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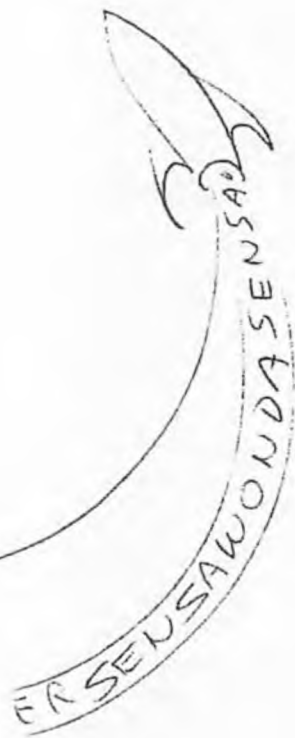
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# UNIVERSIA MATERIA

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The Island of the Fay:  
Arcadian Themes in America

by Barry Gillam

While reading Harry Warner's fine article on "Arcadian Themes" (TWJ 82) I was entertained and edified but also slightly dismayed. I felt sure that, contrary to his statement, the Arcadian concept had survived in American art and literature. So I did a little digging to check my guess and I discovered that Harry was both right and wrong.

There are only a miniscule number of American imaginative works which portray the Arcadia of shepherds and shepherdesses. However, the idea of a pastoral paradise, beyond the cares of this mundane world, did take hold. It is present especially in the Nineteenth Century, with its curious blend of ardent nationalism and a fascination with European culture. The former locates Arcadia in some part of the as yet largely unexplored American wilderness, beyond the Allegheny mountains. The latter places it generically in the Romantic vision of nature as the slightly mystic home of the soul.

The deceptive quality of the Arcadian theme in America is that it is more often the referent of a work than its subject. Artists very seldom paint leafy glens in which shepherds and nymphs play. Instead they depict the Hudson River as being like Arcadia. A case in point is found in the work of Thomas Eakins, greatest of American artists and foremost of the so-called "realist" school. Early in his career he painted and sculpted a number of works on the Arcadian theme: youths playing pipes to maidens. In his "Arcadia" (1883), Eakins was clearly uneasy with his subject and his more natural "The Swimming Hole" (of the same year) was much more successful treatment of the same forms and ambience (nudes casually harmonious with their woody surroundings). This transformation of the other-worldly into the unworldly is representative of one use of the Arcadian theme in America. The metaphor is also tacitly present in some of Winslow Homer's genre paintings, such as "Boys in a Pasture" (1874).

Perhaps the widest vein of Nineteenth Century American art is the landscape, in which painters bodied forth the form of their own imaginings. The paintings of Fredric Church and Alfred Bierstadt discovered a wonder and a glory in nature that was only partly present in their models. And the Americans who mobbed Church's exhibits found their grand, formless dreams of a manifest destiny made concrete and sanctioned by the very beauty they sought to win. Although Church carefully separated his self-proclaimed "imaginary landscapes," such as "Moses Viewing the Promised Land," from the more popular main branch of his work, such as "Rainy Season in the Tropics" (1886), the latter, nevertheless, also recorded landscapes that never were. (In his last years, in fact, Church's painting became sporadic and he concentrated on building a physical paradise for himself: Olana, an Oriental castle overlooking his beloved Hudson.)

Arcadia, of course, was not the only metaphor that painters employed. The Biblical was perhaps more widespread in being more accessible to the public. Thomas Cole, who had been Church's mentor, painted an "Expulsion from the Garden of Eden" (1827-28) using Catskill scenery. As more than one critic has pointed out, there is a direct relationship between Cole's "Expulsion" and George Caleb Bingham's "Daniel Boone Escorting a Band of Pioneers into the Western Country" (1851-52). The torn, dead tree stumps in both indicate the harsh, wild country being entered as compared with the verdant, cloud-crowned and light-blessed Eden being left. And diminutive figures are occasionally present in the grandiose work of Church and Bierstadt, as a scale and an evocation of the extreme solitude of nature. This

attitude, an inversion of the Arcadian, persisted alongside the more benevolent view of the frontier. The Civil War, with its despoiling of the East, helped renew identification of the untouched West with Eden.

Cole also painted an explicit "Study: Dream of Arcadia" in 1838 with a vaguely Grecian temple in the distance and a distinctly American commemorative statue in the middle ground, which seems to have dramatized the continuing conflict between the real and the ideal that both he and his fellow artists (such as Eakins) felt.

The Arcadian theme survives in several schools of landscape painting in the Nineteenth Century. One can perceive it in the cool, bright Luminist paintings of the fifties and sixties, which have such incredible detail that one critic described them as like looking through the wrong end of a telescope. And it is present in the more personal landscapes of Asher Durand and George Inness. Durand's most famous work, "Kindred Spirits" (1849) shows Thomas Cole and William Cullen Bryant communing with an Adirondack forest. His paintings were at once objective and intimate, unlike the grand visions of Church. As Inness' landscapes progressed from the forties through the eighties, he imbued his hillsides and meadows with a feeling of peace and contentment. For Inness, the landscape became a kind of lyric, in which the scenery played on the notes of human emotions.

There were, then, several different uses made of the landscape and its Arcadian illusion. Painters such as Church and Bierstadt took the magnificent countryside and made it even larger with the trappings of myth, where painters such as Eakins and Inness sought rather to make myth reality and locate a heaven on earth. Most of the landscapes of Church and Bierstadt are uninhabitable, partly through the difficulty of walking on a dream and partly because one wouldn't want to spoil their pristineness with one's presence. As compared to Eakins' "Swimming Hole" or contemporary European landscapes, which were generally more modest and more "lived-in." In fact, one of the most interesting vestiges of the Arcadian theme in the Luminists and in Durand and Inness is the palpable quality of yearning that both artist and viewer feel to enter the privileged, not quite real, space of the landscape with its promise of an enclave, a covenant, an arcade.

American landscapes often (as with Durand and Inness) partake of the European romantic theory of the organic, vital character of nature: that the whole visible world is "animated, having an active being capable of arousing the receptive human soul" (Wordsworth, 1798). Emerson and Thoreau subscribed literally to this dictum and therefore their view of nature is more decidedly Romantic than Arcadian. For them, as for Wordsworth, the natural world became the vast cathedral of their pantheistic creed.

The "Rumors from an Aeolian Harp" that both Thoreau and Poe hear are not the stuff of Arcadia but rather the songs of poets whose lutes are fitted out with their own heartstrings. Thoreau writes in Walden: "Wherever I sat, there I might live, and the landscape radiated from me accordingly." When Poe adopted the organic theory of nature, as in "The Fall of the House of Usher," the skull-like house and its black and lurid tarn are the result of the sympathy between man and his world.

The Arcadian theme was not absent from literature, though. One chapter in Hawthorne's The Blithedale Romance is entitled "A Modern Arcadia." Americans were very much aware that they were creating a new society in what they considered virgin wilderness. The Blithedale Romance is based on Hawthorne's experience in joining Brooks Farm, a Utopian/Socialist community experiment. One critic, in his preface to an edition of the novel, writes of Hawthorne:

While at Brook Farm, he had thought of it as just the kind of "Faery Land" a romancer would need. On September 28, 1841, for

instance, after describing in his notebook the scene and the masqueraders at a picnic party held in the woods at Brook Farm, he added, "It has left a fantastic impression on my memory, this intermingling of wild and fabulous characters with real and homely ones, in the secluded nook in the woods."

One of the most interesting uses of the Arcadian theme is found in Poe's work. Contrary to popular belief in its simplistic mythifying, Poe was hardly the isolated artist, working courageously and creatively against the American grain. His reviews and journalism are fully as voluminous as his fiction and both were suited, to a large extent, to the tastes of the time, with its large literary magazines and microscopic print. A long, detailed review of Washington Irving's Astoria was clearly prompted by both Poe's own interest and that of his readers. He stresses the extent of the business venture and also "its own great national character and importance."

Poe's brightly colored, unfinished adventure novel, The Journal of Julius Rodman, draws on Astoria among other books, for its carefully described natural settings. Rodman, the narrator/diarist, at one point notes, "This island was one of the most fairy-looking situations in the world, and filled my mind with the most delightful and novel emotions. The whole scenery rather resembled what I had dreamed of when a boy, than an actual reality."

That combination of the natural and the benevolent supernatural (which Hawthorne noted) is present in at least one other story/article, "The Island of the Fay." The narrator, in search of unspoiled beauty, finds a lovely natural enclave. And as he muses over its almost magical preservation he discerns a fairy dancing in the evening light upon the water. Is he dreaming? Perhaps, but he is willing his belief in any case.

That will, that sometimes overpowering and obsessive desire to escape the mundane into another world, "out of space, out of time," is especially present in Poe's often soppy romantic poetry but also, transformed and fleshed out, runs through the tales. It appears in various forms in "Hans Pfall," "MS found in a Bottle," "Usher," "Ligeia," etc. But most of these narrators either destroy themselves in the attempt or go mad and find their sought-after world only in the mind. Poe even has three "angelic dialogues" which take place in a strange, aesthetic afterworld. But these are disembodied (if not unemotional) spirits.

Interestingly, there is only one Poe locale that might really be called Arcadian and that is naturalistic, if not natural. Two stories, "The Domain of Arnheim" (The Landscape Garden) and "Landor's Cottage" are set on a vast, deliberately landscaped estate in which the landscape artist, like Fredric Church with his Olana, seeks to rival God by the creation of a personal paradise. And although there is something slightly denatured about this recreation in its unnatural purity, it is one of the very few Poe settings I could live in. Acknowledging his sources, Poe describes Landor's cottage in its surroundings: "Nothing could well be more simple -- more utterly unpretending than this cottage. Its marvellous effect lay altogether in its artistic arrangement as a picture. I could have fancied, while I looked at it, that some eminent landscape-painter had built it with his brush."

But Poe adds something else. When he describes the carefully prepared approach to the Domain of Arnheim, he emphasizes that one feels the cares of the busy world leaving one. One feels that he is "retiring to the country." The characters in these two stories are among the small number ever to find what they seek in Poe. For Landor's cottage contains not only solitude and peace and welcome comfort but Poe's sorely yearned after, and only here realized, heart's ease.

The protagonists in these two stories, it should be noted, are not the landscape artists but other men (one a friend of the artist, one a stranger) who are discovering the creation. A sustained idea in the national mind is that of the earthly happiness to be found by moving to a special right place, in which contentment is inherent. Like the ranch in the valley that characters in Westerns often dream of owning. Hawthorne's characters are constantly leaving the densely populated town, looking for a kind of life in the wilderness that they seldom find, just as today many urban dwellers try to realize their dreams in the country.

After the closing of the frontier, the incidence of the Arcadian metaphor is greatly diminished. It might be argued that the general Twentieth Century feeling of the need for a better place to live (usually away from the city) is a form, however diluted, of the Arcadian idea, but this seems tenuous. Instead, we find it in the work of an author like Vladimir Nabokov, who has clearly learnt its use from Poe. In a Playboy interview, "'I,' says Death, 'am even in Arcadia,' -- legend on a shepherd's tomb." Arcadia for Nabokov is at once America, the pre-Revolutionary Russian childhood memories of the protagonist and the grand, fantastic world of his imagination. For in each of these possible paradises, there is the stinger of mortality.

That is about all the evidence I have. What does it prove? Certainly not that there is any great use of the Arcadian theme in America, for I have been able to offer only a few works that take it as subject and those few works are minor academic exercises. But I hope that I have shown that the idea of Arcadia has taken root in our imagination and found a persistent if somewhat elusive home in America.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Another Rap on Population

by: Alexis Gilliland

The thought has occurred to me that were women free to choose the number of children which they would bear (her body is, after all, her own, fellow male chauvinist scheveinhundts) they might produce a civilization very different from what we have had.

This may or may not be good. In the past the role of the patriarch has been to force the role of motherhood on females who weren't encouraged to think of other roles. The rationale was the survival of the tribe, or loosely associated group of patriarchal families which the senior patriarch headed up.

In the distant past the patriarchs displaced and absorbed their matriarchal competition by virtue of military superiority. A patriarchal peer group that let up on their women found themselves diminished in numbers, and in danger of being wiped out by their patriarchal competitors -- who would set the female captives to breeding again.

Now, all of a sudden, we have seen a resurgence of the matriarchate, the ghostly and unspoken rationale behind the Women's Lib Movement. The women, being behind (the typical narrow patriarchal view of woman) on points, seek to gain equality, to catch up. Of course, the history of any movement of this sort shows that radicals displace moderates, and of all conditions, surely equality is hardest to maintain. Which suggests that the wave of the future may be matriarchy.

It is worth noting the recent drop in the U.S. birth rate, which has just hit an all-time low, despite the very high percentage of potential mothers. For the first time in history, effective birth control measures have been made generally available to the public.

A recent poll indicates that in the early '60's, just prior to the introduction of the pill, nearly 15% of all children born in wedlock were unwanted. If this is correct, then the drop in birth rate may be only starting. (In my own family, I was one of five sibs, the last of whom was conceived when my mother was in her late 40's ....and was born as a result of my father's decision not to terminate the pregnancy.)

The Zero Population Growth people may yet find themselves advocating anti-abortion legislation.\* After all, ZPG is a steady-state births = deaths sort of situation which did not envisage any sharp decline in birth rate.

The fact is, in the United States anyway, that children are an economic curse on their consumerist-minded parents. They are a drag in (the parents') youth, a hassle in middle age and generally useless in old age. In short, they do you nothing, and when prospective parents actually are able to stop and say "do we want children?" the answer is very often a resounding NO!

This sad state of affairs reflects the bankruptcy of the patriarchal establishment, under whose rules progress has reached its present impasse. And the de facto return of the power of conception (the power of life, remember?) to the woman will be reflected by de jure gains in Women's Lib and similar movements.

Which brings up something else ---

The day of the working class, of the mass army, of the mass man is nearly done. Modern technology is making the schlemiel obsolete as well as the hero. Robots are more and more coming to run the assembly lines, and there is no need in the system for hordes of humans. Soon ... in the next 20 or 30 years ... the system will have the potential capacity to continue without humans at all. In the development of artificial intelligence, we may be amazed at how easy it is ... at some point ... to develop volition, judgment and soul.

These elements, technology in computers, technology in public health, technology in reproductive control have all combined in a synergism attacking the old reality that made the patriarchal system viable.

Thus, we don't need the people, who constitute an unbearable strain on the system in their present and future numbers, and we have the individual means of choosing whether to make more or less of them. The winds of change are blowing, and you may bend like the bamboo or topple like the oak, but you can't escape them.

The Pope, by adopting the traditional, patriarchal stand on birth control, stood like an oak. He was amazed at the massive defiance of his authority which followed, and which continues, undermining the very rock upon which the church was founded.

The patriarchal system itself crumbles; why should its church, with Father, Son and masculine Holy Spirit endure?

Which brings us around to ask what will follow. The spectre of world-famine pollution death and the like, is too familiar a bogey man to trot out again. Under

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\* 1st Quarter 1972: Births per whatever averaged 2.145, ZPG aims at 2.11, and the rate is dropping.

the old system, it was unavoidable. The precipitate drop in birth rate, which is now beginning, may buy us more time, and if it continues will reshape the world. The great point in its favor is that it is the result of individual conscious choices made with some knowledge of the consequences. If persisted in, these will change the system to the point where the individual can reasonably see the world as a good place for raising children. That is, we will change from the patriarchal drive to maximize population to an equilibrium in which a matriarchal system opts for a comfortable status quo.

Countries persisting in the patriarchal system will not have any military advantage. Nuclear weapons ... another technological advance ... will enforce the status quo, and the consequences of unrestricted population growth will no longer be exportable. Which means, inevitably, internal distress.

We are experiencing such distress today in the United States. If we disseminate birth control information in the schools, eliminate venereal disease and establish free public abortion clinics, what would be our equilibrium level of population? Or, should Congress become alarmed at the drop in population, would they have any better luck at legislating against birth control than the Pope?

Intuitively, I think perhaps the change will proceed to the point where high-rise apartments are no longer needed or used. And logically, once women have tasted the freedom from imposed childbirth, they will not soon give it up. If you think the heat generated by the anti-abortion groups is fierce, wait till you try to phase out existing programs such as abortion clinics and the like, once they have taken root.

Most likely, Congress will bite the bullet of declining population and merely write favorable tax breaks to encourage parenthood. In effect, trying to reach equilibrium the soonest with the mostest.

Abe Lincoln said: "Tell the people the truth and let them find their own way." The great advantage of the coming change, if it comes, is that it will approximate doing exactly that. To the mechanistic, predestinate disaster which will overtake humanity as surely as mice in a cage or germs on an agar plate, we oppose free will, armed with technology and a considerable measure of truth.

It is, at least a hope.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sonnet XXXI

Fred Phillips

The path is moist with early morning dew,  
And sweet the breeze that floats upon the hill;  
While to the East, the Sun, forever new,  
Strikes sparkling points upon the winding rill  
Whose source within the bosom of the mount  
From human eyes, forever sheathed in stone  
For aeons longer far than Man may count,  
Lay sacrosanct, but not always alone.  
Now morn's first robin pipes his minstrel trill  
Aloof from Night's receding cloak of grey  
That slowly transmutes, by some Darker Will,  
The secret rites of midnight into Day,  
And Nature wears a masque of broom and sage  
To masquerade by day her nightly age.



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ing membership (attending membership is \$7.00 after June 1).

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## THE ELECTRIC BIBLIOGRAPH

by Mark Owings

## XIII. Keith Laumer.

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All-Together Planet, The -- see Retief's Ransom.  
And Now They Wake -- see The Long Twilight.  
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Axe and Dragon --- see The Time Bender.
- Bad Day for Vermin, A -- GAL 2/64; included in The Eighth Galaxy Reader, ed. Frederik Pohl (Doubleday: NY, 1965, pp 248, \$3.95) (Gollancz: London, 1966, pp 248, 18s) (Pan: London, 02109, 1968, wpps 237, 5s); in Once There Was a Giant (q.v.) as The Exterminator.  
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Big Show, The -- GAL 2/68; in The Big Show (q.v.).  
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Brass God, The -- see Retief, God-Speaker.
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City That Grew in the Sea, The -- IF 3/64; in Galactic Diplomat (q.v.) as Wicker Wonderland.  
Clear as Mud -- IF 8/67; in Retief: Ambassador to Space (q.v.) as Grime and Punishment.  
Cocoon -- FAN 12/62; in Nine by Laumer (q.v.).  
Combat Unit -- F&SF 11/60; in Nine by Laumer (q.v.) as Dinochrome.  
Courier -- see The Frozen Planet.  
Cultural Exchange -- IF 9/62; in Envoy to New Worlds (q.v.).
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(Over)

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 Further Sky, The -- see The Other Sky.

Galactic Diplomat -- Doubleday: NY, 1965, pp , \$3.95; Berkley: NY, X1240, 1967, wpps 223, 60¢. Contents: Ultimatum/Saline Solution/The Brass God/The Castle of Light/Wicker Wonderland/Native Intelligence/The Prince and the Pirate/Courier/Protest Note.

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Greylorn -- AMZ 4/59; in Greylorn (q.v.).

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Grime and Punishment -- see Clear as Mud.

Half Man, The -- IF 7/69.

Hoax in Time, A -- see The Great Time-Machine Hoax.

Hounds of Hell, The -- see A Plague of Demons.

House in November, The -- sr 3 IF 10-12/69 (as The Seeds of Gonnynl); Putnam: NY, 1970, pp 160, \$4.95; SFBC ed; Berkley: NY, S-1998, 1971, wpps 158, 75¢.

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In the Queue -- original in Orbit 7, ed. Damon Knight (Putnam: NY, 1970, pp , \$4.95) (Berkley: NY, , 1971, wpps , 75¢); included in Nebula Award Stories Six, ed. Clifford D. Simak (Doubleday: NY, 1971, pp , \$ . ) (Pocket Books: NY, 77542, 1972, wpps 192, 95¢); in The Big Show (q.v.).

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- Law-Giver, The -- original in The Year 2000, ed. Harry Harrison (Doubleday: NY, 1970, pp 288, \$4.95) (SFBC ed); in Once There Was a Giant (q.v.).
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- Mightiest Qorn -- IF 7/63; in Galactic Diplomat (q.v.) as Ultimatum.
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- Plague, The -- ASF 11/70; in The Big Show (q.v.).
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- Retief and the Warlords -- Doubleday: NY, 1968, pp , \$4.50; Berkley: NY, X1800, 1970, wpps 192, 60¢.
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- Right to Resist, The -- IF 5-6/71.
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- Saline Solution -- IF 3/63; in Galactic Diplomat (q.v.).
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- Soul Buyer, The -- FAN 12/63.
- Spaceman! -- see Galactic Odyssey.
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- Star-Sent Knaves, The -- WOT 6/63; in It's a Mad, Mad, Mad Galaxy (q.v.); in Timetracks (q.v.) as The Time Thieves.
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- Thunderhead -- GAL 4/67; in The Day Before Forever and Thunderhead (q.v.).
- Time Bender, The -- sr 3 FAN 11/65-3/66 (as Axe and Dragon); Berkley: NY, F1185, 1966, wpps 160, 50¢.
- Time Bomb -- AMZ 8/65.
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- Time Trap -- Putnam: NY, 1970, pp 150, \$4.50; Berkley: NY, S1871, 1970, wpps 143, 75¢.
- Timesweepers, The -- ASF 8/69; in Timetracks (q.v.); exp. as Dinosaur Beach (q.v.).
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- Trace of Memory, A -- sr 3 AMZ 7-9/62; Berkley: NY, F-780, 1963, wpps 174, 50¢; Mayflower: London, 11329X, 1968, wpps 188, 5s; Paperback Library: NY, 65-712, 1972, wpps 174, 75¢.
- Trick or Treaty -- IF 8/65; included in The If Reader of SF, ed. Frederik Pohl (Doubleday: NY, 1966, pp 252, \$4.50) (Whiting & Wheaton: London, 1967, pp 252, 21s) (Ace: NY, H-19, 1967, wpps 220, 60¢); in Retief: Ambassador to Space (q.v.).
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THE ELECTRIC BIBLIOGRAPH (Continued) --  
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Walls, The -- AMZ 3/63; GREAT SF #3 (1966); in Nine by Laumer (q.v.).  
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 Wicker Wonderland -- see The City That Grew in the Sea.  
 World Shuffler, The -- Putnam: NY, 1970, pp 224, \$4.95; Berkley: NY, S1895, 1970, wpps 174, 75¢.  
 Worldmaster -- WOT 11/65; in Once There Was a Giant (q.v.).  
 Worlds of the Imperium -- sr 3 FAN 2-4/61; Ace: NY, F127, 1962, wpps 133, 40¢ with Seven from the Stars by Marion Zimmer Bradley (M-165, 1967, 45¢; 91581, 1973, wpps 176, 95¢); Dobson: London, 1968, pp 133, 18s.

Yillian Way, The -- IF 1/62; in Envoy to New Worlds (q.v.) as Protocol.

with Rosel George Brown:

Earthblood -- sr 4 IF 4-7/66; Doubleday: NY, 1966, pp 253, \$3.95; Berkley: NY, S1544, wpps 282, 75¢; as Blut der Erde, Heyne: Munchen, 1970, wpps , 2.80 DM.

with Gordon R. Dickson:

Planet Run -- Doubleday: NY, 1967, pp 167, \$3.95; Berkley: NY, X1588, 1968, wpps 143, 60¢.

with Harlan Ellison:

Dunderbird -- GAL 1/69; ADAM 3/69 as Street Scene, with different ending.

There is also one article: The Limiting Velocity of Orthodoxy -- GAL 12/70.

I would like to thank Robert T. Allen for help with title changes.

\* \* \* \* \*

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- I. Clifford D. Simak (TWJ #66).
- II. Chad Oliver (TWJ #67).
- III. James Blish (TWJ #68).
- IV. Poul Anderson (TWJ #69).
- V. Robert A. Heinlein (TWJ #70).
- VI. Murray Leinster (1970 DISCLAVE PROGRAM BOOK (w/TWJ #71)).
- VII. H. Beam Piper (TWJ #72).
- VIII. Edmond Hamilton (TWJ #73).
- IX. Walter M. Miller, Jr. (TWJ #74).
- X. Olaf Stapledon (TWJ #75).
- XI. Robert Silverberg (TWJ #76).
- XII. Eric Frank Russell (TWJ #80).
- XIII. Keith Laumer (TWJ #83).

(As this is being typed, #'s 66 thru 71 are out-of-print, but a very limited number of offprints of the "Electric Bibliographs" for these issues exist at varying prices (according to length). (If we get enough requests, we'll reprint the "Electric Bibliographs" and bind them all together....) Since new postage rates will be in effect by the time you read this, back-issue prices have now gone up; #'s 72-75 are now \$1 each; #76 is still \$1.50; #80 has not yet been published--when it is, it will probably be \$1.25; check colophon in this issue for price of #83. (Only a few copies of #'s 72-76 remain.) --ed.)

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 REMINDER -- DISCLAVE '74 (24-26 May) & DISCON II (29 Aug-2 Sep), both at Sheraton Park Hotel, Conn. Ave., Wash., DC. For info: Alexis Gilliland, 2126 Penna. Ave., NW, Wash., DC 20036, & Discon II, POBox 31127, Wash., DC 20031, resp. (or see SOTWJ).

## FLUX DE MOTS: Editors' Pages

BILL HIXON --

For those of the readership who do not know, and they are many, Don Miller has taken on a bit of editorial help. By way of introduction:

Name: William Joseph Michael Hixon

Address: 870 Quince Orchard Boulevard  
Gaithersburg, Maryland 20760

Historical: Born 1948, Chicago, Illinois, attended various parochial institutions, finally breaking away for college at Northern Illinois University; then USAF 'til 1970; now at COMSAT Labs. Married, wife's name Barbara; one child, Jonathan Patrick...

For myself, this is not a new position. In the past I've produced a personal-zine as well as activities within the staffs of other fanzines, all smaller than the JOURNAL. I enjoy this to no end, and my only wish is that my involvement will have some favorable results, especially for you, the reader.

Now away from the introductory and into the "editorial". Beginning with JOURNAL #81 a good-sized scrap erupted, set off by the publication of reviews of Harlan Ellison's Again, Dangerous Visions. This type of "healthy" interplay among writers, editors, reviewers and commentators is a welcome event. However, we feel that through all of this, a fundamental point has been overlooked.

In essence, the point of contention we see lies in the basic differences between review and critique. Along with this is the question of whether one can include the other. Herein follows one opinion.

So, attempting to answer both questions simultaneously: the reviewer must keep foremost in mind that he is just that, a reviewer, not a critic. The reverse of course holds true for the critic. Review comprises both plot summary and an opinion of the entire work. It's a function of the complete personality of the reviewer, inclusive of his innate biases, which he need not explain. Hence, the "subjective" review.

Criticism, on the other hand, is yet another matter entirely. Plot line and characterization are often set aside in deference to literary style and methodology as the evaluation points under consideration. To heighten the dissimilarity, it must be noted that the critic must support his findings on the work while attempting, within his ability, to force his personality prejudices out of his evaluation. This factor makes criticism (my opinion again) often as problematical in execution as the piece under consideration.

As time passes, we will publish both criticism and review if received; hopefully we'll receive both separately....

\* \* \* \* \*

DON MILLER --

We heartily welcome Bill to the TWJ staff. We feel his addition promises good things to come for TWJ. Indeed, his presence has already rejuvenated this recently dormant magazine, and TWJ's future looks brighter than it has for the past couple of years.

(Cont. next page)

FLUX DE MOTS (Continued) --

And we thank the others who did so much to make this issue possible: Barbara Hixon, who typed half of the pages (Quoth Mrs. Hixon: "Nevermore!"); Chick Derry, who was able to get the offset pages run off for us while we were familiarizing ourself (and trying to get supplies for) the offset he obtained for us for use in publishing future TWJ's; Bill Hixon, who supplied the transportation, handled the communication and coordination, supplied the enthusiasm, and assisted with the editing; Alexis Gilliland, who supplied the covers and most of the artwork; the as-yet-unknown persons who will collate this monster issue; and, of course, the contributors, without whom none of us would have had anything to do....

This issue is a bit later (and quite a bit larger) than we had planned (it just wouldn't stop growing....). The time we lost because of our eye surgery put us way behind in everything. Our future plans call for us to publish more frequently (every three-four months), put out smaller issues (40-50 pages), and go almost entirely to offset (this issue is about 50-50).

Next issue (#84) is scheduled for publication in June, with a final deadline for material of May 31, 1974 (we would appreciate as much as possible before then, however, so we can get as much of the typing done as possible). We especially need artwork (suitable for offset reproduction), long reviews (of anything related to SF and/or fantasy), articles, letters (LoC #83 as quickly as you can, please), and material (reviews, articles, etc.) about the Argentine author, Jorge Luis Borges and his work. (as of now, it's possible the Borges section won't be ready until #85, as there's still a great deal to be done; so if you can't make May 31 deadline, let us know ASAP so we can make a final decision shortly). Issue #84 is going to be largely a 1973 retrospective issue, so we especially need material looking back at the SF/Fantasy field in 1973 (to date have retrospectives on comics, TV, prozines, and "Best" Anthologies, with movies promised; need material on books, fanzines (may also have this promised), art, fandom in general (esp. clubs and cons), plays, radio, and any other area you feel is important). We also need material on SF/Fantasy activity in countries other than the U.S. (books, fanzines, prozines, TV, films, fandom, etc.); to date, have coverage only of Japan and Germany (need U.K., Australia, France, Spain, Italy, Scandinavia (esp. Sweden), Turkey, Hungary, Canada, and anywhere else there has been significant activity).

We had planned on making #85 a special Asimov issue, and #86 a Murray Leinster issue, but we've had trouble with the Asimov material. If things haven't improved by the time we return from England (we're taking a trip to visit with our English in-laws, from July 1 to mid-August), we'll probably publish what we have in an Asimov section, and do something else with the rest of the issue (Borges, perhaps). (In any event, we will still have the usual variety of material--we do not plan to use more than 35-50 percent of any given issue on a single author.) As for #86--we'd still like to use this issue as a tribute to Murray, so send in whatever you can. If plans work out, #85 should be out in late Aug. or Sept., and #86 by end of year.

Looking backwards, TWJ #80 is still in limbo--if any of you see Brian Burley in the next few months, ask him (a) what the current status of #80 is, and (b) when he estimates it will be completed. The stencils for #80 are now more than two years old, so the issue is now of mainly historical significance....

With respect to the issue you are now reading: Despite what it says in the lettercolumn, the color coding system sort of fell by the wayside with this issue. The offset portions are all in b&w; and we goofed on the pages in the fiction section--we started it in green; then, after more than a month's break to get the illos on the remaining stencils, we finished it in blue....

Also, you may notice some minor differences between editing in some of the sections--Bill Hixon edited Section A and all of "Ars Critica" (Section P excepted), with our only involvement being in proofreading the typing and assisting with the layout (Bill also chose the filler material from the files with which we provided him). We edited the rest of the 'zine (except for Section P, which slipped into the hands of the publisher unedited). Thanks, Bill, for a job well done!

(Over)

## FLUX DE MOTS (Continued) --

Re the "Electric Bibliographs" listed on page B5: since this page was typed, #'s 72 and 73 have also gone out of print; #76 is now \$2.50; very few copies of #'s 74-76 remain. A very offprints exist from the oop issues, at varying prices. (We have found a few copies of TWJ's we had previously thought were out of print; if space permits, we'll run a complete TWJ/SOTWJ Price List below; if not, we'll try to include a flyer with this issue (if we can get it done before the issue is collated and ready to mail out).)

If we receive it in time, there will also be a DISCON II flyer with this issue (neither the DISCON flyer or the back-issue flyer will be listed in the ToC). If space and time permit, we will also include a few fanzines we have for sale from our duplicates file on the same flyer as the TWJ/SOTWJ back-issues. (By the time you read this, we will have started sending out duplicate sales lists with SOTWJ; when we've run through the duplicates, we'll be starting on our 1st-string collection--we have lots of 'zines we no longer need.)

Re the TWJ Vol. 13 Index in this issue--we plan to run one-volume TWJ indexes in future TWJ's until we're caught up (working backwards); we are also currently running one-volume indexes of SOTWJ in that 'zine. (Sorry we didn't get the Vol. 13 supplements in with the rest of Vol. 13--we forgot them, and had to tack a separate Supplement Index on the back of the main index; in the future, supplements will be included with the main index.) Also, note the revised Index Classifications.

With respect to pricing: We have once again started taking separate subs for TWJ (4/\$5 U.S. & Canada, 4/£2 U.K., the equivalent of 4/\$5 elsewhere), although we still prefer to take combination TWJ/SOTWJ subs. (The separate TWJ subs are mainly for the benefit of overseas subbers, who find SOTWJ of less value than do most of the U.S. subbers.) SOTWJ is approx. weekly (sometimes faster....), and is 9/\$2 (12/£1 or 12/\$2.50 overseas), or even multiples thereof; SOTWJ subs automatically include any issue(s) of TWJ issued during sub, with TWJ prorated against SOTWJ sub according to its length (and therefore, cost). As we have recently had a 20-25 percent jump in paper costs, we will soon be raising SOTWJ subs to 8/\$2 (30¢ ea.) in the U.S., and 10/£1 (10/\$2.50) overseas. So be forewarned....

We will accept all-for-all trades for SOTWJ in very few cases, because of its frequency (and cost); instead, we have a "Trade-Sub" policy, whereby we credit all 'zines sent for trade and/or review with a given number of issues of SOTWJ, depending on the cost/value of the trade/review 'zine. TWJ is included in trades only in the rarest of cases because of its irregular schedule.

TWJ is normally sent via "book rate"; SOTWJ is sent 1st-class (except for "Collector's Subs", which are sent at least two at a time, 3rd-class, in envelopes (and which cost 8/\$2), trades (which are normally sent two at a time, 3rd-class), and occasional 3rd-class double-issues). (Trade-Subs are sent 1st-class.)

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FABULAE





TALES TO WAG YOUR DOG BY: Fiction, et alThe Epic Voyage of Apollo 20, by Darrell Schweitzer

Note: The Apollo program (or, as some have called it, The Apollo Show) has been cancelled. After taking up so much TV time it is now off the air, presumably because NASA could not stand up under such competition as Star Trek and The Partridge Family. The People didn't want it, so they pressured their Leaders enough to get the thing dropped.

This script was written early last year, on the assumption that the only way to save the moon-flight program was to make it capable of besting All in the Family on the Neilsen ratings. This required a few concessions to popular taste and standard Hollywood formulas, of course. I sent the thing to NASA. Dr. von Braun wrote back saying that it looked like a great idea and they'd try to use it on the 20th or 21st mission. Maybe if we were lucky someone would want to make a movie out of it, in which case he and I would split the royalties. Unfortunately this never came about, and because of funding cuts the script was never used. So, rather than let it lie in editorial limbo forever, I am allowing it to appear for the first time anywhere in the pages of this distinguished journal.

The Epic Voyage of Apollo 20

starring: Lou, George, and Joey up there

\*and\*

All those great guys at Mission Control down here  
plus a cast of thousands

SOUND: Crackle snap crackle ..... snap... crackle... pop.....

MISSION CONTROL: This is Mission Control here. We have not received a donation from Kellogs. Kindly cut the free plugs. Over.

SOUND: Beep.

MISSION C: That's better. Hi there, folks! This is the Epic Voyage of Apollo 20 brought into your living room live from way out in space for the enjoyment of you, the taxpayer, so you can grooze on these neat new scientific marvels, and realize how great the U.S. is compared to all those other clods all over the world.

//// Flash on screen the current box score for U.S.A., Russia, Italy, and anybody else who cares to enter. ////

Yes friends, here's another one from those wonderful people who brought you The Goofy Adventures of Neil and Buzz On the Moon!!!

LOU: Hello Houston, this is the spacecraft. I hate to tell you this so early in the flight, but our heat shield just fell off, there's chewing gum in the main thruster, and some f\*\*\*\*\*g a\*\*\*\*\*e neglected to put glass in the windows. Sorry fellas, but we may have to abort the mission.

MISSION C: Now, now boys. You know we can't have language like that on this show. There's millions of people listening in. Little kids even. Think of what it would do to the national space effort if we lost our G rating. As for those slight technical difficulties, hang on a sec. Over.

1ST TECHNICIAN (aside to 2ND TECH): Fred, we can't let them do that. The Catholics in the audience will be offended if they have an abortion.

2ND TECH: You're right. Most of them don't even believe in Mission Control.

SOUNDTRACK: Canned laughter, somewhat strained like the braying of a ruptured jackass.

MISSION CONTROL: C'mon guys! We know all about the fantastic skill and ingenuity you must have had to get where you are today. All of us down here in Houston are sure you'll be able to overcome those little snafus right away. Over.

(Over)

Apollo 20 (Continued) --

GEORGE: Roger, Houston. Give my regards to Sam. Over.

SOUND: Canned laughter. (There should be some left in the can from before.)

(Later)

LOU: Hello there, Dear Friends. This is your friendly spaceman speaking from way up here. A good clean view, dear friends, without any smog. Now that we're out of Earth orbit we want to show you, our dear friends the taxpayers, some of the weird things you can do in zero-G.

MISSION CONTROL: Houston here. Boys, this will never do. The viewers don't want science lessons. That means they gotta learn, which means they gotta think. We can't afford to alienate what we calculate to be at least 96.4566666 per cent of our audience! Remember, you're on prime time, so make the best of it. Over.

GEORGE: Any bright ideas, Houston? Over.

MISSION C: Sure. Why not try a few Laugh In routines. Try squirting some toothpaste around in space. The squiggly snake'll delight the kids. Over.

GEORGE: Will do, Houston. Over.

SOUND: Splat!

JOEY: Hello Houston! Hello Houston! We have a problem here! We have a problem here! There's toothpaste in all the wiring systems! Everything is shorting out! Lights going out! Capsule drifting off cour-

(cut)

1ST TECH: I'm sure the people are sick of that bit right now. Like, there used to be a scene like that in every bloody episode of Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea. You know, sparks flying from the control panels and all. I think we'd better break for a commercial.

A Commercial:

ANNOUNCER: Friends, we're all aware of the great leaps mankind has been making in science these days. What's it doing for you? This is what. We at Softass Toilet Tissues are proud to say that we are keeping up with all these unprecedented changes. A company has to in order to survive in the stiff competition that is our American ideal. We are delighted to see how the Tang people have made it big with their soft drink for astronauts, and we're even gladder to say that we've been able to follow in their great tradition. Yes folks, when you journey as a tourist into space you won't be able to get along without a roll of SOFTASS ZERO GRAVITY TOILET TISSUE. It has a special suction device in every piece.....

(Later)

LOU: Here we are again, deep in the outer, soul-pickling awesome blackness of Outer Space, the infinite nether void between the worlds. Almost halfway to the moon, even. More fantastic than the wildest science fiction, but true as life. (By the way, give our regards to Buck Rogers.) Over.

(Later)

LOU: Hello, Houston. Good morning, fans. Listen Houston, we know how you and all the wonderful people out there just love surprises, so we're gonna spring a big one on you. We've landed.

There was this asteroid, see, a really big \*\*\*\*\* f\*\*\*\*\*, and it came wandering by right in front of us and, well, we know how rare asteroids are in these parts, and even though we knew we were supposed to go to the moon, this asteroid was so unusual and all, and the viewers would undoubtedly appreciate it if we (Hi there, kids!) changed things a bit, and well, you see, we landed. On the asteroid. Do hope you don't mind. Over.

(Cont. next page)

Apollo 20 (Continued) --

MISSION CONTROL: Don't mind? Shucks, boys! We love your genius and courage and resourcefulness. Imagine that--landing on an uncharted planetoid! Besides, the people in the audience were beginning to worry that this mission might be a dull rehash of the last few. This is great! We'll probably get an Emmy! Look at those ratings shoot up all over the control boards! Oh wow!

1ST TECH: Yeah, lookatim! Now if only you can find the ruins of a lost civilization and a sexy queen who looks like Raquel Welch....

(The next morning)

LOU: More thrills, people? Of course! Good morning, universe--here we are again. We've been down for a while now, and, well, we thought we'd mosey on out and see what the local girls looked like (haha--that's a joke). Oh yeah, Houston, we did look into those scientific experiments you sent along as ballast. We can't figure out what you want with all that junk. It looks awfully complicated. Who cares what the soil is like thirty feet down? We're on the surface. Look, if we get time we might do some of those things anyway, just to keep you happy, but no promises.

Right now Joey is going to try out our new seventeen-cylinder automatic-transmission whizbang four-million-dollar moonbuggy. And there he goes! Wild, man, wild! How is it Joey? Here he is, Houston, we're switching to Joey:

JOEY: WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

SOUND: Roarrrrrrrrr!

Crunch

scrape

snap

hissssssssssssssssss

LOU: Hey, Houston, I hope this doesn't get you all upset, but Joey got a little excited and bashed into a big rock. The buggy'll need all sorts of body work, at least. As for Joey, he's got a few minutes' air left so I guess he'll keep. George and I'll go rescue him after we finish our tic tac toe game. Over.

SOUND: Beep.

(About ten minutes later)

LOU: Hello again, Houston. This is us on the big wide moon, and although we haven't discovered cheese yet, we'll keep trying. Over.

MISSION C: That's the spirit. Some of our viewers were complaining about the lack of plot a while back, but you've sure fixed that. By the way, you said before that you were on an asteroid. What gives? Over.

GEORGE: Sorry, but that was a mistake. I really did think it was a pretty weird-looking asteroid. Over.

LOU: He slept through astronomy class. Cheated in his tests, too. Over.

MISSION C: Okay, now what you gonna do? Over.

LOU: I got it! Here, catch!

GEORGE: Hike!

SOUND: Rumble. Bump, scrape, squish, bump.

MISSION C: This is Mission Control here. You mind telling us what the %&#%\*(/! is going on there? This is not in the script. Repeat, this is not in the script. Over.

GEORGE: We're playing football.

MISSION C: You're what?

LOU: Playing football. Remember, the last guys played golf. We don't like golf, you see, so we're playing football. Besides, we have just set a new record. Longest field goal in history. Right over the horizon. Over.

MISSION C: Great. We're all proud of you down here for your good old Yankee spirit and your inventiveness. Shall we play that back in slow motion for the sports fans?

GEORGE: Yup, right in my spacesuit. Uhuh. I slipped the ole football into my spacesuit before I left. Wasn't enough room so I had to tear out some of that

(Over)

Apollo 20 (Continued) --

wire and junk and.... help! Hello, Houston, I've got a real dilly of a problem here! I can't breathe and my waste disposal system isn't working! Myghod, it smells in here! Gotta get some air! Here, I'll remove my helmet, and sit down on this rock here in the sun-

LOU: George?

JOEY: Hey you F\*\*\*\*\*S, this is Joey! When do you intend to rescue me? I've had to get by for the last three hours on ten minutes' worth of air. Had to let the sunlight vaporize some of my \*\*\* and it doesn't smell too good.

MISSION C: Great, Jocy. Old American knowhow strikes again, as they say. Congrats to Lou and George, too. Our ratings are way up-

LOU: Houston, this is Lou. I can't seem to get George to say anything. He's been out there with his helmet off for five minutes now, and his face looks kinda funny. Over.

MISSION C: Oh, well--looks like you two'll have to carry on from here.

JOEY: Why the \*\*\*\* don't you come and get me!

LOU: Now watch your language, there. I can't come and get you because you smashed up the moon buggy. Where did you ever get a driver's license?

JOEY: The air.... running out....

LOU: Hello, Houston. It looks like it's my show from now on. Any ideas? If only you could send up a chorus of belly dancers to set things hoppin'. Over.

MISSION C: Try some acrobatics. Sing, dance, tell jokes. Anything. Over.

LOU: No, I think I might get into some of that scientific stuff now that I've got nothing better to do. Over.

MISSION C: No dice. Look at your clock, Lou. The big hand is on the three and it's time to come home.

LOU: Coming, Mother!

SOUND: Whoosh!

(Later)

LOU: Hello again, Earth. Liftoff was okay, I guess, considering. Golly, I can't think of anything to do. Over.

MISSION C: Just sit still and don't do anything. The boss is rather upset about George and Joey. It wasn't supposed to come out that way. Over.

LOU: Aw, geewhiz. Over.

MISSION C: Lou! Lookout! There's an object on a direct collision course with you! Look out!

LOU: Huh? Who? Where?

MISSION C: Look out the window, dummy!

LOU: My God! It's the football. I knew that was the longest-

SOUND: CRUUNNCCHH!!! (tinkle of broken glass)

MISSION C: Lou? You okay? Look, we're not mad anymore. The audience loves ya. Over.

LOU: Fine, Houston, fine. There's a big hole in the side of the ship. All air and fuel gone. I'm spinning out of control, falling back towards the moon. There's nothing I can do now but pray.

MISSION C: Hang on, boy. We'll come up with something.

LOU: Oh my God, I am heartily sorry, for having offended-

MISSION C: Hold it! Good gosh, Lou, what will the FCC say? This is a governmental project and we have to keep church and state separate. KEEP THAT PRAYER NON-DENOMINATIONAL!!

LOU: -thee, and I detest all my sins because of thy just-

MISSION C: Lou! Shut up! We've a half-dozen Jewish groups on the line already. And the American Civil Liberties Union-

LOU: -punishments, but most of all because they offend thee my God, who-

MISSION C: Lou, we hate to do this to you kid, but if you don't stop we'll have to cut you off and fill in with an old Beverly Hillbillies episode.

(Over)

Apollo 20 (Continued) --

LOU: All right! Oh great whatever(s), assuming for the sake of argument that you exist, and have some sort of powers which have been manifested somehow sometime during history, and that you for some obscure reason might just care to intercede right now, I'd appreciate it if you'd hurry up and do your stuff, or at least see that I end up in the right department in the Great Beyond, should there be such a place....

MISSION CONTROL: Whew! You had us scared for a minute. Now, if you have the time you might think of doing some of those experiments you mentioned earlier. Over.

LOU: Sorry, Houston, but we used the rest of that junk for a goalpost. Over.

SOUND: CRASH! Splinter. tinkle... crunch...(groan)... plop..thus .. hisssssss

(End transmission)

1ST TECH: Well, Fred, that wasn't very good. Guess we'll have to try again. Don't suppose those Disney people could help, do you?

\* \* \* \* \*

LINDA LOVEFACE  
IS GOING TO DO THAT IN THE MOVIE?



#### NIGHT HOBBIES

Fell the blast of Winter's voices, as the King of Frost rejoices  
And the street-lamps dimly flicker in a world of twinkling white;  
Over rooftops drifts are piling and the Daemon-faces smiling,  
For at last they are the undisputed Masters of the Night.

Then while Stygian silence reigns behind the darkened window-panes,  
Not even squeaking wagon-wheels to cheer the frozen gloom,  
Here my flickering candles gutter with their sibilating stutter  
While I settle down to Lovecraft in my dusty attic room.

Through the roofboards, all a-kilter, tiny streams of powder filter,  
And the numbness in my hands gives way to Arkham's spell;  
To the plaintive wail of Sorrow; Devil take the mundane morrow,  
Which I dread with terror deeper than the fear of Hell.

For tomorrow this will vanish, and the business-world will banish  
H.P.L. to all the dreadful regions of Ethereal Man---  
But while Arkham's Silent People congregate beneath their steeple,  
Let the howling winds complain, but I'll read Lovecraft while I can!

-- FRED PHILLIPS

BALLAD OF SCIENTOLOGY

/Scientology Founding Church of 1812 19th St.  
(from the Washington D.C. telephone directory)/

(Sing to tune of "Poor Jud Is Dead")

I will make no apology  
For the Church of Scientology;  
To rid us of our engrams they'll be bound.  
Of profits not a smidgeon,  
They are tax free--a religion,  
And they'll cure us if we'll only stick around.

Chorus: We shall be clear!  
ELRON will make us clear;  
We're hoping and we're praying for the light.  
O, Hubbard pray for me,  
That my soul enlightened be  
That's imprisoned in this engrammatic night.

Marijuana, meditation,  
LSD and masturbation,  
Come and go, pass, and fade quickly from the scene.  
Dianetics' here to stay;  
While the devout loonies pay,  
All the dirty minds will soon be brainwashed clean.

Despite the space between us  
You'll remember planet Venus,  
Where as a cell you gayly floated 'round.  
Now your head's all full of bricks:  
Call A-D-2-6-2-9-6,  
Where the Holy Mother Church is to be found.

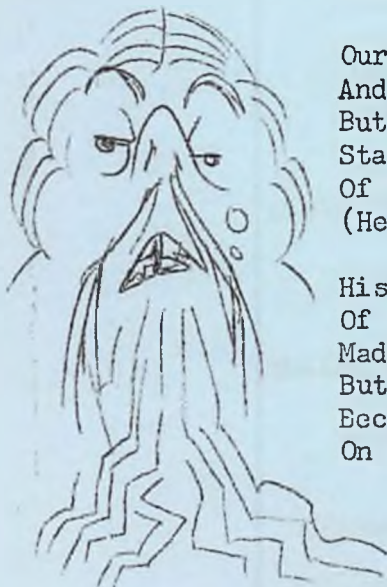
Our hearts will be much brighter,  
And our wallets so much lighter,  
But our consciences and bank accounts are clear.  
Stack the greenbacks in the cupboard  
Of Old Mother L. Ron Hubbard.  
(He was a struggling author yesteryear.)

His development prophetic  
Of the science Dianetic  
Made him both the guiding genius and the hope.  
But the outrage and the scandal  
Became much too much to handle;  
On his private yacht in England lives our Pope.

A DIANETIC  
WHAT, DID  
YOU SAY?



WHY SON,  
I CAN  
REMEMBER  
WHEN  
"ENGRAMS"  
WAS  
"NORN'S  
LOCKS"



-- JAMES GOLDFRANK

The Courtship of Oleg Grimsbad, by Alexis Gilliland.

"So you are immortal," said Clara, "what do you do?" Grimsbad studied the amber brandy swirling in his glass for a long moment before answering.

"Mainly I'm into real estate. The economic imperatives of eating at fine restaurants and drinking vintage wines while consorting with classy broads, you know." Clara looked irritated.

"Yes, Oleg. Even an immortal needs an income. But what do you do?"

"What do I do uniquely as an immortal, you mean? Mostly I hold my property through a partnership of which I am all of the several partners. At intervals one partner retires and a new partner is brought in, often his son of the same name. The tax maneuver is most commonly to gift the 'son' with the remainder while the 'father' keeps the life interest...properly done, no taxes are paid, which is entirely appropriate since I am all the people involved." He sniffed his brandy and took a small sip. "You think I am not answering your question. Perhaps not. I think maybe it was a poor question. After all, what can one do in any given forty years? Surely the only advantage I have is that at the beginning of that time I know my limits and my capabilities far better than a young man of twenty. And you forget that the young man has one great advantage." He finished his brandy and set the glass aside.

"Not knowing his limits, the young man tries to exceed them?" asked Clara.

"Not exactly. No. The young man wants, intensely, things which he can't use, aren't good for him, and which he shouldn't have. He dreams, he aspires, he uses ideals as fragile as soap bubbles. And he puts his whole being into the pursuit of these glorious-seeming objectives.

When I was...younger, I spent many years in training to become a great classical dancer. The body is malleable; in time it could do most of what I asked it. In my archives I have the reviews and a scattering of articles and books in which I am mentioned. The books all concern other dancers, and explain how I taught them or how they were better than I. What they had...that I did not... was the knowledge that this was all there was. They...the best ones...had an inner fire, a brisance, that I lacked. When I pushed to imitate it, I would lose the poise and control which was my great strength...the strength I had. After I left the stage I taught, and taught well, what I didn't have in me to do.

"Those who can, do; the rest are teachers?" Clara asked maliciously. "What else did you try?"

"Music; the piano, organ, harpsichord, bouzouki and guitar, mainly. My voice isn't good enough to cut my ideas, and my embouchure is unsuited for the wind instruments I wanted to play. I was always one in a hundred or at best one in a thousand, never one in a million. It was the same with chess...I was a

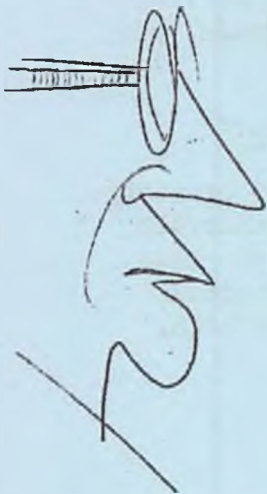
(Over)



The Courtship (Continued) --

master but not a grandmaster. And as an artist I was a superlative draftsman, and a good colorist."

"You weren't creative." It was flat statement.



THE WANDERING  
JEW STILL HAS  
MY NOTE FOR  
2215 SESTERGES  
AT 6 1/2 %...

"Not especially," Oleg agreed.  
"Why should I be? An artist fights death with the work he does, as a snail grows a shell. He dies but the work endures like the empty shell, mute testimony to the life of a man. Beethoven, Shakespeare, Einstein...I could never be any of them. It used to make me unhappy, you know.

"Poor baby!" Clara laid her hand on his arm. "You mean you know all you know and you can't do what you want?"

"To an extent. I can't play the piano like Liszt, chess like Fischer, or dance like Nijinsky, and with all the time in the world for study and practice, I never will. So I don't want to."

"What do you want?" He looked at her oval face framed in softly curling blond hair, and her square, athletic shoulders, too big for a beautiful woman. Her arms were strong and graceful, and slightly freckled, contrasting with her sophisticated evening gown and tasteful jewelry. And as he looked he thought a sequence of incongruous thoughts that he had found to reflect in his face and his eyes in a certain manner. It was something he knew, a technique he could practice at will, and it was effective. Clara lowered her eyes and blushed, a deep rose blush that must have covered her entire body. After more than a minute he said, apropos of nothing:

"You could keep your own name, of course. And I would not want children." Clara poured herself a little more brandy and avoided his gaze.

"You would love me just like a pet dog, wouldn't you?" she sniffled. "Feed me, and take me for walks, and bury me in the pet cemetery, grieving."

"Did you do better with your first marriage?"

"Leave Jerry out of this! We didn't get along for lots of reasons."

"Did you do as well as a pet dog?"

" - " Clara wiped her eyes.

$\int_0^n \text{INCONGRUITY} = \text{WHAMMY}$



(Cont. next page)

The Courtship (Continued) --

"No matter. The analogy is one I have often considered; I believe it is incorrect."

"Why not? I mean why?"

"A dog gives the full measure of his love because he can't help it. And he gives to you regardless of what you are or how you behave."

"I'm not a...a pet, I'm people." Clara was pulling herself together, a bit.

"Of course. You are fully human... it is part of your charm. I, Oleg, am inhuman because I do not rot with age. Whether I will live forever..." he shrugged. "I think not."

He took a second bottle of brandy from the liquor cabinet and refilled their glasses.

"Personally," he continued, as he sat besides her on the crimson plush sofa, "I find talk of undying love distasteful, but for my psychic well-being... well, I need to...to be loved and to feel that I merit being loved. And if it isn't right, I can remember what it was like when.... Grimsbad ceased to press his suit verbally. He kissed her lightly on the neck and ear.

Ages before he had ceased counting, but tonight Clara would be his one-millionth woman, and of them all, none had ever known a better lover.

\* \* \* \* \*

## A. L. REVISITED

Though destiny's tide will not be denied,  
No more than the dragging sea's,  
Yet there are harsh fates even destiny hates  
And is moved at whiles to appease.

So it was less strange, in my journey's range,  
That I stopped to take my ease  
With a laughing pair whose single care  
Seemed all the world to please.

We exchanged our names--I accepted their claims,  
And thought me my hostess to tease:  
In a kingdom of lies her all-winning eyes  
Still would be Annabel Lee's!

-- JAMES ELLIS

\* \* \* \* \*

OF COURSE YOU'RE  
PEOPLE, CLARA...



# LAMENT OF THE WANDERER

Though here I must dwell for many a cycle  
In truth my mind roams over the miles,  
For in my soul where I long to be  
Is East of the ocean, West of the sea.

I look to the West, where I was born,  
But now I can only remember and mourn.  
Then my eyes follow men whose hopes are high  
As they travel towards cloudless Eastern skies,  
For in my soul where I long to be  
Is East of the ocean, West of the sea.

Though this land offers warmth, peace and security,  
No one nowhere within holds the hidden Key;  
And North and South were forbidden to me.  
Yet still I persist in my endless plea  
For the East of the ocean, the West of the sea.

The land is content, but I'm sick of its sod,  
At night I cry to forgotten gods:  
Why at the end may I not be  
East, over the ocean, or West of the sea?

-- MIKE BLAKE

W'D RECCOMEND  
THE WIZARD  
HASH...



ISN'T THAT  
RECOMMEND?

DEPENDS ON  
WHERE IN  
HELL YOU  
ARE.

## LIMERICKS FROM AROUND THE BELTWAY

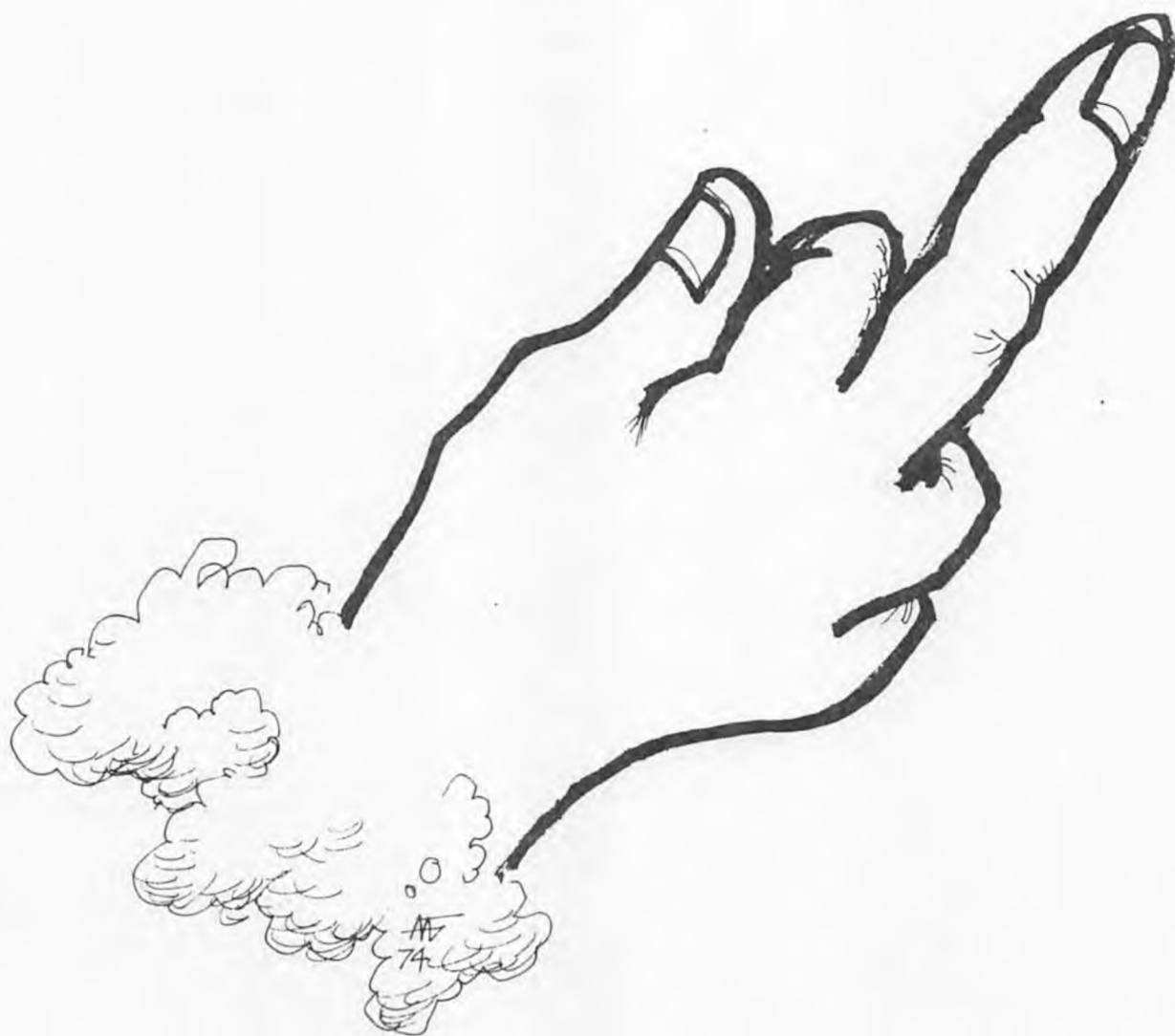
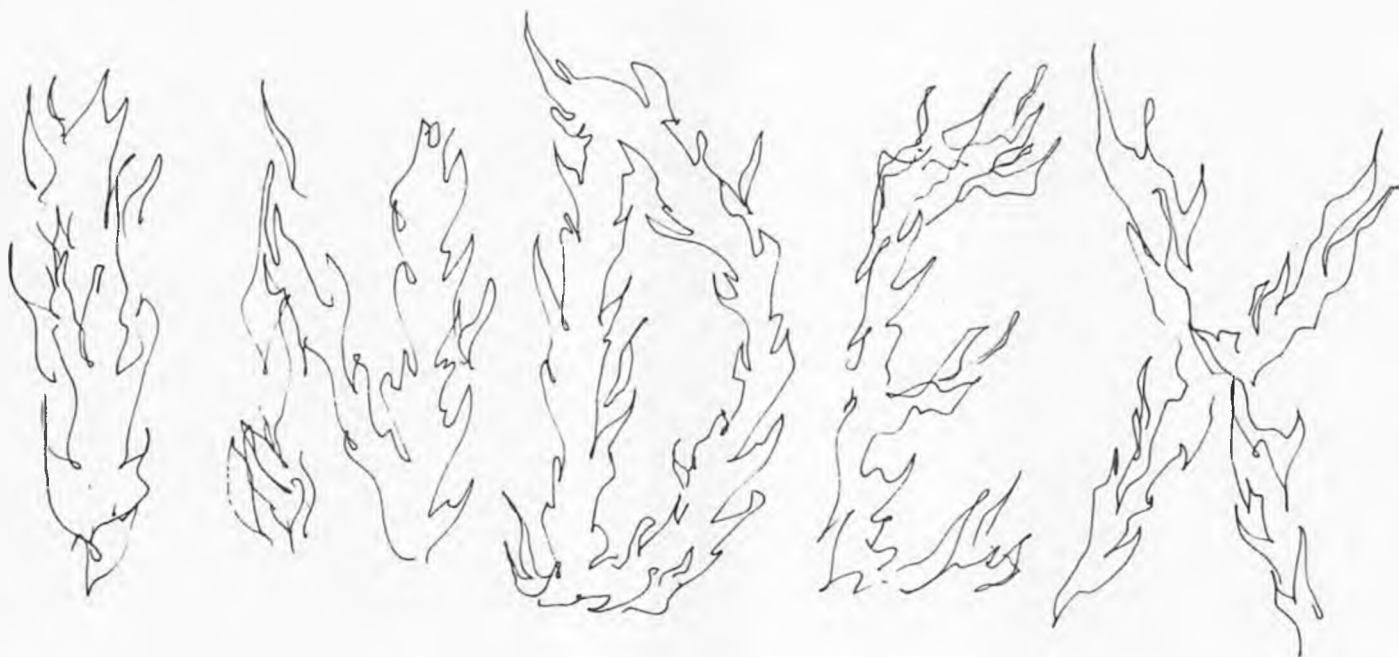
For a while on Mars did I bide.  
In Helium my hosts horrified.  
With Dejah and Carter  
I should have been smarter,  
But asked for my eggs sunnyside!

He sang as he flew through the void  
To his faithful tormal Murgatroyd.  
A wonderful boon  
To Mankind was Calhoun;  
A combined Marcus Welby and Freud.

People thought old Alhazred a loon.  
His life ended terribly soon.  
His quest for dark knowledge  
Went far beyone college.  
He was et by a demon at noon.

Come see the pandas and much more.  
Our fen to the worlds ope the door.  
Stars will trek for a share  
In this stellar affair--  
It's the DISCON in '74.

-- JAMES GOLDFRANK





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(TWJ 74-1,75-2)

1. Reviews. [all written by Kim Weston]

G.I. COMBAT #142 (75-2:8) GREEN LANTERN #'s 76-81 (74-1:4-7) OUR LOVE STORY #5.

## P. Letters. (by Author).

(TWJ 74-1,75-2)

W.G. Bliss (74-1:8) Bruce R. Gillespie (75-2:10)  
Perry A. Chapdelaine (74-1:9-10) (75-2:9-10) Jerry Lapidus (74-1:9)

## Q. Articles (by Author).

(TWJ 73-2,74-1,75-2)

Alexis A. Gilliland: "Anarchy and Agriculture" 73-2:9-10  
"People, Power and Pigs" 75-2:3-4.  
Albert Gechter: "The Thongor Series" (Part II) 74-1:1-3  
Bert Trotter: "Concerning True Science Fiction by Edgar Rice Burroughs" 74-1:3.

## S. Conventions.

(TWJ 73-2)

## 1. Reports.

"Pghlange -- 1970" [by Jay Kay Klein] 73-2:1-8

## IV. AUTHOR INDEX. (Alphabetical; excludes Review Excerpts)

Bliss, W.G. (P -- 74-1:8); Chapdelaine, Perry (P -- 74-1:9-10; 75-2:3-4);  
Delap, Richard (B.1.b -- 73-1:1-9; 75-1:1-10); Gechter, Albert (A.1 -- 75-2:  
5,5-6,6,6-7; see also 74-1:1-3) (Q -- 74-1:1-3); Gillespie, Bruce (P -- 75-2:  
10); Gilliland, Alexis (Q -- 73-2:9-10; 75-2:3-4); Gilliland, Doll (C.1.a --  
75-2:1-2) (C.1.c -- 75-2:1); Halterman, David (A.1 -- 74-1:7,7); Klein, Jay  
(Over)

## IV (Continued).

Kay (S.1 -- 73-2:1-8); Lapidus, Jerry (P -- 74-1:9); Miller, Sharon (A.1 -- 75-1:10); Miller, Stephen (A.1 -- 75-1:10); Newton, James (A.1 -- 75-2:2,4,7); Pauls, Ted (A.1 -- 73-2:10); Rieve, Richard (A.1 -- 74-1:3); Trotter, Bert (Q -- 74-1:3) (A.1 -- see also 74-1:3); Weston, Kim (D.1 -- 74-1:4-7; 75-2:8); yngvi (A.1 -- 73-1:10).

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 TWJ/SOTWJ INDEX CLASSIFICATIONS (Revised)

I. Magazines Covered. (Issue Number/Date/Number of Pages/Subject Index Code)

II. Section Headings. (Alphabetical; Headings given in TWJ or SOTWJ)

III. Subject Index.

A. Books.

1. Reviews (by author).
2. Review Extracts (from the press; by author).
3. Books Received (by publisher).
4. Books Announced (by publisher).
5. Miscellany.

B. Prozines.

1. Reviews.
  - a. Magazines Covered.
  - b. Authors Covered.
  - c. Serials (by title).
2. Contents Listings.
  - a. U.S.
  - b. Foreign.
3. Miscellany.

C. Fanzines.

1. Reviews and/or Contents Listings.
  - a. U.S. (General).
  - b. U.S. (Clubzines).
  - c. Foreign (General).
  - d. Foreign (Clubzines).
  - e. FAPA Mailings.
  - f. U.S. Miscellany.
  - g. Foreign Miscellany.
2. Miscellany.

D. Comics.

1. Reviews.
2. Review Extracts (from the press).
3. Miscellany.

E. Films.

1. Reviews.
2. Review Extracts (from the press).
3. Miscellany (news, schedules, etc.).

F. Plays and Musicals.

1. Reviews.
2. Review Extracts (from the press).
3. Miscellany.

G. Television.

1. Reviews.
2. Review Extracts (from the press).
3. Miscellany.

H. Radio.

1. Reviews.
2. Review Extracts (from the press).
3. Miscellany.

J. Records and Tapes.

1. Reviews.
2. Review Extracts (from the press).
3. Miscellany.

K. Media Miscellany (not covered by A-H).

1. Reviews.
2. Review Extracts (from the press).
3. Miscellany.

M. Bibliographies.

1. Author. 2. 3.

N. Indices.

1. Prozine.
2. Fanzine.
  - a. TWJ. b. SOTWJ.
3. Other.

P. Letters (by author).

Q. Articles (by author).

R. Club News.

1. Minutes.
  - a. WSFA. b. ESFA. c. Other.
2. Other News.
  - a. WSFA. b. Other U.S. c. Foreign.
3. Miscellany.

S. Conventions.

1. Reports. 2. Schedules.
3. Publications Received.
4. Miscellany.

T. Other News.

1. Awards. 2. Changes-of-Address.
3. Misc. Local. 4. Misc. National.
5. Misc. Foreign. 6. Miscellany.

U. Fiction (by author).

V. Poetry (by author).

W. Miscellany.

X. Art.

1. Portfolios (by artist).
2. Covers.
  - a. Front (by artist).
  - b. Back (by artist).
3. Interior Illos. and Cartoons (by artist).
4. Section Headers (by artist).
5. Miscellany.

Y.

Z.

[TWJ & SOTWJ are indexed separately]

IV. Author Index. (Alphabetical; excludes Review Excerpts).

EPSTOLAE

UH... THAT'S LATIN  
FOR LOCBAG ...





## FANSTATIC &amp; FEEDBACK: Lettercolumn

JAMES ELLIS -- 25 Sept. '73 (314 Rhode Island Ave., N.E., Wash., DC 20002).

((Re TWJ #82.)) . . . You have been sorely and unfairly abused by Harlan Ellison. Where's Harlan's patriotism, if nothing else? "... I'll defend to the death your right to say it." Seriously, if you were to dictate to your contributors the shape and color of their opinions, you might please a few professional writers and editors allergic to most everything except adulation, but you'd soon have a pretty bored readership otherwise. I mean, if you had any readership otherwise. A review ought to be as open to honest criticism as the book it treats of; but extravagant personal attacks upon the reviewer is intimidation and out of bounds. And these complaints and charges carried over and levelled against the editor--well, it's grotesque. Let an editor cave in under this sort of unfriendly persuasion and quick-like we'll begin to notice something (a cloying something) that isn't too distantly related to censorship. The tail at least of the dragon every writer worth his salt has been out to scragg since What's His Name invented the alphabet.

I still like Harlan, though!

MICHAEL BLAKE -- 1 Oct. '73 (71 South Bend St., Pawtucket, RI 02860).

I just finished TWJ #82. An enjoyable issue whose contents are not even hinted at by looking at a ridiculous and poorly executed cover. I can only hope Jack Chalker finds that pile of artwork quickly, for what you had on hand for this is not quite up to par. I wonder what Mike Glicksohn will have to say about this, when lately he's been criticizing the layout of ditto'ed zines in APA-45.

Harry Warner is, of course, incomparable when it comes to well-written, carefully researched articles. It was interesting to read about this centuries-old mythos, but I'm sorry, Harry, I just don't see the Arcadian theme as inspiring a new generation of

fantasy writers to create sweeping epics concerning the adventures of love-struck shepherds!

A 21-page piece of fan fiction? The title made it seem like the whole thing was nothing more than a bad pun. The artwork that came with it was so inappropriate that one might suspect you hid it there hoping no one would notice (a quick estimate is that 80% of the art in the entire issue appeared in this single section). I didn't care too much for the logos used to illustrate the various sections, either.

The lettercol: Scott Edelstein's LoC makes the whole controversy over his article rather pointless, although he does come off as a bit of an imbecile getting us to realize it. I (and certainly nobody I know) would ever write an over-opinionated, self-promoting and generally ill-considered piece like this without knowing where (and when) it was going to be published. Such things should only be published in the editorial section of your own fanzine, or with a large sign saying "this is supposed to be funny!". If Edelstein thinks fandom is "gross", why is he writing articles and LoC's for fanzines? Or for that matter, why is he editing one?

After grumbling about Ted White's put-downs at the beginning of the lettercol, Richard Delap must have been pleased by reading Harlan Ellison's praise of him at the end of it. At the expense, of course, of Michael Shoemaker and David Bischoff. Right now, I would say my only response to Harlan's distribe is that after reading it, I somehow get the impression that he doesn't agree with the more sedate and dignified Mr. Swann that it is in "poor taste for a writer to criticize a reviewer for criticizing one of his books". In fact, if Shoemaker and Bischoff are the immature high school compositionists, this makes Harlan play the role of the angry schoolmarm, scolding her students for doing a book report on that "crazy Buck Rogers stuff" instead of something relevant!

(Over)

((At last word (over a month ago), the pile of missing artwork had been located. Whether any of it gets into this issue will depend upon when we can get it from Jack. ## The fan fiction almost didn't make it at all. It disappeared in May, and two months later turned up on our doorstep; we rushed the 22 stencils to Alexis (they were already typed), he added the artwork after his summer vacation, and we got the lot back just in time to get it into #82. We are told that Alexis didn't like the story, and expressed his dislike of it by mocking it with his art (we learned this during the collating party). ## The only place we have had any artwork (other than section dividers) in the past two issues is in the fiction section. This was done purposely. Also, the same section dividers will be used in #'s 80 and 83 as were used in #'s 81 and 82. If TWJ continues under our editorship after #83, there will be a return to full-zine usage of artwork, as in the pre-#80 issues (hopefully, with most of it electrostencilled or offset). --ed.))

THOMAS BURNETT SWANN -- 4 Oct. '73  
(Knoxville, TN).

((Re #82.)) I want to thank you for printing my letter about the Goat without Horns review, and for your explanation and clarification. I was rather afraid that the reviewer was going to become one of your regulars and, since my next novel from DAW, How Are the Mighty Fallen, concerns the friendship between David and Jonathan and includes the implications of homosexuality found in some translations of the Old Testament, I feared your next review might treat me as a warlock in old Salom!

I'm not only writing to thank you, but to apologize to Richard Delap for an unkind and highly inaccurate phrase I used in my answer to his letter about my American International note. I said, I believe, "He seems to know a lot. Or thinks he does." After reading his excellent treatment of the year's SF and fantasy films, I ought to have said, "He knows a lot." He had

to cover a great deal of material; he had to describe, enumerate, and judge; and he excelled. I particularly enjoyed his remarks about American International and was glad to see the studio both commended and chastised, as it deserved to be, and not simply dismissed as the "guts and gore" studio. Will you please pass on my apology and appreciation to him? . . .

((Consider it done. Richard, please take note.... --ed.))

JIM BOSKEY -- 4 Oct. '73 (4 Winding Way, N.Caldwell, NJ 07006).

Just a couple of comments with reference to TWJ #82 and more specifically with reference to the letter from Harlan Ellison.

So far as I am able to determine nobody has ever doubted that HE has the largest ego in the SF business and no one thinks any better of the quality of his work than he does himself. He has again proven this in his response to the review contained in the last TWJ. The original Dangerous Visions was a volume worthy of publication as it contained a large number of important works by a variety of authors who had been frustrated in attempts to have them published. Many of these works were not outstanding in quality, but they raised ideas which merit consideration in the SF community.

ADV in contrast to this seemed to have set out to collect the worst writing of a number of major authors and probably the best writing of a number of persons who should never have been published. HE seems to have taken to heart the idea that the medium itself constitutes the message and in doing so has lost the ability to rationally consider the merit of a piece of writing as fiction. Stylistic displays without content are quite appropriate in their place (perhaps "little magazines"), but do not constitute SF nor do they constitute dangerous visions to anyone other than the author.

In contrast to Harlan's evaluation I was extremely impressed with Shoemaker's concise descriptions of

(Cont. next page)

the material in ADV. He recognized the very few good pieces of writing contained therein such as "Word for World" and panned, as was appropriate, the collection of bare wordsmithing that HE seems to think constitutes good writing. To cite one example mentioned by HE in his letter the Rocklynne piece over which he raved was a juvenile sex fantasy presented in language that would not be deemed literate had it been written by a third grader. The fact that Rocklynne once could write does not require us to praise his work when he insults us by presenting in published form such an example of incompetence.

My recommendation to HE if he wants a direct response is that he should go back to writing only for his little California clique and I, like most of his former readers, will go along with your reviewer in reading competent writing by writers who wish to communicate and not disguise their efforts.

DON D'AMMASSA -- 5 Oct. '73 (19 Angell Dr., E.Providence, RI 02914).

((Re TWJ #82.)) I think Harlan Ellison overstates his case against Michael Shoemaker and others in the matter of book reviews. This irked him particularly, no doubt, because he invested such a great deal of time and energy in the book. To a great extent, I think this is a result of a blurring of the distinction between book reviews and literary criticism.

P. Schuyler Miller does book reviews. A review generally consists of a brief plot summary, followed by the reviewer's opinion of the book as a whole. There may be a tentative effort to point out what specifically is admirable or deplorable, but criticism of this nature is not essential. Book reviews are intensely personal, the personality of the reviewer is an integral part of the piece. No justification for the opinions expressed is obligatory, though they may be proffered in some cases.

Literary criticism is an entirely different kettle of fish. Damon Knight and Alexei Panshin are critics, not re-

viewers. The plot may very well be irrelevant to them, except insofar as it pertains to those points which the critic wishes to pursue. Criticism is just as subjective as reviewing, just as any art must be approached from a judgmental point of view. But in criticism, substantiation is necessary. One cannot make broad sweeping generalizations; one must support one's views with examples, quotations, etc. Criticism must be able to stand by itself, the personality of the critic should intrude minimally into his writing. Good criticism is often more difficult to write than the work being treated.

So Ellison's objection is essentially that he feels that Again, Dangerous Visions deserves the attention of a critic, rather than a reviewer. In that respect, I would have to agree with him. But very few of us are capable of that kind of writing, and we are usually forced to accept book reviews as a poor substitute. Not having read Shoemaker's review, I can't really say whether or not it was a review or a piece of criticism, but even accepting Ellison's statement that the review was a series of inanities, I think he's upset over nothing. A reader who doesn't have the sophistication to recognize a trivial piece of criticism as such, certainly wouldn't have the sophistication to appreciate most of the work in Again, Dangerous Visions.

Thomas Burnett Swann's point, on the other hand, strikes me as more valid. He fails to see why having a character exhibit homosexual tendencies would quid pro quo make the novel a bad one. The critic making such a statement has obviously allowed his personal prejudices to affect his judgment. The fact that the author never intended the character to be a homosexual in the first place further emphasizes the critic's preoccupation with his own point of view. In Deleianian terms, his thinking is simplex.

STEPHEN GREGG -- Undated (Box 193, Sandy Springs, SC 29677).

Just a few comments on some of the ideas and opinions voiced in the  
(Over)

lettercolumn of TWJ #82 ((Steve is co-editor of ETERNITY. --ed.)):

ETERNITY is published because there is not a single SF magazine doing a really good job--as far as I'm concerned--and I figure there are others out there who concur and will support the type of magazine I'd like to see. I don't feel that the 100,000 readers of ANALOG (printing mostly stuff I abhor) are waiting breathlessly for something like ETERNITY to come along. That's insane. But there are enough people whose tastes run basically parallel to mine to support ETERNITY, I think. We'll see.

Mike Glicksohn has things all wrong. The fact that we saw some stories first is, as he says, due to nice guys responding to our pleas. The fact that I bought several stories that were plainly submitted as rejections from most of the other markets and that I think they are better than most of the material appearing in those markets indicates, however, that the other editors' taste is lacking. In my opinion.

ETERNITY is a pro-zine. Sorry Richard Delap. Sorry Tony Lewis (who will not, it seems, review the zine in his column for LOCUS). Sorry Mike Glicksohn. The only difference between ETERNITY and the other pro-zines is circulation, and circulation alone is simply not a criterion for the judgment of a magazine's professional status.

The whole discussion (what discussion there was) seemed centered around whether the article should have been run as a letter of comment or what. It wasn't a comment on anything that had appeared in a previous JOURNAL, so why should it have been submitted as a comment? It was an opinion on editing SF magazines--as the title stated. Advertisement? Sure, to some extent. But so is almost every article printed in the fanzines by several authors. Of course it's called hype in those cases, and is not decried as a dirty or misleading parctive. What's the difference? But the piece was also an attempt to stir up some thought about the magazines before they stupify, rot, and blow away. Seems to me the SF zines have got to be flailed into try-

ing to interest new readers in the field and onlarge its dimensions beyond 160 pages of (mostly) poor fiction--with a color cover by your favorite artist thrown in. Stagnation. Regression. Those are the states the magazines seem to me to be in currently (with the struggling exception of Ted White's zines). And in the end, for magazine SF, for the short story, that means DEATH.

((We will include ETERNITY #2 in our 4th Quarter Prozine Index--although we are still somewhat uncertain as to whether or not it qualifies--as we are still not certain just what it is that distinguishes a prozine from a semi-prozine or a fancy fanzine. (Ref. our comments on ETERNITY #1 way back long ago in SOTWJ--forget which issue at the moment, but it was around #60--ah, there it is!: #59.) ## Would like to see some discussion on this subject; e.g., was FANCIFUL TALES OF SPACE AND TIME really a prozine? If it was, then why not ERB-DOM? Or TRUMPET? Just what are the criteria by which we must judge a publication to make such a decision? Payment for material? Method of publication? Appearance? Editorial prowess? Method of distribution? Or what? --ed.))

MIKE GLICKSOHN -- 7 Oct. '73 ((there was a new address on the envelope--which has disappeared; will pass his new address along elsewhere in thish if we come across it in time. --ed.)).

Despite the size of TWJ #82, only a couple of items really fascinated me. Jay Kay's reports, although they tend to feature a lot of name-dropping, are always interesting and give a good idea of the atmosphere of a gathering. His Nebula Banquet article was no exception and I enjoyed reading it.

In the lettercolumn, Scott Edelman had some amusing attempts at explaining his previous piece, but all his claims that things were merely opinions don't excuse a lot of the obviously wrong-headed things he wrote. Of more than passing interest is his claim that several items that flatly contradict Ted White came from a mem-

(Cont. next page)

ber of the AMAZING/FANTASTIC staff. Without a name to work with though, this is somewhat dubious evidence. Ted has been contradicted before by the very people he refers to in letters, but I tend to give more credence to his letter than to Scott's, at least until that irritating "vagueness" is eliminated with some concrete facts.

Harlan, it seems to me, doth protest too much. I would have thought by now that he knew the futility of condemning something he personally found lacking in the fan press. I see nothing gained by the insults he tosses at the reviewers in question. Personally, I don't recall much of the review and since my own letter fails to mention it, it seems likely that I was not that impressed at the time either. The quotations that he uses show that the review contained a lot of unsubstantiated opinion. Does this surprise Harlan? Most "criticism" in fanzines is unsubstantiated opinion, often by people of not particularly great perception. I can understand Harlan being upset at a major creative effort being received in a manner he feels is short-sighted and unperceptive, but I'm surprised he spent so much effort in condemning it, without being a bit more specific in his condemnation. In fact, his remarks almost seem to have the very faults he is so exasperated at in the initial review. They are mostly violently personal emotional reaction, understandable under the circumstances, but not adding much to the proper evaluation of the book. A lot of critics incapable of giving Again, Dangerous Visions its due will write about the book. For Harlan's sake I hope he doesn't feel the need to pillory every one of them. He has much more important things to do than villify his inferiors.

I continue to enjoy Mike's fanzine reviews. He does more than just list contents, and tries to get at the essence of the fanzines he looks at. Since our reactions to several of the zines he reviews are almost identical, it isn't surprising that I find him a critic of rare perception, insight and ability.

WARREN JOHNSON -- 8 Oct. '73 (131 Harrison St., Geneva, IL 60134).

((Re TWJ #82.)) THE WSFA JOURNAL is the largest, fattest, and fanciest looking crudzine I have yet seen.

The first piece of any length is Mac Strelkov's hideously boring article on some weird languages, Chinese I think among them, that almost put me to sleep after the first 10 lines or so, \*Yawn\* Just talking about it makes me sleepy.

And then there's the atrocious piece of fan fiction by some illiterate named James Newton, but it is illustrated by even worse "artwork". Total waste of paper.

On the bright side, you do have an excellent Nebula Award report and Delap's look at films, although both were badly dated.

The lettercol did raise one point that I, too, find in publishing a fanzine--that pros are rather isolationistic and unthinking in their refusal to give addresses where they can be reached, even to the point of having their organization sell outdated lists of addresses. Now there are several pros, among them Roger Zelazny, Norman Spinrad, and Robert Heinlein who I'm sure would be interested in some of the comments I have published on their works; yet, I have no idea where to reach any of them. I can understand not wanting to give away the home address if the person wishes privacy, but most people have some place where they can be contacted other than their house number--whether it be their agent, place of work, or whatever. . . .

((Publication of the Mac Strelkov piece was done with the full knowledge that many of our readers would, like you, find it "hideously boring". Such subjects are obviously not everyone's "cup of tea". However, for those who have some interest in the subject and are willing to work at it, there is much "food for thought" in her material--particularly in her asides and peripheral comments/thoughts. ## We try to send "courtesy copies" to all authors, editors and publishers whose

(Over)

works are reviewed in TWJ and SOTWJ. However, lack of availability of current addresses, info on agents, etc., makes it impossible for us to get these courtesy copies to 75% of the authors. We have a long list of names of authors to whom copies have not been sent--and little hope of ever getting the magazines to them....especially since TWJ back-issues are getting very scarce.... --ed.))

RICHARD DELAP -- 13 Oct '73 (1014 S. Broadway, Wichita, KS 67211).

Glad to receive TWJ #82. Especially interesting was the letter-column this time around. I should comment that T.B. Swann confuses me with his question: "Why should a minnow be attacked for not being a whale?" I really hadn't considered my remarks on his "note" as an attack--Mr. Swann may be assured that when I "attack" him, he'll be quite aware of it--more just a note of my own disappointment. Presumptuous of me, I guess; but Swann's right, I do know a great deal about AIP. I'm just too busy at present to write that article I'd like to see.

Ellison reacts interestingly to the reviews of Again, Dangerous Visions. I most certainly see his point of view, but I cannot agree with the method by which he berates you for publishing it. The reviews might have been more extensive and more detailedly critical than they were, but I hardly think Shoemaker's and Bischoff's reviews were or are any more influential than my own review and I certainly don't think they should be beaten to death for their efforts. Criticized, perhaps, but not smashed so totally. I guess that's what makes Ellison such a center of attention--he's such an excitable man.

GENE WOLFE -- 14 Oct. '73 (Barrington, IL).

((Re TWJ #82.)) . . . I was not knocked out by either cover. If you're going to use different colors of paper inside the book, it seems to me that they should correspond to the sections; but "A" and "C" are both yellow in my

copy. I like the title page illo, but I dislike the idea of listing one-inch fillers in the ToC. Skipping these squibs...

"Arcadian Themes" was as good as one expects a Harry Warner piece to be--which is very good indeed.

"Zephyria" seems to me to lack Persian feeling, save in the title. I found two references to Rome, one to Greece, none to Persia. "Serf" suggests the middle ages.

"A Note on Dragons" is uneven in tone and too short; yet a good, if unconvincing piece.

"'D' Is for Dios" is excellent (as you must know, or you wouldn't invite comment); but seems over-edited. I cannot believe that a six-page article required 39 footnotes. Surely some of that material could have been left in the principal text. The typo in the first line occurs just where it can do the most harm. (May I digress here--without a footnote--to say that first-sentence typos are particularly deadly, since the reader has not yet gotten the information he requires to make mental corrections?) The Maori hock-sheaf reminded me of a book I have been seeking for years, a children's story in which invisible fairies in a grain field have their feet cut off by the reapers. Can anyone supply the title?

"Nebula Awards Banquet" was interesting, but a trifle too detailed--should have been cut at the beginning and the end.

"A Elbereth! Gilthoniel!" should decide what it is about. The first stanza suggests night; the third, dawn; the fourth (and last), full day. What, then, is the second stanza about? "When the tortoise leaves its shell" is a striking image, but I doubt that the versifier has any more idea than I do what it has to do with the verse. Why are the "Great Valar" "mourned"? Are they dead? If they are, how can the world be "well"?

I did not read the last half of "The Good R'th", and wish I had not read the first.

((Thanks for your detailed LoC. As for the paper: We try to (a) use different colors for different sections, (Cont. next page.)

(b) use the same color for the same section from issue to issue, and (c) progress from the lighter shades in the front of the magazine (yellows, tan) thru the reds to the darker shades (blue, green). The problem with (a) is that the only colors available from our supplier are pink, goldenrod, buff, blue, green, canary, and white--and these have to be extended to cover sections (to date) A (Articles/general), B (Bibliographia), C (Convention reports), E (Editorial section), F (Fiction, long poems), L (Letters), M (Movies), N (Nostalgia), P (Prozines), R (Book Reviews), and Z (Fanzines). We decided to use canary for A and C, buff for B and E, goldenrod for F, pink for L, green for M, N, P, and Z, and blue for R--with white for miscellany such as ToC, section dividers, and the like. Of course, not all sections appear in every issue--in #82, we were expecting an installment of "The Electric Bibliograph" (section B), which never arrived--leaving yellow-paged Sections A and C adjacent to each other (even though C does have a different-colored ink). Since the sections are run off separately, over a long period of time, by the time we realized B wasn't going to arrive in time, it was too late to make any changes. (Besides which we do consider Sections A-E part of the same "Universia Materia" division.)  
 ### Perhaps we should give credit to the short filler bits and pieces at the bottom, under the general heading "Filler" at the bottom of the contents page, as we do the artwork. ### It took awhile, but we finally found the typo you were talking about. Sorry about that, Mae and the rest of you TWJ readers, but please correct your copies to read (in sentence one) "consonant" instead of "constant". (This is the kind that's almost impossible to discover unless one proofs directly from the original, as "constant" also makes sense in this context--although "consonant" is certainly more appropriate.) ### Believe it or not, we didn't catch the significance of the title of Jim Newton's story until the end--at which time we groaned a bit and realized that we had just read a

longer-than-usual shaggy dog story. (Actually, we're not sure of Jim's intentions--whether he wrote the story as a response to criticisms of his book reviews, or as an illustration of the way he thought a science fiction story should be written--or just for the hell of it. Jim?) --ed.))

BEN KEIFER -- 15 Oct. '73 (711 Wards Corner Rd., Loveland, OH 45140).

((Re TWJ #82.)) . . . First I must tell you that I am a fan of Alexis Gilliland and any issue featuring his work is an instant success. I always enjoy his articles whether serious or tongue-in-cheek as we have the same backgrounds and evidently similar interests, and his cartoons always strike a response and his platypus covers are wonderful parody or satire. Sorry to tell you that to me his best was the one for YANDRO 213, which would not have been suitable for you but--having spent two years at Camp Atterbury during World War II--I immediately recognized the War Memorial in the Square at Indianapolis. His little heads also show a sharp, witty mind.

Mae Strolkov's article is interesting and well-researched, but I believe that I should have to render the Scotch verdict of "Not Proven". Of course, she is considerably up on me with her knowledge of Chinese and Amerind dialects compared with my nodding acquaintance (not proficiency) with about a half-dozen Indo-European languages, all of which do show points of recognizable similarity. But when you consider the limited number of sounds of which the human vocal equipment is possible it is easy to see that there is opportunity for considerable coincidence among the millions of words in all the languages of the world. Also, some might be explained by cultural contact even if only for short duration between speakers of different linguistic families. An instance is the strange runic writing of the Mandan Indians that Hjalmar Holland takes as evidence that the Scandinavians penetrated to Minnesota in the 13th-14th century as well as the 19th. Now it is believed that many fishermen--

(Over)

Basque, Breton, French and Flemish-- as well as the Norse--regularly fished the cod-rich waters of the North Atlantic coasts of America and had some contact with Indians dwelling on said coasts. Lescarbot with Champlain in 1606 reported these Indians using some Basque expressions, and I forget who it was who claimed that the Indians spoke Welsh (which, we must remember, is similar to Breton). However, I willingly concede that Mae might be on to something, as it has frequently been postulated that there must have been an original language (Ursprache) antedating all the different families we now have.

DENIS QUANE -- 18 Oct. '73 (Box CC, ET Sta., Commerce, TX 75428).

Harlan Ellison's letter in TWJ #82 constituted an example of his well-known "Horrible Harlan" act in its exaggerated form. The reviews, when I first read them, struck me as reasonably well-balanced evaluations. At the time, I made a detailed comparison of Shoemaker's evaluations with those of Buck Coulson in YANDRO 219, and found the tone of the two reviews quite similar, despite the lack of agreement on the merits of some of the stories and, of course, Coulson's greater brevity. Now I doubt that Coulson would ever claim to be a professional critic, but he has acquired a reputation in fandom as a competent reviewer, and I doubt if even Ellison would dare call him a high school-level illiterate.

On going back and rereading the review, I see no need to revise my first impressions. The actual review bears no resemblance to the parody of a high school book report which Ellison offers for comparison purposes. The few short quotes from the review, which is all he provides as evidence for his charges of incompetence and illiteracy, do not give that impression at all, in context. The only other specific point which he gives us as evidence for his charges is that of the use of the word "authoress" in the review of Kate Wilhelm's story, which he takes as evidence of

sexism. While words of this sort have fallen into disuse in the light of our current sensitivity on the question of sexual discrimination, the use of the word itself no more proves sexism than the use of the term "colored people"--rather than the currently fashionable "Blacks"--would prove the speaker a racist.

On going back over the review, it is obvious that Ellison must have in mind, when he starts flinging around charges of male chauvinism, the review of the Joanna Russ story "When it Changed", rather than the Wilhelm story, since it is only the former review in which Shoemaker makes any comments that bear, even remotely, on the question of male-female relationships in society. And while that review may not make Ellison (or Russ either, for that matter) very happy, congratulating the author on not writing simplistic fem-lib propaganda, but expressing reservations that the details of an all-female society have not been adequately explored, do not in my book constitute "chauvinistic attitudes popping up like boils". But then, perhaps I'm not as enlightened and liberated on the subject as is Ellison.

His other charges, when one separates out the gratuitous insult, come down to the statement, "... it is virtually impossible to tell whether either Shoemaker or Bischoff liked or disliked the book." Is Harlan unable to read, or is he just pretending he is unable? The conclusions of both reviewers are quite clear, if not as simplistic as he seems to be demanding. Bischoff is impressed by the book ("compares most favorably with the best . . ."), but is disappointed that it does not come up to the standards set by Dangerous Visions. Shoemaker finds many of the stories worthwhile, some even superior, but the overall level disappointing. If Ellison couldn't tell how they felt about his book, then why is he so mad?

Most of Ellison's letter makes even less attempt to detail what he found wrong with the reviews, but instead he engages in name-calling and gratuitous personal attacks. This is not what I call professional behavior.

(Cont. next page)

Better not to respond to criticism at all, than to show oneself as an author who cannot refute inept criticism by showing exactly in what respects it is inept.

As to your question on page L-11: yes, it is well for the readers to have the chance to hear both sides before being called upon to respond. If the 'zine were more frequent, then perhaps it wouldn't make much difference; but with the usual time-lag, if there is to be general discussion, then the more quickly the principals have their say, the better. . . .

BRIAN ALDISS -- 24 Oct. '73 (Berks., U.K.).

Thanks muchly for TWJ #82. You have a phenomenon in Richard Delap. Take his article on the year's films...what unutterable crap he has to talk about in his moderate tones! Why--Christ, how--do intelligent people (chaps like Delap and me, for instance) manage to live with SF year in, year out, when all this bilge swirls perpetually 'round our heads? An age-old question, invented (I bet) by St. Hugo Gernsback himself, and still unanswered.

He omits two films worth mentioning, 'though one was probably before his year's stint, and one after. Mike Moorcock's The Final Programme is just going the rounds in England. It's wildly, trashily trendy in its throwaway dialog and instantly disposable sets, and does not do justice to Mike's rather good novel; but it has a fine opening scene of a funeral pyre in Lapland, plus a spot of lesbianism and other jollities. Well worth a shufti....\*

And there's Duel, scripted by Richard Matheson from one of his short stories. The saloon car versus the oil truck. Classic SF atmosphere--c.f. Clarke's "Hide and Seek" and Sturgeon's "Killdozer". Also a lovely successful intelligent well-edited film--all things your average crap isn't.

Also thanks to Delap for the old-fashioned courtesy of his book reviews (when any Englishman past teen-

\*British slang taken from a source fairly alien to Americans: Urdu. Means "look" or "gander"....

age says a thing's old-fashioned, he intends a compliment). His look at Harry Harrison's and my Best SF 71 was a model of its kind. Incidentally, our annual does well saleswise in Britain also, where it is called (for copyright reasons) Year's Best SF 1, 2, 3, and so on. Without the tell-tale date in the title, the publisher is freer to reprint while the demand exists.

Is there any chance of Mr. Delap looking at my history of science fiction, Billion Year Spree (Doubleday, June)? You aren't going to let that creep past you unnoticed, are you, for God's sake?

Also cheered by Harlan's spirited letter. Go to, Harlan! We need reminders like yours every so often that there are a few people still around not in the Walking Zombie class. Maybe that's why I'm often instinctively on your side even when I believe you may be wrong (which I don't in the present case). For all that and all that, there's enough f\*\*king rancour around as it is.

((Yes, Richard is good--and quite prolific, too--for which reasons you'll be seeing quite a lot of his material in print in this (and, we hope, future) issues. ## Haven't seen The Final Programme noted anywhere over here yet; either it hasn't gotten over to the States yet, or it is being shown under a different title. We appreciate a review from any of our U.K. readers who might have seen it, and any info on its U.S. distribution. ## We saw Duel on TV some time ago, and in our commentary we noted it was well worth seeing. The short story on which it was based 1st appeared in PLAYBOY; it was reprinted in Allen J. Hubin's annual anthology, Best Detective Stories of the Year--1972 (Dutton; \$6.95; covered in SOTWJ #121). ## A fantasy-horror film named Killdozer will shortly be shown on TV; we do not yet know if it is based on Sturgeon's excellent story. ## When your letter arrived, we had already received a review of Billion Year Spree from Delap; you should find it (plus a couple of other reviews--it was the work we had chosen for this issue's multiple-coverage treatment) in Section N. --ed.))  
(Over)

SP-4 BRUCE D. ARTHURS -- 27 Oct. '73  
(527-98-3103, 57th Trans Co., Ft.  
Lee, VA 23801).

((Re TWJ #82.)) . . . /I would have locced earlier, but my head was too swollen by Mike Shoemaker's review of POWERMAD and GODLESS to control myself at the keyboard. I've recovered somewhat, however, and will try to loc sensibly.

First of all, Shoemaker's review: Actually, POWERMAD was published by accident. After I published GODLESS #3 by photo-offset, Ned Brooks wrote and offered me the use of his mimeo for future issues. Well, I wasn't sure this typewriter would be able to cut mimeo stencils properly, so I typed up a four-page personalzine called RAVING PARANOID FASCIST. Sure enough, the typerwriter cut a good stencil, but...RPF was lousy. It was very lousy, and I only sent out a few copies to friends who would be willing to forgive me, throwing the rest away. To restore my good name, however, I felt compelled to try again, so under a new name (POWMAD), I put out another personalzine...and it wasn't bad. Then, of course, I got a bunch of LoC's on it, and I had to publish them somehow, so...and I haven't been able to stop the damned thing since. What's worse, a lot of people seem to prefer it to GODLESS, and I'd rather it were the other was around. Oh, well....

I agree with Don D'Ammassa's view of Vance's Trullion: Alastor 2262. So far, it's been the best book I've read this year. Of course, I just got a copy of Time Enough for Love today, so that may change soon. But it is definitely Hugo material.

Had no particular favorable opinion of the Warner, Gilliland, and Strelkov articles. Not that they weren't well-written, I suppose, but the subject didn't interest me very much in any of the cases. Jay Kay Klein's report on the Nebula banquet was highly entertaining and informative, however. I believe it's the first written material of his I've ever seen; you should definitely try to get him to do more of it.

"The Good R'th" wasn't too bad, but the best thing about it was...er, were...the hilarious Gilliland illos. The "Pore Golcesh" and "Barely Alive/Almost Dead" cartoons almost had me rolling on the floor...and that's highly unusual for such a dour person as I usually am.

Harlan Ellison, ah yes: Ellison says A,DV took "some of the finest literary minds of our time to set forth." Too bad he couldn't get them to contribute.

But actually, there were a number of very good stories in A,DV. But there were also a number of very bad stories included. One that I found particularly poor was Weiner's "Empire of the Sun", which I regard as, if I may paraphrase Ellison, high school copout level brain damage illiteracy passed off as good writing. Even I have a better sense of story writing than that, and I've never considered anything I've written good enough to submit to the prozines. (Though I do have a recent story which I think I might submit to Ted White. If White's going to keep on printing lousy short stories in his magazine, why not print my lousy stories?)

The thing I can't understand is why Ellison can't submit to anyone saying that all of the stories in A,DV weren't all excellent writing and reflects highly on Ellison and shows what a great editor he is and all fandom should kiss his feet. Does Silverberg become enraged because someone may not have liked all the stories in New Dimensions? Or Carr for a poor review of Universe? Or Knight for Orbit? Or Elwood for just about everything else? Hell no, those men realize that tastes differ and that not everyone will be as enthusiastic about the stories as they may have been. But Ellison seems to have the attitude that anyone who thought A,DV wasn't the greatest 'briganth (a term I just invented) since Dangerous Visions ought to go around with a bell around his neck shouting, "I am unclean! Unclean! And a fugghead to boot!" Ellison became spoiled, I think, by the highly favorable (and I think deservedly so) reaction to DV, and now he can't face up to the fact that his sequel is nowhere near as good.

(Cont. next page)

I may say fact because I think it is a fact. DV consisted entirely of proven authors who had been writing for years and knew their trade as masters. A,DV, on the other hand, consisted of a large number of first-time or fairly new authors, who with few exceptions were still not practiced enough to be worth the buildup Ellison gave them. If I wanted to read stories by new authors, I'd buy the Clarion anthologies. I do not buy the Clarion anthologies.

As for Ellison's criticism of Shoemaker and Bischoff's review of A,DV, well.... I think the review was somewhat short-winded, and I wish the stories had been reviewed at greater length, but with forty-three separate stories to review, it's almost impossible to spend more than the minimum time on each. As for the level of criticism, again the necessary shortness means you can't go into any great discussions of Relevancy, Purpose, Prose Style, Plot, Character, Meaning, and all the rest of it. A review like I think Ellison desires would run, I suspect, about a hundred pages. It would also be incredibly boring, what with one discussion after another about Relevancy, Purpose, Prose Style, Plot, etc., ad infinitum.... And who the hell wants to read a boring fanzine?

For that matter, who wants to read a boring LoC? Time to cut this off.

((Jay Kay used to write regular convention reports for TWJ--back when he used to attend most of the cons. He hasn't been attending too many nowadays, so we haven't been receiving many reports from him (only the ones on the annual N.Y. SFWA Banquets, which are expanded versions of the ones he also writes for SFWA BULLETIN). We wish he would write more--we don't get too many conventions, either, and his reports were so detailed and informative that they were the next best thing to being there.... ## It would seem that our LoC writers either really liked or strongly disliked the Gilliland cartoons for Jim Newton's tale. See our comments on pg. L-2, this issue. --ed.))

BARRY GILLAM -- 6 Nov. '73 (4283 Kato-nah Ave., Bronx, NY 10470).

The best things in TWJ #82, such as Harry Warner's column and Alexis Gilliland's illos were expected. I'm afraid I find nothing to say about Mae Strelkov's article.

Richard Delap's movie roundup was of some interest. Delap can spot a bad film all right. The problem is that he has trouble with the good ones. I saw Night of the Blood Monster at an Army base earlier this year, and not only did I fall asleep, but my three friends also fell asleep. When we all woke up about half an hour later, we just walked out.

However, his dislike for The Other betrays his lack of taste. The Other was not only the outstanding supernatural film of last year, it was very simply the best American movie of 1972. Just as Robert Mulligan's Summer of '42 was the best American film of 1971. If The Other bored Delap I must suppose that he found A Clockwork Orange, with its trashcan full of tricks, exciting.

To be honest about this, the few other possible contenders for those titles are: 1972: Arruza, Travels with My Aunt, Ulzana's Raid and Jr. Bonner; 1971: Dirty Harry, Deep End (a film made in Munich with British actors by a Polish director--but with an English soundtrack and American money).

No excuse is needed for the splendid acting of Uta Hagen as a wise old exiled angel who still retains the accent of the mysterious country of her birth. Nor for the period detail, not at all overdone (see Paper Moon), but depicted in the quickest, deftest strokes of writer and director. Nor for the Robert Surtees photography that marvellously evokes the boys' point of view and paints a wondrous new world. Nor for the slow, careful pans and tracking shots which encompass the whole of this world, from its elysian, "once upon a time" opening scene to its ultimate, resultant horrors. If Delap missed tension, he is a careless viewer; it is there from the first view of the boy, with his box of secrets. Mulligan, though,  
(Over)

understands as does Hitchcock that tension and violence are often most effective when least insisted on. The pacing of The Other--from its sunlit games to its dim ceremonies, from the carnival magician to the boy's comic, chilling recreation--is perfect in its preparation of the audience for its final horrors.

DENNIS LIEN -- 11 Nov. '73 (2408 S. Dupont, Apt. #1, Minneapolis, MN 55405).

((Re TWJ #82.)) . . . I seem to recall that Marie Antoinette and her court maintained a section of carefully trimmed park where the ladies, attired in pastoral robes, could play at shepherdesses with carefully laundered sheep; could this be one of the "Arcadian organizations" of which Harry Warner speaks? (Sheep laundering seems to be a dying trade....)

Enjoyed Klein's recounting of the Nebula banquet, but have no constructive comment except to note that Harlan's gag-line "Rumpleforeskin" is not original with him--some counter-culture here or other (I can't keep them straight) was threatening to start a West Coast radio show a couple of years ago under that name, and may have even done so.

Am not willing to read 21 pages of fan fiction by your worst book reviewer, even if the pictures are cute. Sorry.

The thought of Scott Edelstein and Ted White, who disagree on everything else, having in common only a liking for Barry Malzberg's work convinces me that I was born in the wrong universe or something....

My response to Harlan's letter is that I'll have to reread Shoemaker's and Bischoff's almost-forgotten reviews; anything that could provoke such a fuggheaded attack must have unsuspected virtues. That's general impression and general response. A few specific points: Harlan speaks of "Barry Malzberg, whose breakthrough work has won him the highest awards in our genre." I was under the impression that "the highest awards in our genre" were the International Fantasy Award (before Barry's time, so ignore that), the Hugo, and the Nebula.

The number of Hugos won by Barry Malzberg is zero. The number of Barry Malzberg stories which have been nominated for Hugos is, I believe, zero. The number of Nebulas won by Barry Malzberg is zero. The number of Barry Malzberg stories which have been nominated for Nebulas is one--"Final War", as K.M. O'Donnell, for the 1968 novelette award. It finished third. (Two Malzberg stories were on the preliminary ballot for 1971--as were forty-nine other 1971 short stories, so I don't count them. Neither of them made the final ballot--and, incidentally, there were forty-six first-ballot short stories for 1970, and none of them was Malzberg's, unless he's developed some new pen names.) Malzberg did win the Campbell Memorial Award this year (sending JWC undoubtedly spinning in his grave), but deciding that an award given for the first and only time a few months ago is one of the "highest awards in our genre" seems a little premature. I thus conclude that to Harlan, the "highest awards in our genre" are the Campbell Memorial Award and a third-place finish in one of the 1968 Nebula categories. (Since Harlan himself has not won a Campbell Award and did not finish third in any Nebula category in 1968, we must conclude that Harlan is not the much-lauded and much-awarded writer we had thought him to be, having won only inferior awards, such as the Hugo and Nebula.)

As for Harlan's complaint that the reviewers lacked the "intellectual grasp" to appreciate "what is surely a major effort in the genre" much applauded by those "who practice the art of literary criticism with clean hands and composure", I boggle over what must make up Harlan's idea of intellectual grasp and composure--presumably both can best be defined as calling your adversary examples of "brain damage illiteracy", possessed of a "moron level of insight", and "sexist and chauvinistic attitudes"--or simply "clowns", a "halfwit", "idiots"--or (best of all) "an illiterate adolescent pulling his pud". Tell us more about "clean hands and composure", Harlan.

(Cont. next page)

I read all of and mildly enjoyed most of the stories and some of the non-stories in Again, Dangerous Visions. But after sitting through Harlan's tirade I'm doubly glad that I didn't pay out money for it. Better I should spend it on Star Third Baseman, by John R. Tunis.

On to cheerier topics, with cleaner hands.

I see no objection to sending out copies of letters to persons concerned in advance of publication, so that they may reply at once. I presume that you are further willing (time permitting) to send their response to the original letter-writer, et al.

Please continue Richard Delap's round-up of SF-fantasy-horror movies of the year. I see few of them and disagree with Delap on most of the ones I do see, but I enjoy the survey and think it fills a need. I don't agree that Zero Population Growth people "needn't have worried" about the bad P.R. effects of Z.P.G. because "no one with any sense could take seriously" so bad a movie, since I suspect that a large percentage of the movie-going public does not have any sense. Does anyone except George H. Wells and myself realize that there is a novelization of The Werewolf vs. Vampire Woman out in paperback? (Pub. by Guild-Hartford Publishing Co., Inc. of 8920 Wilshire Blvd. in Beverly Hills at \$1.50.) Author is listed on the cover as one "Arthur N. Scarm, a.s.p.c.d." On the title page his name is spelled "Scram", and the title is expanded to The Werewolf vs. the Vampire Woman. This close attention to detail seems typical of the book as a whole, judging from what I've read of it. (George loaned me his copy, assuring me that it is the single worst horror novel ever actually published. From what I've picked up so far, he may be right.) Oh yes--the main character is named "Werewolf Waldo".

Let's see--Solaris has been shown on college campuses in the U.S., including Univ. of Minnesota. I've not seen Blacula, but I question Mr. Delap's statement that two "fussy and effeminate interior decorators . . . should

offend no one but the most hardline Gay Libbers": surely one need not be Gay, let alone "hardline", to be offended at stereotypes, "not unsympathetic" or otherwise?

No comments on book reviews except to note that Samuel R. Delany has indeed produced a novel in recent years--The Tides of Lust, a porno-SF novel published by Lancer in April of this year at \$1.50. I saw one copy, didn't buy it, and haven't found one since; with Lancer's current problems and the Supreme Court atrocity of June, I may never see another one--but it does exist.

And no comments on the fanzine reviews.

Where have I seen Adkins' back cover illo before? (Adapted from some old WEIRD TALES illos???) . . .

((If you mean the TWJ #82 back cover, that was by Connie Reich Faddis, not Dan Adkins. And yes, it does look vaguely familiar. But we don't know what inspired it. --ed.))

KEITH FREEMAN --12 Nov. '73 (128 Fairford Rd., Tilehurst, Reading, RG3 6QP, U.K.).

. . . SOTWJ is hard to comment on--LOCUS and LUNA give a lot of hard information but, somehow, don't appeal to me--the news is almost impersonal and never seems to be about something that I really wanted to know about. I guess SOTWJ is more relaxed and informal and suits me down to the ground. Every issue (so far) has had something in it that I've read twice.

WSFA JOURNAL, on the other hand, is so big (well, #82 was) that it leaves me speechless (or LoC-less, if you prefer). The best piece in it, for my money, was the Jay Kay Klein Nebula Award Banquet report. An improvement, if it had been possible, would have been a few illustrations (cartoon-type)--several sentences cried out for a quick sketch.

Indeed, now that I'm on the interior artwork (?), even though you give an explanation in answer to a LoC, it struck me that (apart from the full-page dividers) most of the  
(Over)

art was scattered amongst the fiction. I'm still not sure whether they were all illustrating the fiction, some were and some weren't, or none were? I'll make no more mention of the fiction; I've probably read worse.

I admire Richard Delap for the work he put into his 1972 SF, F, & H Film round-up... Strikes me I'll be happy to wait for most of them to appear on TV. On a personal note, I know the scriptwriter who "gave" Hammer the title Hands of the Ripper. They offered him the script to re-write (which job he turned down), but he told them their title was lousy and suggested Hands of the Ripper. He now reckons the title is the best part of the whole film!

Reviews-- I prefer shorter reviews more frequently (i.e., SOTWJ ones); the longer, "in depth" review either tells you far too much about the book or spends too much time on the reviewer's pet subject and hardly tells you anything of the book! Mutant 59: The Plastic Eaters was written from a TV script. The TV series (Doomwatch) started with this story (which I didn't like) and got worse. The first thought that came to my mind when I saw "Mutant 59" was that it was a modernized version of the '30's (or '20's?) hack "Death of Steel" story. I presume the series never made the Atlantic crossing (lucky you)--it had home-made computers, mad scientists, and in one incredible episode the denouement was made by playing a computer tape through a tape-recorder and listening to what was being said when the computer had been working....

To disagree with myself and the last paragraph--anthologies, perhaps, do need more space than you've available in SOTWJ--that is, if each story is going to be gone over and not just listed as the contents.

Reviews of Fanzines-- Well, it just shows me what I'm missing; I really must get around to getting more fanzines--and LoC'ing them regularly. I don't know about work being the curse of the drinking class, but I do know that only having twenty-four hours in a day cuts down my fanatic!

((SOTWJ readers may recognize the first paragraph of Keith's letter; it appeared a while back in SOTWJ: (we had planned on using only the remainder of the letter in TWJ, but decided when typing this lettercol that it was necessary as a lead-in to the rest). ## See pg. L-2 re the Gilliland illos in #82. As for other art-- as this is being typed (two months after the first third of this column, with our eye surgery intervening), we still do not have the missing artwork, and so are not likely to have much, if any, art in this issue. (If we do, it will be section dividers and/or a few Gilliland illos in the Fiction/Poetry section.) ## When the publishing crisis hit us a while back, we had a choice between little or no art until things could be sorted out. We decided to use a little, confining it (except for section dividers) to the Fiction/Poetry section. Now that we have custody of an offset machine, we hope to be able to begin using art liberally throughout the issue, as we did with the pre-#80 TWJ's. (We will, of course, need plenty of illos (b&w, full-page on down) suitable for offset reproduction, if we're going to go back to art with #84.) ## Re reviews: Our intent is to use long, essay-type reviews in TWJ, and the shorter ones in SOTWJ. SOTWJ is the quick-read, quick reference part of the WJ family, while TWJ is the one you sit down with when you've got an entire evening to spare. ## One question: What SF/Fantasy-related shows, if any, are planned for British TV this coming summer? (Just want to know what we'll have to look forward to during our visit--energy crisis, etc. permitting--this summer. First time in seven years.... --ed.))

JIM GOLDFRANK -- 12 Dec. '73 (10516 Edgemont Dr., Adelphi, MD 20783).

December is a bit late to comment on the September ((#82)) issue of TWJ. Reason is that this issue began my sub, and I just received and read it. I am incensed by the obnoxious letter from Mr. Ellison. He had a right to write it. You did the proper thing to print

(Cont. next page)

it. I have the right to be disgusted by it, and to write these belated comments.

On page C-8 Dr. Asimov is reported calling Ellison a bigmouth. In the letter column, Ellison proves it. Abuse, vituperation, vulgarity have yet to win any debates, even at great length. I have rarely seen such a concentration of acid, bite, and venom. Only a sick, insecure mind can be stung into replying so harshly to a book review. Contrast this to Dr. Swann's gentlemanly and rational rebuttal to another review on the pages that follow. Dr. Swann is the man who wins my respect.

I bought a copy of Again, Dangerous Visions because its predecessor was such a good anthology. I found ADV calculated to titillate, shock, offend. I think I may have missed a few good stories because the overall tenor of the book turned my stomach. It was a denial of the goodness of life and human values. It had a great deal in common with Mr. Ellison's stories, which I now studiously avoid. I get these vibrations from Mr. Ellison: "I am a sick person. I loathe both myself and this cesspool of a world. You, 'hypocrite reader, are like me. You are my brother'." (Thanks to Baudelaire for his very apropos words.)

I may live in the same world as Mr. Ellison. I refuse to wallow in the same latrine. I sincerely hope that Mr. Ellison will seek psychiatric help. A healthy Harlan Ellison could be a great writer and editor. Otherwise, he may sit long in his Barad-Dur, loathing himself, and persuading the rest of us to do likewise.

#### WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

TONY WATERS: "If I remember my letter on /#81/ correctly I pretty much passed over the reviews/critiques. I hope that didn't give the wrong impression: I was impressed: To Live Again and ADV were especially well handled."

DOUGLAS DRUMMOND: ". . . With respect to Ma Strelkov's article /in TWJ #82/. Veery interesting, but I'm

not enough up on Oriental philosophy, etc. to appreciate it in its full glory. I am going to try it on a marginally fannish friend who is a (diligent) student of such. In the same general vein, he can get interesting thoughts out of Old Testament readings--especially when seeing English translation side-by-side with Hebrew. (Especially the Ten Commandments.) It looks like Mae is driving at the universality of language--perhaps with respect to the theory where the original sound evoked a similar language sound. Possibly lightening and THunDer being easily associated with supernatural sources of power."

((Did your friend ever take a look at the article? If so, any comments?--ed.))

GEORGE FERGUS: "Harlan Ellison's scathing denunciation of Mike Shoemaker as a critic in TWJ #82 is incredible. Mike is a reviewer, not a critic, and furthermore, subjective reviews are as valid as so-called 'objective' criticism, and probably more useful. If I didn't know better, I would say that Harlan has a simplex mind, unable to recognize that other points of view exist. Also, I think it is in extremely poor taste for a writer or editor to blast a review unless it contains errors of fact. If they were competent to judge their own work, no crud would ever get published."

HARLAN ELLISON: "I did indeed receive JOURNAL #82, saw my letter, and viewed with mild bemusement your ominous notice that no comment would be made until #83, an indication that you expected upheavals and animosity. Well, I rather agree with your expectations: my manner when I'm confronting and not being politic never fails to stir the little chatterers. I only hope Shoemaker and Bischoff are smart enough not to try and go head-on with me. Their position is indefensible and if I'm pressed I'll strip the hide off them. I look forward to #83 with anticipation. . . ."

((You're right, and the readers did, so now it's your turn.... --ed.))



# ARS CRITICA

ISN'T THAT AWFULY  
PRETENTIOUS FOR BOOK  
REVIEWS OF  $\Rightarrow$ YUCK $\Leftarrow$   
SCIENCE-FICTION?

THAT SHOULD  
BE "ARS GRATIA  
CRITICUS"

ARE YOU A  
CRITIC OR AN  
ARS?

MY SON!





# ***BOOK REVIEWS:***

**SF/FANTASY FILMS**



## FRAME BY FRAME: SF/FANTASY &amp; FILM

by: Richard Delap

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF HORROR MOVIES by Denis Gifford; Hamlyn, 1973, \$9.95, 216 pp.  
 CINEMA OF THE FANTASTIC by Chris Steinbrunner and Burt Goldblatt; Saturday Review Press, 1972, \$9.95, 282 pp.  
 BETWEEN TIME AND TIMBUKTU OR PROMETHEUS-5 based on materials by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., adapted for television by Fred Barzyk, David Loxton, and David O'Dell; Delta 00719, 1972, \$2.45, 284 pp.  
 VAL LEWTON: THE REALITY OF TERROR by Joel E. Siegel; The Viking Press, 1973, \$6.95 (paper: \$2.75), 176 pp.  
 THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBBLES by David Gerrold; Ballantine 23402, 1973, \$1.50, 272 pp.  
 THE WORLD OF STAR TREK by David Gerrold; Ballantine 23403, 1973, \$1.50, 276 pp.  
 CONTEMPORARY EROTIC CINEMA by William Rotsler; Ballantine 23433, 1973, \$1.50, 280 pp.

SF and fantasy films have long had a specialized audience, just as sf and fantasy books have had (though not necessarily the same audience). The two media have remained distinct and separate, but the gap seems to be closing fast as books devoted to studies in film pour onto the market at an ever-increasing rate. It has become a trend, a fad, and as with most fads everyone wants to get in on the glory (and the profits!) but few are overly concerned with the quality research that must go into a worthwhile project of this sort.

All of the following books are illustrated with photographs from the films and/or tv shows under examination, and this selection of "stills" is sometimes very impressive indeed, making the books attractive impulse items on bookstore shelves. Yet the often outrageous pricetags necessitates the reader give the literary content of each a close examination before he decides to reduce his diet to bread and beans to buy such luxuries.

Herewith a short selection from the dozens of recent titles:

Denis Gifford has already produced a number of illustrated volumes devoted to sf and fantasy, most of them notable for the distinguished selection of photographs but none quite as lavish as A Pictorial History of Horror Movies, a lush oversized volume that will have film buffs drooling all the way to the checkout counter. It is one of the few volumes I would recommend on its photo value alone, since the illustrations number in the hundreds and include some beautifully reproduced color items.

If photographs aren't your interest, however, Gifford's book has less to offer. His 'history' is less incisive, less astute than dedicated film fans will demand, directed more at youthful and potential connoisseurs than at a more knowledgeable audience. To this young audience his early chapters on George Melies' influential work, Robert Wiene's THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI, Murnau's classic steal from Bram Stoker, NOSFERATU, and the various film 'movements' from silents to the early talkies are a brisk and occasionally well-condensed introduction. Perhaps the book's best chapter is the one beginning with the production of KING KONG and continuing through Universal Studios' "golden age of horror," an era that today is still regarded as one of film-land's horror highpoints.

The final chapters, covering the fast-buck sf quickies of the 50's and early 60's, the Edgar Allan Poe craze fomented by Roger Corman (Gifford correctly assesses him as "formula-bound"), and the notable influence of Britain's Hammer productions, are hurried, careless, and incomplete, as if Gifford feels the era is still too close to hazard any proper judgment on lasting quality.

Perhaps most damaging to any truly critical evaluation of Gifford's history is the author's energetic but clumsy writing, in which he scatters puns and misshapen sentences with nonchalant abandon, and a pretentious tone that occasionally breaks through to the surface in silly statements like "As long as (destruction of film monsters) continues, vicariously satisfying a human urge to destroy, it may keep real-life destruction at bay." Gifford's book is a minor stab at research, but the photographs and Hamlyn's excellent packaging make it a worthwhile buy for the interested reader.

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Cinema of the Fantastic is a tighter view of film fantasy, a cross-section of fifteen movies that "ranges from fairy tales to monster movies." Rather than make a history of their book, Steinbrunner and Goldblatt have created a book-length journey that stops only at representative high points of fantastic cinema.

There's really very little use complaining about the author's choices, since no one would likely sift down hundreds of films to the same selections, but setting aside any subjective opinion one is forced to conclude that the choice is a surprisingly sound one. A chapter is devoted to each film, presented with a lengthy plot synopsis and relevant information regarding the casts, directors, and subsequent influence of the film both commercially and artistically. The selection of black-and-white photographs is excellent, as is their reproduction, complementing the synopses and giving a luxurious appearance to the volume. Ordered as to their release dates, the films presented are as follows -- A TRIP TO THE MOON, METROPOLIS, FREAKS, KING KONG, THE BLACK CAT, THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, MAD LOVE, FLASH GORDON (serial), THINGS TO COME, THE THIEF OF BAGDAD (1940 version), BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, THE THING, TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA, INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS, and FORBIDDEN PLANET.

As with the Gifford book, the major emphasis is on the visual package, and as such will appeal to those with an eye for it. The book is not presented, nor I think intended, as a hardline critical consensus, but rather as a work of love from two authors who obviously believe others will share their sentiments. For \$10 you get a work of love. It may not be true art, but it will do until something better comes along.

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Between Time and Timbuktu is not a novelization but the actual script for the television production premiered on the NET Playhouse early in 1972. With full cooperation of Kurt Vonnegut, the scripters fashioned a quasi-good, quasi-allegorical quasi-story, a compendious illustration of Vonnegut's total work, pasted together from bits and pieces of his stories and novels. Since much of Vonnegut's fiction is vaguely interrelated, this concept does well in picking up the author's interwoven threads of social farce and weaving them into a trampoline on which Stony Stevenson, the quintessential Vonnegut here, bounces from place to place and time to time.

The book tries to mirror the visual impact of the tv play with a selection of photographs that pads the book's pages but doesn't really add much but frenzy to an already frenzied notion. If you missed the television production, you may be interested in this item; if not, take your money and buy a couple of Vonnegut's novels, which will give you much more for what you pay.

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No one who professes to have any interest in the horror film should be without a copy of Joel Siegel's Val Lewton: The Reality of Terror. It is an excellent biography and appreciation of the influence Lewton wielded in creating films still so powerful in their suggested terror that even the spoiled audiences of today stop munching their popcorn and chatting with their neighbors as they fall

under the captive spell of Lewton's psychological magic. (The only place you can see these films now is on television or at university showings, but in living room or auditorium the reaction is always constant -- sheer terror.)

In addition to the fascinating biographical information about a man whose actual existence is hardly more than an unremembered name on an old movie poster to most fans, Siegel offers a synopsis on each of Lewton's films and a hardnosed but very fair critical evaluation. I have never forgotten my first viewing as a child of THE CAT PEOPLE, and it wasn't until years later on re-viewing the film that I realized why I had been (and still was) so utterly horrified by it. As Siegel explains: "Cat People is, in its best moments, so frightening because it never really shows us anything, thus affording us that greatest indulgence of terror -- the freedom to frighten ourselves." Lewton's other horror films were all low-budget items for the now-defunct RKO-Radio studios -- I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE, THE LEOPARD MAN, THE SEVENTH VICTIM, THE BODY SNATCHER, BEDLAM -- and Siegel notes that he concentrated on a single theme, "the conflict of the powers of reason struggling against the powers of the unknown," combining script and production expertise that have rarely been matched.

This is certainly one of the best studies on the psychology of film terror I have ever read, and whether you have an interest in Lewton as a personality or not is hardly important if you are concerned with the horror film as an art medium. Highly recommended.

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Of the two David Gerrold books, The Trouble with Tribbles is quite the better one, as light and frothy as Tim Kirk's chapter-heading cartoons but nicely fleshed with more meat than one might expect from a 'Trekkie' book. Gerrold tells us more than just the story of a single script, one of Star Trek's most popular ones; he gives us a jubilant story of an aspiring writer hitting it big with that script, starting with some painless blah-blah about childhood interests and aspirations but working up to a very real excitement when wishes become concrete reality. That reality is not always exactly what was expected, and Gerrold milks the blunders and surprises for as many laughs as can be squeezed out, sometimes criticising ("the only safe statement to make about American television was that it could not be underestimated"), but more often wonderstruck and exhausted by the amount of plain old hard work that goes into 'light' entertainment, irrespective of its final quality. The book is a happy book, as tempting as a box of afterdinner mints and just about as hard to resist. Not the sort of thing you'd want to subsist on, but very refreshing when coupled with a comfy chair, a footstool, and a desire for total relaxation.

In The World of Star Trek Gerrold begins by assessing both the strengths and weaknesses of the television show that simply wouldn't be compartmentalized and judged as easily as the humdrum competition. The media controllers were astounded by the hot water which boiled when they tried to yank the show off the air, and Gerrold adequately explains the reasons for all the fuss, as well as presenting some interesting sidelights on the production, cast, and crew who worked to make the show a success. The book begins to fall apart about half-way through, however, as he speculates about means that could have been brought to bear to save a show that was already crumbling from pressures both within and without. Gerrold's enthusiasm overcomes the need for a more balanced perspective, and he becomes gun-shy when trying to deal with the touchy aspects of the NBC Network attitude and the show's unmistakable degeneration, the latter of which was far more rapid and gross than Gerrold would have us believe. Star Trek fans will welcome the listing of individual episodes with authors and cast credits, the photo inserts, and the "inside" look at their favorite show. But in the end the book is tiresome and flat, mere padding to the earlier Whitfield/Roddenberry volume, The Making of Star Trek, and a mistaken case of overstuffing.

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William Rotsler's Contemporary Erotic Cinema was outdated before Rotsler could get his manuscript out of the typewriter. I do not say this because of the recent Supreme Court decision that returned censorship problems to the local yokels in every pit-burg from here to Georgia, but because Rotsler's attitude is puerile and annoyingly apologetic -- sometimes embarrassingly so, with malapropos pardons like "It takes time for directors, actors, writers, and cinematographers to get beyond the initial crudities of the quick, easy money-maker." Nearly every page is blemished with similar phrases, a sickening glop of sniveling justifications and assumptive simplifications.

If Rotsler's attitude is obnoxious, it's a minor fault next to his poor research. In discussing Hollywood 'X'-rated films, he states "at this point public hair is rarely shown," which not only throws a damper on Rotsler's so-called knowledge of the Hollywood film industry -- The Dalton Trumbo film, JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN, showed public hair, was fully-staffed with Hollywood notables (both in front of and behind the cameras), was rated 'PG,' for God's sake, and was released two years before this book was published -- but serves as one more example of his deceptive accounts of the most facetious detail. Rotsler obviously doesn't care much for research and doesn't bother to look up anything he can't produce off the top of his head. Rather than do some work he fills up pages with interviews with the porno- and simulated-sex film stars, producers, and distributors, few of whom have anything relevant to say.

Worst of all Rotsler lets his preferences destroy his viewpoint and destroy any hope for a reasonable objectivity. His repeated lauding of Uschi Digart (who is featured in many of Rotsler's own sex films, has a voluptuous figure and a harshly planed face that photographs like the Bride of Frankenstein, and couldn't act if she were threatened with a nunnery) is but one example of this. Other such distortions include a fondness for his own usually dreadful films and a blind spot toward the dramatic structure of the cinema, erotic or not. He says that sex films "don't have the money or the time to do it right," and talent or lack of it doesn't much enter into the matter if you set your standards by Rotsler's cockeyed viewpoint.

Sf fans of Rotsler's fiction may buy the book on the recognition of his name, but I'll warn you here that you're buying high for very cheap labor. This is the sort of mindless crap that even dedicated porno-film freaks will toss out with the rest of the garbage.

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Review by Alex Eisenstein

Film Fantasy Scrapbook, by Ray Harryhausen; A. S. Barnes & Tantivy Press, (1972)  
\$15.00/\$ 6.00, 118 pp.

As the title states, this slender, 9" x 12" volume is a loosely-organized album of stills and sketches recounting Harryhausen's lifelong career as a model animator. No major film on which he worked is omitted, and he even discusses the work of his inspiration and mentor, Willis O'Brien (King Kong, Mighty Joe Young, etc.) with a hurried backward glance at the progenitor of all such films, O'Brien's The Lost World. Incredibly, only one still from the latter film is reproduced. Indeed, a number of O'Brien's abandoned projects (Creation and The Valley of Mist) receive much more attention than The Lost World.

Starting with Mighty Joe Young, in which he did the bulk of the actual animation, Harryhausen depicts and comments on each of his own films, ending with The Valley of Gwangi. As well as the usual feature productions, the mythic voyages,

dinosaur epics, monster duels, and sf thrillers (both quaint and modern), the book also describes Harryhausen's cinematic juvenilia and short subjects. His pre-professional work displays characteristic concerns -- dinosaurs of bygone Earth, rocket ships and flying monsters on Jupiter. The latter shorts are mainly fairy tales enacted with doll-like puppets, deriving from his "Puppetoon" experience with George Pal. That experience, however, he does not discuss in any detail.

Storyboard illustrations and preliminary sketches supplement movie stills in many cases, but the pictorial matter, though plentiful, is very disappointing overall. The stills are frequently repetitious, not always the best possible selections. The black-and-white reproduction throughout is dismal, to say the least, especially considering the \$15.00 price tag. Most of the pages are very gray, some unbelievably so; the publisher has made no attempt to achieve a satisfying, or even consistent, balance of tonal values. Even the print job itself is wretched -- streaks and spots are liberally distributed throughout. In addition, the undistinguished layout does little to emphasize the book's best visual features. The pictures are generally diminutive (about 3" x 4"), and the few that are blown up to larger size are not the most interesting of the lot. For a book so lavishly illustrated, it was very carelessly assembled and produced.

Harryhausen's text is a casual reminiscence that devotes a relatively small amount of its wordage to the intricacies of his animation process. Some technical sidelights are discussed, but often in a vague, offhand manner. Behind-the-scenes shots are sparse and not very illuminating. Here and there, the rambling author dispenses a novel tidbit. Early "dynamation" utilized a form of front-projection for its backgrounds -- though not the current process as devised by Will Jenkins. The muscles of Mighty Joe Young were fabricated from foam rubber, dental dam and cotton, while the hair was rubberized fur.

Nevertheless, the Master is not about to blueprint his methods, even now. As he says of the dinosaur-roping sequence in Gwangi: "I will not go into the details ... the 'magician' must keep a few tricks to himself." Aside from this, the author tends to assume a certain amount of foreknowledge on the part of his readers.

Perhaps of greatest interest is Harryhausen's recollection of the origins and checkered destinies of the various projects initiated by either him or O'Brien. The problem of selling fantasy to Hollywood is a continual refrain of the book, yet some of his anecdotes in this regard are tantalizingly allusive. In particular, his account of the final disposition of O'Brien's ill-fated Valley of Mist bears a very peculiar postscript. Originally scheduled by Paramount, this property was dropped and resold to another company, which ultimately shelved it. "There have been tales that the basic story was filmed by still another company -- minus the prehistoric animals. /!/. The mystery of this particular project deepens even more with its later involvement in a lawsuit as well as having the honor of winning an Academy Award for the best Original Screenplay. /!/. The award was later withdrawn as the writer of the screenplay could not be located." /!/. This is not the only example of Mr. H's amusing reticence, merely the most flabbergasting.

Intentional humor is at a premium in the book, except for one instance where Harryhausen ruefully recalls the fiscal exigencies of It Came from Beneath the Sea. Because of these, the giant "octopus" had only six arms! "In Hollywood, time is money. I sometimes wonder if the budget had been cut any more if we might not have ended up with an undulating tripod for the star villain of the picture."

And a note of bitterness creeps in while discussing the early tribulations of Sinbad: "In the past, the approach to this subject matter had always been to emphasize the 'girly' element latent in its motif. Other attempts have turned out to

be simply 'cops and robbers' in baggy pants. It was almost heartbreaking, after working so long on the idea, to learn that a 'new' film was about to be made with a 'tongue-in-cheek' approach... A noted 'strip artist' was chosen for the lead. When this new film failed to do business ... everyone ... seemed to be firmly convinced that Arabian Fairy Tales ... were poison at the box office. After four or five discouraging attempts at presenting a rough outline ... to various producers ..., I finally filed it, like several other ideas, under 'story possibilities.'"

But Harryhausen's worst grumbling is provoked by the latter-day trend of socially "aware," tell-it-like-it-is cinema, which he views as pre-emptive. "As an evening's entertainment, The Valley of Gwangi had a number of interesting and exciting moments for the whole family that many reviewers completely overlooked in their quest for the 'bandwagon' of permissive protest pictures." Not once, but several times in the course of discussing Gwangi, he hammers home this sour lament: "by the time we finished the production in 1968 the public taste seemed already to have turned to that frightfully 'new' vogue -- Sex and Revolution." On the penultimate page, he sums up his dissatisfactions in a somewhat more expansive credo: "The many fascinating forms of entertainment we have today need not all preach 'revolution,' 'permissiveness,' 'social arguments,' or the fad of the moment in order to be considered worthwhile. Stimulating the audience to take note of certain injustices and social problems is naturally important in a visual medium ... But relaxation, some escapism, and excursions into the world of the child's imagination is as necessary for a rounded point of view as the constant bombardment of propaganda with which different groups try to 'brainwash' the public... Let us try to keep... the cinema of the future balanced, like it was and always should be -- a variety -- an omnibus -- something for everyone and for every mood."

This volume is a signal event in cinematic literature, simply because its author is the dean of model animators, the man most responsible (more so than even its originator, Willis O'Brien) for developing the technique, over a period of decades, into a serious craft -- if not quite an artform. Yet, like all Harryhausen projects, it leaves something to be desired -- in this case, very much so. Nevertheless, like all of his work, it is worth more than a passing glance, even though it might well have been done better by an aficionado.

Another, if minor, disappointment of the book is the limitation of its coverage. Animation films without any direct connection to Harryhausen, such as the 'fifties Lost Continent, or the films of Jim Danforth a decade and more later, have no existence in the purview of his book. This is not a major weakness, of course, because the work at hand is primarily intended as a record of Harryhausen's career. Still, the all-inclusive air of the title tends to be misleading.

For most sf fans, definitely a book to pick up if and when it is cheaply re-mastered; otherwise, recommended, at its present retail price, only for the rabid enthusiast, even though it be the only game in town.

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#### Limericks from Around the Beltway

by: Jim Goldfrank

To put the world into good order  
The ONE RING was borne past the border  
As Frodo did zoom  
Toward the Mountain of Doom  
The Dark Lord did shriek bloody Mordor.

People thought old Alhazred a loon  
His life ended terribly soon.  
His quest for dark knowledge  
Went far beyond college  
He was et by a demon at noon.

# **NON FICTION**



## Non-Fiction Book Reviews

SCIENCE: FROM SEA MONSTERS TO THE STARS

Reviewer: Richard Delap

In today's world science is no longer only a diversion for the great mass of humanity. Man's studies in science have given us a control that is the steadily thumping heart of society as we know it. Most of this control is very new, some of it only a few years old and already a vital force in man's relation to his world and to himself. Yet we are only on the threshold of wonders that can barely be grasped at present, and are always re-examining ageless mysteries that have baffled us throughout our relatively brief existence as a sentient race.

Today no one person has either the time or ability to soak up the tremendous mass of information available, and most of us depend on books written for the layman rather than the scientist to condense this information down to an assimilable form.

The following selection of titles is a broad-based glimpse into that fascinating spectrum of science, from the known to the unknown, from yesterday to tomorrow.

MARS AND THE MIND OF MAN; Harper & Row, New York; \$7.95, 143 pp.

The Mariner 9 mission to Mars is history now, but the results of that staggering accomplishment will be with us for the rest of our lives ... and beyond. It was a project that to date has been sadly underrated by the American public, and this book should do much to correct that blasé attitude.

The first half of the book is a lively panel discussion by five remarkable minds of our time: scientists Bruce Murray and Carl Sagan, science reporter Walter Sullivan, and writers Ray Bradbury and Arthur C. Clarke. Together their comments give us both a history and a consensus of mankind's attitude toward our neighbor planet. Long the object of imaginative literature and many mistaken theories, Mars has become an increasingly important stepping stone in our quest for knowledge. Mr. Murray seems to reflect the panel's general opinion when he elegantly and optimistically states: "That Mariner spacecraft up there is a cultural edifice dedicated by this country to an idea, to the idea of exploration, to learning about something we don't know ... I think space exploration is as important as music, as art, as literature ... It is one of the most important long-term endeavors of this generation, one upon which our grandchildren and great-grandchildren will look back and say, 'That was good.'"

In the book's concluding half the authors are given a chance to make second comments following the return of information from Mariner 9 as it orbited the Martian landscape. The news was both expected (there were no Martian cities radiating the glory of Edgar Rice Burroughs' ever-popular Barsoom) and unexpected (the planet's topography will keep scientists awed for years at its harsh grandeur and as-of-now inexplicable detail).

Perhaps most exciting of all is the series of nearly fifty, full-page photographs, dazzling in their clarity and in the promise of discovery that awaits the first footprint of man himself.

More than just a coffee-table item, this book is loaded to the hilt with both information and wonder, the taste of excitement that most of us can never know firsthand but can be grateful for experiencing vicariously through the pages of this dignified but delightful volume.

THE SEARCH FOR MORAG; Elizabeth Montgomery Campbell and David Solomon; Walker & Co., New York: \$6.95, 192 pp.

The public has long been titillated and pleasurably entertained by repeated sightings of strange aquatic beasts and "sea monsters." None has been as well reported as the Loch Ness Monster of Scotland, a newsworthy item since the early thirties, yet there have been continued sightings from "honest and reliable people," as Ms. Campbell remarks, ranging from Canada to Africa. Scotland, however, remains the center of both public and scientific interest, and though relatively quiet in the world scheme of things, this small northern nation has long retained the number one spot on the list of inexplicable curiosities with its stories of creatures in the lochs.

This book devotes a chapter to the history of the Loch Ness creature, but is concerned primarily with Loch Morar, in the western part of the Scottish Highlands, where sightings have also been made with remarkable regularity and where the clear waters give a scientific survey team much better conditions by which to watch and study.

Campbell details the reports which led to the formation of this survey, recounts the sometimes amusing but generally subdued history of this Catholic, isolated region, and gratifyingly states, in a levelheaded chapter entitled "The Problem of Credibility," that rejecting mysteries does not lead to solving them. David Solomon provides the 'pure' science involved in the study, from geology (the loch is 1,000 feet at its deepest point) to biology (it does indeed seem capable of supporting a population of large animals, if they exist).

Readers who demand sensationalistic answers on the basis of a few thin summaries are advised to look elsewhere, for Campbell is able to conclude only that "we are left at the end of our analysis very little wiser than we were at the beginning, and tantalised almost beyond endurance." Campbell and her associates have reached their first objective, "which was to find out whether a real mystery existed at all," and have uncovered evidence she believes warrants further intense investigation. Most readers, I think, will agree.

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WHISPERS FROM SPACE, John W. Macvey; Macmillan, New York; \$8.95, 250 pp.

Radio communication with other worlds in space is one of the current steps in applying known science to speculative ends, and it seems to be our only choice until the day when and if interstellar ships are developed. Once the province only of science fiction writers, today it has been taken over (as have so many sf concepts) by the practicing scientists who propose to leave no stone unturned or star unheard in the search for knowledge.

Macvey begins with a concise history of our discovery of the universe around us: the theories of Ptolemy, Copernicus, Galileo, and Kepler; the fictions of Cyrano de Bergerac, Jules Verne, and H. G. Wells; the creation of stars and planets; and the evolution of life as we know it.

All this information is compacted into a hundred or so pages, a rather lengthy introduction to the book's real subject of radioastronomy. It is somewhat flawed by Macvey's brief dismissals and once-over-lightly treatment of some subjects, such as otherworld lifeforms, and by an often amateurish writing style that scatters exclamation marks like salt on an icy sidewalk and subjects the poor reader to perfectly hideous sentences like this: "Perhaps an inexpressible desire for closer, more real contacts will materially speed the day when man will rend asunder the bonds of time and distance."

From this shaky beginning, Macvey gets down to the hard stuff of communication itself, with facts about radiotelescopes, how they work, and how messages are sent and received. He explores the nearby universe -- well, relatively near, from 4 to 16 light years -- and notes the stars which likely have planetary systems supporting life that could send us messages.

He also offers a brief history of the first really serious effort at radioastronomy, Project Ozma at Green Bank, West Virginia, and a rundown of probable and improbable alternate methods of communication. Scattered throughout is more of the author's muddled philosophy, speculations over possible alien visitations in the past (à la von Daniken), and a regrettable epilogue devoted to the message theory of Duncan Lunan, which was suspicious even before it was generally dismissed as obviously contrived and much too vague for serious consideration.

In all Macvey's book has a good supply of astronomical information. It's just that it is mixed with so much trivia and half-realizations that it simply doesn't meet the demand for good, clear information.



BILLION YEAR SPREE, THE TRUE HISTORY OF SCIENCE FICTION, Brian W. Aldiss

(Doubleday, 1973; \$7.95, 339 pp)

Reviewer: Michael T. Shoemaker

After two readings of this book, and after then procrastinating for over a month, I am at last, reluctantly, reviewing this book. My reluctance stems from the fact that the comments I have to make are not entirely favorable and my general reaction to the book is one of disappointment.

Whether the subtitle, "The True History of Science Fiction," is merely advertising hype, or whether Mr. Aldiss really believes 'By God! This is the true history,' it is nevertheless inaccurate and misleading. As someone recently noted, BILLION YEAR SPREE seems a lot less true than, say, the Moskowitz books, or J. O. Bailey's PILGRIMS THROUGH SPACE AND TIME. All of which is not to say that there is anything overtly false about the book. Frankly, I cannot find one nit to pick. The book is so painfully incomplete, however, as to seem false to those who know better, and to be misleading for the uninitiated. ('Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help your God?' It does not.)

The most worthwhile portion of the book is that which deals with SF up through the time of Wells (the first 155 pages). The scholarship is admirable and the wide range of important and interesting books discussed is staggering. This portion of the book is highly reminiscent of, and is almost the equal of, Bailey's aforementioned book. From this point on, though, the brevity with which Aldiss discusses his material is sorely felt. Although his discussion of Burroughs, in the chapter entitled "ERB and the Weirdies," is adequate, the rest of the chapter, which deals with Merritt, Lovecraft and others, reads like a Sunday supplement newspaper feature.

Similarly, in the next chapter, "Mainly the Thirties," short shrift is given to the pulp phenomenon, while the majority of the chapter is given over to commentary on Capek, Stapledon, Huxley, Kafka, and Lewis (whose trilogy is not really science fiction, but rather, Christian apologetics). While I recognize the importance of these men, and by no means feel that Aldiss is too longwinded in his discussion of them, I nevertheless feel that a lengthy analysis such as this should not be done at the expense of passing superficially over the early pulp phenomenon. To do so, as Aldiss has done, gives a false overall picture of the development of SF. An especially glaring gap is that there is hardly any mention of Weird Tales and the Munsey magazines. The chapter that follows, "The World of John W. Campbell's ASTOUNDING," hardly makes up for this lack, despite its retrospective look at E.E. Smith, John W. Campbell, and Jack Williamson. The rest of the chapter is a most peculiar and spotty coverage of the "Golden Age." Although he briefly touches upon Kuttner, Heinlein, Van Vogt, and a few others in passing, there is not a single mention of Leiber, de Camp, Slan, "Nerves," "First Contact," and many, many other recognized classics. The next chapter, "The Fifties and Onwards, and Upwards," does not suffer quite as badly from omission.

So far I have dealt with this book as objectively as is possible. My point is to emphasize that whatever one's subjective evaluation of Aldiss's critical position is, this book is not a complete success. Its failure is one of omission. Each of the chapters in the second half of the book could be, and should be, expanded into an entire volume.

On the totally subjective side, I wish to note two things. His definition of SF is not bad:

Science fiction is the search for a definition of man and his status in the universe which will stand in our advanced but confused state of knowledge (science), and is characteristically cast in the Gothic or post-Gothic mould.

The first clause, however, "Science fiction is the search for a definition of man and his status in the universe," seems far too exclusive, and no justification is given for it. Also, and this is merely a hypothesis, I believe many of the omissions during the thirties and forties are due to unfamiliarity on Aldiss's part. Aldiss has a professed lack of regard for many of the "Old Wave" classics, which he has called "unreadable" (see The Shape of Further Things). It is reasonable to presume then that he has not read them. This would explain the outrageous statement on page 217: "Three names stand out above the morass of the thirties." The three he refers to are E.E. Smith, Campbell and Williamson. What else can I presume, but ignorance, when an intelligent critic like Aldiss considers writers like Leinster, Harris and Hamilton to be part of the "morass of the thirties?"

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BILLION YEAR SPREE, THE TRUE HISTORY OF SCIENCE FICTION, Brian W. Aldiss

Reviewer: Richard Delap

Science Fiction? That "crazy Buck Rogers stuff"? No, it's silly. I don't understand it. I don't like it. I won't have it.

Such is the reaction when one attempts to point out the virtues of science fiction (or sf, for short) to those who prefer to stick with 'realistic' fiction. A single glance at many of the recent bestsellers -- the works of Jacqueline Susann, William Peter Blatty, and others whose talent is even more invisibly miniscule -- will show that, at its worst, science fiction is no less deplorable than the trash that sells in the millions of copies and does no more than uselessly strain the eyeballs. And at

its best, sf can entertain with a flair, exercise the public imagination (which has been developing an unsightly flab of late), and urge its readers to develop the most valuable commodity each possesses, the brain.

Like most fiction genres, sf is in the main supported by its devotees, those who read it voluminously and often to the exclusion of all else. As a genre, however, sf is not hidebound by rigid restrictions in form and content, as are, for example, mystery stories. Its limits are set only by the human imagination, and the reality of the ideas it toys with are, in all likelihood, beyond even that. All time and space, from the ends of the universe to the tiniest neuron quirk within the mind, are at sf's disposal.

For all practical purposes, sf is unlimited, and for the intelligent reader, a supply of it is very nearly indispensable.

Of all the genre fictions, sf most consistently achieves 'classic' status (Orwell's 1984, Huxley's Brave New World, Zamyatin's We) and several mainstream authors of recent vintage find its freedoms and appeal irresistible (Nabakov's Invitation to a Beheading is an especially fine example).

For many years relegated to the pulp magazines, hidden behind garish covers with slaving monsters advancing upon beautiful maidens in metal breastplates and/or diaphanous wisps of almost-clothing, sf was considered no more than adolescent daydreams and far below the standards of academic interest. Today the universities are struggling to make up for lost time. College courses in science fiction are enormously popular. Sf writers are in great demand as both teachers and lecturers. (In Kansas, veteran sf writer James Gunn teaches a course in science fiction at Kansas University.)

Books devoted to the study of sf, its history and its meaning, are becoming commonplace where once they were a rarity. Some have been mediocre efforts, and some, like Aldiss' BILLION YEAR SPREE, can be quite valuable, both to the confirmed sf reader and to the general reader who wants to learn what all this recent literary noise concerns.

For years specialists have been trying to write a definition of science fiction that will encompass the wide variety of speculations that fall under the sf classification, from the other-worldly adventures of Frank Herbert's Dune to the moral and philosophical complexities of writers like Samuel R. Delany and Philip K. Dick, to mention but three of the field's most popular writers.

Aldiss' contention is good:

"Science fiction is the search for a definition of man and his status in the universe which will stand in our advanced but confused state of knowledge (science), and is characteristically cast in the Gothic or post-Gothic mould."

Like many definitions before it, however, it is not conclusive. It seems to me that it is too specific and too broad at the same time, and without Aldiss' later explanations and modifications imparts a seriousness that undercuts the great variety of which sf is capable. Aldiss fortunately realizes this and adds: "Definitions, after all, are to assist, not overpower, thinking."

With the stated purpose of showing that "the basic impulse of science fiction is as much evolutionary as technological," Aldiss devotes his early chapters to

writers "in the literary line developing towards science fiction," of trips to the moon, utopias and dystopias, and so on, and concentrates momentarily on the important 17th and 18th century writings.

His chapter on Mary Shelley, which traces the origins of modern science fiction to the Gothic novels of the 19th century, and especially to Shelley's Frankenstein, explicitly traces the influence of time, place and milieu on Shelley herself and what prompted her to write a book which perhaps classifies as the first true science fiction novel: "In thus combining social criticism with new scientific ideas, while conveying a picture of her own day, Mary Shelley anticipates the methods of H. G. Wells when writing his scientific romances."

If science fiction did not actually begin with H. G. Wells as many believe -- and Aldiss closely follows its development from the works of Samuel Butler, Edward Bellamy, and other Victorian authors -- Aldiss concurs that "various themes of a science fiction nature ... to be drawn together exuberantly in Wells' work." While Wells' later novels were increasingly "lost in didacticism," Aldiss has no hesitation in labeling him "the Shakespeare of science fiction" who is quite deserving of his lasting fame, a statement which no one who has read those great early novels, The War of the Worlds and The Time Machine, will likely dismiss.

The developing years brought a definite division to the world of science fiction, on one side the analytical fiction of Wells, on the other the adventure or fantasy fiction of writers like Edgar Rice Burroughs -- "the thinking and dreaming poles," as Aldiss calls them, a division "institutionalized by the establishment of magazines that specialized in science fiction." During the thirties, however, there was also another breed of writer "who wrote for their fellows rather than for the magazines," an enduring group whose names strike familiar chords for any reader today, not just for the sf buff: Karel Capek, Aldous Huxley, C. S. Lewis, Franz Kafka, and Olaf Stapledon.

During this period and in spite of the superiority of a few novelists, the magazines were the bulwark of a genre groaning its way through growing pains. Aldiss grumpily dismisses Hugo Gernback -- long considered the 'Father of Science Fiction' by fans, and for whom the annual science fiction achievement awards, the "Hugos," are named -- as "just a midwife disguised as a Young pretender," and prefers to laud John W. Campbell, whose magazine, Astounding (now Analog), he calls the "first think-tank." While he is not unaware of the magazine's flaws -- "There were times when Astounding smelt so much of the research lab that it should have been printed on filter paper" -- Aldiss credits Campbell with creating a place that gave rise to some of sf's best authors: Robert A. Heinlein, Isaac Asimov, Henry Kuttner, and many, many more shapers of the field.

Moving through the last two decades Aldiss comes upon a territory widening so rapidly that he can do little more than examine specific authors he feels were particularly influential. Not everyone will agree with his selection, but where he comments his remarks are delightfully precise and cogent: Alfred Bester ("His statement was definitive"), Robert Sheckley ("Voltaire-and-soda"), James Blish ("most notable for the persistence with which he has moved into new areas for exploration"), Ray Bradbury ("the Hans Christian Anderson of the jet age"), and others too numerous to list.

The few quibbles I have about this book are less with Aldiss' personal opinions than with the techniques that occasionally slow the book to no apparent purpose. Most bothersome in this area are the long, sometimes tedious and overindulgent quotes from authors of little more than peripheral interest or influence. Also annoying is the repeated lack of distinction between short stories and novels, not much of a problem to those well-read in science fiction but probably confusing to those just dipping their toes into the sf waters. These are small, perhaps for the most part negligible complaints, but they suggest Aldiss was rushed or too tired to carry out a careful clarifying check on his completed work.

The virtues of this landmark book cannot be dimmed by a very few flaws, and the clarity of its view of a "billion year spree" will enlighten and delight the novice as well as the seasoned fan. The goal has been achieved, the author's effort vindicated, and the reader rewarded: it is a result that should make everyone happy.

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BILLION YEAR SPREE, Brian W. Aldiss

Reviewer: Warren Johnson

With this book, Brian Aldiss contributes to the ever-growing literature on the history of sf. It is a worthwhile contribution.

This book attempts to be definitive -- the wealth of footnotes alone show this. But in the text itself I do have a few gripes. For instance, if he was really trying to have a balanced history, he should not have devoted half of the book to early sf -- Wells, Verne, etc. He spends an entire chapter on Campbell, but fails to mention a great many other sf sources, such as Star Science Fiction, the most famous sf paperback series of all time, as well as Orbit. Doc Savage is mentioned exactly once (I'm using the index for these.). And so it is not a complete book.

Aldiss says that sf does not begin with Lucian of Samosata, but rather with Frankenstein, and attempts to prove this by saying that Lucian was just pure fantasy, while Frankenstein is truly science fiction. This is kind of hard for me to swallow, considering the fact that Aldiss has gone on record several times as stating that "Science Fiction does not exist." How he manages to actually prove in his own mind that one thing is sf and another is not when there is no such thing puzzles me.

He also, in passing, exposes his own political philosophy in pointing out that H.G. Wells and other famous sf authors were socialists, and he criticizes Heinlein for his ideals: "He (Heinlein) is very much a pulp writer made good, sometimes with his strong power drive half-rationalized into a right-wing political philosophy..." But he does not, however, spend too much time on the subject.

He does spend time on analyzing Stapledon, and the like (in fact, Stapledon is mentioned on 14 different pages, and some times the whole page is taken up by an analysis of his works.)

The index, above mentioned, is in the end very valuable for locating specific information; and there is also a bibliography of critical books on the field, a list I have not seen anywhere else before.

In summary, this book is not as definitive as one may like it to be, but it does a good job of covering the material that it does treat. Recommended.

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THE GOLD OF THE GODS, by Erich von Daniken  
(Putnam, New York, 1973, \$6.95, 210 pp.)

Reviewer: Richard Delap

In his debut book, Chariots of the Gods?, von Daniken astounded the general public with his loud, brash speculations about prehistoric visits to Earth by other-worldly astronauts. His theories were fanciful, often engaging or amusing, but more often welded together with imaginative wish-fantasies than with logical deduction. To excite his

readers, he would repeatedly blast off into science-fictional minidramas concocted of ideas that the world of fiction would reject as rheumy-eyed and unimaginative.

Von Daniken kept telling his audience that his true purpose was to spur them into re-examining history and reassessing our collected mass of knowledge, with an eye to finding explanations for the gaps and suppositions that historians have shoveled down our all-too-willing throats.

With this in mind we must conclude that the man has surely succeeded in bringing the general public into areas of thought that only a few years ago were considered too outrageous for serious appraisal. Both Chariots of the Gods? and its less organized sequel of scraps and pieces, Gods from Outer Space, sold millions of copies and became a leading topic for coffeetable discussions.

With his third book, The Gold of the Gods, von Daniken drops a bombshell with the first chapter:

"A gigantic system of tunnels, thousands of miles in length and built by unknown constructors at some unknown date, lies hidden deep below the South American continent ... in Ecuador and Peru."

The author discusses some of the treasures hidden within these tunnels, remarkable quantities of gold ornaments and as yet undeciphered inscriptions on metal plaques and leaves, a veritable prehistoric library. The reader who is willing to take the author at his word as to the actual existence of this treasure -- and there are some startling photographs to support his claim -- must surely begin to wonder if this may become the most important archaeological find of the century, perhaps of all time.

Newsweek magazine reports that the caves' discoverer, Juan Moricz, denies von Daniken has ever actually been inside them. Yet for one who is supposedly exaggerating the truth, von Daniken seems quite eager to get scientists on the scene to interpret these new discoveries and verify or deny his claim.

Whether this bombshell proves to be a holocaust or a dud, it is certainly bound to keep the author's name in the public eye for at least another year or so, likely hovering near the top of the bestseller list.

The rest of the book is much like the preceding ones, photographs and sketches interspersed with theories that tie them all to a common base, astronauts from another world who became "gods" to the Earth's primitive peoples, who themselves were possibly a product of the gods' biological engineering. As vague as much of this material is, it does manage to prompt the reader to thoughts of wonder; somewhere in the mists of time are events and civilizations all but lost to modern man.

Unfortunately, too many of von Daniken's speculations about the technology of the spacemen correspond to technical achievements that are counterparted (or at least considered) in today's technology. They lack true imagination but are consistent with his tagalong theories of inter-galactic warfare, planet smashing, and other feats of super-technology that carry a smell of comic book plots with titles like "Starway Hot Rods."

Of course, too much imagination and his ideas would be discounted even by the general public as 'crackpot,' so he is very careful to assert, again and again, that his concepts are merely ideas to focus attention on historical perspectives and inconsistencies too long ignored or swept under the rug, out of the way of the easy and accepted 'scientific' conclusions.

The author seems to fear subtlety and socks it to his readers with some of the silliest strongarm melodrama since DeMille invented the movie bubble bath. It takes a lot of gall for an author to depict Moses winning a Biblical battle with rayguns in each hand, just as it takes a reader with a very open mind, or a very nearly empty one, to accept such fantasising as any more than childish prattle.

Von Daniken is never able to disguise his almost total lack of knowledge about science -- in his second book, for instance, he seems to think that a spaceship will burn up if it hurtles away into the depths of space; and in the present book he recounts a modern theory regarding the asteroid belt between Mars and Jupiter and unequivocally states that astronomers have held this concept "from time immemorial" -- yet nevertheless makes his theories seem plausible from a philosophical point of view.

While I often deplore his methods and cringe at the bloody awful style of his books, which are written with all the grace and finesse of a gradeschool dropout, he perhaps is to be appreciated for an energetic enthusiasm and simplicity that takes great philosophical complexities and shakes them down to blunt paragraphs that the most conservative, prejudiced, and/or simpleminded reader must be able to understand -- such as his delightfully gross concept of God (or, as von Daniken says, IT) as a giant computer and all the parts of the universe the component "bits":

"I cannot avoid this question of the IT, or God, in more inflated language, nor do I want to, because I am convinced that religions with their countless gods hinder progress. How often have religions and sects, each of them vowed to one god, been the cause of wars, misery and abominations! And if their insight does not improve, they will be a contributing cause of the end of human existence."

In the end I must admit I admire the author for his conviction that the universe is awesome and wonderful, and for his determination to take the narrowminded public consciousness and turn it towards an objective that gives humanity a collective goal worthy of the effort to harness and direct individual goals.

The method may be madness, but then, many of our greatest thinkers were considered a bit mad by their fellows. A little madness livens up a dreary day.

Who knows, it may even lead us to discoveries that are far beyond the fantasies of one man who sees the future as a glorious vision, the key to which lies scattered over the face of the Earth awaiting the day when it will be reconstructed and placed into the keyhold of the door to the future.

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HANNES BOK MEMORIAL SHOWCASE OF FANTASY ART - SISU Publishers (P.O. Box 14126, San Francisco, California 94114) - compiled and edited by Emil Petaja - paper covers - 8 1/2 x 11, 172 pages - \$10, plus 50¢ postage.

Reviewer: Jim Goldfrank

My only credential as an art critic is that I have seen a lot of it, and "know what I like." Since taste in art is very subjective, and I have very mixed feelings about SHOWCASE OF FANTASY ART (SOFA), take a grain of salt and read on.

SOFA suffers from selection of material and method of presentation. Yet it contains such gems, that an art lover will treasure it for its virtues, and ignore its faults.

SOFA has several reasons for being. It provides a history of fantasy art in words and pictures. It renders deserved homage to Hannes Bok. It introduces us to emerging talent, and promises to forward requests for commissions to the artists.

The book divides roughly into the following sections (Note: all illos are in black-and-white except for the color section and the back cover):

1. Preface by Ray Bradbury.
2. About Hannes Bok: a nine-page article by Petaja including a letter from Forrest Ackerman. Biographical material about Bok is always interesting.
3. Five Bok illos.
4. They Pictured the Wonders: 18-page article about the history of fantastic art by Petaja, interspersed with pulp covers and photos.
5. More covers.
6. Short note by Petaja on the art of Clark Ashton Smith with 3 illos.
7. Good 3-page article by Gerry de la Ree.
8. Color section.
9. Pages 94-167 are devoted to biographical and autobiographical sketches of new artists, plus examples of their works. A great many of these are from the Philippines, where sword and sorcery comics or graphic novels seem to flourish.
10. A nostalgia section including the back cover by Bok.

SOFA has no index of illustrations, and no numbers on the illustration pages. Most of the pulp covers are eminently forgettable. Section 4 above recounts some interesting anecdotes, but is largely a recitation of names and dates. Sometimes the artists and subject matter of the non-pulp illos are clear. Sometimes you guess. Some of the older artists receive mention, but little of their work is shown. One cover apiece from Lawrence and Margaret Brundage, and I've seen better from both. One of the greatest fantasy artists ever, Ed Cartier, is represented only by one picture, but a masterpiece. There are no works by Lee Brown Coye, Vaughan Bodé, Frank Frazetta, or Roy Krenkel. Now if Petaja had substituted some of their work for the pulp covers ... I would be much happier.

I'd like to remedy the lack of an illo index by providing an index to my personal favorites. The following list is by page number, counting from the last page with a number on it. My titles, except for those in quotes.

18. Bok - girl spinning.
20. Bok - Arabian Nights City.
21. Bok - "She's Lovely, She's Engaged, She Uses Soap." Bok at his whimsical best.
58. Cartier - "A Gift from Mars." The head of this jack-in-the-box is a reptile with big fangs, and hungry looking. The poor little chap who received the gift is cringing.
74. Two sketches by?.

#### COLOR SECTION

81. Alicia Austin - Oriental Warrior Maiden vs. Dragon, in pastels. Absolutely breathtaking.
83. George Barr - "How Do I Love You?" featuring a frog prince.
85. Probably Barr - magnificent Aztec scene.
89. Gaughan - Grey Mouser?
91. Tim Kirk - "Tostada in Fugue", a weird creature at a colorful pipe organ.

In the rest of this index, (P) represents Philippines. Yours truly was completely ignorant of the fine work being done there. I hope we will see more of it.

#### NEW AND CONTEMPORARY ARTIST SECTION

- 95. Alfredo Alcalá - (P) Aesir Warrior vs. Ape Men.
- 98-99. Delightful Barr bookplates.
- 103. Francisco Coching - (P) Hero vs. Equinoid.
- 105. Gregg Davidson - space pussycat with blaster; style is somewhere between Tim Kirk and Dr. Seuss.
- 106. Probably Davidson - Alice, the Mock Turtle, and the Gryphon, all with beautifully expressive faces.
- 114 - 117. A Kelly Freas Section. These are good, but far from his best. Since Kelly's finest work is in color, he should have been represented in the color section.
- 124. John Haworth - child artist imagining creatures, or is it vice versa?
- 128. Edna Jundis - (P) Cherub with roses. Precious.
- 130. Tim Kirk - this could only be Lovecraft's "Strange High House in the Mist."
- 131. Kirk - A Mountie and his dogs are examining an enormous footprint. That which made the footprint is innocently kibitzing them.
- 133. Steve Leialoha - (P?) space scene with nudes. The technique shows a potential Kelly Freas.
- 138. Robert MacIntyre - Lovecraftian Creature.
- 144. ? - Hero vs. lizard.
- 150. Nestor Redondo - (P) Viking hero vs. centaur. Maiden sidesaddle on centaur seems to prefer the centaur.
- 151. Redondo - Tarzan cries his triumph over the body of Simba. Redondo represents heroic art at its best.
- 153. Jesse F. Santos - (P) the hero and the background give me the impression of Akers' DAW books "Scorpio" series, with Dray Prescott against a Kregish background.
- 154. Santos - Excellent study of character and physique that might be Conan. Beautiful musculature. Monkey on shoulder.
- 160 - 161. Josepha Sherman - "Night Wood" and "Hall". Very stylized but good.
- 165. Joe Wehrle - skeletons with sledgehammers.
- 167. Joe West - Lovecraftian creature discovered in a well.
- Bok cover - Color print of beaked reptilian and rider.

SOFA reminds the reviewer of Voltaire's story of the statue with feet of clay, legs of copper, body of silver, and head of gold. It is at once imperfect and precious. This is a matter of your taste and your pocketbook. Better look at a copy before you buy.

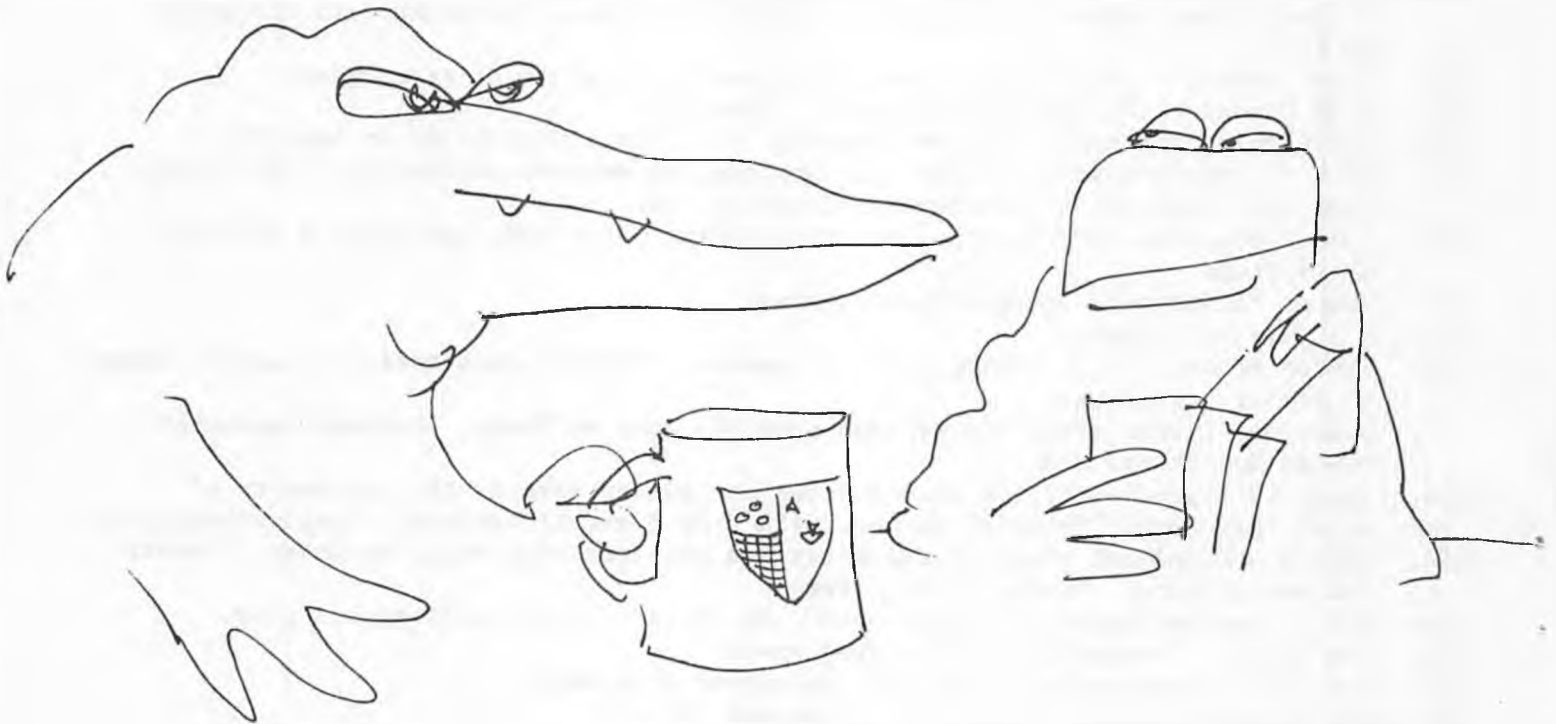
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#### Quotes from the Bar:

"The LAST MAN IN KANSAS CITY was lonesome, and tired of beef." -- Don James

"Two wrongs never make a right, but three always do." -- Anonymous

# DISCLAVE 74



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# ***BEST & RUNNERS - UP***

**SF/ FANTASY MAGAZINE STORIES:**

***1968 - 1972***

selected by

Richard Delap

(a note on the 1968-1972 magazine bests)

It should be pointed out that my selections of each year's best and runner-up stories have undergone a noticeable pruning over this five year period. In 1968 I listed 38 runners-up, trimming it down each year to its present size of 18. I'm not really sure that this means there are less good stories being published now as much as it denotes a more selective procedure on my part. I suppose I could go back and re-read all the selections and trim the list down to size, but a random sample reading shows most of them to be still quite good works. There are some stories I know I wouldn't include today, but it would hardly be honest to use my present perspective to adjust my thoughts of half a decade ago.

For those who don't collect magazines, I've included anthology publication on as many stories as I could track down. This listing is probably not complete (and I would appreciate knowing about any publication I may have missed from bibliophile readers who spot them). The anthologies are listed here for the express purpose of giving interested readers a chance to find some good stories they may have missed. I hope some will take advantage of it.

selected by Richard Delap.

Aandahl, Vance:

"An Adventure In the Yolla Bolly Middle Eel Wilderness"

[Fantasy and Science Fiction, August, 1969 Best]

[anthology: The Best from Fantasy and Science Fiction, 19th Series,  
edited by Edward L. Ferman, Doubleday, 1971]

Aickman, Robert:

"Bind Your Hair" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, November, 1971 Runner-up]

"Ringing the Changes" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, May, 1971 Best]

Aldiss, Brian W.:

"Total Environment" [Galaxy, February, 1968 Runner-up]

[anthology: World's Best Science Fiction: 1969, edited by Donald A.  
Wollheim and Terry Carr, Ace, 1969]

[anthology: Alpha Three, edited by Robert Silverberg, Ballantine, 1972]

Allen, R. E.:

"Mirror, Mirror, On the Wall" [Analog, March, 1969 Best]

Asimov, Isaac:

"Feminine Intuition" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, October, 1969 Best]

[anthology: Twenty Years of the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction,  
edited by Edward L. Ferman and Robert P. Mills, Putnam, 1970]

Ballard, J. G.:

"The Comsat Angels" [If, December, 1968 Runner-up]

Barr, Stephen:

"Miss Van Winkle" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, December, 1968 Runner-up]

Barrett, Jr., Neal:

"Greyspun's Gift" [Worlds of Tomorrow No. 25, 1970 Runner-up]

[anthology: World's Best Science Fiction: 1971, edited by Donald A.  
Wollheim and Terry Carr, Ace, 1971]

Bates, Russell L.:

"Get With the Program" [Amazing, March, 1972 Runner-up]

Benford, Greg:

"In the Ocean of Night" [If, May-June, 1972 Best]

Bester, Alfred:

"The Animal Farm" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, October, 1972 Runner-up]

Bishop, Michael

"Darktree, Darktide" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, April, 1971 Runner-up]

"If a Flower Could Eclipse" [Worlds of Fantasy No. 3, 1970 Best]

Blish, James:

"The City That Was the World" [Galaxy, July, 1969 Runner-up]

"Darkside Crossing" [Galaxy, December, 1970 Runner-up]

[anthology: The Best from Galaxy, Volume 1, edited by Editors of Galaxy  
Magazine, Award, 1972]

"Now That Man Is Gone" [If, November, 1968 Runner-up]

Bongianni, Wayne

"A New and Happy Woman" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, July, 1972 Runner-up]

Bova, Ben [with Harlan Ellison]:

"Brillo" [Analog, August, 1970 Best]

[collection: Partners In Wonder, Walker, 1971]

Brunner, John:

"Easy Way Out" [If, May-June, 1971 Runner-up]

[anthology: Best Science Fiction For 1972, edited by Frederik Pohl, Ace, 1972]

"Factsheet Six" [Galaxy, July, 1968 Best]

[collection: From This Day Forward, Doubleday, 1972]

Carr, Terry

"In Man's Image" [Amazing, November, 1971 Runner-up]

Chapdelaine, Sr., Perry A.:

"We Fused Ones" [If, July, 1968 Runner-up]

Chapman, Steve:

"Testing...One, Two, Three, Four" [Analog, December, 1969 Best]

[anthology: Analog 8, edited by John W. Campbell, Doubleday, 1971]

Cleeve, Brian:

"The Devil and Jake O'Hara" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, August, 1968 Best]

"The Devil In Exile" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, November, 1968 Best]

Coney, Michael G.:

"Esmeralda" [Galaxy, Jan.-Feb., 1972 Runner-up]

Davidson, Avram:

"Selectra Six-Ten" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, October, 1970 Best]

[anthology: The Best from Fantasy and Science Fiction, 19th Series,  
edited by Edward L. Ferman, Doubleday, 1971]

"Zon" [If, May-June, 1970 Runner-up]

Davis, Hank:

"Squatter's Rights" [If, March, 1968 Best]

Delany, Samuel R.:

"House A-Fire" [Amazing, July, 1968 Best]

[incorporated into novel: Nova, Doubleday, 1968]

"Lines of Power" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, May, 1968 Runner-up]

[collection: Driftglass (under the title: "We, In Some Strange Power's  
Employ, Move on a Rigorous Line"), Signet, 1971]

Disch, Thomas M.:

"The Beginning of April or the End of March" [Fantasy and Science Fiction,  
February, 1971 Runner-up]

Eisenstein, Phyllis:

"Born to Exile" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, August, 1971 Runner-up]

Eklund, Gordon:

"Dear Aunt Annie" [Fantastic, April, 1970 Best]

[anthology: World's Best Science Fiction: 1971, edited by Donald A.  
Wollheim and Terry Carr, Ace, 1971]

Ellison, Harlan:

"Brillo" [with Ben Bova] [Analog, August, 1970 Best]

[collection: Partners In Wonder, Walker, 1971]

"Corpse" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, January, 1972 Best]

Farmer, Philip Jose:

"Down In the Black Gang" [If, March, 1969 Runner-up]

[collection: Down In the Black Gang and Other Stories, Signet, 1971]

"Seventy Years of Decpop" [Galaxy, July-Aug., 1972 Best]

Fast, Howard:

"The Mouse" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, November, 1969 Runner-up]

[collection: The General Zapped an Angel, William Morrow & Co., 1970]

Filer, Burt K.:

"Bailey's Ark" [Galaxy, July, 1968 Runner-up]

Fisher, Sandy:

"The Langley Circuit" [Galaxy, May-June, 1972 Runner-up]

Foray, Verge:

"Practice!" [Analog, March, 1968 Runner-up]

Friedberg, Gertrude:

"For Whom the Girl Waits" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, May, 1972 Best]

Fritch, Charles E.:

"If At First You Don't Succeed, To Hell With It!" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, August, 1972 Runner-up]

Gold, H. L. & E. J.:

"The Villains from Vega IV" [Galaxy, October, 1968 Runner-up]

Gotlieb, Phyllis:

"The Dirty Old Men of Maxsec" [Galaxy, November, 1969 Runner-up]

"Son of the Morning" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, June, 1972 Runner-up]

Green, Joseph:

"A Custom of the Children of Life" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, December, 1972 Runner-up]

Grow, Julian F.:

"The Starman of Pritchard's Creek" [If, December, 1968 Runner-up]

Gunn, James E.:

"The Listeners" [Galaxy, September, 1968 Best]

[incorporated into novel: The Listeners, Scribners, 1972]

"The Message" [Galaxy, May, 1971 Best]

[incorporated into novel: The Listeners, Scribners, 1972]

"Teddy Bear" [Worlds of Fantasy No. 2, 1970 Best]

[collection: Breaking Point, Walker, 1972]

Haldeman, Joe W.:

"To Fit the Crime" [Galaxy, April, 1971 Runner-up]

Hallus, Tak:

"Minitalent" [Analog, March, 1969 Runner-up]

Harding, Lee:

"Fallen Spaceman" [If, May-June, 1971 Best]

"Spaceman" [If, April, 1970 Runner-up]

Harris, Joseph:

"The Transmogrification of Ridgely P. Winters" [Coven 13, November, 1969 Best]

Harrison, Harry:

"Waiting Place" [Galaxy, June, 1968 Runner-up]

[collection: One Step from Earth, Macmillan, 1970]

Harrison, Michael:

"Pull Devil, Pull Baker!" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, June, 1969 Runner-up]

Henderson, Zenna:

"Through a Glass—Darkly" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, October, 1970 Best]

[anthology: New Worlds Of Fantasy # 3, edited by Terry Carr, Ace, 1971]

[collection: Holding Wonder, Doubleday, 1971]

Hollis, H. H.:

"Too Many People" [Galaxy, January, 1971 Best]

[anthology: Best Science Fiction For 1972, edited by Frederik Pohl, Ace, 1972]

Howard, Hayden:

"Kendy's World" [Galaxy, February, 1969 Runner-up]

Jacobs, Harvey:

"The Egg of the Glak" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, March, 1968 Runner-up]

[anthology: The Best from Fantasy and Science Fiction, 18th Series, edited by Edward L. Ferman, Doubleday, 1969]

Jacobs, Sylvia:

"Slave to Man" [Galaxy, April, 1969 Runner-up]

Jennings, Gary:

"After All the Dreaming Ends" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, February, 1969 Runner-up]

"How We Pass the Time In Hell" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, November, 1971 Runner-up]

"Tom Cat" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, July, 1970 Runner-up]

Jesby, Ed:

"Ogre!" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, September, 1968 Runner-up]  
[anthology: The Best from Fantasy and Science Fiction, 18th Series,  
edited by Edward L. Ferman, Doubleday, 1969]

Juhl, Jerry:

"The Edward Salant Letters" [If, April, 1968 Runner-up]

Kearny, Gene:

"A Sweet Little Pool of Low-Cost Labor" [Fantasy and Science Fiction,  
September, 1972 Best]

Keller, B. L.:

"Birdlime" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, March, 1971 Best]

"Out of Sight" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, September, 1971 Best]

Kirsch, Mike:

"The Perfect Secretary" [If, November, 1968 Runner-up]

Koontz, Dean R.:

"Shambolain" [If, Nov.-Dec., 1970 Runner-up]

"The Twelfth Bed" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, August, 1968 Runner-up]

Kornbluth, C. M. [with Frederik Pohl]:

"The Meeting" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, November, 1972 Runner-up]

Kotker, Zane:

"After They Took the Panama Canal" [Galaxy, February, 1970 Runner-up]

Kraus, Harold:

"A New Life" [Galaxy, Oct.-Nov., 1970 Runner-up]

Lafferty, R. A.:

"Been a Long, Long Time" [Fantastic, December, 1970 Runner-up]

"Boomer Flats" [If, July-Aug., 1971 Runner-up]

"Bubbles When They Burst" [Galaxy, Nov.-Dec., 1971 Runner-up]

"Ride a Tin Can" [If, April, 1970 Runner-up]

[collection: Strange Doings, Scribners, 1972]

"This Grand Carcass" [Amazing, November, 1968 Runner-up]

[anthology: World's Best Science Fiction: 1969, edited by Donald A.  
Wollheim and Terry Carr, Ace, 1969]

Lanier, Sterling:

"Deathchild" [If, October, 1968 Runner-up]

Lee, William M.:

"The Light Bearer" [If, April, 1969 Runner-up]

"Sea Home" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, June, 1968 Runner-up]

[anthology: The Best from Fantasy and Science Fiction, 18th Series,  
edited by Edward L. Ferman, Doubleday, 1969]

Leiber, Fritz:

"Crazy Annaoj" [Galaxy, February, 1968 Runner-up]

"Endfray of the Ofay" [If, March, 1969 Runner-up]

"Ship of Shadows" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, July, 1969 Runner-up]

[anthology: World's Best Science Fiction: 1970, edited by Donald A.  
Wollheim and Terry Carr, Ace, 1970]

"The Snow Women" [Fantastic, April, 1970 Best]

[collection: Swords and Deviltry, Ace, 1970]

"The Two Best Thieves In Lankhmar" [Fantastic, August, 1968 Runner-up]

[incorporated into novel: Swords Against Wizardry, Ace, 1968]

"When They Openly Walk" [Galaxy, August, 1969 Runner-up]

Lutz, John:

"Booth 13" [Galaxy, June, 1968 Runner-up]

Macfarlane, W.:

"Changing Woman" [Galaxy, Sept.-Oct., 1972 Runner-up]

"One-Generation New World" [If, March-April, 1971 Runner-up]

MacLean, Katherine:

"Fear Hound" [Analog, May, 1968 Runner-up]

[anthology: World's Best Science Fiction: 1969, edited by Donald A. Wollheim and Terry Carr, Ace, 1969]

"The Missing Man" [Analog, March, 1971 Runner-up]

[anthology: Nebula Award Stories Seven, edited by Lloyd Biggle, Jr., Harper and Row, 1973]

MacLeod, Ann:

"Settle" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, June, 1968 Runner-up]

Malzberg, Barry N.:

"As Between Generations" [Fantastic, October, 1970 Runner-up]

[collection: In the Pocket and Other S-F Stories (by "K. M. O'Donnell"), Ace, 1971]

"Notes Just Prior to the Fall" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, October, 1970 Best]

[incorporated into novel: Overlay, Lancer, 1972]

[anthology: The Best from Fantasy and Science Fiction, 19th Series, edited by Edward L. Ferman, Doubleday, 1971]

[collection: In the Pocket and Other S-F Stories (by "K. M. O'Donnell"), Ace, 1971]

McAllister, Bruce:

"Ecce Femina!" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, February, 1972 Best]

"Mother of Pearl" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, June, 1970 Runner-up]

"Triangle" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, December, 1972 Runner-up]

McKenna, Richard:

"They Are Not Robbed" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, January, 1968 Runner-up]

Meadows, Patrick:

"Supernovas and Chrysanthemums" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, December, 1971 Best]

Melton, D. M.:

"Centopath" [If, May, 1968 Runner-up]

Moore, Raylyn:

"A Different Drummer" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, February, 1971 Best]

"If Something Begins" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, May, 1971 Best]

"Lobster Trick" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, December, 1972 Best]

Niven, Larry:

"Get a Horse!" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, October, 1969 Runner-up]

[anthology: The Best from Fantasy and Science Fiction, 19th Series, edited by Edward L. Ferman, Doubleday, 1971]

"Not Long Before the End" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, April, 1969 Runner-up]

[anthology: Nebula Award Stories Five, edited by James Blish, Doubleday, 1970]  
[collection: All the Myriad Ways, Ballantine, 1971]

"The Organleggers" [Galaxy, January, 1969 Runner-up]

[anthology: World's Best Science Fiction: 1970 (under the title: Death by Ecstasy), edited by Donald A. Wollheim and Terry Carr, Ace, 1970]

[collection: The Shape of Space (under the title: Death by Ecstasy) Ballantine, 1969]

Norden, Eric:

"The Final Quarry" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, May, 1970 Runner-up]

O'Donnell, K. M. [Barry N. Malzberg]:

"How I Take Their Measure" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, January, 1969 Best]  
[collection: Final War and Other Fantasies, Ace, 1969]

O'Neil, Dennis:

"Mister Cherubim" [Fantastic, June, 1972 Runner-up]

Pohl, Frederik:

"Call Me Million" [Worlds of Fantasy No. 2, 1970 Runner-up]

[collection: The Gold At the Starbow's End, Ballantine, 1972]

"The Meeting" [with C. M. Kornbluth] [Fantasy and Science Fiction,  
November, 1972 Runner-up]

"The Merchants of Venus" [If, July-Aug., 1972 Best]

[collection: The Gold At the Starbow's End, Ballantine, 1972]

"Shaffery Among the Immortals" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, July, 1972 Runner-up]

[collection: The Gold At the Starbow's End, Ballantine, 1972]

Powers, William T.:

"Readout Time" [Galaxy, Oct.-Nov., 1970 Runner-up]

Purdy, Ken W.:

"In the Matter of the Assassin Merefirs" [Analog, November, 1972 Runner-up]

Redd, David:

"A Quiet Kind of Madness" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, May, 1968 Best]

[anthology: New Worlds of Fantasy # 2, edited by Terry Carr, Ace, 1970]

"Sunbeam Caress" [If, March, 1968 Best]

Rocklynne, Ross:

"Touch of the Moon" [Galaxy, April, 1968 Runner-up]

Rogoff, David J.:

"Lot 22A" [Galaxy, January, 1971 Runner-up]

Runyon, Charles W.:

"Soulmate" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, April, 1970 Best]

Saberhagen, Fred:

"Young Girl At an Open Half-Door" [Fantasy and Science Fiction,  
November, 1968 Runner-up]

[anthology: Themes In Science Fiction, edited by Leo P. Kelley, McGraw-Hill, 1972]

Saxton, Josephine:

"The Consciousness Machine" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, June, 1968 Runner-up]

[incorporated into novel: The Hieros Gamos of Sam and An Smith, Doubleday, 1969]

"Dormant Soul" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, February, 1969 Runner-up]

"Living Wild" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, October, 1971 Runner-up]

Schaefer, Robin:

"The Brain Surgeon" [Fantastic, April, 1969 Runner-up]

Scortia, Thomas N.:

"Woman's Rib" [Galaxy, July-Aug., 1972 Best]

Searles, Baird:

"The Willis" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, May, 1968 Runner-up]

Shaw, Bob:

"The Happiest Day of Your Life" [Analog, October, 1970 Runner-up]

Shore, Wilma:

"Is It the End of the World?" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, March, 1972 Runner-up]

Silverberg, Robert:

- "Nightwings" [Galaxy, September, 1968 Runner-up]
  - [incorporated into novel: Nightwings, Walker, 1970]
  - [anthology: The Eleventh Galaxy Reader, edited by Frederik Pohl, Doubleday, 1969]
  - [anthology: The Hugo Winners, Vol. 2, edited by Isaac Asimov, Doubleday, 1971]
  - [collection: Moonferns and Starsongs, Ballantine, 1971]
- "Sundance" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, June, 1969 Best]
  - [anthology: The Best from Fantasy and Science Fiction, 19th Series, edited by Edward L. Ferman, Doubleday, 1971]
  - [anthology: On Our Way to the Future, edited by Terry Carr, Ace, 1970]
  - [anthology: A Spectrum of Worlds, edited by Thomas D. Clareson, Doubleday, 1972]
  - [collection: The Cube Root of Uncertainty, Macmillan, 1970]
- "To Jorslem" [Galaxy, February, 1969 Runner-up]
  - [incorporated into novel: Nightwings, Walker, 1970]

Siodmak, Curt:

- "Variation of a Theme" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, June, 1972 Runner-up]

Sladek, John:

- "A Report On the Migration of Educational Materials" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, December, 1968 Runner-up]
- "The Sublimation World by J. G. B\*\*\*\*\*" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, July, 1968 Runner-up]

Smith, Evelyn E.:

- "Calliope and Gherkin and the Yankee Doodle Thing" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, March, 1969 Best]
  - [anthology: The Best from Fantasy and Science Fiction, 19th Series, edited by Edward L. Ferman, Doubleday, 1971]

Sturgeon, Theodore:

- "The Man Who Learned Loving" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, October, 1969 Best]
  - [anthology: The Best from Fantasy and Science Fiction, 19th Series, edited by Edward L. Ferman, Doubleday, 1971]
  - [anthology: Nebula Award Stories Five, edited by James Blish, Doubleday, 1970]

Tate, Peter:

- "The Day the Wind Died" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, March, 1969 Best]

Taves, Ernest:

- "Mayflower One" [Galaxy, Nov.-Dec., 1972 Runner-up]

Taylor, Robert:

- "Idiot's Mate" [Amazing, September, 1968 Runner-up]

Thomas, Gilbert:

- "Come Up and See Me Some Time" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, November, 1969 Runner-up]

Thomas, John:

- "Publish and Perish" [If, June, 1968 Runner-up]

Thurston, Robert:

- "Carolyn's Laughter" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, January, 1972 Best]

Tiptree, Jr., James:

- "Beam Us Home" [Galaxy, April, 1969 Runner-up]
- "Pupa Knows Best" [If, October, 1968 Runner-up]

Tushnet, Leonard:

"Aunt Jennie's Tonic" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, December, 1971 Runner-up]  
[anthology: The 1972 Annual World's Best SF, edited by Donald A. Wollheim, Daw, 1972]

Van Scyoc, Sydney:

"A Visit to Cleveland General" [Galaxy, October, 1968 Best]  
[anthology: World's Best Science Fiction: 1969, edited by Donald A. Wollheim and Terry Carr, Ace, 1969]

Wellen, Edward:

"Hijack" [Venture, May, 1970 Runner-up]  
[incorporated into novel: Hijack, Beagle, 1971]

Wilhelm, Kate:

"Stranger In the House" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, February, 1968 Runner-up]  
[collection: Abyss, Doubleday, 1971]

Williamson, Jack:

"Jamboree" [Galaxy, December, 1969 Runner-up]  
[collection: People Machines, Ace, 1971]

Wilson, Richard:

"A Man Spekith" [Galaxy, May, 1969 Runner-up]  
[anthology: World's Best Science Fiction: 1970, edited by Donald A. Wollheim and Terry Carr, Ace, 1970]

Wilson, Robin Scott:

"For a While There, Herbert Marcuse, I Thought You Were Maybe Right About Alienation and Eros" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, July, 1972 Runner-up]  
"Gone Fishin'" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, October, 1970 Runner-up]  
[anthology: The Best from Fantasy and Science Fiction, 19th Series, edited by Edward L. Ferman, Doubleday, 1971]  
[anthology: Best SF: 1970, edited by Harry Harrison & Brian W. Aldiss, Putnam, 1971]

Wodhams, Jack:

"Top Billing" [Analog, September, 1970 Runner-up]  
"Try Again" [Amazing, September, 1968 Runner-up]

Wolfe, Gene:

"Slaves of Silver" [If, March-April, 1971 Runner-up]  
"Sweet Forest Maid" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, July, 1971 Runner-up]

Wyal, Pg:

"Border Town" [Amazing, July, 1971 Runner-up]  
"The Castle On the Crag" [Fantastic, February, 1969 Runner-up]  
[anthology: Best SF: 1969, edited by Harry Harrison & Brian W. Aldiss, Putnam, 1970]  
"Newsocrats" [Worlds of Tomorrow No. 25, 1970 Best]

Yep, Laurence:

"The Selchy Kids" [If, February, 1968 Best]  
[anthology: World's Best Science Fiction: 1969, edited by Donald A. Wollheim and Terry Carr, Ace, 1969]

Zebrowski, George

"Heathen God" [Fantasy and Science Fiction, January, 1971 Best]  
[anthology: Nebula Award Stories Seven, edited by Lloyd Biggle, Jr., Harper and Row, 1973]

Brunner, John: "Factsheet Six" [Galaxy, July]  
 Cleeve, Brian: "The Devil and Jake O'Hara" [F&SF, August]  
 Cleeve, Brian: "The Devil In Exile" [F&SF, November]  
 Davis, Hank: "Squatter's Rights" [If, March]  
 Delany, Samuel R.: "House A-Fire" [Amazing, July]  
 Gunn, James E.: "The Listeners" [Galaxy, September]  
 Redd, David: "A Quiet Kind of Madness" [F&SF, May]  
 Redd, David: "Sunbeam Caress" [If, March]  
 Van Scyoc, Sydney: "A Visit to Cleveland General" [Galaxy, October]  
 Yep, Laurence: "The Selchy Kids" [If, February]

## RUNNERS-UP:

Aldiss, Brian W.: "Total Environment" [Galaxy, February]  
 Ballard, J. G.: "The Comsat Angels" [If, December]  
 Barr, Stephen: "Miss Van Winkle" [F&SF, December]  
 Blish, James: "Now That Man Is Gone" [If, November]  
 Chapdelaine, Sr., Perry A.: "We Fused Ones" [If, July]  
 Delany, Samuel R.: "Lines of Power" [F&SF, May]  
 Filer, Burt K.: "Bailey's Ark" [Galaxy, July]  
 Foray, Verge: "Practice!" [Analog, March]  
 Gold, H. L. & E. J.: "The Villains of Vega IV" [Galaxy, October]  
 Grow, Julian F.: "The Starman of Pritchard's Creek" [If, December]  
 Harrison, Harry: "Waiting Place" [Galaxy, June]  
 Jacobs, Harvey: "The Egg of the Glak" [F&SF, March]  
 Jesby, Ed: "Ogre!" [F&SF, September]  
 Juhl, Jerry: "The Edward Salant Letters" [If, April]  
 Kirsch, Mike: "The Perfect Secretary" [If, November]  
 Koontz, Dean R.: "The Twelfth Bed" [F&SF, August]  
 Lafferty, R. A.: "This Grand Carcass" [Amazing, November]  
 Lanier, Sterling: "Deathchild" [If, October]  
 Lee, William M.: "Sea Home" [F&SF, June]  
 Leiber, Fritz: "Crazy Annaoj" [Galaxy, February]  
 Leiber, Fritz: "The Two Best Thieves In Lankhmar" [Fantastic, August]  
 Lutz, John: "Booth 13" [Galaxy, June]  
 MacLean, Katherine: "Fear Hound" [Analog, May]  
 MacLeod, Ann: "Settle" [F&SF, June]  
 McKenna, Richard: "They Are Not Robbed" [F&SF, January]  
 Melton, D. M.: "Centopath" [If, May]  
 Rocklynne, Ross: "Touch of the Moon" [Galaxy, April]  
 Saberhagen, Fred: "Young Girl At an Open Half-Door" [F&SF, November]  
 Saxton, Josephine: "The Consciousness Machine" [F&SF, June]  
 Searles, Baird: "The Wilis" [F&SF, May]  
 Silverberg, Robert: "Nightwings" [Galaxy, September]  
 Sladek, John: "A Report On the Migration of Educational Materials" (F&SF, December)  
 Sladek, John: "The Sublimation World by J. G. B\*\*\*\*\*" [F&SF, July]  
 Taylor, Robert: "Idiot's Mate" [Amazing, September]  
 Thomas, John: "Publish and Perish" [If, June]  
 Tiptree, Jr., James: "Pupa Knows Best" [If, October]  
 Wilhelm, Kate: "Stranger In the House" [F&SF, February]  
 Worhams, Jack: "Try Again" [Amazing, September]

Aandahl, Vance: "An Adventure In the Yolla Bolly Middle Eel Wilderness" [F&SF, August]  
Allen, R. E.: "Mirror, Mirror, On the Wall" [Analog, March]  
Asimov, Isaac: "Feminine Intuition" [F&SF, October]  
Chapman, Steve: "Testing...One, Two, Three, Four" [Analog, December]  
Harris, Joseph: "The Transmogrification of Ridgely P. Winters" [Coven 13, November]  
O'Donnell, K. M.: "How I Take Their Measure" [F&SF, January]  
Silverberg, Robert: "Sundance" [F&SF, June]  
Smith, Evelyn E.: "Calliope and Gherkin and the Yankee Doodle Thing" [F&SF, March]  
Sturgeon, Theodore: "The Man Who Learned Loving" [F&SF, October]  
Tate, Peter: "The Day the Wind Died" [F&SF, March]

## RUNNERS-UP:

Blish, James: "The City That Was the World" [Galaxy, July]  
Farmer, Philip Jose: "Down In the Black Gang" [If, March]  
Fast, Howard: "The Mouse" [F&SF, November]  
Gotlieb, Phyllis: "The Dirty Old Men of Maxsec" [Galaxy, November]  
Hallus, Tak: "Minitalent" [Analog, March]  
Harrison, Michael: "Pull Devil, Pull Baker!" [F&SF, June]  
Howard, Hayden: "Kendy's World" [Galaxy, February]  
Jacobs, Sylvia: "Slave to Man" [Galaxy, April]  
Jennings, Gary: "After All the Dreaming Ends" [F&SF, February]  
Lee, William M.: "The Light Bearer" [If, April]  
Leiber, Fritz: "End'ray of the Ofay" [If, March]  
Leiber, Fritz: "Ship of Shadows" [F&SF, July]  
Leiber, Fritz: "When They Openly Walk" [Galaxy, August]  
Niven, Larry: "Get a Horse!" [F&SF, October]  
Niven, Larry: "Not Long Before the End" [F&SF, April]  
Niven, Larry: "The Organleggers" [Galaxy, January]  
Saxton, Josephine: "Dormant Soul" [F&SF, February]  
Schaefer, Robin: "The Brain Surgeon" [Fantastic, April]  
Silverberg, Robert: "To Jorslem" [Galaxy, February]  
Tiptree, Jr., James: "Beam Us Home" [Galaxy, April]  
Thomas, Gilbert: "Come Up and See Me Some Time" [F&SF, November]  
Williamson, Jack: "Jamboree" [Galaxy, December]  
Wilson, Richard: "A Man Spekith" [Galaxy, May]  
Wyal, Pg: "The Castle On the Crag" [Fantastic, February]

selected by Richard Delap.

Bishop, Michael: "If a Flower Could Eclipse" [Worlds of Fantasy No. 3]  
 Bova, Ben  
     & Ellison, Harlan: "Brillo" [Analog, August]  
 Davidson, Avram: "Selectra Six-Ten" [F&SF, October]  
 Eklund, Gordon: "Dear Aunt Annie" [Fantastic, April]  
 Gunn, James E.: "Teddy Bear" [Worlds of Fantasy No. 2]  
 Henderson, Zenna: "Through a Glass—Darkly" [F&SF, October]  
 Leiber, Fritz: "The Snow Women" [Fantastic, April]  
 Malzberg, Barry N.: "Notes Just Prior to the Fall" [F&SF, October]  
 Runyon, Charles W.: "Soulmate" [F&SF, April]  
 Wyal, Pg: "Newsocrats" [Worlds of Tomorrow No. 25]

RUNNERS-UP:

Arvonen, Helen: "The Crayfish" [Worlds of Fantasy No. 2]  
 Barrett, Jr., Neal: "Greyspun's Gift" [Worlds of Tomorrow No. 25]  
 Blish, James: "Darkside Crossing" [Galaxy, December]  
 Davidson, Avram: "Zon" [If, May-June]  
 Harding, Lee: "Spaceman" [If, April]  
 Jennings, Gary: "Tom Cat" [F&SF, July]  
 Koontz, Dean R.: "Shambolain" [If, Nov.-Dec.]  
 Kotker, Zane: "After They Took the Panama Canal" [Galaxy, February]  
 Kraus, Harold: "A New Life" [Galaxy, Oct.-Nov.]  
 Lafferty, R. A.: "Been a Long, Long Time" [Fantastic, December]  
 Lafferty, R. A.: "Ride a Tin Can" [If, April]  
 Malzberg, Barry N.: "As Between Generations" [Fantastic, October]  
 McAllister, Bruce: "Mother of Pearl" [F&SF, June]  
 Norden, Eric: "The Final Quarry" [F&SF, May]  
 Pohl, Frederik: "Call Me Million" [Worlds of Fantasy No. 2]  
 Powers, William T.: "Readout Time" [Galaxy, Oct.-Nov.]  
 Shaw, Bob: "The Happiest Day of Your Life" [Analog, October]  
 Wellen, Edward: "Hijack" [Venture, May]  
 Wilson, Robin Scott: "Gone Fishin'" [F&SF, October]  
 Wodhams, Jack: "Top Billing" [Analog, September]

selected by Richard Delap.

Aickman, Robert: "Ringing the Changes" [F&SF, May]  
 Gunn, James E.: "The Message" [Galaxy, May]  
 Harding, Lee: "Fallen Spaceman" [If, May-June]  
 Hollis, H. H.: "Too Many People" [Galaxy, January]  
 Keller, B. L.: "Birdlime" [F&SF, March]  
 Keller, B. L.: "Out of Sight" [F&SF, September]  
 Meadows, Patrick: "Supernovas and Chrysanthemums" [F&SF, December]  
 Moore, Raylyn: "A Different Drummer" [F&SF, February]  
 Moore, Raylyn: "If Something Begins" [F&SF, May]  
 Zebrowski, George: "Heathen God" [F&SF, January]

RUNNERS-UP:

Aickman, Robert: "Bind Your Hair" [F&SF, November]  
 Bishop, Michael: "Darktree, Darktide" [F&SF, April]  
 Brunner, John: "Easy Way Out" [If, May-June]  
 Carr, Terry: "In Man's Image" [Amazing, November]  
 Disch, Thomas M.: "The Beginning of April or the End of March" [F&SF, February]  
 Eisenstein, Phyllis: "Born to Exile" [F&SF, August]  
 Haldeman, Joe W.: "To Fit the Crime" [Galaxy, April]  
 Jennings, Gary: "How We Pass the Time In Hell" [F&SF, November]  
 Lafferty, R. A.: "Boomer Flats" [If, July-August]  
 Lafferty, R. A.: "Bubbles When They Burst" [Galaxy, Nov.-Dec.]  
 Macfarlane, W.: "One-Generation New World" [If, March-April]  
 Maclean, Katherine: "The Missing Man" [Analog, March]  
 Rogoff, David J.: "Lot 22A" [Galaxy, January]  
 Saxton, Josephine: "Living Wild" [F&SF, October]  
 Tushnet, Leonard: "Aunt Jennie's Tonic" [F&SF, December]  
 Wolfe, Gene: "Slaves of Silver" [If, March-April]  
 Wolfe, Gene: "Sweet Forest Maid" [F&SF, July]  
 Wyal, Pg: "Border Town" [Amazing, July]

selected by Richard Delap.

BEST SF/FANTASY MAGAZINE STORIES: 1972

Benford, Greg: "In the Ocean of Night" (If, May-June)  
 Ellison, Harlan: "Corpse" (F&SF, January)  
 Farmer, Philip Jose: "Seventy Years of Decpop" (Galaxy, July-Aug.)  
 Friedberg, Gertrude: "For Whom the Girl Waits" (F&SF, May)  
 Kearny, Gene: "A Sweet Little Pool of Low-Cost Labor" (F&SF, September)  
 McAllister, Bruce: "Ecce Femina!" (F&SF, February)  
 Moore, Raylyn: "Lobster Trick" (F&SF, December)  
 Pohl, Frederik: "The Merchants of Venus" (If, July-Aug.)  
 Scortia, Thomas N.: "Woman's Rib" (Galaxy, July-Aug.)  
 Thurston, Robert: "Carolyn's Laughter" (F&SF, January)

RUNNERS-UP:

Bates, Russell L.: "Get With the Program" (Amazing, March)  
 Bester, Alfred: "The Animal Farm" (F&SF, October)  
 Bongianini, Wayne: "A New and Happy Woman" (F&SF, July)  
 Coney, Michael G.: "Esmeralda" (Galaxy, Jan.-Feb.)  
 Fisher, Sandy: "The Langley Circuit" (Galaxy, May-June)  
 Fritch, Charles E.: "If At First You Don't Succeed, To Hell With It!"  
 (F&SF, August)  
 Gotlieb, Phyllis: "Son of the Morning" (F&SF, June)  
 Green, Joseph: "A Custom of the Children of Life" (F&SF, December)  
 Macfarlane, W.: "Changing Woman" (Galaxy, Sept.-Oct.)  
 McAllister, Bruce: "Triangle" (F&SF, December)  
 O'Neil, Dennis: "Mister Cherubim" (Fantastic, June)  
 Pohl, Frederik  
 & Kornbluth, C. M.: "The Meeting" (F&SF, November)  
 Pohl, Frederik: "Shaffery Among the Immortals" (F&SF, July)  
 Purdy, Ken W.: "In the Matter of the Assassin Merefirs" (Analog, November)  
 Shore, Wilma: "Is It the End of the World?" (F&SF, March)  
 Siodmak, Curt: "Variation of a Theme" (F&SF, June)  
 Taves, Ernest: "Mayflower One" (Galaxy, Nov.-Dec.)  
 Wilson, Robin Scott: "For a While There, Herbert Marcuse, I Thought You Were  
 Maybe Right About Alienation and Eros" (F&SF, July)

Aandahl, Vance	Kotker, Zane
Aickman, Robert (2)	Kraus, Harold
Aldiss, Brian W.	Lafferty, R. A. (5)
Allen, R. E.	Lanier, Sterling
Asimov, Isaac	Lee, William M. (2)
Ballard, J. G.	Leiber, Fritz (6)
Barr, Stephen	Lutz, John
Barrett, Jr., Neal	Macfarlane, W. (2)
Bates, Russell L.	MacLean, Katherine (2)
Benford, Greg	MacLeod, Ann
Bester, Alfred	Malzberg, Barry N. (2 + 1 pseud.)
Bishop, Michael (2)	McAllister, Bruce (2)
Blish, James (3)	McKenna, Richard
Bongianni, Wayne	Meadows, Patrick
Bova, Ben	Melton, D. M.
Brunner, John (2)	Moore, Raylyn (3)
Carr, Terry	Niven, Larry (3)
Chandelaine, Sr., Perry A.	Norden, Eric
Chapman, Steve	O'Donnell, K. M. [Barry N. Malzberg]
Cleeve, Brian (2)	O'Neil, Dennis
Coney, Michael G.	Pohl, Frederik (4)
Davidson, Avram (2)	Powers, William T.
Davis, Hank	Purdy, Ken W.
Delany, Samuel R. (2)	Pedd, David (2)
Disch, Thomas M.	Rocklynn, Ross
Eisenstein, Phyllis	Rogoff, David J.
Eklund, Gordon	Runyon, Charles W.
Ellison, Harlan (2)	Saberhagen, Fred
Farmer, Philip Jose (2)	Saxton, Josephine (3)
Fast, Howard	Schaefer, Robin
Filer, Burt K.	Scortia, Thomas N.
Fisher, Sandy	Searles, Baird
Forsy, Verge	Shaw, Bob
Friedberg, Gertrude	Shore, Wilma
Fritch, Charles E.	Silverberg, Robert (3)
Gold, H. L. & E. J.	Siodmak, Curt
Gottlieb, Phyllis (2)	Sladek, John (2)
Green, Joseph	Smith, Evelyn E.
Grow, Julian F.	Sturgeon, Theodore
Gunn, James E. (3)	Tate, Peter
Halpern, Joe W.	Taves, Ernest
Hallus, Tak	Taylor, Robert
Harding, Lee (2)	Thomas, Gilbert
Harris, Joseph	Thomas, John
Harrison, Harry	Thurston, Robert
Harrison, Michael	Tiptree, Jr., James (2)
Henderson, Zenna	Tushnet, Leonard
Hollis, H. H.	Van Scyoc, Sydney
Howard, Hayden	Wellen, Edward
Jacobs, Harvey	Wilhelm, Kate
Jacobs, Sylvia	Williamson, Jack
Jennings, Gary (3)	Wilson, Richard
Jesby, Ed	Wilson, Robin Scott (2)
Juhl, Jerry	Wodhams, Jack (2)
Kearny, Gene	Wolfe, Gene (2)
Keller, B. L. (2)	Wyal, Pg (3)
Kirsch, Mike	Yep, Laurence
Koontz, Dean R. (2)	Zebrowski, George
Kornbluth, C. M.	

# **NOVELS and COLLECTIONS**



The Troubled Mr. Tiptree

Reviewer: Don D'Amassa

There are few SF writers who have built as great a reputation on so few stories as has James Tiptree, Jr. From 1968 to 1973, 29 short stories and novelets appeared. Of these, six have appeared in annual "best" anthologies. The consistent high quality of Tiptree's work, and the universality of his appeal, are borne out by two facts. First, no one story appeared in any two of these anthologies. Second, he was represented in every major "best" series: Wollheim and Carr, Wollheim alone, Carr alone, Harrison and Aldiss, del Rey, and Pohl. Yet Tiptree himself remains a mystery, and has apparently never been met by either editors and fellow professionals or fans.

Tiptree's early stories depended a great deal on humor. "Mother Ship" (retitled "Mother Come Home") told us of the arrival on Earth of Amazonian space travelers, dominant in their own culture, who proceed to rape unsuspecting male Earthmen. Tiptree's approach was sarcastically humorous in this reversal of our normal cultural sex roles. He continued this tone in the sequel, "Pupa Knows Best" (retitled "Help"). This time alien missionaries display an unfortunately familiar attitude toward native religions. Before long, Earth is embroiled in a religious war that nearly destroys it. Luckily, the galactic police arrive in time to save the world.

"Parimutuel Planet" (retitled "Faithful to Thee Earth, in Our Fashion") chronicles a day in the life of the manager of a racetrack planet. Although there is a serious ending - the world is maintained crime-free by the last Earthmen, as a tribute to the dead Earth - the story is primarily humorous, in fact, verges on the slapstick: "I'll never forget that alleged Herbivore who tried to eat our starter."

"Birth of a Salesman" uses almost the same gimmicks in portraying a day in the life of an interstellar shipping company. Since freight must be handled by a wide variety of intelligent beings, special care must be taken that containers will violate no cultural taboos. Even the serious ending is absent in this novelette.

Tiptree also wrote an excellent short fantasy during 1968, "The Man Doors Said Hello To." This is the delightful story of a nine-foot-tall man who was greeted cheerfully whenever he passed through a doorway, who has six girls living in his pockets - because of the housing shortage, who borrows money from the tall people's bank, and who rescues a young girl from her homicidal wardrobe.

"Fault" was the most serious in tone of his earliest stories. An Earthman violates an alien law and is punished by being set adrift in the time stream. Unable to communicate with other people, he is doomed to slow insanity while they look on helplessly.

Tiptree's humor seemed to disappear with the coming of 1969. The only humorous story he wrote in that period was "Through a Lass Darkly," which appeared in Gerrold's GENERATION anthology. A girl from 2269 materializes in the office of Maltbie Trot, who can learn nothing of the future because her slang is unintelligible to him.

A distinctly pessimistic theme pervades the stories Tiptree sold in 1969, and it continues from then forward. "The Last Flight of Dr. Ain" opens with reference to defoliation, oil spills, and bomb shelters. Dr. Ain travels in roundabout fashion to Moscow accompanied, we are told, by a sick woman whom nobody sees. In Moscow, Dr. Ain announces that he has created (and spread) a fatal, incurable disease, which will wipe out humanity. The sick woman is, apparently, Mother Nature. This is a bitter story, and an unsuccessful one. The unrelenting gloom destroys the impact of Dr. Ain's revelation.

"Happiness is a Warm Spaceship" is one of the only two really bad Tiptree stories. A young officer is assigned to an interracial interstellar patrol ship. After routine

adventures, and at least one unpalatable coincidence, he learns that the aliens are as reluctant to join humans as are humans to integrate with them. Tiptree may have intended this as an illustration of resistance to integration on the part of many blacks in the US, but he fails to develop the reasons for this xenophobia, and the story remains a rather dull space opera.

The racial theme also appears in "Your Haploid Heart." Earthmen are engaged in research on a planet with two intelligent species, the Esthaans and the Flenni. The two races are at war with one another, and there is a distinct danger that the Flenni will disappear entirely. Upon investigation, they discover that both races are the same, in alternating generations, much like the aliens of Silverberg's *DOWNWARD TO THE EARTH*. The application of this conflict to the various interracial hostilities on Earth today is obvious.

Three of Tiptree's 1969 stories were indicative of the high quality yet to come. "The Snows are Melting, the Snows are Gone" was selected by Harrison and Aldiss for their annual anthology. Following an unexplained catastrophe, an armless girl and an intelligent wolf lure a man from his primitive village. After a lengthy chase, they drug him and rendezvous with another mutant. Their obvious intention is to use the man's sperm in an attempt to develop unmutated offspring. Tiptree revised this story for its anthology appearance, adding a sexual relationship between the girl and the wolf. The stark atmosphere of the story was a facet of Tiptree's ability that had previously been hidden.

Tiptree's pessimism becomes almost blatant in "Beam Us Home." He had already expressed his low opinion of the human capacity for altruism in "Mother Ship," thus: "After peace broke out nobody wanted to spend cash on vacuum and rocks." In "Your Haploid Heart" one Earthman tells another: "Sheer orneriness and ego -- that's what saved us, son, not altruism or love of science."

But with "Beam Us Home" Tiptree's criticism becomes much more explicit. "They had been talking about the state of the world, which was then quite prosperous and peaceful. That is to say, about seventy million people were starving to death, a number of advanced nations were maintaining themselves on police terror tactics, four or five borders were being fought over." He goes on to single out the US in particular, perhaps revealing in this story one of the major sources of his disquiet about humanity: "What it (the US) had learned (from Vietnam) was not to waste time messing around with popular elections and military advisory training programs, but to ball right in. Hard."

The story concerns a young genius who believes incorrectly that he is an changeling, and that eventually his true relatives will rescue him from Earth's insanities. The title is derived from Captain Kirk's familiar words to Scotty on *STAR TREK*. The hero becomes involved in a hopeless, endless war against guerillas in Venezuela. Infected with a fatal disease, he steals an airplane and flies off, finally beginning to doubt that he will ever escape Earth. His mania approaches reality then as he is snatched by aliens who have been observing Earth.

"Amberjack," from *GENERATION*, is more fantasy than SF, and perhaps not either. Two young people from unhappy homes have been living together quite happily, carefully avoiding any discussion of love or marriage. When the girl becomes pregnant, they broach the subject and decide to be married. There then appears a vision of their future: domesticated, middle-class, painfully unhappy, and with no hope of escape. Afterward, the boy's face resembles "a commercial for hell." "Amberjack" contains an excellent argument for abortion: "I wish I didn't resent you kid but it's better to be honest, the damn diaphragm slipped and your father tore up the cruise tickets."

1970 was a poor year for Tiptree stories; only three appeared. One of them, "Last Night and Every Night," is probably the worst Tiptree story ever published. The ghosts of dead pimps are used to round up the souls of homeless girls when they die.

"The Nightblooming Saurian" was better, but trivial. To insure continuation of their research grant, time explorers fake a dinosaur hunt for a visiting politician. There are flashes of the author's sense of humor, but not enough comes through to make the story a success.

In "I'm Too Big But I Love to Play," a superhuman alien entity attempts to communicate with man by creating increasingly realistic simulacra. The story sets up a debate between the alien's ultimate simulacrum and humanity. The alien is amazed at man's perversity and his prostitution of science. "Is knowledge merely a collection of recipes for killing and subjugating men, for eliminating other species?"

1971, on the other hand, was a very good year for Tiptree fans. Five stories appeared, four of which were exceptional. Three appeared in the annual "best" anthologies, and a fourth was a Hugo nominee.

The fifth story was "The Peacefulness of Vivyan," a strange story about a simple-minded young boy who is being used by the imperialistic Terran empire as a spy on worlds they plan to conquer. There is an almost surreal atmosphere to the story, perhaps reflecting Vivyan's loss of contact with reality. The story may well have received more attention, had it not been in competition with four other first-rate Tiptree stories.

Terry Carr chose "Painwise" for his best of the year anthology. Reminiscent in some ways of Ellison's "I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream," "Painwise" follows a man traveling alone in a spaceship from planet to planet. Each time they stop, the man explores until he is inevitably killed. Then his body is reconstructed by the ship and he travels onward to the next world. He feels no pain, to which he has been immunized, but he begins to feel anxiety that his pointless mission will never end. He attempts to kill himself repeatedly, but each time the ship's boditech restores him and makes it more difficult for him to harm himself in the future.

Eventually rescue comes in the form of a wandering group of empathic aliens. Their empathic nature makes it impossible for them to land on planets and gather food, but his immunity to pain makes him an ideal device. They convince him to join them, saying: "The amount of agony in this universe, it's horrible." On their travels, they encounter Earth. But when the man sets foot on his home planet, he is immediately convulsed with pain; he has been made acutely sensitive to his home planet so that he will never be able to return. The aliens attempt to rescue him, but he refuses to leave. He realizes that while "pain is the obscenity of the universe," nevertheless, life without pain is not real, nor is it worth living.

Del Ray chose "I'll Be Waiting for You When the Swimming Pool is Empty," from Gerrold's PROTOSTARS. Although this anthology appeared in 1971, I suspect that the story was written considerably earlier, for it still relies on humor to blunt the author's criticism. A young man visits a primitive planet and uses his virtually omnipotent devices to halt a war and reshape the planet's culture, despite the continuous opposition of its inhabitants. The central character's every word brands him a brash, overeducated and inexperienced meddler. "Friends! I'm keenly aware, as studies have shown, that too-rapid industrialization of an agrarian culture isn't a too-good idea, and I want your frank comments if you feel I'm pushing. But have you thought about a little light industry?"

Fred Pohl chose "Mother in the Sky with Diamonds," a terrible title for a first-rate space opera. Industrial combines control space. Gollem, a space pilot working for one of them, helps an aging, senile woman named Topanga to hide on a derelict ship in the asteroid belt. She is the last survivor of an expedition to Saturn, and has a morbid fear of being institutionalized. Gollem eventually is forced to defy his employers and a ring of drug smugglers in order to protect the woman, whom we eventually learn to be his mother.

The remaining story to appear in 1971 was "And I Awoke and Found Me Here on the Cold Hill's Side." This short, quiet story reveals a future in which aliens hold such a fascination for humanity that men and women are willing to sacrifice their own dignity in order to remain in their presence. Tiptree compares Earth to Polynesia, perhaps as a comment on the destruction of the native Polynesian culture through outside influence. The story is restrained, forcing the reader to work out the implications for himself.

If 1971 was a good year, 1972 was a great one. Five more stories appeared and each was excellent; but they continue to display a pessimism that many readers may find unpleasant. It is unfortunate but true that a prevalence of downbeat endings in an author's work may prejudice many readers against him. It would be a shame if Tiptree were to be dismissed because of the darkness of his visions.

Wollheim selected "The Man Who Walked Home" as one of the best stories of 1972. It must have been extremely difficult to choose among the various Tiptree stories available that year. A mysterious explosion sets off a nuclear exchange and civilization is wiped out. As mankind slowly rebuilds through the centuries, there are repeated sightings of a "monster" that appears for one second each year, then vanishes with a roar. When science emerges once more, a careful study reveals the monster to be a 'time-traveling' human, stretched across the ages, appearing only when his course intersects Earth's orbit around the sun. It is his arrival at his own base time which causes that mysterious explosion. A bare recital of the plot fails to do justice to this story. Tiptree has brilliantly depicted the time traveler's agonizing situation.

"Forever to a Hudson Bay Blanket" is another story of time travel, and is a kind of 'science-fictional' version of LOVE STORY. Using a device which enables her to switch minds with her younger self, an elderly woman uses this opportunity to seduce her future husband. Then, paradoxically, she causes his premature death, even though her older self knows that he lived longer. The author's comment evokes a stinging sense of impotence. "Paradoxes of course were wrong. They shouldn't happen. But when one does -- who do you complain to?"

"On the Last Afternoon" is an excellent story, particularly for those who enjoy BEM's. A stranded colony is forced to battle for survival against a seemingly endless horde of giant lobsterlike creatures. The elderly, crippled leader of the colony is the only human who can communicate with the noion, an alien being who is also stranded on their world. In fact, the rest of the colony refuses to believe the noion is really an intelligent alien.

The alien offers the human a tragic choice. Either the noion can use his telepathic powers to drive off the crustaceans and save the colony, or he can use them to make the human immortal. But there is a catch: the man must make the decision and believe in it fully, "to choose between his race and his life, and mean it." He chooses salvation for the colony, but at the last moment his resolve falters and he loses both.

Much of this novelette centers around discussions with the noion, who wishes to understand the creature called man. He is offered definitions: "Man is an ani-

mal whose dreams come true and kill him." "Man is a creature that stores time, very slowly and painfully." But the notion is never able to understand man, because man is too contradictory. His sole communicant from the colony tells him at one point that "The work of dead men enables me to be a thinker." Yet he later contradicts that by saying: "You build nothing, leave nothing. Nothing beyond yourself."

"And I Have Come Upon This Place by Lost Ways" appeared originally in NOVA 2. Scientific research is conducted almost entirely by computers. Information which does not fit into standard programs is discarded as irrelevant. Evan, a minor researcher on an exploratory spaceship, has doubts about the efficacy of this approach, and feels guilty about his doubts. "Did he hope to do Science with his feeble human senses?" The other scientists cannot understand Evan's desire to mingle with the natives of the planet they are studying, for social sciences have disappeared, now that "we no longer need study ourselves, because we're perfect." Evan insists that he has sighted an artifact on a nearby mountain, but receives no encouragement from his colleagues. He risks his career and forces the ship to use its sensors to scan the mountain, without success. Ruined, Evan leaves the ship, climbs the mountain, and discovers that the artifact really is there, just before dying.

Although this story has the expected downbeat ending, there is some indication that Tiptree is not totally despairing of humanity. Evan triumphs over his cultural conditioning and proves his theory, at least to himself; and Tiptree points out that man is the only animal "stupid enough to wonder."

"The Milk of Paradise" was the final story in AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS, and Ellison considered it the best in the anthology. It is a dark version of the Mowgli story; a human infant is raised by aliens, retaining the values of his foster race. The young boy tells an acquaintance of the beauty of the culture in which he was raised, adding that the aliens were all dead now. The acquaintance, who despises alien life-forms, kidnaps the youth and brings him back to his foster planet, intent on looting the treasures of the presumably abandoned cities. When he discovers that the beautiful aliens are sluglike, and their great palaces merely mud wallows, his mocking laughter causes the youth to kill him.

Only three stories appeared in 1973. "Love is the Plan the Plan is Death" is an alien love story with behemoth creatures blindly acting out the cycle of life. The ending is telegraphed, but Tiptree demonstrates a new style in this piece, a lyrical prose that is extremely effective in creating an alien viewpoint. Appearing in THE ALIEN CONDITION, an original anthology, this was easily the best selection.

Tiptree's distrust of our increasing reliance on computers returns in "The Girl Who Was Plugged In." "The idea that art thrives on creative flamboyance has long been torpedoed by proof that what art needs is computers." Advertising is illegal, so a group of businessmen develop a new method of promoting their products. They grow perfect, but mindless human bodies in laboratories, then link them by radio to intelligent people with crippled bodies, so that they are remotely controlled. In exchange for this illusion of normal life, the controllers agree to use their new bodies to use selected products in situations where the maximum publicity is attained.

The son of the company's president falls in love with one of these creatures, but misunderstands the situation. He believes that the beautiful girl is real, but that her mind is being controlled by radio; so he kidnaps her and invades the corporate headquarters. There he encounters the now thoroughly misshapen body of the girl he loves, and is thoroughly revolted.

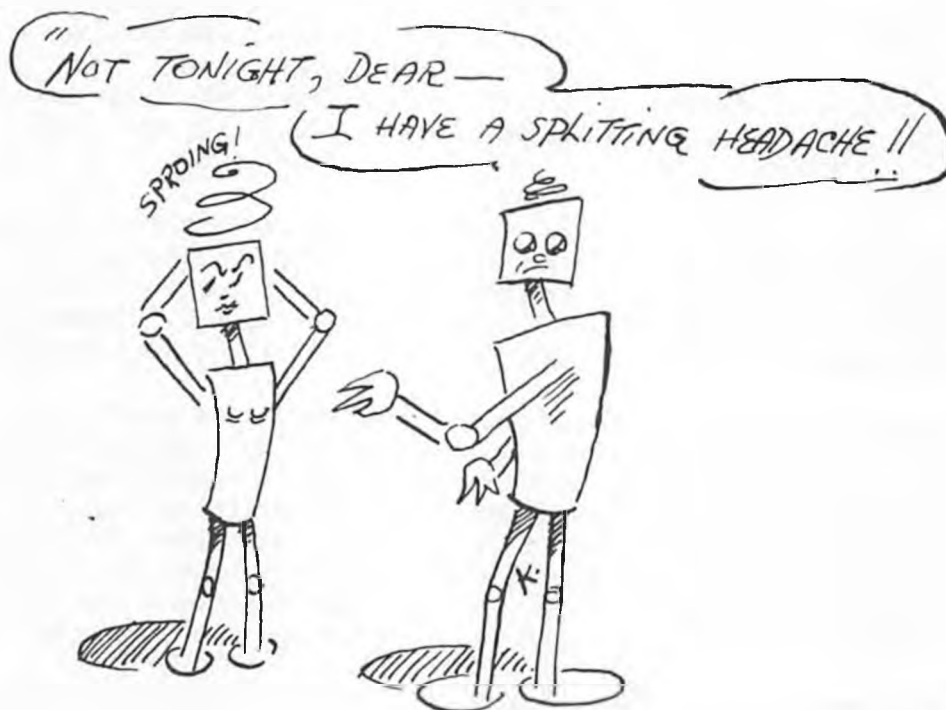
Tiptree's future as depicted in this story is totally unappetizing. Industry uses psychological technique to manipulate consumers to an even greater extent than

they do today. Art is dead; the computer does all. Apparently, human services have actually deteriorated. The ambulances of the future "are a real improvement over ours when one happens to be around."

Tiptree's most recently published story at this writing is "The Women Men Don't See." Following a plane crash, two men, one woman, and her teenage daughter are marooned in the jungles of Yucatan. They are contacted by a group of aliens who have been hiding there while studying Earth. The two women ask to leave with the aliens, informing the men that women are perfectly adaptable to strange beings, because they have lived all their lives among a strange race -- men. "Men live to struggle against each other; we're just part of the battlefields."

Fifteen of these 29 stories were collected recently by Ace Books as 10,000 LIGHT YEARS FROM HOME. Although the collection does not include the more recent stories, it avoids the less worthwhile of Tiptree's earlier fiction. Unfortunately, the book contains more typographical errors than I would have thought possible; nevertheless, it's a book that everyone should have.

The enormous appeal of Tiptree's work is shown by the wide range of editors who have published his work, including Wollheim, Carr, Harrison, Aldiss, Pohl, Gerrold, Goldin, Ellison, Silverberg, Ferman, White, Jakobsson, del Rey, and Campbell. It is certainly only a matter of time until he begins to collect awards for his fiction for, as Ellison says, James Tiptree Jr. is a "new Giant in the genre."



THE CASTLE KEEPS, by A. J. Offutt  
(Berkley Press, 1972)

Reviewer: Ken Ozanne

With this book Andy becomes a major writer. I'm only sorry I didn't see it in time for the Hugo nominations. It is certainly better than any that made the final ballot. (I'm not convinced it is SF though, but that doesn't matter a damn.)

This is set in one of the futures that none of us wants to see. A future in which the cities have become far more violent than they are now, where there are far too many people and a man's home had better be his castle if he wants to survive.

I don't know Andy's family (or Andy for that matter except as he has revealed himself in fanzines), but it seems fairly obvious that the characters of the novel are based on them. Perhaps his children are projected forward as he would want them to be.

The book opens with the discovery of the body of a prowler on the electrified fence of a virtually fortified farm. The calm way in which the problem of the disposal of his body is tackled tells a great deal, elliptically, of the society that has formed.

The problems of the society have been well analyzed and carefully portrayed. Just how does a girl on a fortified farm, that she dare not leave, find a husband?

It is Jeff, the father (Andy himself) and the two boys, called Andy and Scott, who are the main characters in what we see. I'd have liked to see a lot more, for this is merely a standard 60,000-word novel. I'm sure Andy could have told us much more, for the writer obviously knows far more about the setting and the world than he has seen fit to tell us.

Major incidents include an attack on the farm by a group of 'rippers' (a well-coined word). Then there is a trip to the city by Jeff and Andy and another by Scott. There is much violence in the book, but less sex than you might expect from Offutt.

By the way, the surname of the central family is Andrews.

The characters of this book are far better-drawn than in your average SF novel. Indeed, that may be its greatest strength.

If you are listening out there, Andy, please allow yourself some extra length next time, to develop your subject in proper detail. (Yes, I know you are probably working on your third book since then, but you get the idea.)

I hope this makes you two or three times the money you average. It deserves to do so.

If anyone isn't going to buy it after that wrap-up, what more can I say? This one is worth spending some of the rent money on.

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SCORPIO; The Saga of Dray Prescott, by Alan Burt Akers

Reviewer: Jim Goldfrank

Kregen may be pronounced Kregen or Kraygen. It is a lovely world with a complete set of seas, oceans, plains, forests, and mountain ranges. It has a bewildering variety of human and beast types, with many varieties in between. These almost amount to a case of not being able to tell a player without a scorecard. In general their cultures have not progressed to gunpowder wars, a machine technology, or hard liquor.

The two suns of Antares in the constellation Scorpio, one pink, one green, follow each other closely in the sky, so there is also a night with seven moons.

So far the Saga of Prescott of Antares has been told, by Prescott, in four DAW volumes:

- I. #33 Transit to Scorpio
- II. #49 Suns of --
- III. #65 Warrior of --
- IV. #81 Swordships of --

Perhaps the increments of 16 in the volume numbers are more than coincidence, and imply periodicity.

These books are in Burroughs' John Carter tradition. Burroughs' work has been condemned time and again as literary trash, yet few authors have been as widely published and loved. And other authors continue to write in that tradition. I am not one to write intellectual literary criticism. If that is what you wish to read, STOP; continue to the next review. If you don't like Mars, Venus, Pellucidar, Gor, and Callisto, you may branch to the same point. There is nothing here for you. If you like heroic fiction against exotic backgrounds, let us go then, you and I ...

Dray Prescott was born in 1775. He is superbly muscled, uneducated but intelligent, charismatic, honorable, and one hell of a fighter -- bare-handed, or with your choice of weapons. He is also moralistic and somewhat talky, but bear with him.

Dray shuttles back and forth between Earth and Kregen impelled by the bite, or appearance of a scorpion. He is to be an interstellar troubleshooter of the Star Lords, about whom we know nothing, and whose purposes are veiled. They set him down at the right place and time, and without instructions, leave him to do his thing. They are evidently satisfied with him. Even though they send him back to Earth when his mission (?) is completed, they continue to summon him to new adventure.

During his contemporary sojourns on Earth, he manages to record a few dozen cassettes which always find their way to the author. I figure his adventures have brought him to about 1830, so if the series proves popular, he will hack his way across Kregen for another 140 years, or 19 more volumes. I hope that this will be the case. These books are worth buying for the Tim Kirk illustrations alone.

Volume I. Prescott arrives, bathes in a pool that confers 1,000 years of life, quick healing of wounds, resistance to illness and poison, and even more strength. He meets Delia of Delphond, of Vallia, of the Blue Mountains. The particle is one of nobility. She is crippled but lovely. They are each other's One True Love. He bathes her in the pool. She receives the above benefits and is no longer crippled. He is also kicked off-world for this transgression. When he returns, he becomes the leader of a tribe of plains nomads, becomes a slave, leads a revolution, and ends up, with Delia, as the lord of the most powerful house in a Venice-like city state. And so back to Earth.

Volume II. Back again, he meets an otherwise unimportant character named Akhram. One imagines that the anagram is intentional. He is enslaved in a decadent city whose god is the green sun. He escapes. Joins the good guys whose god is the pink sun. Becomes captain of a ship. Joins a quasi-religious order whose Zen-type teachings make them into master swordsmen. He is reunited with Delia in the city of the bad guys, sends her off while he foments another revolution, and is sent - no, not back to Earth, but elsewhere on Kregen.

In Volume III he is again reunited with Delia. They and two companions attempt to fly to Vallia in a flier provided by the one technological culture. Many adventures and much wilderness to traverse after the crash. Princesses keep making passes at him, with bosoms heaving and all that. He remains true and steadfast long enough to fight many battles. They are found by another Vallian flyer. A member of the power Racter party of Vallia slips him a mickey and takes off with Delia. The Racter party wishes Delia to marry someone of their own choosing, and not some unknown barbarian!

In Volume IV he finishes traversing the wilderness, and aids a widow to gain her son's rightful dukedom. He becomes a galley slave (after another mickey) and is captured by pirates. He works his way to the co-leadership of the pirate band. His fellow leader is a deadly but voluptuous maiden (?) who tries to seduce him by assuming the role of a Gorean pleasure slave. He regains the above boy's dukedom, and is sent to his corner (Earth) to await round five.

This overall summary cannot convey Akers' gift for vivid description, his rich detail on any subject, his conveyance of tumultuous action, his evident knowledge of weaponry and sailing craft.

Never having read anything by Akers but this series, he is unknown to me. I should not be surprised were he Poul Anderson, Lin Carter, or Michael Moorcock.

If heroic action adventure is your bag, be sure to buy these four books! And pray to Zair that Dray will return to Earth again and again to record more of those cassettes.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE STONE THAT NEVER CAME DOWN, John Brunner  
(Doubleday SF, \$5.95, 206 pp)

Reviewer: Alexis A. Gilliland

Brunner sets his story in the near future, timewise. It is an atavistic future, in which the instability of an Italian government threatens to trigger World War III by upsetting the balance of power in Europe. We are, in fact, trembling on the brink, and the cold and hungry milieu which Brunner portrays evokes 1938 with a touch of July 1918. (He cleverly anticipated the 1973 oil crisis, but not the 3-day work week.)

The action begins with an out-of-work teacher, a Socrates-type, dismissed for corrupting the youth of London, who in a fit of despair or chagrin, takes a pill from a stranger who has sought him out in a pub. The stranger is murdered and we meet a motley and variegated crew of scientists, politicians, policemen, muggers, civil servants, and Jesus-freaks in clever plastic disguise. Some of them are concerned about a mysterious substance called VC. VC is a self-replicating molecule which eliminates "selective inattention," augments the memory, enhances sexual performance and virally guarantees that one becomes a right-thinker. It speaks well of Brunner that his idea of right thinking and mine are in such close agreement.

The question of how VC works (it wouldn't, no way, but so what?) is elegantly handled, and the thrust of coherently plotted and unpredictable, smoothly moving action is the attempt of a tiny handful of people to stave off World War III by spreading sweet reason.

A couple of quibbles. The human brain consists of the cortex and the limbic region. The limbic region contains the 300-million-year-old reptile brain with which has been integrated the 100-million-year-old mammal brain. The cortex, the great and complex forebrain, which evolved within the past 1 to 3 million years, is not integrated with the limbic region. In fact, cortex and limbic region do not even communicate directly. (I have a theory that a work of art engages both cortex and limbic

region simultaneously, but leave us not get too far afield.) To describe this evolutionary arrangement as "a man riding a dog riding a lizard," as Brunner does, is seriously misleading. Man is an animal existing in a state of tension between his cortex and the limbic region; man is not his cortex, the cortex is not man. A more accurate description might be "a computer riding a lizard and a ~~mammal~~ simultaneously," because the cortex is a computer, and a damned good one. VC enhances humanity by improving the computer function of the cortex, and the implication is clear that if we could only think faster and more accurately, all would be well. A dubious assumption.

The second quibble is that as VC begins to work on the cast, they begin to lose their flavor. They become more super, but the sharply-drawn edge which delineated them blurs and largely disappears. This defect is organic to the plot, but by the end it is rather hard to keep them sorted out.

To summarize: Brunner's story is admirably plotted, well paced and smoothly told. It holds one's interest and does not jar the reader with clinkers of wrong fact. Sex is used judiciously and is often implicit in nature. There is a good deal of dry wit, and Brunner gets in some telling and very funny shots at the British Establishment (were he telling about the American Establishment "... this is the first time we've had a criminal Prime Minister." he would, of course, have set the story in America. Yes.)

Dolly points out that what I consider to be the witty statement of the self-evident is actually pungent social comment. Maybe so.

Anyway, I enjoyed reading the book, and I recommend it.

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HIGH DERYNI, Katherine Kurtz  
(Ballantine Books)

Reviewer: Don D'Amassa

It is some ways unfortunate that Katherine Kurtz writes fantasy rather than science-fiction. Not because they are bad fantasies - they're far from that - but because there is an ingrained prejudice against fantasy among many SF readers which will prevent Kurtz from receiving the recognition her work deserves. HIGH DERYNI is the third and best novel of the Deryni-human confrontation in the Kingdom of Gwynedd, the previous volumes being DERYNI RISING and DERYNI CHECKMATE. As a whole, the three novels present a story with all the scope and power of Frank Herbert's DUNE. Katherine Kurtz is an excellent writer, nearly Herbert's equal; ahead of him in some aspects, particularly characterization.

The Deryni are outwardly human, but possess a wide range of sorcerous powers. In the ages before the time in which the trilogy is set, evil Deryni ruled humanity, but were overthrown. Now, almost wiped out, they must conceal their identities from the humans among whom they live. The major conflict arises when young King Kelson assumes the throne. In addition to securing Alaric Morgan, an admitted half-breed Deryni, as his chief counselor, it is shortly discovered that Kelson himself has Deryni ancestry.

Sub-plots abound. The Christian Church's highest council schisms over the excommunication of Morgan and the interdiction of his duchy. Warin de Grey, a commoner with near-Deryni healing powers, raises an army on a crusade to wipe out all the Deryni in Gwynedd. Wencit of Torenth, Deryni king of a neighboring land, masses his army on their common border, hoping to take advantage of the internal strife. A secret council of the full Deryni is revealed and becomes inextricably involved in the conflict.

Periodically, there is the apparition of the only Deryni ever to be canonized, St. Camber of Culdi, who died 200 years earlier.

HIGH DERYNI is the culmination of the varied plots raised in the first two volumes, although Lin Carter's introduction promises more novels set in Gwynnedd. Each set of adversaries to Kelson and Morgan are met and vanquished, each time convincingly and without the introduction of magical solutions or other devices. Each character behaves strictly according to the internal logic of the novel. The author avoids one of the most frequent failings of fantasy, in that even her villains are a mixture of strength and weakness, good and evil. Kelson's character is particularly well-handled; in many ways he is the most realistic character, even though it is Morgan who is the central character throughout most of the trilogy.

This third volume also reveals something of the author's attitude toward warfare. Whenever the villains win a battle, it is through force of arms, and the action is always off stage. Contrarily, the heroes win without involving their armies at all. The city of Coroth is taken when Warin de Grey is convinced he is on the wrong side. The rebel bishops collapse without a fight. The ultimate battle is resolved when one of Wencit's own allies poisons him.

The last is an infuriating scene in many ways. Wencit is a treacherous character, and it is fitting that he should meet his end through the treachery of one on his side. The motivation for the act is never fully explained, however, and the animosity between the parties involved was never clear. The infuriating aspect is that the basic power struggle between Torenth and Gwynnedd is never fully resolved. But perhaps that is planned for future novels. HIGH DERYNI may well be the best novel published in the genre this year. If so, it would be a shame to have it miss the Hugo because it is a fantasy.

\* \* \* \* \*

WORSE THINGS WAITING, by Manly Wade Wellman, illustrated by Lee Brown Cove, Carcosa (Box 1064, Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514), 1973, 352 pp. \$9.50.

Reviewer: Jim Goldfrank

To do justice to this monumental volume is a task which would tax any reviewer. Choruses of "Hosannas" would not suffice. They would express my enthusiasm, but would not tell you anything.

Its genre is weird horror. The quality of writing is evenly superb in the 29 stories and novelettes. With three exceptions, the book is profoundly AMERICAN, but not in the flag-waving sense. It draws richly on nature description, history, and on the culture and lore of the white, the red, and the black peoples of this great country. It presents the dark side of the America so loved by Sinclair Lewis, Carl Sandburg, and Stephen Vincent Benét. It merges the reality of city and farm, of mountain, plain, and woodland with the other-reality of the beings, both friendly and inimical, that coexist with men.

Some fantasiasts ask you to believe in order to enjoy. Harder still is to make the unreal believable. Wellman goes beyond this. He writes with matter-of-factness, and with a disquieting certainty. His other-realities cannot be doubted. The reader participates in the story. The stories are written in a low key. The author needs no artificial crescendoes of gruesome excitement to stimulate a reader who has been living the story right along with the characters.

Who are the characters? The humans are ordinary people and heroes. They are also foolish, over-curious, cowardly, or greedy. What are the creatures? They include the usual vampires, werewolves and demons. There is a lovable cat who has the misfortune to belong to a witch. There are Pineys who love and protect pine trees. A gardinel seems a good shelter in a storm until it begins to digest you. The Frogfather protects his children, the frogs. Dhoh, half man and half bear, prefers to be left alone -- and you'd better believe it.

Five stories deal with the Red Men trying to cope with the onslaught of the whites. The Red Men have friendly spirits, but also their own evil ones with whom they must deal. Four stories tell of the civil war. Some battles are beautifully narrated, but supernatural evil is present. Some characters invoke nameless powers to win a victory. This attempt is always refuted: If the powers of Hell mix into a war between men, a victory won by demoniac means will be more disastrous than defeat by the enemy.

Wellman tells one story, dedicated to Lovecraft, in which the Necronomicon takes center stage. But the books of the Mythos are richer for "John George Hohman's POW-WOWS Or LONG LOST FRIEND." It is a book of white magic, a guardian against, and an aid in fighting the powers of darkness. But beware: if Holy Names are replaced by Unholy Names -- the spells still work.

The inimitable Lee Brown Coye has done 21 full-page "major" illustrations and countless minor ones. These mirror, also believably, the other-reality of Wellman's prose. They are a triumph of style and technique.

WORSE THINGS WAITING has high-quality paper and an unusually imprinted binding. It can satisfy the finest taste and the heartiest appetite of the reader who loves weird horror, and the richness of this country. It will provide joy to the reader and the collector. If the price seems steep: well, this book can please you for years to come. Pull in your belt, skip a few meals, and BUY it!

\* \* \* \* \*

"The Answer"

by: James Ellis

"What is Truth?" Pilate wondered.

"Beauty," Keats replied.

"What is Reality?" I pondered.

"Truth", a sly Voice lied.

"Swift Passage"

by: James Ellis

It spoke three gibberish lines,  
Made three cryptic signs in air,  
And quick as that! I wasn't there ...

# **ANTHOLOGIES**



The 'Original' Anthologies: 1972

Reviewer: Richard Delap

For several years now I have been compiling a yearly list of best stories from the sf magazines. My purpose was to bring attention to stories of merit that appeared and disappeared so quickly that many readers were not aware of their existence. Some very fine fiction has often had an on-sale life of a single month and has never been picked up for anthologization, and I hoped that my mention of such stories would prompt readers who missed them to watch for those issues in the second-hand bookstores or borrow them from friends.

Today the magazines account for only a portion of the new material published. The original anthologies, collections of stories published for the first time, have produced a whole new group of authors who seldom, if ever, appear in the magazines. Paperback sales have made these names well-known in the genre, and many of them display literary powers that assure their names will be remembered in years to come as influential writers of the period.

So, in addition to the magazine selections, I feel it's now necessary to add a second list of selections culled from these anthologies. I hope readers will find the list useful, and that I can bring notice to authors who deserve to have their work singled out from the flood of new material.

By my count 1972 offered fifteen anthologies of new stories, plus one collection that mixed new work with a selection of reprints. Of these I missed only one collection, Roger Elwood's SIGNS AND WONDERS, published by Revell, having been unable to obtain a copy either from the local bookstore or from the company itself. Apparently the book went out of print shortly after publication, and I apologize to the authors therein for being unable to take their stories into consideration.

My choice of the year's best comes from the following books:

AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS edited by Harlan Ellison [Doubleday, \$12.95, 760 pp.]

Undoubtedly the best collection of original material in years, Ellison's authors placed fourteen stories among the bests and runners-up, a good count even considering that the volume contained an unprecedented forty-six stories. I discounted Bernard Wolfe's two fine stories from this collection, both for the fact that they are only marginally science fiction and because Wolfe himself discounts them as "finger exercises" -- capricious of me, I suppose, but I think there is enough good material here to excuse this one little quirk. The book is an expensive one but worth every penny of its price, and any sf fan who doesn't own it has a gap in his collection that nothing else can fill.

AND WALK NOW GENTLY THROUGH THE FIRE AND OTHER SCIENCE FICTION STORIES edited by Roger Elwood [Chilton, \$6.95, 185 pp.]

Elwood's first major original anthology and the beginning of a flood of Elwood volumes that have glutted the market in 1973, this book mixed some passably good stories with some dreary ones and proved a general disappointment all the way around. I found no stories worthy of placement on my listing, and the \$7 price-tag is exorbitantly expensive. Not recommended.

CLARION II edited by Robin Scott Wilson [Signet Q5056, 95¢, 256 pp.]

Wilson's anthology placed six stories, quite a remarkable feat considering that these stories are all by new writers who have attended the Clarion classes in sf writing and that some are finding publication for the first time. With the added attraction of critical essays by some of the Clarion teachers, themselves a peer group of highly respected sf authors, the Clarion series is surprising and delightful, as instructive as it is entertaining and showing great promise for the future of the field.

THE DAY THE SUN STOOD STILL [Thomas Nelson, \$5.95, 240 pp.]

A collection of three novellas, written from a theme presented by Lester del Rey, this is one more example of the increasingly popular and welcome practice of collecting lengthy stories into book form. All of the stories in this volume are worthwhile ones -- by Poul Anderson, Robert Silverberg, and Gordon R. Dickson -- with the Dickson story certainly among the year's best. No editor credit is given for the book, and I assume it is Silverberg's work, as he seems to be the force behind these novella anthologies, if the rumors I hear are so.

INFINITY THREE edited by Robert Hoskins [Lancer 75320, 95¢, 224 pp.]

INFINITY FOUR edited by Robert Hoskins [Lancer 75387, 95¢, 270 pp.]

#3 in this continuing series has one excellent story but doesn't average out too well, yet #4 is a real winner and one of the better collections of the year. Together the books contribute six stories to the final list, a good showing. Oddly enough, Hoskins has not been getting much notice from the fan press for his collections, odd since the books are original paperbacks and well within the purchase range of fans (as opposed to many hardcover collections which are becoming far, far too expensive). It may be that Lancer's distribution is poor, as I have recently heard that Lancer is in danger of folding altogether. If Hoskins' series is not picked up by another publisher, it will be a loss to us all.

GENERATION edited by David Gerrold [Dell 2883, 95¢, 236 pp.]

Publication of this volume was delayed for some time, and its appearance proved to be something of a disappointment to those who'd hoped that Gerrold's accent on new authors would prove as spunky as the Clarion books. This volume placed with five runners-up, but the remainder proved to be a hodge-podge of average-to-good and definitely bad stories. Trimmed of about half its deadwood, the book may have been impressive; as it stands, the reader is forced to wade through a lot of losers to find the winners. If Gerrold follows up with another volume, he should be more selective.

NEW DIMENSIONS II edited by Robert Silverberg [Doubleday, \$5.95, 229 pp.]

Silverberg's book places four of its eleven stories and proves to be another of the year's better collections, much superior to the mixed and somehow indifferent selection that marked the first of this series. I found only two stories less than satisfactory -- which is remarkable, considering the variety in types of sf included here -- and Silverberg is to be commended for his editorial breadth. Doubleday is discontinuing the series with this volume, but Signet will pick it up in 1973 (with the SF book Club offering a hardcover edition for those who want permanent binding.)

NEW WORLDS QUARTERLY #3 edited by Michael Moorcock [Berkley N2145, 95¢, 224 pp.]

NEW WORLDS QUARTERLY #4 edited by Michael Moorcock [Berkley N2176, 95¢, 223 pp.]

Moorcock's series expired after four volumes, which perhaps reflects the inability of the American sf audience to find much pleasure in the so-called "new wave." I found

three stories worthy of singling out, but the remainder a not very satisfying group, sometimes just poorly written, more often simply out of my range of appreciation. When the stories work, as in Thomas M. Disch's superb rendering of a very kinky future in "334," they are mindbenders extraordinaire; when they don't work, as is more often the case, they are enough to make the reader throw them against the nearest wall in utter disgust. I'm not surprised the series failed -- what surprises me is that Moorcock and Berkley ever thought it would succeed.

NOVA 2 edited by Harry Harrison [Walker, \$ 6.95, 209 pp]

Walker took over publication of this series from Delacorte Press, but this second volume is so much poorer than the first that I'm quite surprised the series is continuing at all. Six of the fifteen stories are at best readable, yet the rest are disposable fluff that has little chance of survival beyond publication here. Harrison has never been the most selective of editors, having a tendency to choose the most inaccessible of the new-wavish items, and the most cliché-ridden of the more standard fare. For this book Harrison seems to have bought blindly and ended up with a patchwork sow's ear. I hope #3 will be better: it couldn't be much worse.

ORBIT 10 edited by Damon Knight [Putnam, \$5.95, 254 pp.]

ORBIT 11 edited by Damon Knight [Putnam, \$5.95, 255 pp.]

Without a doubt the Orbit series is the best of the continuing anthologies, and Knight has for years offered guidance to other editors as to how to put stories together to make a collection with wide appeal. These two books give eleven stories to my list, with #10 presenting what will surely prove to be the best story in a decade of science fiction, Gene Wolfe's extraordinary "The Fifth Head of Cerberus." Putnam will shortly be dropping this series, which revelation brought from me a scream of astonishment and outrage. The rest of you Orbit fans can join me in a sigh of relief, however -- Harper & Row is picking it up for future volumes. Orbit is a pacesetter and guide. The field would be so much the poorer without it.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS: SEX AND SCIENCE FICTION edited by Thomas N. Scortia [Random House, \$5.95, 273 pp.]

Scortia's book gives nine original stories, two of which place on my listing, along with a selection of reprints. Actually I like the idea of mixing old and new stories, especially in light of a 'theme' anthology such as this, but somehow this book never quite captures the range that should be reflected in a theme as all-embracing as sex. There are some good stories but not enough of them to justify either the theme or the collection itself. I do hope that other publishers will note Scortia's combination of old and new, however, and pick up on the idea for future works. It seems a good concept and one worthy of further exploration.

UNIVERSE 2 edited by Terry Carr [Ace 84601, 95¢, 255 pp.]

I've placed three stories from Carr's thirteen among my selections, which I find very odd because the collection includes several of my currently favorite authors (Russ, Lafferty, Sargent, Silverberg, Dozois) who each manage to contribute works that I found among their least interesting. In spite of the three stories I placed (and a couple of fairly good items from Ellison and Pangborn), I think this is one of the major disappointments of the year -- quite a surprise coming from Carr, who is usually one of the most perceptive editors. In fact, I was honestly so confused by my reaction to this book that I put it away for several months, then re-read it.

The second time was just as bad. This series goes into hardcover for Random House in 1973, and I expect future volumes will be much better. (Jees, I hope so . . .)

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As with my magazine selections, I've limited my selection of 'best' stories to ten, with the runners-up numbering as they may (from a total offering of nearly 250 stories). This year the runners-up listing is very crowded -- 45 selections in all, including five which were inadvertently omitted from an earlier selection Xeroxed and distributed in a hurry to some of the editors and writers this last summer. I prefer to assume that it has been a very good year for short fiction, rather than considering that I might have been too lenient in my selection. Don't blame me. Blame Harlan Ellison, who ran away with fourteen places for Again, Dangerous Visions. Besides, Ellison can handle the blame better than I. He's had more experience. He's a fighter. I'm just a lover --- of good science fiction.

#### BEST SF/FANTASY ANTHOLOGY STORIES: 1972 [alphabetical order]

Dickson, Gordon R.: "Things Which are Caesar's" [The Day the Sun Stood Still]  
 Disch, Thomas M.: "334" [New Worlds Quarterly #4]  
 Le Guin, Ursula K.: "The Word for World is Forest" [Again, Dangerous Visions]  
 Nelson, Ray: "Time Travel for Pedestrians" [Again, Dangerous Visions]  
 Sherred, T.L.: "Bounty" [Again, Dangerous Visions]  
 Thurston, Robert: "Get FDR" [Clarion II]  
 Wellen, Edward: "Down by the Old Maelstrom" [Orbit 11]  
 Wolfe, Gene: "The Fifth Head of Cerberus" [Orbit 10]  
 Yarbrow, Chelsea Quinn: "The Time of the Fourth Horseman" [Infinity Three]

#### RUNNERS-UP

Anderson, Poul: "Fortune Hunter" [Infinity Four]  
 Bernott, Joan: "The Test-Tube Creature, Afterward" [Again, Dangerous Visions]  
 Bryant, Edward: "Audition: Soon to be a Major Production" [Infinity Four]  
 Bryant, Ed: "Their Thousandth Season" [Clarion II]  
 Carter, Paul A.: "Constitution in E Flat" [Generation]  
 Dann, Jack M.: "I'm With You in Rockland" [Strange Bedfellows]  
 Davis, Grania: "My Head's in a Different Place Now" [Universe 2]  
 Davis, Hank: "To Plant a Seed" [Orbit 11]  
 de Ford, Miriam Allen: "Lazarus II" [New Dimensions II]  
 Disch, Thomas M.: "Things Lost" [Again, Dangerous Visions]  
 Dozois, Gardner R.: "A Kingdom By the Sea" [Orbit 10]  
 Dozois, Gardner R.: "Machines of Loving Grace" [Orbit 11]  
 Edmondson, G.C.: "The Tempolluters" [Infinity Four]  
 Effinger, Geo. Alec: "Live, from Berchtesgaden" [Orbit 10]  
 Eklund, Gordon: "White Summer in Memphis" [New Dimensions II]  
 Farmer, Philip José: "Father's In the Basement" [Orbit 11]  
 Filer, Burt K.: "Eye of the Beholder" [Again, Dangerous Visions]  
 Grant, C.L.: "The Summer of the Irish Sea" [Orbit 11]  
 Haldeman, Joe W.: "Counterpoint" [Orbit 11]  
 Haney, Laura: "To the Mountains" [Clarion II]  
 Heidenry, John: "The Counterpoint of View" [Again, Dangerous Visions]  
 Hill, Richard: "Moth Race" [Again, Dangerous Visions]  
 Kerr, David: "Epiphany for Aliens" [Again Dangerous Visions]  
 Lafferty, R.A.: "Eurema's Dam" [New Dimensions II]  
 Macfarlane, W.: "Merlin Street" [Infinity Four]  
 Malzberg, Barry: "Vidi Vici Veni" [Generation]  
 McCloud, Richard: "The Widening Circle" [Strange Bedfellows]

McIntyre, Vonda N.: "The Galactic Clock" [Generation]  
 Parra [y Figueredo], A.: "Totenbuch" [Again, Dangerous Visions]  
 Pohl, Frederik: "I Remember a Winter" [Orbit 11]  
 Priest, Christopher: "The Head and the Hand" [New Worlds Quarterly #3]  
 Rocklynne, Ross: "Ching Witch!" [Again, Dangerous Visions]  
 Russ, Joanna: "Nobody's Home" [New Dimensions II]  
 Sargent, Pamela: "Julio 204" [New Worlds Quarterly #3]  
 Shaw, Bob: "Retroactive" [Universe 2]  
 Silverberg, Robert: "What We Learned from This Morning's Newspaper" [Infinity Four]  
 Sutherland, James: "At the Second Solstice" [Clarion II]  
 Thurston, Robert: "Good-bye Shelley, Shirley, Charlotte, Charlene" [Orbit 11]  
 Thurston, Robert: "The Good Life" [Clarion II]  
 Tiptree, Jr., James: "The Milk of Paradise" [Again, Dangerous Visions]  
 Tuttle, Lisa: "Stranger in the House" [Clarion II]  
 Wolfe, Gene: "The Headless Man" [Universe 2]  
 Wolfe, Gene: "It's Very Clean" [Generation]  
 Yarbrow, Chelsea Quinn: "Everything That Begins with an 'M'" [Generation]



Orbit 12, edited by Damon Knight  
 (G.P. Putnam's Sons; NY; 1973; 216 pp; \$5.95;  
 SF Book Club Ed.; 1973; \$1.49)

Reviewer: Barry Gillam

Like most of Orbit 10 and all of Orbit 11, Orbit 12 stands in the lengthening shadow of Gene Wolfe's masterful "The Fifth Head of Cerberus." A story of such extraordinary quality dwarfs the marginally interesting and marginally successful tales that fill out these three volumes.

Orbit 12 does have one very pleasant surprise: a group of four stories by Brian Aldiss about a troupe of players in an only slightly fantastical Byzantine town. The setting resembles both Leiber's Nehwon and Wolfe's Ste. Croix in its decadence, theatricality, detail and melancholy. Inspired by Venetian etchings and engravings, the stories seek to approximate the quality of vignettes. Their subjects, like those of comic operas, are passing loves and amorous intrigues. As in the storytelling paintings that art critics call "anecdotes," there is an interweaving of the characters and their background. The titles, taken from the engravings, suggest this quality: "Castle Scene with Penitents," "Woman in Sunlight with Mandoline."

Aldiss is now such an accomplished writer that he can deliberately craft these stories in a minor key without making them overly slight. He is particularly successful with his theme of the arts, which runs through the stories, sometimes in the background (a puppet show, an engraver of glassware, the mandolin player, a magic lantern show, etc.) and sometimes in the foreground (in conversation, in the character's occupations -- theatre, painting). With these and other correspondences (Such as the narrator's memory of his childhood and his father's historical studies) Aldiss creates a satisfying prose equivalent of the spatial relationships and patterns of shapes and line to be found in the engravings he takes his stories from.

Like the engravings, however, one comes away from the stories with bright bits of the settings, with arcs of motion and comic gestures, with the overall mood of langour rather than with the characters or a feeling of a complete story. Yes, Aldiss has been successful in achieving his aims, but no, this is not a major work of his. Although quite enjoyable to read, it is interesting primarily as a new departure for Aldiss.

Ursula LeGuin's entry, "Direction of the Road," is a puzzle story in which she reverses ordinary point of view to demonstrate the narrowness of our conventional angle of perception. As in most of her recent stories, characters are beside the point.

When she has relied heavily on character, as in The Lathe of Heaven, the novel has fallen apart. She has more empathy for world and life systems than for individuals. Her Winter is more memorable and better constructed than any character in The Left Hand of Darkness. What she says about "The Word for World is Forest" in Again, Dangerous Visions also applies to "Vaster Than Empires and More Slow;" that "I wanted to write about ... the forest and the dream; that is, I wanted to describe a certain ecology from within, and to play with some of Hadfield's and Dement's ideas about the function of dreaming-sleep and the uses of dreams." But she goes on to say, the writer in her demanded the drama of the destruction of the ecological balance. And she realizes that she has ended up with a moralistic tale.

To get away from these faults, her latest stories have taken the form of an essay on the writing of fables ("Those Who Walk Away from Omela") and an illustration of a philosophic concept ("Direction of the Road"). In so doing, she has realized in her fiction the vaunted "literature of ideas" that sf is sometimes supposed to be. Although these two stories are very well-written (the first is quite excellent, the second not so), the real question now, as with Aldiss, is where this new road will lead for LeGuin.

In the splendid Gene Wolfe interview in Vector 65, Wolfe describes "Continuing Westward" as "the story of two aviators blown into the future while fighting the Turks in WW I." The problem is that I would never have realized they were in the future if it weren't for Wolfe's statement. This slim story consists mainly of one incident, the aviators' coming down in a small Turkish village and being greeted by the people there to the extent of being given a woman for the night. Except for the smallest of details, the village is just as it would have been in Biblical times. I can see Wolfe's intent: to tell the story through the eyes of an anachronistic narrator, but have the reader understand that which the narrator only sees with puzzlement. Such as the fact that the "meteors miles ahead" that "shot upward into the sky" at the end of the story consist of missiles that are about to shoot him down. Unfortunately, I find this mini-tragedy not nearly as enlightening or engaging as it might have been.

As always, there is a Kate Wilhelm story and as always it is better written and better populated than most sf. However, "The Red Canary's" depiction of an overpopulated, squalid day-after-tomorrow is old hat. Wilhelm's approach has been to dramatize the society's sickness in very personal terms through the characters. It is a sound viewpoint, but something more is needed to make it come alive.

There are seven other stories in Orbit 12 and if none is unreadable, none is exceptional. In Edward Bryant's "Shark," a woman volunteers to have her brain grafted onto a shark by the military in the midst of a war that means nothing to her. As in the rest of these stories, the potential drama is not realized. Michael Bishop's "The Windows in Dante's Hell" posits an intricate steel honeycomb of a city in whose cells the inhabitants hide and dream. Mel Gliden's "What's the Matter with Herbie?"

tells a shaggy alien story halfway between Sheckley and Goulart. Edward Bryant's "Pinup" turns tables on the sexes and portrays a man as, literally, a prisoner of love. Vonda N. McIntyre's "The Genius Freaks" are protected and pampered by the state so that they produce the knowledge no one else can, rather like Cordwainer Smith's sheep. Steve Chapman's "Burger Creature" is a cute story about a hamburger man. Doris Piserchia's "Half the Kingdom" is a parallel worlds comedy.

Knight has added a section of notes on the contributors that is, I suppose, meant to give a greater sense of continuity between numbers. The information about the Aldiss stories and the letters from LeGuin and Wolfe are valuable, but Knight's jovial little comments on other letters are obnoxious.

Orbit 12 is just an average issue, but if you're really interested in keeping up with sf, you're going to want to read the Aldiss, LeGuin and Wolfe stories, regardless.

\* \* \* \* \*

ASTOUNDING: The John W. Campbell Memorial Anthology  
(Random House, \$7.95)

Reviewer: David Stever

In one swell foop, Harry Harrison has accomplished what he set out to do, and much more. Harry wanted original stories from members of Campbell's stable of writers -- stories that John would have been proud to have been able to publish. Thirteen writers took up the challenge, and the result is this collection. Whether you want to relive those days long past when ASTOUNDING was bringing you the latest Asimov, Bester and Sturgeon, or whether you are looking for modern entertainment from the likes of Anderson and Dickson, this is your book.

Poul Anderson says that Nick Van Rijn seems to be the most popular character he has ever created, and LODESTAR is the latest story in which Nick takes a part. The Polesotechnic League is being flooded with large amounts of stable transuranian elements, elements which could only be made in microscopic samples up to this time. Nick and his granddaughter make a special trip to find where the new company is getting their supply. Excellent story, worthy of Hugo nomination.

Isaac Asimov over a 'twelve-year' period wrote three articles about the miracle substance, Thiotimoline. Thiotimoline, the simplest of the molecules with endo@chronic properties, is that which will dissolve 1.12 seconds before being added to water ... THIOTIMOLINE TO THE STARS is a story delivered as a lecture, giving a demonstration of how TTL has allowed FTL space travel, of a sort.

Reading ANALOG only since 1968, I had never known that Alfred Bester began as one of John Campbell's writers from ASTOUNDING's Golden Age, but SOMETHING UP THERE LIKES ME is a good "nut" story that Campbell liked to print once in a while. OBO, the Orbiting Biological Observatory, a catch-all satellite of strange bio-studies, is launched, and a large electrical jolt used to free a boom is enough to grant OBO a life of sorts. Highly entertaining, and typical of the ASTOUNDING of old.

LECTURE DEMONSTRATION by Hal Clement, marks the return of the Mesklinites used in Clement's MISSION OF GRAVITY and STARLIGHT, in what must of course be a totally accurate scientific puzzle, but the story does not stand as an interesting whole, but rather seems like a part of a larger whole. (Like how about another novel, eh Harry?)

When I began to collect ASTOUNDING and ANALOG, one of the first things I did was to buy the copy of ASF that was on the stands the day I was born. The magazine,

June 1952, had a totally marvelous story by Theodore Cogswell, entitled THE SPECTRE GENERAL, for a cover story -- one I later have found out is considered to be one of the better stories published by Campbell in that period. What greater surprise and delight, therefore, can there be, than to find a sequel, EARLY BIRD by Cogswell and Ted Thomas in this collection? While written in a style reminiscent of ASF, it in no way could have been published by Campbell, because of its use of sex (more correctly, it can be termed miscegenation). Sequel not up to the original, but a fun story.

THE EMPEROR'S FAN, L. Sprague de Camp's contribution, is another rollicking story bringing back the memory of stories like THE CONTINENT MAKERS and ROGUE QUEEN that inhabited ASF during the late 1940's and early 1950's. Set in the same setting as his recent THE FALLIBLE FIEND, the Emperor's Fan of the title will make the person it's waved at disappear, to the mounting terror of the members of the Emperor's court, who are vanishing at a fearful rate. Humorous, but the sexual conduct of the Empress would have made it unpublishable by John Campbell, and the loss would have been ours.

The so-called Dorsai Cycle of Gordy Dickson has the "feel" of ASF and John Campbell, in spite of only half of it being published by him. In the introduction of BROTHERS, Dickson has explained what the series is going to do, and corrects the name by which it is known (It is the Childe Cycle, after the title of the last volume), and begins the most memorable story in the volume. While mopping up after a mercenary operation on St. Marie, Kensie Graeme was murdered by the fanatic remnants of the group that the Dorsai had fought. Kensie's twin brother Ian then set into motion the machinery that brought him face to face with his brother's murderers. This story, or part of it, was seen from a different angle in SOLDIER, ASK NOT, but BROTHERS is a study in Dorsai psychology. Truly a Hugo-quality story, to be long remembered.

In Harry Harrison's THE MOTHBALLED SPACESHIP, the cast of characters from the Deathworld series return to earn a little money for their government. Their task -- to break into a 3000-meter-long, 5000-year-old battleship, which was left in mothballs, without giving the ship the chance to self-destruct. A deus ex machina ending destroys what little tension had been built in the story.

I am an unadulterated Mack Reynolds fan, and two of his best books in my opinion have been BLACK MAN'S BURDEN, and its sequel, BORDER, BREED NOR BIRTH. The stories told of creation of a myth figure by some aide workers in North Africa, and the fleshing out of him by one of their numbers, to help the Africans fight the exploitation of them by the rest of the world. In this collection, we have BLACK SHEEP ASTRAY, which resumes the story some 25 years after the coming to power of El Hassan. In his rush to help his people, El Hassan has become a dictator of supposed benevolent bend, and a coup of his friends overthrows him. The realities of politics come through in close detail, and add realism which is usually missing from stories of this type. My one complaint is that it seems to offer the possibilities of a novel which might not be written. Fine story.

As he says in his introduction, Cliff Simak shied away from writing a City story when asked by Harrison, but with a story like EPILOG, he has nothing to worry about. EPILOG is the story of Jenkins, the Webster family robot, the person (for surely he is a person) who has seen the Humans leave for Jupiter, and then the Dogs leave for their alternate worlds, leaving the Earth to the Ants, and the one lonely patch of land which was the Webster's home. In this story, some robots return from the stars, and they give him the chance to come with them -- giving Jenkins a heavy moral dilemma. Hugo nomination is quite possible, as it will inspire some nostalgia, as well as being a tightly written story.

INTERLUDE by George O. Smith is his latest or last (I hope, I hope) Venus Equilateral story. I read these stories early in my career, and they were fondly remembered through the haze of the years, but then I read this one. \*sigh\* This is

one of "Let's put together a matter transmitter out of these old radio tubes!" type of story. I am not one much up on the science, but even I know that Smith has misunderstood the idea of the tunnel diode (the electron does not magically reappear at the other end!), which doesn't help the story. The less said, the better.

The last story in the volume is a Ted Sturgeon one with an unusual story behind it. John Campbell rejected it in 39 as being too 'fantasy' for ASF and too SF for UNKNOWN, truly a terrible dilemma for teenaged Ted Sturgeon. What was worse, he lost the story, only to have it reappear 30 years later. Unedited, and just as it was in 1939, he gives us HELIX THE CAT. The story is of a newly dead soul, and how he was preparing the body of a cat for his use -- by slowly raising the awareness level of the cat, and making him intelligent. While I must say I can't see how Campbell could have rejected it for UNKNOWN, and that it represents the era as a whole, nothing much was served by dusting off the story. O.K., but nothing to write home about.

The last item in the volume, other than the afterword by Harrison, is one last homily to the Golden Age of Science Fiction, a Probability Zero! entitled THE POPULATION IMPLOSION, by Ted Cogswell, explaining why since you had so many great-times-great grandparents, that the population is nothing compared to, say 1000 A.D., when the population was 274,876,596,224, just counting your ancestors.

The volume as a whole could count for three to six of the best stories of the year, a count which will vary, depending on how many of the year's Best volumes pick them up, and how many get Hugo-nominated. If the last hard cover you bought was the Dangerous Visions volume, then it's about time you treated yourself again.

\* \* \* \* \*

NEBULA AWARD STORIES EIGHT, edited by Isaac Asimov  
(Harper & Row, New York; 1973, 248 pp., \$6.95)

Reviewer: Richard Delap

Nebula Award Stories Eight is the latest addition to a series marked by an oddly disparate quality. Each yearly volume has had a different editor, each of whom has managed in some way to bring a sort of personal distinction to his editorial effort in spite of the obvious limit imposed on his selection of stories. Asimov, who this year won the Nebula and Hugo Awards for his interesting but hardly distinctive novel, The Gods Themselves, has no need for commissioned essays, which previous editors have sometimes used. Instead he prefers to say it all himself in his short introduction, "So Why Aren't We Rich?," in which he provides some straightforward answers to the questions that continue to be asked about science fiction.

"What is the explanation of the science fiction phenomenon? Why does it create so fanatical a public?" Important questions, these, to which Asimov replies: "The reason I would like to offer is that science fiction is relevant; it is important; it has something to do with the world; it gives meaning to life; and it enlightens the readers. And it has all these characteristics as no other form of literature has!"

Asimov has elaborated this answer elsewhere -- he devotes four chapters to it in Today and Tomorrow and ... -- and he provides a succinct answer to the question of why if sf is a relatively low-paying fiction market, do writers continue to produce sf genre fiction: "Most of all, though, because there is no audience in the world more appreciative, more enthusiastic, more intelligent, and, all in all, more satisfying to reach than the science fiction reader. And when we do reach them, then, money or not, we are rich."

I'll be the first to admit that I don't approve of all of the stories included in this book; but they have been popular stories with members of SFWA, who

voted the awards, and with readers in general since five of the eight selections here were also in competition for the Hugo awards.

The book's longest and best story is Gene Wolfe's stupendous "The Fifth Head of Cerberus," not only the best science fiction story of the year but the best story of the year by any odds. Wolfe lost the Nebula by a slim margin of votes, but I think this tale of scientific mythology, a "biological" sf tale as Asimov calls it, will survive longer than the story which beat it out (and probably much longer than any other story of this era, if excellence will out). If you've not read this one yet, the book is worth buying for it alone.

The prize-winning stories are Arthur C. Clarke's "A Meeting with Medusa," a hard-science story of man's first exploration of the atmospheric depths of the planet Jupiter and the unexpected lifeforms he finds there; Joanna Russ' "When It Changed," which challenges us to face our prejudices about male-female relationships by showing us an all-female society facing the security-wrecking reintroduction of the male; and Poul Anderson's "Goat Song," a love story of the future which is more interesting for its characters than for its plot.

The runners-up include Frederik Pohl's "Shaffery Among the Immortals," a bitter but funny satire about a man dedicated to making a scientific discovery that will shake the world to its toes; Harlan Ellison's "On the Downhill Side" is a romantic fantasy layered with sham emotion and pop-art supercharged images, a bit confusing in its intent but colorfully and crisply written; William Rotsler's "Patron of the Arts," a synthesis of science and art that is never quite able to overcome the mawkish sentiment of its plot or the depthless personalities of its characters; and Robert Silverberg's "When We Went to See the End of the World," a heavy-handed irony about people who amuse themselves with the horrors of the future while ignoring the horrors around them.

Asimov insists that science fiction is now "broader and more diverse ... and, therefore, better" than ever before. It is a literature of change, and in a world that changes before our eyes like a magic show, it helps us to grapple with the real adjustments we face daily by familiarizing us with the concept of change. Such fiction broadens our outlook and stimulates our intellectual capacities -- the very fact that it entertains us at the same time is almost gravy, isn't it?

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Sonnet XXXVII

There is a grove removed from human eyes  
 Above which lie eternal Summer skies,  
 And through which pines entwine their verdant boughs,  
 Forever strangers to foul Winter's snows.  
 Amid these glades is laurel spread and crown'd,  
 and fragrant grasses underneath abound;  
 A crystal fountain, older far than Time  
 Spurts effervescent lavender sublime.  
 Within this hallowed haven, all is peace  
 Wherein do baser broils and clamours cease.  
 And at this Heaven, far off in the sky,  
 Arrive impoverished students when they die,  
 To feast and to forget about the rent,  
 To dig their records, and to be content.

(This sonnet is especially dedicated, with deep fraternal affection, to Lee Smoile)

by Fred Phillips

## **REVIEWS: Fanzines**



FANZINE FRICASSEE: FANZINE REVIEWS

by: Michael T. Shoemaker

I have just spent the last hour agonizing over my choices for the top ten fanzines of 1973. This situation was precipitated by the arrival of Flawol #6, from Arnie and Joyce Katz, which has a poll asking fans for their top ten choices. I embarked upon this torturous project by drawing up a preliminary list of 22 worthy fanzines. This list was eventually winnowed down to these ten, in order of preference:

- 1) Title - Don Brazier
- 2) SF Commentary - Bruce Gillespie
- 3) Moebius Trip - Ed Connor
- 4) Prehensile - Mike Glycer
- 5) Yandro - the Coulsons
- 6) Awry - Dave Locke
- 7) Cypher - James Goddard
- 8) The WSFA Journal - Don Miller
- 9) Riverside Quarterly - Leland Sapiro
- 10) The Alien Critic - Dick Geis

I intend to take this column to review the top five, but first, I have some general comments. The most difficult choice was for 5th place. Awry is a very entertaining and beautifully produced fanzine. Yandro, however, has had a very good year and its greater frequency cops it the award. Had Dave Locke produced just one more issue of Awry in 1973, I would have placed his zine 5th, instead. Two fanzines that deserve a Hugo are Speculation and Vector. Unfortunately, Peter Weston only produced one issue of Speculation in 1973, and I have seen only two issues of Vector. Outworlds #15 and #16, from Bill Bowers, were two of the most visually stunning fanzines I have ever seen. Its written content, however, is rarely of much interest to me; not entertaining in the manner of Awry, nor useful in the manner of Yandro, nor scholarly in the manner of SF Commentary.

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Title #'s 10-21, monthly, 348 total pp., from Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Dr., St. Louis, Mo. 63131. Circulation is limited to 125, but you can get on the waitlist by writing him a letter.

It is really a shame that Title has virtually no chance of ever winning a Hugo, or even a nomination, since it consistently contains among the best material appearing in any fanzine. Title was my top Hugo choice last year also, and I gave a basic description of the zine in Son of the WSFA Journal #96, so I won't repeat myself here. Donn has continued his grand tradition of making Title "a monthly scrapbook" of ideas and opinions, and even used that designation as a sub-title on #13. More than ever, Donn has been pruning the locs down to their bare bones and so he manages to cram into every issue an amazingly varied spectrum of commentary.

Regular reader features that are favorites are: Mundaniac, which helps you to meet new fans as people; "Hooked on SF & Fandom," a very interesting feature that shows how fans got started reading SF and how they got into fandom; "Vectors," where the readers do battle; and "Clipjoint," where Donn talks about newspaper clippings that readers send him (generally weird happenings, or science-oriented).

Among Title's readers is Al Jackson, a physicist, who had a paper published last fall that gained considerable notoriety in the scientific community. He proposed that the mysterious explosion in Siberia in 1908 was caused by a black hole. A popularized version of the paper appeared in Title #20. Al Jackson also did articles exploring the scientific foundation for space warps (#12) and alternate universes (#16).

One of the big items of the year was a continuation of the controversy on the relationship of science to Man and art. This debate was conducted primarily in three articles: "Science is Irrelevant--However, However" by Paul Walker (#12), "Science is Relevant to Everyone" by D. Gary Grady (#13), and "You're Darned Right It's Irrelevant" by Don Ayres (#14-15). I ended up agreeing first with one side and then the other, and halfway back again.

Curiously, "This Criticism Business is Getting Out of hand" by Don Ayres (#12) was the only sercon SF article that appeared. All the discussion of SF (and there is a considerable amount) took place in the various departments of cut-up locs.

Toward the end of the year, two articles and rebuttals have sparked new discussions. In "Fans-- What Irks Me," (#20) Paul Walker points out eight things that fans, and fan-eds in particular, do which bother him. In the same issue is Denis Quane's "Seven Good Reasons for Not Being a Fan." In #21, Mike Glycer gives Walker the editor's point of view, and Jackie Franke has a rebuttal for Denis Quane.

Other outstanding articles for the year have been: Ben Indick's Oz series (#'s 12, 14, & 16); "The Garbage Can Lid Earth" by Frank Balazs; "Mottoes" by Andy Offutt; "A Tape on Biofeedback" from Ned Brooks; a hilarious satire by James A. Hall, "Writing Poetry for Fanzines;" and an idea-tripping article that you will have to read three times to understand, "Reality and Gadgets" by Bill Bliss.

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SF Commentary #'s 32, 33, 34, 35-37, 39, irregular, ed. by Bruce Gillespie, GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Victoria, 3001, Australia, 9 for \$4 from: Charlie Brown, PO Box 3938, San Francisco, CA 94119.

Although SF Commentary holds the same position on my list that it held last year, I feel the general quality of this year's output is markedly inferior to last year's. It still holds the number two spot, only because its competition experienced a similar drop in quality; 1973 was a poor year for fanzines.

This past year's SF Commentaries have been uneven both in quality and in atmosphere. Unlike prior years, it is difficult to describe a general mood or editorial slant that can be called "typically SFC."

The poorest issues were #32 and #34, published by John Foyster in conjunction with his Journal of Omphalistic Epistemology. These issues contain a serialization of a collection of quotes about SF by various authors, editors, and critics. The quotes are alphabetized by author, and #32 covers Aldiss to Brunner, while #34 covers Budrys to Gernsback. As admirable and thought-provoking as this collection is, it is nevertheless a very lazy production. It would have been vastly better (and vastly more work of course) to correlate all the quotations by subject matter. At times there are considerable differences of opinion regarding a subject, and it would be far more worthwhile to have the quotes organized in such a way that these differences would become more apparent.

#33 is a pleasantly interesting letter issue which devotes ten pages to an absolutely fascinating letter from Valdis Augstkalns. Written in a rambling, casually erudite style, Valdis covers a wide range of seemingly unconnected subjects under 23 different headings, such as "Data Relevant to Paranoia About Eastern Europe," "Geopolitics and George McGovern," and "Leavis, Scrutiny, and the Salvation Army." As John Bangsund observed in #35-37: "Valdis Augstkalns' letter was fascinating: did it

leave you with the feeling you knew nothing and had experienced nothing worth mentioning? It did me..." I suspect, however, judging by Bruce's reaction to the letter, that few people will understand what Valdis, in his oblique approach, is getting at. The letter should be read many times by everyone.

At 146 pages #35-37 is probably the largest single issue of a fanzine ever produced. It takes a couple of days to read, especially when one is forced to slog through the muddleheaded thinking and obscure verbosity of Stanislaw Lem's article "SF: A Hopeless Case -- With Exceptions." The issue also contains some fine, detailed reviews of Solaris; a look at Slaughterhouse-five, both the book and the film; an excellent "Survey of Soviet SF" by Darko Suvin, which is more admirable for its scholarship than its opinions; and a lettercolumn that is longer than most entire fanzines. It's more like the SF Commentary of old than anything we have had in some time. The feeling this issue leaves me with, however, is that it is too much about too little.

It seems that #38, which was supposed to have been produced for Bruce by David Grigg, has not yet appeared. #39 is the shortest issue of the year at 24 pages. It consists of a short trip report by Bruce and a Criticanto section highlighted by George Turner. It also has a letter from Philip Dick which I can only describe as raving madness, literally!

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SF Echo, The Moebius Trip Library #17 & #18, May and October, 198 & 244 pp., irregular from Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, Ill. 61604, for 75¢ prepublication or \$1.25 post-publication, or the usual.

For innovation alone it seems that Ed deserves some sort of special Hugo. Ed's new format, that of a mimeographed book, is unique as far as I know in fanzine publishing. The production is quite handsome with illos throughout the book always given an entire page to themselves on different colored paper. I have always thought this to be a much better idea than having portfolios. Portfolios are actually a separate production and seem out of place in a zine, but full-page illos throughout the zine seem more integral to the fanzine itself.

Thankfully, the material in these issues is every bit as good as the innovation. Moebius Trip continues as the most consistently good fanzine appearing. It still has the best, most tightly edited lettercolumn of any zine I know.

The best item in #17 is Paul Walker's unique "Unpopularity Poll," a weird, but revealing, collection of questions like: "What is the worst SF novel your favorite writer ever wrote?" or Name one story or novel that you enjoyed very much by a writer who never wrote another word that appealed to you." Other highlights of the issue are Mervyn Barrett's hilarious movie scenario for Moskowitz's The Immortal Storm and Ken Faig's survey of horror anthologies "Of Peter Haining and Beyond the Curtain of Dark."

#18 is even better. Most interesting are two fan interviews, of Paul Walker and Ben Indick, by Douglas Leingang. I hope we get more in this series. William G. Bliss has a wonderful story filled with wacky contraptions entitled "Tom Swifty's Marvelous Electric Motor Cycle." I wish he had sold it to F&SF. "Other Things to Do" by Walt Liebscher is another piece of endearing humor which I wish he'd write more of so that he would get the Fanwriting Hugo he deserves.

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Prehensile #'s 7,8,9,10, which are 53, 38, 71 and 64 pages respectively, irregular from Mike Glyer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, CA 91342, for 50¢ or the usual.

Prehensile has always reminded me greatly of Moebius Trip. It has excellent and extensive reviews, the most consistently and enjoyable lettercol, next to MT, and

a diversity of serious criticism and lighter material. The biggest similarity between the two zines is how the fans neglect them every year at Hugo time. I cannot understand why these zines are not better received.

One of the best pieces of fanwriting for 1973 appears in #7. That is, Mike Glyer's LA Con report, the best conreport I have seen. It is humorous, informative, and very well-written. In #'s 8, 9 and 10, Bill Warren has a film column that is the best in any current fanzine. In #7 and #8 Paul Walker has articles dealing with criticism and literature, and with Silverberg, both of which show why Walker could be one of the best Critics of SF. The only regular feature of Prehensile that I do not like is Richard Wadholm's column, which I find to be invariably fuggheaded, as I have explained in numerous letters to Mike Glyer which he never printed.

With #10, Glyer switches to half-sized offset, digest-sized, and ends up with one of the best looking zines around, presumably in an all-out assault to gain a Hugo. Nevertheless, I think Glyer should be praised to no end for the unbelievable feat of holding the price down to 50¢. It is not surprising that the package overwhelms the essay "SF: The Unrealized Dream," which ranks as one of the major critical works of the year. The lettercol in this issue is disappointingly abbreviated to only six pages.

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Yandro #'s 219, 220, 221, 222, 223; Feb., May, July, Aug., Oct.; 60, 42, 42, 36, 38 pages respectively. Irregular from Robert and Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, IN 47348. for 50¢, 4/\$1.80, or 12/\$5.00.

Yandro just goes on and on and on ... one issue blurring into another. I do not really enjoy it as I do, say Awry or Kwalhioqua. Its drab sameness is overpowering, and only in a year like 1973 could it make my top five. "What is it doing on this list, then?" you might ask. Well... it's pleasant enough what with Dave Locke's excellent column (and despite Liz Fishman's unentertaining column) and the idiosyncratic editorial personality of Buck Coulson, but the main reason is the book and fanzine reviews, and the lettercol. The reviews are so extensive and timely that they are the best buyer's guide available. The lettercol, although virtually unedited, is nevertheless very good. Covers and interior art are rather good, especially the humorous cartoons by Jackie Franke.

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Mood #4

by: M. Barbara

You needed something I could not give  
 I'm sorry, I should have tried harder  
 But I did not know then  
                                 nor did you  
 What it was to really love  
 to give and give, to bear pain together  
 and come forth more whole  
 Now we stand apart, alone  
     the universe and years between us  
     if I could but reach out and touch  
                                         your hand  
     the universe would disappear  
                                 and the years  
 And you and I could try again  
     and maybe this time I could give  
     what it is you need  
                                 of myself, of my soul ....  
 But here we stand with the  
                                 worlds between us  
 And I cannot reach you

