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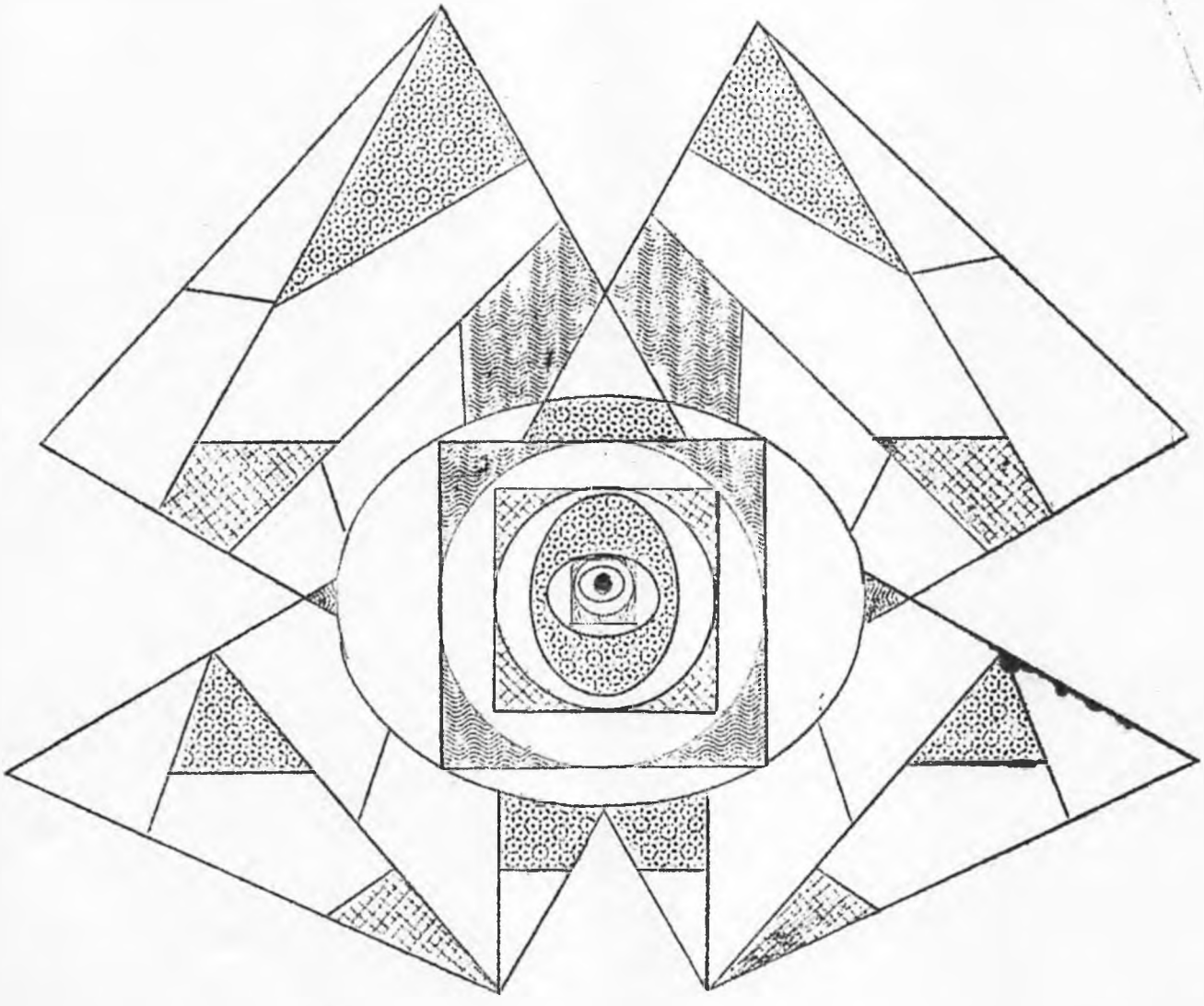

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IN BRIEF (Misc. notes/comments) --

This issue, like #81, will be out before the still snake-bitten #80. When #80 will finally come out is still anyone's guess--probably another two mos., at least.

The future of TWJ remains uncertain (although SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL continues at a furious pace--just passed #104); we've started on #83, but TWJ is on an issue-by-issue basis. If it does continue, it is probable that future issues will be smaller, and more frequent--possibly built around the lettercolumn, or around a theme (such as a "Fanthology" or "This Is the Year That Was"), or, most likely, a combination of both. You can help it continue by sending us material--either on a regular basis or occasionally--LoC, article, story, poem, full-page art, etc. And, above all, let us have your ideas and opinions.

This issue will count as five (5) issues of SOTWJ on SOTWJ subs (ea. issue of SOTWJ on a 10-issue sub costs 20¢); only those SOTWJ subbers with at least five issues on their subs as of 15 Sept. will receive it in the initial mailing. Anyone else (other than contributors and persons receiving courtesy copies--also going out 15 Sept.) who wants a copy had better hurry, as we cut back on our press run and expect to run out quickly.

We would like to give special thanks to all who made this issue possible: to Alexis Gilliland, who provided most of the art for this issue; to Bob Pavlat, who ran off pages C:1-10 and M:1-9,N-1 for us; to the Regular Contributors who appear in this issue: Harry Warner, Jr., Alexis Gilliland, Mae Strelkov, Jay Kay Klein, Jim Newton, James Ellis, Richard Delap, Don D'Ammassa, & Mike Shoemaker; to Occasional Contributors in this issue: Fred Phillips, Don James, Chick Derry, Ron Tenley, Connie Faddis, & Anonymous; to the many letter-writers, whose contributions should provide many comment-hooks for future letter-writers; to Ron Bounds, Jim Landau, & Mike Shoemaker, who helped collate this monster.

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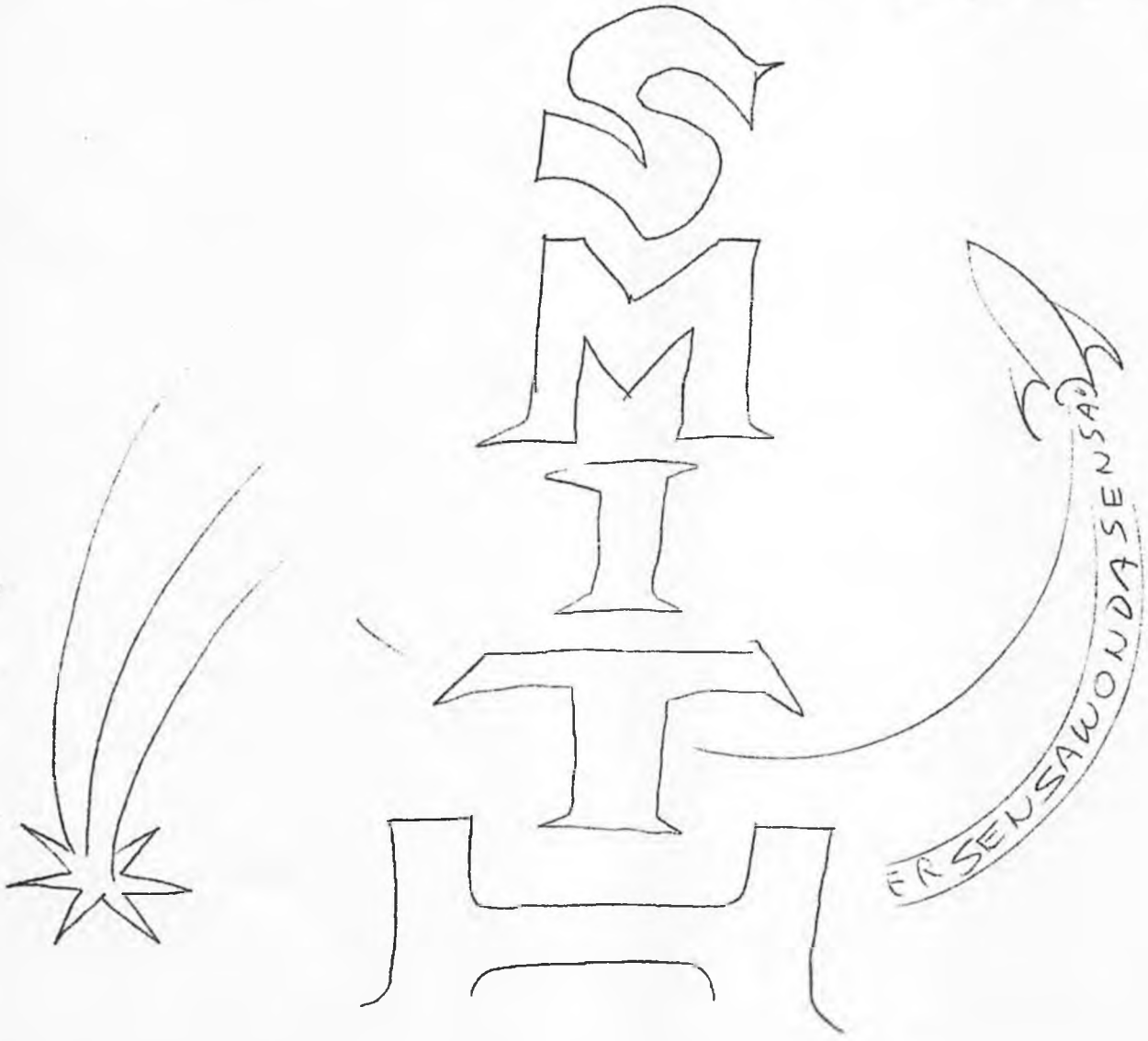
TWJ is published irregularly. This issue is $1 (5 SOTWJ's on subs); prices for other issues vary. It's not avail. on its own by subscription, but all subscribers to its former news/review supplement, SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL, receive any issue(s) of TWJ published during sub (counting 2 or more issues on SOTWJ sub, depending on length). SOTWJ is 10/$2 or multiples thereof, & is at least bi-weekly. Ads accepted for SOTWJ, but not for TWJ. Both are free for published contributions; trades by arrangement only. Views expressed by contributors do not necessarily reflect those of WSFA or the editor. -- DLM

UNIVERSIA MATERIA



MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

Opus VI:
"Arcadian Themes"

by
Harry Warner, Jr.

About ten years ago, Los Angeles fandom was preoccupied with Coventry. This was an imaginary world, a spaceship even larger than the one Heinlein created in "Universe" and "Common Sense". Fans in Los Angeles worked out a coherent social structure, created a vast cast of characters, and developed adventures for their exercise of the joint imagination.

Coventry pined away after disputes arose among the participants, some of whom took the game quite seriously. Since then, the imaginations of a sizeable number of fans have been caught by a whole assortment of private universes dreamed up by various individuals. Tolkien's Middle Earth is the most obvious example. Marion Zimmer Bradley's still-developing Darkover saga has gained increased attention. Some of these non-existent worlds are supposed to have existed in Earth's real past; others can be explained only by an alternate time track; and the rest, like Coventry, break away altogether from this planet.

But nobody has cited in fanzines, to my knowledge, the closest parallel to this fannish pastime in the mundane world. It was the Arcadian concept, which flourished centuries ago among the upper crust of Europe, and continued to echo in important music long after its popularity had waned in literary and dramatic creations. (In the United States, it doesn't seem to have done more than provide a name for the city which became more famous for the Santa Anita race track.)

The weird preoccupation with a never-never land broke out seriously in the 16th century. The Italian poet Sannazaro published his "Arcadia" in 1502. Somehow it became famous as the perfect model for anyone who wanted to write with good syntax and impeccable taste. Literary dabblers produced countless imitations of its narrative of unhappy love among what one authority calls "the most erudite, aesthetic and delicately sensualistic shepherds imaginable".

The most celebrated English-language creation with the same basic idea was Sir Philip Sidney's "The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia", an interminable romance mostly in prose. Its preposterous tale of the royal family who moved into a forest because of an oracle's warning and their wild adventures followed by a happy ending has been credited with influencing English literature all the way from Shakespeare's King Lear to Scott's Ivanhoe. It was completed in its original version by 1580, and two centuries later people were still reading it for reasons other than a teacher's assignment.

There were other Arcadian literary sources, the work of lesser writers in various languages, who helped create the craze for forests and shepherds which spilled over into music. Among them, an imaginary world was coalesced, obviously in a universe parallel to our Earth. There was a real Arcadia, a district in Greece, which would undoubtedly have failed to impress the writers and the readers of the Arcadian literature. There were plenty of shepherds and shepherdesses, both in the ancient days in the real Arcadia and in 16th century Europe.

But the landscape of the literary Arcadia could exist only in a parallel universe, and the parallel couldn't have been too close to permit the evolution of those shepherds and shepherdesses. All the upper classes who went wild over Arcadia knew perfectly well what real members of that trade were like: uneducated, possessing no need to observe the amenities of etiquette, deprived by their vocation from frequent opportunities to bathe, and influenced in some forms of behavior by their woolly charges. That didn't matter. Kings, court followers, minor nobility, owners of giant estates, and all the rest of the gentry wallowed in the rustic virtues that poets and novelists and dramatists installed in their imaginary world of shepherds and shepherdesses.

Somewhere I've read about the existence of Arcadian organizations which sounded suspiciously like the Coventry activity of Los Angeles fandom. Unfortunately, I can't find that reference. But one of the most important humanistic societies of the late 17th century was known as the Arcadian Academy, founded in memory of Queen Christina of Sweden and holding among its members the best creative people in Rome.

Arcadian themes promptly began to show up in music, frequently in adventures that included a fantastic element over and above the non-earthly behavior of the rustics. A libretto based on Guarini's "Pastor Fido" ("Faithful Shepherd") was set to music by almost everyone who was anyone and was writing to Italian words, for a century or longer. At least two versions of the same title have been available on records: those by Vivaldi and Handel. You can get some idea of the general course of action by the start of the Handel plot summary on the jacket of the long-discontinued Columbia disc: "Mirtello, a shepherd in love with a nymph, Amarilli, bemoans his fate that Amarilli is betrothed to Silvio. Amarillo also secretly returns Mirtillo's love but is resolved to be faithful. Eurilla also loves Mirtillo and sees as her only chance to win him her disposing of the beautiful Amarilli. Meanwhile, Dorinda, another nymph, loves Silvio whose only true interest is hunting." It goes on and on like that, with heavy emphasis on the intervention of gods and various non-human characters something like the various races that inhabit Tolkien's Middle Earth.

Nearly a century later, the rage for an unreal rustic world was still strong enough for Mozart to write in his youth "It Re Pastore" ("The Shepherd King"). This opera lacks fantasy elements but it contains another wild factor which frequently turned up in the genre: the introduction of famed historic persons. In this case, it's Alexander the Great, who undoubtedly never spoke to a shepherd in his life unless one of them ran his flock into the path of Bucephalus. In this case, Alexander finds that a shepherd is really the heir to a kingdom, who had somehow gotten misplaced in his youth.

Why were these parallel world events and characters so popular? One writer on the topic believed that conscience had something to do with it. "Within the limits of the pastoral, men rebelled against worldly codes, violence, acquisitiveness, hypocrisy. In actuality, they lived the lives of Aretino or Cellini. The most lurid libretto would seem pallid beside the intricate villainy of daily life among the Medicis, Borgias, Cencis, Massimis, etc. The self-glorifying art of the period displays the outer magnificence of pageantry, elegant costumes, and courtly ways; history, however, records never-ending struggles for power which corrupted the entire social structure and omnipresent fears of plagues, savage invaders, municipal wars, vindictive spies of the Holy See, hired assassins. The pastoral then became a literary and musical haven, blending pastoral setting with didactic uplifting subject matter."

In fact, the craze even created a special kind of musical composition which turned up where no shepherds were to be found. It was the "pastorale", a kind of composition that was supposed to represent the completely fictitious kind of music which these never-never shepherds played on their pipes when they got tired of listening to baas. Most famous of them is probably the one in Handel's "Messiah", which really is associated with the trade, because it's associated with the shepherds in the Biblical account of the Nativity.

Then came revolutions in several important nations, the age of romanticism which caused talented people to turn their attention to real nature and the developing strengths of country folk, and the success story of the middle classes. Shepherds wearing elaborate wigs and shepherdesses garbed in dresses which would never have survived one encounter with a patch of burrs no longer enjoyed their past fame. But the genre maintained a strange semi-life in musical works, quite often in connection with unrelated fantastic events. As late as 1890, Tschaikovsky's opera, "Pique Dame" ("The Queen of Spades"), had its premiere. It is based on a Pushkin story with a supernatural plot, that of the ancient woman who knows the identity of three cards which will make a gambler's fortune, and her ghostly revenge on the fellow who kills her to obtain that secret. In the middle of the second act, the development of this plot is interrupted through the device of a play within the opera: a little musical drama enacted for entertainment at a party. This consists of those old shepherd-shepherdess characters acting out a simple little plot with the happy ending that was obligatory for the Arcadian world, set to Mozartian music. W.S. Gilbert put some Arcadia-derived rustics into the plot for "Iolanthe", although they demonstrate somewhat more sophistication than the real fake Arcadians ever possessed.

I've probably overlooked something, but the last time I can find Arcadian-type characters turning up in a well-known opera is in Ravel's "L'Enfant et les Sortileges" ("The Child and Magic"). Little ceramic or china shepherds and shepherdesses come to life and sing a pastoral lament for some of the destruction that the bad little boy has created in his home. By the time Menotti wrote "Amahl and the Night Visitors", 22 years ago, the modern world had apparently caught up with Arcadian shepherds. The herdsmen and their girls who turn up in that television opera don't behave at all in the traditional pattern.

* *

ZEPHYLIA: A TALE OF THE ROUMI FOR THE SHAH

The mossy sides lie heavy in the dusk
While crickets serenade the rising moon;
Each stone recalls an age perfumed in musk
When legions tramped to glory or to doom,
And each hand-fitted block recalls a tale
Of towers lit aloft like glaring eyes
Beneath whose shadows serf and noble pale,
And stars above hung quivering in the skies;
And even tumbled sections sprawl in pride
And there a willow trails its mournful leaves
Where some great caesar bowed his head and died,
And loosed his tyrant's hold on land and sea.
Now peasants sit in midday's gentle breeze
Atop the wall, and munch their bread and cheese.

-- FRED PHILLIPS

TNJ-62/A-4

A NOTE ON DRAGONS

by

Alexis Gilliland

In China, dragons have been the symbol for the imperial state from the most ancient times. In Europe, by contrast, the legendary role of the dragon is that of the destroying monster, the plundering beast who sleeps fitfully on his pile of ill-gotten gold, dreaming of the inevitable dragon-slayer in twitching paranoia.

A thoughtful comparison shows that these versions are not in the least incompatible. Decoding Nordic mythology, the dragon is the old king who hoards his treasure hinstead of handing hit to heroes, honoring their hservice. Hence the gold hoards the dragon guards grimly. From the young hero's point of view, what could an old fink like him do with a beautiful young chick, anyway? Hence the legends about dragons eating virgins. Dragons are notoriously cunning, and this fits to a "t" any king of that era who lived to be old.

The equation of Dragon equals State equals King, is also supported by the ruler's identification with the country he ruled. Louis XIV's "L'etat, cest moi" was only the witty formulation of an old, old truth.

At the time the myths evolved, however, a king might be no more than the patriarch of a few families, who ruled a tiny domain out of harm's way. All that he needed was for a bardic poet to analogize him as a dragon, once he was safely slain. Naturally, this would not displease his slayer, especially if the slayer were kin-folk. "Wal, Great-mothersuncle Olaf vere sort of a dragon at the end, you know. Dats vy Ay bane his bane."

The tradition that the successful hero is the last of a long line who died trying is also consistent with the view of the dragon-as-old-king which we espouse. In the process of growing old, a king may have to do a lot of killing, especially in Vikingland.

The use of the dragon-figure as a substitute for real kings is also in the best aesopian tradition, where the weak and lowly (Aesop was a slave, remember?) make telling criticism and reveal dangerous truths about the great and lethal by the route of the "harmless" animal story. In later years, when the need for secrecy has gone, and the key to the symbolism has been forgotten, you may be left with some pretty strange material.

Another point is that the hoard often took on a life of its own. The Giant Fafnir, once under the influence of the Niebelungen treasure, turned himself into a dragon the better to guard it. This example is from Wagner, but thematically the hoard--the great pile of glittering gold--is always associated with dragons.

The cycle seems to be Hero slays Dragon and wins Hoard. By virtue of his strength and new-won treasure, the Hero becomes a King. As King he grows in cunning as age robs him of his strength, and to preserve his treasure he becomes, one scale at a time, a Dragon. Perhaps the turning point is when he slays his first Hero, some greedy hick from the hinterlands. He becomes finally a Dragon, full-fledged, and waits the sword of the Hero to start the cycle over again, with only the catalytic Hoard staying unchanged.

In a way it is a pity that so many of the bardic sagas are lost. On the other hand, to have them might reduce Grendl to a stock figure, derivative from a long line of ugly hairies, and Beowulf to a mere spear-carrier in a horde of heroes, all very much the same. (Besides which, we may consider that Sturgeon's law is operative, and that 90% of the bardic sagas were crap.) Still, one regrets the loss of the good stuff, if only to remind us that the men of old were fully our equals in the use of language.

And where a poet of genius devoted his life to his muse, well (to drop into the ironic mode), whom have we had since the Beatles who could compare?

* * * * * *

"D" IS FOR DIOS
or for
"Devil"..."Diablo"

by
Mae Strelkov

Nowadays, no one would assign an arbitrary value to a constant. But in this respect, a study of archaic values of any given "old sound" can be surprising--hence my choice of title.

Consider, for example, the old "T" or "D" sound in Chinese--a language which is fully documented and researched back to a couple of milleniums ago by such authorities as Bernhard Karlgren. In this tongue, words beginning with a T or D[1] can evoke such powerful ideas as plentitude, wisdom, the sky and deity. However, if you line them up and compare them as I did, words in a long list of former "T" and "D" endings are seemingly even closer in their mutual old Chinese meanings.

To label each archaic Chinese term of this sort, I have, as a memory aid, likened it in my filing system to some word with which we are familiar in our own Indo-European languages.

Let's begin with the Greek aidos, a concept of reverence, humility, and even "shame" (as some would translate it) felt by man in comparison with his gods. To practice aidos, one would be reverent before his priesthood, walk solemnly in religious processions, and not puff up his heart in the hubris that would make him feel he could even outwit his destiny and ignore the old gods.

Whatever we remember that is old enough, also seems to have been remembered by the Chinese. I've researched archaic Chinese versus Old and New World tongues for years, and have found no exception to this argument. Whatever is in archaic Chinese is also lurking in other languages, often disguised in its modern usage, or sometimes even obsolete.

The Chinese monosyllabic recollection of the spirit in man which the Greeks later called aidos leaves out the "s" and keeps the aid, spelt by Karlgren as "ɔd" in his lists.[2] This used to mean "to walk with a gracious gait, breathing regularly, even swallowing the heart", and was such an intense emotion that it could even be equated with love and such other good attitudes as those labelled "kindness" and "favor" in our lexicon. Now, as a simple "ai", it still stands for love...all that is left in modern Chinese of a forgotten old aidos idea that must have developed during primitime forms of worshipping pristine Nature deities of various kinds.

For comparison's sake, let's look at an echo from the Araucanians of Chile, who have a remarkably old language (as I realized when studying it admiringly--it's a beautiful tongue!) To them, "Ad", or "Ath",[3] means "beautiful, well-ordered or arranged".

Another usage of the same old monosyllable which the Araucanians recall has barely changed. It matches our ethos[4]--also from the Greek, for "character, nature, disposition"--now used by us to describe the characteristic spirit of a community, people, or system. By them it is used to describe the outward appearance of anything, a custom or idiosyncracy of a person or a people, and many

other all-purpose significances which have developed...including the usage we find in a term like ad astra ("towards the stars"--our modern phrase that so excites young dreamers). Ad still means "towards" to the Araucanians, too (and it can also mean "at"). In short, it is indeed a proto-idea in their language, undifferentiated as our many ad terms have become (so many that we'd hesitate to compare them all!).

It is as though the concept were once an all-purpose way to judge a creature's gait. How someone walked or crept or ran showed what that person was thinking or planning (and where he was going, too!). A gracious gait betokened a pleasant personality--a loving and loveable human--"god-fearing", or at least loved by and loving nature.(5)

Our "wade", which is a cognate of the Latin vadere ("go"), has many reflections...there are archaic Chinese forms, Arabic echoes(6)...and once again a primitive form persists...in the Paraguayan Guarani watá or guatá, for "walk, journey" or the distance between one footstep and the other (our "stride").

The idea of journeying is very much bound up in these old ad or "gad" ideas. (Gadding about was not always a frivolous business!) Indeed, a very sad old Chinese picture of a ghost (beggar in a far country, composed of a picture of a "man who has vanished--died--asking his way and begging"...now a mere "what? why? which? where?, etc." idea to them in some usages), which puts one in mind of the overall ancient concept of Hades and a human's lot there, has become a widely-used Chinese phonetic covering significant concepts like "to shout, to desire, to rest, to drink".

In fact, the entire experiences of that poor wheedling beggar (old English wædlian, "to beg", from wæd, "poverty") are perceived in the phonetical usages from China. The wæd experience in antiquity, which could plague any far traveller in dire straits and away from succor back in his own homeland, seems very widespread. And the cries of what?, which?, and so on, are dimly heard in far lands as well, sometimes still linked with the old idea.(7)

Once again, the Araucanians remember that poor beggar wandering far beyond the Straits of Gades or the port of Cadiz, in Hades itself.(8) (Many remote spots, also places of refuge for the bygone Cains and exiles of Earth, fit in this old "Hades" pattern.) Yes, a stranger or wanderer, to the Araucanians, was a wit idea!(9)

II.

Let's continue to skim the surface of this deep and haunting concept of antiquity bound up with "going" and all it used to imply to the weary, far wanderer--and even to the man-at-home, who preferred to pace out his rituals around a small new shrine he had already impregnated with his varied emotions till it seemed haunted with past memories (and which, at times, was even an ancestral tomb--all the more sacred, feared, and adored).

We'll begin with another basic old Araucanian term, since these sturdy people of Chile have so many of great use as clues. The word now is wüta, for "a presentiment of premonition". Odin's worshippers must have felt much the same when undergoing that condition termed wut ("high frenzy, excitement, being possessed by their god"). "Wotting", or knowing (I wot, thou wottest, etc.) seems very near, as does "wit"--knowledge that is more a presentiment than something learned in a university, an intuition that makes you "witty" and makes you say and do the right thing.(10)

But to the Araucanians, wüta's more primitive meaning co-exists. That presentiment you felt was a heartthrob, or the unexpected flutter of a muscle in your body. (Hunters will tense automatically when they scent danger or game, e.g.) So we have an actual portrayal of that "flutter" in archaic Chinese in a picture 𣂷, said to depict "pennons flying, lightrays flickering, fringes of flags flapping, feathers fluttering" and all similar things--a phonetic much in use nowadays as a mere wu, but with an older "T" ending exemplified in the reconstruction of some of its archaic uses.(11)

These terms that either end or begin with "T", "D", or "Th" (or "TS", "TZ", "Sh", and so on, for the basic ideas fuse and intermingle as do colors of a spectrum) are so many, they could pack an encyclopedic volume and still have more to go. (And one should also consider a "TK", "DG" series that is equally old and with matching significances, all the way through.)

For us, the simple "T" or "D" (or "Th") ending remains a "fixed star" in our study, more and more certain as we proceed till it becomes the "North Star" itself. Alternate "K" or "G" endings compete frequently, as do "KT" terms (or "DG") of all descriptions,(12) but to stay with the "T" or "D" type alone will be necessary right now, as we try to define more exactly one basic old consonantal idea at the start of languages still extant.(13)

A breathing is but a series of repeated breaths; a flutter is a series of palpitations; a going is a series of footsteps. And these terms we're considering have many old Chinese pictographs showing just this...a measuring of time by breaths, flutters, footsteps, etc. This also fuses with a measuring of distance. In addition, rhythm came into it, so that worshipping was a rhythmic matter way back when dancing or striding or slow pacing, as the case might be, seemed a good way to impress the watching "facets of nature" in a way which would make "them" respond.(14)

Soon, man was learning to measure off sequences of time and events--not just by his breaths, footsteps and flutters, but by "sections between joints of cane or bamboo or reeds, etc."; and finally he was making his own notches for that purpose, as well as knots on string.(15)

In Arabic, an alternate "TK" term evokes both rhythm and religion ("TKTKTK" was a most ancient "holy idea"), but the "K" modifies the basic "D" for "dios" or "diablo", adding "flesh" to the "breath" idea, as it were. Og or Iog, "the leaping man, the Jack-in-the-box, the hock sheaf, the man with the hook neck", is a separate and fascinating old story, told throughout the world, impermeated with fertility and ghostly undertones--of the dying seed that sprouts and multiplies, and the buried ancestor renewed in his propagating sons and grandsons.

It seems a sheaf that nodded its head gaily was the first symbol of the Hock or Og phallic male, judging by worldwide survivals. "T" or "D" also has its phallic aspects, but is somehow less bawdy. More ghostly is the "Ti" or "Deus" idea (16) that old Iog or Og could ever be!

III.

I shall now illustrate some of the variations on the basic old idea of the former exclamative terms ending so abruptly in a "T" or "D".(17)

In South American tongues (I've mainly seen Quechuan discusses in this regard, but other tongues confirm the possibility), chi or ti are considered to hold "strong fertility implications", so that nipples, buds, females, and so on supposedly contain such sounds.

Certainly, this chi in many modern Chinese usages is similarly endowed with sexual and fertility undertones. But formerly, a host of these chi-type sounds did not at all resemble their modern survivors. There were "TK"-type old Chinese terms that became chi today, as well as "KT"-type terms. Likewise, "KP", "TP", "KR", "TR"-type terms in their old language were reduced to mere soft chi, ti, shi-type modern expressions, and as a result the old forms were almost unknown (except in archaic, remote dialects, and in borrowings surviving in related tongues) until recently, when Bernhard Karlgren tackled the problem as a (beautifully-done) lifetime task.

I said earlier (in footnote 12) that "WT" or "KWT", etc. was an old breath/wind idea in many usages. Now here is an example that in modern Chinese is a mere chi or ch'i, a much-used phonetic. It was once a picture of "curling vapors forming cloud puffs" (puffs (≋ or ⦚) that are used in other glyphs to represent instead "footsteps", "breaths", "notches", "hair", "ripples", and so on).(18)

This phonetic, when combined with varying radicals (or significants) acquires different meanings. If a "mouth" is placed beside it, another most ancient significance comes to light...i.e., the act of biting, gnawing, chewing, swallowing...eating, in short, which is also a series of jaw-and-throat activities, repeated monotonously.

In archaic Chinese, then, our "eat" also ended similarly with a "T", as their old K'iat. To shout or weep--also a series of breaths exhaled as sobs (or a series of yells or screams)--was in turn a Xiat term drawn by combining the above picture of "air, atmosphere, breath" with a "water" radical (no doubt to depict "tears falling", as the shouting was done with great emotion!).

Today, in fact, that very phonetic on its own also stands in Chinese for "to implore, beg". Thus, once again we get a hint of the beggar-in-Hades crying for water, letting out that series of "Kwa" or "Wha"-type whimpers which are now our "who-what-when-where-why-which", all useful little words.(19)

The very sound of the wind, coming in gushes, and whining through a crack in a cave or a hole under the old thatch of a primitive hut, seems implied in these sounds. "Scary old grandfather is dead and buried, but listen to him trying to get back in!" The wind huffed and puffed like the bad wolf in the old story of the "Three Little Pigs", and it was grandfather in person, terrible ghost ancestor!

The developing imagination of proto-man and his apparent psychical instincts (shared, it appears, by animals--for it is said, even now, that "dogs see ghosts, and howl before approaching death") must have been a perennial nightmare from which he could only escape by inventing his old shamanistic religions and rites.(20)

IV.

Cutting (of runes, of sacrifices, of enemies, of stone and wood to fabricate tools and weapons) versus "goodness" (rhythmic rituals and "gracious gait", as we've said) are not so unconnected as old ideas as one might think, back when the Chinese and others still remembered and used the proto-ideas of this sort.

"KTR" (and "KLTR", too) was an old combination for cutting, scything, and digging with a primitive plow. In our language it survives in "culture" ideas, but that same word in Araucanian remains primarily a concept of rhythm and worship (in their culturn for "musical instruments"), and for agriculture--in a

whole series of fascinating and sometimes secretive old terms for sexual parts (male, female), cuts and plows, ritual jars (for libations), and so on.(21)

The Chinese have an old picture of a stick with three lines crossing it to represent notches (丰), plus their old symbol for knife (刀), surmounting a "man" (大), thus: 

As kiat or k'iad (in some forms, depending on its phonetical usage),(22) it represented the main idea of "to cut or notch" (specifically, "make runes on a stick"), and hence, "a covenant or deed". It was also used as a phonetic for the idea of eating, just as was the "sob and beg with expelled puffs of vapor, forming clouds", which we have already discussed.(23)

Yet another usage of the "notched stick" idea is found in a picture of a roof within which a mouth is surmounted by that notched stick,(24) to represent a man in hiding under his own roof, notching curses on a stick and at the same time uttering them aloud against some enemy whose death he would cause. Hence, in one surviving usage it now means "to harm, kill".(25)

There's a Chinese picture, for example, of an ear of corn or other grain being cut from its stalk--a decapitation idea evolved from the old sad to what is now merely sha, for "decapitate, kill".

It is as though xat, g'ad, sad, etc. meant almost the same thing, yet varied delicately. You decapitated with an agricultural action later embodied in a figure like Saturn, the Reaper, with his scythe.(26)

But similarly, you could "flay your victim" (or peel the stalk you required, as you stripped flax), and this, too, was an archaic Chinese term showing the "lucky" glyph ("speech-of-a-sage") alongside "knife", as their kiet (now chieh), "to flay or scalp". (What relationship was there between "lucky", "speech-of-a-sage" and flaying? Here we have to seek comparisons in very primitive rituals, such as the one in Mexico where a flayed youth represented "Our Flayed One", Xipet. He was the god, sacrificed each year for the good of the people. And he was honored greatly for a whole year in advance of the event. It was no punishment....)(27)

V.

Saturn (in Aymará satana or satarana, "to plant and fructify") is also an old seeding idea.(28) He was the god of the seventh day (one counted up to seven,(29) then made a "bigger notch or knot", in one's method of reckoning).

This idea is also present in archaic Chinese, in their tsiet for "seven" (now a mere ch'i). While it supposedly "has no meaning" as a symbol or idea, the meanings leap to the surface if you're already acquainted with all the other old key terms, symbols, and ideas in this sector. Thus, one can clearly see that it is but a variant of many other glyphs for "seed developing above and below the ground--the surface of the soil represented as a horizontal line":

Tsiet

Old Form: 

New Form: 

Compare the Spanish siete for "seven":(30)

I have seen old philogists and mythologists who reverently breathe, "Wherever you go, in Old World or New World, the idea of 'god' is a theo idea." I don't deny the truth of this, but it is due neither to coincidence nor to being

"divinely revealed at the start". "TK" and "KT"-type terms seem to have always been useful expressions for measuring things, as I've been suggesting (breaths, footsteps, notches, and so on), and as the idea of rhythm and ritual developed, "god" (or rather, the gods) were evidently born in men's thoughts.(31)

Tsiet, then (Saturn's number, representing his day, Saturday, the last day of the week) apparently suggested a shoot or "shooting" (once a concept of "cutting" or "piercing"). It also suggested anew a shout, something we've already been discussing. And, indeed, put "mouth" beside this Chinese symbol for "seven", and it stands for shout or chide. "Shout", "shoot"...they were once related, as we can see.(32)

Saturn's scythe is also brought to mind when "knife" is placed beside China's old symbol for "seven", giving the old Tsiet, or modern ch'ieh, which means "cut with a knife".(33) And remember that "cut with a knife" was but part of the old Xat, Gat, Sat series we're discussing.(34)

A very sad usage covers infanticide in archaic Chinese, as their kiad (now ch'i) picture of a newborn baby (still upside down) being thrown away--either in the hands or on a ritual, sacrificial shovel.(35) Likewise, their youngest child, representing the last month of a quarter (or a "season"), was therefore an old kiad-type idea.(36)

The "youngest child" symbol (also used for "season") shows a little boy (supposedly "still in swaddling clothes", as some sinologists interpret the glyph), surmounting the sheaf symbol on his head.(37) (Why? Because, supposedly, he's still so young and weak that his head bobs, as does the "head" or tassels of a sheaf. But of course, that's not the entire reason. The littlest and last one was the harvest child--the hock-sheaf in some expressions--"just cut" (out of the womb and off the link of the navel cord)--last in the field, still growing! It brought up the procession as did a Jacob in the Bible story of his meeting with Esau, when a great host of servants and cattle and sheep and gifts, and his very wives and children preceded him--from the "starting-place" where he wrestled (and was lamed as a result) with the water-deity of the Brook Jabbok.(38))

So we can now see a link between "cutting" and hooks and hock-sheaves and all the rest of it. It was a story that began with the cutting act, and ended, when the shocks were brought in, with the jigging and jogging and joy (old Xog once, also).(39)

(To be continued.)

((Before proceeding with the "footnotes", a couple of quick notes:

Mae asked us to publish a statement from her along with this article: "I am fallible, vulnerable, make copying and other errors, am just a stenographer of old things, putting the lost 'files' into order, as it were. And stenographers are notorious for making little mistakes, or filing something temporarily wrongly, or spelling or copying something wrong, at times. I only make suggestions, hints, and hope others will take over wherever I fail to do the job right."

As for the "footnotes" which follow: They were originally asides, parenthetical expressions, interlineations, and in some cases part of the original text. In editing the manuscript, we felt (and Mae agreed) that they were better placed outside of the text, so as not to detract the reader from the main line of her reasoning.

The original manuscript was more a "stream of consciousness" collection of thoughts than a finished article; it was a considerable editing task. We'll present the rest of the article as soon as we finish editing it and clear the results with Mae. --ed,))

Footnotes --

(1) A staccato "D" which the Chinese use, is spelt by many as just "T".

(2) I believe, however, that Karlgren's đ's are not read "th".

(3) They use either pronunciation for "ɔđ".

(4) So aidos = ethos?

(5) For an abstract glowering old deity such as we've developed, sending even unbaptized babies down to form a new tile in the tesselated pavements-of-the-damned could not have been a very primitive invention. It required dour old men who found it impossible to be as loving as a Jesus, to transform the very "Christ" idea into a cruel dogma like that.

(6) I have large files on this showing the infinite variations---wading, dancing, stepping, advancing, and so on.

(7) In archaic Chinese, the ideas expressed varied from at to gat, k'at, etc.

(8) Re Hel, Hades: In archaic Chinese and Korean borrowings it happens! China's gat terms became Kel or Hel, in Old Korean "T" usually became "L".

(9) I likewise have a booklength file on this whole "WT", "GWT" series that analyzes in depth what we're only glancing at presently, for the theme is really inexhaustable and bound up with our oldest "foot, put, bud, vital" ideas of all sorts. Idea for idea, each monosyllabic concept we use in daily speech matches up with identical echoes elsewhere, plus the archaic Chinese pictures depicting each old idea most vividly.

(10) This is also the Sanscrit veda.

(11) To go into each example now would take too much time...but we'd see the very idea of death in some usages (an old mat or morte idea frequently, also smite or smeort all over the world, as well as in Old English).

(12) Many old wind and breath gods fit the "WT", "KT", "GWD", etc. old picture. Indeed, this is a study that would require a separate section, for to tackle it only in passing would do the theme an injustice. However, to mention a few leading examples, you have the Polynesian Qat-type life-gods, the Vat-(vida-type) life/breath gods, Votan, Wotan, Watan-like in Old World and New--the Peruvian Chimus, for instance, had one in charge of hurricanes--and a devil in the Andes who fought with his winds for three days till vanquished was a wata or watan idea. Likewise, voodoo concepts become more "stately", when turned into terms for measuring time--and for wisdom--in South America, as huata (Quechuan term for the year, as well, which was measured when the sun was "tied" to its hitching-post--also a wata idea).

So as not to turn this into a mere compendium of comparative old terms, that could link voodoo and wata with wüta and wit (and a host of old Chinese prototypes, too), we'll leave it like that for now. Just a hint of what exists if one wished to make a thorough study and required the material (which is already on file--just ask me to send it to you, direct; I share it all freely with whoever cares enough about the theme to correspond with me purely on archaic symbols and meanings and their old names, everywhere).

(13) Although obsolete terms, if you look them up, also uncannily fit the patterns, as I've discovered.

(14) Rain dances still cause rain, in some people's opinions, and fertility rituals make plants grow. Nor need we sneer at this, since recent scientific experiments suggest that individuals do influence plants, which react individually to each human's electromagnetic spectrum. It is said they even react individually to different types of music. If so, the old Mexican Toltec myth of bells which made corn grow tall, is perhaps not so void of historical truth after all!

(15) Some suggest the first calendars of notched tusks and sticks, marking moon phases, date back to 35,000 years ago throughout Europe.

(16) Pre-Ogygian Flood idea!

(17) "K" and "G" make abrupt word-endings, too, but of a different type. The sound of "K" or "G" is made further back in the mouth and takes more effort of tongue and throat. "T" and "D" are easy sounds, done by the tip of the tongue against the teeth or palate, while expelling air in a niggardly amount swiftly from the open mouth.

(18) The older form in Chinese was  ; the modern form is  .

(19) Found elsewhere, too, though I won't go into examples on file at this time.

(20) Not very much improved even now--the accent is still on death and "doom" beyond it"--and not on hope, for us all!

(21) I'll not go any further into this now, save to ask that whoever's interested let me know, and the details (long, and with many cross-references and clues leading to Plutonic ideas and superstitutions) will be gladly sent.

I am perfectly aware of the incredible hostility of "established True Believers" in the old dogmas on language (which should have remained theories lacking proofs, for they all chant, "We'll never know"), and that so few want to do (or have the time for) the heavy, long research that would supply valuable new clues shedding a fresh light on old matters. It's like a huge box full of tiny bits from a jigsaw puzzle--it takes endless time, looks meaningless and boring, and so everyone says, "Why bother?" Just to work with two or three bits of that puzzle gets one nowhere. One must do it all--scan an entire spectrum. I have taken various dictionaries (Quechuan, Chinese, English, Arabic, Maori, etc.) apart word by word (even the unpromising, "boring"-seeming old words), and filed them--each day, every spare moment, for years--in my "Spectrum File", with the result that I can discuss them so glibly. (For they're also "filed" in a tesseract sort of way, in my memory.)

(22) It is now a mere ch'i in modern Chinese.

(23) With a mouth beside it, it changes in meaning to the concepts of "to eat, absorb, suffer".

(24) Formerly xat or g'ad in its phonetical usages ( ; now ).

(25) This is but another aspect of the old voodoo ("wotting", etc.) ideas we've noted briefly. This idea is repeated endlessly in a series of most bewitching old symbols, uncannily reflected in the New World and elsewhere to suggest "it's old, all right".

(26) Sad (or sat) the world over, this!

(27) Flaying is another theme that's vast and worldwide, and not to be gone into any deeper right now.

(28) "ST", or "SD".

(29) Cr at times to ten, an idea once very similar (十 in Chinese was also used for 7 as well as 10).

(30) Possibly only a curious coincidence; I don't offer it as "proof".

(31) This does not mean I'm "disproving" God's existence, but the incredibly naive (and even sacrilegious) idea that God revealed <u>all</u> to a pitiful Neanderthalic "Adam"--from whom it has since been passed along thru similarly senile "Great-Grandfather" types, who alone hold the key to all knowledge, revelation, and our eventual fate (in Heaven or Hell)--is an anguish humanity still has not dared to outgrow (and replace with a new view more merciful and (perhaps) true--a view more in harmony with our new knowledge of the Creation we attribute to a Creator). Our Universe is much greater than man's deities!

(32) I have endless lists showing the delicately-linked relationships of the whole series, but please take my word for it that this is so, unless you want to pause and study long, huge charts, which I'd happily supply if requested. But it's easier, isn't it, for you to read a "story" about it all, for a starter, as I'm trying to present it here?

(33) But not "scythe", it is true--which is a <u>gliam</u> or <u>glean</u> idea the world over, linked with the gleaming "moon-sickle", and studied separately.

(34) The tiny changes in pronunciation seem to vary the essential meanings of the cutting, scything, piercing, killing, mowing acts, which also included magic and early forms of recording times and data.

(35) Formerly  . The basic symbol, variously written and evolved, could at times represent a pitchfork, or a basket for catching little animals (like our butterfly nets).

(36) I shan't go into the phonetical variations, since, for our purposes, "KT" and "GD" are similar enough, basically, and the vowel-variations don't count in the long run--being accidents of pronunciation and local preferences. (Anyone who's travelled as I have all over Earth, and spoken many native languages and dialects, knows that's so by experience. One learns to seek "least common denominators" to make sense as one goes, learning new accents from town to town.) For example, when we say "git" we don't mean "get", exactly--how dimly we instinctively recall the old meanings of our racial youth: "Get away, get out, get something"!

(37)  .

(38) Jacob, Jabbok--there are old terms for a limping, leaping fertility figure of Ioggish proportions, whose head is a <u>hook</u> in China's old survival: "bent forward", ready to <u>jockey</u> ahead. ( = Iog) (I've read the U.S. Yaqui Indians' name means the same: "ready to rise and run or rebel". And <u>Lloclla</u>, in Quechuan, means "river's flow, plants' upspringing, to leap ahead, etc.") This is another worldwide old clue I would have to cover separately. It's all on file, and in my mind as well, ranged in its "tessaract linkages". (Filing systems, alas, have to be linear, which is a disadvantage in this sort of work.)

(39) To the Maoris, their hock idea was grimmer--it used to mean, "last one killed in battle"...grim hock-sheaf!

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About the Author --

In response to our request for a brief autobiography to go along with the beginning of what we hope will be a virtually endless series of pieces by Mae (she also has a piece in TWJ #80, but we expect #82 will see the light of day before #80....), she sent the following:

Full Name: Beulah Mae Surtees Strelkov.
Chinese Given Name: "La-Mei". (I think it refers to "Plum Blossom".)
Born: Douglas Heights, Szechuen (near sacred Mt. Omei), July 9, 1917.
Parents: Pansy Curtis Mason Surtees (born in Fall River, Mass., I believe. Buried in California).
Benjamin Surtees (born in Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, and buried there).

Taken from China to Pasadena, California, at age 8 months; we returned when I was around 5 to Shanghai, with my adored mother's mother, Emma Keeler Mason. (Her other grandchildren live in Atlanta, Georgia, as does her last living daughter, Beulah Mason Mackay--she had just the three.)

Fighting between Chinese armies at our doorstep (plus the strain of the horrid "ghosts" of the old house we had in Chapei) drove us out of Shanghai, and we went back to the U.S.A. for over a year, traveling around visiting mother's old friends. We then went back to England to visit my father's family, returning via the Mediterranean, Suez, Singapore, Java, etc., and celebrating my 12th birthday on the boat.

Married at 18, and Vadim and I sailed for Chile in 1936. Have been knocking about South America ever since, and our seven children and three grandchildren are Latin Americans, but I still have a hanker for the "old"--China, North America, England! Though we love it here and are quite mad over anything native or Criollo!

There is currently a drive underway to bring Mae to the United States for the 1974 Worldcon in D.C. Called "Mae Strelkov's Friends", the campaign is being run by Susan Glicksohn and Joan Bowers (%Box 148, Wadsworth, OH 44281), and is accepting cash donations and donations of material to be auctioned off for the fund. As reported in SOTWJ #101, as of 7 July '73 the fund stood at $531.30 (minimum needed to bring Mae over for Discon II is $717--although inflation is liable to push that amount closer to $800). So send in a donation (or send one to us with your LoC on thish, and we'll forward it to Joan). It's for a very good cause!

Mae has also started publishing a hectographed fanzine of her own, TINKUNAKUK, which consists of LoC's received by Mae plus her comments on same and misc. subjects, and artwork. The only way to get it is to write her a letter and have it published therein. Full details in SOTWJ.

* *

FOR SALE OR TRADE:

213. A tube of plastic oxygen. (That's what it says on the label.)
214. A five-inch bolt of petrified lightning, two zig-zags.
215. A robot's spare brain. Not Adam Link's.

-- DON JAMES

NEBULA AWARDS BANQUET -- NEW YORK CITY 1973

by Jay Kay Klein

Another Nebula Awards get-together! I thought, here comes another fabulous meeting with some of the brightest stars in the science fiction heavens, and a chance to mingle with them at pre-event and post-event parties. This year was different, starting with the hotel--the Sheraton McAlpin--so little publicized that quite a few people still wound up staying at the Algonquin. Arriving Friday night at the McAlpin prior to Saturday's official events, I found no hospitality suite, nor anyone on hand to provide a guide to a central meeting place. Inquiring at the desk, I was informed by the information clerk that many persons had called her to ask where the SFWA was gathering that evening. Of course, there wasn't any gathering.

Using my wits--sharpened by long years of science fiction get-togethers--I called the Algonquin and got in touch with Gordy Dickson. Twenty minutes later I was tinkling ice cubes in Gordy's room with Jim Gunn and Poul Anderson. Joined shortly afterwards by Judy-Lynn del Rey (Les, Sprague de Camp and Isaac Asimov were at a Trapdoor Spider dinner), we went to Keene's Chop House, where Ben Bova and Barbara Rose completed the table. As customary, the smoking gents were provided with clay pipes bearing their names from past use. Great hilarity ensued when the pipes had to be rescued from awkward stowage points on the ceiling. I will refrain from detailing the steaks, drinks, and other sundries provided by the menu, but will add that the conversation was brilliant: Ben harangued us with an editorial; Gordy quoted chapters and verses from his forthcoming novel; Poul parried with quotations from his novel; I took photos; Judy-Lynn wielded a wicked blue pencil; and Jim lectured on the role of science fiction in modern society. (I exaggerate slightly.)

By midnight, we were back at the Algonquin for some quiet partying, and in the wee hours I taxied to the McAlpin where undoubtedly any number of SFWA members had gone to sleep early for lack of being able to find each other to form a party. At 10 a.m. Saturday morning I was sufficiently awake in the lobby to greet Sprague de Camp, who was just registering. No one else was at hand that I could discover, and so I went to the Algonquin for an 11 a.m. breakfast with my companions of the previous evening.

Back at the McAlpin, the program was scheduled to start at 12 noon, everyone's usual lunch hour, in a large but stifingly hot room on the mezzanine overlooking the lobby. By the actual start at 12:45, 14 persons were on hand, including Mike Hinge, Tom Purdom, Ted Cogswell, and a little later, Joanna Russ, Harlan Ellison (with girl), George Zebrowski, and Jack Dann. The second panel began first, on the Future of SFWA, with Tom Purdom, Jim Gunn, Gordy Dickson, and Poul Anderson.

Before starting the discussion, Poul made a report to the members, saying the organization has grown beyond its original intentions. He asked support for the officers by the members. As president, he has spent a lot of time in administrative matters. After announcing the officers elected for the forthcoming year, he commented, "A very good slate." And he said that as soon as he returned to California, he would contact other SFWA members to draw up new bylaws, which are badly needed and can't

wait. He wants to hand a better organization over to the new officers. One improvement will be furnishing the president with an administrative assistant, which members seem to support. He concluded, "I think SFWA has a future."

Jim Gunn commented that SFWA has the virtues and drawbacks of volunteer organizations. He said, "SFWA has done a great deal more than any of us give it credit for." For one thing, he cited SFWA for "spreading the word" about science fiction to the outside world.

Gordy Dickson said, hopefully, that he expects a better organization in the future, since new people are continually coming in.

Tom Purdom followed: "My feeling about the organization is the members tend to underestimate it. We'd be a lot worse off without it." For one thing, contract knowledge among the members is much better now than seven years ago, especially for those outside New York City (where it would be easier to talk to other writers and exchange experiences directly). Also, he pointed out that SFWA has persuaded editors and publishers to take positions more favorable to writers. The organization has also made the writers and science fiction better known to both readers and publishers. "I've got my money's worth out of it."

By 1 p.m. 31 persons were in the audience, with more trickling in. These took part in the question-and-answer period, started off by Harlan Ellison, who asked how much time the paid secretary would put in. Poul replied this would be a half-time job. Another member asked if there were any place in New York City where he could find out what was happening in the field. Even though he has an agent, he still feels as if he operates in a vacuum. At that point, someone suggested a regular get-together in New York for purposes of exchanging information. Jim Gunn interjected that nowadays, most science fiction writers live in Los Angeles. Harlan added that the California writers already exchange such information. Further discussion ensued until 1:20 p.m. on how to get together for what everyone agreed would be worthwhile meetings.

Prior to the start of the next panel, Harlan proudly showed a poster by the American Typographers Association on "I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream". The other panelists for the Science Fiction Market Report were Ben Bova, Dave Hartwell (NAL), and Michael Seidman (NAL). Ben started things off, pointing out that although everyone always hears how magazines are dying, he still gets hundreds of manuscripts a week and ANALOG makes big profits. He said that whereas every year 30 anthologies selling possibly 50,000 copies each reach 1,500,000 readers, science fiction magazines reach 3-3½ million readers. Last year all the science fiction magazines registered an increase except F&SF. Larger gains would be made if only the magazines would do more promoting, but unfortunately in that case the magazines would also change to reflect the less sophisticated body of new readers.

Harlan's addition to the panel was, "The college market is suddenly looming large." For instance, never a week goes by without a request to include "I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream" in a college text. Unfortunately, the teachers who put the books together don't know the economics of the writing and publishing business. They often don't even know enough to request permission to reprint, and almost always think the author will give reprint rights free for the honor of being published. In addition,

they themselves will work for practically nothing without realizing the money-making publishers are getting a free ride. In one case, Harlan steered an academic anthologist from a publisher who offered a $1,000 advance to another who paid $10,000.

Among Harlan's many practical suggestions was that writers should hold out for higher book club advances. He said most authors get only "bubkas". (He explained that this meant "goat turds".) Another was that ad inserts in a writer's book ought to furnish him some extra income, too.

When Dave Hartwell's turn came, he stated: "I want to talk about paperback publishing." And he did, pointing out that "science fiction paperbacks expanded wildly in the 1960's". They didn't all sell well, though. One house cut back from four to two titles a month, finding they sold as many gross of two as they had of the four. Now, more knowledgeable editors are taking over in publishing houses.

Michael Seidman's starting remark was an understatement: "I didn't expect to be up here. I just came from a doctor, who indicated I'm an odds-on favorite for gout--which is in keeping with publishers making all that money." (Laughter.) He informed the audience that since books of short-stories don't sell well, publishers look for novels. "Only teachers want short stories." NAL has started promoting its line for educational purposes, putting out brochures aimed at teachers and taking booths at educational conferences. He expects, though, that taking stock of these and other promotional efforts at the end of the year will show that sales would remain the same no matter whether or not promotional efforts were undertaken. He added that there is only so much money available in the book market, and publishers need their fair share. "It's all very well for Harlan to take up the flag, but I'm afraid if he fights too hard, we're all going to fall apart."

Ben Bova moved on to talk about contents and their effect on sales. He said that DAW Books sell well because these are selected for their science fictional values as contrasted, presumably, to what passes for non-story "New Wave". He added that "Chip Delany writes well, but there's no market for his type of writing."

"Shame on you!" called out Joanna Russ from the audience. She placed the blame for poor sales on poor distribution. (There were murmers of assent from all sides.)

Also from the audience, John Waxman of Ace Books defended his side of the triangle by saying that each month publishers offer their titles to wholesalers, who take only a percentage of the total. To get around this, the National Publishers Association has just formed a mass marketing organization for paperbacks. Further commenting on the discussion, he stated that Ace had first reduced the number of titles and their print orders, and now has increased the print orders for a much lower rate of returns than formerly. The really good word is that the science fiction market is doing well, and even exploding. In particular, chain stores do fabulously well.

"Why?" asked Joanna.

"They keep the books in stock until they sell out, not just for 15 days." (Excited murmuring from the audience.)

Jumping into the fray at this point, Harlan complained that his Glass Teat had 60,000 returns, before it really had a chance to get going. Now requests constantly come in from universities for use in courses, but they cannot be filled because copies aren't available.

Dave Hartwell admonished that SFWA needs to work on distributors and publishers to get more promotional work done. He said that most science fiction lines have no budget for this. One ploy he has made is to get his publisher's educational department to spend money promoting science fiction at educational conventions covering high schools and colleges.

Harlan interjected, "Why can't we do it?"

Everyone in unison: "Money!" (Harlan smiled ruefully, and dropped the subject.)

Harvey Bilker brought up the subject again, suggesting a membership poll.

Getting back to money, Ben Bova said, "One part-time writer--Isaac Asimov" (laughter) -- complained about spending four years writing Intelligent Man's Guide to Shakespeare and selling only "two copies", but he spent only one weekend writing Sensuous Dirty Old Man--which paid for the publisher's trip around the world. (More laughter.) (The answer to Isaac's problem, by the way, is obvious: when writing books like Sensuous DOM, spend more time at it.)

From the audience Ted Cogswell went back to an earlier topic, saying that educational textbook editors "don't offer money--it doesn't occur to them". Harlan admonished that writers have to insist on an advance plus royalties.

I took the opportunity to make the last comment from the floor, speaking on payment for photographs. I pointed out that I often give away photos or sell copies at drugstore photofinishing rates of a dollar or two for personal use. Sometimes these have appeared in publications without my knowledge or permission, and even without credit--not to mention payment. My photos are stamped "All rights reserved", and I am as entitled to a byline and publication fee for these as I would be for a short story. (To my surprise, I received a round of applause.) One of the members of the panel, who shall be nameless here, leaned over and said, "I won't do it any more, Jay Kay." I should add that I try to be reasonable about the use of my photos by members of SFWA.

After a short break, the Science Fiction in Film Today panel started at 2:25 p.m., featuring Baird Searles (film reviewer for F&SF), Jim Gunn, and Harlan Ellison. Baird began, saying he thinks of himself as a viewer, not a professional film critic. He asked why there was no concerted effort to make good science fiction films.

Harlan, who ought to know, replied: "Stupidity!" To support this assertion he stated that the film makers' reaction to the success of Planet of the Apes would be to conclude not that viewers enjoy the element of fantasy, but that they want to see monkeys.

Apropos getting good science fiction in films and TV, Jim Gunn said he was glad that Harlan and Gene Roddenberry were on the scene. Harlan

took this as a cue to tell how writers in Hollywood have formed a guild to secure decent pay from the studios. He claimed that writers have traditionally been treated like peons and paid peanuts. As an example, he cited the screenwriter for The Wizard of Oz, who was paid $35 a week. After the enormous success of this fabulous money-maker, the writer's salary was raised to $50 a week.

Jim added that writers in Hollywood perform like machines turning out scripts, and they don't talk about literary concepts but about "properties" and how these can be exploited. "They won't, and usually don't, turn out original ideas." A bitter dreg dredged up was the fact that these non-creators took Jim's immortal "Immortal" story and turned it into an adventure series. Worse, long before the shooting started, they had completed a bunch of scripts, decided they lacked merit, and gave up on the series--to let it die once the pile of material was run through.

During the panel, more people kept entering, until at 2:45 p.m. 55 persons were in the audience, now including Frank B. Long, Jerry Schutz, and Ed Ferman.

Harlan said that the arrogance of the film producers and writers is unbelievable. They know nothing about science fiction and yet will go ahead and put out something purporting to be science fiction. Even worse, the writing is often done not only by incompetent writers, but by persons who are not writers at all, with backgrounds as directors, PR men, and the like. These people suppose the least important and easiest part of the film business is writing the basic story and the shooting script.

Thinking Harlan had gone too far, Jim added that in Hollywood some film makers have basic respect for the written word, citing Rod Serling for one. Harlan did say that sometimes the shoe was on the other foot, and that science fiction writers unused to film making turned in unusable scripts for Star Trek because they didn't understand the economics of the situation. (You can't, for instance, write a mob scene containing thousands of persons, or ask for special effects costing millions.) But with considerable pride, he said that the writers did learn this, and he expects they will now be able to turn out scripts that are not only good, but also usable.

He went on to talk about his own plans, which include working on two series with Douglas Trumball, who did the visuals for 2001. Writing for the movies is different, Harlan explained, requiring a visual approach. He closes his eyes and runs off a film, scene by scene, in his mind, later preparing a script from what he saw. Trumball's new matting process will enable Harlan to visualize scenes not previously practical. Using scale models and people combined realistically without dividing lines, false shadows, or other reality-shattering defects, the matting process offers unlimited scope to the presentation of science fiction. No longer will producers be limited to what can be mocked up cheaply on a sound stage. The Starlost series is scheduled to start in September, if the screenwriters' strike doesn't intervene. The shooting will be done in Toronto at the best tape facilities in the world.

George Effinger volunteered from the audience the thought that a real science fiction show would mystify most viewers. The apparent consensus among those present was, ruefully, that Piglet was correct. Harlan thought that previous series, such as Star Trek, have paved the way and

will help the unsophisticated make the transition. Starlost itself will take the problem into consideration and will try to lead the viewers.

Harlan said he was going to employ science fiction writers on the series, but "don't call me, I'll call you". He is going to be very selective and only work with those he feels already have competence in the medium. For anyone interested in trying to break into the field, he suggested studying film techniques. He recommended Teleplay as the best book on TV script-writing.

An abortive attempt was made to hold the next panel, formally titled Science Fiction in Graphic Arts, but referred to as the Comics Panel. George Effinger, Roy Thomas, Gerard Conway, and Dennis O'Neil started their discussions, but nearly everyone left the room, to talk just outside the entrance. Bravely, Denny started, with the accusation that science fiction has always been done very badly in the media. Roy stated that the main thing is imaginative content. George pointed out that the audience is different from science fiction readers. The discussion lasted a while longer, before a very few persons, and ended at 4:15 p.m. It was announced that the last panel, Illustration in Science Fiction, was cancelled for obvious lack of audience interest in listening further to any presentation.

The truth was that the SFWA members wanted to talk to each other, preferably while visiting the bar. This general principle really ought to be realized, and allowed for at all SFWA affairs. Business topics are okay up to a point, and discussions of literary esthetics are tolerable if not overdone, but basically people look forward to seeing old friends during rare get-togethers. This sine qua non was overlooked Friday night, late Saturday afternoon, and that evening after the banquet.

I joined a massive delegation to the underground bar, sitting opposite Tom Purdom and Gordy Dickson, who in true old-time science fiction writer's style started singing ballads. An obnoxious maitre d' with a brace of flunkies came storming up, citing the obvious: "This is a restaurant!" In strident tones he ordered Tom and Gordy to cease and desist. Actually, there was quite a bit of space between our large, lucrative party and the other patrons. And even if there weren't, he might have displayed some courtesy to cash customers and asked us politely to refrain from singing. His bellicosity was unnecessary, unwarranted, and financially stupid. But worse was to come that evening at the bar after the banquet.

Among those present in the bar was Raymond Z. Gallun, the father of "Old Faithful". (Grandfather of the "Son of Old Faithful"?) Spotting him, I went over to pay my great respects. Several persons took me aside and asked if he were who they thought he was, and could I introduce them to him. Ray was really overwhelmed by the attention, and delighted, if a bit surprised. Among those pleased to meet at last a famed author figure from their youth were Poul Anderson, Ted Cogswell, and Tom Purdom.

The banquet itself came all too soon, held in the same room on the mezzanine as the afternoon's events. Piglet cheerlessly refunded my money for a couple of tickets I had bought but couldn't use when my guests failed to show up. Fortunately, some other persons had wanted to attend unexpectedly, but the strain of arranging the banquet was more than he was accustomed to, and he vowed, "This is the last time I'll ever do anything like this!" And the next day, sure enough, he left New York City permanently for New Orleans.

Also drafted into the arrangements committee were Denny O'Neil and Gerry Conway, who informed me they were to hand out the Nebulas later, instead of the officially listed Poul Anderson. Delicately as possible I asked how come some better-known SFWA writers weren't entrusted with the task, and received the answer that "everyone was up for an award!" (Including, of course, Poul Himself.) Thinking perhaps Gerry and Denny would not be familiar with the routine of handing out awards, I suggested they stretch out the actual handing-over process a bit, in order to permit me to record the scene for posterity. (The hand-over, you see, is quicker than the lens.) They looked at me strangely.

Actually, George, Jerry, and Denny picked up the pieces of the Nebula Awards Banquet organization and somehow got it staged, though all three seemed a bit bewildered that they of all people had become involved. The latter two even stated they were actually "comic book" people. But with the departure of Barbara Silverberg--and for that matter practically everyone else--from New York City, there are very few candidates for the honor of making the practical arrangements. (I respectfully suggest that somebody better look into this long before the next banquet--like right now--or there may not be much of a next banquet.)

Eventually dinner was self-served, a long line extending the length and breadth of the room towards the buffet table. Pretty well back towards the rear, I was directly behind Isaac, but just in front of Ben Bova and Harlan. I managed to get enough to fill my plate adequately from the assortment of cold cuts and odds and ends. (I've had worse fare, but not necessarily at $12.50.) Unfortunately, some of the items ran out for the end of the line, most notably the tuna salad and beef ribs (not very good, anyway). This was taken personally at the Asimov-Bova-del Rey-Ellison table, whose inmates sent out for a couple of pizzas to augment the bill of fare. (Organizers Conway and O'Neil thought this unnecessary, since there really was a lot of odds and ends left at the buffet table, and suggested I take a picture to prove it. Gourmet del Rey thought that at $12.50 enough food should have been available to serve everyone each dish.)

At 8:20 p.m. Harlan took over, acting as borscht belt comedian for the Nebula Awards. "Welcome to the Waldorf cafeteria!" (Rueful laughter.) He went on to make introductions of various persons in the room, trying especially hard to recognize all the editors and publishers. For each person he had a put-down. "Lester's the only man who can set fires with his tongue." (True.) "George Alec Effinger has the singular award to have a novel pulped before it was published."

The ordeal lasted 25 minutes before Poul Anderson took over. He announced a number of awards other than Nebulas. The first was a special award to Damon Knight, whose Orbit series has produced a great number of Nebula winners. Damon was at the New Orleans banquet. Then a surprised and obviously pleased Harlan received a special award for his Dangerous Visions books, which have produced another crop of Nebula winners.

Other innovations followed, including Poul's announcement that Stanislaw Lem and Phyllis White had been elected honorary members. Lem, of course, is the outstanding Polish science fiction writer. Mrs. White is the widow of Anthony Boucher, and has donated money to SFWA from the Boucher memorial science fiction volume, a gracious act that has probably saved SFWA from bankruptcy. Further, she was the first recipient of a yearly award for recognition of services performed for SFWA.

Harlan made a brief comeback, stating that Lem was very happy about the membership. In an exchange of friendly insults Harlan called Isaac "Rumpleforeskin". (Choked laughter.) The riposte was absolutely stunning, and in the finest Asimovian manner--he simply called Harlan a "yentor". (Traditionally, a "yenta" is a female big-mouth. For the occasion, Isaac coined a masculine version.) Science fiction's very own Billy Batson broke up over this.

Isaac went on to his keynote speech, "So Why Aren't We Rich?" Knowing his reputation for hilarity, he cautioned: "I'm going to talk seriously." Science fiction is the only kind of literature that makes sense in today's world, and that's why it is the only thriving form of fiction in the United States today. Writers now are often considered "futurists"--those who actually look realistically into what may happen. Science fiction has spread into the real world and everyday people recognize it. Then Isaac popped the big question: "If other forms of literature are withering on the vine, the question arises, 'Why aren't we richer than we are?'" (Harlan interjected, "You are!")

He went on to provide an answer. "Science fiction is literature for the intelligent." Science fiction writers are more intelligent than other writers, and readers much more so than other readers.

"Science fiction is the hardest thing in the world to write." Dealing with a known world, one can depend on readers to fill in the background, but in science fiction, the writer has to prep the reader on every detail. Not only is science fiction more difficult than any other form of literature, it is more difficult than anything else. Isaac was clearly ranking science fiction writing ahead even of the study of nuclear physics.

Supporting this thesis, he said that science fiction writers often turn to other types of fiction to make money, but that other writers are unable to do science fiction. Unfortunately, science fiction has only a small potential audience because the number of highly intelligent persons is quite limited. "We must be content with the glory...but not something that showers money on us." He concluded the ten-minute address with the statement that science fiction writers have the best audience in the world. "And in that, we are rich." (Big applause.)

Harlan turned the floor over to Denny O'Neil and Gerry Conway, who stated quite frankly, "We're doing this because no one else wanted to." Following last year's lead, the winners had been previously notified. The first Nebula went to Joanna Russ for her short story, "When It Changed". The handing-over ceremony was quick, and Joanna walked away with her unusually short Nebula. (For some reason the trophies this year varied in height, tho they were undoubtedly the most beautiful yet produced.) Later, when Isaac placed his next to hers, she questioned why hers was smaller. "Simple," answered Isaac, "male superiority!" So she hit him!

The next presentation ceremony took longer, the novella award going to Arthur C. Clarke for his "A Meeting with Medusa". Arthur had been conspicuously absent from the banquet. Suddenly he appeared in the room, obviously in great distress. A male nurse helped him totter to the lecturn, where he grasped the Nebula (first things first) and asked for a chair. He explained he had been skin diving off the Virgin Islands when overcome by vertigo, and "came within five minutes of getting the award posthumously."

In his best 2001 style, Arthur described an underwater brush with death. Barely surviving, he spent the next day in a hospital in St. Thomas. In fact, after his appearance at the banquet, he was headed back to a hospital before leaving for his Ceylon home in two days. With obvious relish, he said that he had been in the company of Jacques Costeau and "the cream of the military-industrial complex". With even greater relish Arthur referred to his Nebula: "I'm awfully pleased. I was hoping I'd get it, and I'm glad I did."

A beaming Poul Anderson was called up for the novelette award to "Goat Song". He said a few words with typical humility and modesty. And finally Isaac was presented with his oversize, masculine symbol of superiority for The Gods Themselves, best novel of 1972. He also said a few typical words--basically, as I recall, "I told you so!" As a matter of fact, at last year's banquet, he said he had a novel forthcoming and that he would get a Nebula for it.

The publisher's award plaques were handed out as the last item on the program. Harlan Ellison picked up one for Joanna Russ' classic in Again, Dangerous Visions. Arthur Clarke's great story won for Harcourt-Brace-Jovanovich and PLAYBOY. Diane Cleaver received one on behalf of Doubleday for Isaac's epic, with Judy-Lynn Benjamin picking up a second one for GALAXY and WORLDS OF IF. Ed Ferman stepped forward, too, and secured his trophy for F&SF, which published Poul Anderson's award-winning novelette.

While all these events were taking place at C^2 speed, I was trying to take photographs of each historic award. I did repeat my earlier request that the pace be slowed slightly for this purpose, but all I got was another strange look and the pace continued. As a result of the great rush, the evening's festivities ended at the unearthly early hour of 9:30 p.m. And that, folks, was that. No party arranged afterward. I had heard rumors of a SFWA "suite", but the persons in charge only invited a very select group. It was just as well, because on my way there, I met Harlan just exiting from there, muttering loudly about broom closets. I peeked in, seeing a tiny room crammed full of very select bodies. Certainly it could not have handled the 119 persons who attended the banquet, a number comparable to that of previous events.

The rest of us went down to the hotel bar. This proved another mistake. Arriving with the first group, I found the service and atmosphere terrible. We decided to walk a block to the Statler Hilton where we knew things would be better, but the problem was to get the bill (i.e., get some service). When it came in one lump, everyone paid up his share, but apparently there were three or four drinks unaccounted for, according to the surly maitre d'. Lester del Rey and Gordy Dickson made up the difference--with a tip, yet. I thought the discrepancy odd then, and after a talk later with Catherine and Sprague de Camp, I believe this was quite possibly inaccurate. At breakfast next morning, the de Camps informed me they came in a second group to the McAlpin bar, and waited 45 minutes for service which never arrived. When they finally decided to follow us to the Hilton, the maitre d' came over and demanded payment for the previous group he claimed had run out without paying the bill.

At any rate, a very large number of us eventually got together at a congenial bar, with service, and an honest bill. Unfortunately, we were nailed down, and couldn't indulge in the table-hopping practiced at pre-

vious Nebula Awards where private parties had been arranged after the banquets.

Sunday morning was also different, since the breakfast facilities of this year's hotel simply were not up to the space and culinary standards of the Algonquin. Still, I made merry with the de Camps and the Cogswells. I followed this up with a champagne brunch lasting several hours at a remarkable restaurant near Gramercy Park, accompanied by Poul Anderson, Gordy Dickson, Ben Bova, Barbara Rose, and Jim Gunn. This left me in such a good frame of mind that I hardly minded the six-hour train ride back to Syracuse. And I must say I enjoyed the Nebula Awards, too--but then, I will even read real bad science fiction stories with considerable satisfaction.

* *

A ELBERETH! GILTHONIEL!

Above the meads of Dalimär
Where long dwelt Miruviël
There gleams a silver Elven-star,
That casts a faerie spell;
A Elbereth! Gilthoniel!

By bubbling brook and leaping fall
When the tortoise leaves its shell
Wafts on high the Elven-knell,
'Melum ŏ pelié valúmel',
A Elbereth! Gilthoniel!

The shimmering grass and faerie-feet
And those who mourn the Great Valar
Are one with dawn to softly greet
The perfumed air with muted breath,
Gilthoniel! A Elbereth!

In cities alabaster dwell
The loyal folk of all degree
In honour and high panoply;
God save the King: the world is well--
A Elbereth! Gilthoniel!

-- FRED PHILLIPS

* *

THE STONED PHILOSOPHER SAYS....

If and when the ants take over, let's hope they have the good sense not to invent television. And if they develop the equivalent of SF magazines, think of the covers shrieking with man-eyed monsters threatening scantily clad ant-maidens.... Go to the ant; consider her ways. (How can you tell whether it's a lady ant?) Some of my best friends are ants. That is, aunts. The master ants won't be troubled by pesky men spoiling their picnics, and that's a plus. Doubtless they'll be zealous in their care for their environment, since there'll be so little of it left to them by their predecessors. Let's hear it for the ants. No hard feelings. Besides, people could have held their picnics somewhere else.

-- ANONYMOUS

FABULAE

TALES TO WAG YOUR DOG BY: Fiction, et al

The Good R'th, by James R. Newton

H'tl deliberately withdrew from the family root by the simple expedient of thrusting a rhizoid plasmodium through the soft loam. He attenuated most of his mass and flowed after the probe. When the distal end was several meters from the nearest parent macronucleus, he halted, alert for any control action. There was none.

Slowly, he thrust four thalli upward and in moments had four hair-thin cilia reconnoitering above the surface. Sensitive receptor cells relayed normal temperature, radiation, vibration and light ranges. He was ready to depart.

He gathered strength, still alert for control tropism. Then, with a surge of energy he pinched off the final thin link to the parent root. Endlessly preoccupied in distributing photosynthesized energy to storage vacuoles and overseeing staminate and ovulate development, the parent control gave no sign of awareness at H'tl's departure.

Strictly speaking, H'tl should not be assigned any sexual classification. Until his unheard-of break, he was the root, along with an infinitude of cells making up the cytogenic protoplasm that underlay nearly two-thirds of the planet's land surface. Tens of thousands of years ago the single gigantic symbiont had been a small cellular colony eking out a precarious existence. Spreading slowly over the centuries, it had gradually terraformed the world to its own expanding requirements. Finally it grew too huge for a single nucleate control to manage efficiently, necessitating sporangic development of subordinate control nuclei for regional supervision of subsidiary nuclei for localized control.

Up to now the R'zwchm, linked by intangible nuances speeding along dendritic ganglia, had always been a single associated entity composed of countless cellular colonies. There had never been an independent colony until a nameless urge for individuality in one homologous cell group, which identified itself as H'tl, prompted it to break from the parental network.

H'tl paused to consider his situation. He sent out several taproots seeking saprophytic nutrients to renew energy stores. He would need fully charged food vacuoles whatever his next step. Manufacturing food by chemosynthesis was slower than the more efficient photosynthesis, but safer at the moment.

At last he decided to move further away from the parent root. This entailed staying underground until out of central-cell sensory range. Energy drain was high, but he could oxidize stored food anaerobically for long periods.

He released cell turgor in the surface farthest from the parent root and extruded several thin plasmodia, letting the rest of himself gradually flow after. It was slow progress at first. Caution tempered the desire to get away quickly. But as the distance from parental control widened, he sent out additional plasmodia, until he moved through the granular stratum quite rapidly.

Finally, it seemed safe to send sensor cilia aloft again. Everything was normal. He found no hint of pursuit. Reassured, he swelled sensor cilia into more substantial setae and ranged higher into the warm, thickly oxygenated air. He flung out deliquescent branches and spread compound leaf blades to catch the glorious sunlight's energy, leaving only a thick corm below ground to store the photosynthesized food.

H'tl made no plans for the future; he didn't know how. He'd severed himself from the parent root in response to an unnamed urge for individual existence. Beyond that thought processes didn't stretch. Yet within the complex of conductive reflex arcs that made up his rudimentary cortex, H'tl was experiencing totally new sensations which seemed rationale enough.

He was free!

2.

Less than a light year from H'tl's world a starship winked into existence in a surging aurora that always marked emergence from hyperspace. It hung inert, a dull silver ovoid with sapphire highlights painted by R'zwchm's blue-white sun. Its surface was battered and scoured.

She was a Rutha class Saychella model. A name plate by the main port read Arachim 4 Neetho, indicating point of origin as the fourth planet of the minor sun Arachim, situated about a third of the way out this spiral arm and some degrees below galactic plane. Home was now some two hundred light-years back toward galactic center.

Inside, Spacemaster Kyno Alabrand slumped in the control chair, bathed in sweat. That had been a near thing! If the Saychella generator had blown while the ship was still in hyperspace, all that emerged into the normal continuum would have been some micromotes of alatropic metal and a few free electrons shot from bursting atoms. Close indeed!

Rousing, he toggled the communicator on his chair console. "You can come up now," he said in a shaky voice. "We're out all right."

The bone conduction speaker implanted behind his left ear crackled, "Thank the Father!" Spacemaster Kyno noted the tremor in his wife's exclamation. But

Marrul hadn't interrupted his concentration since the trouble began. A wonderful woman!

"Bring the boy," he said, feeling stronger from just hearing her voice.

"Yes. All right, Kyno. We'll be right up."

The Spacemaster broke connection and began to unship the console. He cut power to the magnolock and swung the switch-laden board aside, keying control to the more extensive main board as he did so.

He rose, stretching away tenseness of tired muscles, then turned his attention to the multiple screens arching laterally around the curving forward bulkhead. He keyed in the ship's analyzer circuits and quickly punched the locator code. Computer relays hummed and clicked as sensors searched for recognizable base point suns from which to fix celestial location.

The control room hatch dilated with a hiss. He swung around, gladness shooting through him as always at the sight of Marrul's trim figure. Her one-piece underall clung like a second skin, characteristic of pseudoliving endoplast. Their son, Goleesh, turned five standard years while in this last aborted hyperspace leg, was in her arms.

"Where are we, Kyno?" Marrul inquired. A bright smile couldn't completely hide worry lines.

"Don't know for sure yet," he replied. "Hello, youngster!" He touseled the child's flaxen hair. "Comp should have an answer soon."

As if on cue, a melodious chime and flashing orange telltale signaled completion of computation cycles. The computer screen came alive at a touch on the acknowledgment key. Results of its sensing and calculations reeled across the screen face.

Studying the complicated symbology intently, Spacemaster Kyno gestured toward the main screen without taking his eyes off the readouts.

"That near blue sun," he said, "is Colum Three-Two-Eight. And we're in luck! It's a white dwarf, not too far above the Arachim spectrum. Even better, it's got planets--eight known--which were surveyed a hundred and twelve years ago by the Second Interstellar Survey ship sent into this arm."

Marrul spoke up. "I didn't know that. I thought we were the second Survey ship to be sent out this way."

"No. We're the third. Well, the second ship, I guess you could call us. Actually, the first survey was an unmanned roboprobe that was never recovered."

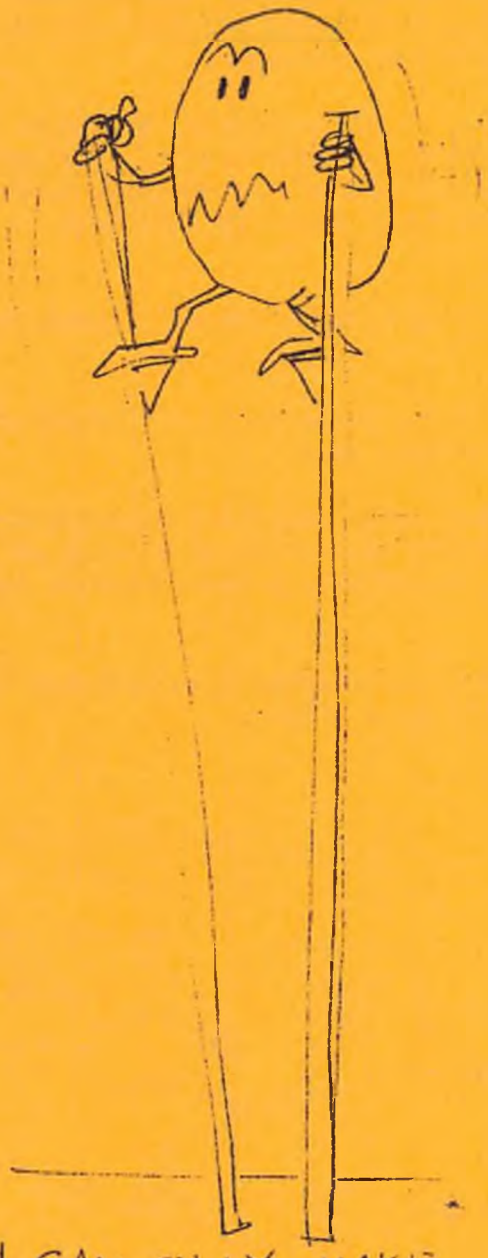
"Well, at least, we're not lost. That was my big worry when we had to abort." She touched her husband's arm lightly. "How about repairs to the hyperdrive?"

Spacemaster Kyno slipped an arm about her shoulders, "That's why I say we're lucky. The fourth planet of Colum is marked as near-standard conditions. It was surveyed from space on the second ship's homeward leg. They didn't attempt planetfall, but we'll have to get planetside somewhere and do a little mining before I can synthesize replacement crystals for the drive generator."

"Any problem, you think?"

"No. I don't think so. Colum is only two light-weeks away. We can make that easily on the standard drive. Take about--um--thirty-eight standard days. We've plenty of reaction mass for that."

"But thirty-eight days! Well, it could have been worse."



"It certainly could! We could have broken out nowhere, or maybe a few hundred light years from any usable planetary system. We're well off here. So--how about some food? I'm hungry. How about you, Goleesh? You hungry too?"

The boy turned toward his father from a quiet fascination with the stellar vista reproduced on the main screen. He smiled, then returned to the glittering star scene.

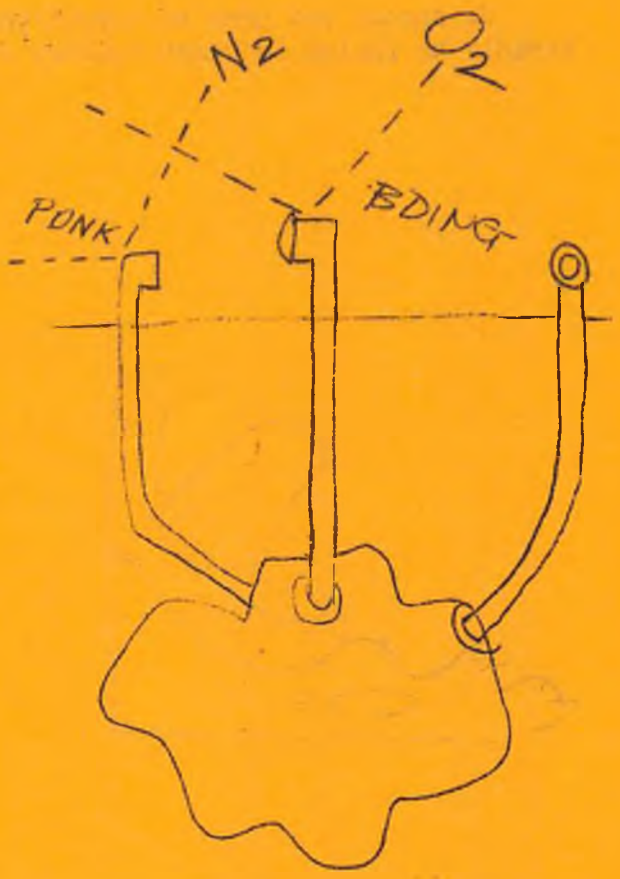
His father laughed. "Good!" Then to Marrul, "Go ahead. I'll set the course and be along before the autochef's finished."

"Will we still be able to finish our mission, Kyno?"

"Oh, yes. This'll delay us, of course, but we have plenty of stores and once the crystals are grown and sized, it's not much to install them. Then it's only three months or so on hyperdrive to our assigned sector. I want to go on. That little G-spectrum star locks promising."

"Seems to me the Colum planet shows promise too. I wonder why it's never been colonized?"

"I don't know. It could be for any number of reasons. The data bank doesn't include a reason. Land mass is quite small; that could be one reason." He patted Marrul's arm. "Now, go ahead. I'll be right along!"



H'tl first became aware of strangeness when he picked up vibrations of the ship's thunderous descent through R'zwchm's atmosphere. Wary, he drew the bulk of his protoplasm beneath the surface.

The few sensing cilia he left above the ground soon began to record movement of air molecules, gentle at first, but then building up to a great agitation as the starwalker rode a column of hot exhaust gasses down. Heat sensations followed, first from increased molecular friction in the air, then from the splash of exhaust against planetary surface.

H'tl was in full retreat when the tremendous vibratory upheaval stopped abruptly, leaving only faint patches of disturbance echoing through the subsurface. He slowed his flowing flight as overt danger signals subsided and his central nucleate control assessed sensory levels in the safe area once more.

The spark of curiosity within his multicellular mass that has promoted the first separation in R'zwchm history pulsed into neural ascendance again. He began to inch back toward the source of the strange disturbance in response to that nameless prodding.

By the time forward-thrusting cilia were within a hundred meters of the towering cylindrical giant, H'tl sensed it was alien to his world--alien at least to any experience captured and retained in R'zwchm memory units. Although H'tl was no longer a part of the parent root, the nucleoplasm of his control cell contained the mutated nucleoli which served as racial memory banks. To his simple evaluative abilities, then, lack of sensory irritability equated with safety.

When new stimuli finally came, they were low key, nothing like the avalanche of agitation which preceded the stranger's arrival. H'tl didn't retreat this time, but poised warily for quick flight if the danger level should rise.

Vibrations he received showed no sign of approaching him directly at first. They persisted in varying intensity for several production periods, invariably ceasing when radiation and temperature dropped to non-productive levels.

H'tl gradually accepted this repetitive pattern until it was muted into the generality of stimulation normalcy. He pushed more of his mass up into the sweet atmosphere, basking in the gentle glow of radiation during productive periods. He grew fat, filling every available food vacuole and mitotically extruded several corm for further storage. The small prick of curiosity became immersed in placidity.

He spread and grew so torpid that when a threat came, it advanced so rapidly he failed to react swiftly enough to escape.

4.

Spacemaster Kyno stood in the open hatchway and breathed deeply. "It's a fine day," he declared, exhaling noisily.

"Yes, isn't it," Marrul replied. She came from the inner lock chamber to stand beside him. "Everything looks good, doesn't it?"

"It does!" He turned toward her. "Better than I dared hope. Why, this planet is a treasure house. I don't see how the survey--even a roboprobe--could have missed assigning an A-One rating. It's rich; signs of practically every type mineral and metal our civilization needs: iron, aluminum, calcium, nickel, lead--the list is endless! Even traces of heavy elements as well. You can bet I'm logging it in detail!"

"How about us, Kyno? Can we find the materials for the crystals we need?"

The Spacemaster hugged his wife exuberantly. "No problem. Sensors indicate the best find nearby is only a hundred meters or so over there. Practically on our doorstep. I'll start stripping today and should have enough base to start growing the crystals in two or three days."

"Wonderful! I pictured us stuck here for a long time." She smiled. "I'm glad we won't be."

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing really. I guess the drive failure just scared me a little, that's all."

He nodded. "We were lucky," he said soberly. "Still, like we said, it could have been worse."

"Yes, Kyno. I realize that." She leaned into the circle of his arm. "But it's not Arachim, after all. I'm not complaining, and I do realize how fortunate we were, but I'll still be glad to get back to our mission, complete the survey and start back home again."

"Actually, I will too, Marrul. Sometimes I get the strangest feeling, as if we had no right to be here at all. Oh, I don't mean this planet alone. I mean, we're so...so small. The universe is just too big to have its size register most of the time. Then every now and then it almost seems all of space is falling on us. Like the drive failure. And coming down here on Colum. As if the ship were being pushed down instead of being guided planetside."

Marrul didn't reply. They were silent, looking out over the peaceful landscape. Then the Spacemaster shook himself and said, "Tell you what." His voice again was free of somber overtones. "You and Goleesh come along with me today. It's within sight of the ship and I don't think there's any danger. The sensors haven't recorded a sign of animal life. The change will do us all good. You and the boy have been cooped up inside long enough. What do you say?"

"Oh, can we?" She caught her husband's mood. "All right! It will be a nice change."

"Good! You go get Goleesh while I warm up the digger."

Twenty-five minutes later the digger's hoverfans sighed into silence and settled on heavy durasteel base legs against the ground. Spacemaster Kyno activated leveling extensibles, then keyed the extraction cycle. Gross movement of the digger's programmed activities were only soothing vibrations felt through the cab floor plates. The roar of the machine's powerplant and mechanical elements seeped into his ears as a muted humming of controlled energy.

From the digger's blunt nose a broad scoop edged with tiny jets of superhot gas extended and sliced cleanly into the ground. A cubic-meter bite was chomped out of Colum's soft skin in seconds. The scoop retracted, tilted and dumped the mineral-laden load into the hungry maw of an ultrasonic pulverizer. Then, screened, vibrated and sorted, the triturated constituents were blown into a storage bin.

Unnoticed by the digger's occupants, a large chunk of native growth was scooped up in the first bite out of the planet's crust.

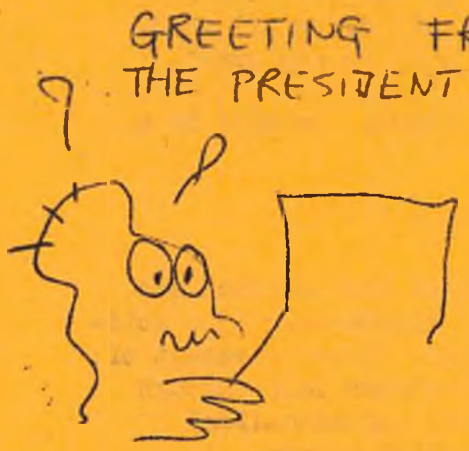
When the first scoopful had run through the processing cycle, Spacemaster Kyno shut the digger down. "I want to check the analyzers before we take any more," he explained.

"Can we get out too, Kyno?" Marrul asked.

"Sure. Come on." He cracked the cab hatch and clambored down the narrow ladder, carrying a squirming Goleesh in one arm. Marrul followed. Once aground, they went to the rear of the digger. As her husband opened the storage access door, Marrul filled her lungs with air.

"Smells good," she exclaimed. "I didn't realize how stale ship air can get." Her husband nodded absently, swinging the access door up against its stop.

Goleesh, imitating his mother's obvious enjoyment, expanded his small chest and sucked in a big draught of air. He coughed only slightly when a small tendril of dust floating from the open storage bin brushed irritatingly against the tender lining of his throat as it went down.



H'tl was totally unprepared. The pattern of activity around the visitor hadn't changed disturbingly. Sensory sentinels picked up the approaching vibrations, but the directness and swiftness of approach was unexpected. By the time the danger was clear, it was too late. He began a belated withdrawal deeper and away when the hot scoop dug his world apart around him.

At the first touch of intolerable heat, H'tl broke his neural lattice. Instinct took over. Instinct harking back to a dim, unremembered past in which constant dangers had threatened the evolving organism that ultimately developed into the R'zwchm. But realization that a very real threat confronted him came too late to save the bulk of his mass. Blind instinct triggered reaction.

He went inert, abandoning contact with all but a small sphere of protoplasm. Special plastoidal catalysts triggered into action as the survival syndrome took over. The mass surrounding his control nucleus was converted into thousands of hair-thin filaments. These whipped distal ends back around the nucleate core, encysting it in a tightly-wound protective cocoon. Under frantic nucleic command, each filament hardened on contact, forming an almost impervious shell around the infinitesimal mote that contained the essence of H'tl.

Before the process was complete, the mass of earth containing H'tl was sucked into the digger's pulverizer. Ultrasonics broke the clotted loam apart. The buffeting violence temporarily slowed his protective cycle. He joined other dust motes, centrifuged through the finest of filter screens, and spiraled out over heavier elements in the storage bin. Goleesh's inhalation generated a slight air stream which pulled H'tl out.

Unable to directly sense what was happening to him, H'tl remained in hiatus until a dim tactile impression of solidity seeped through the partially hardened survival sheath. In a panic of relief, he reversed the cycle and drew on a dangerously low energy store to shoot out anchoring rhizoids.

The stratum he found was strange and totally unfamiliar. But it contained nourishment even if there were more water molecules than he preferred. At the moment, H'tl sought security over physical comfort. He was safe. There was food. That was enough.

He burrowed deeper.

On the morning following their planet-side visit, Marrul found Goleesh lethargic and hard to rouse when she went to wake him. She let him stay abed and went seeking her husband.

POOR GOLEESH

"There's something the matter with Goleesh," she told him a few minutes later in the dining compartment. "I'm worried."

Spacemaster Kyno dropped the remains of his meal in the converter slot. "Probably just tired after yesterday. He ran off a good deal of energy outside. After all, it was the first chance in several weeks he's had to let loose."

"No. I don't think so." Marrul frowned. "I think he's starting a fever."

"Well, let's get him to sick bay. The automed'll tell us if he's coming down with anything serious and prescribe treatment." He smiled at Marrul reassuringly as he rose. "It's probably nothing unusual. The analyzers haven't shown anything dangerous."

Spacemaster Kyno had absolute faith in the incredible abilities of the near-alive computer banks. They were the heart of the Survey ship and every conceivable environmental factor was allowed for. If the analyzers said this planet was ecologically safe for humans, then there was nothing to fear. Soil, air, vegetation had all been exhaustively sampled and meticulously analyzed for compatability. Not a single negative result turned up.

The automed found an inflammation in Goleesh's left lung, but could not isolate a causal agent without surgical exploration, which it was not programmed to perform. It rated the severity as moderate and injected the boy with a preliminary dose of antibiotics.

But Goleesh worsened rapidly. By early evening his temperature was up above the safe level. Antibiotics had no visible effect and infection spread slowly but steadily. The fever continued to rise despite all efforts to retard it. By late evening the automed's visuals were flashing red danger signals on almost every sensor net.

Goleesh's parents stood helplessly by. There was nothing either of them could do. The automed was programmed for medical techniques beyond their knowledge. If it could not combat whatever was burning up their son, what could they do?

Marrul's lips moved in soundless prayer to the Father. Spacemaster Kyno, cool and competent at the spacer's controls, grew grey-faced as he watched the automed's telltales with haggard eyes. He punched in the circuit analyzers a dozen times during the fruitless vigil. But everything checked green while the prognostic telltales burned a steady, ominous red. Nothing halted the spreading fire that consumed their son!

Then, shockingly, it was over. The master monitor glowed pink when the first life support circuit telltale faded into the orange of standby status. Like a waking cyclopean monster, the single eye swiftly flushed up the red scale as one by one the other life support circuits signaled cessation of organ operation. Until at last it glowed a baleful carmine, frightening in its intensity, that completely overshadowed the pale orange points of useless support circuits.

Goleesh was dead!

7.

H'tl's survival instincts took over once he was anchored. As rapidly as energy reserves permitted he began meiotically dividing. Food intake increased to the detriment of the host, although in all fairness, H'tl wasn't aware his existence threatened another living entity. The urge to grow and build adequate defenses against a recurrance of danger to himself was overriding.

He grew with abnormal swiftness. The new host was a rich food source. Although the R'zwchm preferred holophytic nutrition, they could switch to saprophytic absorption from external sources when the situation demanded. Now survival demanded it and H'tl consumed everything possible.

When protoplasmic expansion reached a certain size, H'tl activated a secendary control nucleus. Normally this would act as a sort of regional supervisor for specialized functions such as sensing, locomotion and regulating metabolic processes. But now a strange thing happened. The newly-activated subordinate cell encountered similarity at a time when the urgency to attain security of size tended to lessen selectivity. Almost as soon as secondary control was activited it encountered another living cell.

Wall membranes fused and the two cells drifted into a conjugative alignment. Two sets of diploid chromosomes mingled indiscriminately before the inadvertant error was discovered and the tetraploid number meiotically reduced to diploid normalcy again.

Conjugation triggered vast changes. During nucleate fusion gene crossover occurred to an unknown degree. The extent of exchange would not be known for a long time, but the genetic blueprint that identified Goleesh would not be entirely erased after all. Some of the cellular codings found their way into an alien organism.

Shortly after H'tl's primary control ordered the conjugation stopped, a new problem arose. Nutrient quality of the host began to deteriorate. Degradation was gradual and digestion continued for some time before deficiencies triggered total rejection and absorption ceased.

By this time H'tl had grown. Mitotic growth ceased when the food supply was no longer acceptable, but he'd stored enough to support his mass for a long period. He remained dormant, not willing just yet to expend newly generated resources in movement.

Sensors recorded no further overt danger until temperature suddenly started to drop. He had plenty of time to marshal defenses and became alarmed only when energy requirements abnormally increased oxidation of stored food. He soon had to go inert again and trigger the survival cycle for the second time.

8.

Spacemaster Kyno recovered slowly from stunned disbelief at the death of their son.

"I don't know what killed him," he said without inflection. "There was nothing I could do."

His wife turned agonized eyes toward him. Tears welled, overflowing in a dam-burst of grief. She flung herself into his embrace, wailing, "Why? Why? Oh Father Above, why?"

Her husband stood mute.

But even the shocking finality of Goleesh's death didn't stop life from continuing. The two of them drifted in a haze of psychological numbness for hours. The real world waited to start flowing again.

At last Spacemaster Kyno said, "Marrul, we've got to move on. I don't want to stay here any longer than we have to."

She nodded mutely, tears flooding as she gazed down at the still little body.

"I want to take him home when we finish our mission," he continued. "Don't you? I mean, you don't want him buried here, do you?"

"No!" she cried. "No! Not alone on this Father-forsaken world!" Marrul drew a deep, shuddering breath.

"No, of course not." He patted her shoulder, awkward in grief. "You go lie down. I'll take care of Goleesh." His voice almost broke.

Marrul was calmer now. "No, Kyno dear, I'll help. I'll get a fresh jumper and we'll clean him up."

"All right. While you're doing that, I'll get a cold locker ready."

Marrul nodded, gulping back a lump clogging her throat. "What...when are we going home, Kyno?"

"Just as soon as we can. We've got to finish the crystals before we can do anything."

"And then? I suppose we have to finish the mission?"

Spacemaster Kyno nodded, reluctantly. "I'm not eager anymore, but we do have a responsibility. Yes, we'll go on."

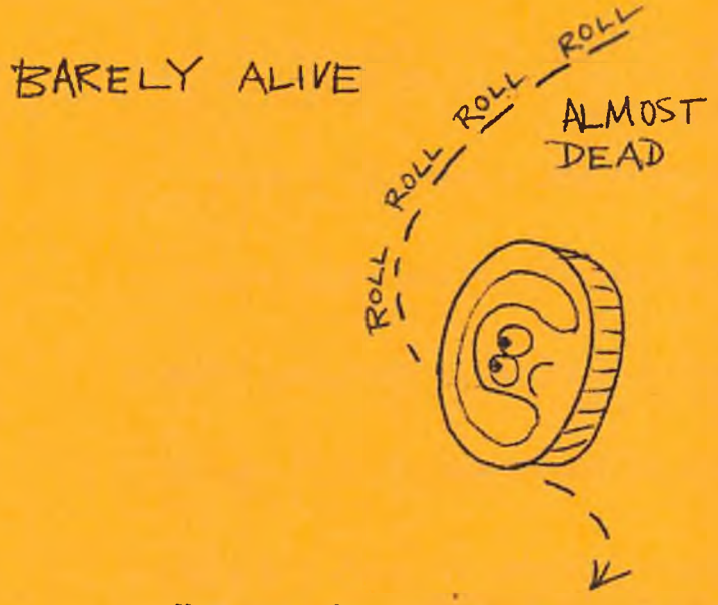
Crystal growth took six days. Another two were spent grinding and polishing and fitting before the Spacemaster was satisfied the Z-T drive was ready. A few hours of static testing put the control console on full green status. They were ready to depart Colum.

Without waiting out another rest period, they strapped into acceleration harness as the reaction chamber heated. Spacemaster Kyno punched a thousand-kilometer orbit program into the navigation computer. He shot a quick smile of reassurance at Marrul, then activated the sequential checklist for minimum countdown.

Less than an hour later he locked nav-sensors on baseline stars, keyed the sequential to Z-T drive control circuits and lay back in the harness. Magnetic switches thunked into circuits and the giddy resonance of the Z-T wavefront rolled through them, translating everything within its ellipsoidal bubble from normal to pseudo-soace.

Arachim 4 Neetho winked out, leaving Colum Three-Two-Eight swinging unperturbed in the eternal vastness of space.

9.



H'tl was unaware of the fantastic forces that hurtled him and his frozen host outward at multiples of light speed. Reduced to a single nucleate mote protected by a nearly impervious shell of inert matter, his essence trembled on the brink of extinction, existing in a limbo between almost-dead and barely-alive.

He knew nothing of the spaceship's entrance into the Z-bubble, an anamolous ovoid of pseudo-space generated of modulated coherent light, allotropic quartz and cryogenic helixes of closely-wound copper wire. The flowing Z-waves split and bent in a self-amplifying pattern that formed a diffraction bubble enclosing the starship.

H'tl was oblivious to the fact that the Arachimian vessel and its Z-bubble surged at a hundred times the speed of light toward the outer rim of this galactic arm. His life force hovered at the edge of dissolution. Consciousness was a tiny spark passively existing as the only evidence of infinitely retarded metabolism, like a dim telltale whose weak flickering indicates a hardly-measurable energy level in a depleted accumulator storage bank.

Nor would H'tl have understood the implications of two or three infinitesmal flaws in the ship's power unit. The crystal synthesizing process had been largely automatic, including structural, strain and fatigue testing at each plateau of growth. Yet even the most delicate sensory equipment has limitations set by

the inherent nature of its own constituent elements. Some tiny fraction of impurities is bound to creep into even the most stringently controlled process.

The tiny flicker of sentiency that was H'tl felt nothing as the power lased its continuous beam of light into the modulator crystal. Nor did the slow erosion of electrons from crystal fracture planes have any correlation with the trembling nucleate life spot buried in the frozen lung tissue of a human cadaver encased in the largest of the ship's cold lockers.

Ultimately, sufficiently large numbers of electron layers were stripped away to cause imbalance in distribution of energy triggering Z-T field excitation. Finally, crystal deterioration became so gross that feedback circuits of monitor sensors were energized.

H'tl's awareness remained in inviolate stasis even when the explosion shattered the Arachim 4 Neetho.

10.

Once the Z-bubble opaqueness englobed the ship, support systems went automatic. The nav-comp would monitor control circuits, popping circuit breakers at the calculated time to collapse the Z-field and return the ship to real time and space. Until then Spacemaster Kyno had few watch details.

His attention wandered in morose contemplation of the tragedy that had taken his son. Marrul exiled herself to their cabin in an isolation of grief. Only the faint susurration of operating bridge equipment sounded to keep him company, a familiar, impersonal background that didn't intrude on the somberness of his mood. He sank into a daze of unhappiness, eyes staring sightlessly before him.

The power panel's malfunction alert winked an angry red, unseen, for long moments. Not until the first surge of disturbed Z-field symmetry vibrated through the fabric of the ovoid's volume did the Spacemaster become aware something was wrong. By that time it was too late.

He was reaching for the override to manually disengage the drive's lasing generator when field disruption reached critical proportions. The modulator crystal destructed as Z-wave strength surged toward peak load. In the millisecond before destruct was total, the crystal structure shifted in tortured atomic breakup and fanned a last single distorted wavefront out.

Instead of forming a neat bubble of Z-space, its surface undulated, generating a distortion within the field's volume, which in turn caused further surface distortions.

Suddenly the wave surface bellied inward and touched metal plates. Nothing, not even the tremendously hard alloy of ship's hull, could resist the frightful energy differential between real and Z-space.

Normally, a Z-field's perfect symmetry permits anything within the bubble to reach harmonic resonance safely, although the momentary sensation as the wavefront passes through living tissues is acutely unpleasant. But a distorted Z-wave induces uneven resonances in real-space solids that tear atomic cohesions violently apart, like ultrasonics shattering fragile glass. And when the distorted wave front sliced through magnetic fields holding the powerplant's fusion plasma, slagging added to the violent disintegration.

The Arachim 4 Neetho ceased to exist.

11.

Structural dissolution scattered atomic debris into the interstices of Z-space. Only fractional bits of the spaceship were hurled back across the boundary into real-space. Sudden transition from a Z-bubble, where normal rules of mass-velocity equivalency are temporarily suspended, demands release of nuclear energies as compensation for instantaneous return to a universe of relative less-than-infinite mass.

Yet the fabric of normal space is not strong enough to contain the tremendous energy needed to sustain the infinite mass necessary for travel at velocities greater than light. When a Z-engine is perfectly aligned, the symmetrical energy stasis can slide through the edges of both universes. But once a bubble's symmetry is lost, destruction results--is inevitable.

What was left of the Arachim 4 Neetho hit the barrier traveling at a velocity in excess of the speed of light. As the infinitude of mass suddenly decreased, real/Z-space barriers burst. Torrents of energy had to be released to satisfy the mass-equation.

One tiny speck ejected back into normal space contained the encysted H'tl and shreds of frozen lung tissue from the dead Goleesh. Explosive disintegration of tissue atoms severely strained the nearly impervious survival shell, pitting its surface despite fantastic cohesiveness.

The soundless blast dissipated through space at near the speed of light. H'tl was hurled away from the epicenter in roughly the same direction as the Arachim 4 Neetho had been heading, toward the spiral arm's outer rim.

Although sparsely populated compared to galactic center, there were perhaps a thousand million suns in this galactic quadrant. Chance alone dictated the celestial path the encapsuled H'tl followed. Fate alone would decide if he were to finally live or die.

A miniscule space capsule, H'tl flashed along an unknown trajectory at about half light-speed toward an uncertain future. He knew nothing of the almost

impossible circumstances befalling him. With metabolic rate slowed to nearly zero, he existed in limbo, awaiting all unconsciously for some faint sign of inimical forces removed--or for death. But he waited long indeed.

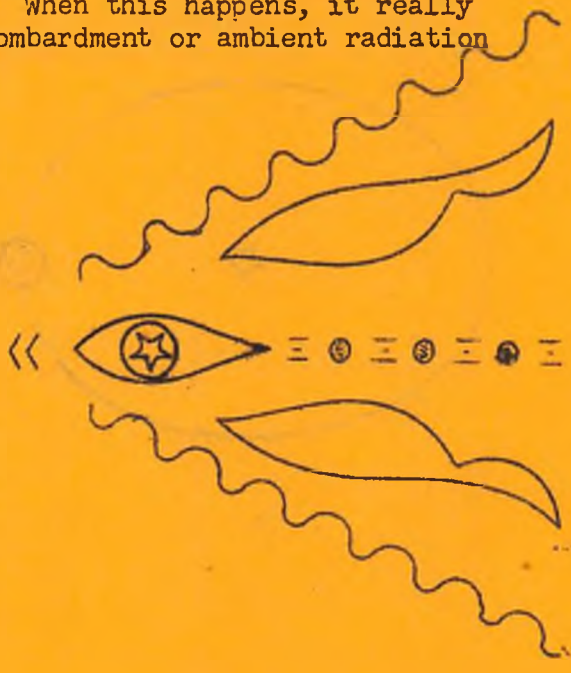
12.

Time had no meaning. Nor did distance affect the faint spark, hovering on the edge of extinction, that retained H'tl's life-identity. It was a period of non-memory, of void so deep and black that the most sensitive life-sensors registered less energy than a vagrant cosmic particle.

Strictly speaking, the H'tl who now rode the random interstellar path was not the H'tl who broke from the R'zwchm parent root. Exchange of genes with the Goleesh cell had altered him already. Radiation released in the violent Z-to-normal space transition subjected him to further bombardments, some of which penetrated the survival cyst and mutationally touched inert chromatin.

Lonely drifting in the frigid void changed H'tl still further. Alterations were minute and followed no consistent pattern. Single gamma particles traversing in survival cell at infrequent, chance intervals altered molecular protein structure, each time creating a new variant potential.

Most variations and mutations that occur in living things meet antibiotic forces automatically deployed against such incursions. Life tends to resist imbalances in blind compliance to the universal axiom that each species breed true. But occasionally environmental factors are right. If a mutation encounters no antitoxic resistance, or somehow manages to successfully integrate its life forces into new parameters, it survives. When this happens, it really makes little difference whether cosmic particle bombardment or ambient radiation causes the change.



Changes in the H'tl-Goleesh cell were not challenged. Locked tightly away from everything, unknowing, uncaring, nearly un-alive, it sped onward, subject to subtle eddies of cosmic influences which fill the "empty" interstices of deep space.

From an initial velocity of just under half the speed of light, the tiny nucleate kernel gradually slowed to a mere several thousand kilometers per second. Light pressure, magnetic field effects and occasional encounters and near-encounters with other lonely star-travellers slowly worked over three-and-a-half centuries to reduce the precipitous rush.

At last invisible forces guiding H'tl's mindless journey led him into the solar system of a yellow sun. He skirted the magnetic field of a small, lifeless planet, curved in response to the attraction of a larger, frozen globe, then arched away again under the gentle tug of a huge gas giant closer in.

Alignment of the five remaining bodies circling this yellow sun set up a pattern of attraction that pulled H'tl's infinitesimal mass along an irregular trajectory which swung him deeper into the magnetic field of the third planet than any other he'd encountered so far. And when the planet's single, lifeless satellite swung across his approach-line, adding its relatively feeble gravitic attraction at precisely the right moment, H'tl's velocity slowly responded by increasing just enough to pull him irrevocably into the sphere of influence radiated by the blue-white world.

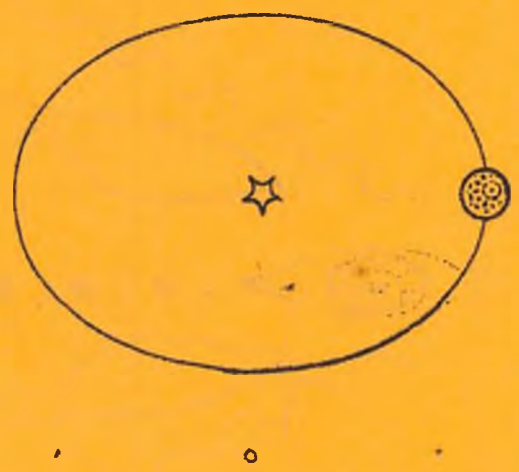
Six months later, H'tl's superhard cyst, now traveling at nearly twenty kilometers per second, slashed steeply into the upper fringes of atmosphere. Heat built up rapidly, but the resistant shell retained most of its outer surface as the ever-thickening gaseous blanket slowed its stabbing plunge. The protective covering was still below critical stress limits when the shallow coastal waters of a large sea received the tiny wanderer in a warm saline embrace.

Languidly, H'tl settled toward the soft sea bottom, almost indistinguishable among the detritus of an aqueous plenum teeming with organic life. Myriad species, struggling to attain stabilized existence in the midst of evolutionary fecundity, paid scant attention to one more microscopic bit of matter.

Undulating currents pulsated through this hydrosphere. Tidal forces, thermal differentiations and undercurrents pulled and pushed and carried the tiny capsule to a final resting place in the sediment below a narrow fluvial inlet overhung with tangled skeins of lush tropical growth.

H'tl's celestial jaunt was over at last.

13.



The planet spun silently along its slightly elliptical solar orbit for three complete revolutions before the cellular stasis inside H'tl's survival case started to relax. By then the tiny ovoid was buried in muck deposited by strong daily tides and currents. Little by little, reaction to the salinity of this warm bath began to take place.

Deep within the core of cellular memory an electro-chemical process triggered layer-locked minute impulses. Infinitesimal charges evoked fine-textured conversions in the cell's sensing material. Each tiny change made a sequential deposit, adding to each successive change induced, plating sensory surfaces until biotic responses were alerted to gather a full-scale range of coherent evidence from environmental stimuli.

The pattern spread inward from the epidermal surface. The process triggered H'tl's control lattice, which gradually magnified and amplified input data. Finally, the pattern of awareness reached a decision-making stage. The first judgment dictated growth, which instinctively correlated an increase in mass with an increase in security potential.

But the task of reforming a body after such a protracted stasis was difficult. Intussusceptional reorganization proceeded slowly. The limiting factor was an agonizing lack of stored energy. H'tl's first physical actions were slow and cautious.

He expended a precious bit of energy to dissolve a minute segment of the survival cyst casing from the inside, simultaneously extruding a hair-thin organic sensing filament. Rather than seeking sensory data at first, he merely recorded stimuli present in the environment immediately surrounding him.

Slowly, slowly, strength began to build. Energy levels accumulated, boosting potentials that permitted higher levels of activity. As each level stabilized, additional energy became progressively available. At last criticality was overcome to a point where H'tl could begin the intricate process of cell duplication and regeneration.

Personal survival dictated that he propagate. With the growth syndrome activated, the most immediate concern was expansion of body size to provide an adequate base from which more intricate construction could safely proceed.

When mitotic division expanded his mass sufficiently, H'tl carefully extended control and sensory nets. Capillaries cautiously spasmed, distributing vital juices to energy storage vacuoles. Synaptic helices dilated, heightening neural conductivity. Awareness extended along spreading fascilated fibers. Finally, individual filaments and interweaving capillaries began to feed sensory data to H'tl's consciousness.

Once strength and security seemed assured, H'tl began the main task of building by creating the multitudinous enzymes necessary for control of the countless intermeshing reactions which are the essence of life. The new environment was rich in organic molecules that favored development of a wide variety of enzymes. But this world's thick aqueous and ozone layers, which filtered disruptive radiations into a different pattern, meant that development into the full complexity of his genetic potential progressed along subtly different lines than would have been the case on R'zwchm.

A cellular consciousness of the genetic message was implanted in H'tl's chromosomes. But now this inherent ability to monitor for correctness the mechanism transmitting the genetic message monitored generations of cells containing genes shuffled interchangeably during fusion of the H'tl-Goleesh nuclei. Their genetic message differed markedly from that of H'tl alone. Thus, while regrowth proceeded according to the R'zwchm pattern, a new kind of message was transmitted.

It was time for H'tl to think of sexually dividing. Whenever the R'zwchm encountered hostility great enough to trigger the survival syndrome, the urge to propagate always followed emergence from the survival cyst.

H'tl followed the instinctive urge blindly, aware only that it was time to produce new control nuclei. Up to now his growth had been merely expansion of protoplasm to increase mass and energy-storing capacity. A few secondary control cells, incapable of independent functioning, assisted in attending to metabolic needs and acted as remote sensor stations through fascicular linkages. But the compulsion H'tl felt now demanded that he produce others of his own kind. He had no inkling that he was a hybrid.

The gametogenic cycle began with release of an enzyme which altered a special body cell. Meiotic division resulted in six haploid gametes, three containing a single male chromosome each and three a single female chromosome each. After a short gonadal growth period, the six haploid gametes paired in a predetermined trio of hermaphroditic fusions to form three diploid zygotes. Two were sexually homozygous; one male, one female. The third combined heterozygously.

Cleavage began at once. Both homozygous zygotes meiotically divided to produce a pair of identical daughters, while the heterozygous zygote produced two pairs of offspring. The male trait was dominant in one set of twins, recessive in the other.

A third development stage completed the cycle. When each zygote was enclosed in several tough ectodermal layers, the zygotes moved randomly outward through the main body's surface. At last they budded through and settled into a period of embryonic growth, nourished through fibrovascular umbilical bundles tapping special high-protein amitotic food cells.

R'zwchm proglottids normally remained as part of the parent colony. Normally, that is. But neither H'tl nor the environment were normal. He was the first R'zwchm to disengage from the parent root and assume an independent existence. The trait--really an aberration that in other circumstances would be called curiosity--survived the genetic change which operated now in the altered H'tl.

In due time the eight proglottids also severed connections with their parent and struck out on their own. Within twenty planetary revolutions five had fallen prey to a variety of resistive elements in this world, elements which for one reason or another had failed to gain immediate ascendancy over a stronger H'tl.

Three of his progeny fared better. Perhaps their particular genetic combination of Arachim and R'zwchm provided natural immunity against native antibody actions. Perhaps the element of chance played a role in their continued survival. Whatever the reasons, the three slowly matured.

One, containing the diploid male chromosomes, grew to adulthood and died naturally, having failed to find a mate among the native life. Its fate is unimportant.

The remaining two offspring grew to fulfill a far different destiny. Both carried the heterologous sexual determiners, one a male dominant, the other female.

The male selected H'dm as his personal identifier and set about fitting himself into the environment. He thrived. Unlike his parent, he quickly reached a configuration and mass at which physiological development ceased. Although some native organisms resented his appearance in their microcosmic world, H'dm managed to manufacture defenses rapidly enough to provide ultimate immunity to such attacks as they were able to mount. Within half a season, he had integrated himself into the environmental pattern as if he had always existed so.

But he had no purpose as yet. Vague stirrings that seemed to emanate from deep beneath the conscious level of awareness urged him to restless movement. He searched for something, but didn't know what.

Until he encountered a Presence entirely new to his limited experience. Then H'dm found purpose.

He sensed the Presence long before sensory cilia, extended in normal sentry pattern, were able to feed in enough concrete data to evaluate. An aura of familiarity, unexplicable but strangely exciting, touched him. He sensed no danger. Whatever the Presence was, it was not inimical. There was <u>rightness</u> in what he sensed, confirmed when the Presence drew close enough to be directly scanned.

He extended a pseudopod with the distal end sensitized to the greatest possible degree. The Presence did likewise. Slowly, though without hesitation, the two extrusions drew together, slowing as they neared conjunction. At last they touched, lightly, delicately.

And abruptly, two individualistic ego-patterns met. For long moments the two identities assessed each other. Then, as though at a single signal, an almost instantaneous exchange of neural energy took place. Conceptualizations of physical arrangement were traded. Each was a blueprint of inherited structural shape, interactive lattices binding them on a neural level and providing a basis for integrating future actions of both organisms.

Neither retained complete individuality, for within both organisms existed the unique guide for adaptability that had made the R'zwchm the dominant lifeform on a home world many parsecs past in time and distance. Yet each did retain a separateness of identity that sprang from sexual differentiations laid out in genetic structures.

The stranger's identifier--H'v--passed into H'dm's awareness. And with this bit of knowledge came pleasantly disturbing overtones that triggered strange neural energy patterns. He found new complexity, a profusion of connections and synapses

that were at once hauntingly familiar and excitingly different. Curiously, he probed deeper, attuning his perceptions to catch impressions, cellular memory patterns and symbolisms whose totality was so clear but whose subtly altered elements werw so mystifying.

One pattern differentiation evoked strange conceptualizations deep within H'dm's control center. It was his first encounter with the hyper-intellectuality called emotion.

He probed gently at H'v's pliant neural shell, easing into the embryonic frontal gyrus. He met some disorganized resistance at first, but his completely open reciprocity reassured her. He moved slowly inward, taking infinite pains not to frighten her sensitivities into protective reactions which could forever bar him. He groped up and down burgeoning cortical corridors, cumulating, integrating and at last understanding.

He invited her probes and found them so delicately shy he was almost unaware of her search patterns when they finally settled inside his own hitherto inviolate cortical center. He made no effort to damp emotional triggers opening new neural paths. He welcomed the mutual excitement he sensed his presence similarly created in her.

In answer to an urge instinctively dictating behavior patterns, H'dm extruded an intromissive pseudopod, the end result of an involuntary chemically-induced cellular change within him.

H'v likewise underwent cellular change. A portion of her ectoderm softened and invaginated to receive H'dm's intromittent organ.

KEEP YOUR NEW DECK. I'LL PLAY WITH THESE.

While this exploratory exchange was taking place, gonadal activity occurred in both organisms. Meiotic division began producing gametes, while other interactions triggered formation of ducts through which H'dm's sperm would ultimately seek and find H'v's fertile egg cell. Such massive realignment of physiological patterns involved the whole of each organism and took time. But they had plenty of time--a whole lifetime.

What was occuring within and between them resulted from instinctive reactions falling naturally into place in a pattern predetermined by inherited factors they knew nothing about. It was enough that by their meeting each filled a previously empty gap in the continuity of life essences, fulfillment of which became an irresistable objective.

When at last changes were complete and the first fertilization of a new species an accomplished fact, they uncoupled and rested, maintaining light sensory touch. It was time now for more leisurely exchange of thought and sensation.

We are complete. H'dm's wordless idea sped to her.

She agreed. It is good to be complete.

Life is good. His neural communication managed to convey a preciseness of meaning.

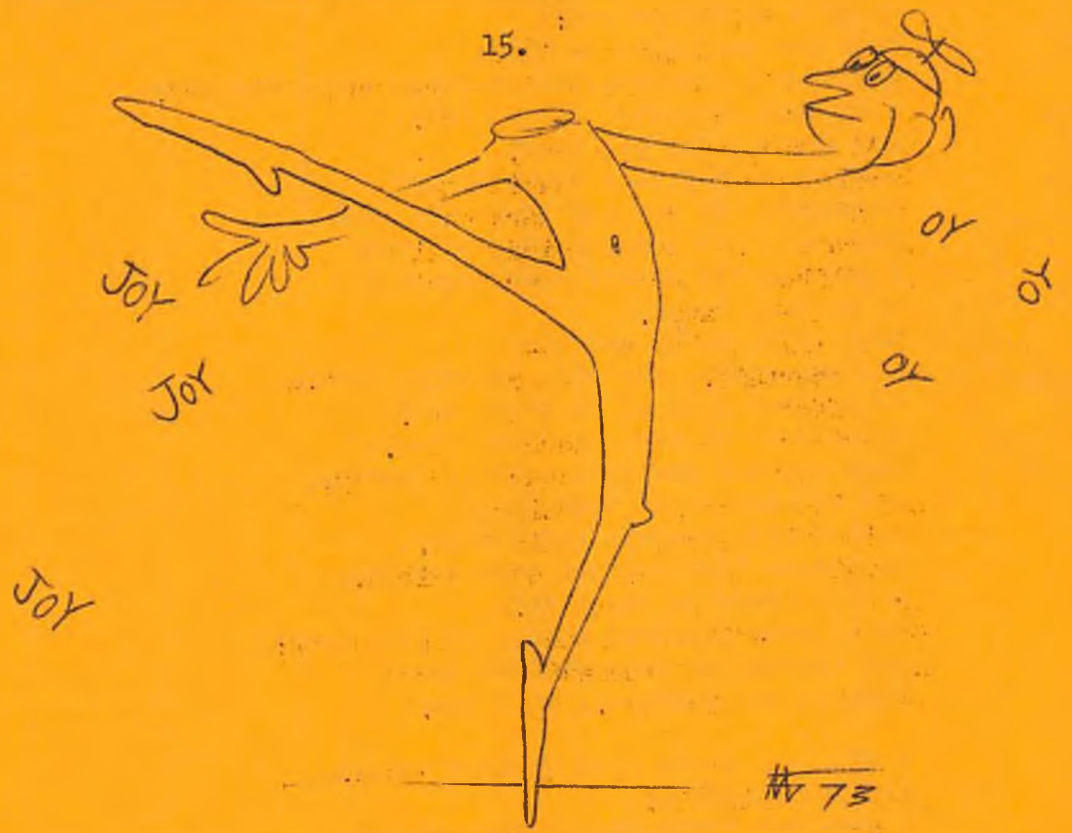
She understood. Now good life will continue.

Thoughts flashed back and forth with the desultory casualness of contentment. Without understanding how they knew, both recognized they had created a force which could outlast them. The future was veiled, of course, but certainty was none the less firm for that.

It is good here, H'dm thought.

H'v was quiet for some time, responding finally, Let us call this place R'th -- the Place of Goodness.

He had no objection. It was a Place of Goodness, indeed. I am happy you came here, his thought caressed her mind.

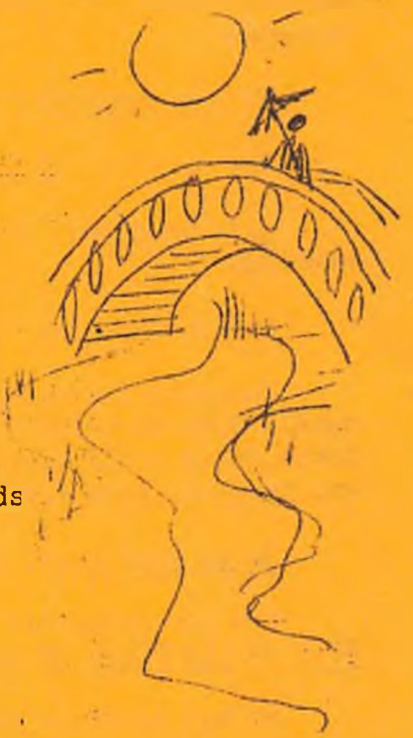


Peace settled over them, a blanket warmer even than the gentle sea. Touching, H'dm and H'v waited in secure contentment for the appearance of their contribution to the destiny of the Good R'th.

# # # # #

BRIDGE

(Dedicated to Evelyn Ehlerding)



There's a bridge of star-mined oridak
Reared by a simple dreamer god,
Whose plan and precept are simply told:
Soft magic to rule its sunset side,
A land since shunned by men.
Past its arch and down a summery aisle
The unrippled, drowsy Mydor crawls,
And floats along on its cradling tide
Confetti from near, voloptuous Qwarth....
Petals of rainbowed pimelot glow
And waste their incensed life with joy;
Then pass, but leave their gypsy shades
To impishly haunt the day.
They pass; and presently in their train
High-riding bubbles, poignant crystal beads
Come wrapped in searching melancholy,
Like tears now-shed, still undissolved,
Pressed from some neglected heart....

Of that sunset shore--
Whether it lies in the west I cannot say;
There the sun goes out, reluctantly,
To return an hour hence,
Or in a miniature year:
Gods owe no fealty to Time,
For time is meaningless in every world but ours.
--On that enchanted sunset bank,
And beyond, and all about,
Gardens worthy of a dreaming god
Overwhelm the eye and snare the soul
And cause the jealous mind to wish
A godlike and worthy comprehension
of so much beauty.
Come glimpses by and by--
Now uncertain, now with trusting depth--
Of saffron folk of no great bulk,
Inheritors of that wondrous place.
They nod and bow with courtly gravity,
And without gross beckonings
Invite with earnest hospitality.
In voices like perfume made audible,
Or the sound of starlight,
Or of eons-filtered peace, do they speak;
And through an intermediate space
That is not distance, do I hear.

I dare not cross that smiling bridge,
And yet I wish it.
I dare not tread that sunset ground,
And still I wish it.
A piquant moment there and perhaps
All my homeland were aged into dust.
But more I wish it.

-- JAMES ELLIS

EPSILOAE

FANSTATIC & FEEDBACK: Lettercolumn

HAL HALL -- 15 March 1973 (3608 Meadow Oaks Lane, Bryan, TX 77801).

((Re TWJ #81.)) . . . A couple of comments: I hope you can get some replies from the other editors on the "Some Thoughts on Editing" article. I would be most interested in hearing the other side. It seems to me that the authors of the article may have let their own bias get in the way of their reason--to quote: "ANALOG has such a narrow perspective that only a very specialized audience can enjoy it. . ." In fact, the reverse may well be more true, since ANALOG has the largest circulation of any of the magazines. I am not prepared to believe that people are simply buying ANALOG to keep its circulation up--I strongly suspect that most of them read the magazine, and further, that they like what they read enough to go out and buy the next issue, etc. On to another topic: Michael Shoemaker's column on fanzines is the best thing I've seen in a long time. More power to you, Mike!!!! The only suggestion I'd offer is to switch the column to SOTWJ so we can see it sooner. Keep it up, MTS.

((Re Mike's column--his greatest problem is simply finding the time to do the thing. Perhaps this summer, after the school year is finished, he can catch up. We can publish them in SOTWJ as fast as he can write them. (Well, almost....) To keep them current, our plan is to run them in the more frequent SOTWJ, publishing them in TWJ only when we get a column just before an issue of TWJ is ready to come out. --ed.))

T.W. COBB -- 21 March 1973 (P.O. Box 3767, Dallas, TX 75208).

The sectional arrangement added to the accessibility of TWJ 81; it's easier to refer back to a particular item. But do you really need the separate paging? It seems consecutive numbering would be easier on you, anyway.

All in Color for a Dimo is the only book I've seen that dealt primarily with magazines (with the exception of the volumes by Steranko; the latter, however, seem to be only historical treatments with a lot of cover reproductions). I enjoyed ACD for that reason. The other titles I've been able to look over were concerned with the strips and mentioned the magazines only in passing. The local library, too, only possesses this kind of book. (I'm afraid the Dallas area is culturally lacking.)

The type of fanzine review Michael T. Shoemaker wrote for 81 lets the reader know a lot more about the fanzine under discussion. Writing a lengthy review must take long and require a good deal of patience. Hope he will do it again.

Other readers who know more about the editorial aspects of prozines can take issue with Scott Edelstein and Stephen Gregg's comments; however, I'm a subscriber to ETERNITY, and I'd like to comment from the standpoint of a reader. The impression they made on me was that they have published more than one issue. What bothers me is that I've only received one issue--the first one. Perhaps they should have made that fact clear in the article when they wrote "only two of seven SF magazines are consistently worth reading: F&SF, and ETERNITY" (page A-7), and "many of the stories purchased by ETERNITY were submitted before any other market..." (page A-9).

((The separate paging for each section was necessitated by the fact that we have started typing each section as the material for it was received, rather than waiting 'til all material was in for an issue before we started its preparation. Thus, we are typing several sections simultabeously (and running them off simultaneously, too). If we tried to number them consecutively, we would not be able to group the material in sections--or would have to make an incredibly accurate guess as to exactly how long each section was going to be. --ed.))

ROBERT E. BRINEY -- 25 March 1973 (245 Lafayette St., Apt. 3G, Salem, MA 01970). (Sent to Dennis Lien.)

Recently received TWJ-81 containing your STRANGE TALES bibliography, a welcome addition to the literature. I had one or two small nits to pick . . .

Point one: there was a MAGAZINE OF HORROR #36 (April 1971), not merely announced but actually published.

Point two: the magazine was BIZARRE FANTASY TALES, not BIZARRE FANTASY FICTION.

The British paperback A Book of Weird Tales contained one original story among the reprints: Marion Zimmer Bradley's "The Wild One".

I had a chance to talk to Doc Lowndes at the recent Boskone, and asked him about the fate of the unsold stock of the various Health Knowledge magazines after they folded. He said that he doesn't know for sure, but suspects that they were sold as scrap paper, or pulped. Sound of teeth gnashing!

((TWJ #81 readers please note the above corrections to Dennis Lien's STRANGE TALES biblio, which appeared therein. --ed.))

RICHARD DELAP -- 7 April 1973 (1014 S. Broadway, Wichita, KS 67211).

((Re TWJ #81.)) First, I'm very disappointed by Thomas Burnett Swann's "article" on American International Pictures, in that it simply is three paragraphs stating that AIP has challenged the might of England's Hammer film industry in the horror genre. It's nice to know that he's aware of the state of affairs, but I don't think he's said anything that fans weren't already aware of. AIP has a fascinating history behind it, from the shoestring-budget exploitation films of the mid-50's (including westerns, crime dramas, teenage rock-and-roll mini-epics, and of course the dozens of horror and SF items, including the first efforts of Roger Corman) to the financial goldmine of Edgar Allan Poe, and finally to recent attempts to add a little "class" to their product with such films as The Sandpit Generals (retitled The Wild Pack when it was discovered that audiences relate better to hard-sell advertising, which hard-sell experts at AIP should have known all along) and the artistically bland but financially successful Wuthering Heights. To my knowledge no one has tried to write a study of AIP and its influence (which has been mighty), and I was hoping that Swann had done so. Maybe someday....

Edelstein and Gregg's article on editing is so much nonsensical self-puffery ladled with a gross distortion of facts. One does not even need to read Ted White's comments to see that this is so. I'm very glad you published the editors' comments from White and Ferman along with this piece, as alone the article would have been very offensive. As to the comments on my own work, I am of course very grateful for Ferman's generous appraisal and, in a way, also for White's less generous remarks. White, however, disgruntles me with his comment that readers should judge my criticisms on the basis of our opinions on a single novel, Roger Zelazny's Lord of Light. In the first place, this review was written before White became editor of AMAZING and FANTASTIC, was the first review I'd ever had published in a fanzine, and was certainly read by fewer people than read my work now. White, obviously, is holding a grudge. He published some of my reviews in AMAZING a few years back, so obviously he wasn't totally against all of my opinions. The fact that our tastes "rarely intersect" is irrelevant except as to how readers react to them. How many short stories has White published that have made the final tally on any of the popularity polls, including the Hugos and Nebulas?

Now as to the novels, well, that's another matter entirely. I don't think I serve "very little function" to readers, when I review many of the novels in later book form. (Some of the magazines cut the serial versions of novels, and I'm not about to make an exception for White re reviewing just because he claims he doesn't cut them.) The purpose of the magazine reviews is to review the short fiction--and contrary to

White's remark, I most certainly do review the "short novels"--and it certainly isn't my fault that White devotes "better than 50%" of his magazines to serials. I am not going to adjust my standards to suit him. If readers want reviews of the novels, they can watch for the book reviews (by myself, among many others) or read Michael Shoemaker's comments in SOTWJ. White is merely being selfish and silly. I don't treat him any different than I do the other editors and I assess his editorial talents in the same light. I've had plenty of opportunity to tell him his taste is all centered in his mouth, and have refrained from doing so (well, up to this moment, anyway). I'm interested in finding good fiction and reporting the discovery to interested readers, that's all. I'm even willing to report it when I discover it in White's magazines, and I think most of my readers are already aware of this. I think White should get off his hobbyhorse, give Carrington a little rest, and do some work for himself.

The review section was quite good this time around. I especially liked Taylor's discussion of Robert Silverberg. The piece on Ellison's Again, Dangerous Visions was also interesting to read--at least Shoemaker bothered to comment on each story, which some reviewers couldn't find time to do, and I know how difficult this can be. My own review rounded out at about 9,100 words, and even then I was cutting some of my comments to the bone. I don't agree with many of Shoemaker's evaluations--I think he seriously underrates the stories by Rocklynne, Nelson, Wilhelm, Sallis, Tiptree and, especially, Bernard Wolfe--but it's very nice to have his reactions to them and to try and judge why he reacted as he did. I wouldn't have been unhappy to see him take twice as much space as he did to discuss the stories. . . .

((We've passed your comments on to Dr. Swann; if he responds in time we'll append his remarks to the end of this lettercolumn. --ed.))

MIKE GLICKSOHN -- 18 April 1973 (32 Maynard Ave., Apt. 205, Toronto 156, Ontario, Canada.

WJ #81 received, perused and enjoyed. I like the new format with the seperator pages and different paper colors for different sections. Classy. Also liked the cover, although it's a bad piece of art, being entirely too cluttered. But it's so damn well drawn who gives a damn?

Clear highlight of the issue is the editor symposium, which you parlayed into a very intriguing contribution. I'm not quite sure whether what you did was exactly ethical, since it seems very close to aiding and abetting fuggheadedness in order to promote controversy, but the results were undeniably interesting.

Most of Edelstein and Gregg's comments are unsupported personal opinions or (deliberate?) distortions, and as Ted said, as such they require little rebuttal. Ted goes on to debunk many of their erroneous suggestions and provides his own side of the story as nice counterpoint to the original assertions. Edelstein and Gregg try to bolster their specious arguments by claiming that many of the stories in the first issue of ETERNITY were first submissions. This, they claim, is objective proof of their quality as editors. Nuts! It's possibly objective proof of how many nice guys responded to their empassioned pleas in multitudes of fanzines for contributions for their new venture. Or it's possibly objective proof of how many second-rate stories people have around waiting for a less demanding market to open up, But proof of their editorial abilities it most certainly is not. Most of the rest of the crud they write is so laughably far from the truth that I'm with Ted in not being able to take it seriously. ETERNITY #1 was a not-much-better-than-average fanfic fanzine with some abominable artwork (and some good, but as Edelstein and Gregg point out, every magazine occasionally gets some good material.) This article doesn't raise its editors in my opinion.

Michael Shoemaker has undertaken an ambitious project and pulled it off about as well as it could be done. Unfortunately, I don't think the idea was such a good one. I was left with a very fragmented conception of the fanzines he dealt with, and while the quick summaries at the end helped tie things together, I think he shortchanged the fanzines by trying to cover too much from too many places. Fewer but more detailed evaluations would have better served my own wishes here. Nevertheless, I'm willing to concede that for someone with less intense knowledge of the fanzine field, this approach may have given a perfect overview of a cross section of the current crop. Which proves that you can't please all of the people all of the time, I guess. (In passing, I might mention that the split of ENERGUMEN into an all-fannish and an all-sercon issue was with #6 and #7, not #10 and #11, and how Michael came to be so confused I can't imagine.)

((Glad you liked the new format. It certainly makes TWJ a lot easier for us to get out! And, we hope, it does at least partially make up for the lack of interior artwork.

As for Mike's fanzine reviews: what we originally had in mind when we suggested the idea to Mike was a series of articles about fanzines, in successive columns--on the reviews in fanzines, the art in fanzines, the articles in fanzines, the lettercolumns in fanzines, etc. Mike put them all together in one column. What we hope he'll give us in the future is a mixture of approaches--at least an occasional column done as he did it in #81; some detailed columns as he did in this issue; and some fanzine-by-fanzine reviews in other columns. The crop of fanzines received is constantly changing, and this will allow him considerable flexibility in setting his review format to fit the fanzine. --ed.))

RUNE FORSGREN -- Undated (N-fors 16587, S-905 90 UMEA, Sweden).

Thanks for TWJ #81. The cover was good, but it's a pity that there is no interior artwork. It's always a bit dull to read a zine of over 60 pages with almost no illos at all.

Michael Shoemaker's fanzine reviews were interesting. I have never read such reviews, and think it's a good idea to make sections of the reviews.

"Some Thoughts on Editing" and the following "Some Thoughts on 'Some Thoughts on Editing'" was the best part of the zine. . . .

((The lack of artwork is, we hope, a temporary phenomenon, largely attributable to the disapoearance of a large collection of prospective TWJ illustrations given to Jack Chalker to be electrostencilled. Someday he'll locate them--and when he does, maybe interior illos will return to TWJ.... --ed.))

SCOTT EDELSTEIN -- 23 April 1973 (Sarasota, Florida).

This is all a bit bizarre, and I hope you will bear with me as I try to clarify a few things. It seems something Stephen Gregg and I wrote, called "Some Thoughts on Editing" had drawn some unusual response. . . . Okay--the way things worked on that article:

Steve wrote me and asked me if I would do an article for a fanzine. I agreed. So he sent me some notes he had made and asked me to make an arricle out of it, adding whatever I felt like. I did so, and sent the article to him. I did not know it would appear in TWJ; I did not know when it would be published (which, as it turned out, was a year after I wrote it); indeed, I don't even know how much of the article is mine and how much is Steve's--I don't have a carbon, and he never said how much he changed what I had written, if he changed anything at all. This is our problem, of course, not yours. But it does make things hard when it comes to determining whose errors are whose. (In truth, I don't remember what I said in the article at all; all I've seen are White's and Ferman's responses--not even the article, in print, itself.)

But I can reply to a bunch of criticisms and will do so now. First, I am truly sorry that the folks at WSFA thought our article was "a serious article on editing". When Steve G. asked me to write something, he asked for "a thinly-disguised plug for ETERNITY"--of course, he was only half-serious, but I didn't think for a minute he was suggesting a "serious" article. If he submitted it as such, I do feel there has been misrepresentation. But I was under the impression that the article was to be read (and run) as what I had meant it to be: a bunch of opinions (clearly marked as such) and a few complaints we had heard from people.

One problem is that I never read fanzines: I have no contact with fandom (I find fandom gross; but that's my own opinion--I don't by any means suggest to anyone that it be avoided). I had never written for a fanzine before, and probably won't again. So maybe it's simply that you publish only serious articles (I've never read your fanzine, remember) and all submissions are considered as such.

Anyway, you see the misunderstanding--I did not mean to go out of bounds (I have no idea what the bounds are for your magazine), and did not mean for the article to be takes as something "serious".

Now to the comments of the editors. I cannot reply to Bova at all, because the ANALOG I spoke of (remember, the article was written a full year ago, perhaps more) was not the one he edited. Mr. Bova, in my opinion, is doing some very intriguing things with the magazine right now. Furthermore, I am told that he adheres to all the principles of editorial courtesy Mr. Ferman lists. And I agree heartily with all that Mr. Ferman says; I feel he's one of the finest editors in the field, if not the finest. (As an aside, I might add that ETERNITY adheres to all of the principles of editorial courtesy. It is true that we no longer pay on acceptance for fiction; however, when this policy was begun, notices were sent to the appropriate publications--including LOCUS--saying that we were no longer buying fiction. Any fiction that gets sent to us is either read and rejected, or accepted under the condition that the author doesn't mind waiting for payment. We really aren't buying fiction any longer, but we feel obligated to reply to any submissions sent to us.)

Now to Ted White's comments:

In his first paragraph, Ted calls our piece "rather conceited and certainly opinionated". Of course it's opinionated; the whole piece was largely our own opinions, and, unless my memory fails me, all opinions were clearly just that--opinions. They were to be taken as opinion, and nothing more. Please--just because I don't enjoy reading AMAZING or FANTASTIC doesn't mean it has no merit, or that Ted White is a bad editor. It simply means that I don't like what it prints. But there are criteria by which an editor can be judged--and I'll get to these in a moment.

I don't know what is meant by "professional fiction" or "semi-professional" fiction. Does Ted White mean simply that he doesn't like our fiction (which would mean that "professional" is an opinion) or that there is an objective level of writing which "professional" refers to? I don't know of any way the latter can be defined. Anyway, what makes something "professional"? The lead novelette in ETERNITY #1, andrew offutt's "Final Solution", was chosen for the Ace Best SF collection. Does that make it more "professional"? (I don't mean to ridicule Ted White's standards, by any means; I just am not sure quite what he means, and would like some clarification of terms.)

Nor do I understand what makes us a would-be prozine, as opposed to a prozine or a fanzine, but this may simply be ignorance on my part. Can someone provide me with definitions?

It is interesting that Ted compares ETERNITY with WITCHCRAFT AND SORCERY, for I am Assistant Editor of both magazines. However, I have absolutely no say about what SORCERY publishes, and, coincidentally, I joined the ETERNITY staff only after the complete contents of #1 had been determined.

Which brings up another interesting point--Ted White can only judge us by our first issue. Indeed, only Steve and I can do otherwise. Frankly, I think about ½ of #1 stinks. But I've seen the contents of #'s 2, 3, and part of 4, and I think those issues will be a hell of a lot better. So I would very much appreciate it if Ted White would review us somewhere, as soon as issue #2 comes out, which will be in about two weeks. . . .

Moving on--"The editors of ETERNITY unblushingly state, "we feel that only two of the seven SF magazines are consistently worth reading.'" Sure; those are our feelings, and we take them seriously. But they're only feelings. We take them as seriously as we take Ted White's.

Ted White says that ETERNITY isn't a workable idea--and there he's probably right. We've been losing money, at least on issue #1. So Ted probably does know more about reader acceptance than we do.

Okay, now to more serious things. Ted says that sometimes he keeps stories for several months. I know of several authors who did not receive responses for a full year or more (okay, it may have been the fault of the mail service, but there's no way to tell). To me this is downright unfair. I do sympathize with Ted's having to put off things so that he can make enough money to eat; but what about the writer who starves while waiting for a reply? I have always felt that if a person can't do a job adequately, he should be replaced. And it seems to me that making authors wait months or even a year is inadequate performance. (Granted that some replies are very quick--that does not make up for the slow ones.) And I do realize that very few people will take a $150-a-month editing job and do it right--but maybe Sol Cohen should keep trying until he can find that person. Better--maybe he could raise the salary.

". . . being confused here is the loss of a ms. and a delay in its final acceptance or rejection." I have heard from many people who have had their ms. lost, or never returned. I did not make anything up; I was passing on the difficulties of others. Sure, they might have been lying, but I doubt it.

The question does arise: what happens to those ms. that don't get returned? It may be that the post office loses them; it may be that Ted White loses them; it may be that they get thrown away. Admittedly, there is no way of knowing for sure. But I hesitate to blame the Post Office, since (for me, anyway) they have never lost a ms.

Ted White says that ms. loss is not uncommon. I agree, and I didn't mean to imply otherwise. But I must add that I still feel Ted's low pay does not justify shoddy work. Not to me as an editor. (By the way, I am paid nothing for my work on ETERNITY, and was paid $20 for working on one issue of SORCERY.)

"The line about 'White apparently has several friends/favorite authors whose stories he reads immediately; the rest he doesn't bother much about' is simply not true." Some of the people who have sold to him regularly tell me it is true. (Forgive me for sounding vague and not mentioning names; I just don't want to bring anyone else into this, nor do I feel like writing all the people in question and asking them if I could use their names.)

"In addition. . . " through "This too is simply not true." A member of the AMAZING/FANTASTIC staff gave me the information Ted White says is not true. Further down the page: "I doubt very much that anyone ever waited to find out his story had been purchased until 'the work is in the stands'." That same staff member told me it happened to him.

Admittedly, these arguments are inane--arguing over facts makes no sense, and objectively, either Ted White or I am wrong in the arguments that aren't simply opinion. If anyone can help clear the air, please do.

Ted says that his taste tells him that the stories in AMAZING and FANTASTIC are better than those in ETERNITY. Of course it should; one's taste is no better than the next guy's.

And I by no means think that White's magazines haven't improved greatly since he became editor. I have checked the magazines out against one another, and the newer issues have much better fiction. I do not feel, however, that the new fiction published by White now is much better than the new fiction being published in A/F several years ago.

"I don't see one legitimate comment on what editing is or should be." The piece was meant to be mostly opinion, with some mention of what editing should not be. If I could sum up my points (as opposed to opinions), that summation would be something like this: "If you adhere to Ed Ferman's principles of editorial courtesy, you're a good editor. Otherwise, you're not." (Obviously, late payment isn't Ted White's fault, but Sol Cohen's, and that distinction would have to be made.)

There is one point Ted White makes which is very true, and which I (or Steve, or both of us) muffed completely--"His (Campbell's) horizons were never as narrow as popular myth would have it."

"I could mention that ORBIT has been dead for a matter of months." This is time-lag; it was not dead when the article was written. By the same token, time-lag causes White's letter to be printed when ORBIT has again been revived.

"Talk to the authors who have worked with me . . ." That's the problem--I get too much of my information from people who have worked with Ted White. And that's why we're in an argument over facts. Someone's wrong, somewhere.

Ted White thinks we stink; nor do Steve Gregg and I like his selection of material. But I will look at his magazines now and then, and if I like something, I'll tell him so. (As a matter of fact, I wrote him a letter praising him for printing "On Ice" by Barry Malzberg, which I thought was an incredible story. And that's where our tastes come together--we both dig Malzberg.) And I hope when he sees the second issue of ETERNITY (and we'll certainly send him a free copy) he'll let us know what he thinks.

Anyway, I thank TWJ, White, Ferman, and Bova for their responses. And I hope this letter can show up in print someday.

P.S. As to UPD buying "all rights forever"--I am told by two sources (both SFWA members) that they do--SFWA tells me they buy first rights only. Oh well....

((Don't have the cover letter (i.e., the letter from Steve Gregg which accompanied the article) at hand--was separated from the article at the time the article was edited and typed--but if memory serves correctly, it was rather non-committal (something like: "Here's something which we hope you can use."); if we ever come across it, we'll xerox it and send you a copy. However, the article was received by us as a serious article, and was treated as such. (We find nothing funny about such statements as "The GALAXY magazines, by far the poorest of the lot, garner more complaints about Ejler Jakobsson than about any other SF editor." and "Ted White carries on some practices which are highly unfair to his authors.") The fact that it was a "thinly-disguised plug for ETERNITY" was obvious to us--which is why the fact that it also seemed to be a serious article almost caused us to leave it out of TWJ entirely. (The lettercolumn is the place for editors to plug their own magazine--not the article section.) However, the fault is not yours--and we hope in the future that anyone who sends us an article will clearly label it if it is not intended as a serious contribution; or better yet, that the author will write it in such a way that its intent is obvious.)

As for the changes Steve made in your original--we'll send you a xerox of the article he sent us, so you can see the changes, and note the additional changes we made when we edited it.

As for your not receiving a copy of TWJ #81 with the article--your above letter provided us with the one thing which up to that point had prevented us from getting a copy to you--namely, your address. A copy is on its way to you as this is written. (We should note here that it is and always has been

the policy of both TWJ and SOTWJ to send out "courtesy copies" to all persons who have any material published within a given issue, to all persons (and publishers and editors) whose books are reviewed within), and to all persons who are mentioned within in more than a casual/passing manner. (And we send copies to all of the magazine editors/fanzine editors whose 'zines are reviewed, as well- but we seldom send to the authors whose stories in a magazine or anthology receive individual reviews.)

However--we have a huge stack of back-issues, going back several years, for authors (and even some publishers) whose addresses we have been unable to obtain. This is one of our strongest gripes about publishing TWJ and SOTWJ--i.e., that we are often unable to get the magazine to those persons to whom its receipt is (to our way of thinking) imperative. (We even have some contributors to whom we have been unable to send copies because of our inability to obtain their address.) LOCUS does a fine job of publishing CoA's (although it does so far too infrequently to meet our needs as a publisher). But too many "pros" just won't give their addresses out.

We used to have an arrangement with the SFWA Secretary thru which we would send him copies and he would see that they got to the writers. (This started with Roger Zelazny, and was carried on by Anne McCaffrey.) However, SFWA policy does not allow them to give out the addresses of its members (unless, according to the SFWA Secretary who succeeded Anne McCaffrey, Chelsea Yarbro, one were to pay $10 for the list--which would already be outdated by the time it came and for which there would be no provision to keep it up to date by sending us future changes--and besides which, it seems rather strange to us to have to pay $10 for the privilege of sending free copies to someone....). Quinn Yarbro ended the policy of sending copies to SFWA members thru her (she simply took 1½ years to answer our inquiries on the subject--and then never did address herself to our question....). Besides which, this method is not really a complete solution, as there are many authors who are not members of SFWA, and whose addresses are not in the SFWA files.

And when we do manage to get hold of an author's address, we find more than 50% of the time that it is no longer current (when the magazine(s) we send them come back, postage due). Bob Madle tells us he sent off for a current SFWA mailing list--and was surprised when about 150 out of the 350 lists he mailed to the SFWA members came back....

What is the solution? Send them things thru their agents? (But then, we'll need to keep current on the names and addresses of the agents, as well as which writer uses which agent....) Or perhaps get them all to subscribe to SOTWJ, so they'll be more likely (but not at all certain) to keep us informed of their latest address? Or what....? Help!

'Nuff of this--we've been wanting to rave and rant on this subject for a long time.... We'd like to hear from others as to how they handle the situation....

Returning to your letter...one thing which bothered us in both your letter and the article was the--as you put it--"vagueness" concerning the sources of the "statements of fact" which were made re Ted White. As of now, we have what is mostly "hearsay" on one side and Ted White's denials on the other. Perhaps some of your sources will come forward and identify themselves? Or perhaps you should identify them to Ted in a letter to him. Otherwise, we fail to see how Ted can adequately defend himself.

As for the post office not losing manuscripts--you're lucky. It has been our experience that the post office falls far short of perfection when it comes to mailed items reaching their destination (and, especially, reaching their destination within a reasonable period of time). From what we have heard, it would seem that your good luck has been the exception rather than the rule....

And as for ETERNITY #1--would the person who picked up our copy many, many months ago for review please review it or return it? --ed.))

HARLAN ELLISON -- 14 May 1973
(Sherman Oaks, California).

In twenty-two years of association with the field, both as fan and pro, critic and editor, writer and reader, I have encountered all manner of book reviews: good, bad, witty, boring, talented, inept, craftsman-like, bitchy, uninformed and esoteric. But never--till now, with the Bischoff/Shoemaker "reviews" of Again, Dangerous Visions--have I encountered high school level copout brain damage illiteracy passed off as criticism.

"The book what I have chosen to discuss today is 'Star Third Baseman' by John R. Tunis. This is the exciting story of Tom Fletcher, star third baseman for the Dover High School baseball team, and the exciting adventures he has as a star third baseman. The book is 174 pages in length and if you want to find out what happens to Tom Fletcher, well, you'll just have to sign your name up with Miss Friedman and take this book out of the school library. I liked it a lot."

That is the moron level of insight Shoemaker brings to a work that took five years to amass, forty-some writers to conceive, some of the finest literary minds of our time to set forth. "All in all the story achieves no effect whatsoever." "The story is mildly amusing in conception, but is rather lacking in execution." "Do not bother to read it. My one-sentence description above is as developed as the story itself." "...I am not going to review them." And on and on.

Shoemaker is quite obviously an illiterate, without the basic understanding of what words mean or how grammar works. His utter confusion at most of the stories is pathetic. His sexist and chauvinistic attitudes pop up like boils (I haven't heard the word "authoress" used in years). To continue in this vein, belaboring an adolescent for attempting to review writing quite clearly beyond his intellectual grasp would be to pillory a blind person for not appreciating a fine painting.

But you deserve to be pilloried. For allowing what is surely a major effort in the genre to be reviewed by a ten-year-old mentality. With critics of stature like Delap and Gilliland at your call, you ignore your editorial responsibilities to your readers, the writers whose work is badly treated, the genre as a whole and the book as an entity by permitting someone who hasn't the vaguest idea of what he's doing to babble on without purpose.

This is not a cavil at having received a bad review, for it is virtually impossible to tell whether either Shoemaker of Bischoff liked or disliked the book...and it doesn't matter, not really. Had every item ended with the "I liked it a lot" kind of comment, it would have been no less infuriating. These two clowns cannot read, cannot write and frankly haven't the vaguest scintilla of a perception what literary criticism (or even mundane writing) is supposed to do.

I don't suppose you can understand the sense of anguish and frustration that suffuses my being at this kind of non-review. Not having spent five years of your life assembling the work of talented men and women the book seems to come to you as if cobbled up by elves overnight. I suppose you even got the volume free, as a review book. All the more reason to simply fob it off on some halfwit schlepp. But of what use are the immature natterings of a Shoemaker or a Bischoff to a writer like Ross Rocklynne, who breaks out of a writing stance he has held for more years than either of your two trolls have been alive, breaks out to try something fresh and innovative and receives for his trouble a child's confusion at language and a simpleminded dismissal? Of what value are insipid comments--"Ho-hum, another dud"--to writers of the stature of Barry Malzberg, whose breakthrough work has won him the highest awards in our genre, awards won because his work was clearly

so dazzling it could not be denied by the harshest critics; whom are we to believe, those who write well themselves and who practice the art of literary criticism with clean hands and composure, and who single out a man like Malzberg for wonders and honors...or an illiterate adolescent pulling his pud and playing at being an observer of the literary scene?

You do us all a disservice. I cannot seem to find the words to express my contempt for the shallowness and stupidity of what you have cut on mimeo stencil as "the word" from your usually persuasive and literate magazine. In future, I would rather you ignored books with which I've had some connection, than to hand them out so carelessly and foolishly to idiots of the Shoemaker/Bischoff stripe. As for both of them...they would be well-served by a return to high school and a resumption of classes in simple syntax, grammar and etymology. But for God's sake don't toss any other writers into the thumbscrews and stocks of Shoemaker illiteracy and waterheadedness, or the now-fabled Bischoff insipidness.

What you've done is worthless... worse than worthless. It is the totemization of stupidity and muddleheadedness.

When you set a level of excellence for material as represented by Delap, Gilliland and Busby, why the hell sink into the tubs of mud with Bischoffs and Shoemakers? Better to run blank pages than to publish simpering stupidity.

((After receiving the above letter, our first thought was to respond immediately, and to have Dave and Mike also prepare responses. After considerable thought on the matter, and discussions with various members of WSFA and the two "principals", we decided to publish Harlan's letter without commentary--to let the letter stand alone and to hold all comments on it until the next issue of TWJ, to be published along with the anticipated responses from our general readership. So, respond, all you TWJ readers! --ed.))

THOMAS BURNETT SWANN -- 20 June 1973 (Knoxville, Tennessee).

. . . About the criticism of my piece on American International. . . . I agree that the piece was a trifle; it wasn't an article, it was a note. But then, it didn't pretend to be anything more. Why should a minnow be attacked for not being a whale? The attacker seemed to want a starting point for his own observations about AIP. Instead of writing petulant letters, why doesn't he write the definitive study he demands? He appears to know a great deal about AIP. At least, he thinks he does.

Another point. He is wrong in saying that fans know what was in my note. Some fans, yes; not all fans; not, I think, even most. The general view of AIP, even among intelligent moviegoers, even among SF fans, is that the company turns out cheapies just for money. A few weeks ago the movie critic of TIME branded the company as the makers of miserable movies. I've even heard enlightened, well-read people who love movies give Hammer credit for American International's good horror pictures, such as The Return of Count Yorga.

May I also say a word about the recent review in your magazine of my The Goat Without Horns? As a rule, I think it poor taste for a writer to criticize a reviewer for criticizing one of his books. But your reviewer, I feel, showed poor taste in his review. First he said that my dolphin narrator was homosexual. The observation struck me as ludicrous. Gloomer, the dolphin, intended to feel, and most readers, even if they didn't like the book, realized that he was intended to feel adolescent hero worship for Charlie, not a wish to go to bed with him. But even if he had been homosexual, I don't see why this would necessarily make a bad book, as the reviewer implied. To me, homosexuality is a human condition, not a sin. Your

reviewer, who assumed that the word "homosexual" is automatically a brand and that by applying it to a character in my book, he could thereby brand my book, strikes me as a Puritan. He sounded like many people in my own generation (people in their forties). I hope he's not a young person. Most young people I know are much more enlightened. Tell them a person is a homosexual and they will answer, "You haven't told me anything. Is he a kind person or an unkind person?"

More about the review. He says that maybe the novel failed because I had a bad day. Does he actually think that a novel is conceived, much less written, in a single day?

The Goat Without Horns has numerous faults. It may indeed be my worst novel. I could write a critique of many pages. But let reviewers condemn it for the right reasons. First of all, let them not judge it as failed science fiction; it is a Gothic fantasy with overtones of parody; it falls in the tradition of Jane Austin's Northanger Abbey. Let it be reviewed as such. Personally, I think that it does indeed fail, but not because of the reasons your reviewer cites. What he did was say why it failed for him; his review was totally subjective, not objective. Subjectivity is not a virtue in critics. Most of Paradise Lost fails for me, but not because it is a bad poem; I know it to be a great poem. It fails because I end up liking the Devil more than God, and I know I'm not supposed to. It fails because there is more mischief than godliness (a great deal more) in my own character.

((We should note here that Dr. Swann's remarks re AIP are in response to a letter from Richard Delap which appears elsewhere in this issue; we broke a long-standing custom by sending him a copy of Richard's letter in advance of its publication, in case he wished to reply to it. Question: is this a practice to be expanded upon, or to be avoided in future TWJ's? (We can think of numerous arguments on both sides of the coin, and would like to hear your thoughts on the matter.)

Re the review of The Goat Without Horns: The reviewer was Fred Patten, whom we have never met. We assume he is in the vicinity of our own age (40), but can't be certain of this. The review was an unsolicited, "free-lance" review, which type constitute the vast majority of the reviews published nowadays in both TWJ and SOTWJ. (We no longer have a "stable" or staff of reviews to whom we can pass along books to be reviewed as we desire; most of our reviews come in the mail, "out-of-the-blue", so to speak, on whatever books the reviewers feel like tackling. We still pass on some books--but our ability to pick and choose who does which book is now severely limited. Hopefully, we can reverse this situation and come up with a new crop of regular reviewers in addition to the free-lancers. (Any volunteers?)

We agree fully with your comments re homosexuality, both in respect to the review by Patten, and in general. Your criticisms of the review were certainly most appropriate. As for criticizing a reviewer for criticizing one's book: Criticizing a reviewer for not liking a book would be in bad taste; but a discussion between author and critic concerning the substance of the review is certainly valid--and is something we encourage in the pages of TWJ.

As for subjectivity in a reviewer--this is most difficult to overcome, and is perhaps the distinction between most reviews written for fanzines by amateurs and those done by professional critics. (This is not to imply that most amateur reviews are bad and most professional reviews are good--we've seen many amateur reviews which are heads and above most of the professional reviews we've read.) When one learns to go beyond subjectivity in one's review, one has "matured" as a reviewer.

But this should not invalidate the subjective review. For us to read in a review that the reviewer liked or didn't like a given book, along with his reasons for his opinion, does at least

provide us with some information on the book. This is especially true if we've read several books reviewed by the reviewer, and his reviews of same, so we have some idea of how his tastes relate to ours. We have used this, in fact, as the basis for an opinion-rating scale for our book review indexes.

We naturally prefer "objective" reviews--but welcome reviews of all hues and colors for TWJ/SOTWJ. --ed.))

TONY WATERS -- 10 July 1973 (1115 Jones Tower, 101 Curl Dr., OSU, Columbus, OH 43210).

. . . The article on editing was interesting--but only because the reactions from prozine editors White and Ferman were included. In itself the article was needlessly selfserving. Granted that the writers could not have been expected to be totally objective, still they could have shown a little more good sense and good taste.

I can't get too excited about the piece of fiction but about the poetry in the issue, yes. I found Newton's poem very enjoyable indeed. Unhampered by the (all too often) rigid restrictions of "modern" poetry, said restrictions being the dogmatic rejection of any unifying effect such as meter or rhyme, they were able to produce poems of quite readable quality. I suspect this is 9/10's personal preference, but never mind...

I didn't see Silent Running and Mark Mumper makes me glad I didn't. I know one person--someone who is acquainted with SF hardly at all--who thought that the movie showed very clearly how dumb SF actually is. It's a shame to see the field stab itself in the back like that. As an aside, I think this person's only other contact with SF was a reading of "A Boy and His Dog", by Harlan Ellison....

Delap's 1972 wrap-up was a very good way to bring to a close that year's series of review columns. His column is one of my favorites and a must for anyone who reads the prozines regularly. We disagree a lot but that's not the important thing, I like being able to compare notes with another reader on a regular basis.

Suffice it to say that I read the reviews, but have little to say. I have yet to read the books in question, although I am working my way through ADV. With regard to the fanzines...I appreciate the fact that you are actively seeking opinions on the new manner of presentation. Unfortunately I get all too few fanzines at present and so have no real way of knowing what the comments are about. All in all, however, I suspect that it's more trouble than it's worth.

WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

Dave Piper, who said, "I read the 'advert' from ETERNITY with increasing disbelief until I came to your editorial disclaimer at the end. I'm glad you said what you did as I was beginning to seriously worry about your choice of material."

Eric Lindsay: "The book reviews were reasonable, but my own preference is for a short, buyers guide type of review, unless a story is particularly worthy or leads to some reasonably developed series of thoughts from the reviewer." Earlier in his letter, in discussing Mike Shoemaker's review of his fanzine, GEGENSCHEIN, he wrote: "I'm not all that keen on the method of reviewing used as repetition is required too often to make any point clear--I favor the straight review if only because it saves space, and is not as hard to get an idea of a single fanzine from."

And others, most of whose comments have appeared in SOTWJ.

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We apologize for double-spacing between paragraphs in the letters in pp. 9-12 and not in 1-8; that's what happens when you come back to something after 3 mos.... ## Note that ETERNITY #2 is now out; it will be reviewed (any volunteers?) in a coming issue of SOTWJ.

ARS CRITICA


ISN'T THAT AWFLY PRETENTIOUS FOR BOOK REVIEWS OF =YUCK= SCIENCE-FICTION?
ARE YOU A CRITIC OR AN ARS?
MY SON.
THAT SHOULD BE "ARS GRATIA CRITICUS"

STANLEY KUBRICK, WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME?

A Review of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Films of 1972

by Richard Delap

While I usually begin this annual film retrospective with a listing of my choices for the best ten films of the year--to give the reader some idea of my tastes and predilection--I'm afraid this year finds me unable to make such a choice. I simply did not see enough films. Even the SF/fantasy items managed to elude me on many occasions, slipping into and out of theatres in short playoffs that hardly gave me a chance to realize they were running, much less get out to see them.

Making matters even more difficult is the release pattern set by many of the smaller distributors. A film may receive a major break in one section of the country, but release will be delayed throughout the remaining states for months, sometimes a year or more. Except for "major" pictures from "major" studios, films get local saturation bookings and national release depends entirely upon the boxoffice power indicated in these initial playdates. Some films manage to squeak through slowly, sometimes undergoing such changes in advertising campaigns and titles that one is never sure if the film one is watching is the original, a sequel, or something else entirely. (A case in point is Jack H. Harris' Beware! The Blob--a sequel to the popular 1958 film, The Blob--which underwent a title change to Son of Blob midway through the year.)

Keeping up with these deceptive twists proves a feat that leaves me surrounded with pages of references leading to confusion and dead ends. Also, the Midwest is no place to search for publicity and reference materials regarding films, and I'm not about to trundle up to Kansas City every few weeks to check out hazy facts with the distributors' local offices. So keep in mind that release dates and titles, if in error, are as much a product of my less-than-handy location as of my hysterical research methods.

And so, on with the shows....

The film version of Kurt Vonnegut's novel, Slaughterhouse-Five, was awarded a special "Jury Prize" at the 1972 Cannes Film Festival, but one is hard-pressed to find any valid reasons for such extravagant enthusiasm. While not a particularly bad film, it is not a particularly good one, either. In point of fact Vonnegut's novel is simply not very filmic, being a crafty, essentially literary blend of the comic and the tragic, its strength coming from the inseperable intermingling of the two. To convey this on-screen is to either turn it into a tightrope balancing act that would leave audiences falling off to the right or left in total confusion, or to do as scripter Stephen Geller and director George Roy Hill have done--to bounce indiscriminately back and forth between hilarity and horror, which simply makes it an uneasy grotesquerie. There are some good performances, however--Michael Sacks is nearly perfect as the time-traveling Billy Pilgrim, and Sharon Gans, as Billy's wife, carries off to perfection the one scene that truly captures the flavor of Vonnegut's book, namely the horrible but hilarious death-drive to the hospital. Valerie Perrine as the superstar of blue movies, Montana Wildhack, is pretty but hampered both by Hill's (or the studio's) prudery and the script's lack of characterization. Technically exquisite--both photography and music score are particularly adept--

and sporadically amusing, the film is mildly entertaining in itself but hardly worthy of the material on which it is based.

Paragon Pictures released two Peter Cushing films at the beginning of the year, Blood Suckers and Blood Thirst, but aside from a trade magazine listing I have heard nothing more about them. Another mysterious disappearance is the Vidtronics film, The Resurrection of Zachary Wheeler, an original SF screenplay by Jay Simms and Tom Rolf. While the cast is fairly well-known (Leslie Nielsen, Bradford Dillman, Angie Dickinson, Jack Carter) and the film is the second to use the videotape-to-film technical process--the first was the unsuccessful 200 Motels--it sank like a swamped rowboat into the bottomless film waters, with nary a ripple to mark its passing.

Avco-Embassy's The Nightcomers was a British-made elaboration of the characters in Henry James' The Turn of the Screw, but even the Marlon Brando name didn't save it from the wrath of critics and the disinterest of audiences. American-International (hereafter referred to as AIP) released another of those papier-maché monstrosities from Japan, Godzilla Vs. the Smog Monster, and a made-in-Italy psycho-horror drama originally titled Lizard in a Woman's Skin, re-titled at the last moment to Schizoid, and proving a total flop under both.

AIP racked in lotsa money during the spring with their very clever advertising--featuring a human hand dangling from the mouth of a huge frog--and saturation playoff for an incredibly bad film titled Frogs. Ray Milland heads what looks to be one of the most bored casts ever put on film, playing a crusty, domineering and thoroughly unlikeable old man whose island estate is the focus for a "nature strikes back" attack in which people fall victim to snakes, lizards, alligators, and all sorts of creppy crawly things. (The frogs of the title aren't really equipped to do much harm so they hop around a bit, croak a lot, and aren't really very menacing--unless you happen to be scared to death of frogs or fall for the film's crazy insinuation that they are somehow the brains behind this silly revolt.) Robert Hutchinson and Robert Blees' script sounds like a running battle between the two as to who could pack the most clichés into the least plot. At ninety minutes the film runs about an hour-and-a-half too long.

The Zero Population Growth organization objected to the title of the Paramount film, Z.P.G., on the grounds that the film would mislead people into believing the goals depicted therein--a halt of population growth by making the birth of children a crime punishable by death--were the eventual goals of that group. They needn't have worried, since no one with any sense could take seriously Max Ehrlich and Frank De Felitta's story about a crowded, polluted future where people accept life-sized dolls (which look like Mattel rejects) as stand-ins for the children they are forbidden to have. One couple, played by Geraldine Chaplin and Oliver Reed, defy the government edict and keep their illegal child hidden, but are at last forced to share it with a neighbor couple, Diane Cilento and Don Gordon, who discover their secret and demand equal time with the child in return for their silence. In desperation the neighbors finally report the couple to the officials and the film concludes with the two escaping the death penalty and fleeing through the city's sewers to a remote and unexplainedly people-free island. Under Michael Campus' listless direction a good cast goes to waste in a film that is too awful even to be campy.

Cinerama hit paydirt with the British-made Tales From the Crypt, a five-episode horror flick adapted from stories in the comic magazine of some years

back. The film is loaded with gore--rated 'PG', naturally--which includes such titillations as a woman bashing in her husband's head while he reads the evening paper, with the audience treated to a colorful sight as they see the newspaper and a spotless white carpet drenched in movie-blood (you know, thick and bright as tempera paint) to the sound of thunk-thunk. The stories are pure corn and the actors know it, so vet director Freddie Francis lets them play it for little more than silliness. Only Peter Cushing manages to hold himself in check and deliver a sentimental but surprisingly finely-etched characterization of an old man trying to survive a "heart-less" world (if you've seen the film, you'll understand that final pun). With all its technical polish and grisly multi-denouements, however, the film is singularly unterrifying and a true disappointment.

After creating the wondrous special effects for Kubrick's 2001, Douglas Trumbull decided to try his hand at directing as well, but Silent Running is troubled by both loopholes in logic and a static storyline that even the most experienced director would have trouble getting around. A fleet of orbiting spaceships house huge botanical gardens, the final refuge of plant-life that has been wiped from the face of an overcrowded Earth. When the government finally declares the project a waste of time and money (how they maintain Earth's oxygen supply is never referred to in the script) and orders the four-man crew to destroy the gardens and return home, botanist Bruce Dern kills his companions and zips off into the depths of space. (The film sports a glaring technical error at this point, as all but one ship is destroyed in big, beautiful, loud explosions in which someone forgot that sound doesn't carry in a vacuum.) The rest of the film has so little action that scripters Deric Washburn, Mike Cimino and Steve Bochco were forced to devise some characters to play off the lonely Dern; and they did well in creating the engaging "drones", miniature robots (played to perfection by real-life bilateral amputees) who easily carry the heart of the movie and provide the much-needed humorous touches (such as a poker game in which they cheat by showing their cards to one another, and one who waits for Dern on the deck, tapping a foot with controlled patience).

Unfortunately, in resolving the plot the writers have had to rely on a weak contrivance--the plants begin to die for lack of sunlight--that is so obvious any schoolchild can see the answer long before botanist Dern finds it--and will surely wonder how such a dope got into the space program at all. The space scenes are well done, with some lovely panoramic shots of the huge ships, and the interiors--filmed aboard the decommissioned aircraft carrier U.S.S. Valley Forge--are totally convincing. Also on the plus side is an exquisite and sadly unnoticed musical score by Peter Schickele, one of the year's finest contributions to films (soundtrack available on Decca records, DL 7-9188). All in all, the film is never quite as good as it should be but, nitpicking aside, I will have to admit I enjoyed it enough to recommend it to SF fans in spite of the faults.

Spring arrived with a garden of new films. Ah, well, maybe not exactly a garden. Actually, more like a weed patch....

AIP imported Dr. Jeckyll and Sister Hyde from England, but they should have left it there. Like most recent films from the Hammer studios, this one is long on nonsense and short on common sense. Jekyll's transformation from a handsome doctor into the beautiful but murderous female alter ego is simply a matter of editing and mundane lap dissolves, none particularly well-directed by Roy Ward Baker. Brian Clemens' screenplay leaves the actors hopelessly burdened with leaden shoe dialogue. The idea is an intriguing one--it's too bad they weren't more clever in handling it.

Paramount released the Jacques (Umbrellas of Cherbourg) Demy film, The Pied Piper, pitching this quasi-musical version at the family trade yet left holding a lot of empty moneybags, despite the presence and music of pop-star singer Donovan and a professional cast of well-respected Britishers. Reviews were none too good for this G-rated fantasy, but I would have liked to report on it anyhow. As I said, it was a complete flop and didn't even manage to get playdates in many cities, including (sigh) mine.

While the kiddies were trying to find Hamelin and the rats and Donovan without much success, adults had no trouble locating the X-rated Fritz the Cat, Cinemation Industries' most un-Disneylike cartoon feature. It cleaned up very prettily at the boxoffice, but the problems were in content, not business, and it was outdated before it was ever made, its view of social and political attitudes already a part of history in today's speeded-up world. Vulgar, sporadically amusing, blessed with the best animation America has seen in many years, the film nevertheless is much like reading a two-year-old issue of the L.A. FREE PRESS--too new for nostalgia, too old for excited interest.

New World's Lady Frankenstein featured Joseph Cotton (not in the title role, incidentally) but proved to be just one more dreary rehash; and Dimension Pictures' Twilight People was a trite programmer of no merit. Several more films edge in on the borderline, most of them guts-and-gore psychological chillers, none of them worth much interest: 20th Century Fox's The Strange Vengeance of Rosalie double-billed with What Became of Jack and Jill?; Allied Artists' Fright; Hallmark Releasing's Mark of the Devil (which garnered plenty of publicity when released without an "official" MPAA rating); National General's The Dead Are Alive; MGM's The Black Belly of the Tarantula; General Films' Children Shouldn't Play with Dead Things; and Scotia International's Crucible of Terror and Psychomania. Universal's The Groundstar Conspiracy, directed by Lamont Johnson and adapted from the L.P. Davies' novel, The Alien, might be confused for SF by fans who recognize Davies' name. It is, however, another in the long lone of espionage melodramas, this time with a touch of SF innuendo to add an extra line of confusion. It received a few good notices, but I never managed to catch up with it, I'm afraid.

AIP released Hammer's Blood From the Mummy's Tomb, adapted from Bram Stoker's Jewel of the Seven Stars, but it's a frustrating film that never really gets going. The corny plot about the reincarnation of an Egyptian princess, in the daughter of the archaeologist who dug up the princess' tomb, creaks and groans so loudly it almost drowns out the dialogue. But the cast is good (with Valerie Leon especially voluptuous as the reincarnate), the technical polish belies the low budget, and the tight direction of Seth Holt, who died shortly before the film was completed, almost make the damned thing likeable. AIP double-billed this film with another Hammer item starring Christopher Lee, Night of the Blood Monster, which isn't a horror movie at all but an historical drama that is so boring it is virtually guaranteed to put an audience to sleep in ten minutes.

Paramount picked up the independently-made The Possession of Joel Delaney, adapted by Matt Robinson and Grimes Grice from Ramona Stewart's chilling novel, but for some reason--most likely the subtle-sinister ad campaign which didn't appeal to the crowds who dote on half-nude girls against a background of blood-drenched mayhem--it didn't spark any box-office magic. It was audiences' loss, to be sure, as the film was a very spooky, well-acted story of a New York divorcee, expertly played by Shirley

MacLaine, whose brother becomes possessed by the spirit of a young Puerto Rican murderer. There was an excellently created atmosphere of perversity, including the obvious but subconscious and repressed incestuous love of the heroine for her brother, and director Waris Hussein wisely avoided emphasising the exploitative elements (rape, two beheadings, etc.) beyond their worth. One scene, a seance conducted in the Puerto Rico ghetto area of New York, is certainly one of the best scenes of this type I've ever seen, and is but one example of the perfectly realized use of gritty actual location lensing and non-professional actors. Watch for this one at the drive-ins. It's worth a special trip to see.

Universal's double-bill of two Hammer imports, Twins of Evil and Hands of the Ripper, proved to be Hammer's best in some time. The first was a slightly oversexed but actionful programmer featuring a lovely pair of twin ladies threatened by the local vampire, one a lusty and willing victim, the other an innocent who almost loses her life trying to prove she is not her guilty sister. Peter Cushing is in for a nice bit as the unsympathetic father. The second picture received unfavorable critical reviews, most likely because it didn't quite fit into the predictable sex- and blood excess that Hammer's recent product displays. While it builds slowly after a quick but shocking opening murder scene, it succeeds extremely well in sustaining an eerie mood as it discloses the horrors perpetrated by Jack the Ripper's daughter. As a child she watched her mother murdered, and as a lonely, beautiful but horrifyingly psychopathic adult certain sights trigger her subconscious frenzys and she unhesitatingly turns on friend and foe alike. Jane Morrow plays the role with a combination of passion and innocence that gives the audience sympathy with her terrible plight. Of the many double-bills flooding the drive-ins, I would say this one is certainly one of the most entertaining.

Among the host of "little" pictures at this time were such items as: Boxoffice International's Please Don't Eat My Mother, a dopey sexed-up comedy about a man-eating plant; Fanfare's Horror on Snape Island, another British import that suffered from poor distribution; Mishkin's The Man With Two Heads, not to be confused with AIP's film of a similar title; Ellman Enterprises' The Werewolf Ve. the Vampire Woman, which title alone should be enough to cue you in to its lack of merit; Clover Films' Grave of the Vampire, another one slow in getting around the country; Jack H. Harris' Son of Blob, featuring that raspberry-colored thing from outer space slithering over a cast of well-known guest players; and New World's The Cremators, another alien invasion (this time by intelligent rocks which turn people into bursts of flame) with a script that sounds like a leftover from the late '50's binge of horrid pseudo-SF films.

The Russian filmization of Stanislaw Lem's novel, Solaris, took a prize at the 1972 Cannes Film Festival, but to my knowledge it has yet to find a distributor in this country, likely because of its running time (two hours and forty-five minutes) and philisophical rather than action-filled plot. It seems a shame that Americans are so unreceptive to foreign films that distributors hesitate to invest the time, money and energy needed to make them commercially viable.

With the arrival of summer more little pictures sought to strike it rich with the undemanding drive-in market. Among them: Scotia International's Horror Express, featuring both Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee; Entertainment Ventures' The Adult Version of Jekyll and Hyde, an X-rated monstrosity; Ellman Enterprises' Diabolic Wedding and Allabelle Lee (both

featuring former child-star Margaret O'Brien), Legend of Horror, and The Mad Butcher; Phase One's The Night Evelyn Came Out of the Grave, which the trade press dismissed as a botched effort; TWI National's Voodoo Heartbeat and Southern Star Productions' Dear Dead Delilah, the latter finding few playdates despite the presence of Agnes Moorhead; and New World's Night of the Cobra Woman, which had one good scene of a snake-woman shedding her skin but otherwise was a poorly made, grade-Z horror of no value.

Maron's Toys Are Not for Children was a psychological suspenser with little psychology and very little suspense. Magus Films' Festival of the Undead and Clover Films' Garden of the Dead are listed as summer releases but I can find no information on either. And director-writer James Ivory--with fellow scripters George Swift Trow and Michael O'Donoghue, the latter having done some very funny pieces for NATIONAL LAMPOON magazine--received a divided critical reaction to his film, Savages, a symbolic satire featuring a group of primitives wandering out of the jungle and into an isolated chateau, there adopting the pretenses of civilized behavior. Again, this film became one of the lost ones as it failed to achieve adequate distribution.

AIP once more was on the ball to cash in on the current craze, an endless run of violence-prone black-exploitation films, but Blacula turned out to be something of a surprise. In the title role Shakespearian actor William Marshall prances about modern Los Angeles, his eyes full of glee every time he can flash those pointed teeth. He was obviously having much fun and audiences had no trouble falling right in with the spirit of things. The original screenplay by Joan Torres and Raymond Koenig is replete with the usual stereotypes--including a couple of fussy and effeminate interior decorators, who are funny yet not unsympathetic and should offend no one but the most hardline Gay Libbers--but with the energetic direction of William Crain and some classy technical credits, the film is much too fast and fun to quibble over. (The film was also a boxoffice hit, and '73 will see a sequel, Blacula II.)

Even better, AIP's Dr. Phibes Rises Again brings back Vincent Price as the evil doctor intent on bringing his beloved wife back from the grave; and though this sequel didn't equal the business garnered by the less interesting initial film, it is one of those rarities that is superior to the product which spawned it. The style of director Robert Fuest is much the same as before, but the script, which Fuest co-wrote with Robert Blees, is far better in both plot and pun-ny dialogue. With Price delivering his usual scene-stealing delighful flourishes, antagonist Robert Quarry holds up his end well and manages to steal scenes right out from under Price's distinguished nose, and the nicely balanced script gives them both equal chance to ham it up to their heart's content, the sort of thing which, when well done, keeps an audience bouncing with eager delight. The scenes of throwaway murder and torture as both men scramble to find a death-defeating elixir secreted in an Egyptian pyramid are handled with a wry humor that is nothing short of marvelous madness, complemented by Brian Eatwell's sometimes raucous, sometimes slyly subtle Art Deco set designs. If never quite of the classic status of AIP's earlier and still-unequaled mix of humor and horror, The Comedy of Terrors (undoubtedly one of the funniest films ever made, and one which didn't acquire its enviable reputation until years after its initial release), I think this one will certainly be recalled in years to come as one of the better films of an otherwise undistinguished era.

Rounding out AIP's summer releases are The Deathmaster and The Thing With Two Heads. The first film was another Robert Quarry starrer, with

Quarry once again sprouting the fangs which boosted him to horror-film superstatus in the "Count Yorga" pictures), but all in all an incredible failure. It's hard to tell where the film went wrong, but most of the troubles seem to stem from either a totally senseless script or a ruinous editing job that took out all the sense (along with most of the plot). The second film, not to be confused with Mishkin's The Man With Two Heads or AIP's previous The Incredible Two-Headed Transplant, starred Ray Milland as a doctor, dying of cancer, whose head is transplanted onto Rosey Grier's body. I missed this one but the general consensus seems to be that it was a reasonable actionful exploitation item.

Animal revolts, perhaps in response to last year's sleeper hit, Willard, seemed to be "in" this year. On the heels of Frogs came Cinerama's Ben, a sequel to Willard, which had the benefit of excellent special effects, especially in the scenes of men with flamethrowers fighting back hordes of rempaging rats in the city sewers. Unfortunately the visual excitement came too late to shore up the ludicrously mawkish and sentimental screenplay of Gilbert Ralston, featuring a young boy with a (sob) heart condition whose only true friend (sniff) is the rat-leader, Ben, who after defeat at the hands of the hysterical adults crawls back into the loving arms (whimper) of his young guardian. The boy is played by Lee Harcourt Montgomery, with a treacly sweetness that will produce instant coma in any diabetic. The best that can be said of Phil Karlson's direction is that he handles rats better than he handles his human cast members.

20th Century-Fox presented the fourth film in the popular "Apes" series, Conquest of the Planet of the Apes. Paul Dehn's script features a time when the apes have become human pets/slaves, with the ensuing revolt slapping out a minority group message with a filmic trowel. The preachiness goes down hard, especially after the numbing barrage of "revolt" films in the past few years, but the ape characters are so well-liked by now that audiences seem beyond aversion to any tricks the apes can manage. The cast is good and the film has a bright sheen of glossy production values that make it easy to look at. I didn't like it much, but these films have gone beyond criticism in the eye of the general public. They are mass entertainment--they don't have to be good entertainment.

MGM produced a real loser in Night of the Lepus, adapted from Russell Braddon's little-know novel, Year of the Angry Rabbit (so little known, in fact, that it didn't even get a movie tie-in paperback reprint, a highly unusual occurance). The film may have a chance at "classic" status, however, for it is so incredibly inept and unrelievedly awful that it may be remembered as one of the worst (that is, funniest) films ever made. One scene in which a sheriff races to the local rural drive-in theatre to warn the populace---"There is a herd of giant killer rabbits headed for the town!" --had audiences rolling in the aisles, and the poorly-processed shots of "ferocious" rabbits wriggling their bloodstained (!) noses turned audience delight into near hysteria. How the cast managed to keep straight faces throughout the filming of this mess will remain one of the wonders of the modern film world.

And, finally, Crown International's Stanley told about a guy and his pet snake, with a lot of dead bodies between the two, but proved to be a very predictable suspenser.

Actor Tom Tryon adapted his own novel of the occult for the 20th Century-Fox film, The Other, and Bert I. Gordon's Necromancy, from Cinerama,

deals with supernatural spirit transfer. Tryon's book was a bestseller, but Robert Mulligan's direction of the screen version is only sporadically interesting and the hazy-pretty photography imbalanced with sinister undertones of spirit possession is too much a careful evocation of the period setting, 1930's New England, with not enough attention to the tension necessary to carry the slow-moving plot. Mulligan also makes the mistake of letting stage star Uta Hagen disastrously inject every possible ounce of technique into the old Russian lady who begins to unravel the truth about the twin boys who share an evil secret. Gordon's film is even less successful, wasting the talents of sturdy professionals like Orson Welles and Pamela Franklin on a tiresome story that creeps along like an arthritic snail.

Rounding out the summer are Alfred Hitchcock's Frenzy, better than Hitchcock's most recent efforts but not a particularly outstanding murder mystery; Walt Disney Productions' Now You See Him, Now You Don't, a live-action comedy about invisibility which I didn't bother to see; Woody Allen's comedy for United Artists, Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex, laced with several fantasy segments (one about a giant breast ravaging the countryside, a spoof on the old-time mad scientist syndrome) but as flaccid as a limp--well, let's just say a limp comedy and leave it at that; and Paramount's Four Flies on Grey Velvet, another made-in-Italy murder drama that racked up fine grosses in Europe but died quickly in the U.S.

The remainder of the year slipped by without any SF or fantasy films breaking into the supermoney category.

AIP slowed down at year's end, concentrating on realistic (if you can call them that) action and sex films and releasing only one horror item, the latest from Italy's best-known director in the genre, Mario Bava, whose Black Sunday of ten years ago is considered one of the modern classics. His newest, Baron Blood, has several good moments of horror but is generally undone by a careless script that corners the cast with wooden, unmanageable and sometimes unintentionally laugh-provoking dialogue. Joseph Cotton fares a little better here than in the silly Lady Frankenstein earlier this year, though he doesn't seem to have the flair that someone like, say, Vincent Price, could have brought to the role of the resurrected evil baron; and Elke Sommer has a nice body, which is the kindest way of avoiding the fact that she has not a shred of acting talent. It really is too bad that Bava can't find adequate material to match his known talent--it would be nice to see him round up a cast and script for something like Leiber's Conjure Wife or Sarban's The Sound of His Horn, either of which could provide him with the moments of terror he handles so well yet give him a story that has some meat on it.

Cinerama's Asylum is another of Robert Bloch's episode chillers that strings up several terror tales on a contrived interconnecting plot thread. Bava's Black Sabbath and the British-made Dr. Terror's House of Horrors came the closest of any movies of recent vintage, by the virtue of individual stories that were sharp and quick but held a sustained mood throughout, to making this unwieldy method work in the film medium. Bloch's script is one of his worst, the cast appears indifferent, Roy Ward Baker's direction is desultory, and the music score of adapted classical themes stinks of cheapjack budget.

Under Lamont Johnson's tight direction Patty Duke delivers a noteworthy performance as a pregnant widow imprisoned in her mother-in-law's

secluded mansion in Universal's You'll Like My Mother, one of the year's better suspense items. Excellent location filming in snowbound Minnesota and helpful technical polish (including a strong music score by Gil Melle, who did the fine electronic score for The Andromeda Strain) complement the intelligent Joe Heims script adapted from Naomi A. Hintze's novel. The audience, along with the increasingly nervous Miss Duke, is prompted to use their brains to fit together the many pieces of this intricate and well-sustained puzzle, and it is to director Johnson's credit that the opportunities for exploitable blood-letting are handled with tasteful restraint. The sad thing is that audiences don't seem to appreciate restraint and the film didn't do very well at the boxoffice.

Paragon Pictures' The Asphyx is a drama about the search for immortality, but Paragon's distribution doesn't seem to include this part of the country and I've had no opportunity to see it. Independent International's Dravula Vs. Frankenstein is a Spanish-lensed horror that is horrible in every department, and Magus Films' Virgin Planet is, I guess, a science-fiction film. Warner Bros. double-billed Dracula A.D. 1972 and Crescendo, the first the latest Hammer production with Christopher Lee, the second a three-year-old suspenser; but they came in and out of town so fast, playing a total of three days at one drive-in, that I missed them. 20th Century-Fox double-billed Countess Dracula and Vampire Circus, a couple of poorly-received British imports that have yet to play locally. And United Artists doubled Daughters of Satan with Superbeast, both filmed in the Phillipines and geared for fast playoff--so fast that I missed them, too. A prizewinner at last year's Atlanta Film Festival, Who Fears the Devil, adapted from Manly Wade Wellman's book of fantasy stories, apparently is unable to secure a distributor in spite of good critical reception, and seems destined to disappear before audiences even have a chance at it.

Winding up the year, Warner Bros. re-edited Kubrick's A Clockwork Orange to get the "X" changed to an "R" rating, and minus about twenty or so seconds it goes into broader release in 1973. American National Enterprises gained U.S. distribution of the British-made musical version of Lewis Carroll's Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, but not even the plush and colorful sets and costumes could offset the vitiating, tuneless music of John Barry and the nauseatingly lifeless script and direction of William Sterling. The cast, including such stalwarts as Peter Sellers, Ralph Richardson, and Flora Robson, was hampered by the directorial chains, and newcomer Fiona Fullerton is both too old and too bland to breathe any life into Alice. This film obviously cost a lot of money, but every dime of it is down the rabbithole.

And there's the lot of them. A few good movies, yes; but nothing to mark this year as a history-making one in the field. Silent Running and Slaughterhouse-Five likely have the best chance at next summer's Hugo, but as far as I'm concerned it's No Award time. Which pretty much sums up my opinion of the year 1972. And next year...?

Oh, Stanley Kubrick, won't you please come home?

* *

SOUNDING BRASS

There is a god whose flock enjoys
One wild command: Let there be NOISE.

-- DON JAMES

DOWN MEMORY LANE: Nostalgia Section

DOVER PUBLICATIONS, Inc., 180 Varick St., N.Y., NY 10014, has a wide selection of low-priced quality paperback editions of titles of interest to SF/fantasy fans. We have been, and will continue to do so in the future, covering the Dover Science-Fiction and Ghost Story Library in SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL--so we'll skip over these here, and will cover a few of their titles in other categories which might be of interest to TWJ readers. (A word of caution: because of inflation, the prices given below may no longer apply.)

Dover Movie Library --

An American Comedy, by Harold Lloyd (New Index of persons, films, & plays; 67 illust., xiii + 138 pp.; $3) -- First published in 1929; one of the "basic books about the early American screen . . ."

Beauty and the Beast: Diary of a Film, by Jean Cocteau (Revised translation by Ronald Duncan; 36 stills covering ea. of the sets used in the film; xiv + 142 pp.; $2.75) -- The Cocteau diary which is "one of the clearest accounts ever given of both the technical and artistic processes of film-making".

Cinema Yesterday and Today, by René Clair (1st English translation of 1970 French book, which won prize for best film book of year; new introduction and notes by R.C. Dale; 44 stills added to new ed.; lx + 260 pp.; $3.50) -- "An enlightening series of reflections on reflections on reflections by one of the greatest international directors and writers of the last 50 years."

History of the American Film Industry, by Benjamin B. Hampton (unabridged reproduction of 1931 ed.; formerly titled A History of the Movies; 191 stills & studio shots of the era; xvi + 456 pp.; $4) -- From its beginnings to 1931.

Notes of a Film Director, by Sergei Eisenstein (corrected republication of 1st Eng. ed.; v + 240 pp.; $3) -- Collection of 20 essays, articles and letters from the early '30's to 1948 which reflect "the period of Eisenstein's maturist thinking". With 78 illos. incl. author's drawings/sketches.

The Talkies, by Richard Griffith (Original; 4 color plates, Index; xxiv + 351 pp.; $5.95) --"Articles and Illustrations from a Great Fan Magazine, 1928-1940." Over 170 articles "and all the pictures that go with them . . ."

The Film: A Psychological Study, by Hugo Münsterberg (Unabridged reproduction of 1916 ed.; formerly The Photoplay: A Psychological Study; xvii + 100 pp.; $2) -- Just what the title says it is.

Theory of the Film, by Béla Balázs (Trans. from Hungarian by Edith Bone; slightly corrected ed. of 1952 Eng. ed.; 29 stills, Index; 291 pp.; $2.75) -- Includes his theories on "almost everything in the entire experience of seeing and hearing a film . . ."

When the Movies Were Young, by Mrs. D.W. Griffith (Unabridged reprod. of 1925 ed.; 67 illos., Index; xiv + 266 pp.; $2.50) -- "Revealing account of /her husband's/ career and methods".

Miscellany --

Absolutely Mad Inventions, compiled from the records of the U.S. Patent Office by A.E. Brown & H.A. Jeffcott, Jr. (Unabridged republication of the 1932 Beware of Imitations!; 57 full-page illust.; Foreward; 125 pp.; $1.50) -- Another book one can tell by its title....

Lost Continents: The Atlantis Theme in History, Science and Literature, by L. Sprague de Camp (Slightly revised republication of 1954 ed.; Preface; Bibliography; Index; appendices on Atlantis in Classical Literature; Plato's Family Tree; Interpreters of Plato's Atlantis and Their Interpretations; and Table of Geological Time; 17 illos. and maps; 370 pp.; $2.75) -- "An authoritative guide to one of the eight mysteries of the world."

VIEWS, REVIEWS & ARCHIMEDEAN SPIRALS:
Book Reviews

The Sheep Look Up, by John Brunner
(Harper & Row, NY; 1972; $6.95; 461 pp.) Reviewer, Richard Delap

> The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
> But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
> Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread.

John Brunner closes his novelistic elegy with this quote from one of the world's most famous elegies, Milton's Lycidas, mirroring in the near-future the vitriol of Milton's denunciation of the corrupt and Vergil's idyllic pastoral wasting away for want of a shepherd. But neither Milton nor Vergil could have possibly foreseen the horrors envisioned by the young Mary Shelley in the last century when she coupled the first visions of modern science with misguided philosophy, producing the classic Frankenstein.

All of which brings us to the present and Mr. Brunner's The Sheep Look Up, the new Frankenstein, in which the monster creates itself from the collected garbage of humanity, both physical and mental, detailed in a diabolic fascination with a creation process called human apathy. The monster finds itself the ruler of a heavily populated hell named Earth, a place where the innocent, for want of definition, die as horribly as the guilty.

In Brunner's vision the pollution crisis has continued to swell until extinction of various birds and animals is common, industrial wastes and auto exhaust have made familiar such signs as FILTERMASK DISPENSER and OXYGEN 25¢, and insurance rates are hiked because life expectancy is going down rather than up. No one seems to have the time to stop and fathom the meaning behind the catchphrase of the times, "Stop, You're Killing Me!", or to listen to a scientist who proclaims America's biggest export is noxious gases. And how very easy it is for us to accept these speculations, what with all the media currently pummeling our awareness with stories of the fuel and energy shortages.

Yet Brunner sees us doing tomorrow what we are doing now, next to nothing, and he's only just beginning....

Juggling dozens of characters for hundreds of pages is no simple task. But Brunner is not attempting to confuse the reader and there is a remarkable sense of order to it all, a coalescing overview that is precise and increasingly pointed as the disasters descend one by one, culminating in a killing thunderstorm of acid rain, rampant disease, and the near-total disintegration of mankind in a madhouse of death.

What is probably most terrifying of all is the seeming ease with which Brunner dissects the American psyche, exposing the fallacious idealisms of both the "right" and "left", the power of money to fashion a hanging noose out of morality, and the most acidly vehement condemnation I have ever seen of the deceipts that have twisted American politics into an unfeeling machine of silly-putty perversions. The president of the country is not only a total ignoramus but a cruel and selfish charlatan, spouting slogans and unwarranted condemnations--"If the papers know what's good for them they'll print what's good for America!", "lawmorder", "The United States is under attack"--that sound extreme only until you read today's newspapers. The American people are not only sheep, they are fools should they let such nonsense stifle their powers of independent thought; and, sadly, this picture of foolish sheep falling into ravines and

wandering into the open storm to collapse and die is no fantasist's mere imaginative excess. It is happening now, here, to all of us. The monster is creating itself, growing to such size and power that unless we act immediately we will have no choice but to lie down and be crushed underfoot.

Stylistically the book bears a close resemblance to Brunner's earlier, Hugo-award winning novel about overpopulation, Stand on Zanzibar, with its Dos Passos fragments of mosaic and relentless messages. This book, however, is a far superior novel, the skeins of plot more perfectly attuned to the end result, each and every moment an attestation to the gravity of a dying world.

The pressure builds and builds until one wants to scream: overkill! But the overkill is not an author's device to create pseudo-tension; it is logic, the logic of illogic carried to the nth degree. It is progressive destruction hurtling out of control. Drugged waters, dangerous gases, decimated forests, polluted foods, death-laden luxuries, mounting into a worldwide garbage dump in which human emotions degenerate into explosive racial hatreds, violent propaganda, and murder, and rape, and suicide, an ever-widening path to the most massive graveyard in the universe.

It is not a nice book, and there is no way I can make such a cornucopia of degeneracy sound pretty. But, then, horror stories are not supposed to be pretty; it is not their purpose. The novel itself is a diamond, and the muck in which it surrounds itself does not lessen its true value.

This is an important novel, perhaps the most important speculative novel of the year, and you should read it. And when you've finished, take a sniff at the air and see if you can detect the first sulphurous fumes of Armageddon. They're smouldering around you now, and that monster is crawling up out of the garbage. Then send your copy of the book to Washington. Perhaps an "official" condemnation will urge your friends to get a copy, too, and we'll be on our way to saving the only world we have.

It is, you know, the only world we have. Think about that.

* *

Mutant 59: The Plastic Eaters, by Kit Pedler & Gerry Davis
(Viking Press; 1972; 246 pp.; $5.95; SFBook Club Ed.
also in '72; paperback ed. Bantam #T7499; 2/73; 248
pp.; $1.50). Reviewer, James R. Newton

There is a thin dividing line separating "relatable" science fiction from "space opera". The latter is what usually pops up first in the minds of readers uniniated into SF fandom. That's understandable, for it's hard to really relate run-of-the-mill terrestrial conditioning with faster-than-light-speed spaceships, mind-boggling adventures amid fantastic surroundings, and actions whose sweep is measured in parsecs or eons. It takes a special kind of mind to enjoy space opera, with its pure escapism.

Purist science fiction, on the other hand, requires that there be some thread of earthy believability woven into the tale. This can be accomplished through characterization, through plot, through locale, or through any combination of these. The more of these criteria that are met, the more the tale told leans away from "could be" toward "might well be".

Mutant 59 is that kind of science fiction. In fact, I finished the book so convinced, "it damn well might be" crossed my mind.

We live in a plastic age. Plastic is found in practically every corner of civilized life. It is as ubiquitous as a toilet tank float, or a pacemaker keeping a weakened heart beating, or a component within a tiny capsule that is hurtling spaceward. What chaos would result if something attacked plastic products!

That chillingly imaginative premise forms the base on which Pedler and Davis have built. Such a threat to the entire world is not without the realm of possibility, given the right combination of circumstances. The authors, in developing this theme, raise some disturbing questions about our present bio-ecological attitudes, questions that make Mutant 59 all too realistically believable.

A team of chemists has produced, for the Kramer Consultancy, a durable insulating plastic for industrial use. It turns out to be the prime ingredient in a second project, one aimed at easing waste disposal--a bio-degradable plastic bottle that breaks down under the influence of light into a fine dust. Aminostyrene is both cheap and easy to manufacture. In short order it is mass produced, forming not only disposable bottles, but also parts of literally thousands of other products from missiles to toys. Money rolls into Kramer coffers, and the future looks rosy.

The first inkling that all is not right comes when a switch fails in an Apollo capsule that is entering Earth's atmosphere. Then a defective fuel box turns an airliner into a fallen giant. Next, a nuclear submarine is lost with all hands.

In the mind of Luke Gerrard, one of Kramer's young scientists, a horrible suspicion begins to form. And when he is called upon to investigate a Christmas display robot that goes berserk, he finds its Aminostyrene gears have melted. His suspicion gels into unavoidable belief, but Kramer brutally rejects Luke's report. The Consultancy head refuses to even admit that the company's most profitable product has dangerous properties.

Anne Kramer, the founder's wife, is the only person who sympathizes with Luke. They set out together to prove his theory. Somewhere along the way love blooms, but with anachronistic emotional control, they restrain themselves in the only unbelievable aspect of this novel's characterizations. Unrequited love fails, however, to diminish their determination to find the cause of the spreading failures of city and social functions involving Aminostyrene parts.

Swiftly, the center of London is paralyzed, then wracked with a series of devastating explosions. All types of plastic begin to dissolve, leaving behind an oozing and highly volatile foam.

Luke and Ann are trapped in a subway tunnel. Their struggle for survival and their attempt to find the source of the holocaust are a blend of terror and suspense, despite the rather naive treatment of their man-woman relationship. The burning questions are whether or not the death and destruction already begun can be halted before the whole world is engulfed. The outcome is in doubt almost to the end of the book. But then, just when you have sighed a gusty relief that all seems right once more, you are delivered an anticlimactic kick in the teeth.

Argonaut One, man's first robot lander-probe of Mars, carries some parts made of plastic. A logic gate infected with a microscopic spot of the fifty-ninth mutant has been missed. Circuits wakening into operating life to analyze the Martian surface provide enough heat to . . . .

You get the picture, I'm sure. Perhaps you'll want to compare this novel with Crichton's Andromeda Strain, but for my money Mutant 59 has that tingling taste of Hitchcockian horror because the mutant in this case is man-made. An alien menace one can cope with. A threat springing from man's disregard of all guiding principles except the greed for profit is quite another thing. And the consequences of actions observable today may well be as far-reaching as the insidious mutation that is the real, and not-so-ill-fated villain of this novel. I think the analogy is clearly drawn, and all the more horrifying for that clarity.

Mutant 59 may, in addition to providing quietly competent cliff-hanging science fiction reading, do its part toward making practicing ecologists out of readers who get the message. In that, it serves a far more valuable social function than does the pleasurable escapism much SF offers. I know it left me with the terrifying conjecture:

An equally potent mutation, whatever its number or designation, may already be at work among us. Think about that!

* *

The "Best" Anthologies: 1972

Reviewed by Richard Delap

The 1972 Annual World's Best SF, edited by Donald A. Wollheim
(DAW UQ1005, 1972; 95¢; 302 pp.; hardcover: SFBook Club, $1.98).
The Best Science Fiction of the Year, edited by Terry Carr
(Ballantine 02671, 1972; $1.25; 340 pp.).
Best Science Fiction for 1972, edited by Frederik Pohl
(Ace 91359, 1972; $1.25; 315 pp.).
Best SF: 1971, edited by Harry Harrison & Brian W. Aldiss
(Putnam, 1972; $5.95; 253 pp.; paper: Berkley Medallion N2263; 95¢).
Best Science Fiction Stories of the Year, edited by Lester del Rey
(E.P. Dutton & Co., 1972; $6.95; 250 pp.).
The Year's Best Horror Stories No. 1, edited by Richard Davis
(DAW UQ1013, 1972; 95¢; 174 pp.).

The number of yearly "best" volumes has now swollen to half a dozen, and the minimum cash outlay for the reader to have them all is $12.30--likely more than most readers want to spend, especially when considering the repetition of several stories here and there throughout the volumes. In my estimation four of the books are of mixed but in the main satisfactory quality, with the remaining two disappointments.

I have discussed many of the stories in various fanzine columns upon their original publication in magazines or original anthologies, so many of them will be grouped and rather cursorily disposed of here both for lack of space and for want of desire to go rummaging for all my original comments. I have reread the good stories and skimmed those I didn't care for the first time around (feeling more kindly disposed towards only one effort on the second trip), so I will try here to make extended note only of those stories which were new to me.

After seven years of co-editing a yearly "best" volume for Ace, Donald A. Wollheim and Terry Carr have split, Wollheim editing for his own publishing firm, DAW Books, and Carr starting an annual collection for Ballantine. Wollheim and Carr may be working separately, but they are not really so very far apart. Wollheim states, "The essence of science fiction is that this is a changing world.", while Carr states equally clearly (and similarly), "Science fiction is a litera-

. . .

ture of expansion." Wollheim mentions stories of "wonder and power and human emotion", and Carr writes that such have "the sense of awe and majesty that the universe requires".

Their sentiments are obviously similar, and two of their choices are duplications: Theodore Sturgeon's "Occam's Scalpel" and Larry Niven's "The Fourth Profession". Though skillfully written, the Sturgeon story dampens its effect with a totally preposterous conclusion that is as offensive as it is silly, and Niven's tale about the effect of alien RNA pills on a Terran bartender is trivial but generally good fun. Neither story, in my opinion, is memorable, and the fact that Sturgeon's story is also included in one other collection (making it the most anthologized "best" of the year) is certainly puzzling.

Wollheim includes two stories seeing their first U.S. publication.

Christopher Priest's "Real-Time World" is the best story I've seen from this author and shows he's making progress after several years of new-writer pains. In an enclosed observatory one man dispatches reports to Earth, about the condition of the crew, and disseminates incoming information selectively, as he's been told to do, watching the results of his actions on the others. Soon questions arise, and they are frightening ones: is the observatory actually on Earth itself, on the moon, or on another planet? Should we react to what we've been taught or to instinct? What is real-time? Priest's observatory is a small-scale version of the enclosure we all endure here on our world; and while some may interpret the startling conclusion as an anti-space statement, an examination of the underlying philosophy brings us to that aggravating but inescapable thought--we know too little to say too much.

Eddy C. Bertin's "Timestorm" is less satisfactory, an elaborate and confused story of a man who is touched by "a cyclone of partly disintegrated matter and imploding energy" which bounces him around in space and time. Finally he discovers a group of humans who with complicated machines are structuring Earth history and introducing the hate, madness, and wars which have plagued us from the beginning. Bertin relies on a "shock" ending to reveal how dim-witted his hero has been (not so shocking, since that's been obvious from the start), reaching it through a wearisome hodgepodge of fuzzy ideas and fuzzy English.

Wollheim's remaining choices come from the SF magazines and anthologies, with the exception of Arthur C. Clarke's "Transit of Earth", originally in PLAYBOY. The one survivor of a Mars expedition--the others have forsaken their oxygen and died so he may record the rare transit of Earth across the face of the sun--spins out some sad final thoughts of his last task: "It is true, we all die alone. It makes no difference at the end, being fifty million miles from home." But Clarke softens the harshness of the man's fate with a romantic streak of idealism that is surprisingly very believable and heartening. A nice story.

R.A. Lafferty's "All Pieces of a River Shore" is a delightfully screwed-around look at the science man perceives as myth; Leonard Tushnet's "Aunt Jennie's Tonic" rejuvenates a standard tale of a miracle tonic with a slant of Jewish humor and the science of folk medicine; Joanna Russ' "Gleepsite" is another loo at the polluted future, from a strange and captivating angle; Stephen Tall's "The Bear with the Knot on His Tail" is a sometimes clumsy, sometimes moving tale of an alien race facing extinction; Michael G. Coney's "The Sharks of Pentreath" has people emerging periodically from cold storage to travel about in mechanical bodies; and Barry Malzberg's "Gehenna" is a psychological horror story of a modern hell.

The rest are less satisfactory: Harlan Ellison's "One Life, Furnished in Early Poverty" is a return-to-childhood theme that gushes a torrent of choking sentiment; Poul Anderson's "A Little Knowledge" scrambles over the planet Paradox with all the humor of a frightened blind man with a bludgeon; and Alan Dean Foster's "With Friends Like These..." is worse, two blind men with two bludgeons. Wollheim totals with fourteen stories, of which I liked nine, and that seems a good average by any measure.

Carr's collection sifts down just as well. The remaining stories here include: Robert Silverberg's "In Entropy's Jaws", an experimental break with linear time, and a very successful one; Arthur C. Clarke's "A Meeting with Medusa" is a science-oriented probe into the gaseous depths of Jupiter and man's dramatic confrontation with the creatures that live there; Lloyd Biggle Jr.'s "The Frayed String on the Stretched Forefinger of Time" pits a psi-talented police inspector against a crime that has not yet been committed, and turns it into a fast, fun suspense tale; Norman Spinrad's "No Direction Home" is a series of interesting vignettes about a near-future society that wings off on a total drug trip; Ursula K. Le Guin's "Vaster Than Empires and More Slow" takes a mad spaceship crew to a mad planet and deals compassionately with some ugly truths; George Alec Effinger's "All the Last Wars at Once" is absurdist comedy about the total chaos of super-violence, with a hefty kicker ending of cold logic; and Alexei Panshin's "How Can We Sink When We Can Fly?", the book's best story, is a careful and totally controlled master blend of fiction and non-fiction, touching two bases at once and emerging with something excitingly special.

Poul Anderson won both the Hugo and Nebula for "The Queen of Air and Darkness", but I was unsatisfied with it when first I read it and I remain unsatisfied with it now. On the planet Roland, a mother searches for her missing son, and while Anderson makes much of his story shimmer with the truly alien feel of a mysterious world, the plot comes crashing down into a mess of dismal cliches. Philip José Farmer, too, fumbles the conclusion of "The Sliced-Crosswise Only-On-Tuesday World" where people emerge from suspended animation one day a week and the troubled hero falls in love with a woman from the wrong day.

Carr's book has eleven stories, eight of which I liked. Again, a good average.

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Frederik Pohl's collection opens with a troubling introduction, in which the editor states: "For in all truth 1971 seemed to me a rather sterile and unproductive year in the field. . . If 1971 did not produce many masterpieces, it did at least produce a good deal of competent work." The reader who has been browsing on the news-stand may very easily put his $1.25 into another volume, one with something more than mere competence, if he reads this line. I don't know if Pohl is just being honest or if he is making excuses (perhaps his recent departure from Ace explains his strange attitude), and he doesn't really get very specific about any writers or works except to favorably mention three authors: Bob Shaw (who doesn't have a story included here and is still riding the laurels of "Light of Other Days"), Samuel R. Delany (who also doesn't have a story included and hasn't done a novel--or written more than a damn few stories--in four years), and Ursula K. Le Guin (who's done some excellent work recently but still doesn't have a story in this volume). I would much prefer an editor to take a stand of some sort, even one I may totally disagree with, rather than his hiding behind a confusion of suspicious Charlie Brown-isms.

That out of the way, the book itself is not too bad. Like Wollheim, Pohl has discovered two stories unknown to American readers. Ryu Mitsuse's "The

Sunset, 2217 A.D." was translated from the Japanese by Tetsu Yano and Judith Merril, which may account for the stylistic fussiness that keeps it from reading smoothly. The predicament of Shira-i, however, a cyborg living and working in East Canal City on Mars, is a basic, emotional, grabbing one that gives the reader a level-headed view of the problems of prejudice sure to develop in cyborg-human interactions. Shira-i's inner turmoil--should he assist the cyborgs who want to steal a ship and start a city of their own? should he help the humans who want to stop the revolt? should he stand passively by and see what develops?--gives the reader a chance to experience the trauma of a heartbreaking choice. This story is just a taste from a forthcoming anthology of Japanese SF, but it's good enough to whet the appetite for more.

In "Conversational Mode" Grahame Leman's conversation between a hospital patient (a Nobel prize-winning behavioral scientist) and his bedside companion (an IBM 490/80, programmed to minister Psychotherapeutic Program XIXB) is a comfortably familiar concept to regular SF readers. Leman has fun with it, lightening his pessimistic view of man's future use of the machine with puns, SF "in" jokes, and a welcomely sharp-tongued but not all-powerful protagonist. As funny as it sometimes is, it is not really a pleasant story. It views with alarm the power of politics and the dysfunction of science, and sees not a broadening of individual freedoms but a sharp and frightening lessening of them.

H.H. Hollis' "Too Many People" is about an anti-birth infection created to sterilize an overpopulated world, and develops some remarkably fine characterizations to flesh out its well-riunded plot. John Brunner's "Easy Way Out" tells of the struggle to survive by a doctor and a spoiled young man who have crashed on an oxygen-poor planet, a struggle as much mental as physical, a highly-charged and suspenseful story that will keep the reader glued to the page.

Larry Niven's catastrophe story, "Inconstant Moon", picked up a Hugo last year and is a good story, which is about the best that I can say for it; Doris Piserchia's "Sheltering Dream" opens with a Kafkaesque mood but tracks down its resolution with care; Harlan Ellison's "Silent in Gehenna" is a study of reality reflected through illusion, and punctuated with many screams, a story of a revolutionary early in the next century. Pohl's own story, "The Gold at the Starbow's End", contrasts the regression of a dying Earth with the fantastically speeded-up progress of a starship traveling to Alpha Centauri, and is bled through with a hefty dose of devilishly bitter humor.

The final two of Pohl's ten stories are less interesting. James Tiptree, Jr. relates the adventures of a company inspector among the asteroids, but "Mother in the Sky with Diamonds" becomes such a jumble of stylistic tricks that it induces more boredom than fascination; and Harlan Ellison's "At the Mouse Circus" is yet another reality-trip through the pathways of fantasy, vicious as a wolverine but heavy-handed as an ape.

Poul's book is competent--fine, if that's all you're looking for.

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The Harrison/Aldiss collection is far more wide-ranging than its competitors, and may be the best investment for both the SF and general reader.

In Robert Sheckley's "Doctor Zombie and His Furry Little Friends", a doctor hopes to achieve a counterbalance to "hydrogen bombs, germ warfare, defoliation, pollution, greenhouse effect, and the like" by his efforts to start "breeding monsters". But making monsters in a three-room apartment in Mexico City is not without its problems, all of which Sheckley delineates with high good humor. Beneath the funny charade is the serious message of eco-disaster, which preys on

the subconscious in a more subtle way than the violently-stated "protest" stories. A strange story, and a good one.

Barry Malzberg's "Gehenna" appears for a second time, and with it is "Conquest", which depicts an everyman's hope of being something special expiring in "the small doom of orgasm", his chance of becoming Someone Important hinging on his perception of sham. But Malzberg is damnably cynical, so his everyman fails to perceive that his insight is only partial, that sham lies within sham, and that the modern technological world has little interest in his personal dreams beyond the exploitation of them.

Cynthia Ozick's "The Pagan Rabbi" is a delightful discovery, unfolding like one of those fantastic nature films in which a blooming flower is minutely recorded by time-lapse photography. Petal by petal it bursts into wondrous splendor. And so, page by page, does Ozick's superb story of two Jewish men who find atheism, one outside the faith, the other in it. At the suicide of Isaac Kornfeld ("a man of piety and brains"), his classmate and friend comes to examine the death scene ("The tree lay back against the sky like a licked postage stamp"), to remember their days together in the Jewish fraternity ("The Jews are also Puritans, but only in public"), and to discover that the death resulted from a discovery, denied by both science and religion, that the "gods" of the past did and do still exist in our world. In a very few words, Ozick condenses emotion to its essence: "My hand in tremor rustled Isaac's letter; the paper bleated as though whipped." Her prose sings like a choir of heathen angels--beautifully modulated, perfectly pitched, and all the while swelling sweetly around something unknown, something sinister, hidden in the center and only glimpsed in a blur as the choir occasionally shifts position. We seldom get this type of writing excellence in SF, and we can only thank the editors for bringing it to our attention.

In "The Hunter at His Ease", Brian W. Aldiss creates a sensitive protagonist who yearns for a simple world yet does not waste time by simply adulating escape, but tells us clearly: "We all carry around totems of the past like cripples with crutches." Aldiss has no truck with fantasy utopias here; he deals with a reality we face in the very near future, one forming now, a world of increased leisure and continual war. And those crutches he mentions are not just dramatic props but indispensible items to carry us through a vulnerable stage in our growth as a species. Aldiss is a fine writer and does not philosophize at the expense of storytelling, but combines both into a sharply meaningful unity.

Thomas M. Disch's "Angouleme", a sequel to his earlier "Emancipation", tells of a 21st-century street gang and expertly sustains the tragi-comic tone of this interesting series. Donald Barthelme, a popular "mainstream" writer whose stories often lap over into the SF realm, explores the schizophrenic concepts of intelligence in the clever "The Genius". In James Blish's "Statistician's Day", a newspaper reporter interviews a famed novelist, and Blish manages to acquaint the reader with the future setting (a world running smoothly under an enforced Population Control), spice up the proceedings with some relevant questions (Is the author's death date known in advance? By whom--the reporter, author, both? Is the verbal sparring between these men theoretical or factual?), and bring his intellectual stew to the boiling point in an engaging way. The conclusion is a bit abrupt and rather obvious, but the story remains a good one nonetheless.

If you've ever thought that the majority of SF films were scripted by a machine, Gahan Wilson proves your suspicions correct in the amusing "The Science Fiction Horror Movie Pocket Computer". Stephen Schrader's "The Cohen Dog Exclusion Act" is a maniacal farce which proposes one method of eliminating all the dog dirt on city sidewalks, and while tongue-in-cheek is startingly forthright

about the problem. And Steve Herbst's "An Uneven Evening" is a twin-directioned, well-written view of a new sport called torming and an old sport called marriage.

Norman Spinrad's "No Direction Home" appears for a second time, and Arthur C. Clarke's "A Meeting with Medusa" also makes a second showing. Tommaso Landolfi's "/Untitled/", an excerpt from his novel Cancerqueen that Harrison calls a "mere nibble", is just enough to drive you up the wall, so short that one might almost call it an advertisement, for which one wonders if its inclusion is really necessary or quite fair. And, if you're a poetry buff (which I'll admit I am not), you may be interested in Kingsley Amis' "Report", Lawrence Sail's "Fisherman", and Charles Baxter's "The Ideal Police State".

The remaining three stories are less satisfying. Richard E. Peck's "Gantlet" deals with the dangers commuters may have to face in the future, the dangers of the revengeful welfare masses attacking workers traveling between city and suberb. Peck doesn't take time to clarify the situation or to detail its existence, and his story comes off fast but shallow. B. Alan Burhoe's "Ornithanthropus" deals with a world where some humans have developed into a hollow-boned, winged race that has a symbiotic relationship with a native airborne lifeform, the skyhunters. Burhoe takes too much for granted and his melodramatic hash of plot is merely silly. And Arnold M. Auerbach's "If 'Hair' Were Revived in 2016" seems to have been included more for the oddity of its original publication (in the NEW YORK TIMES) than for its SF look at theatre in the next century, which is decidedly unimaginative.

Fourteen stories, three poems, three "unclassifiable" items, an introduction, and a notably outspoken afterword (by Aldiss) make this collection by far the most interesting and satisfying of the year's "best" volumes. If you limit yourself to one such book, this is the one to get.

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If the Harrison/Aldiss is the most satisfying anthology, Lester del Rey's is the least satisfying. Four stories appear in other volumes--Sturgeon's "Occam's Scalpel", Anderson's "A Little Knowledge", "Burhoe's "Ornithanthropus", and Farmer's "The Sliced-Crosswise Only-On-Tuesday World"--none of them worth one appearance, much less two.

Four more stories might be termed reasonable filler material. Robert Silverberg's Nebula-winning "Good News from the Vatican" is an amusing but not particularly memorable story of a voting deadlock in Rome when one of the contenders for Pope is a robot. Thomas N. Scortia's "When You Hear the Tone" tells of an old man whose telephone conversations from his deathbed connect him to an ambiguous past. R.A. Lafferty's "The Man Underneath" is another of this author's wacky moral farces, and Larry Niven's "Rammer" gives a man revived from deep-freeze all sorts of problems in hanging on to his life a second time.

These four stories are the second-grade cream--the rest is plain old sour milk.

James Tiptree Jr.'s "I'll be Waiting for You When the Swimming Pool is Empty" is a quasi-symbolic story of a "nice Terran boy" that leaves the reader floundering in a swamp of corsscurrents. David M. Locke's "The Power of the Sentence" is a professional lecture that expires in silliness, and Harlan Ellison and A.E. van Vogt's "The Human Operators" examines a human prisoner in an intelligent spaceship with mediocrity and equal silliness. Harry Harrison's "The Wicked Flee" is a well-written tale of time-travel and alternate futures that destroys itself in a clumsy wrapup, and Burt K. Filer's "Hot Potato", a parallel-world story about stockpiling H-bombs on the "other" Earth, is crammed with stereotype characters who shuffle through the thin plot with nary a breath of life.

At the very bottom we're offered magazine dregs like A. Lentini's "Autumntime", which tries to make a drama out of a treeless, urbanized future and fails totally, and W. Macfarlane's "To Make a New Neanderthal", a vulgar and unfeeling farce about pollution.

Del Rey concludes with a discussion, "The Science Fiction Yearbook", which he opens with the statement: "1971 was generally a very good year for science fiction." You'll have to take his word for it. He certainly doesn't prove it with this humdrum collection.

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Mr. Davis' anthology of horror stories is welcome for the fact that it provides a home for works that do not generally fit into the concept of the other collections, stories of fantasy and the supernatural. The fine stories included here, however, are too few to offset the dissatisfaction of the many more which are unhorrifying and in some cases extremely poor.

Among the better entries is Richard Matheson's chilling "Prey", originally in PLAYBOY, one of the few magazines today still receptive to the supernatural horror genre. It's a grisly item that is paced at lightning speed and builds to a nail-biting pitch of intensity as a woman is trapped in her apartment, fighting for her life against a spirit-possessed doll that stalks her with a kitchen knife. The woman is weak-willed and careless, but the reader roots for her right up to the terrifying climax that distributes its just desserts very well indeed.

Anyone who's been keeping watch on short stories, either mainstream or SF, is sure to have noticed some very good ones coming from Kit Reed. "Winter" is a sly piece about two old maids delighted by the sudden companionship of a young Marine deserter snowed in with them during a long winter, vying with one another for his undivided attention. With a remarkably good first-person narrative of backwoods English, Reed quietly builds to a smasher conclusion, a four-word sentence that crashes home like a perfectly-aimed sledgehammer, and with all the force that implies. This is one to savor.

Peter Oldale's "Problem Child" features a mother who is unable to convince anyone that her baby daughter can move objects without touching them and is eventually committed to a hospital for mental treatment. Oldale builds carefully on that fear of being disbelieved and reaches a small but effective peak as both the mother and child suffer from the ignorance of others. "The Scar" is the story of a man who is in danger of being taken over by a double, and while Ramsey Campbell is fuzzy about the purpose and intent of this mysterious substitution, his characters are strong, clearly-realized people who hold the attention despite the vagaries of the plot.

Ralph Norton's "Warp" is an SF-horror story, conceptually and dramatically structured along the lines of the old mad-scientist syndrome but told with a lean, economic prose that carefully avoids exploiting the melodramatic excess of the plot. Thin, perhaps, but stylistically clever and intriguing to a limited extent. Celia Fremlin's "A Quiet Game" brings its terror to a reality-oriented mother whose entry into her children's games of fantasy denotes a psychological defeat, and while the tale is somewhat dishonest in its simplified concept it manages to choke up a few moments of horror. And Robert McNear's old-fashioned ghost story, "Death's Door", comes on in a heavy modern disguise of effortless realism and has a clever touch of misdirection that camouflages the conclusion. To be honest, absolutely nothing happens which will really surprise the reader, but McNear's tricky methods make such a colorful screen that one simply doesn't care too much.

Robert Bloch's "Double Whammy" is a light, inconsequential story of a gypsy curse, very minor by any standards. Eddy C. Bertin's "I Wonder What He Wanted..." is yet one more story of possession, with nothing to distinguish it from a hundred others in the same vein. David Riley's "After Nightfall" is also an overly familiar idea about a secluded village with something to hide and a visitor who is determined to investigate. Riley shovels in creepiness like a ditchdigger--"high peaked roofs . . . tottering chimneys . . . fetid huts . . . all-penetrating fog"--but the plot lacks the detail of incident and surprise which distinguishes a good horror story from a routine one.

The remaining stories are waste that shouldn't have been published in the first place, much less salvaged here.

Brian Lumley's "The Sister City" burrows into the Lovecraft Cthulhu Mythos with a poor imitation that consists of sickeningly slavering adulation weighted with leaden, lifeless prose. "When Morning Comes" by Elizabeth Fancett is a modern ghost story that mutates itself into an absurd, coarse anti-abortion tract which shrieks at its villain through the ghosts of the unborn and womb-murdered, littering its pages with sinister words that fail to ignite even the smallest spark of terror. E.C. Tubb's "Lucifer" is a sloppy piece of work about time-travel that not only ignores its important psychological base but leaves a concluding loophole big enough to shove a brontausaurus and all his cousins through. In "The Hate" Terri E. Pinckard makes hate (or, as the author writes it, HATE) into a haunting demon who tortures a sweet young bride with malignant devilishness. The author seems to feel that hate--er, HATE--itself is frightening enough, so never bothers to develop a character with which the reader might have empathy. To be blunt, I HATEd it.

In spite of my dissatisfaction with Davis' anthology, I sort of hope that DAW Books will continue the series and urge Davis to dig a little harder for the better work. With a bit more discretion regarding quality, this series could become a welcome change-of-pace to the SF volumes, and perhaps spark new interest in a genre that has been too much ignored since the days of the late, lamented WEIRD TALES.

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Gods and Golems, by Lester del Rey
(Ballantine Books, NY; 1973; $1.25; 246 pp.) Reviewer, Chick Derry

If the editor and Lester del Rey will permit me, this will be a bread-and-butter letter rather than a review.

Way back when you could only hear Sam Moskowitz for one block and Forry Ackerman hadn't invented Boris Karloff, I met Lester del Rey. A small man in a white suit with a fantastic taste in drinks.

From that meeting of a pimply neo-fan and a self-avowed hack has come a long and pleasant association with the works of Lester del Rey.

If the laws of probability and the theory of alternate worlds are working, Lester del Rey could be responsible for my writing this, your reading it, and, naturally, for Don Miller's printing it.

For I met Lester del Rey ('tho of course he doesn't remember it) at Philly in 1947 at the first post-war SF convention, the Philcon. But more than his writing, more than the fact that WSFA came from that meeting, more than the fire that Lester del Rey started in this neo-fan, I remember the Nuclear Fizz.

Yes, by god, Lester del Rey is responsible for that, too.

What I owe to Lester del Rey can best be expressed by the fact that he will always be, to me, Lester Del Rey. All three names, all capitalized.

And this latest collection of novelettes? It is vintage, and also prime Lester del Rey.

"For I am a Jealous People" originally appeared in a collection of short novels and didn't get a fair shake from the reviewers. The only ones who acknowledged him in more than passing did so by saying he was blasphemous. They missed the point completely. It wasn't anti-religious, it was pro-man.

Lester del Rey has been accused of being up-beat and a happy-ending writer. And it is true. Most of these stories have an up-beat ending. This in no way detracts from the stories, however. For they are all stories of man's struggle with forces he never made or forces he made and somehow let slip away.

Even the first story, "Vengeance Is Mine", can be construed--after a fashion--as an up-beat story. After all, the robots were doing what they thought was the right thing. They couldn't be held responsible for the fact that man engineered their thinking.

I'm not going to list the table of contents here; go buy a copy. Lester del Rey has been called a hack and he's been called a great writer. I think the truth is somewhere in between.

Lester del Rey is a damn fine storyteller. And Gods and Golems is a fine sampling of his craft. If you have ever read Lester del Rey you won't be disappointed in this selection. If you have never read any of his stories, read some--you'll like it!

((We should note here that, true to his word, Chick did capitalize the initial letter of Lester del Rey's middle name ("del") all the way through his review; blame us for correcting the spelling as we edited it. Also, since we have a bit of space left over, we'll note, FYI, that the five short novels included in this collection are: "Vengeance Is Mine", "Superstitution", "Life Watch", "For I Am a Jealous People!", and "Pursuit". --ed.))

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MINI-REVIEWS (by Don D'AMMASSA) --

Trullion: Alastor 2262, by Jack Vance (Ballantine Books, NY; '73; $1.25; 247 pp.).

Jack Vance has taken the style and approach of his Durdane trilogy and expanded them into this first novel in a new series. Trullion is one of the 300 inhabited worlds of the Alastor cluster, ruled by a monarch reminiscent in many ways of Durdane's Anome. Vance has created a large cast of characters in a believable setting, introduced a variety of plots and subplots, and produced his finest novel. Each subplot is carefully controlled to avoid wandering too far from his main story line. The hero's character develops logically and credibly--he succeeds through diligence and skill, but not through superhuman performance. In addition, Vance has given us the game of hussade, with some of the best game sequences ever written. Vance may well have earned himself a Hugo.

The End Bringers, by Douglas Mason (Ballantine Books, NY; '73; $1.25; 208 pp.).

Douglas Mason has developed a distinct formula for his novels. He takes one of the oldest, hoariest plots--the lone rebel in a conformist society--and writes with the flair for words of a Kenneth Robeson. The result is 200+ pages of tedious chase scenes. This is his sixth disaster to be published by Ballantine; they normally display much better judgment.

FANZINE FRICASSEE: Fanzine Reviews

by Michael T. Shormaker

The fanzines I am going to review this time exemplify the great diversity in production format and in the slant of the content to be found in current zines. Most of these zines are not of Hugo caliber, but who cares? Frequently the written content in these "modest" zines is at least as good as what you get in the big-name zines, and at a cheaper price. By the way, who has been saying the genzine is dying? I count at least five in this lot.

KWALHIOQUA #'s 1-7, Dec. '72-June '73; monthly from Ed Cagle, Rt. #1, Leon, KS 67074, for the usual or 25¢.

KWALA started out as a zine dedicated to unleashing "the madness that seems to be bubbling just beneath the surface of most fannish writing". Since its inception there has been a rise in the percentage of serious material, but even then one rarely sees anything in KWALA that has to do with SF or fandom. Its atmosphere is one of frenetic off-trail humor. Dipping into KWALA is like viewing a Marx Brothers' movie. There is very little art and the zine has a strictly utilitarian layout, but one quickly realizes that the emphasis is on the written word. Ed says that what he likes to get is one page of concisely written humor on a single subject, and that is just what you will find by the ream in his fanzine, whether it is written by a neo, or by John Bangsund (who has contributed a number of articles).

Ed has been running a series of fan interviews which has so far covered: Terry Jeeves, Buck Coulson, Frank Balazs & Mathew Schneck, and Bruce Gillespie. He also has a regular column from Richard Delap on books and movies, and two regular short humor features, Classified Ads and Backtalking the Book. Here is a vintage classified from Donn Brazier: "For Sale: Ten foot pole--Useful for not touching things with." And here are two of my favorite items from Backtalking the Book:

'He screwed the pipe, tight.'
((Booze does that to some people))
'He shot the man five times close up and then moved in.'
((That's one way to beat the high cost of building materials))

Yet, with all its virtues, I have an uneasy feeling that KWALA has not reached its potential. Strangely enough, Ed has not published since June. I have heard that he has enough material for two 50-page issues; so who knows, maybe he is about to make a quantum jump and put out the best SF humor zine ever.

Letterhacks beware: KWALA is a difficult zine to loc if you are not a natural wit.

Average rating -- 6

AWRY #'s 2-5, June '72-July '73; irregular from Dave Locke, 915 Mt.Olive Dr. #9, Duarte, CA 91010, for LoC, contrib, selected trades, or six 8¢ stamps; mimeo & offset.

AWRY also is primarily a humor-oriented fanzine. In contrast to Cagle's zine, however, AWRY has that British brand of humor: restrained, subtle, and very stylized. Even the layout accentuates this difference in the style of the content. As Ned Brooks says, the reproduction is "pretty much impeccable", and this is coupled with a nice, neat, well-ordered layout. The art is consistently good without being too lush or overpowering. On the whole, the production of the magazine is every bit as satisfying as, say, ALGOL, without the unnecessary extravagance or the conspicuous display of excessive expense. This helps to create a very casual, friendly, even warm feeling throughout the zine.

As Murray Moore pointed out in #5, the humor in AWRY is not dependent on "the fannish background, the in-group words and phrases". The reader is offered witty essays of expansive

length enhanced by numerous, clever, off-the-cuff remarks.

AWRY also has a nice share of serious content, including a good book review column by the editor. The letter column is one of the best and most lengthy appearing in any current fanzine. Dave has presented the letter-column in both a straight manner and edited by subject matter, and he promises a revolutionary format innovation in #6.

Each issue leads off with a humorous editorial by Dave concerning some personal experience. This is always top-notch stuff. Issue by issue, the other features have looked like this:

#2 -- Tina Hensel's column, Wrybald Tales of Dwarf Dancing, in this issue concerned the famous Hawk Carse series, and it is just about the best item in all five issues of AWRY that have appeared. Ed Cox touched off a long-running discussion on ad inserts with this installment of his column, Drinkin' Thru the Rye.

#3 -- Bob Tucker had a humorous article that was well received despite the fact that a lot of people did not get some of the references. Ed Cox had "The Bawdy Beautiful, A Playboy Story Sort Of", a one-pager with a punch line; and Milt Stevens had a piece about barbarians that fell rather flat. Tina Hensel's column was a grotesque guide to cannibalism in LA, the sort of thing only a fan could write.

#4 -- Dave continues his policy of bagging one BNF per issue, and this time came up with Dean Grennell, who writes very engagingly on the mortality of humor. Tina Hensel falls below par with a column on Celtic battle tactics and the place of women in Celtic society. Jackie Franke makes her fan article debut with a discussion defending the space program. The article is well done, but covers material which is now too familiar.

#5 -- This issue reveals the pleasing fact that Dean Grennell and Milt Stevens will be regular columnists. This time around, Grennell writes about skyjacking defense systems and Stevens starts off in a serious vein about an ancient obscure religion, but then gradually interjects humorous twists. Both columns are only moderately entertaining. Tina Hensel talks about her dog, Achilles, in her column, but I did not enjoy it as I despise vicious dogs.

AWRY is a Hugo-caliber fanzine that you will not want to miss.

Average rating -- 7

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MAYBE--WORLDS OF FANDOM #'s 19-27, June '72-July '73; bi-monthly from Irvin Koch, % 835 Chattanooga Bank Bldg., Chattanooga, TN 37402, for 50¢ or 6/$2.50 or trade or contrib, but not for LoC.

MAYBE is the most erratic fanzine going. I never know what to expect from it. Irvin says he tries to cover as many different aspects of fandom as possible, and in past issues he has done just that. Consequently, there are times when a great proportion of the material may be of no interest to any one fan. For myself, the large amount of material concerning the N3F and Star Trek fandom is useless and uninteresting. There was a time (issues #19-22) when MAYBE was going around the endless circle of fanzine reviews and LoC's from people talking about the fanzine reviews and LoC's of the previous issue. In those four issues only one article appeared. With #23 Irvin went 100% offset (300 circulation, too) and settled on a policy of having odd-numbered issues contain genzine material, and even-numbered issues contain fanzine reviews and assorted news. As it is, MAYBE has the best "buyers-guide" fanzine reviews outside of YANDRO, and often contains a lot of news that does not turn up in LOCUS.

Although Irvin has made vast improvements in layout and reproduction (e.g., he no longer does non-stop paragraphing, and the zine no longer looks like it was just thrown together), he still has a long way to go. The art is generally profuse and poor. The zine still has a crowded, messy appearance. This is primarily because of the fact that Irvin frequently types the lines around the shape of an illo (presumably not to waste space). Now I can appreciate something like that for the sake of variation in layout. Indeed, it can be very pleasing when done sparingly, but Irvin uses it much too often. If he would block his paragraphs around the illos a little more often he would have a very successful looking fanzine.

The outstanding item in these issues has been an in-depth discussion (in articles and letters) of SF on TV and in the movies. It is the most thorough and perceptive discussion I have seen on the subject. Also initiated in #23 was a discussion-argument between Bjo Trimble and the editor on the logistics of running a con. Bruce Arthurs had a very funny one-pager in #23 on the "REAL" reason for the demise of ENERGUMEN.

Ken Faig has a column, usually dealing with bibliographic and SF historical matters, which I regularly look forward to. In #27 even Paul Walker turned up with a probing article on Zenna Henderson and the feminine viewpoint in SF. MAYBE has had a lot of potential for a long time. Slowly, very slowly, it has been drawing closer to that potential, and having seen #27 I am convinced that Irvin will scale the heights that remain before him.

Rating -- 3 for #19 to
5 for #27

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PROBE, Vol. 3 #'s 4, 5, 6, Nov. '72-Apr. '73; bi-monthly, digest-size; 60, 32, 20 pp. resp.; o-o of SFSA, from Tex Cooper, 1208 Carter Ave., Queenswood, Pretoria, South Africa, for 30¢ or the usual.

The strongest point in favor of this fanzine is its appearance, despite the fact that there is no interior art (except three full-pagers in 3-4). The typeface is excellent and the reproduction almost as good. The headings are very nice and the editor puts the names and addresses of the letter-writers in a box on the left side of the letter (he does the same with book info in the review column). This is a format I would like to see in more fanzines.

Unfortunately, the written content will probably be of little interest to ardent fanzine fans in the US. The reason is that this is a clubzine originating from a very small and young segment of fandom: South African fandom. As one might expect, a lot of the material is good for the neo, but tiresome for an older fan. For example, there is an article about Isaac Asimov by Andrew Darlington in 3-4 which is a good introduction for a neo, but just a hodge-podge of familiar facts for anyone else. Or take the reviews: one encounters short reviews of familiar books like The Green Hills of Earth or Nine Princes in Amber.

Every issue at hand contains a short science article. In 3-4 Pat Ball writes about lead poisoning in connection with pollution. #5 contains an explanation, by C.H. (?), of "black holes", and #6 has part 1 of an article by R. Reilly about electricity and the world supply of same. These articles are okay, but in general I would rather get my science from SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

A staple item in PROBE is amateur fiction. More than half of 3-5 was taken up by the prizewinners from the 1972 SFSA short story contest. The fiction is always readable, but just as often, shallow in content and containing a second-rate trick ending.

As for the lettercolumn, Ken Ozanne's comment in 3-6 says it all: "Lots of letters from people with little to say...."

I think PROBE can develop into a fine fanzine, but right now it is in desperate need of good articles. How about giving it a little support?

Rating -- 3

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IS #'s 5 & 6, July & Sept. '72; 98 & 82 pp.; irregular; edited by Tom Collins, Fan Press, Lakemont, GA 30552; $6 for four, single copies $1.50 from 4305 Balcones Dr., Austin, TX 78731.

I realize these two issues are terribly old, but I have not seen (or even seen reviews of) any more recent issues, so.... Anyway, I am more interested this time around in presenting an impression of the personality of each magazine.

No doubt, for many fans the semi-professional production of this magazine--bound with heavy covers as a large-size book--is a big selling point. The art is good, but not up to the level of ENERGUMEN or GRANFALLOON. As I said, though, it is strictly semi-professional. Stated bluntly, the interior design stinks. It is flat and uninspired. Collins' idea of layout is to fill up the page. I suppose I am too much of a miser to appreciate any of the arcane virtues one might see in the prodigious amount of white space in these issues. It sure is an easy way to solve a layout problem; if the article ends before the bottom of the page, so what--just leave the extra white space! All of this is minor, however, compared to the big flaw in the interior design: the pages are terribly imbalanced. The top margins vary drastically, as do the side and bottom margins; some lines and paragraphs are crooked; and the whole thing is a sloppy mess.

#5 is a theme issue dedicated to the 100th mailing of SAPS. For anyone interested in fanhistory this is must reading. It recounts the origin of SAPS and is filled with reminiscences by long-time members. In addition, Samuel R. Delany has an article on SF in general and Russ, Zelazny, and Disch in particular; and R.A. Lafferty presents a section of The Devil Is Dead which did not appear in the book.

#6 is mostly pretty minor stuff. The highlight of the issue is a mathematical demonstration, by Flieg Hollander and Jay Freeman, that Larry Niven's Ringworld is a very unstable system. Also of interest is a selection of letters to August Derleth by Robert E. Howard.

Except in the case of #5, I do not think that this magazine warrants an outlay of $1.50. The idea is downright absurd. Collins obviously has considerable financial resources at hand; I wish he would make better use of them.

Rating -- #5: 8; #6: 5

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GEGENSCHEIN #'s 6-9, undated; irregular from Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave., Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, Australia, for 50¢ or the usual.

In GEG #7 Eric indicated that the magazine was lacking a strong editorial personality. I do not think this is quite accurate, since for me the personality of Eric Lindsay has been ever-present. What he may have meant was that the nature of the content from issue to issue does not have a consistent or identifiable slant or personality. That is, the magazine does not convey a solid, graspable impression. Because of this I am at a loss to find anything to say about it. It reminds me somewhat of MAYBE, in that it always seems to be floundering in the search for good articles and thus depends upon the high quality of its lettercolumn to provide interest. #9 is a case in point, as the entire issue is a lettercolumn. As good as the letters are--especially Gene Wolfe on modern poetry and a general discussion on fanzines, I think this sort of thing is a dangerous dead end in fanzine publishing because it causes an ever-narrowing continuity: the endless circle of commenting on comments on comments. The same thing applies to #7, which is all letters mixed with editorial, in the style of Bruce Gillespie.

The only regular trend in GEG is that whenever Eric writes an editorial he ends up talking about the technical side of fanzine production. This is usually interesting because Eric knows what he is talking about, even if it does not always show in the production of GEG. His reproduction is adequate and the layout is generally good, with superb art in #'s 7 & 8 by Arto Heino and Kevin MacDonnell.

The best of #6 is rather forgettable: a passable Disclave ('72) report by Sheryl Birkhead, a solution to the Irish problem by Paul Harwitz which is blatantly drawn from Swift's "A Modest Proposal", and Nick Shears on South African fandom. #8 is considerably better. The Ed Cagle interview of Lindsay about fanzines has some telling points in it, particularly the one about the non-response from certain editors like the Katz's. Jack Wodhams has a wonderfully provocative article comparing the cultural contributions of the U.S. and Russia over the last 50 years.

Average Rating -- 5

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CELESTIAL SHADOWS #'s 9 & 10, Jul. & Nov. '72, ditto; irregular from Tim C. Marion, 614-72nd St., Newport News, VA 23605, for 25¢, 4/$1 or the usual. Also SOITGOZE 2, Tim's monthly, ditto, personalzine available for trade, LoC or 5/$1.

Tim Marion, at the age of 14, is a fanpublishing giant, having already published 50 fanzines. With the exception of some black ditto pages in CS 9, all the issues I am reviewing here are superbly duplicated. It looks, however, like his typewriter keys need cleaning.

Tim has hit upon the solution for any fan publisher who likes to publish frequently, but is unable to put together a good enough genzine frequently. Tim simply publishes a monthly personalzine, and then puts out his genzine whenever he has enough good material for an issue. You may have heard a lot of talk lately about the death of genzines, but I do not think this is true. Yes, there is a huge rise in the number of personalzines, but many of these are coming from people who are doing exactly as Tim is doing.

Tim comes on strong and heavily opinionated for one so young. (Hmmm... a youthful incarnation of Roytac maybe.) This is especially noticeable in the lettercolumn and in SOITGOZE.

CS 9 will not be of much interest to fans who dislike con-trip reports. There are con reports by Tim and D. Gary Grady on Durham Mini-Con XV and Senclane. The trip reports, both by Tim, deal with a visit to Kelly Freas and to Disney World. The latter is very well written. Trisha has a piece of amateur fiction which, in the lettercolumn of CS 10, E. Hoffman Price said he enjoyed (with reservations) and Darrell Schweitzer ripped to shreds. I did not read it. Aljo Svoboda, a fine fanwriter who bears watching, writes about himself and Young Fandom in the first installment of his regular column.

The only article in CS 10 is picked up from the VIRGINIAN-PILOT newspaper and is by Frank Blackwood. It is a compact, typically newspaperish feature about the life and writings of Murray Leinster. It is very well done, but contains nothing new for someone familiar with Moskowitz's Seekers of Tomorrow and Leinster's 1970 Disclave speech. Svoboda continues entertainingly with his column, and the lettercolumn is good, containing such people as E. Hoffman Price, Glicksohn, Warner, and Ned Brooks. As for SOITGOZE #2, it is half Marion and half letters, and since Tim writes well, you should get it.

Rating -- CS #9: 4; #10: 3

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GODLESS #'s 3 & 4, Spring & Summer '73, 18 & 19 pp.; 40¢ & 35¢ or the usual from Bruce D. Arthurs, 527-98-3103, 57th Trans. Co., Fort Lee, VA 23801. Also Bruce's personalzine POWERMAD #'s 1, 2, & 3, every six or eight weeks, for the usual or an 8¢ stamp.

Bruce Arthurs is another who has adopted the policy of publishing a

frequent personalzine and an irregular genzine. His personalzine, which has grown in size from 6 to 8 to 12 pages, is the best of the many I have seen in the last couple of years (except for Geis', which is another matter entirely). Bruce avoids the in-group faanishness and mythmaking, dispenses with the recounting of trivial personal events and strained humor, and generally presents serious, though casual, discussion of various items. When he does write on personal events (as in his racial confrontation in #3), what he has to say is important to the reader as well. What Bruce manages to do, is put out a very personal personalzine which is also of great general interest. One does not have to be in any small fannish circle, or to know Bruce personally, to enjoy this zine. I do not think anyone else has ever really achieved this balance in a personalzine. This zine is worth many times the small effort it takes to receive it.

GODLESS 3 is a "Special Resurrection Issue", and as is the case when trying to revive a dead fanzine, the content is a bit thin. Since the entire issue is photo-offset, and Bruce has had training in printing and layout, the issue looks pretty good. The art is by Rotsler and Bruce, but through some mixup all of the Rotsler illos previously appeared in my own fanzine, OXYTOCIC #6 (May 1972, 25¢). Ths issue contains letters on GODLESS #2 which are not really badly dated, including a fine one from Mike Scott regarding the "charm of bring an SF fan". Bruce has a detailed review of a non-SF book, Rafael Sabatini's Scaramouche, as an experiment in content; and also a poorly done personal account about a strange friend.

With GODLESS 4 Bruce picks up momentum. Donn Brazier has a humorous article on how to write New Wave stories, and Paul Walker has another of his letters-turned-into-articles regarding the love of SF. It also has passable book reviews and a pleasant lettercolumn.

Rating for GODLESS -- #3: 4;
#5: 5

((Send fanzines for review to Mike at 2123 N. Early St., Alexandria, VA 22302. Traders who want their fanzines reviewed promptly should send review copies to Mike, and trade copies to the editor (address on page 2). All zines sent to editor will receive short review by ed. in SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL. --ed.))

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PER BONAM DOCTOR COSSMAN

In Faerie, in Elvenhame, wherein the golden mallorn stands,
The symbol of the Starry Flame that once held sway o'er mortal lands
Bedecked the fields where Crowns were set upon the heads of Elven Kings,
Where gloomy, murky frowns were met with tinkling mirth and sprightly things.
And dawn stole softly over hill, and gently lit each shadowed vale
The ancient haunts of Elendil are guarded now by spectres pale,
And in the heart of emerald tor, when Durin first drew hallowed breath,
The olden cry is heard no more: "Gilthoniel! A Elbereth!"

Bright honour, Lady, thrice is thine: great store of treasure of the age;
All blemish, stain or vice decline the threshold of an Elvish sage.
Outside of Faerie we are lost; how do we merit drawing breath?
We wonder where our paths are crossed, Gilthoniel, A Elbereth.
When Death shall conquer Memory, and in his gloom hide everything,
And when in mythic history, drear Wintertide devours Spring,
Still lingering, one faithful voice will echo like the vesper bell;
The world will once again rejoice--A Elbereth! Gilthoniel!

-- FRED PHILLIPS


FADDIS