC, contrib, 35¢, 3/$1; 43 pp.).

Among other things in the editorial, Hank gives us his ideas concerning fanzine reviews. Then we have "Examining Examining Science Fiction" by Creath Thorne, in which he analyzes two book reviews sent back to him after SFR folded. Banks Mebane writes on pornography & Disneyland, and Juanita Coulson writes on rock music. Lesleigh Luttrell discusses the Little Lulu comics in "Great American Comics: Part II". The best thing in the issue is a very good Lovecraft parody by Jim Turner entitled "The Call of Oxydol", concerning hideous forms in a laundrymat. Good lettercolumn including Harry Warner Jr., Andy Offutt, Darrell Schweitzer and others. Among the artists are Tim Kirk, Bill Rotsler, Grant Canfield, etc. Moderately good.

AFAN #1 (Dave Hulvey, Rt. 1, Box 198, Harrisonburg, VA 22301. Trade, LoC, contrib, Not avail. for money!; 32 pp.).

All the art in this issue is by Dan Osterman, and apparently the entire issue is written by Dave. In the equivalent of an editorial he introduces himself and sets forth editorial policy. Right here I have a gripe. He says, "No Book Reports allowed". Notice immediately the loaded connotation of "Book Report" as opposed to book review. To Dave the only worthwhile reviewers are Panshin, Russ, Delap, Pauls. Now, even if this were true, I wouldn't condemn others and subject them to suppression the way Dave does. I think the most important function of fandom is intercommunication of in-

dividual likes and dislikes regarding sf. Besides, everyone has to start somewhere, and it's almost always at the bottom of the heap. Panshin, Russ, Delap, and Pauls were not always the hot-shot reviewers they are now.

Dave then has a personal, chatty sort of column. This is followed by two interrelated satires: "Francois DuChumps' Antibook Review", and "What Might Be.... if the present trend toward a Professional SF Fanzine continues". The best thing in the issue is his genuinely-humorous convention report, "Lunaconed". Finishing off the issue is "Thoughts While Tokin' the Toad", which is a waste of time reading.

Most important: this fanzine is loaded with unnecessary obscenities and political raps. I wonder why?

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, Vol. 5 #1 (Leland Sapiro, Box 40, University Station, Regina, Canada. 60¢ or $2/yr., digest-size; 79 pp.).

This issue has a very fine collection of "heavy" articles. The editor leads off with part one of "Cliches in the Old Super Science Story". The title is self-explanatory; moderately good, but he does not analyze any of the classic stories in part one.

Stephen Scobie has a very detailed analysis of the mythology in Samuel R. Delany's The Einstein Intersection, but it didn't interest me too much.

The best item in the whole issue is "Psychological Symbolism in Three Early Tales of Invisibility", by Steven Dimeo. It discusses the possibility that "What Was It? A Mystery" (1859) by Fitz-James O'Brien, "The Damned Thing" (1893) by Ambrose Bierce, and "The Horla" (1887) by Guy de.Maupassant, ". . . may be read as disguised autobiographical accounts, specifically of the writers' artistic throes". This is a very convincing and absorbing article. Also very good is "Omnipotent Cannibals: Thoughts on Reading Robert Heinlein's Stranger in a Strange Land" by Robert Plank. I regard this as the definitive last word on that novel.

Unique, is Bill Blackbeard's 11-page reaction against the nostalgia craze. He invokes Sturgeon's Law and backs it up. Excellent. Sprinkled throughout the issue are the usual poems. The book reviews are below par.

A top-notch sercon magazine. Highly recommended.

MAYBE #13 (Irvin Koch, 835 Chattanooga Bank Bldg., Chattanooga, TN 37402. Trade, contrib, 2/$1, 6/$2.50; 30 pp.).

Almost the entire 'zine is devoted to Star Trek fandom (I wonder why?), in which I am not the slightest bit interested. There is a very interesting letter from Kelly Freas, however, and Hank Davis gives his Hugo preferences in his column. Usually, MAYBE is a good fanzine.

MOEBIUS TRIP #9 (Edward C. Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, IL 61604. 35¢, 3/$1.00, 10/$3.00; 49 pp.).

This issue leads off with a moderately-successful interview of Fred Pohl by Paul Walker. Also featured are minor fiction pieces, a 1971 Worcestercon report by Terry Jeeves, and an article by Michael Glyer which evaluates sf as a predictive genre.

The appeal of this issue lies in the book reviews by Paul Walker, two movie reviews by Daniel Dickinson (THX 1138, Colossus), and a good letter-column. Recommended.

GRANFALLOON #13 (Linda E. Bushyager, 111 McDade Blvd., Apt.H211 Sutton Arms, Folsom, PA 19033. Trade, LoC, contribs, 50¢, 4/$2.00; 58 pp.).

"To Hell with Ron Miller" by Alex Eisenstein annihilates the idea of a fan cartoonist Hugo (good riddance!) and then goes on to discuss fan art in general; good. John D. Berry, in part II of an article, discusses fandom and makes some predictions about its next five years. Bob Tucker has a tender appreciation of Buck Coulson, whom he nominates for the Big Heart Award. Ted White talks about the problems authors have with editors who delete parts of their work. There is an article on sf in rock music, but it didn't interest me much. Book reviews by Delap were better than most of his (which I don't usually like), and there are some fine fanzine reviews by Jeff Glencannon. Recommended.

((See elsewhere in thish (probably on page 2 or last page) for addresses of fanzine reviewers & other info re same.))

FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK
(Lettercolumn)

Harry Harrison, Imperial Beach, CA (24 Jun '71)

((Delayed by some uncertainty on our part as to whether or not it was intended for publication. --ed.))

. . . I must admit that while Ted Pauls and I get along in person, most well I should add, we obviously don't see eye-to-eye on story anthologies. His opinions are his forever and I will not attack them. Though I would like to comment on an error of fact. He writes, "Considering the number of 'Best SF Stories of the Year' volumes appearing nowadays..." and goes on to amplify this theme.

Please. This is not true. There is only one annual "best" volume of sf stories appearing in hardcover that you will find in your corner library or later in paperback on the news-stands. Period. Just one. Not a number, not even two. Just one. This is the one I do with Brian Aldiss's help. There is also one more original paperback, the one from Ace, and this is all there is. For the record.

Now James R. Newton is someone I would like to meet. We have the same vibes. He reads what I write and knows what I write--which is an entirely different thing. To him, I say thanks. I feel we operate on the same wavelength as opposed to other reviewers--Joanna Russ, for instance, who lives in a completely different world. Nothing I write or edit does she like, nothing, and it is with a feeling of complete revulsion that I look at any book or story she admires. The girl's taste is in her mouth, really, a monument of wrongheadedness. After which it is a pleasure to read Newton who has a certain understanding of sf and literature and can explain why and how. Carry on.

Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Dr., Pittsford, NY 14534 (3 Oct 1971)

((Re TWJ's 76 and 77 --ed.))

. . . Much thanks for the continued Lem section; I'm not really in the proper mood for detailed discussion of heavy writing, so I'm not going to try to comment now, but that doesn't mean I haven't liked or admired the product.

Oh my god, another excellent J.K. Klein con report. This is getting tiring; he should write a really bad one some day, just to keep in shape.

Having been able to see one of Richard Delap's top film list (Brewster McCloud)--I've wanted to see most of the rest, but most good pictures don't play very long in Syracuse--I really shouldn't comment at length here, but I probably will anyway. I do want to make mention of the excellent Kirk illos going with Richard's discussion of sf and fantasy in films.

I did catch Fellini's Satiricon, found it probably the most coherent of Fillini's recent pictures. The film is not particularly unexpected, with development particularly from 8½ notable. It's primarily a purely visual experience, even more so than most Fellini I've seen. Very little overt plot; much of the film simply involves placing the main characters in various macabre, strange, or somehow perverse situations, and recording the reactions. Fellini's preoccupation with unusual faces is more evident than ever, as is his ability to

find such faces for his films. It's probably the film of his I'd most like to see again. Highly recommended, for anyone with a serious interest in what can be done with films. But really science fiction? I don't think so, despite what Fellini says.

I was also lucky enough to catch The Mind of Mr. Soames in a second-run-theatre in New York, and I was very glad I did. Contrary to Barry Gillam's review in SFC, Mr. Soames was very possibly the best sf film of the year; I didn't see Colossus, but that's about the only film I might rate above it. The plot is simple; John Soames is born in a coma, and is finally "awakened" at the age of thirty. His is a newborn mind in an adult body, and we watch his first year or so of development, to the stage where he's probably reaching about a mental age of 12. Terrence Stamp is superb; his presentation of a man learning about life for the first time is beautiful--and provides a nice contrast with Cliff Robertson's Academy Award-winning performance in Charly. Stamp is simply so much better, so much more subtle, that Robertson comes off looking pitiful in comparison. Robertson was so obviously an actor, pretending to be a moron; Stamp makes you believe his mind is that of a child. Again, I saw no notices of the film outside New York City, and wouldn't have seen it myself had I not been in the City visiting friends. But it's a very fine film, and I urge you to see it (probably when it hits television). An equally interesting sf film of last year, Peter Watkins' The Gladiators, received no play at all aside from film festival showings. The distributors claimed to have "lost" the prints, and so nobody at all saw that excellent version of the old sf idea of having picked "teams" fight the wars between countries.

Agree with Richard on the dullness of No Blade of Grass; it wasn't as bad as I expected it to be, but that's faint praise. Could have been a good film, but the emphasis quickly became sensationalism, melodrama, a Message. Performances were generally quite obvious, too, and logic was generally lacking (nothing as bad as The Andromeda Strain, though).

Brewster McCloud...certainly one of the strangest films I've ever seen. I can't really talk about it; it could actually be the masterpiece Richard claims, and it could be a failure. Seems to all depend on your frame of mind when you first see the picture. Weird, weird, very weird.

An excellent portfolio, very good indeed. I think I particularly like Alicia's and Tim's work here, though all of it is excellent. But Alicia's seems a bit more different than a good deal of her recent work. Finally got to meet Tim in Boston, and once you get over the fact that he's so nauseatingly young for one so talented, he does look like a compilation of all his characters.

Do keep up with the prozine reviews; I love having someone sort through all the crud for me, and as long as Richard is willing to keep doing it, I love to keep reading it.

I continue to find James Newton's reviews entirely useless; they tell me a great deal about what Newton thinks, but very little about the books he reviews. I can hardly tell if he liked or hated them; worse, I can never have any idea whether I'll like or hate them.

I'm afraid Doll is going to hate TA...7; the print came out even smaller than I'd wanted, and the result is really too small. Apologize to her for me, would you? And thanks for the review of TA...6 here. (Incidentally, Lisa Tuttle has sold her first story, to the second Clarion volume.)

Back to prozine reviews for a moment, for I see David Hulvey telling you they're useless to him. As I said before, they're very useful to me. For though I buy all the prozines, I don't have time to read them all, and if I can get a few people to tell me at least what definitely to skip, I will seek such people out. Please keep it going.

. . . Talking about films again, Peter Watkins' new film, Punishment Park, has been bought for American distribution by the same company behind The Stewardesses, Without a Stitch, and Popcorn. The film has gotten very good reviews in both ROLLING STONE and VARIETY, and has gotten good receptions at several recent film festivals. Plot concerns a near-future USA in which continued protests and demonstrations have filled jails to overflowing. Those arrested for such political crimes are given the choice of long prison sentences, or a three-day survival test against police, National Guard, etc. Sounds very interesting; let's hope it has better luck than Watkins' last sf effort.

Richard either misses or neglects to mention obvious parallels between Downward to the Earth and Conrad's Heart of Darkness.

Dennis Lien, 720 12th Ave. S.E., Minneapolis, MN 55414 (19 Oct 1971)

Is James R. Newton really for real?

Mark Owings non-bibliography in #77 was sorely missed. What about upcoming bibliographies for de Camp, Bloch, Lafferty, Brunner, Sheckley, Moorcock, none of whom (as far as I know) has ever been very thoroughly biblioed in print?

Re STRANGE TALES: I've been compiling a bibliography of SF stories and their reprints in the now-defunct Lowndes mags (which did reprint most of them). . .

In 1969, Fred Lerner published An Annotated Checklist of Science Fiction Bibliographical Works, which gives information on 19 sf "bibliographical works" ranging from Bleiler to Viggiano-Franson. One subcategory of sf bibliography not represented in this Checklist is the listing of bibliographies of the works of an individual sf author. I haven't seen such a listing elsewhere, and if it doesn't exist, someone should be working on one. ((He then goes on to say that he's including a listing of what he has in his own collection, and suggests TWJ run it and invite additions and corrections, of which "there'll be some of the latter and a great many of the former, since I don't get a large number of fanzines and have probably missed many individual-author bibliographies therein". We at first thought of running the listing in the lettercolumn, but as it is so long and we are (as of this moment, at least) missing an "Electric Bibliograph" from Mark Owings for this issue, we will run Dennis' partial biblio separately in this issue. We hope the TWJ readers will respond with addenda/corrigenda of their own, so we may compile a more complete listing for a future issue.--ed.))

Kenneth W. Faig, Jr., POBox 7019, Graduate Residence Halls, Brown Univ., Providence, RI 02912 (15 Nov 1971)

((Re TWJ #78.--ed.))

. . . Let's hope the current recession in science fiction will be short-lived. I agree with Art Hayes that overpricing is at least partially to blame... a Ballantine Adult Fantasy novel of 300 pages or more may be worth $1.25, but an ordinary-sized paperback certainly doesn't merit the increasingly-popular 95¢ price. What with publishers cutting their lists, production costs continuing to rise, even booksellers abolishing their discounts, I suppose we can hardly expect a better situation soon...Nixonomics to the contrary. Thank God there continue to be some books good enough to justify the prices.

Harry Warner, Jr. writes interestingly about what I gather is a favorite subject of his...certainly a not unusual state of affairs. It sticks in my mind that an English nobleman--possibly a "Lord Ruthven"?--was the protagonist of Polidori's fragment "The Vampyr", but I don't have a text at hand to verify this assertion. But Warner is certainly mining a rich vein in the nineteenth century opera...by all means let's hear more of Weber's Freischutz, Gounod's Faust, Wagner's Flying Dutchman and their many doubtless more obscure contemporaries.

The Moskowitz essay on Campbell was a mine of interesting particulars and reminiscences about JWC's last days. SaM deserves credit for getting that fine obituary to the NEW YORK TIMES. I hope he'll eventually write a full-scale treatment of JWC's years as an editor, to match his treatment of JWC's writing years. (If, that is, this has not already been written.)

To air a brief gripe: SaM's books Explorers of the Infinite and Seekers of Tomorrow vastly deserve to get back into print in paperback. JWC's and my own respect for his researches for Under the Moons of Mars notwithstanding, the former two books are his most basic and a vital introduction to the field. Nut that I am, I'd also like to see The Immortal Storm back in print, my taste having been whetted by Harry Warner, Jr. in All Our Yesterdays.

James Ellis contributes a damn good poem--macabre at that, to complete my appreciation--but I think he must mean "Robert Davis"--the Munsey editor--rather than "Robert David" when he makes his listing of sf-f giants in your lettercol. Otherwise: quis erat "Robert David"?

The reviews...especially Gechter's fine piece on Sherlock Holmes: Ten Literary Studies. Although I'm not a comics fan myself, I'm glad that people like Kim Weston are continuing to write intelligently about the genre in the wake of the death of LUNA's C.D. Paskow. Also worthy of individual citation are your own fanzine reviews in SON #34. The listing of contents I find exemplary--much more indicative of potentially interesting material than the usual general comments "nice repro", "good light reading", etc. Praise also for your excellent coverage of foreign fanzines; I wish I knew an equally good source for appraisals of U.S. fanzines.

I can't really comment on most of the raging debates in your lettercol...since I have no knowledge of the topics under discussion. It pains me to see talk of politics in a magazine devoted to literature, but then again it pains me to see talk of politics anywhere. God Save the King! and from that point on let those boys interfere with us as little as possible--a very meritorious Lovecraftian conception. Lord Greystoke's letter I enjoyed tremendiously, as usual. In the end, however, perhaps he should eventually put up or shut up, unless he is willing to take pen in hand himself to record the true story of his life. Certainly, anyone who demonstrated his precocity and genius in learning to read without any human assistance whatever ought to be full well capable of recording something quite definitive. But then again it is my suspicion that Greystoke's affection for his late amaneunsis Burroughs was so great that he would not undertake the task of recording his own life, for fear of contradicting some point in the account of his late friend. Whether his respect for the work of Mr. Farmer will rise in the future, I suspect we will have to wait to see in his further letters. Let's hear from Doc Savage, too, perhaps also Holmes and the host of others who lurk so close on the boundaries of reality. . . . ((Hear, hear! --ed.))

...

Dave Hulvey, Rt. 1, Box 198, Harrisonburg, VA 22801 (19 Nov 1971)

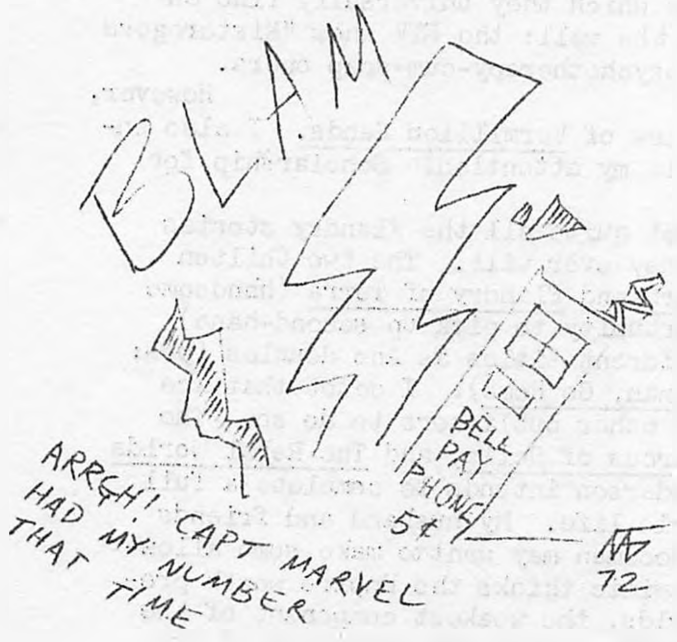
((Re #78--ed.))

I have to agree with Jerry Lapidus about Newton's reviews, but emphatically do not agree that you should dump him. Sure, Jerry, the reviews he had written were very poor, yet I see no reason why they shouldn't improve with practice and constructive criticism such as you've given here. Give the guy a fair chance. After all, fandom suffers pompous assholes like Leon Taylor and Mike Glyer and they're no more deserving of publication than Newton. This is not to say that better quality standards shouldn't be pursued by faneds, but that if we decide to weed out one dead flower, the rest should go also, and since such a moral crusade is not too successful a concept historically, well, it's better we temper our anger with a bit of optimism. Such optimism, I believe, won't go unrewarded if we continue to give the likes of Newton the critiques they need to improve.

If they're really interested in doing Sandra Miesel-quality reviews, we should see noticeable improvements in their work--eventually. If Newton doesn't improve, you could diplomatically move his work to a "special supplement" or somesuch. However, I trust he will, thus avoiding the condemnation Taylor and Glyer have so rightly received from perceptive individuals such as Arnie Katz and George Senda.

Re Glyer's article, how does he ever jump from Tolkien to the New Wave? The connection he presumes between the two is a little more than just vague. What are the Junior Flingers? Such rhetorical gymnastics put me to sleep. Who are the "clowns" that called SFR a focus for 8th Fandom? This gratuitous slap at an unmentioned and unnamed scapegoat is an unreasonable aside. Heinlein's I Will Fear No Evil New Wave? Gad, I can't really understand why Glyer has to make such ludicrous statements. Does the essence of the evial and awfial boob sneak up on him unawares, and then pounce, producing idiotic articles like this? Why are book reviews the heaviest archive of any fanzine? I've seen well-written excellent 'zines that had no book reviews at all. It seems he wants to make his Golden Age assumptions on the basis of SFR's rise and fall. This is fine if he wants to denigrate the contributions of the greatest era of fanzine pubbing in the late '50's and early '60's, or the counterculture's influence through superb 'zines like STARLING and 'most anything by Alpajpuri. This is fine, if that's his vengeful intention. However, it ain't so fine from my viewpoint, 'cause it neglects making any valid statements on his Golden Age, which he hasn't really proven even exists yet. Further, the "hippie influx" and the great ol' faanish 'zine atmosphere have come together to produce some rather interesting 'zines. Perhaps he should look to them for an incipient fan-pubbing "golden age".

A really interesting lettercol this time. Uppermost in my mind is the crogglement I feel over Newton's letter to Ellison. Would he have criticized Joyce or a surrealist on the same ludicrous grounds as those on which he lambasts Ellison? Personally, I quite liked the story so ridiculously ridiculed, "The Region Between". The unconventional typography positively enhances the message the story has. Of the five alternates written for the anthology Five Fates, I enjoyed the Ellison work the most. Perhaps, even after his "dear suffering Ellison" letter, Newton will deign to regard the story on its literary merits, not its appearance. A very shallow way to judge a book or short story--merely on its looks! J.J. Pierce couldn't have done it better, Newton. Yes, the review does remind me of Mr. Second Foundation in his heyday! It's almost mundane these days to put down experimental literature. Sad, several years ago you couldv'e claimed the story was all a NEW WORLDS trick, and gotten all kinds of support from the bourgeois commonplaces of fandom. Aoristic platitudes?



Cheeschus Chrise, Newton, do you have to prove you know as many big words as the author? . . .

To Jerry Lapidus again: yes, Anderson does get carried away with his ideological stakes in a book. Operation Changeling is a good example of a fine author losing his cool, and talent, to propagandize shamelessly for a rather extreme rightwing view. However, Anderson's Tau Zero and Byworlder more than make up for it. On balance, there are far more good things I could say about Anderson's writing than bad things, although some of the bad things are pretty stiff.

Sandra Miesel, okay--but I'd like to hear what Ted has to say about all this, if anything.

Sandra Miesel, 8744 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, IN 46240 (30 Nov 1971)

((Re TWJ #78. --ed.))

Will some qualified fan historian please come out of the woodwork and tell Mike Glyer exactly what transpired in the '60's? I took on Franz Rottensteiner in an LoC today and simply haven't any spleen left. (Ere anyone breathes too easily, remember it regenerates swiftly.)

Thus it will be in relatively mild tones that I reprove James Newton for his patronizing tone reviewing The Boy Who Had the Power. Children aren't simpletons for whom "inoffensive" books are "good enough". Artistic requirements for children's literature are just as demanding--if not more so--than for adult literature. A good children's book inevitably retains its appeal for adults, even books intended for a pre-school audience. An illustration of this came at Noreascon: I was browsing in a bookshop with the Panshins and we were comparing notes on what we'd read as tots. We knew we could've picked up an old favorite title like The Long Winter and read it with relish now. I still read Andrew Lang fairy tales for pleasure. There's only one good thing pitched at children which they universally find enthralling but which drives adults screaming up the wall: the ETV show "Misterogers Neighborhood". But then it isn't art, rather psychotherapy-cum-soap opera.

However, compliments to Ray Ridenour for his poetic review of Vermillion Sands. I also enjoyed having the new Sherlockian book brought to my attention. Scholarship for the sake of scholarship is always intriguing.

Not quite all the Flandry stories have appeared in paperback, nor do I suspect they ever will. The two Chilton hardback collections, Agent of the Terran Empire and Flandry of Terra (handsome books, neither of which I've ever had the opportunity to pick up second-hand) contain novellas which have appeared under different titles as Ace doubles (pbs: Mayday Orbit, We Claim These Stars!, and Earthman, Go Home). I doubt that Ace would want to compete with itself or allow and other publishers to do so. The newer Flandry adventures, Ensign Flandry, A Circus of Hells, and The Rebel Worlds are all available in paperback. Eventually Anderson intends to complete a full Hornblower-style series covering Flandry's whole life. My husband and friends think I dote inordinately on Flandry, so Dan Goodman may wantto make some allowances for what I say here. The reasons why Dominic thinks the Empire worth preserving are related at length in The Rebel Worlds, the weakest component of the series--a book both didactic and slushily romantic. Here the seaminess of the

Empire is amply displayed, and ultra-virtuous rebels attempt to destroy it. But Dominic sides with the Empire because--corrupt as it is--it's still preferable to anything that could immediately replace it. (One of Anderson's utopian societies, the Commonalty, lies many centuries in the future.) He cannot condone the destruction of billions of innocent beings who could peacefully live out their lives under the Empire's comparatively easy yoke. (The Empire is autocratic but not cruelly totalitarian on the local level.) And much as he denies it, Dominic is too much an idealist at heart to save his own skin and let the rest of the universe be damned. In the long view of the entire future history, we can see that some of his deeds were crucial to the eventual re-emergence of civilization.

Alternate universes have always had a special fascination for me--the first fanzine article I ever wrote de novo was a demolition of Randall Garrett's Neo-Plantagenet series. Perhaps the most impressive work of this kind is Man in the High Castle, with two alternatives interwoven in the plot. Then there's Anderson's "Delenda Est", in which the murder of the Scipios throws the Punic Wars to Carthage with ingenious results. Pavane appears to be an alternate universe, then is revealed as a recapitulation but doesn't make it either way. Bring the Jubilee doesn't hinge solely on Gettysburg; there were also simultaneous reverses for the Union in the West. Moore's post-war society is more plausible than McKinley Kantor's.

Making alternate universes is a nice exercise in historical thinking--I'd give that sort of final exam if I were teaching history. Speculation on an alternate universe unexpectedly appears in Cumont's classic Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism, published in 1909. (What if Mithraism instead of Christianity had won the Empire? Wonder how his lecture students reacted to that proposal?)

Events are constantly overtaking sf and mainstream literature alike. (Anderson had to drop his first future history because "WW III failed to happen on schedule".) A particularly unfair attack on sf historical extrapolation was made a few years ago by a Jesuit writing on Canticle for Leibowitz. He berated the book for depicting a future Catholic Church shockingly pre-Conciliar. Never mind that Miller wrote before Vatican II was ever announced, that no event like it occurred in Canticle's past, that the novel was recapitulating the Dark Ages quite faithfully, etc., etc. The klutzy critic also completely missed half the conclusion, but be assured that I reproved him in the magazine's letter column.

Hank Davis, Box 154, Loyall, KY 40854 (10 Dec 1971)

((Re TWJ #78 --ed.))

. . . I need to read my LoC's before I mail them. I seem to have implied, through clumsy phrasing, that Sturgeon's "The (Widget), the (Wadget), and Boff" was on the final list of the ANALOG/WSFA short story poll and should not have been, when I actually meant that I wanted to nominate it, did a word-count, found it too long to nominate.

Another matter is that I need to correct myself. The reason that I thought that The Last Hurrah of the Golden Horde was a Doubleday original, rather than a book club edition of the Avon pb, turned out to be a mistake. So, one of my corrections of Richard Delap needs correcting.

Mike Glyer's article was exhilarating, almost as much fun as a Campbell editorial. And I think he's right that we've been living in a peak period of sf quality without fully appreciating it (particularly unappreciative are those anthologists who continue to mine the forties and early fifties), though I'm not convinced that Golden Age II has yet turned to brass, or even silver. Unfortunately, my exhilaration was diminished by numerous errors he made, or implied, throughout the article. For instance, he claims that the Campbell Golden Age resulted in sf appearing on radio and in movies, citing "The Shadow", "Superman", and the "Flash Gordon" serial movies. But the first appearance of the Shadow in his magazine, which

followed his debut on radio, was in 1931--six years before John W. Campbell became editor of ASTOUNDING. Superman was on the air by 1938 at the latest, when Campbell was still using material purchased by the previous editor and before the Golden Age even began. Similarly, the release dates of the first two "Flash Gordon" serials--1936 and 1938--are too early to have been influenced by Campbell. And Mike sets the present Golden Age as lasting from 1963 to 1970, but cites the novelet "Flowers for Algernon" as part of it, though the novelet was published early in 1959. (The novel expansion was published in 1966, but Mike doesn't seem to be writing about the novel.) And Mike seems to think that Amis and Conquest's anthology Spectrum was an all-original anthology, like Orbit--which it was not. He states that the movie Invasion from Mars was released in 1957, when it is obvious that he refers to Invaders from Mars, which was released in 1953. He says that it was the most expensive sf movie made to that date, which I am inclined to doubt--surely Forbidden Planet cost more. Even if "that date" is taken as 1953, I think that War of the Worlds still cost more. He makes Poul Anderson's Captain Sir Dominic Flandry a part of this seven-year Golden Age, when the Captain appeared first in 1951, not to mention several appearances in AMAZING and FANTASTIC years before 1963. And, in the realm of subjective opinion, I am amazed that he can praise a ridiculous movie like Robinson Crusoe on Mars.

Nothing much that I can say about the Moskowitz and Warner pieces, except, thank you for publishing them.

The Zolotov Affair is more successful than Fred Patton realizes, for the Signit paperback is the second reprinting of the novel, the first being a Bantam paperback (N3687) in 1968. Meanwhile, Pangborn's A Mirror for Observers languishes in limbo.

Ted Paul's review of Never in This World is very irritating, mostly because he spends a third of the review explaining why he thinks that humor is impossible in sf short stories; which sweeping statement might lead lesser beings to wonder if he is the man for the job of reviewing an anthology of humorous sf (are the tone-deaf sent to review concerts?). But, undaunted, he continues, wasting review space to complain that (1) he has never heard of the anthologist, (2) she has not mingled with sf writers and fans, (3) the coloring of the book cover is abominable, and (4) he doesn't like the cover blurb. And there went another third of the review. Finally, in the last third, he actually breaks down and mentions the stories in the anthology. But, of the eleven stories (not counting a Feghoot), he mentions the titles of only three, and at best gives the authors of the others; and doesn't even do that for all of them. In sf, where stories in anthologies come mostly from prozines, and where many fans are compulsive savers of prozines, and where the contents of many anthologies overlap, a reviewer--particularly in a fanzine--had damn well better list the title and author of every story in an anthology, if he does nothing else.

From a more subjective angle, I have sometimes suspected, after reading Ted Pauls' dry, humorless prose, either in his reviews or in his supposedly fannish writing, that he lacks a sense of humor. Since he thinks sf is sf and humor is humor and the twain can't even get close enough to wave hello, and since he considers Poul Anderson's amusing "Critique of Impure Reason" and Reginald Bretnor's "Little Anton" to be "shallow offal", and sees only a "German dialect story" in the latter, my suspicion is now confirmed.

I like Ted Pauls better reviewing Half Past Human. That is an excellent novel in a mostly dreary year.

Dan Goodman may find the artwork in a fanzine "an annoying interruption of the written material", but I have no such problems. For one thing, I thumb through a 'zine to scope out the artwork before I read any of the material. Not counting my glance at the lettercol to see if my LoC was pubbed....

Reg Smith, 1509 N. Mar-Les Drive, Santa Ana, CA 92706 (16 Dec 1971)

((Re SOTWJ #36. --ed.))

I received SON OF WSFA JOURNAL yesterday and read it today. I'm glad you are now able to resume publication on this; I suppose it draws very few comments from readers, but I for one enjoy it and feel it serves a useful purpose.

One item of information that was new to me was that de Camp's The Clocks of Iraz is a sequel to The Goblin Tower; I had thought that it was a collection of his old short stories.

The Minutes of the ESFA were the dullest I've ever read about that organization. I gather that the meeting was pretty dull, too. Allan Howard's report is usually quite interesting and contains some useful bits of information.

The Minutes of the WSFA usually don't offer much to the non-member. This time, though, there were some items of general interest. I'm glad to learn that Jack Chalker is issuing MIRAGE 10. I thought he was completely in the book business and didn't issue fanzines anymore.

In my opinion, the three best book reviewers in fandom are Ted Pauls, Fred Patton, and Robert Coulson. The trouble with James R. Newton is that he's so uneven. His reviews of the Davies novel and the Harrison collection are both very good. On the other hand, his review of To the Stars edited by Silverberg is very poor. He starts out with "The time will come when man will colonize the stars" and ends with "If you want to know, read on! To the Stars!"

Several other rather absurd cliches are in the review. I can only surmise that this was written with a newspaper's general audience in mind. A review in a fanzine certainly doesn't need that sort of space-age gosh-wow writing.

George P. Flynn, 27 Sowamsett Ave., Warren, RI 02885 (5 Jan 1972)

((Re TWJ's 77 & 78.--ed.))

. . . As you may gather, I find your zine not displeasing. I don't have all that much to say about it--but Larry Propp's letter pretty well rings the changes on that line of thought. Actually, I have the impression that the better a fanzine is, the harder it is to comment on it (assuming that, like most people, one is better at destructive than constructive criticism). Well, some nit-picking: That 1900 encyclopedia must have been really remarkable if it reported a 1959 observation; incidentally, one can argue that Bode's Law (as a mathematical formula rather than an arbitrary rule) doesn't predict Mercury either. Does "Not Long Before the End" take place in Atlantis (#77, p.35) or just mention it? "Outward Bound" appeared in March, 1964, not 1963 (#78, p.4). And where did Ray Ridenour get the idea that Ballard has won a Hugo? (I don't think he's ever even been on the ballot.)

I was quite surprised at some of the Short Story Poll results, too (including some but not all of those Michael Shoemaker mentioned). But what most astonished me was that no story got a majority of the votes cast. I didn't realize opinion was that divided--though it's hard to draw conclusions when about 100,000 readers of ANALOG produce 108 votes. (And were all of them fans?) It would be interesting to know various correlations (things like what was the favorite story of those who didn't vote for "Nightfall"?), but it'd take a computer to do the job right, and that hardly seems justified.

DON'T KNOW BUT THAT BEING A BAT WAS BETTER.

Insofar as one can judge without having seen the original review, Harlan seems to win the Ellison-Newton exchange hands down. Newton's main point seems to be that "The Region Between" is unintelligible to the "average reader"; now, coming in third for both Hugo and Nebula doesn't necessarily prove that it's good, but should at least indicate that a fair number of us thought we understood it. (Yes, I put it first.)

The first paragraph of David Halterman's Left Hand of Darkness review is an excellent statement of my own views on the subject. (I like to put it as "the highest form of sf as sf".) Other than that, though, just how many people have any need for a review of that book at this late date?

Mike Glyer makes a strong case. I hope he's wrong about the future, but I'm afraid he's not.

First time I've ever seen two coherent letters in a row from David Hulvey, and not too bad, either. These days incoherence is probably safer, though.

Hmm, I seem to have had more to say than I thought. . . .

Richard Delap, 1014 S. Broadway, Wichita, KS 67211 (13 Jan 1972)

. . . I've a few comments to make re WSFA JOURNAL and supplements. In TWJ #78, Hank Davis mentions that he believes "?" to be dialogue, but I won't believe it till I see him pronounce it. It is, of course, an attempt to convey expression, and as such it should be described, not intimated, because expressions take on many forms. Oh, yes, the basicness is conveyed, but it's a silly way to do it. Mr. Davis also mentions that Spinrad's Last Hurrah of the Golden Horde was published in a regular edition by Doubleday, but he's wrong. It was given hardcover publication only in a Book Club edition, and if he can produce a copy of the book with a price listing, I'll pay him double! (I never make such rash statements concerning money unless I'm sure I'm right.) ((Hank corrects himself elsewhere in a letter in thish. --ed.)) Finally, Davis states that I misclassify Spinrad's title story from that volume, and I'm sure he's right.. And he's nice about it, too--he even offers me an excuse for my carlessness!

Jerry Lapidus--nice man, he, and I've owed him a letter for months now; I wonder if he's still speaking to me--growls awfully menacingly at James Newton for that review of Heinlein's I Will Fear No Evil. But I think Lapidus is a bit too fierce. I thought Newton's review was none too good, going way overboard in its praise and, as Lapidus notes, incorrect in some instances. But I'm also one of the few people (damn few!) who found the book enjoyable and believe it to be the most misunderstood book of Heinlein's career. Even Alexei Panshin, whose excellent analysis of Heinlein's books created a small stir a few years ago, reviewed the book so grimly that I kept thinking his firm jaw was going to give him sore neck muscles for the next five years. No one seems to realize the book is a comedy! "A direct line of development from Stranger"?--yes, but one in which Heinlein is taking bites at the hands that fed him, i.e., he's poking fun at those who heralded SIASL as some sort of Hippie Bible, keeping them in line with their own sort of logic. At least, that's what I think he was trying. I guess one must classify the book as a failure since its victims didn't even realize they were being shafted, but I still think it was a refreshing, crafty and terribly funny book, despite its errors in pacing.

Re Pauls' question concerning T.J. Bass' "medical and biological textbook terms" in Halfpast Human--perhaps Pauls doesn't know that Bass is a doctor. One who, I might add, seems unable to phrase his details in any other way, a complaint I've often made when reviewing the portions of this book which were published as individual stories.

We also heard from:

Robert Silverberg (18 Nov '71) -- "Jerry Lapidus is off base, as he suspects, when he suggests that my novel The Second Trip is in some way a response to Heinlein's I Will Fear No Evil. Fact is that I outlined Trip in detail in Nov 69, before I'd ever even heard of the Heinlein novel, and wrote it in the summer of '70, while Heinlein's book was being serialized. And for that matter I still haven't read Evil. The theme of Second Trip grew out of my own preoccupation with problems of communication, is all, and can be keyed in better to other books of mine that to Heinlein's." ((Comment on TWJ #78 --ed.))

Rick Brooks (undated) -- ((Re TWJ #77--ed.)) "Harlan is too hung up on tricks in writing. Without some limitations, we have chaos. And chaos gets to be awfully hard reading. Swann good as usual. Miss Mebane.. Hadn't heard about Vulcan. Deaths of Derleth and Campbell real blows to the field. Wish that I'd written them as intended to for ages."

Stephen F. Rynas, Apt. 102, 1024 Quebec Terr., Silver Spring, MD 20903 (14 Dec 71). "This past October the students at the University of Maryland formed a Science Fiction Club. As with all clubs of this type, the club is socially oriented and consists of persons with a like interest, in this case a fanaticism for sf. We are also lobbying for the creation of a credit literature course in sf at the university. #### "Since we have just recently been established, we have some questions to present to the readers of THE WSFA JOURNAL. First, in order for us to obtain English Department approval for our course we need a teacher. The English Department requires that an instructor for such a course have at least an M.A. At present one of the instructors at school has tentatively volunteered, but his background is rather limited. So, if there are any volunteers, please let me know. #### "The second question relates to speakers. We have had this past November and December, Roger Zelazny and Ted White. If anyone knows of any additional writers or editors who live in the Washington area and who would be willing to speak, again please let me know. #### "If anyone is interested in attending our meetings, we meet Mondays at 4:00 p.m. in room A-49 (Arts & Sciences). . . If more information is desired my phone number is 439-9796." ((This letter also appeared in SOTWJ. --ed.))

Burt Randolph (undated) -- "Why don't you or Alexis or someone write a blurb listing all the acronyms and abbreviations and in-phrases that appear in TWJ and other fanzines and defining said terms, for newcomers and posterity, at least. Filksong? Crudzine?"

And thanks to Doug Wendt, Don Hutchison, and many others for their kind comments on TWJ which they made while renewing.

* *

SCIENCE FICTION GAMES (Continued from Page 14).

Looking back at choices (a) and (b), it is possible zombies are now involved, one group that followed the original plans, and their brothers who stayed to fight. But this means such an infinity of zombies that not even calculus can keep track of what's going on.

Games with Space-Warps.

Before closing, we should mention briefly that there are games which involve instantaneous travel between distant points in space, or between time continuums, such as the Foundation Game, Paratime, and Hyperspace. We'll be covering these in detail (may even publish complete rules) in future issues.

* *

FLUX DE MOTS

As the reader can see from the dates of the letters and other material typed herein, all of this issue but this page and the contents page were typed in January. Unfortunately, our publisher had personal problems which delayed publication until mid-April. For this, we apologize. ###/ Our continuing eye problems, plus the impending death of our beloved mimeo, make it imperative that we seek "outside help" for the publishing of this 'zine. We can still see well enough to type stencils (although at a reduced rate of speed), but we are very limited on what we can do in the way of publishing. Gary Labowitz has kindly offered to do much of the publishing, but we don't want to overload him, and so are looking for another publisher to alternate with him on future issues. (An ideal arrangement would be for someone who has a good mimeo and likes to publish but hates to type stencils to merge with TWJ and split the "chores"--with him publishing and us typing, we'd have an ideal division of labor.) ### And we are also looking for another mimeo to replace our current one, so we can continue with SOTWJ when the current one goes.

Because of the delay of this issue, there is some question as to whether #80 (the annual Disclave Issue) will be out by Disclave. We are trying--but a shortage of material (no feedback from thish, in the way of LoC's and follow-up articles; plus a shortage of reviews) and too little time for Gary to publish the thing could well delay it into June. Keep your fingers crossed--a lot of pieces have to fall into place just right for #80 to make it on time....

This will probably be the last oversized Disclave Issue; in the future, we plan to expand all issues, and spread the material (including fiction) out over the entire year. We will make every effort to publish on a quarterly schedule, but this will depend upon the material at hand and on the publishing situation. We plan to "compartment" future issues, typing material for each section as it comes in, rather than waiting until we get material for a complete issue before typing anything. This will hurt our formatting a bit, but will speed each issue up considerably. So, keep sending us material, and we'll publish it as rapidly as we can--with all material being published within two issues of receipt.

TWJ urgently needs a dependable system for getting the many books we receive reviewed, and reviewed promptly. Spreading the books around at WSFA meetings is highly unsatisfactory--less than $\frac{1}{2}$ the books received are even taken for review at meetings, and of these only $\frac{1}{4}$ ever get reviewed--and $\frac{1}{2}$ of these in magazines other than TWJ. We would like some regular reviewers who would agree to do at least two (preferably more) books per month. They could agree to review books in specific categories (e.g., reprints, s&s, horror/weird, "New Wave", adventure/fantasy, occult, bibliographic/sf history, anthologies, single-author collections, etc.), by specific authors, and/or merely "editor's choice". They could also look over issues of SOTWJ as received and let us know which titles they'd like to review. (We are interested in more than one review for many of the books received, so they would be asked to return the books to us or to pass them directly to another reviewer when finished with them.) Books for review would be mailed, at regular intervals (or handed out, for local reviewers) to our regular staff. ### We could also use some fanzine reviewers, under the same sort of setup; there are simply too many fanzines for a single reviewer to keep up with them all (the "mortality" rate of lone fanzine reviewers in TWJ has been rather high of late....). ### And we welcome any unsolicited reviews, of books, magazines, fanzines, films, TV shows, plays, records, articles, exhibits, conventions, etc. With a larger issue, we're going to have much more room for all kinds of material....

Fiction, poetry, artwork, articles, LoC's, columns, reviews, bibliographies, etc.--all are needed, in large quantities, if there are to be future issues....

-- DLM