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# **Galactic Journey**

*Selected Posts of 1967*

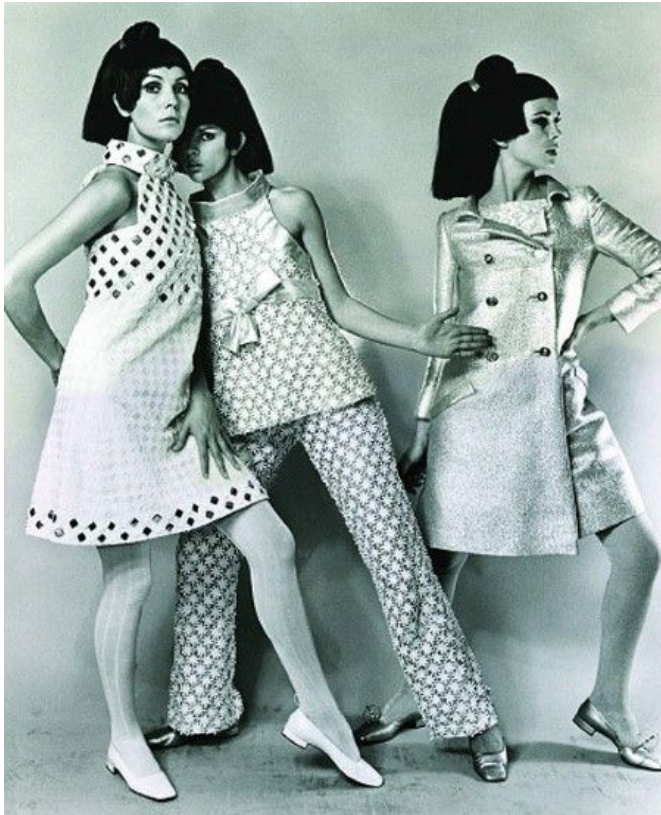
***founded by Gideon Marcus***

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## About the Journey



“The most ambitious, immersive, and extensive project in modern science fiction.”

~Hugo Finalist Olav Rockne

**Imagine living at the dawn of the New Wave** of science fiction and fantasy. A beleaguered LBJ is struggling with the War in Vietnam and a War on Poverty. The Gemini and Voskhod space programs are done, but tragedy has set back both Apollo and Soyuz. *Star Trek* is gracing the small screen, while *2001* is expected on the silver screen by the end of the year. Joanna Russ and Ursula K. Le Guin are

promising new science fiction authors. Spider-Man, The Fantastic Four, The X-Men, and the Avengers are bursting onto the comics scene. What would it be like to actually *be* there, experiencing life, the movies, the books, the music, day by day?

The Traveler and co. live in 1968, regularly commuting 55 years into the future to write about then-contemporary science fiction and fantasy, particularly fiction found in magazines. But that's not all there is to life 55 years ago! So expect to read about the [movies](#), [the space shots](#), the [politics](#), the [music](#), and much more!

There is nothing like the Journey anywhere else in the universe. Come jump through the portal and see a world you may but dimly remember, or which you may never have seen before, but without which your time could never have been...



This is just a small selection of the Journey's articles. Galactic Journey publishes every other day--nearly 200 times a year. Keep up to date at [Galactic Journey](#) and join us at our real-time lounge on Discord at [Portal 55](#).

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[January 2, 1967]

## Different perspectives (February 1967 IF)



by David Levinson

We all know the adage about walking a mile in someone else's shoes. Trying to see the world through others' eyes is a good way to understand them, and that can help ease tensions and make it easier to find compromises. Of course, it's also possible to come up with some pretty ridiculous ideas about the way other people think.

### Failures of diplomacy

At the end of 1965, I wrote about the [troubles](#) in the British colony of [Rhodesia](#). The white minority government refuses to consider the idea of granting equal rights or a role in government to Black Rhodesians. Early in December, British Prime Minister Harold Wilson, Rhodesian Prime minister Ian Smith, and ousted Rhodesian Governor General Humphrey Gibbs met aboard the *HMS Tiger* to try to hash out a solution. Smith left with a proposal he seemed willing to accept, but rejected it out of hand as soon as he returned to Salisbury. In response on December 16th, the United Nations Security Council approved an oil embargo and economic sanctions against Rhodesia 11-0, with France, the Soviet Union, Mali and Bulgaria abstaining. Four days later, Wilson withdrew all offers and announced that the United Kingdom would only accept a Black majority government. On the 22nd, as the trade ban was about to go into effect, Smith declared that the U. N. had forced Rhodesia out of

British control and out of the British Commonwealth, making the country an independent republic by default.

Bechuanaland to Rhodesia's south may have peacefully become Botswana last year, but it seems that most of southern Africa is ready to go up in flames. While dealing with the condemnation of the rest of the world, the Smith government is also fighting two Black nationalist movements. Meanwhile, armed resistance is developing against South Africa's illegal control of South West Africa, and armed independence movements are appearing in the Portuguese overseas provinces of Angola and Mozambique (formerly Portuguese West and East Africa respectively). If any of these embers becomes a conflagration, it's hard to see how this won't also spill over into South Africa as well.

## *Britain OK's Terms for Rhodesia Pact*



Prime Minister Harold Wilson waves to crowds at London airport after returning from talks with Ian Smith, prime minister of Rhodesia. With him is Herbert Bowden, commonwealth secretary.

[AP Wirephoto by Cable]

Wilson returns with what looked like an acceptable deal, but Smith swiftly vetoed it.

### **Through alien eyes**

John Campbell supposedly said he wanted someone to write an alien that "thinks as well as a man, but not like a man." At least one author in [this month's IF](#) makes a pretty good attempt at doing so. Others at least offer characters trying to understand how aliens (and in one case a door) think.



WORLDS OF

FEBRUARY 1967  
50¢



# SCIENCE FICTION

## FOREST IN THE SKY

A New Retief Novelette  
by Keith Laumer

## THE SOFT WEAPON

by Larry Niven

and many other stories by Science Fiction's favorite authors



At least they aren't even pretending this illustrates something in the magazine. Art by Wenzel.

## The Soft Weapon, by Larry Niven

A dozen years after the day that the galactic core is exploding, the mad (not because of his manic-depression, but because he's courageous) puppeteer Nessus has hired Jason and Anne-Marie Papandreou, who operate the passenger ship *Court Jester*, to take him



to see the Outsiders in deep space. While concluding his unspecified business, Nessus has also purchased a stasis box, an item potentially containing a piece of technology from the long-gone Slaver empire. On the way back, Jay decides to make a detour to Beta Lyrae, hoping the sight will snap Nessus out of his funk.

There, they fall into the clutches of the kzinti Chuft-Captain and the crew of the *Traitor's Claw*. Among other things, the box proves to contain a strange device which can change its shape. Some of the settings include a rocket booster and a talking computer, but the device also seems capable of converting matter to usable energy with perfect efficiency. It's up to Jay to use what he thinks the device is in order to escape with his wife and client and keep a dangerous technology from winding up in the hands of kzinti.

Jay discovers a hidden setting.

Art by Gaughan

Niven has given us insight into the kzinti mind [before](#) and goes into greater detail here. We also get his speculation on what might be valued in a society of sentients descended from herbivores. The action is done fairly well, we have a female character who isn't just motivation for the protagonist, and the story flows quite well. This might be the best thing Niven has written yet.

A high four stars.

### **Gods of Dark and Light, by Bruce McAllister**

Gregory Shawn is a member of a religious movement which has come to V-Planet-14 to live according to their own rules. Things aren't going well. Most of the story consists of Gregory's prayers as the harsh conditions test and shape the group's faith. These are interspersed with the prayers of one of the native life forms.

There isn't much to say about this one. I think McAllister has something he's trying to say, but it's not entirely clear. The whole thing is very dark.

Two stars.

### **Forest in the Sky, by Keith Laumer**

The Terran Mission to the planet Zoon is having trouble finding the natives. It turns out the Groaci have beaten the CDT to the punch, though they aren't doing any better. Once again, it's Retief to the rescue.



The Terran Mission sets off to look for the local government.  
Art by Castellon

I noted back in [October](#) that Laumer seemed to be having fun with Retief again. That still seems to be the case, but while this is more than just going through the motions, it's still the same old formula. If you're new to Retief, this is probably a lot of fun. Otherwise it's palatable, but more of the same.

A low three stars.

## **The Fan Awards, by Lin Carter**

This month, Our Man in Fandom takes a look at the Hugos. Carter traces the development of the award and tells us a bit about who Hugo was. Next month, he promises to talk about some of the Hugo winners and to look at the new Nebula Awards from the Science Fiction Writers of America.

Three stars.

## **[The Iron Thorn \(Part 2 of 4\)](#), by Algis Budrys**

Hunting his first Amsir, Honor White Jackson learns that his prey is an intelligent being with better technology than his own people have. Eventually, he decides to defect to the Amsir and is taken to their home, a deep bowl filled with dense air and greenery. A vision of his people's paradise. But paradise it is not. The food of the Amsir is poisonous to humans, and Jackson faces death by starvation. His only hope is to find a way into the Thorn Thing, a short metal tower with a locked door at the top of a ladder. The door instantly destroys any Amsir attempting to go through it after issuing a warning in an unknown language. The only one who can get close is Ahmuls, who is deformed in such a way that he resembles humans more than he does Amsir. If the door likes humans, then presumably there's something Jackson can eat on the other side. As this installment ends, Jackson convinces the door to open and dives through, followed by Ahmuls and the spears of the Amsir.

To be continued.



Jackson enters the Thorn Thing. Art by Gray Morrow.

This story certainly moves fast. Nothing feels as rushed as it did in the first part, but Budrys isn't wasting any time. I have some suspicions about what's going on. Much of that will probably be resolved next month, though I have no idea how it will all be wound up.

Three stars.

### **Confession, by Robert Ray**

Father Hume sits on his veranda, waiting for the oppressive heat of an Australian afternoon in the back of beyond to dissipate. He closes his eyes for a moment, but must have nodded off, since there is suddenly a stranger in his back garden. A stranger who would like the Father to hear his confession, but can't wait until church tomorrow. What Father Hume hears will change his life and, hopefully, the world.

On first reading, this seemed like the sort of story you read, don't mind and then forget. As I've thought about it, though, some other aspects have occurred to me. I can't really say anything without giving the whole story away and ruining its impact, but it's a little better than I first credited it.

A solid three stars.

### **The Evil Ones, by Richard Wilson**

Wally Hengsen beat a murder charge with an insanity plea. Now, he's biding his time until his organization can bust him out. When an alien spaceship lands on the grounds of the rest home, he starts looking for an angle to play, but a reminder of events in New Guinea during the War sets him on a different path.



Hengsen wonders if he really does belong in an asylum.  
Art by Vaughn Bodé

This is a decent story. It sags in a couple of places, and Hengsen's change of heart relies so much on a flashback that it feels a little out of place. On the other hand, it does finish strongly, which is probably enough.

Three stars.

### **The Dangers of Deepspace, by Mather H. Walker**

A colonel of the Deepspace service is interviewing a volunteer and seems to be doing his best to discourage the young man from signing up.

Here we have this month's first-time author. The whole thing is very obvious, doesn't entirely make sense and isn't worth your time. The nicest thing I can say is that the prose is serviceable.

Barely two stars.



## A Beachhead for Gree, by C. C. MacApp

Steve Duke and friends go behind enemy lines. They make contact with the locals, use a ruse to infiltrate an enemy base and thwart Gree's plans.



This time the locals are humanoids who can build wings for themselves.  
Art by Burns.

I'm going to make several carbons of that summary and whenever a Gree story appears, I'll just cut one out and paste it into my manuscript. Will this interminable series never end?

Two stars.

## Summing up

No matter how you look at it, this month's *IF* is par for the course. One really good story, some decent stuff and some junk. And as good as it's been so far, the serial needs to start paying off next month. At least we have the special Hugo edition to look forward to next month. The authors are good, but will they offer up their best stuff?



Next Month in *IF* —

***Special Hugo Award Issue!***

To celebrate *IF*'s receiving the coveted  
"Hugo" as best science-fiction magazine

**Stories by the Hugo Winners:**

**Isaac Asimov**

**Harlan Ellison**

**Roger Zelazny**

**All in the March issue, plus many others!**

No mention of Frank Herbert this time. Hmmm.

[January 4, 1967]

## Six Impossible Things Before Breakfast (*Star Trek*: “Shore Leave”)



*by Erica Frank*

We join the Enterprise on Stardate 3025. The crew has had a rough few months and desperately needs some downtime. Fortunately, they have found what seems to be an ideal uninhabited planet for shore leave.

While the planet seems almost fairy-tale idyllic, with open meadows and pastoral lakes and meandering paths, it is soon clear that something strange is afoot. McCoy sees what he is sure is a hallucination: A man-sized rabbit holding a pocketwatch, muttering “I’m late” before hopping out of sight.



Not what we expected on an alien planet.

But the scan results are clear: No animal life found on the planet. No birds, no mammals, no insects.

Nobody asks why there are paths through the woods and around the lake, if there are no creatures to make them. Nobody asks why there are tree stumps. Nobody asks what's pollinating the flowers. ...Nobody notices the antenna that tracks their movements.

### **A Grin Without a Cat**

They split up to investigate, and Kirk finds someone who cannot possibly be here: Finnegan, a fellow he knew from the Academy. Finnegan was a practical joker who targeted Kirk all the time.



He looks like a fun fellow. (This looks like the ship's uniforms, but it's sparkling silver. How many outfits does Starfleet have?)

Finnegan immediately throws a punch at the Captain, but their fight is cut short when other crew members are in danger – Kirk rushes off to protect Barrows from Don Juan. Then Sulu gets chased by a samurai while the other team hides from a tiger. Spock beams down into this mess, and they discover their phasers aren't working and communications are down: they'll have to deal with the planet's problems on their own.

McCoy decides, "This is all hallucinations," and gets himself stabbed by a charging knight. It seems McCoy has forgotten every hallucination-inflicting alien they've encountered so far, starting with [the salt vampire](#): The *lance* may be a hallucination, but the

*damage* is real. If he thinks it's all hallucinations, why did he encourage Yeoman Barrows to swap her uniform for the princess dress they found? Is he happily imagining that she's actually wandering around naked?

While the team looks for answers, Finnegan reappears. Kirk, never one to skip out on a fight, chases him. Finnegan is tricky and tough, but Kirk refuses to give up.



I like Finnegan. He can punch the shirt off strapping young captains.

Kirk fights better once his shirt is torn. (I think Kirk gets special tear-away uniforms to enhance his fighting skills.) He eventually overcomes Finnegan, as he never could as a student, and grins. Spock, bemused that Kirk enjoyed the fight, realizes what's happening: Something is reading their thoughts and providing them the exact experiences they're seeking, even if those are dangerous.

They need to warn the others and figure out how to stop it. But first: They must escape the tiger and an airstrike! (Did the producers just have some airstrike footage they wanted to use? The samurai wasn't dangerous enough?) Kirk and Spock dodge for shelter together, pulling each other to safety as they dodge dangers from land and sky.



I'm sure this embrace was very relevant to the plot.

The surviving crew members meet back at the Glade. A very angry Kirk demands they stand at attention, not even thinking, while he looks around for... something, someone.

A man in a green robe walks out to greet them. He's the caretaker of this place, a kind of amusement park: Anything you imagine can be your exciting adventure here.

Kirk points out that adventures are substantially less fun when people die – but it turns out nobody is dead; McCoy was healed in their underground facilities. No harm done, all in good fun, and so on.



The druidic version of Mr. Green Jeans remains nameless.

Kirk asks the caretaker who his people are, but he demurs: “Your race is not yet ready to understand us.” However, he welcomes them to enjoy the planet. With communications restored, Kirk orders the other teams to beam down for their shore leave.

This was a *delightful* episode. I believe this is the first time we’ve encountered godlike telepathic and technological powers that are *not* used to threaten and control people.

I hope to see more aliens like this, an advanced race that uses its abilities for peaceful, benevolent purposes. They aren’t going to



share their technology with still-warlike humans, but they open their vacation resort to those who need a break from their busy lives.

Five stars. Fun to watch, a return of Shirtless Kirk, and an immensely satisfying conclusion.

---

## “Drink Me”



*by Janice L. Newman*

This was a fun and rollicking episode. At the same time, I found it unsettling.

In order for the story to work, the crew have to behave in ways that are out of character for a military crew. Not only do they not seem to notice the discrepancies Erica noted above, but they allow themselves to be distracted, separated, and discombobulated throughout the story. When Kirk meets his childhood sweetheart, he can't take his eyes off her, unable to finish his sentences even as he's having an important conversation with a member of his crew. Yeoman Barrows has no hesitation about changing into a fairy-tale dress she randomly finds, and McCoy has no hesitation in urging her to do it. When Sulu finds a gun under a rock, he *picks it up and starts firing it*.

These are not the actions of trained specialists.



The only thing that really makes sense is to assume that the planet has a built-in relaxing effect on the mind. Whether there's some sort of drug in the air or something even more sophisticated — perhaps some sort of ray along the lines of what we saw in “Dagger of the Mind”, except this one causes mild euphoria instead of forgetfulness — it's a little disturbing.

It's perfectly logical that such a planet might have “something in the air” intended to help its visitors let go of their cares and worries. The people and things they encounter aren't real, after all, and this might have a dampening effect if one thinks about it too hard (Kirk's first love was nothing but a complex robot, yet even knowing this, he doesn't hesitate to take his own shore leave at the end of the episode, very clearly looking forward to enjoying her charms). Some kind of ‘euphoria effect’ that helps the attendees of this planet-sized amusement park suspend disbelief in order to enjoy themselves seems almost a necessity.

However, the crew encounters and is influenced by whatever it is without any chance to say 'no, thank you'. Even at the end, Kirk tells the *Enterprise* to start beaming people down, presumably with the intent of informing them of what kind of planet it is, but never mentions the euphoria effect. Do the crew even realize their minds have been affected? Will they recognize it after they leave?

As someone who values her ability to think in a straight line, I found the idea of being drugged without my knowledge disconcerting at best, and outright violative at worst. Not to mention, we don't know how far the effect goes. Could it become addictive over time? Could it have other long-term consequences?

The existence of the euphoria effect is all extrapolation anyway, so maybe it shouldn't bother me so much. But the alternative, that the crew just behaved unprofessionally and out-of-character for no reason at all, is even worse! Either way, it knocked the episode down for me a little, bringing it to three and a half stars.

---

## "Pleasure Planet"



*by Tam Phan (Secret Asian Man)*

When we think of science fiction, we don't often consider what entertainment will look like in the future. Our technology is so advanced that it's hard to imagine what we might be able to accomplish in our lifetimes, let alone in the distant future—and so often, science fiction focuses on the advanced ways we might harm

each other. But how about how we might please each other, or ourselves? Color television is the pinnacle of modern entertainment, and it seems that, in every episode, with marvelous plots and better special effects, Star Trek keeps pushing those boundaries.

“Shore Leave” conceives an entirely new level of entertainment.

Currently, Disneyland is the only thing that comes close, and if you’ve ever had the chance to visit, you’ll understand the boldness of that statement. But where Disneyland brings one man’s imagination to life (that of Walt Disney, sadly gone from this world as of last month), “Shore Leave” presents an entire planet designed to grant your every wish. Maybe calling that an amusement park is an understatement, but there’s no better way to describe the way my head is still spinning with all the things that I would love to do if granted that opportunity.



Though, with all its ability, it seemed that the planet required a bit of suspension of disbelief on the part of the participants to be fully engaged. Maybe the planet was causing the landing crew to be less restrained. It's not too much of a stretch to believe that the planet was also able to put people's minds at ease. The vision is really what's important. The point was to create a pleasure planet, and they accomplished that.

We, the audience, know that it's not real. Even the emotional McCoy eventually determined that it wasn't. It didn't keep him from being run through with a lance, but that's beside the point. Of course, McCoy wasn't permanently harmed in the process of fulfilling any fantasies, but he also couldn't fully enjoy himself until he let go of his inhibitions. It wasn't until Kirk gave into his desire to "beat the tar out of Finnegan" that he was able to take full advantage of the planet's capabilities. It was never made clear as to why the crew was acting a bit strange, but maybe this is just a reminder that suspending my own disbelief might make this a more enjoyable experience.

If entertainment comes anywhere close to this in the future, we're in for a treat. Until then, I'm looking forward to the next episode of *Star Trek* on my color television.

Four stars.

---

## Getting to know you



*by Gideon Marcus*

We've gotten hints of Captain Kirk's background before "Shore Leave"—we knew he was a stack of books with legs in his Academy days. That he almost married a blonde woman Gary Mitchell steered his way. And that he suffered on Tarsus IV under the iron hand of Governor Kodos. But for the most part, the history of James Kirk has been a mystery.

In one swell foop, we get confirmation that Kirk was "positively grim", we learn that he once deeply loved an older woman (the "blonde"?), that he was hounded by an upperclassman named Finnegan. We also find out that the Captain enjoys an occasional Vulcanian backrub; I imagine Spock has special nerve pinches for tight lumbar.

Also fleshed out is McCoy, who finally gets to carouse after his traumatic "reunification" with a former flame back in "The Man Trap". The doctor is quite charming, really, and I can see why he caught the eye of Yeoman Barrows (though I have to wonder if this relationship would have been kindled elsewhere than in the befuddling airs of the Shore Leave planet).



And finally, we're learning something about the universe as a whole. There are three types of science fiction universe: those with lots of aliens, those with few aliens, and those with only humans. *Star Trek* clearly takes place in the first of those types of settings. We have seen almost as many races as we've watched episodes. Most of them are indistinguishable from humans, but the Talosians, Vulcanians, Romulans and Thasians make clear that there are far out aliens as well.

So numerous are the aliens, and so familiar are the forms of many of them, that I suspect there will be some kind of explanation for the phenomenon. "[Miri](#)" already has suggested one. I look forward to the revelation when it happens.

In any event, a poll of our usual watching crew has elicited a wide range of appraisals for "Shore Leave", from 3 to 5. For myself, there was never a moment I was not thoroughly enjoying the episode.

Five stars.

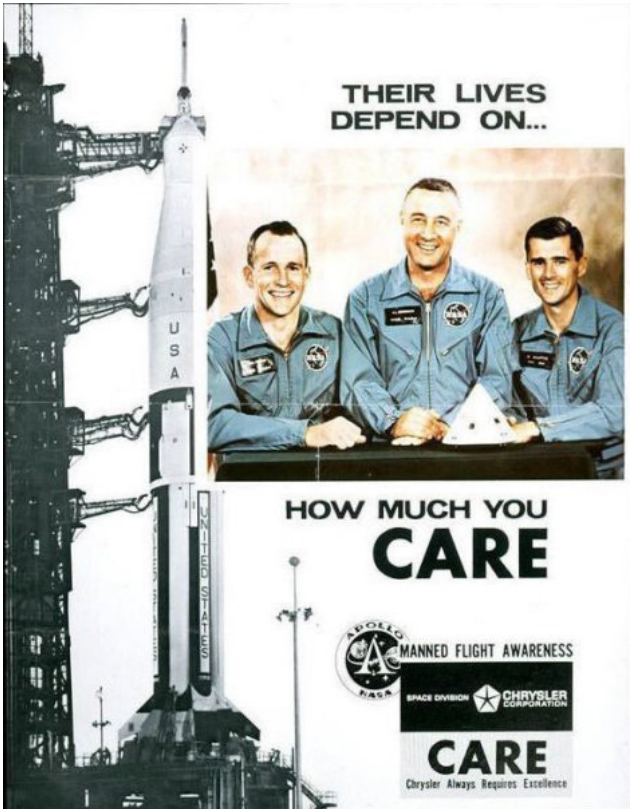


[January 28, 1967]

# “Fire in the cockpit!” (The AS-204 Accident)



by Kaye Dee



As I write this, I'm still in shock. It's only a few hours since the news broke here in Australia of the tragic loss of the crew of Apollo 204 in a fire on the launchpad at Cape Kennedy, during a launch rehearsal. Spaceflight is difficult and dangerous – we know that. Astronauts Freeman, Bassett and See were killed in plane crashes during training; Armstrong and Scott had a narrow escape from inflight disaster during [Gemini VIII](#).

Unconfirmed rumours abound of Soviet cosmonauts who died in unsuccessful space missions before Gagarin, and the Russians have probably had training accidents to which they have not yet admitted. When I wrote about Gemini VIII's aborted mission, I asked if spaceflight was moving too fast. There's certainly been a headlong rush on NASA's part to get to the Moon ahead of the Soviet Union, so perhaps this tragedy is the answer to my rhetorical question.



The first image available showing the fire-ravaged interior of the Apollo 204 spacecraft

Details are still sketchy at this time, although no doubt more information about the accident will emerge in the coming days and weeks as investigations take place. But right now, let's explore the background to the mission and what we know about the catastrophe.

## The Lost Crew

Apollo 204 (AS-204) was intended to be the first manned test flight of the new Apollo Command and Service Modules, the spacecraft that will be used to carry the first NASA astronauts to the Moon within the next few years. As such, two experienced astronaut test pilots were assigned to the flight: USAF Lt. Colonels Virgil "Gus" Grissom, the Command Pilot, and Senior Pilot Edward White. Grissom was the United States' second space traveller, flying the Mercury [MR-4](#) mission. He also commanded the first manned Gemini mission, [Gemini III](#). Rumour even has it that Grissom was already under possible consideration to command NASA's first lunar landing mission. Lt. Col. White is famous as the first American to make a spacewalk, during [Gemini IV](#). These veteran astronauts were joined for this mission by rookie US Navy Lt. Commander Roger Chaffee. Chaffee was selected as a member of the third astronaut group and specialised in communications: he had been a CapCom for both Gemini III and IV.



Official Apollo 204 crew portrait, including a model of the new Apollo Command Module which their mission was intended to test. Left to right Ed White, "Gus" Grissom and Roger Chaffee

The Apollo 204 back-up crew consists of experienced Mercury and Gemini astronaut Walter Schirra and first-time fliers Donn Eisele and Walter Cunningham. Astronaut Eisele had originally been assigned in Lt. Commander Chaffee's role for the Apollo 204 mission but had to be replaced when he needed shoulder surgery in early 1966. I assume that once Apollo missions resume after the accident investigation, this crew will fly the first orbital mission that should have been accomplished by AS-204.

## What's in a Name?

The design for the official Apollo 204 patch, developed by the crew and illustrated by North American Rockwell artist Allen Stevens, carries the designation Apollo 1. At the time that it was approved by NASA, in June 1966, this was the flight's official name. However, it seems that only recently some doubt arose as to whether the formal designation of the mission would be Apollo 1 after all, which is why it is presently being referred to as Apollo 204, or AS-204. I've heard from the Australian liaison officer at NASA, that just last week approval for the patch was withdrawn and that, if this accident had not occurred, the patch might have had to be redesigned, depending on the final mission designation.



But as it stands, the mission patch uses the American flag for a background, with a central image depicting an Apollo spacecraft in Earth orbit. The Moon appears to the right of the Earth, reminding us of the eventual goal of Project Apollo. The designation Apollo 1 and the names of the crew appear in a border around the central image, while the patch is edged with a black border – a touch that is poignantly even more appropriate in view of the loss of the crew. I do hope that this patch, and the designation Apollo 1, will be reinstated as the official insignia of this mission in honour of its lost crew.

## The Mission that Should Have Been

The fire that has killed the Apollo 204 crew occurred during a preflight test ahead of a launch scheduled for 21 February. It was planned to be the first manned orbital test flight of the Apollo Command and Service Modules, launched on a Saturn IB rocket. The mission was to have tested launch operations, ground tracking and control facilities, as well as the performance of the Apollo-Saturn launch vehicle. Depending on how well the spacecraft performed, the mission might have lasted up to two weeks, perhaps equalling [Gemini VII's](#) record spaceflight and demonstrating that the Apollo spacecraft could function successfully for the duration of the longest Moon flights currently in planning.



The Apollo 204 crew in front of Pad 34, from which they should have launched, and where they have been killed

The Command Module allocated to Apollo 204, CM-012, was a so-called “Block I” version, originally designed before the lunar orbit rendezvous landing strategy was selected. Block 1 spacecraft aren’t able to dock with a lunar module, but future “Block II” versions will.

## Was It a Lemon?

The Apollo Command and Service Modules are undoubtedly far more complex than any previously-built spacecraft, so it isn’t surprising that their development has had many teething problems. Over the last few months, I’ve heard from my former colleagues at the WRE that many issues with the Command Module became evident last year, especially when CM-012 was delivered to Kennedy Space Centre in August to be prepared for its flight. Even before it arrived, the Apollo 1 crew had expressed concerns to Apollo Spacecraft Program Office manager Joseph Shea about the quantity of flammable materials, such as nylon netting and Velcro, being used in the spacecraft cabin to hold tools and equipment in place. It seems that, even though Shea ordered these flammable materials removed, this may not have happened.



The Apollo 204 crew sent Program manager Joseph Shea a parody of their crew portrait to express their concerns about the spacecraft. They are shown praying, and the picture carried the inscription: “It isn’t that we don’t trust you, Joe, but this time we’ve decided to go over your head”

When CM-012 arrived at Kennedy Space Center, there were still 113 significant planned engineering changes to be completed, and another 623 engineering change orders were made following delivery! This suggests that many issues with the spacecraft design were still being resolved. Apparently, the engineers in charge of the spacecraft training simulators just couldn't keep up with all these changes, and I've heard that Lt. Colonel Grissom expressed his frustration about this by bringing a lemon from a tree at his home and hanging it on the simulator.



CM-012, at that time designated Apollo 1, arriving at Kennedy Space Centre

There were several problems with the environmental control unit in the Command Module, which was twice returned to the manufacturer for designed changes and repairs. During a high-speed landing test, when the Command Module was dropped into a water



tank to simulate splashdown, its heat shield split wide open, and the ship sank like a stone! There were also apparently concerns about a propellant tank in the Service Module that had ruptured during pre-delivery testing. NASA had it removed and tested at Kennedy Space Centre to be sure there were no further problems.

CM-012 finally completed a successful altitude chamber test on 30 December and was mated to its Saturn IB launch vehicle on Pad 34 at Cape Kennedy on 6 January. So, was this particular spacecraft a lemon – an accident waiting to happen? Or has this tragedy shown that the design of the Apollo Command Module is inherently flawed? We'll undoubtedly have to wait for the results of the accident investigation before we know the answer.

## **Countdown to Disaster**

At this point, we still know very little about the disastrous fire or what led to its breakout, but my WRE colleagues have helped me put together some information accident from their contacts at NASA. The fire broke out during what had apparently been a trouble-plagued launch simulation known as a “plugs-out” test. This kind pre-flight simulation is intended to demonstrate that the spacecraft will operate as it should on internal power, detached from all cables and umbilicals, and successfully carrying out this test was essential for confirming the 21 February launch date.



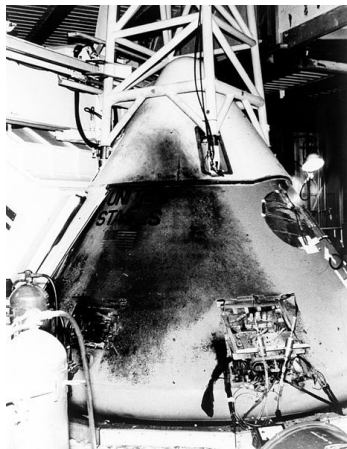
The AS-204 crew in the CM simulator on 19 January, as part of their preparations ahead of the “plugs out” test

Almost as soon as the astronauts entered the Command Module, there were problems when Grissom experienced a strange odour in his oxygen supply from the spacecraft, which delayed the start of the test. Problems with a high oxygen flow indication that kept triggering the master alarm also caused delays. There were also serious communications issues: at first, it was Command Pilot Grissom experiencing difficulty speaking with the control room, but the problems spread to include communications between the operations and checkout building and the blockhouse at complex 34, forcing another hold in the simulated countdown.

## Fire Erupts

It was not until five and a half hours after the simulation began that the countdown finally resumed, and when it did instruments apparently showed an unexplained rise in the oxygen flow into the crew's spacesuits. Within seconds, there were calls from the spacecraft indicating that a fire had broken out in the cabin and that the astronauts were facing a serious emergency, trying to escape. The final transmission from inside the spacecraft ended with a cry of pain.

Of course, there are emergency escape procedures for the Command Module, but with the triple spacecraft hatch, it requires at least 90 seconds to get it open, and it seems that the crew had never been able to accomplish the escape routine in that minimum time. There is some evidence that Lt. Col. White was trying to carry out his assigned emergency task of opening the hatch, but in the pure oxygen atmosphere of the spacecraft, the fire became incredibly intense very rapidly and rising internal pressure would have made it difficult, if not impossible to open the inward-opening hatch.



Picture taken shortly after the fire was extinguished showing the external damage to the Command Module caused by the hull rupture resulting from the fire

In less than 20 seconds from the first detection of the fire, the pressure inside CM-012 rose to the point where it actually ruptured the hull of the spacecraft, sending flame, heat and dense smoke into the pad service structure. The ground crew bravely tried to rescue the astronauts, but the dangerous conditions and unsuitable emergency equipment made it virtually impossible. Many were later treated for smoke inhalation. There were fears the CM had exploded, and that the fire might ignite the solid fuel rocket in the launch escape tower above it. If this happened, it could set fire to the entire service structure.

It took about five minutes for the ground crew to finally get the spacecraft hatch open, but their efforts were in vain, as the astronauts were already dead. The exact cause of death has yet to be determined: it may have been physical burns from the fire, or carbon monoxide asphyxia, from the fire's by-products.

Whatever the cause, three brave men have died, and an exhaustive investigation of the fire and its causes will now take place as part of the accident investigation. Exactly what effect this tragedy will have on the future of the Apollo programme will very much depend upon the findings of that investigation. If the design of the Command Module is found to be intrinsically flawed, the necessary redesigns could delay the programme for years, causing NASA to miss President Kennedy's deadline for a Moon landing, and allowing the Soviet Union to overtake the United States again in the Space Race.

Grissom and White have both said in past interviews that they recognized the possibility that there could be catastrophic failures and accidents in spaceflight and that they accepted that possibility and continued with their work. I'd just like to give the last word in this article to Astronaut Frank Borman, who said in a 1965 interview "I hope that the people in the US are mature enough that when we do lose our first crews they accept this as part of the business". It would not honour the loss of the Apollo 204 crew if this tragedy led to the termination of the Apollo programme.

[February 24, 1967]

## Changes Coming (*New Worlds* and *SF Impulse*, March 1967)



by Mark Yon

### Scenes from England

Hello again!

In the world of British SF magazines, things have moved since last time we spoke. In the comments on [my review of \*SF Impulse\* last month](#), my colleague Kris here at *Galactic Journey* gave me the news from the BSFA magazine *Vector* that despite the publishers going bankrupt, Brian Aldiss has managed to secure a deal with the British Arts Council for funds. This has propped up *New Worlds* for a while. But notice – the funding is **just** for *New Worlds*.

So something has had to give. As a result, the two magazines have merged from this issue, hence the new banner heading (even if *sf impulse* is in much smaller type – expect to see that disappear soon!)



**NEW WORLDS** 3/6  
and sf impulse

**REPORT ON  
PROBABILITY A**

a complete  
new novel

**BRIAN W. ALDISS**

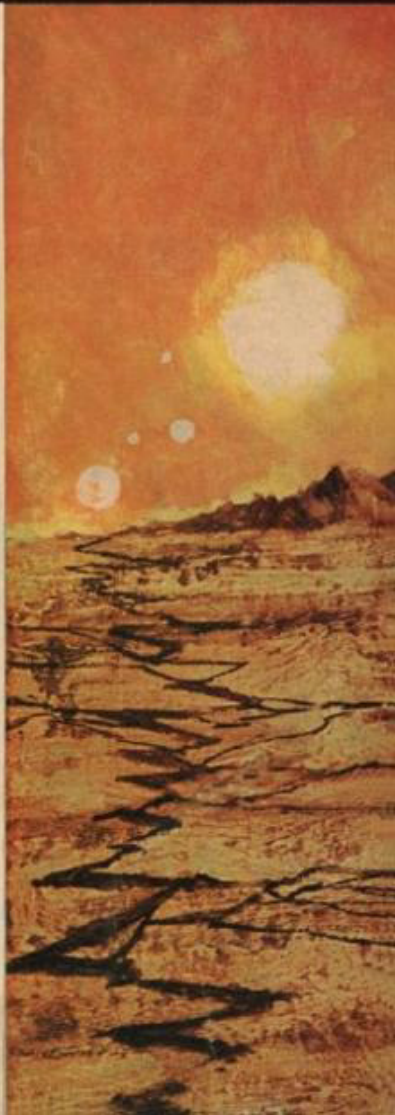
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**THE  
ASSASSINATION  
OF KENNEDY  
CONSIDERED AS  
A DOWNHILL  
MOTOR RACE**

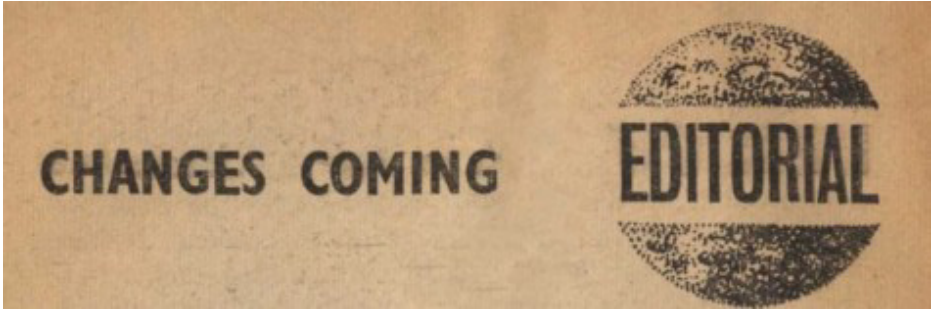
**J. G. BALLARD**

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**THE ERSATZ  
WINE**  
**CHRIS PRIEST**



To be fair, though, I have noticed over the last few months that the magazines have become very similar to each other anyway – both have had book reviews, letters pages and even the same roster of writers flitting between the two magazines. It *almost* makes me wonder if the editors Mike Moorcock and Keith Roberts (with a helping hand from Harry Harrison) had an inkling...



Anyway, all of this is explained in Moorcock's editorial, entitled "*Changes Coming*". Understandably, lots of praise for Aldiss and all of those who fought for *New Worlds* with the Arts Council. It looks like the magazine may have survived (again) – at least for a while.

To the [New Worlds/SF Impulse](#) issue.

# REPORT ON PROBABILITY



# A



# BRIAN ALDISS



## [Report on Probability A](#) by Brian W. Aldiss

And after the praise already heaped upon Brian, here's some more.

According to Moorcock's Editorial, Brian has donated his story to the magazine. Knowing that funds are tight (ie: non-existent) Brian, like all of the other contributors this month, have given this complete novel of over 100 pages for free (or at least a minimal amount.)

That's the plus-point. Readers may be less happy knowing that, like last month's [Just Passing Through](#) [in SF Impulse](#), this is Brian in experimental mode. Anyone expecting a humourous Aldiss story or a more-straightforward science fiction story may be disappointed.

Mr and Mrs Mary are being observed from three different perspectives by ex-employees of Mr and Mrs Mary, which make up this report. G is a gardener who watches Mr and Mrs Mary from a summerhouse. S is an ex-secretary who does the same from an outhouse in the back garden. C, the ex-chauffeur, is in the loft of the garage close to the Mary's house. We have a story divided up into different perspectives and written in three different sections (The number three seems important here!) It is a story of surveillance, about observation and effect of being observed. Therefore, lots of meticulous descriptions of what the observers and Mr and Mrs Mary are doing follows.

The reason for this observation slowly becomes apparent when we realise that the observers and the observed are being watched themselves by Domoladossa and Midlakemela, aliens who think that this observation of "Probability A" is important. (It seems that the universe has a number of probabilities, of which this is just one.)

And then we get to the point that Domoladossa and Midlakemela, who are watching the observers watching Mr. and Mrs. Mary, are being watched themselves by The Distinguishers, who are in turn being watched.... confused yet?

It is easy in some ways to see why not a lot happens - although that seems to be the point. The dialogue reminded me a little of Samuel Beckett or Harold Pinter in its stylistic brevity and manner -

something that with Aldiss's literary bent I am sure is no coincidence. It is also weirdly voyeuristic – much of what is described seems mundane and of little consequence, yet I found myself wanting to keep reading.

I guess that the reason for these descriptions of the obvious, whilst they may seem very boring to me/us, is that the world of the Mary's and their observers is being described for those who have never seen it before. It shows us our world as others see us. Together these viewpoints create a mosaic of often rather mundane events – lots of talk of processed fish, factory strikes, the weather (especially rain.) It's all rather British and summarises perhaps how others see us.

Interestingly, the constant watching and the events observed makes the whole thing feel claustrophobic and unsettling. Have you ever felt you've been watched? Here you are!

There are a lot of unanswered questions. Whilst we are told that 'it' may be important, what is the purpose of the surveillance? Is it just to observe? And why is it the Mary family that are being observed? Mrs. Mary is described at one point to perhaps being "the key to everything", although we are not always clear what "everything" is. Is it something creepy or even malicious?

This may not be to everyone's tastes – despite Moorcock pointing out on the back cover that it is "perhaps his most brilliant work to date", the lack of a plot makes it rather against the usual grain. I suppose that it is this that has made the novel a hard sell – I understand that this story has been around a while before being published – but it is one that kept me thinking. Does feel a tad too long, though. Nevertheless, it has stayed with me since reading, a sign that the story has made an impact. 4 out of 5.

### **The Ersatz Wine by Chris Priest**

A story of multiple narratives all chopped up into a jumbled tale. A story of nothing turned into a confusing nothing that plays with form but is probably a story where the form is more important than the narrative. 3 out of 5.

## [The Assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy Considered as a Downhill Motor Race](#) by J. G. Ballard

Ah – the now predictable scenario of J. G. using contemporary people and elements to tell his downbeat cut-up tale. Before we've seen included JFK, Mickey Mouse and Marilyn Monroe amongst others. However, I'm not sure about this one where the events of the assassination are turned into a motor race. For example, Oswald starts the race by firing his gun, Kennedy is disqualified at the hospital for taking a turn for the worse, Johnson takes the lead and wins the race.

Although it happened a good 18 months ago, [Kennedy's assassination](#) still feels quite recent to me, and perhaps too recent to become something of amusement. It feels wrong, like making a joke about [the poor Apollo astronauts](#) recently would be. Is the use of JFK here to shock, to be controversial? Possibly. As satire, I guess it can be seen to be puncturing the balloon of pretentiousness that often surrounds public figures. Does it work? Not sure... despite the description on the back cover (see below) about it being witty and filled with deeply-considered comment, I really get the impression Ballard finds this all very funny, but if it is, to me it's a one-trick joke stretched too far. 3 out of 5.

## **Hunger's End by Robert Cheetham**

Another recently emerged writer in these pages. An odd allegorical tale that deals with expense, perfection and beauty and how a hunger for what you desire may be more important than mere functionality. Well, that and a sea sponge that bites a woman's finger off. 2 out of 5.

No Book reviews or letters pages this month.

## INSIDE NEW WORLDS

**BRIAN ALDISS's latest novel (complete in this issue) is perhaps his most brilliant work to date, both in terms of its subject matter and its form.**

### **REPORT ON PROBABILITY A**

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### **J. G. BALLARD's**

**"The Assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy Considered as a Downhill Motor Race" employs a technique first used by Alfred Jarry. It is full of wit and pungent, deeply-considered comments on Kennedy's death.**

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**Many will find this one of the most memorable issues of the magazine ever produced**

## SF AT ITS BEST

As the back cover shows, there's clearly a need to advertise the magazine this month. Obviously, I am pleased to see anything from *New Worlds / SF Impulse*. There was a point where I didn't expect anything. With all of that stuff going on in the background it is rather difficult to judge the magazine purely on its written material. Brian's novel is oddly memorable, but I'm not entirely sure that it works. Praise should be given in that it epitomises the brave new world of the New Wave, but like most of that work I suspect that it will receive as much criticism as praise. The Ballard is typical Ballard, but - dare I say it - not perhaps his best. Priest still underwhelms and Cheetham's story, by comparison with the Aldiss and Ballard, is very much a lesser item in the issue.

But I guess we should be grateful to read ANYTHING this month. As we will be next month.

**NEXT MONTH**

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OF EARTH**

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Until the next!

[March 22, 1967]

## The Lurking Fear (*Star Trek*: “The Devil in the Dark”)

### The Devil's Advocate



by Andrea Castaneda

There appears to be a recurring theme in *Star Trek* that showcases how a planet’s native species respond to human interaction. In “[Arena](#)”, “[Galileo Seven](#)”, and “[Man Trap](#)”, we’re presented with an outright hostile response that thwarts the possibility of a sustainable settlement. “Devil in the Dark ” appeared, at first glance, to go in this direction. However, it is the way this week’s “monster” is framed in an empathetic light that sets this episode apart.



The episode proceeds predictably...at first. On planet Janus VI, a mysterious thing is killing man after man deep in the Pergium mines. Enter the Starship *Enterprise*, who are called to investigate the matter. After getting briefed by colony chief mining engineer Vanderberg, Kirk and his crew set out to track down and kill whatever this creature is. But not before Spock examines a perfectly spherical rock, describing it as a "geological oddity". Vanderberg refers to it as a silicon nodule, saying his team found thousands of them after they opened a new level.

It didn't take a lot of brain power for me to deduce that the nodules were probably the creature's eggs. The mining operation threatened its nest, so the creature began to defend it. The Gorn in "Arena" and primitive species in "Galileo Seven" responded with a similar hostility to the perceived "invaders". Why would this creature be any different?





“This egg-like thing? No idea what it is.”

Suddenly, alarms blare, the crew rushes outside, and to their horror they see there's been another attack. Not only is another man left dead, but the creature has taken a vital piece of equipment, one necessary to sustain human life. And while Scotty's ingenuity buys them time, they now have a race against the clock. Perhaps that's why Kirk takes on a more militant approach, ordering his men to shoot the creature on sight.

Eventually, Kirk and Spock come face to face with the creature at last. Looking like a blob made out of a shag rug and Chef Boy-ar-dee, it approaches them, and the men fire their phasers. Wounded, a piece breaks off, and it retreats back into the rock. Examining the piece, the men conclude that it is a silicon based lifeform—explaining why it didn't appear on their carbon-based lifeform scans. As the men speculate about what the creature is, a fear dawns in Spock that it may be the last of its kind.

We are given a similar situation in “Man Trap”, in which a lone shapeshifting salt-sucking creature kills many members of the Starship Enterprise to survive. But as the conflict hinges more on McCoy’s personal affection for the creature – who looks like his old flame – its death is more symbolic of McCoy choosing duty over love. We get one mournful moment when Kirk reflects on the now extinct species, but it is framed as something that had to be done.

But this is where “Devil in the Dark” makes the most significant deviation from the format. When confronted with the creature again, Kirk has a change of heart when he sees it recoil from the sight of the phaser. Realizing it may be more than just a mere animal, he asks Spock – who now wants the creature dead to save Kirk – to touch minds with it.



Heart to...heart?

This was the moment that made this episode stand out for me. Speaking through the Vulcan, the creature identifies itself as a Horta and explains how she only started the attacks after the miners

destroyed her eggs. Because the rest of her species died out, something that happened every 50,000 years, she was left as the lone protector of the eggs.

We are given a similar exchange in “Arena”, when the Gorn tells Kirk his kind “destroyed invaders” of his planet, but it isn’t nearly as emotionally charged as the Horta’s. Through Spock, the creature sobs, lamenting the impending doom of her kind and calling the humans “murderers” and “devils”. Kirk now realizes the misunderstanding and calls McCoy to heal and save the creature.

Unbeknownst to them, the angry mob of miners overwhelm the Enterprise’s security team, and rush to claim... whatever the Horta has for a head. But Spock, having learned her species’s history, convinces them that she is benevolent by nature. As proof, he explains that she had known about the human colony for the last 50 years, only attacking in recent months as a last resort to protect her species. And by some miracle, the men’s anger is suddenly quelled, having seen the error of their ways. It is, perhaps, an over-generous portrayal of human forgiveness. But maybe the agreement of letting Horta hatchlings help in their mining operations—thus giving them more profit—is what helped let bygones be bygones.

“Devil in the Dark” isn’t a flawless episode. But the moving portrayal of the Horta lamenting her lost future is what made this episode one of my favorites. It offers a new perspective for what the native species of a planet may feel when confronted with the “alien” humans. Still, I can’t help but spare a thought for the salt-creature of “Man Trap”, and even the Gorn in “Arena”, who also may have felt the same sense of existential anguish.

Five stars.

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## FUTURE IMPERFECT



*by Joe Reid*

I love and enjoy a good sci-fi story. I am a lover of the works of Mr. Robert Heinlein and other masters like him. In the pages of a good sci-fi book you have fantastical worlds and brave people that are navigating those worlds for the adventure, to save those they care for, and to just plain do what is right and honest. Good sci-fi is so unlike our present world, where the strong, by hook or by crook, take what doesn't belong to them for the benefit of some high and mighty master who already got more scratch than a dog with fleas. Scratch stands for money, for those of you unfamiliar with street lingo.

So this episode comes along and reminds me a little too much of the world we live in. It starts off underground on a planet with the cleanest looking miners I ever laid my eyes on. They have a problem. Something is stopping the means of production of whatever it is that these miners in their all too clean jumpsuits need to mine. That problem is these workers are dying for some reason. Notice that it takes 50 of these men dying before the corporate bosses do something about it.



“You’ll be just fine... Bob, was it? Ah, who cares?”

What do their bosses do about it? They do what all big money types do. They send in a fixer to make the problem go away. In comes the crew of the spaceship *Enterprise*. Their leader Captain “Jim” Kirk shows up and it is pretty obvious early on that all he cares about is making sure that the miners get back to producing. It doesn’t matter that there’s 50 men fewer to do the work they were doing before. Money is money!

For almost all of the episode, Kirk is single-mindedly focused. Getting those space rocks moving is more important than anything else. So much so that when we learn that the creature that is killing the miners is a new form of life never seen before, Kirk would rather eliminate it than try to communicate with it. Dr., or Mr. Spock (I get confused about which is right) tries to stop him from killing the creature, but it is to no avail, as the call of space dollars drowns out any call to “seek out new life and new civilizations”. Kirk cruelly

dismisses the concerns of his friend and pulls rank on him to force compliance out of the creature. So much for friendship huh, Jim?



“I’m right behind you, Spock.”

In the end, it appeared to the viewer that Kirk had a change of heart and started to care about something other than money. He then uses Mr. Spock to talk to the creature, putting Spock at personal risk. For what? So that Kirk can save the creature? Bring back the dead miners? Nope! Having discovered that the creature was smart and didn’t want its species to be killed off, Kirk understood that he could use that fear to make even more money for the corporate interests that he works for. Thinking just like the greedy men of our world, and crushing any hope that the future will be a better place for any of us.

[I'll also note a striking thing Joe said after the episode: "Everyone's happy. The natives work for free, and in return, they get to keep their lives." One wonders if the Horta would have been preserved had they not been such good miners... (ed.)]

Before ya'll get too upset with me, I know, this is just a TV show. It isn't real. I'll tell you what though. Things we see on TV and read in paperbacks might very well be real. Only, not just yet. It is the kind of real that we hope to see someday. The kind that we will make happen in time.

And that's why I didn't care much for this episode of *Star Trek*. Instead of providing a hopeful vision of the future, I just got to see the same kind of motivations that leap up at me from the pages of newspapers. I hope that the creators of this show can offer me something more hopeful in other episodes. If *Star Trek* keeps looking like downtown Detroit, where big corporate bosses only care about profits and send their stooges to enforce their desires, I fear that there may not be much future for this picture of the future.



Friendly interaction in Kercheval, Detroit, last summer.

3 stars

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## A Vulcanian's Best Friend



*by Abigail Beaman*

If you were to ask my opinion about Gene Roddenberry's *Star Trek*, I would of course start gushing over how much I love the cast and concept of the show. It has to be one of my favorite programs that I sit down and watch regularly. Each character has a unique personality that sets him and her apart from each other, so much so that I can remember their names.

While Captain James T Kirk is charismatic and headstrong, Doctor Leonard "Bones" McCoy is cantankerous and hot-headed; but no one stands out as much as Mister Lieutenant Commander Spock. The reason is simple: he is half-Vulcan(ian?), an alien race whose members either lack emotions or repress said emotions. Due to his half-Vulcan side, Mister Spock is best described as a logical, calm, and stoic computerized man. And while it seems he gets along with most of the crew, despite his emotionless stature, there seems to be just one person that Spock truly cares about on the Enterprise. That man of course is Captain Kirk.





How do I reach this conclusion? Well, simply the only time Spock seems to break his stoic behavior and disregard any morals he has (without the aid of [a certain flower's spores](#)) is when Kirk is in trouble. This episode shows just how deep the relationship runs between the half-Vulcan scientist and the charismatic human captain.



At the start of the episode, Spock makes it clear that he doesn't want to kill the Horta, as he believes it to be the last of the species, a reservation he expressed in "The Man Trap", too. Spock in other episodes also has demonstrated that he values life above all else. It seems that preserving life is a moral of his and to break it would be like him breaking his stoic, Vulcan behavior. Even when Kirk tells the security team that they are to kill the Horta on sight, Spock disregards this direct order and tells the team to try to keep it alive if possible.



“Spock, what did I *just* say? *Kill*, not capture.”

That is, until Kirk is at the Horta’s mercy. Spock’s opinion of the situation changes entirely: he tells Kirk to shoot it, to kill it before it kills him. The fear that Spock displays not only in his voice but also his movements clearly paints a picture, that Kirk is someone Spock cherishes greatly. Spock runs down the cave to save his friend only to find out Kirk has had a change in heart. Spock was not only ready to kill the Horta, but to sacrifice his own morals for Kirk. I don’t know about you, but the only time I would *consider* betraying my morals is for someone I consider a true friend, not someone who I work with.



"I'm quickening my pace, Jim!"

Clearly, the relationship between Spock and Kirk goes beyond that of just co-workers. It's a revelation that has been a long time coming, and a welcome one. Which is why I felt compelled to discuss it over any other aspect of the episode. That Spock sees Kirk as someone he cares about, enough to break his "Vulcanian cool" and morals to save, leaves me reassured. Maybe Spock can't be "happy", as he stated last episode. Nevertheless, even if Spock is an emotionless alien, he still can find a kind of companionship in his best friend, Jim Kirk.

Four stars.

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## Fighting Fire with Empathy



*by Jessica Dickinson Goodman*

I loved the twistiness of this episode. First Kirk wants to kill the Horta, then he defends it with not only his own life, but his crew's bodies. First it's a monster, then a mother. First Spock is his usual cool, emotionless self, and then he is screaming in pain as he connects himself mentally to the Horta. First the silicon nodules have "no commercial value" and then they become the hope of a new golden age of mining on Janus 6.



“Oooo, that smarts!”

Just like in “Arena,” in “The Devil in the Dark” we are confronted with the colonial shortsightedness of Starfleet. Janus 6 is a “long-established colony” whose longtime colonists have somehow managed to miss an entire species of rock-dwelling creatures. Now, their 50,000 year breeding cycle might explain this, but stepping away from the specifics, it does remind me of modern failures of imagination, particularly in cases of colonial governments failing to understand the places they seek to control.

For example, the refusal of the U.S. Forest Service to use the wildfire management strategies that the Tongva Nation, Chumash Bands, and other peoples have used since time immemorial in what is now called California. Last November, this led to the tragic death of 10 hotshot firefighters in the Loop Fire near Los Angeles. Like the Horta, that wildfire burned hot and seemingly without reason; but wildfires, like Hortas, often have a logic of their own. The canyons

that burned in the Angeles National Forest had been left uncleared for decades of misguided fire-suppression policies. When all of that mass had built up, of course it burned too hot and too fast to stop. The failure of the Janus 6 geologic survey team to find local life built up another kind of conflagration, one that killed 50. One hopes they won't make that mistake again.



The Loop Fire

Though we can't use Spock's Vulcanian skills to read the minds of wildfires, one of the beauties of science fiction is the hope that we might one day communicate with someone as different from us as blood and stone, or fire and water. The tension between what is and what could be, the twistiness as we get from here to there, is the fun of the genre, and this episode did a great job of letting us enjoy the ride.

4 stars.

[April 2, 1967]

## On The Immortality of the Crab (*Doctor Who*: “The Macra Terror”)



By Jessica Holmes

In Spanish, there’s a rather delightful way to say you’re daydreaming: ‘*Pensando en la inmortalidad del cangrejo*’. It literally means ‘thinking about the immortality of the crab’.

The Macra Terror by [Ian Stuart Black](#) is a serial that I think will quite often have you pondering on crab immortality, and I don’t mean that it’s thought-provoking.

The first thing you’ll notice about this serial is that there are BIG CHANGES AFOOT. Not in anything trifling like the main cast, but they’ve gone and changed the style of the opening titles. Now they flash up a great big picture of Patrick Troughton’s mug on the screen, in case we forget what the main character looks like.





## **EPISODE ONE**

The Doctor and company arrive in a colony that I can only describe as Butlins IN SPACE. For those of you who aren't from my neck of the woods, Butlins operates holiday camps where they put on lots of group activities and shows and stuff. Not my cup of tea, but they're inexpensive and very popular.

An unfortunate soul called Medok (Terence Lodge) has run afoul of the law, however. His crime? Not being deliriously happy, and for very good reason. He's been seeing monsters.

The gang run into him (literally) outside the TARDIS, and the authorities soon arrive to take him for brainwashing, and take the gang for a makeover.

Yeah, haircuts and beauty treatments take up a surprising amount of the episode. The Doctor smartens up for all of ten seconds

before promptly turning back into a complete scruffball. It's mildly amusing, I suppose. I got bored.



It's also clear quite early on (though it takes the characters a while to notice) that there's something deeply weird about this place. Is it the singing shift-change announcements with lyrics like 'we're happy to work!'? Could it be the fact that they apparently have a 'beauty president'? Or perhaps it's the omnipresent giant screens broadcasting the face of their beloved Controller (whose FACE is Graham Leaman, but whose VOICE is Denis Goacher, a fact that will make more sense later)?

Can't quite put my finger on it.

Curious about what Medok has been claiming to see, however, the Doctor visits him in his cell and sets him free, meeting up with him later at a construction site. There, Medok tells him about the Macra: huge beasts, like giant insects with great claws, moving about

in the dark. A few people have seen them, but those who fail to keep their mouths shut soon find themselves in the hospital for 'correction'.

Oh, and there's one just outside the building site at this very moment...

This is not a strong start. I get what the writer is trying to do here. It's all a bit 'Brave New World' with a side order of creature-feature, but it's just falling flat for me. The dialogue is very blandly written and quite wooden. It serves its basic function, but not much else. Let's see if things improve from here.



## **EPISODE TWO**

The encounter with the Macra gets Medok and the Doctor hauled in front of the colony's Pilot (Peter Jeffrey). Medok covers for the Doctor, telling the Pilot that the Doctor was only trying to apprehend

him. The authorities send Medok back to the hospital, and the Doctor returns to his quarters.

The Pilot, meanwhile, decides his guests would benefit from some brainwashing. The Doctor wakes Polly up before the voices in the walls have too much of an effect on her, and Jamie manages to resist, but Ben's completely under the Pilot's spell, and even runs off to snitch when the Doctor rips the brainwashing equipment out of the wall.



A little later, Ben and Polly have their own run-in with the Macra, briefly snapping Ben back to his usual self as he comes to Polly's rescue. However, by the time they get back to the Doctor, Ben's once again mind-controlled. I can tell because for some reason his accent changes. Apparently you get free elocution lessons with your brainwashing.

Finding brainwashing equipment in the Pilot's quarters, the Doctor realises that somebody is brainwashing the Pilot himself. The group (sans Ben) start to question the very existence of the yet-to-appear-in-person Controller. There's something fishy about the place, and it all seems to stem from him.

The group demand to see him in person, and surprisingly he acquiesces. But the Controller is no longer a young man with a jawline you could use to cut glass. He's old. Very old. And it doesn't appear that he's the man in charge any longer, if he ever was. It's been his face on the screen... but not his voice.

And it appears that he has outlived his usefulness.

The Macra aren't a new threat to the colony after all. They've been running it all this time.

This episode's a bit more interesting, and the reveal with the Controller is quite well done, even if it is a bit 'Wizard Of Oz'. PAY NO ATTENTION TO THE CRAB BEHIND THE CURTAIN.



## EPISODE THREE

Now that they know the truth, the real Controllers send the gang down to the pits to mine for gas, where they reunite with Medok. The Doctor remains on the surface to supervise and meddle, and manages to reverse-engineer the formula for the poisonous gas that the colonists are mining, but can't work out what it's for.

Down in the tunnels, Jamie steals the keys to an access door from an overseer, and sneaks into an abandoned mineshaft. Medok goes after him, but almost immediately runs afoul of a giant claw.

Jamie finds him dead and runs into the beasts that killed him, but that's not the end of his problems. Learning that Jamie has gone out of bounds, Control vents gas into the old shaft. If this gas is so valuable, the Doctor is puzzled that they'd waste it on killing Jamie. It must have another use. Bear in mind he doesn't have any way of knowing what exactly is going on inside the shaft. He can't see the Macra, or communicate with Jamie. He just knows that Jamie is in there. And yet he manages to come to the conclusion that there must be Macra in the mineshaft, and they must need the gas to live. He's right, but that's a leap of logic bordering on omniscience. It's not very satisfying to watch the invisible hand of the writer blatantly hand a character information.

The Doctor and Polly scramble to stop the flow of gas, but the Macra are encroaching on Jamie...



## **EPISODE FOUR**

The Doctor manages to pump fresh air into the mineshaft just as the Macra begin to drag Jamie from his hiding spot, and then there's a convenient rockslide just to make doubly sure they're dead.

With that problem dealt with, Jamie escapes the tunnel and runs into something much worse: cheerleaders.

To escape them, he dances the Highland Fling. It's... quite something. Unfortunately, Ben catches him, and reveals him to the authorities. It seems the brainwashing is starting to wear off however, as Ben clearly struggles with himself as he betrays his friend.

On the run from the authorities, the Doctor and Polly end up finding their way to the control room, and spot the Macra within. They're like parasites that have completely hijacked the colony. The Pilot needs to see this.



It's a struggle to get him to come with them, but the Pilot manages to resist Control's command, and he's horrified to find out that they're telling the truth. Apparently a lifetime of brainwashing doesn't come with any cognitive dissonance. However, the group are apprehended, and forced into a room which begins to fill with toxic gas.

Ben chooses this moment to finally shake off his brainwashing and come to the rescue, messing around with the gas inflow and outflow to create an explosion. Somehow. And it only blows up the Macra in the control room. This bit is not very well explained at all.

All's well that ends well, and the colonists try to elect the Doctor as their next pilot. That won't do at all, so the gang heads off on their merry way, dancing through the celebration as they go.





## Final Thoughts

So, that was *The Macra Terror*. Was it terrifying? Uh, no. Perhaps to younger children, but I'm not scared of crabs so there's nothing about making a crab **BIGGER** that makes it any scarier to me. The Macra model itself is quite impressive in terms of scale, I'll give it that much.

Character-wise, nobody's interesting enough to comment on, and the plot doesn't have much going for it either. It's just a bit dull. On paper the idea of a colony being secretly controlled for an ulterior purpose sounds quite interesting, but the execution just feels flat. Rather than 'oh my goodness!' my reaction is more 'Oh, and?' because it ultimately doesn't seem to matter that much.

Everyone finds out they've been under the control of a bunch of evil crabs for the past few decades and they just go right back to business

as usual once the crabs get blown up. I think there was a missed opportunity to examine how the colony might adjust once the influence of the Macra was lifted. Their entire culture revolves around working and keeping the masses mindlessly happy and obedient. What happens to them when their entire reason to be here is suddenly removed? I'm not asking for half a dozen episodes of political fallout, but maybe a single conversation isn't too much to ask?

All in all, it's a pretty forgettable story. Not dreadful, but if you didn't get to see it, don't worry. You're not missing much.

**2.5 out of 5 for The Macra Terror**

[May 6, 1967]

## Stirred? Shaken? (June 1967 *Amazing*)



*by John Boston*

Is something stirring at [Amazing](#)? After several issues devoid of non-fiction features, this one starts a book review column by Harry Harrison, whose brief stint as nominal editor of the British magazine *SF Impulse* ended a few months ago. Is a remake in order? A change of guard in the wind? There's no hint.

ROBERT BLOCH · RAYMOND GALLUN  
FRANK HERBERT · ROBERT HEINLEIN · PHILIP K. DICK

JUNE · 1967 · 50¢ No. 6

# Amazing

First in Science Fiction · Since 1926

stories

**WINSTON K. MARKS**  
Outstanding New Story  
**COLD COMFORT**



by Johnny Bruck

The cover itself is also a change, not having been looted from the back files of *Amazing* or *Fantastic Adventures*. The pleasantly lurid image of space-suited men watching or fleeing a battle of spacecraft is not credited, but other sources attribute it to a 1964 issue of *Perry Rhodan*, Germany's long-running weekly paperback novella series, artist's name Johnny Bruck. I wonder if the publisher is paying him, or anyone.

Also perplexing is the shift in presentation on the cover. [Last issue](#), the display of big names was ostentatious. Here, the only thing prominently displayed is "Winston K. Marks Outstanding New Story Cold Comfort," sic without apostrophe. Marks is one of the legion who filled the mid-1950s' proliferation of SF magazines with competent and forgettable copy. After a couple of stories in the early '40s, he reappeared with a few in 1953, contributed a staggering 25 stories in 1954 and 20 in 1955, and trailed off thereafter; he hasn't been seen in these parts since mid-1959. But here he is, name in lights, while Robert Heinlein, Frank Herbert, and Philip K. Dick are relegated to small type over the title. Odd, and probably counter-productive, to say the least.

## **The Heaven Makers (Part 2 of 2), by Frank Herbert**

Frank Herbert's serial *The Heaven Makers* concludes in this issue. Imagine an SF novel oriented to the reference points of Charles Fort, Richard Shaver, and soap opera. And then imagine – this is the hard part – that it's nonetheless pretty readable.

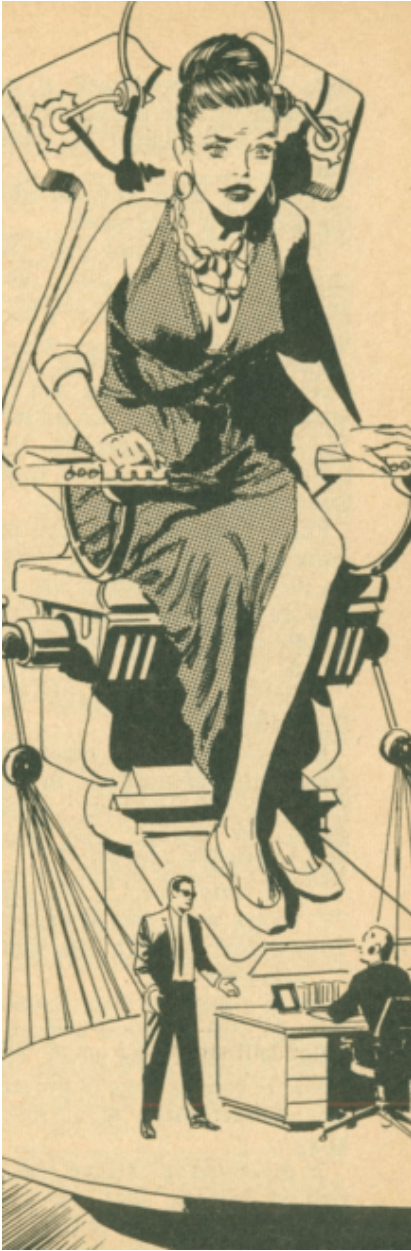
First, we are property! Just like Charles Fort said. You may think you understand human history, but everything you know is wrong! Earth is secretly dominated by the Chem, a species of very short, bandy-legged, silver-skinned alien humanoids who have been made immortal, and also connected tele-empathically, by a discovery of one of their ancient savants – Tiggywaugh's web (definitely *sic*). Only problem is... they're bored. Eternity weighs heavily on them. They must be entertained and distracted!

So, the Chem send Storyships around the galaxy, though Earth's is the only one we see. This ship rests on the bottom of the ocean,

from which vantage the Chem shape history in large and small ways both by direct intervention and by remote manipulation and heightening of human emotional states. The result: wars that might be settled quickly at the conference table can be prolonged and intensified, and susceptible individuals can be driven as far as murder. These events are recorded, processed, spiced up with their own emotional track, and broadcast to pique the jaded souls of the Chem.

One of the stars of this industry is Fraffin, proprietor of Earth's Storyship, but he's suspected of letting hints drop to Earthfolk about what's going on, a major crime among the Chem. Kelexel, posing as a visitor, has been sent by the authorities to get to the bottom of things, after four previous investigators have found nothing and, suspiciously, resigned. But Kelexel is quickly corrupted himself. Fraffin shows him a "pantovive" of a man manipulated by the Chem into murdering his wife, which Kelexel finds quite gripping. He also becomes obsessed with the woman's daughter, Ruth (the Chem are quite captivated by the physiques of humans, and can interbreed with them). Fraffin, having found Kelexel's vulnerability, sets out to procure her for him. So three dwarfish figures show up at her back door, immobilize her with some sort of ray, and carry her away to be mind-controlled and ravished by Kelexel.

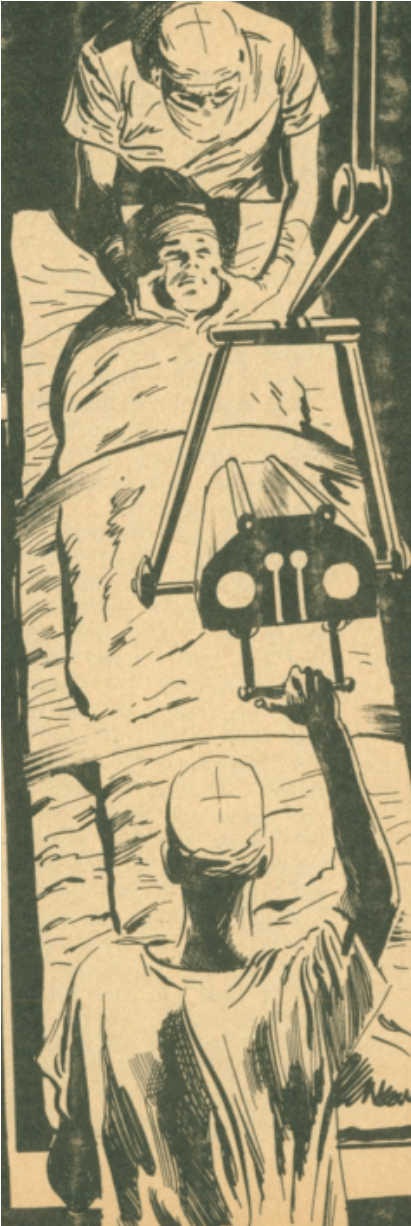
At this point, the nagging sense of familiarity I was feeling came into focus. Herbert has reinvented [Richard Shaver's](#) Deros! Shaver, a former psychiatric patient, wrote up his delusions of sadistic cave-dwelling degenerates tormenting normal people, which (with much reworking by editor Ray Palmer) boosted *Amazing's* mid-1940s circulation to unheard-of levels, until the publisher put an end to the disreputable spectacle a few years later. Now Herbert has gussied up the "Shaver Mystery" for prime time! The distorted physical appearance... check. The mind control rays... check. The underground caverns... not exactly, these characters are underwater instead. But that's a minor detail.



by Gray Morrow

Oh, yes, the soap opera part. Up on dry land, Andy Thurlow, a court psychologist, is Ruth's old boyfriend; she threw him over for someone else, who turned out to be a low-life. Andy's never gotten over it. Her father, holed up after his Chem-driven murder of her mother, won't surrender to anybody but Andy. Meanwhile, Andy, who is wearing polarized glasses as a result of an eye injury, has started to see what prove to be manifestations of Chem activity, invisible to anyone else. Andy also gets back with Ruth, who has moved out on her husband; he takes her back to the marital house and waits so she can pick up some possessions. But the Chem snatch her as described, and her husband falls through a glass door and dies.

Back at the Chems' submarine hideout, Kelexel is having his way with the pacified Ruth, who, when he's not using her, studies the Chem via the pantovive machine, learning more and more, while Kelexel harbors growing misgivings about the whole Chem enterprise. Andy, up on land, is trying to persuade Ruth's father the murderer to cooperate with an insanity defense while wondering if the strange manifestations he has seen account for Ruth's disappearance. The plot



by Gray Morrow

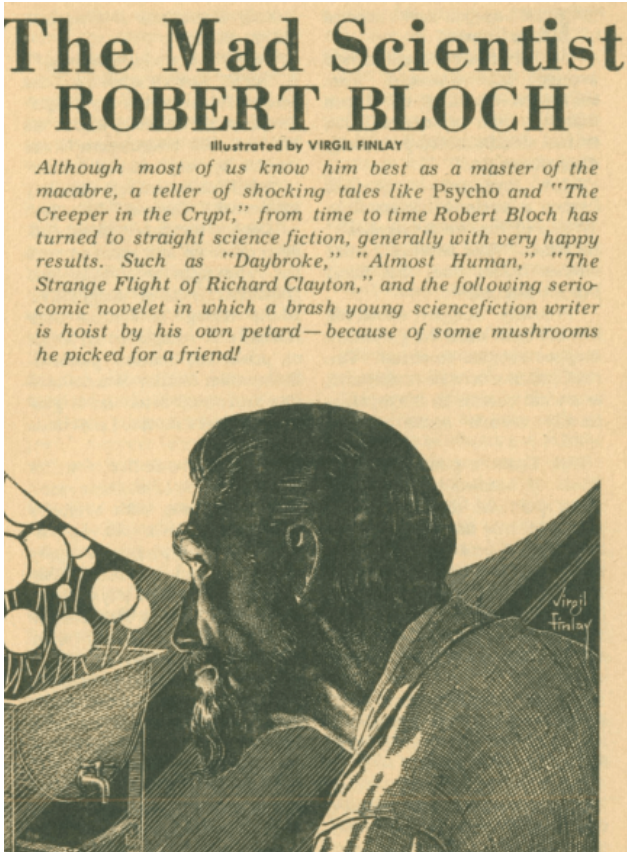
lines are eventually resolved in confrontations among Kelexel, Fraffin, Ruth, and Andy with dialogue that is more reminiscent of daytime TV than Herbert's turgid usual. In the end, Herbert actually makes a readable story out of this sensational and largely ridiculous material. Three stars.

### **Cold Comfort, by Winston K. Marks**

Winston Marks's "Outstanding New Story" *Cold Comfort* is an amusing first-person rant by the first man to be cryogenically frozen for medical reasons and revived when his problem can be cured. He's pleased enough with his new kidneys, but isn't impressed by this brave new world in which corporations now overtly dominate the world, there's a nine-million-soldier garrison in East Asia, etc. etc. *E.g.*, "I am only now recovering from my first exposure to your local art gallery. Who the hell invented quivering pigments?" It's at best a black-humorous comedy routine, but well enough done. Three stars.



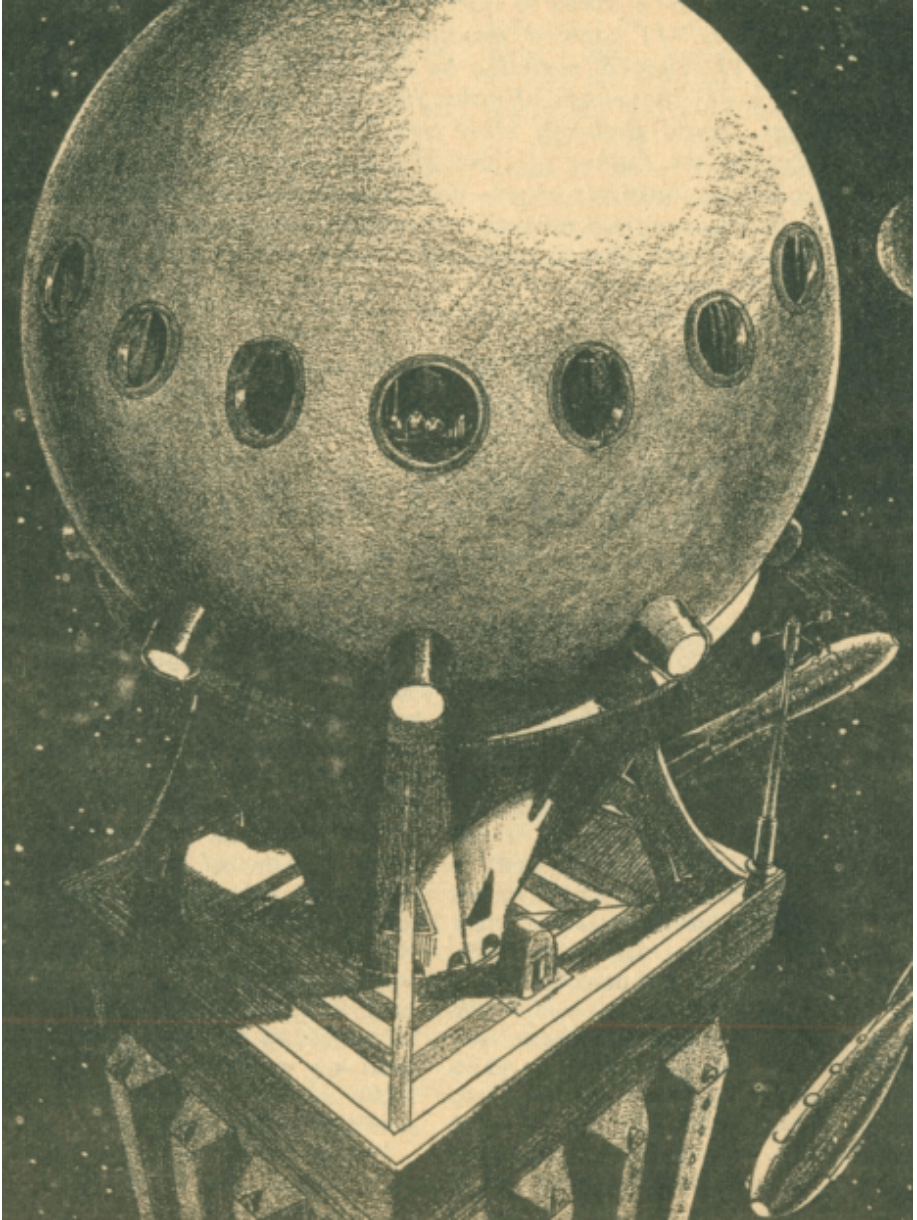
## The Mad Scientist, by Robert Bloch



by Virgil Finlay

After Marks it is downhill, or over a cliff. *The Mad Scientist* by Robert Bloch, from *Fantastic Adventures*, September 1947, is a deeply unfunny farce about an over-the-hill scientist who works with fungi, who has a young and beautiful wife with whom the protagonist is having an affair. They want to get rid of the scientist with an extract of poisonous mushrooms, but he outsmarts them, and what a silly bore. The fact that the protagonist is a science fiction writer and the story begins with some blather about how dangerous such people are does not enhance its interest at all. One star.

**Atomic Fire, by Raymond Z. Gallun**



by Leo Morey

Raymond Z. Gallun's *Atomic Fire* (*Amazing*, April 1931) is a period piece, Gallun's third published story, in which far-future scientists Aggar Ho and Sark Ahar (with huge chests to breathe the thin atmosphere, spindly and attenuated limbs, large ears, a coat of polar fur – evolution!) have discovered that the Black Nebula is about to swallow up the sun and kill all life on Earth. The solution? Atomic power, obviously, to be tested off Earth for safety (the spaceship has just been delivered). Unfortunately, their experiments first fail, then succeed all too well; but Sark Ahar's quick thinking turns disaster into salvation! As the blurb might have read. Gallun had an imagination from the beginning, but the stilted writing makes this one hard to appreciate in these modern days of the 1960s. Two stars.

**Project Nightmare, by Robert Heinlein**



by William Ashman

In Robert Heinlein's *Project Nightmare*, from the April/May 1953 *Amazing*, the Russians deliver an ultimatum demanding surrender, since they've mined American cities with nuclear bombs. The only hope is a colorful and miscellaneous bunch of clairvoyants to locate the bombs before they go off. It's a fast-moving but superficial, wisecracking story, a considerable regression for the author. Some years ago he published an essay titled *On the Writing of Speculative Fiction*, and presented five rules for the aspiring writer. I think this story must illustrate the last two: "4. You must put it on the market. 5. You must keep it on the market until sold." I suspect Heinlein intended this one for the slicks, and when none of them would have it, started down the ranks of the SF mags until it finally came to rest in *Amazing*, which, compounding the indignity, managed to lose his customary middle initial. Two stars.

[The Builder](#), by Philip K. Dick



by Ed Emshwiller

Philip K. Dick's *The Builder* (*Amazing*, December 1953/January 1954) is from his early Prolific Period – he published 31 stories in the SF magazines in 1953 and 28 in 1954, handily beating Winston K. Marks's peak. How? With a certain number of tossed-off ephemerae like this one, in which an ordinary guy is obsessed for no reason he can articulate with building a giant boat in his backyard. A rather peculiar boat too, with no sails or motor or oars. And then: "It was not until the first great black drops of rain began to splash about him that he understood." That's it. Two stars for this shaggy-God story which is unfortunately not shaggy enough.

### **Summing Up**

Well, that was pretty dreary. The issue's only distinction is the unexpected readability of Herbert's novel, which is the best, or least bad, of the serials this publisher has run. The most one can say about the reprint policy is that it has its ups and downs, and this issue is definitely the latter.

[May 10, 1967]

## Float Like A Butterfly, Sting Like A Bee (*The Green Hornet*)



*by Janice L. Newman*

In January of 1966, a new TV show hit the airwaves. An adaptation of the comic book, "[Batman](#)", with its catchy theme, over-the-top villains, and deadpan delivery by the titular character, was an instant camp hit. The colorful costumes probably didn't hurt either, especially as networks started to make the switch to a color line up and those who could afford it began purchasing color TVs to see it.





The dynamic duo.

Batman landed with a boom, perhaps because adults found it amusing while young children were riveted by the serial-style storytelling. But in the end, there are only so many times one can hear variations of “Holy \_\_\_\_\_ Batman!” or see the dynamic duo tied up in yet another utterly ridiculous death trap, at least if one is over the age of six.

Thus, when *The Green Hornet*, produced by the same team, began to be broadcast in September 1966 on the same network and the same night as *Batman*, I didn’t pay much attention at first. It wasn’t until my husband and daughter, more dedicated fans of the boob tube than I, told me, “No, the show is actually worth watching!” that I decided to give it a chance. And you know what? They were right!



*The Green Hornet* follows the adventures of millionaire newspaper owner Britt Reid (played by Van Williams), who by night fights crime under the pseudonym 'The Green Hornet' along with his loyal sidekick, 'Kato'.

So far the setup seems pretty similar to *Batman*, no?

No!

*The Green Hornet* has a clever twist: everyone (both the public and the denizens of the criminal world) believe that the Hornet is a *bad guy*. Only Britt's secretary and the district attorney know his secret identity and the fact that he's not a criminal.



Kato and Hornet.

This leads to lots of smart setups and interactions. When the Hornet bursts into a criminal hideout, the miscreants don't immediately try to shoot him or tie him up (or whatever they do with Batman) because he's *one of them*. He's not particularly popular, usually demanding 'a cut of the take' or some similar price, but the criminals also generally do him the courtesy of letting him in on their plans and then waiting until he's gone to double-cross him or try to shoot him in the back.

Unlike *Batman*, where Commissioner Gordon seems to call Batman for every minor emergency ("I forgot my lunch! Call the Caped Crusader!") the Hornet's relationship with the police is far more complicated for obvious reasons. This leads to situations where the Hornet has to balance his relationship with the criminals he's trying to bring down while at the same time escaping from the

police. It makes him feel more like a 'lone-wolf' or a true anti-hero than Batman.



District Attorney Scanlon pays the Hornet team a visit.

Britt's relationship with his sidekick, played by young martial arts expert Bruce Lee, is also a joy. Unlike Batman's stilted attempts to mentor Robin and Robin's wide-eyed 'golly gee' attitude, the Hornet and Kato feel like true partners. Kato may be his servant in the daytime and his driver at night, but when they track down the bad guys and jump out and fight, the two of them work together side by side. Lee is poetry in motion, so much fun to watch and easily outclassing the criminals, (Five thugs versus Kato? The poor guys are hopelessly outnumbered!) It's also refreshing to have an Asian man in a positive superhero role, especially with the 'Yellow Peril' stories that have been popular since the pulps so often casting Asian people as villains.



Kato – poetry in motion.

The biggest difference between *The Green Hornet* and *Batman*, though, is that *The Green Hornet* is smart. I don't just mean that Britt Reid is smart, I mean that the show is smartly-written, with plots that have more complexity than anything on *Batman* despite the fact that *The Green Hornet* doesn't sprawl across multiple episodes (with one rare exception), instead wrapping each episode up neatly, packing a surprising amount of plot into its half-hour-minus-commercials runtime.

It's still a comic book show, and as such, has stories that skate close to being over-the-top. But unlike *Batman*, which gaily flings itself over that edge with abandon and seems to live by the motto, "the campier the better", *Hornet* does its darndest to stay on just this side of plausibility. In the sole 2-parter, for example, aliens invade...but from the start it's clear that Britt doesn't buy that the aliens are real, and indeed he not only quickly discovers that they are

actually humans, but identifies the ringleader [Dr. Mabuse](#) (whom you may recognize from Cora Buhler's articles)!



Britt's not buying what Mabuse is selling.

Yet as a comic book show, *The Green Hornet* doesn't hesitate to adopt some of the 'cooler' aspects of comic books, especially the Hornet's secret lair, with fun hidden entrances and exits, and a couple of nifty gadgets he carries with him. Then there's the vehicle that gets the two of them around. Unlike the gaudy Batmobile, "The Black Beauty" is a sleek custom Imperial decked out with all sorts of fun weapons.



The Black Beauty can take on the Batmobile any day—and it doesn't litter the streets with parachutes!

In short, *The Green Hornet* is a comic book show for grown ups. The themes are more sophisticated, the plots are more intricate, the stories are more realistic, but it doesn't lose the 'fun' aspects of what make comic books enjoyable for adults as well as children. If you have ever enjoyed a superhero comic, or if you're just tired of seeing Batman and Robin getting tied up and menaced by giant tarantulas, why not [give \*The Green Hornet\* a try](#)? You'll be glad you did!

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[Come join us at [Portal 55](#), Galactic Journey's real-time lounge! Talk about your favorite SFF, chat with the Traveler and co., relax, sit a spell...]

[June 22, 1967]

## The Pong Arising from the World Convention



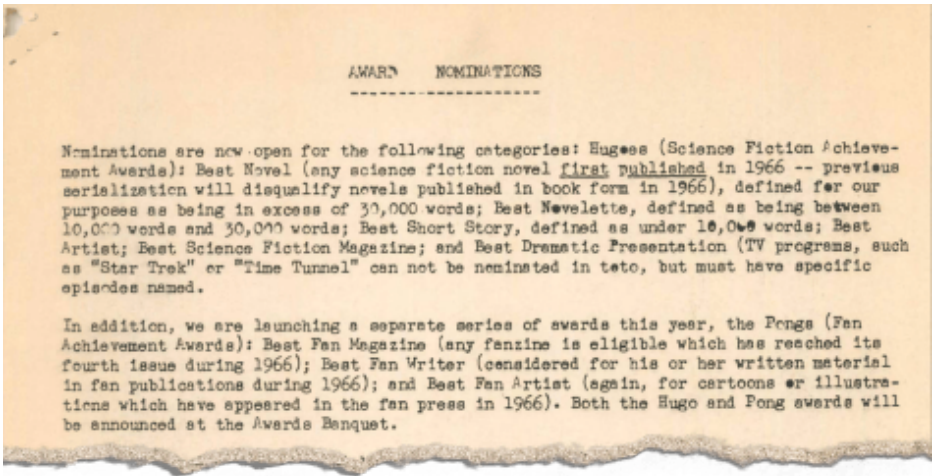
by Alison Scott

Something is rotten in the science fiction fandom community. And its name is Pong.

I recently came into correspondence with Gideon Marcus, founder of *Galactic Journey*. I took him to task for the lack of fanzine reviews and commentary in his 'zine—a shocker in such an otherwise comprehensive overview of our modern world of science fiction. He suggested that there was an obvious remedy to that omission. And so, I find myself dragooned into the position of “Associate Writer” for the Journey. You’re welcome.

Although I’m based in London, I’m fortunate enough to trade with many fan editors around the world, and hope to share with you some of the topics that are exciting fans this summer, and that are mentioned in the fanzines arriving in the post each day. And one topic, in particular, has consumed the thoughts of SF fans across the globe—the idea that the fan Hugos will be separated from the “real” Hugos and given their own name.





A section of the Hugo Award Nomination ballot for 1967, with a torn paper edge at the base.

## Tucker's Folly

How many of you remember Hoy Ping Pong? I am not sure how familiar that name will be to the readers of the Journey. Hoy Ping Pong – “The Chinese Buck Rogers” – was a pseudonym used by Wilson ‘Bob’ Tucker in the 30s and 40s for much of his humorous fan writing, such as his [“Report of the 196th Convention”](#), which you can read as a featured letter in *Wonder Stories*, November 1934, if you can find a copy. Tucker dressed up as Pong for the first convention masquerade at Chicon in 1940, though I have been unable to find a photo of this event. Over the years there have been many occasions in which Tucker appeared in place of Pong, or where Tucker wrote an appreciation of Pong or vice versa. Japes of this kind were commonplace amongst early fans. And in Tucker’s case, as appreciated (or *not* appreciated, depending on who you ask) as the Chinese characters we keep seeing being played by British actors in [Doctor Who](#). [or Mickey Rooney’s turn as Yunioshi in *Breakfast at Tiffany’s* (ed.)].

Tucker will perhaps be best known to Fellow Travelers as an author and critic. Perhaps one of you has found your name

“Tuckerised” as a character in one of his sadly infrequent novels. But those of us who follow fanzines will know that he is one of the very first and most energetic fanzine fans, and instrumental in the flourishing of fanzines and therefore of science fiction fandom itself. Sadly, Tucker has not published an issue of his fanzine, *Le Zombie*, since 1958. And so therefore (perhaps not so sadly) we have not seen so many outings for Hoy Ping Pong, or any other of Bob Tucker’s Pong-based pseudonyms, such as John W Pong Jr and Horatio Alger Pong. And as such, they are drifting into obscurity.

Until now. Here we are in 1967, and Ted White, from his lofty position of power as chairman of NyCon 3, this year’s World SF Convention, has decided that the time has come to expand the existing Best Fanzine Hugo. I think that many of we actifans would welcome additional awards for Best Fan Writer and Best Fan Artist. However, the NyCon 3 committee – and I think we must assume this is mostly Ted – decided to unilaterally create a new class of awards, the Fan Achievement Awards, by analogy to the Science Fiction Achievement Awards, and to nickname them the “Pongs”, by analogy to the “Hugos”.



Ted White at last year's Worldcon (Tricon).

It is entirely a matter for the committee of the current World SF Convention to decide which Awards are made. From time to time, fans have suggested that this should be more formalised, but those attempts have never lasted for more than the current year, as each new committee puts their own stamp on the Convention. So this year, as Buck Coulson writes in *\*Yandro\** #169, "[Ted] scorned to use manipulation, propaganda, persuasion or even tact; he just came out, open and aboveboard, with his coup." But as we see below,

Coulson – for whom White is a regular columnist – was not actually averse to the idea.

## **Back and Forth**

Fan editors as a whole, however, have not been pleased, to say the least. Following general grumblings, the \*Double:Bill\* editors, Bill Bowers and Bill Mallardi, wrote to five influential faneds. Three wrote back rapidly to agree with the Bills' view that these awards should be Hugos; one replied verbally, and only one dissented – Buck Coulson, who as the Bills archly point out, already has a Best Fanzine Hugo.

Tom Reamy goes further, and suggests that, “We should outlaw such changes on the whim of the half-dozen who just happen to be the con committee. Any change the committee wants to make should be voted on by the membership and stop all this nonsense.” That might be a step too far; one can easily see how these arrangements could quickly become an unwieldy bureaucracy.

Despite the nomination form listing this as a done deal, and not containing any opportunity for comment, a quarter of the returned ballots argued that the awards should be named Hugos instead, and the idea of the Fan Achievement Awards be forgotten. The Convention committee did not follow that advice. Instead they reported that three-quarters of ballots supported the Pongs – quite the prevarication given that they were merely those that had not actively complained.

Although Tucker is much beloved as the “first fannish fan”, even some of the people who think that the Fan Achievement Awards are a fine idea are not persuaded that the best nickname for them would be the Pongs. Offense concerns aside, Hoy Ping Pong, and Tucker's many other Pong-related pen names, are only known to dedicated fannish fans. Pong himself seems to exist primarily as Tucker's alter ego; if the ‘Chinese Buck Rogers’ had adventures, we never learn of them. Many of the fans who have commented on this little furore have found the choice of “Pong” to be baffling.



Wilson Tucker in his younger years

Some of the fans who do support the move do so for the most cynical of reasons. They argue that the Best Fanzine Hugo has already been debased as a result of one or more winners who are to their minds unworthy. Therefore, why not start again with a new set of awards, which, while nominated and voted for by the same imperfect Convention members, will no doubt deliver a far better outcome? I trust most of you will be able to spot the flaw in that argument.

Finally, it may only be here in Britain where the word “pong” means a peculiar and off-putting smell, but that seems to me to be another excellent reason why we would not want our highest awards for fan activity to be called after one. The ‘Hugos’ are traditionally a stylish and weighty rocket ship, redolent of, well, the future. Let our imaginations not trouble us too much with thoughts of what a ‘Pong’ award might look like.

## Let Bye-pongs be Bye-pongs

Regardless of our feelings about the Pongs, it is time for everyone who is a World SF Convention Member to vote for the Hugos, including for what I hope will be the Best Fanzine, Best Fan Artist and Best Fan Writer Hugos. Although there is not space for it on the form, I suggest that you take the opportunity to make your feelings clear when you mail in your vote.

This is not just an academic exercise! Our own dear Galactic Journey is a nominee for Best Fanzine for the fourth time [*at least, so we were told—I can't find us on the '67 Hugo ballot...(ed)*]. Would we be content to win a Pong, rather than a Hugo? Nobody does fanzines intending to win awards, but if we were to win, the Traveler and company would need to decide whether to accept our Pong, or turn it down as many faneds are suggesting.

Will the NyCon3 committee relent, and award Hugos rather than Pongs to the best fanzine, fan writer and fan artist of the year? Watch this space.

Thanks to [Fanac](#) for source material, and to Mark Plummer who additionally provided useful material from his own collection.

[Per the latest 'zines, it does appear the Nycon Committee has relented, and the "pong" will go the way of the dodo. Thank goodness! (ed)]

## THE HUGO NOMINEES

### BEST NOVEL 1966:

Babel-17, by Samuel R. Delany (Ace Books)  
Day of the Minotaur, by Tomas Burnett Swann (Ace Books)  
Flowers for Algernon, by Daniel Keyes (Harcourt, Brace & World)  
The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress, by Robert A. Heinlein (If Magazine)  
Too Many Magicians, by Randall Garrett (Analog Magazine)  
The Witches of Karres, by James H. Schmitz (Chilton Books)

### BEST NOVELETTE 1966:

"The Alchemist", by Charles L. Harness (Analog, May 1966)  
"An Ornament to His Profession", by Charles L. Harness (Analog, February 1966)  
"Apology to Inky", by Robert M. Green, Jr. (F&SF, January 1966)  
"Call Him Lord", by Gordon Dickson (Analog, May 1966)  
"The Eskimo Invasion", by Hayden Howard (Galaxy, June 1966)  
"For a Breath I Tarry", by Roger Zelazny (Fantastic, September 1966)  
"The Last Castle", by Jack Vance (Galaxy, April 1966)  
"The Manor of Roses", by Thomas Burnett Swann (F&SF, November 1966)  
"This Moment of the Storm", by Roger Zelazny (F&SF, June 1966)

### BEST SHORT STORY 1966:

"A Man In His Time", by Brian Aldiss (Who Can Replace a Man, Harcourt, Brace & World)  
"Comes Now the Power", by Roger Zelazny (Magazine of Horror, no.14)  
"Delusion for a Dragon Slayer", by Harlan Ellison (Knight, September 1966)  
"Light of Other Days", by Bob Shaw (Analog, August 1966)  
"Mister Jester", by Fred Saberhagen (If, January 1966)  
"Neutron Star", by Larry Riven (If, October 1966)  
"Rat Race", by Raymond F. Jones (Analog, April 1966)  
"The Secret Place", by Richard McKenna (Orbit 1, Berkley Books)  
No Award

### BEST MAGAZINE 1966:

ANALOG (Edited by John W. Campbell)  
GALAXY (Edited by Frederik Pohl)  
IF (Edited by Frederik Pohl)  
NEW WORLDS (Edited by Michael Moorcock)  
No Award

### BEST ARTIST 1966:

Kelly Freas  
Jack Gaughan  
Gray Morrow  
John Schoenherr

### BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION 1966:

"The Naked Time" (Star Trek)  
"The Menagerie" (Star Trek)  
"The Corbomite Maneuver" (Star Trek)  
"Fahrenheit 451" (Universal Pictures)  
"Fantastic Voyage" (20th-Century Fox)  
No Award

### FAN ACHIEVEMENT AWARD NOMINEES

#### BEST FANZINE 1966

AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW (Edited by John Bangsund)  
HABAKKUK (Edited by Bill Donaho)  
LIGHTHOUSE (Edited by Terry Carr)  
NIEKAS (Edited by Ed Meskys & Felice Rolfe)  
RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY (Edited by Leland Sapiro)  
TRUMPET (Edited by Tom Reamy)  
YANIRO (Edited by Robert & Juanita Coulson)

#### BEST FAN WRITER 1966

Norm Clarke  
Bill Donaho  
Alexei Panshin  
Harry Warner, Jr.  
Paul J. Willis

#### BEST FAN ARTIST 1966

George Barr  
Jack Gaughan  
Jeff Jones  
Steve Stiles  
Arthur Thomson

[July 18, 1967]

## Highs and Lows (July Galactoscope #2)

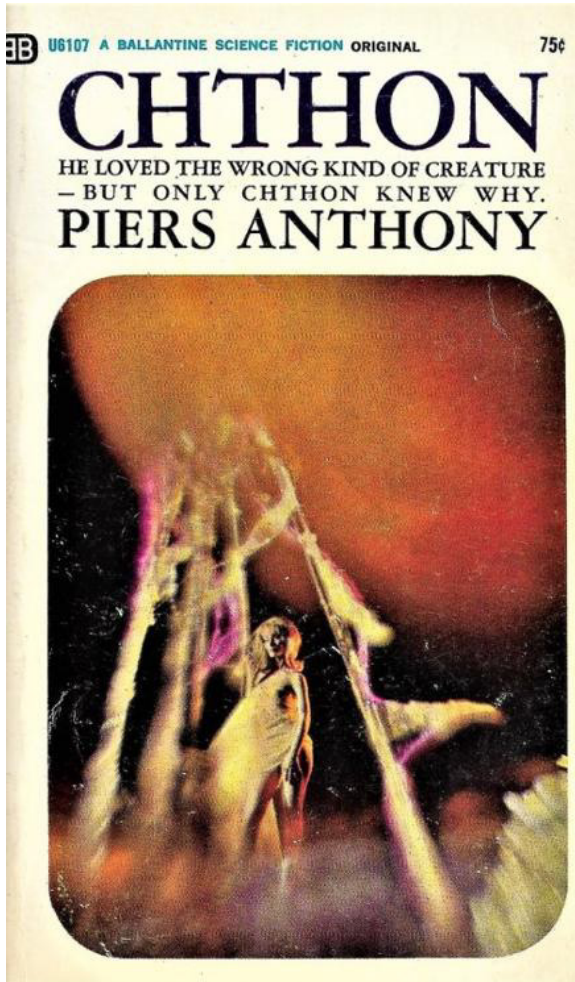


*by Gideon Marcus*

We've had a bit of a backlog of books here at the editorial desk, and the only remedy was to have two back-to-back Galactoscopes. Luckily, summer is slow season for TV, and thus the schedule opens up a bit. Sometimes, our book review column comprises a clutch of mediocrities. This time around, the disparity in quality was abnormally high—mostly thanks (no thanks!) to the debut novel by one Piers Anthony...



Chthon, by Piers Anthony



Imagine a world where genetic modification has created a monstrous race of humans. The women are near-immortal semi-telepaths, but they suffer from an emotional inversion: they only feel love and joy when men express hate and pain. You can imagine how warped the ensuing society must be, the females doomed to solicit violence from their partners, the men compelled to express their every animalistic

whim on them. One woman of this race escapes this planet, but, a slave to her make-up, cannot escape her wretched fate. Thus, she marries a man wracked with guilt from the death of his first wife in childbirth. When his love for the alien woman becomes unalloyed, she must leave, but not before she bears a child.

But the alien woman still requires love, twisted, painful love, to live. So she seduces her own son, thus ensuring his passion for his mother will always be the appropriate mix of pleasure and pain, and they can live happily ever after.

In-between these episodes, the story takes place on Chthon, the hellish underground garnet mine whence the son is sentenced for murder. Naked and toolless, he must devise an escape, resorting to treachery, violence, rapine, and cannibalism. Of course, we know he *will* escape because author Piers Anthony elected to tell the story in a ping-pong flashback/flashforward style, starting and ending with scenes on Chthon.

This is a terrible book.

The premise, fundamentally implausible, seems tailored to indulge a male id-fantasy. We already have a problem in our current society whereby women are “othered” into a different species: vain, frivolous, subservient, sinister, yet desirable. With *Chthon*, Anthony comes up with a scientificitious explanation for *why* his starring woman must be that kind of creature. Not that the other women in the novel fare much better, consisting of a slave and vicious fellow Chthonian prisoners.

I’m sure Anthony would say that the book is unpleasant because it bares the human (i.e. male) soul, revealing the sordid mess underneath we’d rather not acknowledge. That all men desire to possess our mothers, rape our partners. That hate is really the purest kind of love.

Mr. Anthony needs professional help. *Chthon* is an odious turd, and I suspect its author is, too. One star, and winner of this year’s “[Queen Bee](#)” award.



by Cora Buhlert

Like our esteemed host, I also had the misfortune of reading *Chthon*. I spotted the paperback in my friendly local import store and was intrigued enough by the unusual title to pull it out of the spinner rack. And while I have not read much by Piers Anthony – and am now unlikely to ever read more – he is one of Cele Goldsmith Lalli’s discoveries and she normally has a good eye for authors. The blurb on the back of the slim paperback – promising a tale of an inescapable space prison and a man sent there for pursuing a forbidden love affair – sealed the deal, because I am a sucker for space prison stories.

The scenes set on Chthon, the hellish prison planet cum garnet mine, are indeed the one redeeming grace of this novel. Genuinely atmospheric and visceral, they immediately drew me in. However, even these scenes are marred by what will become a recurrent problem, namely the fact that every single woman protagonist Aton Five meets wants to have sex with him, while Aton manfully refuses, because there can only be one woman for him: Malice the forbidden minionette (i.e. his mother, though he doesn’t know that yet).

Scenes of Aton’s life leading up to his incarceration are interspersed with the scenes on Chthon. Again, there are some interesting ideas here, such as hvee flowers which Aton’s family cultivates and which can detect true love. And once again, the good ideas are marred by off-putting sex scenes, such as fourteen-year-old Aton trying to have sex with a thirteen-year-old neighbour girl and failing because human girls have anatomy and fluids, unlike his idealized vision of minionettes.

When Aton rapes a woman on Chthon, the book came close to hitting the wall and I only prevailed because I had promised to review it for the Journey. The book *did* actually hit the wall – and considering how expensive import paperbacks are, that’s saying something – once we got to the planet of the minionettes, genetically engineered to be masochists and enjoy pain, and of course the final twist of just why Aton has been so obsessed with Malice since he was seven years old and that their “love” is forbidden for a very good reason.

Honestly, this is a terrible book. The sexual revolution and the New Wave have made it easier for science fiction to address formerly taboo subjects like sexuality. But just because authors can write about sex now, doesn’t necessarily mean that they should foist their sexual fantasies upon unsuspecting readers, particularly the kind Piers Anthony appears to harbor.

Zero stars. Stay away!

### **Belmont Double 5F0-759**

Belmont Publishing has decided to take on the [Ace Double](#) is a flaccid sort of way by combining two novellas (calling them “two complete novels”) in one thin volume. This is the first result.

BELMONT DOUBLE SCIENCE FICTION B50-759 • 50¢

*Can strength alone  
vanquish the Wizard's sorcery  
on the Red World?*

# THE FLAME OF IRIDAR

Lin Carter



TWO COMPLETE, FULL LENGTH SCIENCE FICTION NOVELS

*DESTROY THE GREEN PLANET  
was the starmen's order...  
and thus began Earth's  
final countdown.*

# PERIL OF THE STARMEN

Kris Neville



## ***Peril of the Starmen*, by Kris Neville**

First up Kris Neville's 1954 story, *Peril of the Starmen*, which first appeared in the magazine *Imagination*. You're welcome to give it a read if you like.



## *The Flame of Iridar*, by Lin Carter

[Considering how harsh I was on \*The Star Magicians\*](#), I was surprised to find that Lin Carter's *The Flame of Iridar*, published as an *Ace Double* knock-off by Belmont together with *Peril of the Starmen* by Kris Neville, reprinted from the January 1954 issue of *Imagination*, was the better of the two books I read this month. Not that this is a high bar to clear, considering how utterly terrible *Chthon* was.

That said, Lin Carter's writing has improved since last year's *The Star Magicians*. True, his prose is still overly purple – thews are inevitably iron and mighty, blood and pain are inevitably scarlet, and female breasts are inevitably described by inappropriate adjectives – and Carter is still oddly preoccupied with lovingly describing his protagonist's manly physique. However, at least Carter remembers who his protagonist is this time around.

The protagonist is one Chandar of Orm, a deposed prince turned pirate on ancient Mars, when it still had oceans. If this setting seems familiar, that's because it is, borrowed wholesale from Leigh Brackett's much superior 1949 novel *Sea-Kings of Mars*, better known as *The Sword of Rhiannon*, the title under which it was published as the very first STF *Ace Double* back in 1953 together with another excellent fantasy adventure, *Conan the Conqueror* by Robert E. Howard. And indeed, Carter acknowledges this influence and dedicates *The Flame of Iridar* to Leigh Brackett and her husband Edmond Hamilton.

THRILLING  
A.M.C.  
JUNE  
25¢

# WONDER

STORIES



A THRILLING  
PUBLICATION

IN THIS ISSUE  
**WHITE  
CATASTROPHE**  
*An Amazing Novel*  
By ARTHUR J. BURKS

FEATURING  
**SEA  
KINGS  
OF  
Mars**  
*A Complete Novel*  
By LEIGH BRACKETT





The opening of the novel finds Chandar of Orm in deep trouble. After a successful career as a pirate, he has been captured by the evil warlord Niamnon (occasionally spelled Niamnor in what I hope is not indicative of the quality of *Belmont's* copy-editing), the man who slaughtered Chandar's entire family in front the then twelve-year-old boy's eyes, and has been sentenced to die in Niamnon's arena, a fate Chandar himself imagines as follows:

A few more hours of darkness, and then the blinding morning sun on the arena sands... a few moments of scarlet pain... and he would rest... forever.

However, before it can come to that, Chandar and his comrade-in-arms Bram are freed by the enchanter Sarkond of K'thom, advisor to none other than King Niamnon himself. Sarkond also helpfully reveals Niamnon's plans of conquest and promises to take Chandar back to his pirate comrades. And in return, he only asks for a little

favour. Use the Axe of Orm, a magical weapon that can only be wielded by a member of Chandar's family, to pierce the enchanted Wall of Ice that surrounds the magical realm of Iophar. What can possibly go wrong?

To no one's surprise, Sarkond double-crosses Chandar as soon as Chandar has fulfilled his purpose and hacked through the Wall of Ice. However, Chandar is saved by Meliander, exiled brother of the villainous King Niamnon.

What follows is an epic clash of the forces of good and evil. Chandar also gets revenge on Niamnon and his throne back. Furthermore, he gets entangled with two women, the witch Mnadis, whose breasts are "high and proud", and Llys, Queen of Iophar, whose breasts are "sweet and virginal". Three guesses with which of the two ladies Chandar ends up.

In many ways, *The Flame of Iridar* feels like the sort of swashbuckling planetary adventure that might have been found in the pages of *Planet Stories* or *Thrilling Wonder Stories* twenty years ago. It's not as good as Leigh Brackett or Edmond Hamilton at their best, but then who is?

An entertaining adventure that feels like a throwback to the pulp era. Three stars.

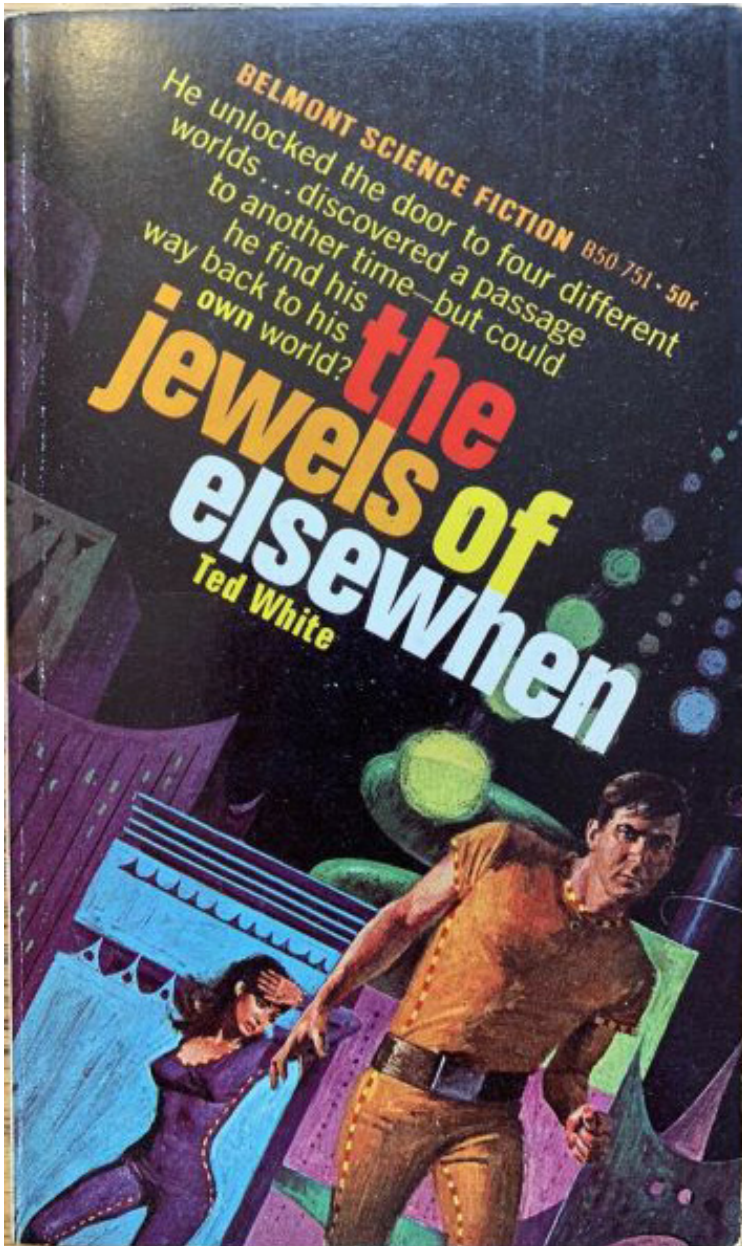
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by Gideon Marcus

And to continue our positive mood (because after *Chthon*, a double dose is necessary), let's all dig on Ted White's latest novel:

The Jewels of Elsewhen, by Ted White



Arthur Ficarra, an exhausted ex-beat cop-cum-desk-sergeant, just wants his subway ride to end so he can go to sleep after an overlong shift. But when he responds to the death rattle of a fellow passenger, he discovers to his horror that the stricken man, and everyone on the train but one, is just a mannequin, the train a cardboard model. Only Arthur and a young woman named Kim remain human. Indeed, it turns out they are now the only living things in all of New York City.

But this is not the Big Apple they remember. It is subtly changed, freshly painted, with hollow buildings. Almost a model of itself. And it is disintegrating...

Escape takes them on a whirlwind tour of alternate timelines, the common element of which is that the people speak some variety of Italian. There also is the sense of deliberate manufacture, as well as a shepherding of world events by a secret society of cloaked individuals. Arthur and Kim must solve the riddle of these artificial universes before they are captured and dispatched by these caretakers.

I came in without knowing what to expect. Sure, Rose Benton gave White's last book, [Android Avenger](#), a whopping five stars, but I'd never gotten a chance to read it. All I really knew about the author was that he doesn't like *Star Trek* (per his column in the latest issue of the *Yandro* fanzine), he helps edit *Fantasy and Science Fiction*, and he's [chair of the NyCon 3 committee](#).

I really dug this book. It's written in a punchy but understated style well-suited to mainstream fiction; indeed, I have to wonder if White makes most of his money out of the genre. He's certainly good enough. Arthur and Kim are compelling, strong characters, and the divergent timetracks are nicely detailed. I was in recent correspondence with Ted, and I mentioned that the book reminded me a bit of Laumer's [Worlds of the Imperium](#) books. He replied that the resemblance was intentional, and that Laumer had a strong influence on him.

If anything, I like White's even better! Four stars.

[August 10, 1967]

## **Badger Books: A Farewell and an Introduction**



*by Fiona Moore*

The great British pulp imprint Badger Books ceased trading earlier this year. This is a mixed blessing, but nevertheless a significant event. So it seems like a good time to provide a brief introduction for people who, like me, have a taste for schlocky and pulpy science fiction. Stuff which can make you wince and laugh by turns, but which has its heart, broadly speaking, in the right place.

# *Micro Infinity*

BY JOHN E. MULLER

There was something  
sinister about  
the new bacteria,  
it could communicate

**2/6**  
**Science  
Fiction**



**BADGER  
BOOKS**

This is what we're losing.

Badger Books was an imprint of publisher John Spencer and Co., which started off publishing pulp magazines in a variety of genres including SF, but branched out in the 1950s to publishing pulp novels. Badger Books are cheap as chips; they have no copyright pages, and they do have two to three pages of advertisements salted through the text, usually for items like good luck charms, muscle building systems or creams that magically affect your body in some way (cheekily, bust enhancement and reduction creams are usually advertised on the same page).

Badger's output covers all popular genres, but the two lines most of interest to Galactic Journey readers are the science fiction and paranormal ranges, which are almost entirely written by a single person under a variety of pseudonyms. That person is Lionel Fanthorpe, schoolteacher, mystic and general eccentric, also known as Pel Torro, Leo Brett, Bron Fane, Robert Lionel Fanhope, Mel Jay, Marston Johns, Victor La Salle, Oben Lerteth, Robert Lionel, John E. Muller, Elton T. Neef(e), Phil Nobel, Peter O'Flinn, Peter O'Flynn, John Raymond, Lionel Roberts, Rene Rolant, Deutero Spartacus, Trebor Thorpe, and Karl Ziegfreid.

# THE IN-WORLD

by

LIONEL ROBERTS

ly imaginary  
in real life.

Is  
Lionel Roberts?

Is  
Lionel Fanthorpe?

JOHN SPENCER & CO. (Publishers), LIMITED,  
131 BRACKENBURY ROAD, LONDON, W.6.

Even Mr Fanthorpe isn't always sure who he is



Fanthorpe has written as many as 250 books, by some estimates, for Badger between the early 1950s and 1967 (though some credible sources indicate his wife deserves some of the credit). Exact numbers are hard to tell, because other writers share the same pseudonyms, but he is estimated to have written one 158-page book every twelve days at the height of his productivity. Another reported detail is that the books are generated by the publisher sending Fanthorpe a copy of some cover art and asking him to write a story based on the images: sometimes, also, these images come from previously-published Ace or Avon books.



Knowledgeable readers may be able to identify the source.

Sometimes these inspirations make more sense than others: *Exit Humanity*, for instance, is based on the cover of John Brunner's *The World Swappers*, which depicts a crowd of humans going into a giant spaceship; Fanthorpe's story involves a race of aliens deceiving humanity into thinking that the sun is about to go nova, and enticing them into what the humans think is a rescue ship that will take them to a new home. Sometimes the connection is more opaque: *Space Trap*, a story where two alien spaceships crash-land in medieval China, for instance, has a cover featuring a caveman and a man in an iron lung.



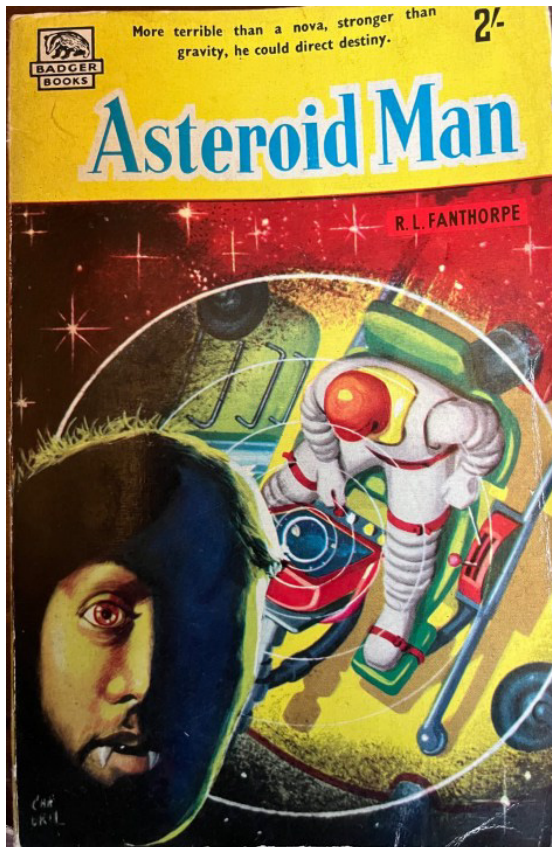
Yes, this really says “medieval China” to me too.

Reportedly Fanthorpe dictates his stories onto tape and sends them out to be typed, though this only partly explains the lackadaisical nature of his work. Character names change from page to page; subplots are abandoned or introduced depending on the needs of the word count; books change focus and plot without warning. *World of Tomorrow*, for instance, which opens with a pitched space battle, goes on to have the Earth stricken with plague courtesy of a misfired missile from the space battle, and then shifts to the story of an Earth astronaut who comes aboard one of the space ships and has to find his way back. The titles are often only tangentially related to the story inside the covers.



Don't expect it to make sense.

Ethnic stereotypes regrettably abound. For instance, there are the long, painful sections of *Exit Humanity* which feature a stereotypical Englishman, Irishman, Welshman and Scotsman musing in embarrassing dialect about the abandonment of the Earth by humanity. Arguably even worse is the homicidally excitable Chinese scientist in *World of Tomorrow* (named, I am very sorry to report, Hi Mi Fun), and the frequent use of the word “yellow” to describe East Asian characters in *Space Trap*. *Asteroid Man* features a Barsoom-like society divided into Black, Red, Green and White members, but the essentialism by which these are described is a little too reminiscent of the less enlightened literature of our time.

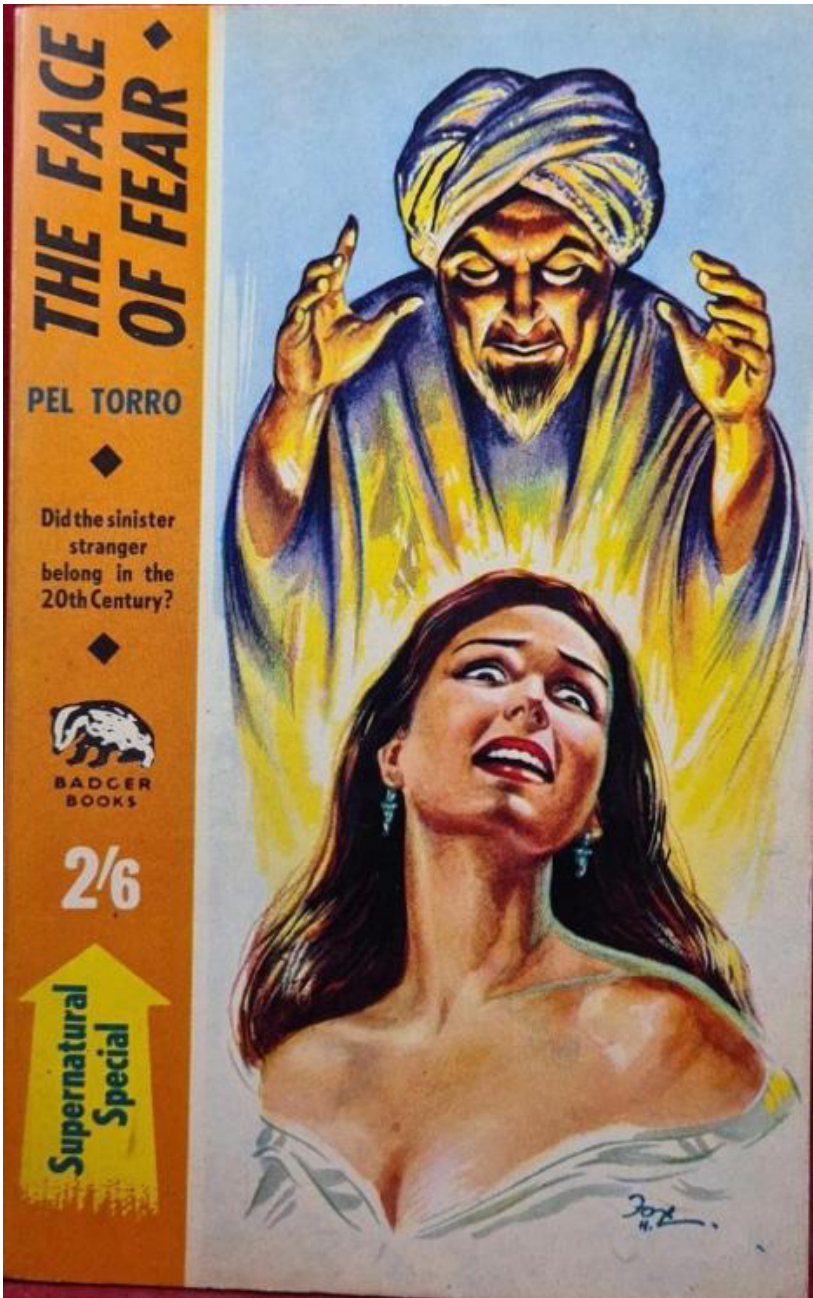


And yes, Fang Guy really \*is\* in the story.

However, Fanthorpe is not your typical dreadful pulp writer. He is also literate, imaginative, possessed of a distinct sense of morality, and seemingly determined to have fun. There's a lot to like in *Space Trap*, for instance: two sets of combatants from a galactic war between a species that look more or less like humans and a tiny insect species are stranded in medieval China. The first one deceives a local peasant boy, one Aladdin, into trying to retrieve the spaceship of the second, which looks surprisingly like an oil lamp, and whose denizens are able to win Aladdin over by seemingly doing miracles. Familiar hijinks ensue.

In *Micro Infinity*, a story about the human race encountering an intelligent species of bacteria with a gestalt mind, all the characters are based on ones from *The Canterbury Tales*, and the reader can have great fun spotting the references. At an exciting point in *The In-World*, Fanthorpe ratchets up the tension with, erm, a historical geography of the city of Amsterdam. For the fans, he'll throw in mentions of the likes of *Quatermass and the Pit* when you least expect it. Fanthorpe will also work ideas from paranormal research even into his SF novels, for instance in *Exit Humanity*, where a plot point revolves around the Fortean idea that humans are naturally telekinetic.

The stories can also have a strong, and generally positive, moral streak. Despite the lurid Orientalism of the cover of *The Face of Fear*, for instance, the story itself features an ecumenical and diverse group of paranormal researchers – including a Church of England vicar, an Irish Catholic priest, a Buddhist, an implied-to-be-Jewish woman secretary and a Black boxer – coming together to defeat a villain who is not, in fact, Oriental, but faking his identity. The good aliens in *The Space Trap* briefly provide a lecture on the evils of slavery and advise Aladdin to purchase slaves in order to free them. In *World of Tomorrow*, only smokers are affected by the alien plague, and humanity can be saved by people giving up that filthy habit.



He's a fake fakir.

On the one hand, a lot of these stories would be improved with an editor, or two, or three. On the other hand, part of what makes Fanthorpe's work so irresistible is its spontaneity, its sense of someone throwing down words in a way that gives them pleasure, sharing jokes with readers in the know, not caring if it makes sense in the final analysis. For all their awfulness, Badger Books will definitely be missed.

Postscript: The copy of *World of Tomorrow* which I purchased from Porcupine Books arrived with an advertisement for family planning services tucked into the pages. Perhaps Fanthorpe readers really do have more fun?



Yes, this really happened.

[August 28, 1967]

## NY—the Days are Vacuum-Packed

[Please enjoy this next installment of the travels of the Journey's resident aesthete, Vicki Lucas. I can't think of a better way to tour our American land in 1967 than her articles...]



*by Victoria Lucas*

### **No Time!**

I'm just starting to get used to the pace. New York is not San Francisco or Berkeley. I feel as if Alice's rabbit is screaming "No time! No time." We are on the go all the time, except for an hour or two hanging with friends.



Alice's rabbit



Like last weekend. It was too hot to stay in NYC, so we made our way to New Jersey, where our VW bus is garaged. We brought some things but had planned to do a little shopping on the way, partly because it would have been too much trouble to carry very much with us on public transportation. We can cook on our little camp stove, and we thought we would check out a couple places as we drove to Mel's folks's summer home in Maine, overnighing there before returning. It's about a 6-hour drive from where our bus is parked.

**We stopped briefly in New Hampshire. Wow! What we found there!**



Shaker houses

Have you ever heard of the Shakers? A sort of cult of "Mother Ann," a British woman who prophesied that her religious organization would die out, and it is clear that is happening. After nearly 200 years in the United States, and a peak of around 6,000 Shakers in 21 communities, the streets of these celibate communities are empty,

and the few remaining members are sustaining themselves mainly by selling handmade furniture and some of their other first-ever products, such as seeds! I was fascinated to learn that their group was the first to package and sell seeds! They are also the authors of the Shaker spiritual "'Tis the Gift to Be Simple," appropriated in Aaron Copland's "Simple Gifts," and used in his "Appalachian Spring." We stopped and toured one of the communities briefly, like a sort of living museum, finding out that they adopted orphans to carry on their traditions, but too many of these adopted sons and daughters decided not to stay.



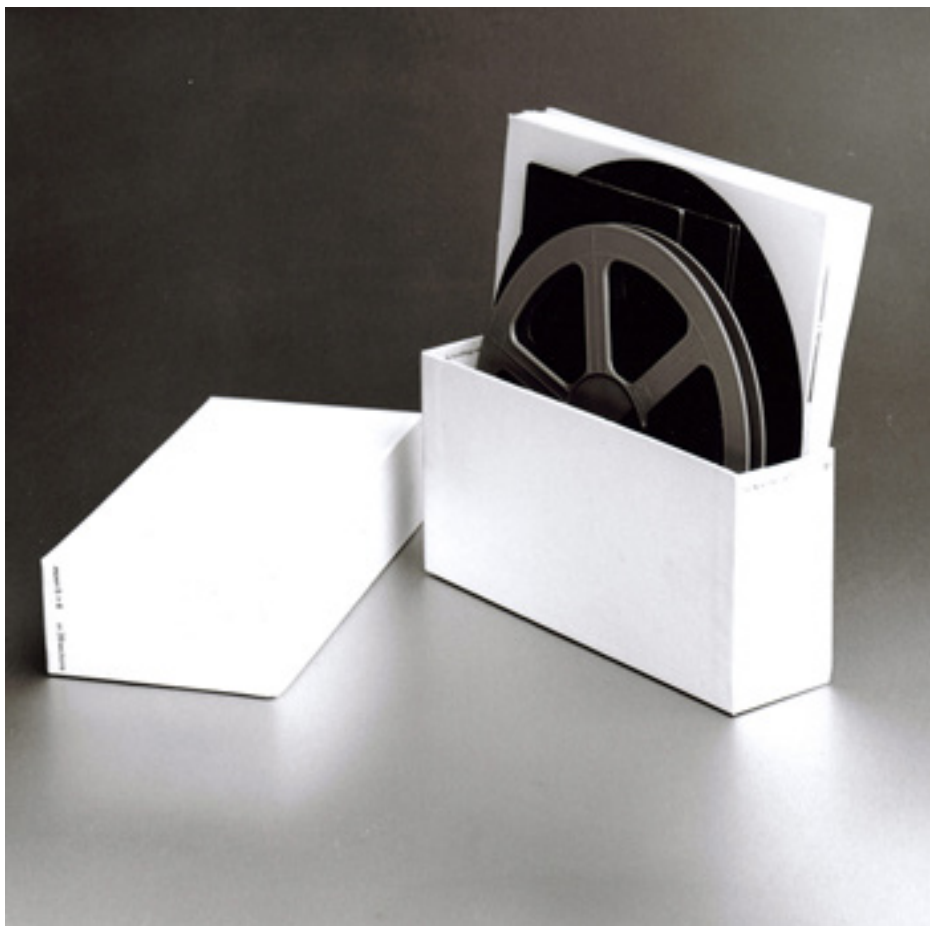
A smoking mother-in-law

It was weird seeing Mel's parents. I will never forget waking up the next morning in the sofa bed on their lower level, noticing that Mel was up – and that his mother was sitting by herself on a hard armless chair, smoking and looking at me. All I could think of to say was, "Good morning." (Does it have anything to do with the fact that I'm his 3rd wife? Or that I'm 19 years younger than he?)



Abbie Hoffman

Oh! I almost forgot to tell you. Among the meetings with places and dates emblazoned on mimeographed sheets handed out on the streets of the Lower East Side was one back in July during the Newark riots. We spent 2 days going to meetings to decide how to help the people trapped behind barricades without water and food. But the meetings were anarchic, and everyone had a different opinion and was willing to let the meetings drag on and on as no decisions were made. Finally, after enduring meetings starting Friday at 6 pm and continuing on Saturday, Abbie Hoffman stood up to his full height (quite intimidating, actually) and announced that he had a plan and he was going to carry it out and anyone who was willing to help was welcome. He was going to get a truck, stuff it with food and water and other necessities for those in need and drive it to Newark, going as far as he could into needy neighborhoods. He would only want a few people to distribute the goods, but he would need money. We gave him a few bucks and gratefully departed. Thank goodness someone is willing to step up! The two of us had had no idea how to help.

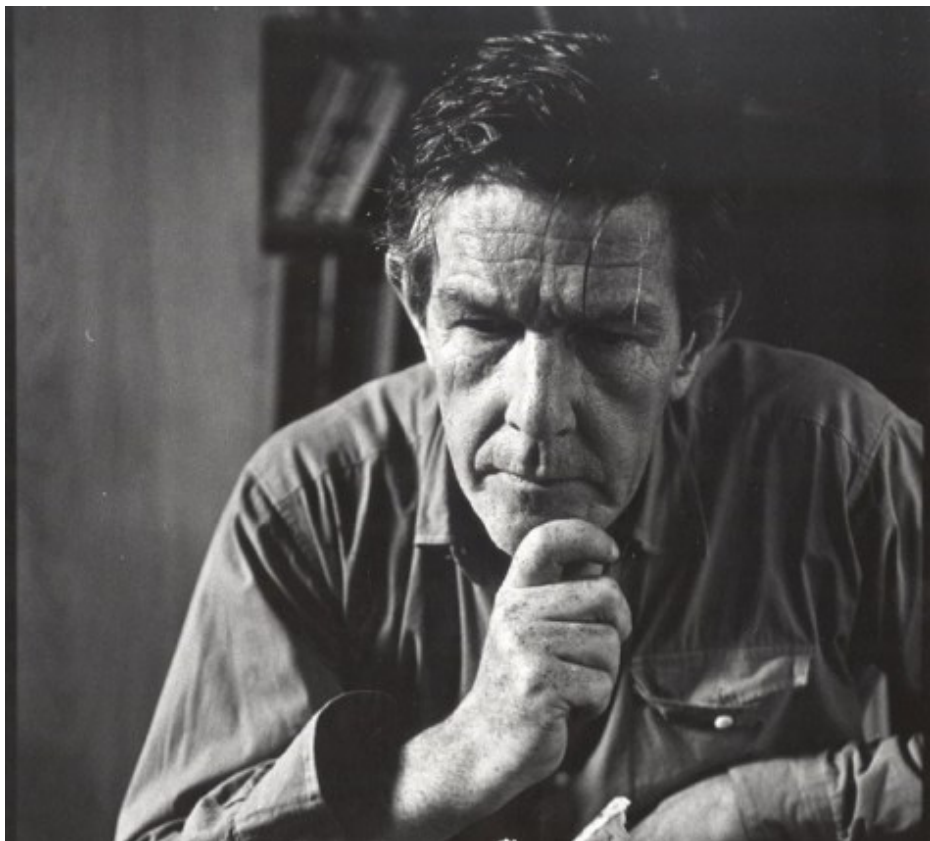


Aspen, no. 5+6

My man Mel works full time, and I am only part time at Phillis's place but loving it! When she finally releases the new [Aspen](#) "magazine" (culture in a box in the form of a film on a reel and many other bits and pieces) issue (numbers 5 and 6 combined) it will be a square white box with only a little printing on it—in fact, just like the picture above. I had never worked for anyone before whose office was in her bedroom. It's like this, as far as I can tell: Phyllis (Johnson Glick, but she seldom uses her married name) works as a journalist and editor for *Nebraska State Journal*, *Women's Wear Daily*, *Advertising*

*Age*, and *American Home Magazine* (and probably others), so when she is not working at a publisher's office, she works from home. So she gets up, makes her bed, and immediately starts using it as a desk as she finishes her coffee. She does have a little hard writing surface on a bedside table with a lamp, when she needs to write something. She calls me when she is going to work on her new creation, has set up her paper piles on the bed, and is nearly ready to start telling me what to do. I've never met her husband—he is probably gone long before I get there.

About the stapled, wholly paper “magazine” we are used to, Phyllis wrote this in 1966: “Last year, a group of us enjoying the sun, skiing and unique cultural climate of Aspen Colorado, asked ourselves, ‘Why?’” So she started creating something completely different, a magazine in a box with every piece (including ads) separate. Mostly I work the telephone or do the typing at a typing table with a (I think) dining-room chair—she dictates or tells me what needs to be said. If she has dictated it she signs it. There is a lot of telephoning and mailing to do to get the writers to write, the musicians to record, the recording studios to send recordings, and the film people to get their stuff to the copiers and then to us, etc. At the end of the day, Phyllis begins stacking the papers on her bed with sets perpendicular to one another, so she can tell where the different sets begin and should be in a different location in the morning. The stacks are put away off the bed. She tells me when she's done, and I leave then. She pays me regularly (we both keep track), but I think that if I could afford it I would work for her for nothing—it's such fun to work for such an innovator!



John Cage

Since Mel is not particularly into music, I went by myself to a concert of John Cage's music in a church. It was free. That is, it was free to me, because I stayed the whole 4 hours. The longer you stayed, you see, the less you paid. If you left immediately, it was pretty expensive. A few people did. There were a lot of silences.



Ed Sanders's Peace Eye Bookstore

And we went to the Peace Eye Bookstore on the lower East Side, Ed Sanders's place. We met Sanders there but never saw anybody else famous whom we recognized, like Tuli Kupferberg or Peter Orlovsky. We did see an art piece from Allen Ginsberg: a large jar of cold cream, mostly empty. It swung in a small wooden frame from a rafter in the store, which was on the other side of Tompkins Square Park from our place on 3rd Street.

## **The Tompkins Square Park “Massacre”**

We enjoyed the park and went there as often as we could manage. Once when we were passing through, we noticed a large number of hippies with their dogs and children sitting on grass labeled “Do not walk on the grass” (or thereabouts), and as we continued to walk we saw police engaging with some of the people on the grass. Whatever was happening appeared to be escalating. Voices were raised. We decided it would be a good time to go back to our apartment and have some dinner.

When we came back to the park, it was empty, there was debris where the hippies had been, and in a minute there was suddenly a young man handing out mimeographed news sheets, perhaps from the Peace Eye, which had a mimeograph. There had been a large number of arrests, and our presence was invited outside the police station at a given address. It was within walking distance, and we hied ourselves over there, joining a crowd from whom we heard the story: the police brought a van to the park and started arresting people and throwing them into the van. A pregnant woman protested and received the same treatment—everyone was afraid she might have miscarried. Some who didn’t cooperate received blows to the head and were bleeding. As part of the crowd we demanded the release of these peaceful people. We were there about an hour as it got darker and darker. Finally the battered and bloody “criminals” were released, and there was rejoicing. We went back home.





Simon and Garfunkel

As bad as NYC gets sometimes--the trash, the crime (not hippie protest crime), the police, the subway, the homeless – there are moments when I feel as if I'm in the right place. Like last evening when we had been visiting Central Park and were headed to our bus stop not far from the East River before going home. Someone had a radio on as the twilight descended. As we neared the 59th Street Bridge, guess what song was playing. Yes, it was. It was "The 59th Street Bridge Song." And we were "kicking down the cobblestones." And we were "feeling groovy." Thank you, Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel!

*[September 8, 1967]*

## **New York, New York! (the 25th World Science Fiction convention)**



*by Gideon Marcus*

### **It's a wonderful town**

That truly was the Week That Was. Once again, the annual convergence of the world's fen was tremendous fun, made all the sweeter for the fact that the Journey clan was there in force.



Me, Lorelei, Fiona Moore, Alison Scott, and Erica Frank



Janice L. Newman and Marie Vibbert

Held at the New York Statler Hilton, NyCon 3 may have been the biggest World Science Fiction convention yet, with more than 1000 people attending.



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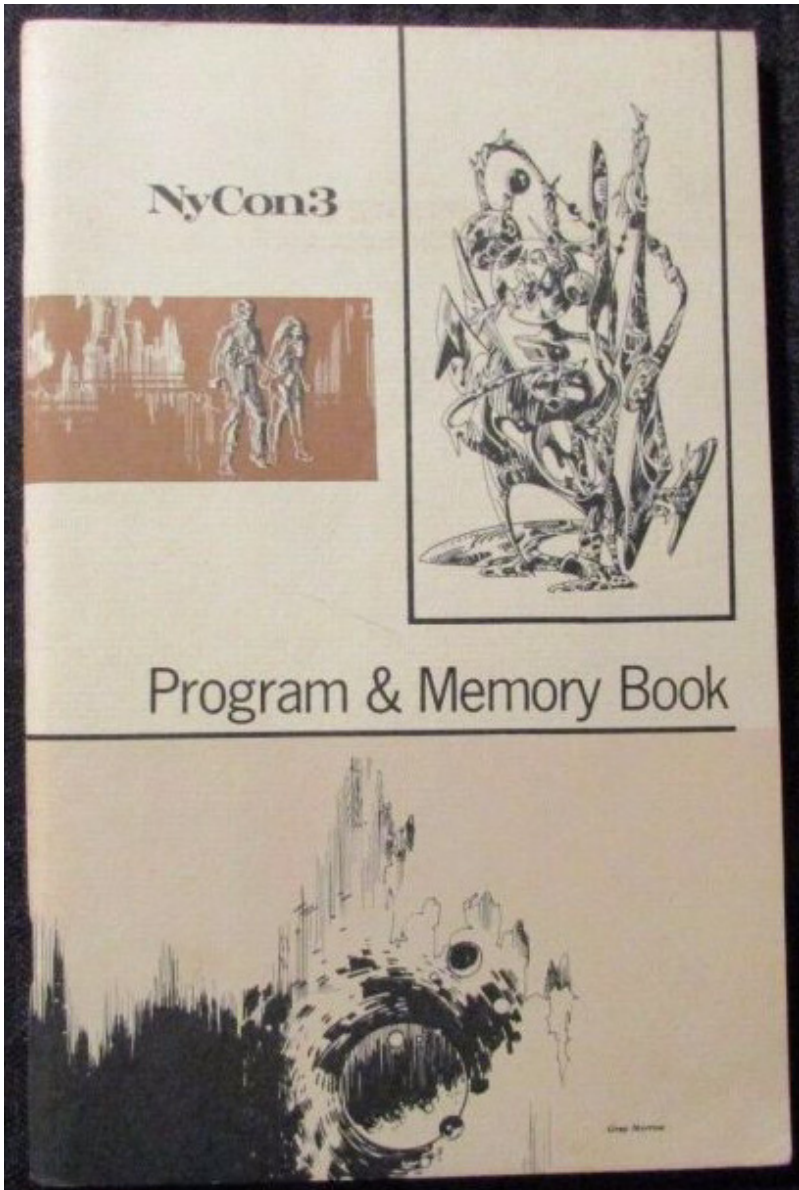
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CONRAD N. HILTON, PRESIDENT

Our guest of honor this year was Lester del Rey, who recently came back to the fore of science fiction with a host of new stories.



The lines for registration were long, but that also gave us the chance to see our friends who attended...including the lovely Tom Purdom (whose [\*I Want the Stars\*](#) impressed us so a few years back).



From [Fanac](#)



From [Fanac](#)



A Gemini astronaut? No! A [Hugonaut!](#)

The Exhibit Hall was full of goodies, including back issues of anything I missed. Ever wonder how we maintain our encyclopedic knowledge of things SFnal? It's thanks to dealers like these who offer classic fiction as wares.



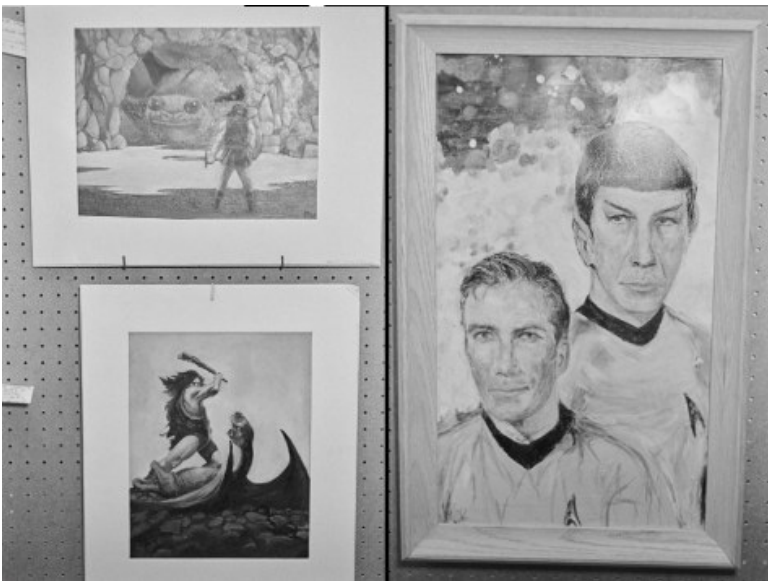
From [Fanac](#)



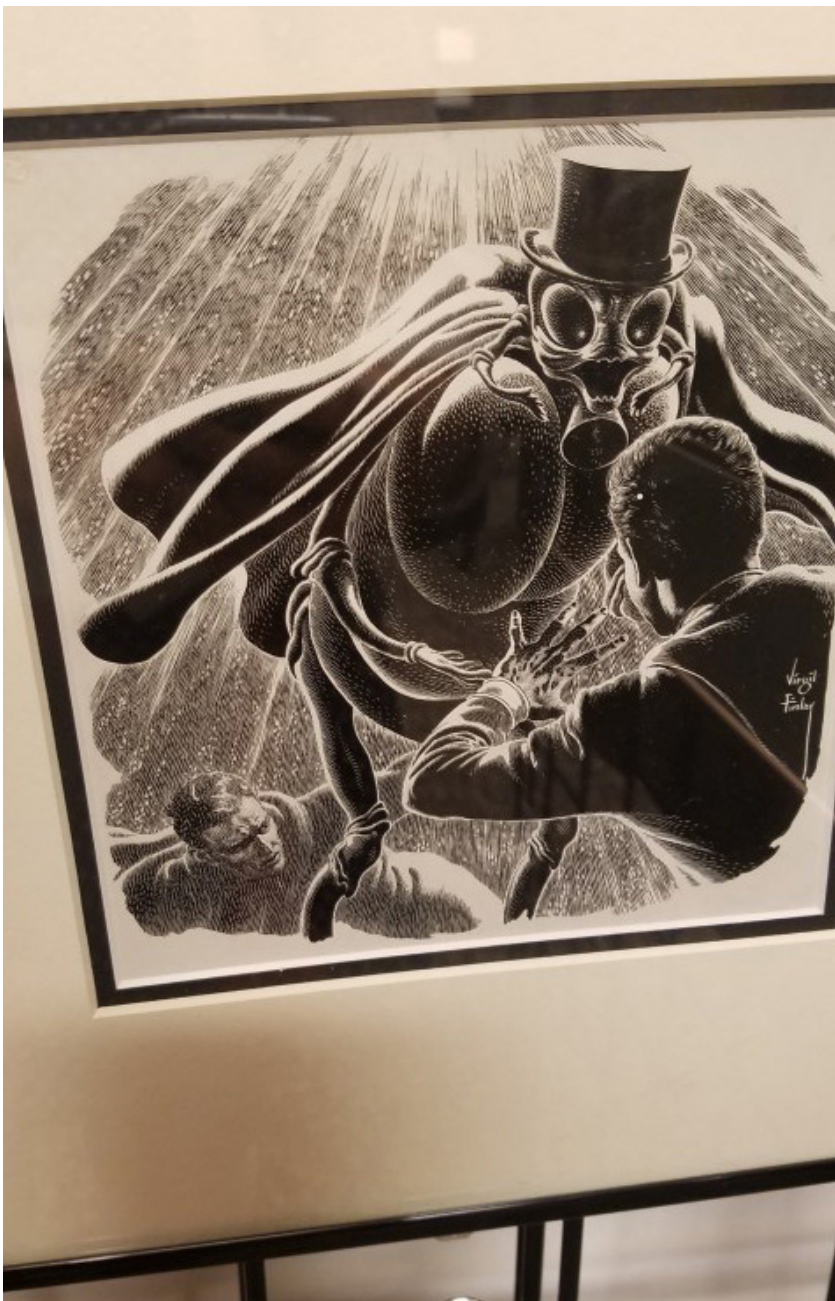


From [Fanac](#)

Beautiful works were on display at the art show (and you'll note that *Star Trek* already features prominently:



From [Fanac](#)



## Manhattan women are all dressed in satin, so the fellows say

The Masquerade was a gas, as always. This one included a fashion show put on by Carol Pohl themed “Galaxy of Costumes”, imagining clothes of the future. It ties in to a short piece in this month’s *Galaxy* (edited by Fred Pohl).



From [Calisphere](#) and [Fanac](#)—Lin Carter and Carol Pohl



From [Fanac](#)—Betsy Wollheim



From [Fanac](#)—Trek costumes galore



## The Bronx is up and the Battery's down

The centerpiece of the event was, of course, the fanquet. Some 850 folks gathered in the dining hall (a couple hundred relegated to the cheap seats in the balconies) to hear the results of the Hugo votes. Much to Isaac Asimov's chagrin, Harlan Ellison was invited to do the EmCee-ing for the occasion, something he did with great humor, but not a little longwindedness.

Of course, Dr. A was busy much of the convention trying (and failing) to play peacemaker between Harlan and Judith Merrill. Apparently, Harlan had inserted a caricature of Judy in an episode of *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* he wrote, and she is suing him for defamation of character or something like that. She actually served Harlan a summons at the con!



From [Calisphere](#) and [Fanac](#)

Other folks who spoke at the fanquet were Bob Tucker (creator of Hoy Ping Pong, after whom the new fan awards were almost named)

and, of course, Lester. Poor Lester was relegated to the end of a very long program, and thus had to rush through his speech.



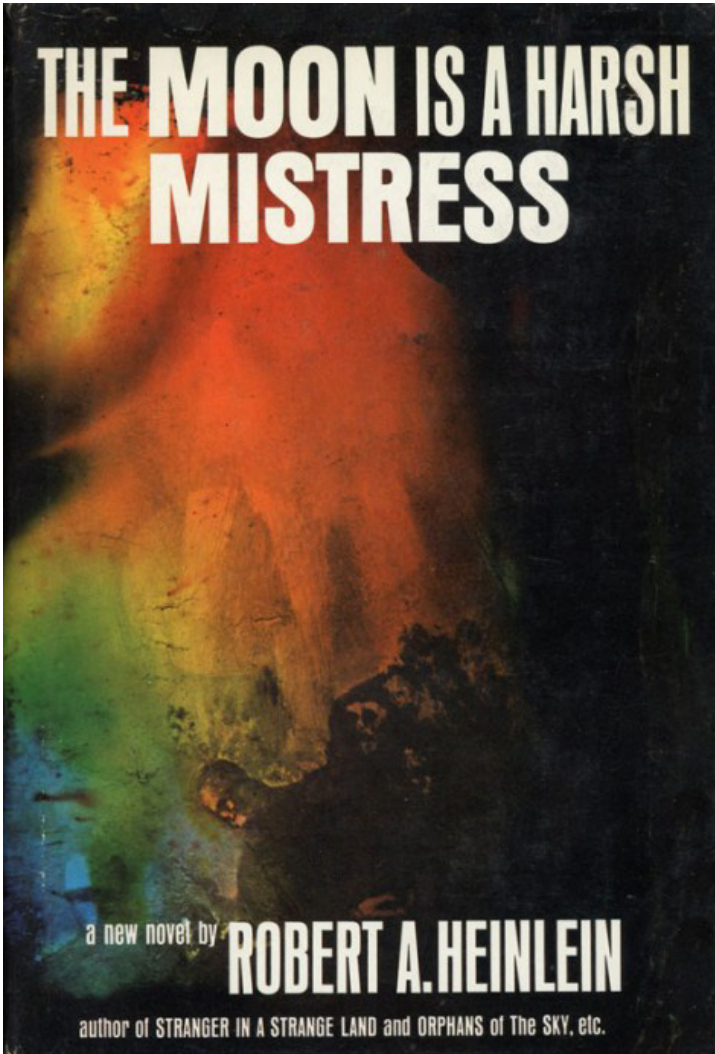
From [Fanac](#)



From [Fanac](#)

And now, we turn to what you're most eagerly awaiting — the results! Buckle in; there's a lot to report.

## Best Novel



[\*The Moon is a Harsh Mistress\*](#) by Robert A. Heinlein [If Dec 1965, Jan, Feb, Mar, Apr 1966; Putnam, 1966]



## Nominees

[Babel-17](#) by Samuel R. Delany [Ace, 1966]

[Too Many Magicians](#) by Randall Garrett [Analog Aug, Sep, Oct, Nov 1966]

[Flowers for Algernon](#) by Daniel Keyes [Harcourt, Brace & World, 1966]

*The Witches of Karres* by James H. Schmitz [Chilton, 1966]

[Day of the Minotaur](#) by Thomas Burnett Swann [Ace, 1966]

---

We were sad last year when it appeared *Moon* would miss its chance on a technicality. It's only a shame that this is the year it won given the strength of the Delany. *Algernon* was a Galactic Star winner and *Magicians* a nominee, so their appearance on the ballot is not a surprise.

On the other hand, *The Witches of Karres* is an expansion of a 1949 *Astounding* story, which, of the Journey staff, only David read (it did not impress him). *Day of the Minotaur* was a fine book, but it came out in '64-'65 as *The Blue Monkeys*, so it really didn't belong on this year's ballot.

---

## Best Novelette



Winner: "[The Last Castle](#)" by Jack Vance [*Galaxy* Apr 1966]

## Nominees

“[Call Him Lord](#)” by Gordon R. Dickson [*Analog* May 1966]

“[Apology to Inky](#)” by Robert M. Green, Jr. [*F&SF* Jan 1966]

“[The Alchemist](#)” by Charles L. Harness [*Analog* May 1966]

“[An Ornament to His Profession](#)” by Charles L. Harness [*Analog* Feb 1966]

“[The Eskimo Invasion](#)” by Hayden Howard [*Galaxy* Jun 1966]

“[The Manor of Roses](#)” by Thomas Burnett Swann [*F&SF* Nov 1966]

“[For a Breath I Tarry](#)” by Roger Zelazny [*Fantastic* Sep 1966]

“[This Moment of the Storm](#)” by Roger Zelazny [*F&SF* Jun 1966]

---

At last, the Hugos are taking a page from our book and subdividing the shorter length prose by length. We’re also pleased to see how many nominees they accepted. According to Ted White, the NyCon Committee included all the stories above an obvious cut-off threshold (they got nearly 300 nominating ballots this year, as opposed to the ridiculous ~60 of last year). And so, a broader cross-section of stories are being recognized.

On the other hand, one wonders if the voters simply threw darts at their magazine collection to determine the contestants. The UK magazines are not represented at all. That the Vance won is not upsetting. It’s an excellent story, and I consider it better than the Swann (which is still quite good). Zelazny is here twice because he makes a specialty of writing stories that will be nominated for Hugos. *Breath* was better than *Storm*, but that they’re both here isn’t a problem. *Call Him Lord* was generally liked but not loved among the Journey staff. Ditto, *Ornament* (though I quite enjoyed that one).

But then you’ve got Hayden Howard’s Esk novella (feh!), *Apology to Inky* (phew!), and the execrable *The Alchemist* (by Harness, who did *Ornament*). Thus, a full third of the nominees in this category are kaka. Not even tolerable, but just lousy. And even though we had a full 21 Star winner and nominees, only 4 of the

Hugo nominees overlapped. This is what happens when the general audience doesn't read the British mags or the SF anthologies...

---

## Short Fiction



Winner: "[Neutron Star](#)" by Larry Niven [*If* Oct 1966]

### Nominees

"[Man in His Time](#)" by Brian W. Aldiss [*Who Can Replace a Man?*, 1966]

"[Delusion for a Dragon Slayer](#)" by Harlan Ellison [*Knight* Sep 1966]

"[Rat Race](#)" by Raymond F. Jones [*Analog* Apr 1966]

"[The Secret Place](#)" by Richard McKenna [*Orbit* #1, 1966]

"[Mr. Jester](#)" by Fred Saberhagen [*If* Jan 1966]

"[Light of Other Days](#)" by Bob Shaw [*Analog* Aug 1966]

"Comes Now the Power" by Roger Zelazny [*Magazine of Horror* #14 Winter 1966/1967]

---

I am going to go out on a limb and say *none* of these stories should have been on the ballot, each for different reasons. Granted, *Light* was pretty good ([the sequel](#) is better), and my fellow travelers liked it quite a lot. On the other hand, the *Analog* readership universally rated the story the worst of that issue. If they didn't vote for it, who did?

And I didn't read the Zelazny (none of us did) so I can't comment on that one.

But the Saberhagen is one of the weakest of the [Berserker](#) sentient space ship stories, and the Niven is definitely the least of his Bey Schaeffer era stories (why didn't readers choose the superior [At the Core?](#)). The Ellison is routine, as is the Jones. I suspect McKenna's story is only there as sort of an eulogiac honor since he died in '64 and this was one of his last pieces (unfinished, at that).

That leaves the Aldiss, which to its credit, *did* get nominated for the Galactic Star...[in 1965](#). Just because it got collected into a book last year shouldn't make it eligible again.

Phooie.

---

## Best Dramatic Presentation



**Winner:** *Star Trek - “[The Menagerie](#)”* (1966) [Desilu] Directed by Marc Daniels; Written by Gene Roddenberry

### **Nominees**

*[Fantastic Voyage](#)* (1966) [20th Century Fox] Directed by Richard Fleischer; Screenplay by Harry Kleiner; Adaptation by David Duncan; Story by Jerome Bixby & Otto Klement

*Star Trek - “[The Naked Time](#)”* (1966) [Desilu] Directed by Marc Daniels; Written by John D. F. Black

*[Fahrenheit 451](#)* (1966) [Anglo Enterprises/Vineyard] Directed by François Truffaut; Screenplay by Jean-Louis Richard and François Truffaut and Helen Scott; based on the novel by Ray Bradbury

*Star Trek - “[The Corbomite Maneuver](#)”* (1966) [Desilu] Directed by Joseph Sargent; Written by Jerry Sohl

---

The fanzines have been full of discussion regarding this year's Dramatic Presentation Hugo. Several years ago, the awards were changed so that only *episodes* could win rather than *shows*. This was to keep *Twilight Zone* from juggernauting over everything several years running.

The result was a three-way split that threatened to give the Hugo to something that wasn't *Star Trek*. While the fan community is somewhat split on the new science fiction show (for instance, Ted White and Alexei Panshin don't care for it), for the most part, fen dig it. Thus was created a campaign to vote for the one episode that had the creator's name attached to it. As it turns out, *Menagerie* was also a pretty good episode. It's the one I picked even without prompting from Juanita Coulson.

So hooray for our side. But once again, it's a pity that [UK](#) and [German](#) shows don't get on the ballot.

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## Best Professional Magazine



Winner: [IF Science Fiction](#) ed. Fred Pohl



## Nominees

[Analog Science Fiction and Fact](#) ed. by John W. Campbell, Jr.

[Galaxy](#) ed. by Fred Pohl

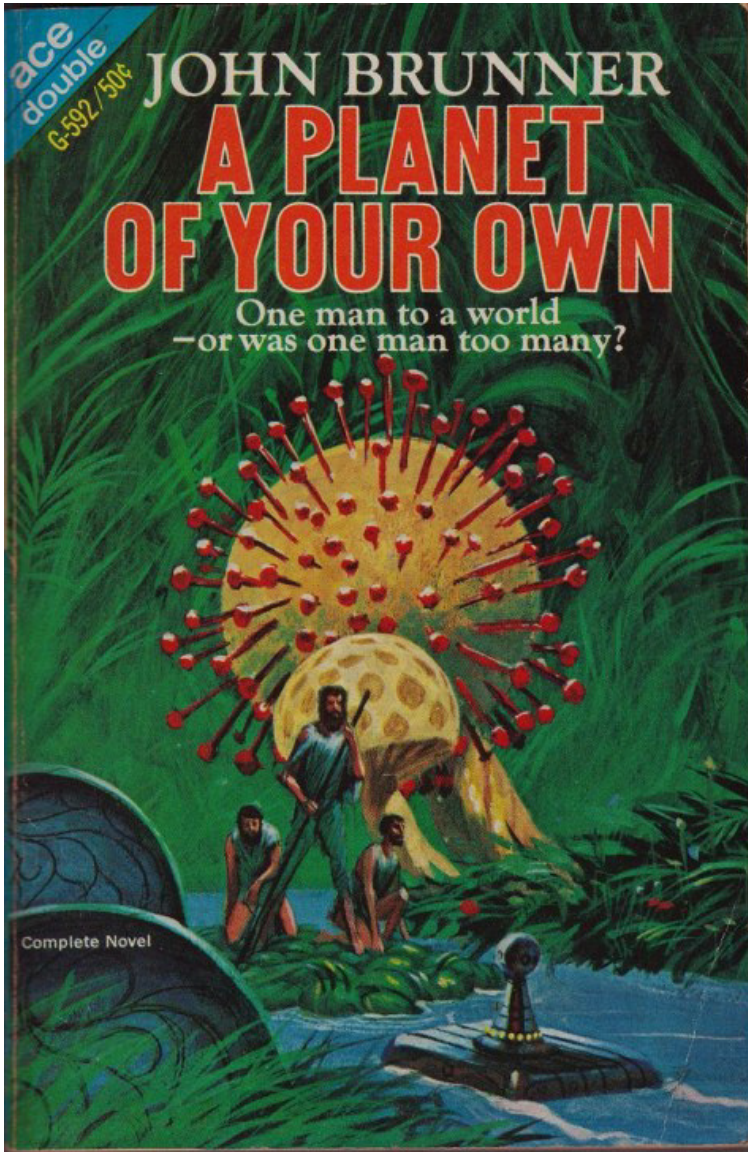
[New Worlds](#) ed. by Michael Moorcock

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Apparently American readers *do* read the UK mags. I wonder how *New Worlds* ended up here, but none of the stories from it (or its sister/Siamese Twin *Science Fantasy*) did. Folks continue to be more impressed with *IF* than we are, but perhaps they are rewarding the magazine for its standouts. It does have them.

If you're wondering why *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* isn't on here, it's because one of NyCon's co-chairs (Ted White) is an assistant editor there. Head cheese Ed Ferman decided it would be a class act to withdraw its eligibility. Ted says the magazine placed third in nominations.

Best Professional Artist



Winner: [Jack Gaughan](#)

## **Nominees**

[Frank Kelly Freas](#)

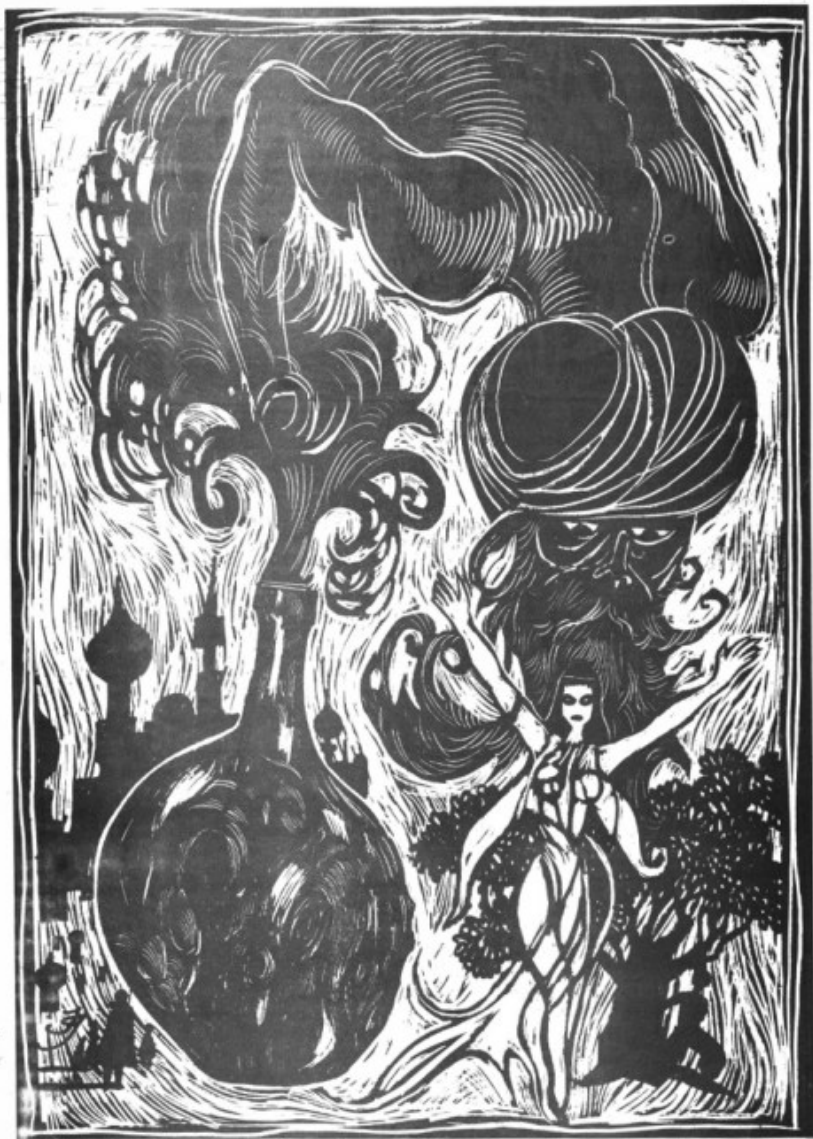
[Gray Morrow](#)

[John Schoenherr](#)

---

This year, it was all SF mag artists without folks from the world of (solely) book covers. I'm very surprised to see Gaughan take the nod as he is my least favorite of these four. I also read in a 'zine a couple of years back that he's somewhat prickly in person [*Ted White has since written to tell me he's actually quite nice*). But he does have a distinctive style, and perhaps he had enough devotees to put him over the top. Also, Schoenherr hasn't had a dramatic sand worm to illustrate in many months...

Best Fanzine



From [Fanac](#)

Winner: Niekas ed. by Edmund R. Meskys and Felice Rolfe

## Nominees

*Australian Science Fiction Review* ed. by John Bangsund

*Lighthouse* ed. by Terry Carr

*Yandro* ed. by Robert Coulson and Juanita Coulson

*Habakkuk* ed. by Bill Donaho

*Trumpet* ed. by Tom Reamy

*Riverside Quarterly* ed. by Leland Sapiro

---

A ha – this may explain the Gaughan win. *Niekas* is a nice big genzine, and Jack did the cover for the last '66 issue. The winner and four of the noms were also Galactic Star winner/nominees, so all is right with the universe. *Trumpet* didn't get on our slate, but it is an attractive 'zine with semi-pro print quality. *Habakkuk* is a worthy pick, too, something like *Niekas* and *RQ*. *ASFR* is devoted to reviews, and they do a lot of them, some large, some small.

It is worth noting just how fundamental these magazines are to the genre, and why it's a good thing fan concerns were not relegated to the ghetto called "[Pong](#)". Each of these 'zines, and the dozens more besides (not to mention *Galactic Journey!*) constitute the connective tissue for speculative fiction. With insightful analysis, thriving letter columns, poetry, stories, and news, the 'zines often provide more entertaining fare than the pro mags (recognizing, of course, that the 'zines would have no reason to exist were it not for professional publications).

So huzzah for 'zines, hooray for *these* 'zines. (And please vote *Galactic Journey!* for Best Fanzine next year—thanks to all those who nominated us this year!)

---

## **Best Fan Writer**

While the Journey (once again) did not win the Best Fanzine Award, one of our illustrious writers *did* take home the first Best Fan Writer Award! I am, of course, referring to [Alexei Panshin](#).



From [Calisphere](#)

**Winner: Alexei Panshin**

### **Nominees**

Norm Clarke

Bill Donaho

Harry Warner, Jr.

Paul J. Willis

Apropos of my last comments, I am delighted to see the fan categories expand to three. Some may find this a bit self-indulgent, or that the proliferation of Hugo categories is a bit overwhelming. I feel that, as our field grows, the awards must grow, too, allowing more to be recognized for the good work they're doing.

Panshin appears in lots of places, from *RQ* to *Yandro*—and, of course, the *Journey!* Bill Donaho is best known for *Habbakuk*. I know Warner, the “sage of Hagerstown” (where my mother-in-law lives) from his letters and FAPA contributions. I know the Willis brothers live in Virginia, but I can't remember what they've worked on. Norm Clarke is another FAPAer, and I think I've caught his contributions to other 'zines.

I am surprised not to see Juanita Coulson or Steve Ashe or Ted White on this list, but Steve is new to helm of *Science Fiction Times*, Ted White is a filthy pro, and Juanita just became one, too, so maybe that's why. Also, Coulson took home half a Hugo [last year](#) for running *Yandro*.

---

### **Best Fan Artist**



From [Calisphere](#)



From [The Hugo Awards](#)



## **Winner: Jack Gaughan**

### **Nominees**

George Barr

Jeff Jones

Steve Stiles

Arthur "ATom" Thomson

---

Alright, perhaps it wasn't *Niekas* that got Gaughan the pro Hugo nod because he also got the fannish art Hugo! I feel bad for not being immediately conversant with the other names, even as they faintly ring bells. I will pay closer attention to credits henceforth.

That said, I shall continue to plump for The Young Traveler, as I feel she is [the most worthy fan artist!](#)

---

### **In the light of day, our only day**

After the big show, there was still fun to be had, particularly in the bars and room parties. For some, these are the *only* part of the convention that matter! On the other hand Janice and I are on the other side of 39 (not far, mind you... just a matter of days), so we generally went to sleep early. But not always!



From [Fanac](#)

Finally, it was back to Idlewild...er...Kennedy airport for a 707 jaunt back home. Thank goodness for those new pneumatic headphones! They helped take my mind off the reek (or "pong", as the UK folks say) of the ever present cigarette smoke we were trapped inside with.



Hope you enjoyed this report! And stay tuned for next year's: San Francisco won the bid for the 1968 Worldcon, which means it'll be a local trip!



[September 20, 1967]

## Twiggy: Face of the 60s



by Gwyn Conaway

Back in March of this year, a peculiar teenage girl by the name of Lesley Hornby stepped off the tarmac at John F. Kennedy International Airport in New York City and, predictably, changed the world.



Miss Hornby was “discovered” by Deirdre McSharry by chance and coined her “The Face of ‘66.” She’s since then been on the cover of *US Vogue* three times in a single year.

At seventeen years old, Twiggy, as she's more commonly known, has captured the lenses of every camera and magazine in the world. And while many critics claim that she's taken fashion by storm, I have been awaiting her arrival for some time.

Despite my foresight, I'm no soothsayer! No, I'm simply a fashion historian watching the pendulum of humanity swing ever closer to its amplitude of enlightenment. It's a dance as old as civilization, and I'll happily reveal the steps.



Twiggy for *Vogue*, Summer 1967.

Twiggy is known mainly for her adolescent figure: a straight waist, lanky limbs, big lash-lined eyes, and diminutive chest. These youthful traits are the ideals of revolutionary beauty, and crop up during the political changing of the tides in which the next generation wants to wash away the structures of the past. When these sorts of proportions become mainstream, they signal upheaval that challenges tradition and demands social revolution.



What better indication do we have than the Long Hot Summer of 1967, in which we've already experienced over one hundred fifty race riots alone? Pictured here is tension leading to bloodiest challenge to the status quo so far, the 12th Street Riot in Detroit from July 23-28.

Eras such as ours set aside the domestic feminine figure with child-bearing hips and gentle curves in favor of androgyny for the express purpose of rebelling against standards young people no longer have faith in. Anti-beauty, as it were, pushes society to view women as more than the dichotomy of the Gibson Girl they're often prescribed

(combining two female archetypes: the voluptuous woman and the fragile lady rolled into one woman).



Thérèse Tallien was known for cutting her hair in celebration of Marie Antoinette's execution and foregoing undergarments and sleeves. She also wore *cothurnus*, or Greek sandals.





Louise Brooks is credited with introducing the sleek bob worn by so many Flappers in anti-prohibition America and also celebrated her sexual power in a modern world.

Twiggy joins the ranks of women such as Thérèse Tallien of the French Revolution and Louise Brooks of 1920s Hollywood fame. Not only do these revolutionary beauties reflect the daring spirit of their times, but also the search for truth. As miniskirts and monokinis find popularity, I'm reminded of the Neoclassical era, in which revolutionary women hung up their stockings and went bare-legged in thin muslin gowns to reflect the bareness of truth through nudity. And as drugs such as LSD gain influence in art, I have *deja vu* of the Dadaists, who sought to unravel reality after The War to End All Wars.

From my high vantage point, the arrival of Twiggy has been expected for quite some time. In fact, it would be more surprising if Miss Hornby hadn't risen as the star of the 1960s. Now that she's taken up the mantle of revolution, I suggest we all prepare for cultural turbulence. The voice of the generation has spoken.



[October 12, 1967]

## See you on the flip side (*Star Trek: “Mirror, Mirror”*)



*by Joe Reid*

### **A Shadowy Reflection**

As this most intriguing and excellent season of *Star Trek* continues on we find ourselves delighted week after week with more thoughtful and fantastical stories. This week takes the cake! I have stated repeatedly that *Star Trek* is a mirror to society here on Earth, today in 1967. This episode took that mirror and held it up to its own world and its characters. Appropriately, the writers called it “*Mirror, Mirror*”. Let’s take a gander at it and see what’s on the other side.

The episode opens on an alien world as a storm rages. Captain Kirk is in discussion with the very human looking Halkan Council to allow the Federation to mine dilithium on their planet. Uhura, Dr. McCoy, and Scotty are with him as part of the landing party. With negotiations stalled, as the Halkans don’t wish to see their dilithium used by those who may cause harm to even a single person, Kirk decides to return to the ship due to the coming ion storm.



“Do not try to adjust your communicator. We control the horizontal and the vertical.” (Vic Perrin, head Halkan, is the narrator for [The Outer Limits](#))

As the four of them are transported to the ship, something goes wrong and instead of appearing on the USS Enterprise they find themselves wearing different clothing as they appear on a different Enterprise. They are immediately confronted with Spock sporting a goatee who then calls for the eradication of the Halkans for not giving their dilithium to the “Empire” and who is quick to painfully punish Transporter Chief Kyle for an issue with the transporters.



Performance reviews are brutal on this *Enterprise*

Kirk soon figures out that the four of them are in a parallel universe. Finding themselves isolated among violent familiar looking strangers, the quartet seek to find a way to save the Halkans from destruction and get themselves back home. As they attempt to masquerade as “themselves” on the brutal ISS Enterprise while trying to carry out their secret mission, Urura is forced to resist the advances of a savage and craven Sulu, while Kirk barely survives an assassination attempt by an ambitious and bloodthirsty Chekov.



“You die, Captain, and I get to sing Mickey’s songs.”

Soon thanks to the male voiced, magically capable ship’s computer, Kirk and McCoy confirm how they ended up on the opposite side of this dark looking-glass and learn of a way to return to their universe. As amazing as that was, we soon meet the other Captain Kirk’s mistress and confidant, Marlena, waiting for him in his quarters, who shows our Kirk the powerful assassination weapon that he has at his disposal to wipe out all of his enemies. Marlena threatened to use it on Spock after he made clear to Kirk that he was under orders to kill him if he failed to purge the Halkans for refusing to allow the Empire rights to the dilithium.



*The new Admiral TV not only has the brightest color, but it eliminates unwanted personnel!*

The action and excitement then gets fast and intense as our crew carry out their plan to get home. Uhura gets into another struggle with the wicked Sulu and has to strike and almost shank him to save herself. Goatee Spock realizes things aren't right and captures our righteous four crewmembers for answers. This leads to another fight against the powerful Vulcan. Just as they found a way around Spock, the devious Sulu returns to kill everyone and murder his way to command of the ship. After an amazing save by Marlina using the weapon she told our Kirk about, she approaches the captain, explaining that she had learned everything about them and wanted to return to their world with them.

In the end it is the unerringly logical Spock of the violent universe helps our people return to their world as Kirk made a



passionate, Nomad-level logical plea for him to rescue the people of this dark universe.



*“And we have better donuts.”*

Our crew finally made it home and things were back to normal. The final scene has all four members of the landing party stricken with surprise as they meet the normal universe’s version of Marlena for the first time.

The range that we saw in some of the actors was chameleon-like. In particular, Sulu was a completely different person with a different deck of facial expressions than we are used to. Truly unlikeable.



*"Peel your apple?"*

From concept to story to acting, this was the best night of television that I have seen in a dog's age.

Five stars.

---

## The Enemy Without



by Janice L. Newman

This week's episode of *Star Trek* was about a good Kirk and an evil Kirk. Sound familiar? If you watched "The Enemy Within", this episode might sound like it's just the same idea revisited. Don't be fooled! It's not.

The premise of the episode, that there is a "parallel" universe similar to our own but where history took a different course, leading to a totalitarian empire instead of Starfleet and the federation of planets, is an intriguing one. The people in that universe are shaped by their environment: they are vicious, self-serving, traitorous, and sadistic. And yet, there are exceptions. Spock is still Spock, even when he is enforcing the empire's orders. He describes McCoy as 'soft' and 'sentimental' (if McCoy is as dedicated to being a healer in this harsher world, it's no wonder that Spock would think so).



A kinder McCoy?

"The Enemy Within" was a story of 'man versus himself', exploring what makes us human from the inside. "Mirror, Mirror" asks the opposite question: "How much does our environment make us who we are?" It's an intriguing thought: who we might be if born under different circumstances. What kind of an environment creates a Hitler? Are we but one universe over from a world where someone – maybe you – pressed the button to start World War 3?

If there is anything this well-paced, well-acted episode lacked, it was screentime for the landing party's counterparts. Unfortunately, the story simply couldn't fit a focus on them in the hour-long runtime. I did appreciate that 'our' crew immediately realized that there was something wrong and locked up the alternates.

If you missed this week's episode, I highly recommend catching the re-run next summer if you can. As much as I liked "The Enemy Within", this episode is even better.

Five stars.

---

## The middle road



*by Lorelei Marcus*

Star Trek gives us a future that is aspirational, and perhaps brighter than our own. The Starfleet Federation borders on utopian, with scarcity of resources becoming almost nonexistent, and the main military body existing solely for goodwill and scientific exploration. It is refreshing to see a future where people of all colors and sexes (and even nonhumans) can work and be treated equally, particularly on the decks of the *Enterprise*.

In today's episode, we were presented with an alternative universe completely opposite to the Star Trek we are used to. Rather than a utopia, the world order resembled a totalitarian dictatorship with security police and brutal forms of punishment. It was a shock, to say the least, to see all of our favorite characters in this new environment and how they and their hierarchies changed. The lack of women on the mirror ship particularly stood out to me, and those that were left were no longer equal with the men – forced to prostitute themselves to gain any power and security.



How to win friends and influence captains.

The parallel universe possibility intrigued me. Star Trek's main universe and this mirror universe are two ends of the spectrum. Could there be more parallel universes? And what would one that falls right in the middle of that spectrum look like? How closely would it represent our modern world? I can imagine a ship where there is still some distinction based on race and sex, if only systemically. The Enterprise would probably be sent on missions to settle the protests of disquieted colonies, or to do tactical phaser strikes on rogue planets that have sided with the Romulans. I see a universe with more poverty and more discontent with the Federation. Maybe Kirk would have an episode where he falls in love with a poor colonist girl, but she is an anti-Federationalist, and ultimately he must reject his personal life to reaffirm loyalty to his cause.

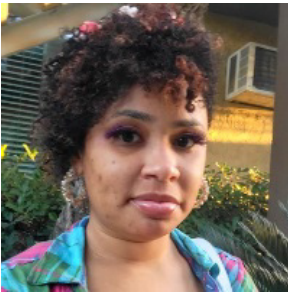
This thought experiment only makes me appreciate the world of *Star Trek* even more. Roddenberry really has done a spectacular job of building an independent universe that is not just a gussied up copy of our own. When I am watching, it is never hard to believe that what is on my television screen is truly the future. (Except for sometimes when they show Chekhov's hair).

The episode as a whole was fantastically done with an interesting premise and phenomenal acting.

Five stars.

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## **"A Well Oiled Trap"**



*by Amber Dubin*

Although this episode was most likely meant to repel the viewer with horror at the savagery exhibited by the mirror universe, the entire episode was so charged with the kind of raw, animalistic energy that it had the exact opposite effect on me.

From the very beginning of the episode, it becomes clear that the unrelenting barbarism of the mirror universe necessitates the exposure of the Starfleet's most exceptional qualities; both literally, with the flashy and extremely flattering improvements to the crewmen's uniforms, and figuratively, in the way all of them rise to the challenges they are faced with. This is displayed most dramatically by Uhura, who, bolstered by Kirk's faith in her, manages to overcome her initial fears and slips on the camouflage of

a violent seductress as easily as putting on a second skin. Similarly, on the other ship, Spock's notorious intuition proves itself almost comically effective when he immediately recognizes the landing party as dangerous imposters and goes straight to work trying to get his real Captain back.



A most entertained Spock.

An even more intriguing theme in this episode is that as savage and chaotic as the behavior of the crew in this alternate universe is, their selfishness and barbarity only served to make them more human. Mirror Chekov and Sulu's actions are self-serving and violent, but their motivations are neither unreasonable nor excessively malicious in the context of their environment. If anything it could be argued that, stripped of the need to adhere to formalities, the way they behave is more honest and truer to their desires than their more 'civilized' counterparts. As our Spock says, the mirror crew were "In



every way, splendid examples of homo sapiens. The very flower of humanity." This is shown best by the introduction of Marlena, a woman whose intelligence and impressive powers of intuition and seduction have allowed her to not only survive but to wind her way around the heart of a violent and psychopathic Captain Kirk. She even proves that she has not lost her moral center by saving Kirk's life even after he has revealed himself to be an imposter and wounded her ego by not succumbing to her wiles after she "oils [her] traps" for him. The alternate version of Spock shows this same level of integrity when he chooses to help the landing party return to their universe, despite the fact that this version of Kirk would logically be much easier to usurp and control than his stubborn, unreasonable, greedy and angry counterpart. The actions of these two mirror crewman suggest that this universe is not in fact evil, but may just be stripped bare of inhibitions that cause the crew we know to control or polish their true selves.

With the smooth delivery from its cast, brilliant script and mind-teasing metaphors, this episode acted upon me as a siren song that by the end had me echoing Marlena's plea to "take me with you."



Sexy Spock with a beard didn't hurt either...

This episode deserves all the stars in the universe, but since the rating system limits me to five, I give it all of them.

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## Women's Liberation



*by Erica Frank*

Uhura found herself in a universe where women's uniforms are made with a fraction of the fabric used in men's, where they have to endure sexual advances at work, where some women get ahead by sleeping with the boss, and nobody dares object.

So.... not too different from our world, hmm?

After the initial shock of realizing her officer's uniform was smaller than some swimsuits back home and that Sulu's spark of interest in her own world ("I'll save you, fair maiden!") was an obsession here, Uhura quickly adjusted her expectations and behaviors.

She didn't cringe from the lustful gazes that followed her everywhere. She didn't frantically check her wardrobe, trying to find something, anything that covered more skin and was still considered a Starfleet Empire uniform. She didn't demand one of the other men escort her and protect her.

She got herself a knife.



Chief Security Officer Sulu discovers that some women prefer to manage their own security.

She knew *exactly* how to cope with a workplace where men are allowed to demand sexual favors... and where women are allowed to set whatever terms they'd like, as long as they back them up with force.

As much as Uhura wanted to go home — back to a world where women have status based on their skills in the workplace and not between the sheets, where promotions are assigned by talent and not assassination, where Starfleet operates on principles of compassion instead of conquest — she knew how to operate in this one.

Drawing that knife on Sulu must have been tremendously vindicating. She wasn't just facing him, but every faculty advisor who ever stood too close, every regional manager who said "come back to my place and we'll talk about your promotion," every police officer who did a pat-down that was more grope than inspection.

In that shining moment, Uhura acted for all of us, every woman who's been told, "Smile more; women should be pretty!" (Followed by, "What was I supposed to think? You were always smiling at me!") The mirror-universe is a dark, twisted version of our own... but that moment on the bridge explained why some women are proud and happy to belong to the Starfleet Empire.

A world where men openly harass women and require them to be sexy at all times is not unknown to us. A world where we can strike back... that's new.

Five stars.

[November 18, 1967]

## Escape Velocity (November Galactoscope)

Books seem to be published faster than ever these days, and many are worth a gander. Please enjoy this triple-whammy featuring SEVEN sciencefictional titles...plus a surprise guest at the end!

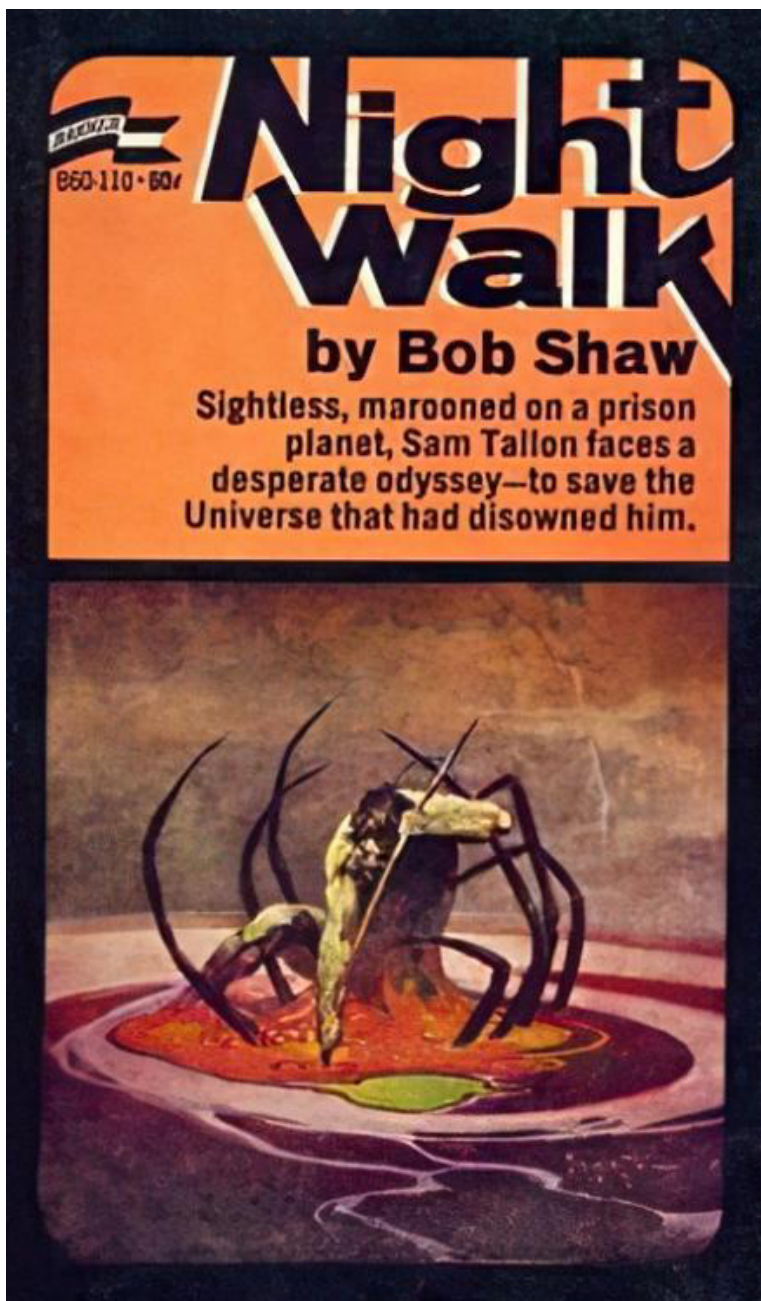


by Gideon Marcus

### [Nightwalk](#), by Bob Shaw

Shaw recently made a big impact with his Hugo-nominated short story, [Light of Other Days](#), and I've enjoyed everything he's come out with. So it was with great delight that I saw that he'd come out with a full length novel called *Nightwalk*.

I went in completely blind, and as a result, enjoyed the twists and turns the story took far more than if I'd known what was coming. Thus, I give you fair warning. Avoid the following few paragraphs if you wish to go into the book completely unaware.



by Frank Frazetta

Sam Tallon is an agent of Earth based on the former colony and now staunch adversary world, Emm Luther. In-between are 80,000 portals through null-space. Would that there could be but one, but hyperspace jumping is a blind affair, and the direct route between portals is impossible to compute. Only trial and error has mapped 80,000 matched pairs whose winding, untrackable route bridges the two worlds. Luckily, transfer is virtually instantaneous.

Literally inside Tallon's head is the meandering route to a brand new world. Given the dearth of inhabitable planets, both overcrowded Luther and teeming Earth want this knowledge. Before Tallon can escape with it, he is captured by the Lutheran secret police, tortured most vividly and unpleasantly, and sent for a life sentence to be spent at the Lutheran version of Devil's Island, the Pavillion.

Oh yes—in an escape attempt, the sadistic interrogator whom Tallon fails to kill on his way out zaps his eyes and leaves him quite blind.

Tallon is not overly upset by this development. At this point, he is quite content to spend the rest of his life in dark but not unpleasant captivity...except the wounded interrogator is coming for a visit, and Tallon knows he won't survive the encounter. Luckily, he and a fellow prisoner have managed to create a set of glasses tied into the optic nerve and tuned to nearby glial cells. They will not restore a man's sight...but they will allow him to tune in to the vision of any animal about him. With this newfound advantage, Tallon must make the thousand mile trek back to the spaceport, and then traverse the 80,000 portals to Earth.

**Alright—you can read again.** *Nightwalk* is 160 pages long. 60 of the pages, the first 30 and the last 30, are brilliant, nuanced, full of twists and turns, and genuinely exciting. The 100 pages inbetween comprise a well-written but forgettable thriller. I will not go so far as to agree with Buck Coulson, who wrote in the latest *Yandro*: “pulp standard; described by Damon Knight as “putting his hero in approximately the position of a seventy-year-old paralytic in a plaster cast who is required to do battle with a saber-tooth tiger and



there being no place to go from there, kept him in the same predicament throughout the story, only adding an extra fang from time to time.” But the assessment is not completely inapt.

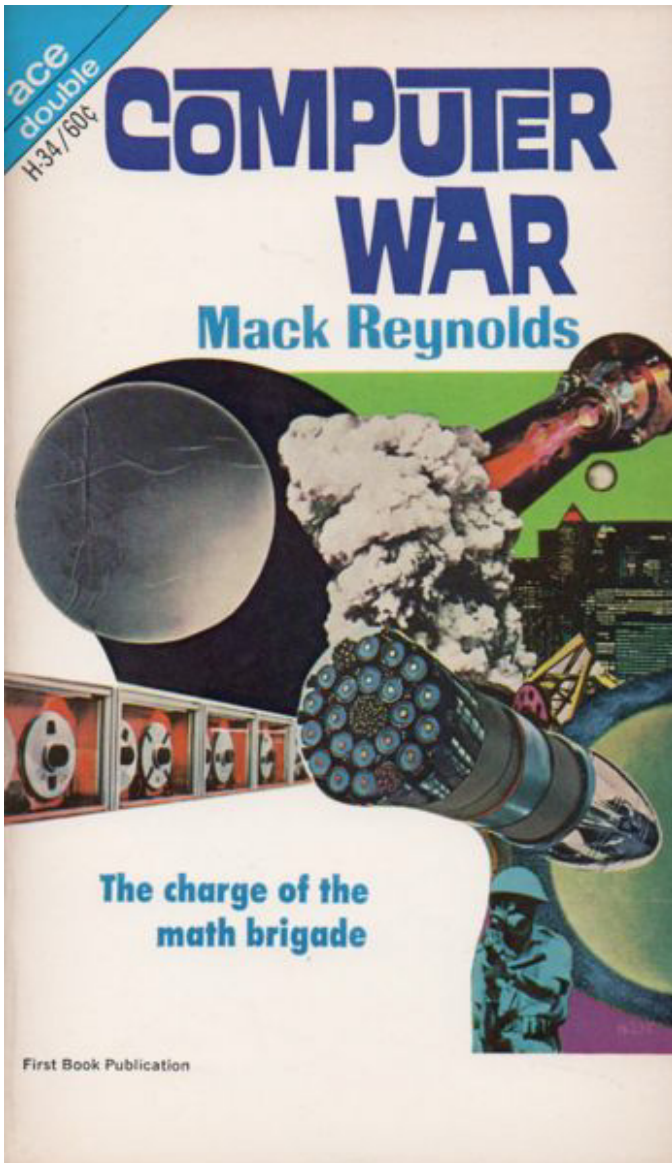
Nevertheless, the book kept me reading, and if you can keep momentum through the middle, the whole is worthwhile.

3.5 stars.

### **ACE double H-34**

Another month, another “ACE double”. They seem to increasingly becoming my province these days, or perhaps I’m becoming the resident Tubb novel reviewer. Either way, I’m thoroughly amenable to the relationship!

Computer War, by Mack Reynolds

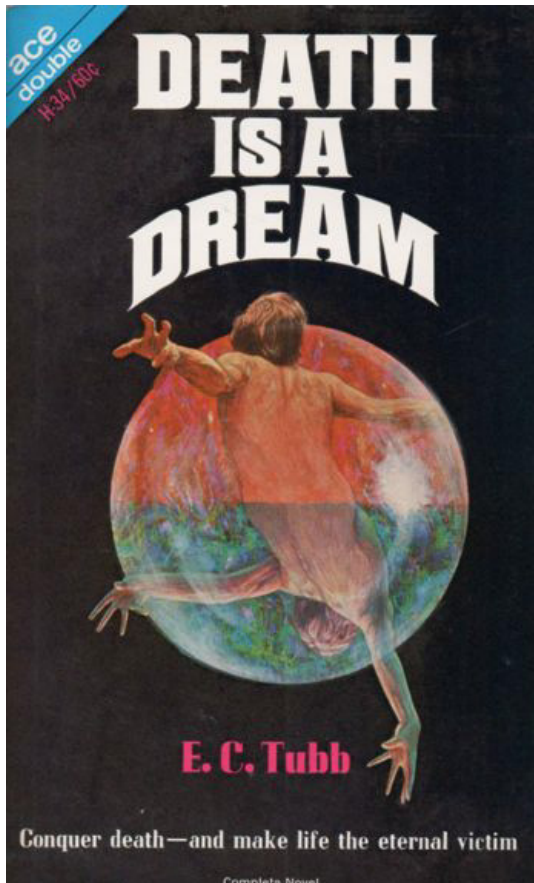


Cover by Hoot von Zitzewitz

I originally covered this novel when it appeared in the pages of *Analog*. Long story short: it's a history lesson disguised as an SF story—Reynolds doesn't even bother to color his nations, which retain their stock names of Alphaland and Betastan, as if this were [an Avalon Hill wargame](#) or something.

Not one of his better efforts, and it doesn't even have the benefit of Freas' nice art. A low three stars.

*[Death is a Dream](#)*, by E.C. Tubb



Cover by Rob Howard

Three centuries from now, England is still recovering from “the Debacle”, an atomic paroxysm that all but destroyed the world in the 1980s. Society has calcified into an oligarchic, capitalist nightmare, with a few rich entities ultimately controlling everything: the loan sharks, the power generators, and the hypnotists. In many ways, it is the last group that is the most powerful, for a generation after the Debacle, they fostered a pervasive belief in reincarnation. With their guidance (or perhaps suggestion), all (save the rare odd “cripple”) persons can Breakthrough to their past lives). So universal is this belief in multiple lives that many have become “retrophiles”, living out their lives in the guise of a former existence, even to living in towns constructed along archaic lines.

Into this world are thrust three bonafide time travelers, put in stasis in the 1970s to await a cure for their radiation-caused illnesses. Not only are they exiles in an age not theirs, but they have also amassed a tremendous debt in their centuries asleep. Brad Stevens, an atomic physicist born in 1927, is determined to free himself and his 20th Century comrades from the fetters of financial obligation. Thus ensues a rip-roaring trip through an anti-utopian Britain, filled with narrow escapes, exotic scenery, and a few interesting, philosophical observations.

Tubb has already impressed me this year with his vivid [\*The Winds of Gath\*](#), and he does so again with this adventure. Indeed, Tubb is such the master of the serial cliff-hanger that I found myself quite unable to put the book down, reading it in two marathon sessions. Of particular note are his observations on faith, on the seductiveness of nostalgia, and on the pernicious nature of laissez-faire capitalism, which inevitably degenerates into anything but a free market.

What keeps this story from a fifth star is precisely what garners it a fourth: it is quick, excellent reading, but it doesn't pause long enough to fully explore all of its intriguing points. Thus, it remains like Ted White's *Jewels of Elsewhen*—beautifully turned, but somewhat disposable.

Still, I'm not sorry I read it, and neither will you be. Four stars.

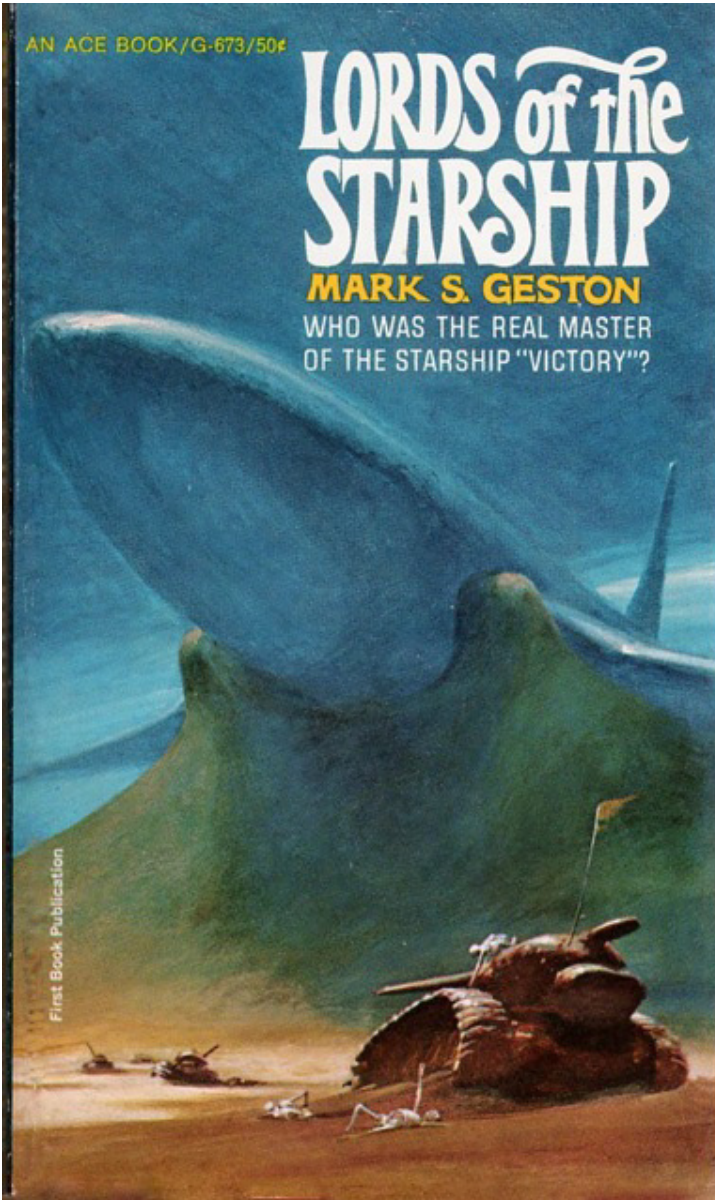


*by Victoria Silverwolf*

## **From the L File**

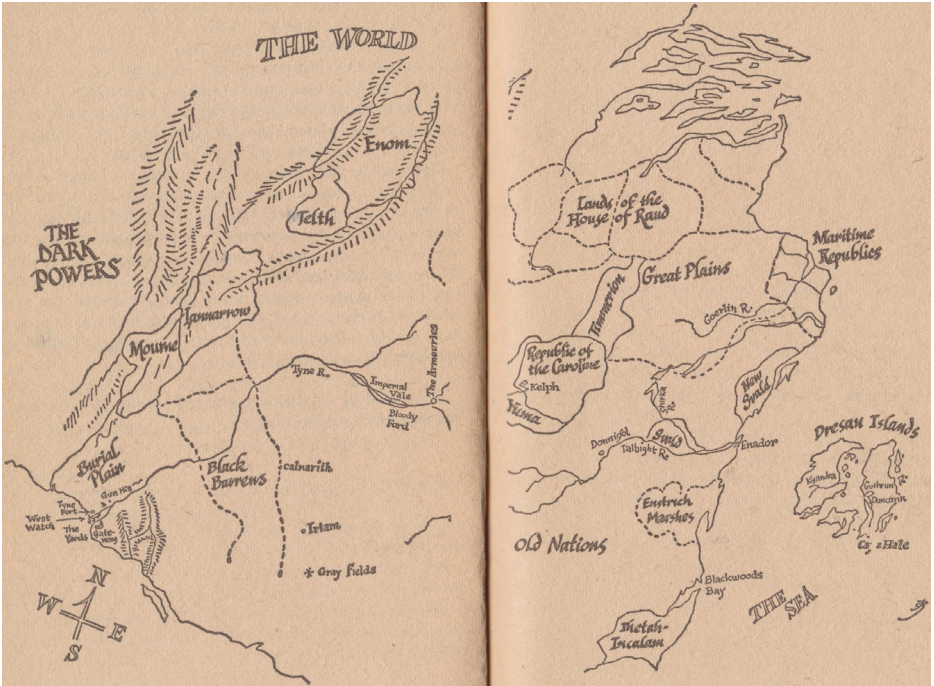
Two new science fiction novels with titles that begin with the twelfth letter of the alphabet fell into my hands recently. Other than that trivial coincidence, they could hardly be more different. Let's look lingeringly, lest literature lie listlessly languid.

Lords of the Starship, by Mark S. Geston



Cover art by John Schoenherr

The first thing you'll notice when you open the book is a map. With that, and the title, I wonder if the author and/or the publisher is alluding to J. R. R. Tolkien's fantasy trilogy *The Lord of the Rings*, which has recently become quite popular here in the USA. That series has a map too.



Map by Jack Gaughan

Given the size of a paperback, it's darn hard to see everything on the map, which has a lot of detail. Fortunately, it's not really necessary. I'll point out a few landmarks as we go along.

## A Public Works Project

We start in the middle of the map. At first, you might think the novel takes place in the past, with horse-drawn vehicles and such. We soon find out that it's thousands of years in the future. Our own

technological society is nearly mythical, lost in the mists of time. There are bits and pieces of it here and there, left in ruins.

It seems that humanity lost its spirit long ago. Civilization has stagnated. A military officer has a plan to deal with that, and he explains it to a government official.

Take a look at the extreme southwest corner of the map, right next to the compass. That's a place where gigantic remnants of the glory days of yesteryear lie wasting away. The officer's scheme is to build a huge starship from what's left and carry its passengers to a new, better world.

If that sounds crazy to you, you're on the right track. There is no real intent to complete the project. Instead, it's just a trick to get the population excited about something, and working together for centuries. Think pyramids and cathedrals.

The first step is to launch a series of bloody wars, so the folks in the middle of the map can make their way to the coast, conquering and slaughtering along the way. Make no mistake; there are a *lot* of gruesome battle scenes in this book.

Many years later, society is divided into a small number of elites, who know the truth about the phony starship, and the ordinary people, who do not. The latter come to almost worship it. Under the leadership of a charismatic figure, they revolt against their rulers.

We're still not done with bloodshed. Without going into details, suffice to say that the naval fleets of the islands off the eastern coast (look at the map) get involved. This leads to a conflict that makes everything else that happens in the book look like minor skirmishes. Then we get a wild twist ending that really pulls the rug out from under you, making you rethink everything you thought you knew about what's going on.

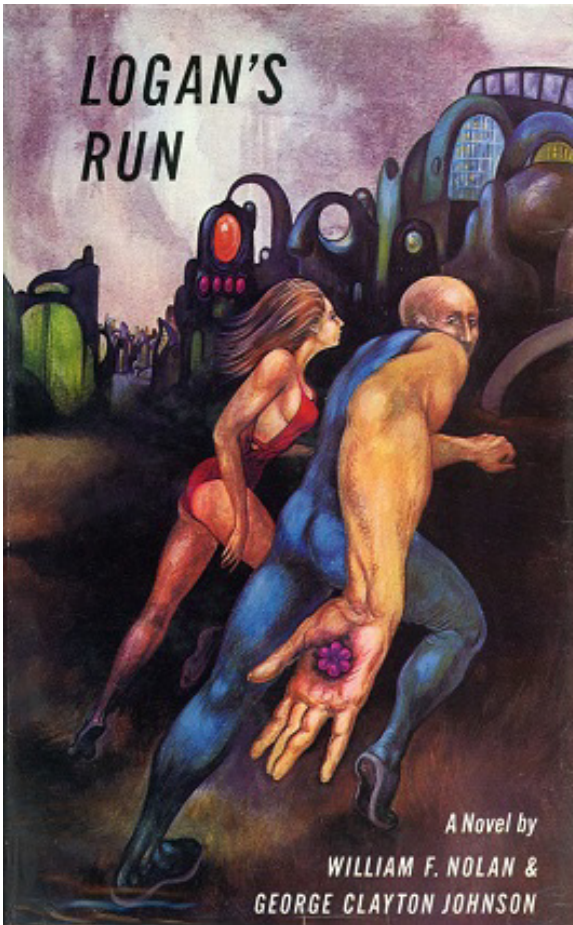
This is a strange book. There are no real protagonists. The plot takes place over a couple of centuries or so, and characters come and go very quickly. This accelerates in the latter part of the novel. Some chapters consist of only one sentence, and read like excerpts from a history book. (The author is a history major, still in college.)



It's also a dark and cynical book. From the deception that starts the story to the completely unexpected revelation that ends it, it's full of sinister plots, secretive government agencies, and human lives sacrificed for the schemes of others.

A sense of despair and resignation to fate fills the novel. The commander of the naval fleet I mentioned above knows that building up his ships for the upcoming war will take eighty years, and also knows that wholesale destruction will be the outcome of the conflict, but accepts the situation as inevitable.

It's an intriguing work, but one that's very hard to love.  
Three stars



**Logan's Run, by  
William F. Nolan  
and George  
Clayton Johnson**

Cover art by Mercer  
Mayer

There's no map in this book, but it does have what must be the world's longest dedication. See for yourself.

*TO ALL THE WILD FRIENDS WE GREW UP WITH—  
and who were with us when we wrote this book:*

*To Frankenstein and Mickey Mouse*

*To Jack, Doc and Reggie and The Temple of the Vampires*

*To Fu Manchu, Long John Silver, Tom Mix and Buck Jones*

*To The Iliad and The Odyssey, Superman and The Green  
Hornet*

*To Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy, and  
The Hunchback of Notre Dame*

*To Gunga Din, King Kong and The Land of Oz*

*To Mr. Hyde and The Phantom of the Opera*

*To The Sea Wolf, Captain Nemo and The Great White Whale*

*To Batman and Robin, Black Country, Ted Sturgeon and  
The Ears of Johnny Bear*

*To Rhett Butler and Jiminy Cricket*

*To Matthew Arnold, Robert Frost and The Demolished Man*

*To What Mad Universe*

*To Dante, Dr. Lao and Dick Tracy*

*To Punch, the Immortal Liar, and  
The Girls in Their Summer Dresses*

*To The Man in the Iron Mask*

*To Marco Polo and The Martian Chronicles*

*To Bogie and The Maltese Falcon*

*To Flash Gordon, Prince Valiant, Krazy Kat and  
The Dance of The Dead*

*To Thomas Wolfe*

*To The Unicorn in the Garden*

*To Hammett and Chandler and  
You Play the Black and the Red Comes Up*

*To Papa Hemingway, Mickey Spillane and Popeye the Sailor  
Man*

*To Fancies and Goodnights*

*To a Diamond as Big as the Ritz and a Blood Wedding in  
Chicago*

*To Beauty and the Beast*

*To The Daredevil Dogs of the Air, The Dawn Patrol and  
The Long, Loud Silence*

*To Doug Fairbanks, Errol Flynn and The Keystone Kops*

*To Tarzan and The Land That Time Forgot*

*To Tom Swift, Huck Finn and Oliver Twist*

*To Citizen Kane, Sinbad and They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*

*To Ali Baba, The Marx Brothers and Dangerous Dan McGrew*

*To The Beanstalk*

*To The Lone Ranger, Little Orphan Annie and  
The Space Merchants*

*To The Day The Earth Stood Still*

*To The Highwayman*

*To Kazan, The Time Machine and Don't Cry for Me*

*To Captain Midnight and Lights Out*

*To Shackleton, Terry and the Pirates, Richard the Lionheart  
and The Rats in the Walls*

*To The Most Dangerous Game*

*To Lil' Abner, S. J. Perelman and Smoky Stover*

*To The Seven Dwarfs and Mandrake the Magician*

*To Billy the Kid, Geronimo, Stephen Vincent Benét and  
The House of Usher*

*To The Hound of the Baskervilles and The Ship of Ishtar*

*To Robin Hood, Scarface and Tommy Udo*

*To Frederick Schiller Faust who was Max Brand  
who was Evan Evans who was George Challis who was. . .*

*To Astounding, Amazing, Fantastic, Startling, Unknown,  
Galaxy, Weird Tales, Planet Stories, Black Mask and  
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*

*To Rhysling, Blind Singer of the Spaceways*

AND, WITH LOVE

*To The Green Hills of Earth*

I don't recognize everything on that massive list — *The Ears of Johnny Bear?* — but I am familiar with much of it. What do those things have in common? Unless I am mistaken, none of them are very recent. Keep that in mind.

Next we get the book's basic premise.

*The seeds of the Little War were planted in a restless summer during the mid-1960s, with sit-ins and student demonstrations as youth tested its strength.*

*By the early 1970s over 75 per cent of the people living on earth were under twenty-one years of age.*

*The population continued to climb—and with it the youth percentage.*

*In the 1980s the figure was 79.7 per cent.*

*In the 1990s, 82.4 per cent.*

*In the year 2000—critical mass.*

I get the message. It's that darn Youth Culture everybody is talking about. I suppose that's because a lot of post-World War Two babies are in their teens and early twenties now. Mods, hippies, bikers, protestors; they're all young folks, aren't they? The two authors of this novel don't seem too happy about the situation.

## Don't Trust Anyone Over Twenty-One

(Apologies to political activist Jack Weinberg for stealing and distorting his famous quote. The original number was thirty.)

Something like a century and a half from now, people are only allowed to live to the age of twenty-one. We get an explanation late in the book as to how this happened, but never mind about that. Most folks go along with this, but some try to escape. These rebels are called — you guessed it — Runners.

There's a special police force that kills Runners. They're known as Sandmen. Our hero, Logan 3, is a Sandman near the end of his assigned lifetime. He gets a gizmo from a dying Runner that is supposed to lead the person who holds it to the fabled refuge known as Sanctuary. Determined to find and destroy the place, he pretends to be a Runner himself. The dead man's sister, Jessica 6, is also a Runner. You won't be surprised to find out she's the love interest, too.

Most of the book consists of the pair's wild adventures all over the world as they try to find Sanctuary. Feral children in a decaying part of a city; an inescapable prison at the North Pole; rebellious young folks who ride around on what seem to be flying motorcycles; robots recreating a Civil War battle; and much, much more. The plot moves at an insane pace, and you probably won't believe a minute of it.

Meanwhile, a Sandman named Francis 7 tracks down the two. He's kind of like Inspector Javert from Victor Hugo's novel *Les Miserables* or Lieutenant Gerard from the TV series *The Fugitive*. Cold-blooded and relentless, he never gives up. He's also got a secret of his own, leading to a surprise ending.

I get the feeling that the co-authors threw wild twists and turns at each other, shouting *Top This!* as they tossed pages of the manuscript back and forth at each other. It's a wild ride indeed. As I've indicated, it's got a lot of implausible aspects. The one that really stood out for me was when Logan and Jessica instantly — and I

mean *instantly* – fall in love when they pose nude for a ice sculpture carved by a half-man/half-robot. (Long story.)

If you like lightning-paced action/adventure novels with a touch of satire, you'll get some fun out of this one. Just don't expect serious speculation about where the younger generation is taking us older folks.

Three stars.

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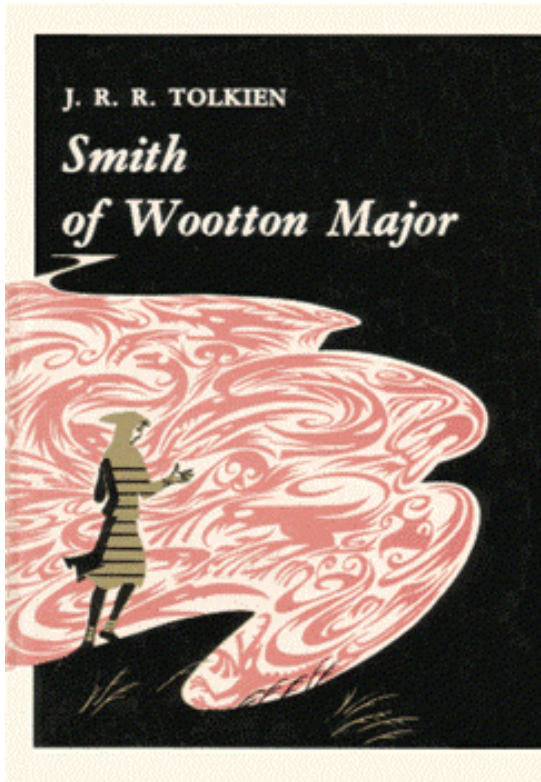
*by Mx. Kris Vyas-Myall*

## **Not Quite What We Were Tolkien About!**

Whilst it has been delayed by the legal shenanigans around [the paperback edition of](#) The Lord of The Rings, we are going to be getting the next installment in Tolkien's Middle Earth series, *The Silmarillion*, very soon. Cylde S. Kilby was helping Professor Tolkien over the summer and gives some details in a [recent edition of](#) The Tolkien Journal, including that this is going to borrow a lot from Norse Myths around the creation of Midgard. Sounds like an epic and complex work for sure.

However, in the meantime, we have a new tale from him, not related to Middle Earth. In some ways, it is a more traditional fairy story, but with many fascinating elements that make it well worth your while.

### **Smith of Wootton Major by J. R. R. Tolkien**



Note the lack of definitive article in the title

Every twenty-four years, in the village of Wootton Major, there is held the feast of Twenty-Four where a great cake is made by the Master Cook and shared with Twenty-Four children. The current Master is not particularly skilled in his job and often relies on his apprentice. However, he ignores it when the apprentice tells him not to add the Faery Star to the cake, which ends being eaten by young Smith.

On Smith's tenth birthday, the star begins to glow on his forehead, and he has many adventures, including into Faery itself.



One of Pauline Baynes many beautiful illustrations in the book

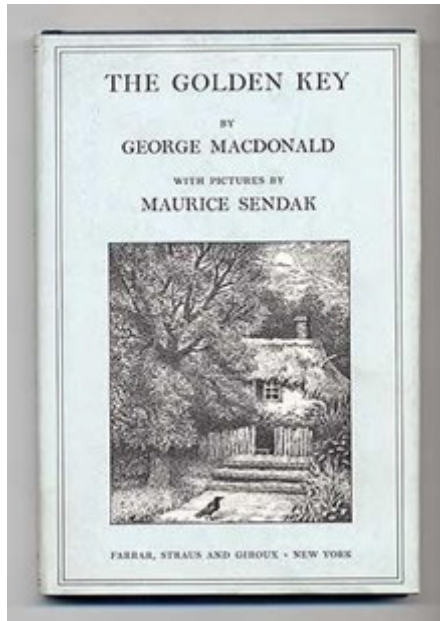
As you can probably tell, Smith of Wootton Major is not an epic quest narrative filled with battles and doom (as you may expect if you have only read *The Lord of The Rings*). Instead, this is a more charming and quiet work of his, resembling more closely [\*Leaf by Niggle\*](#) or [\*The Adventures of Tom Bombadil\*](#).

I don't want you to get the impression from this it is boring or frivolous. If the Middle Earth novels are like your eighth Birthday Party with all your best friends, this is like snuggling up by a roaring fire with a mug of cocoa and a wonderful book. Different but can be equally enjoyable.

As anyone at all familiar with him will tell you, Tolkien is an absolute master of language and can use it multiple ways to create whatever effect is needed. Here he creates an effortless amiability



about the whole thing, introducing wit and joy without seeming forced or conceited. The story is just a marvelous experience.



Apparently, this story came from another project, specifically as an introduction for a new version of George MacDonald's *The Golden Key*. He wanted to explain about Faery using this as a kind of metaphor; however, this ended up being expanded into a story in its own right, one I am very glad to have.

A strong Four Stars

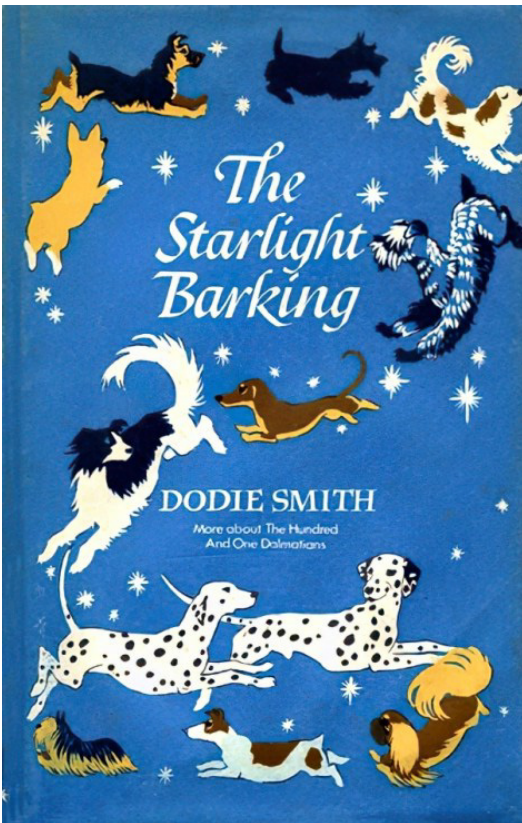
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by Olav Rockne

## [The Starlight Barking](#)

It seems odd that Dodie Smith's latest novel *The Starlight Barking* has flown under the radar.



It is written by a great novelist who is beloved by mainstream literary publications, and whose play *Dear Octopus* is currently a hit in the West End. It has been praised by luminaries such as Christopher Isherwood. Moreover, it is the sequel to a beloved children's classic, the movie version of which was the first movie ever to earn more than \$100 million in the cinemas.

And yet, it is also a very odd illustrated novel. Though I find much to recommend in the work, I can understand why it

seems not to have grabbed the public imagination as much as the work to which it is a sequel, *The Hundred and One Dalmatians*.

Picking up shortly after the first book, *The Starlight Barking* finds the protagonist Dalmatians Pongo and Missis living in Suffolk. One night, all living beings other than dogs fall into a deep magical sleep. The dogs also discover that they can fly, communicate across long distances, and operate machines.

Each dog takes on the jobs of their owners. Having been adopted by the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, Cadpig (the runt of the litter from the first book) is therefore now in charge of the country. She summons her family to London to help.

A subsequent scene in which the United Kingdom Cabinet goes to the dogs is a highlight of the book. Followers of British politics will note the well-drawn satire of Secretary of State George Brown depicted as a clumsy but cosmopolitan Boxer, and Minister of Transport Barbara Castle depicted as fussy and officious poodle. (Is the refusal of James Callaghan to devalue the Pound the reason that his dog is shown as being less mathematically inclined than the other dogs?)

Back in Suffolk, Cruella de Vil's Persian cat — who helped the dogs escape in the first novel — turns out to be unaffected by the sleeping illness as she was named an "honourary dog." The cat suggests that Cruella must be behind the plague of sleep, and therefore must be killed. But when the dogs find Cruella, she is asleep like the rest of humanity. So they spare her.

An alien, Dog Star Sirius, appears at the top of Nelson's column in Trafalgar Square. He admits that he is behind the sleep, and that he has come to Earth to save dogs from an impending cataclysmic nuclear war.

Sirius invites all dogs everywhere to join him in the sky, and gives them a day to decide. Pongo is given the final choice. I won't spoil the ending, but let me be completely up-front here: it doesn't get less weird.

This is a flawed and chaotic short novel. But it is that chaos of a childhood flight of fancy; unbounded by expectation, and brimming

with whimsy. Dodie Smith's writing alternates between compelling action writing, and something poetic and magical. Her evident affection for dogs in general leads her to make them very lovable characters.

Given that the only animated movie that Disney has released since 101 Dalmatians was a critical and commercial flop (*The Sword in The Stone* earned just \$20M), they may try to film this sequel. If and when they decide to do so, I hope they have the ambition and the audacity to stay true to this novel.

I would wager that if there were a Hugo Award category to celebrate works geared for younger readers, *The Starlight Barking* would be a strong contender for that shortlist.

*[December 24, 1967]*

## **Hit Parade '67 (the year's best science fiction)**



*by Gideon Marcus*

Happy holidays everyone! This is my favorite time of the year—not because presents are exchanged or because the days are finally getting longer again, but because I get to present to you the very best science fiction published in the last twelve months. Even better, since I can't possibly consume it all myself, I get to read all the recommendations of my esteemed colleagues, the better to distill it down to a few sure picks.

Sure, there are other “must-read” lists. The Hugos. The Nebulas. But no other list is as comprehensive, so thoroughly vetted, so absolutely certain to be filled with excellent material than the Galactic Stars.

Thus, without further ado, here are the Galactic Stars for 1967! Results are in order of voting for the winners, alphabetical order by author for the honorable mentions.



—

## **Best Poetry**

—

There seems to be less and less professionally published SF poetry every year. Luckily, the fanzines are picking up the slack — particularly the new *Trekzines*! These are the three poems that caught our eye:



[\*The Territory of Rigel\*](#), by Spock (Dorothy Jones)

[\*Where Are the Worlds of Yesteryear?\*](#), by L. Sprague de Camp

[\*Matrix Goose\*](#), by Jack Sharkey

## Best Vignettes (1-8 pages)



[Moondust, the Smell of Hay, and Dialectical Materialism](#), by Thomas M. Disch

The short story of the first man on the moon.

[Go, Go, Go, Said the Bird](#), by Sonya Dorman

After the Bomb, a mother goes for a run.

[Carcinoma Angels](#), by Norman Spinrad

Sometimes the answer to beating cancer is inside yourself.

[Answering Service](#), by Fritz Leiber

Keep an old dying woman company—it's the least you can do.

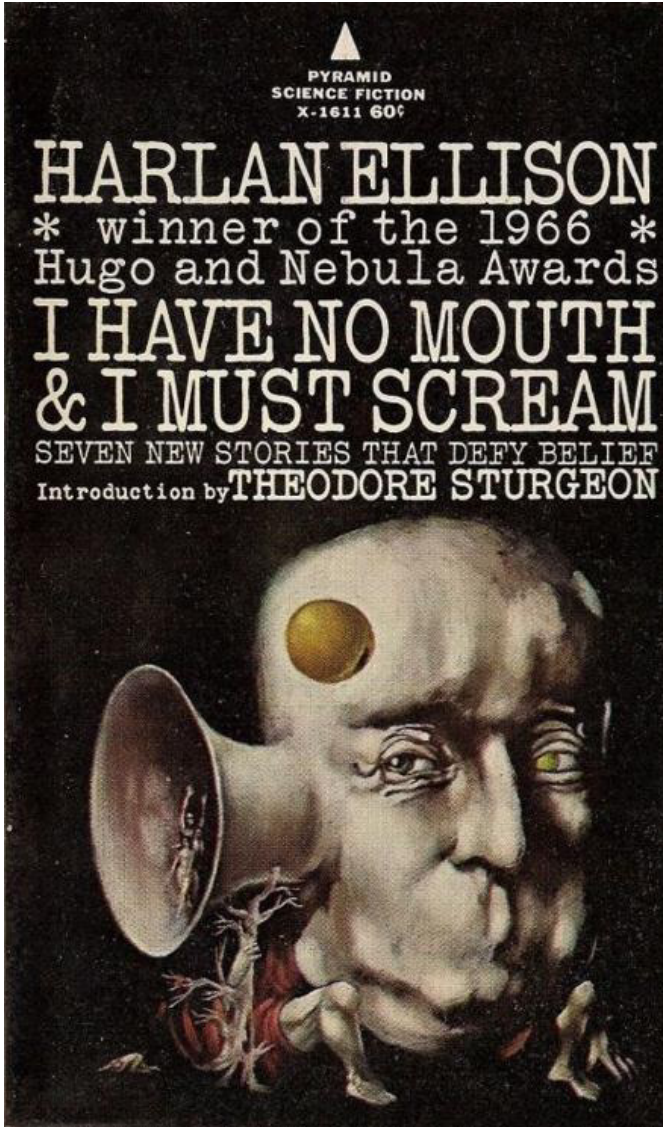
### **Honorable Mention:**

- [Family Loyalty](#), by Stan Elliott
- [The Forest of Zil](#), by Kris Neville
- [Sisohpromatem](#), by Kit Reed

Two stories by Larry Niven and one by John Brunner made the long list but didn't get nominations.



Best Short Stories (9-19 pages)



[I Have No Mouth, and I Must Scream](#), by Harlan Ellison  
The last five humans...and the computer who hates them.

**[Aye, and Gomorrah...](#), by Samuel R. Delany**

A look at the sex lives of the astronauts who, by their very nature, cannot have sex.

**[Driftglass](#), by Samuel R. Delany**

The sad, dangerous life of a lonely merman in Brazil.

**[The Heat Death of the Universe](#), by P. A. Zoline**

Entropy, and a housewife's descent into madness. Gripping and innovatively presented.

**[Black Corridor](#), by Fritz Leiber**

A series of yes/noes determines your survival.

***Honorable Mention***

- [The Baron's Dog](#), by L. J. T. Biese
- [Problems of Creativeness](#), by Thomas M. Disch
- [The Food Farm](#), by Kit Reed
- [The Vine](#), by Kit Reed
- [Baby, You Were Great!](#), by Kate Wilhelm

An excellent line-up this year, and a sign that science fiction is becoming an equal opportunity employer. An additional 16 stories made the longlist, and nominating was a tough choice this year!

## Best Novelettes (20-40 pages)



### [Gonna Roll the Bones](#), by Fritz Leiber

Modern folk tale in which a gambler faces off with death.

### [The Hall of the Dead](#), by L. Sprague de Camp and Robert E. Howard

The newest Conan story featuring a fast friendship and a sorcery-ravaged ruin.

### [The Singing Citadel](#), by Michael Moorcock

The latest fantasy adventure of Elric, dispatched to aid Queen Yishana against Balo the Jester, disgraced servant of Chaos.

### [The Adventuress](#), by Joanna Russ

Alyx is a most unusual swashbuckler, and a welcome addition to the prehistorical fantasy pantheon.

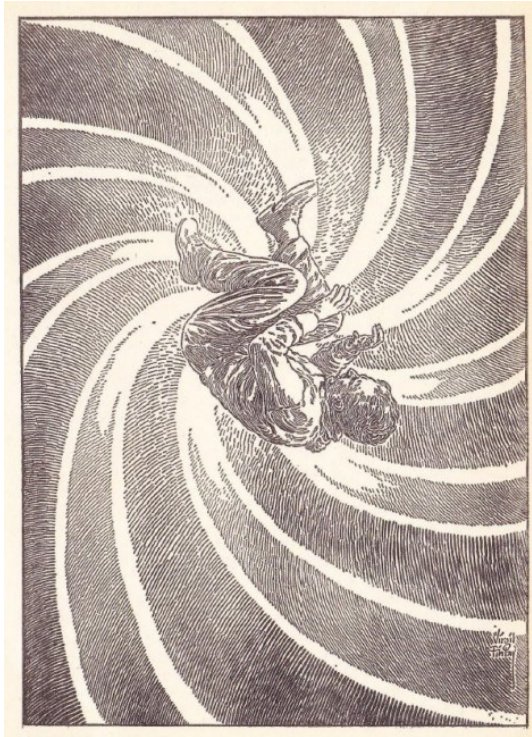
### ***Honorable Mention***

- [The Little Victims](#), by Hilary Bailey
- [Faith of Our Fathers](#), by Philip K. Dick
- [Fiddler's Green](#), by Richard McKenna
- [Home the Hard Way](#), by Richard McKenna
- [The Ethics of Madness](#), by Larry Niven
- [Handicap](#), by Larry Niven
- [Coranda](#), by Keith Roberts
- [The Narrow Land](#), by Jack Vance
- [This Mortal Mountain](#), by Roger Zelazny
- [Dawn](#), by Roger Zelazny

Two things of note: sword and sorcery appears to be on an upswing (no pun intended), and Richard McKenna may attain more success posthumously than while he was alive.

Only nine stories from the longlist didn't make the nominations, including a piece by the promising David Redd.

## Best Novella (40+ pages)



### [Hawksbill Station](#), by Robert Silverberg

Half a billion years ago, a penal colony struggles for survival.

### [The Star-Pit](#), by Samuel R. Delany

A journey beyond the galaxy in Delany's inimitable sublime fashion.

### [Death and the Executioner](#), by Roger Zelazny

The future incarnation of the Buddha takes on the venal would-be Gods on a faraway planet.

### [Flatlander](#), by Larry Niven

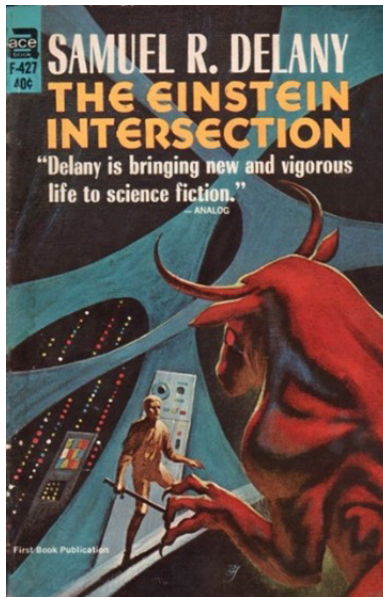
In search of the most interesting planet in the galaxy...but may the explorer beware!

## Honorable Mention

- [Report on Probability A](#), by Brian W. Aldiss
- [To Love Another](#), by James Blish and Norman L. Knight
- [Weyr Search](#), by Anne McCaffrey
- [The Adults](#), by Larry Niven
- [If All Men Were Brothers, Would You Let One Marry Your Sister?](#), by Theodore Sturgeon

Once again, we have a lot of novellas (and Niven's [The Soft Weapon](#) barely missed making it off the longlist). It's nice to see this length getting more love.

## Best Novel/Serial



### [The Einstein Intersection](#), by Samuel R. Delany

Delany yet again clinches the top spot, although it was a much nearer thing this year. A tale of a far-future Earth, bereft of humans and lapsed (evolved) into mythology.

[\*Camp Concentration\*](#), by Thomas M. Disch

Tom Disch is *right* behind Chip Delany with this four-part serial. The inmates of Camp Archimedes are given a deadly disease that boosts intelligence. Intellectual. Provocative. Weird.

***The Jewels of Elsewhen* , by Ted White**

Across the lattice of parallel universes in search of the master of them all!

### ***Honorable Mention***

- [\*The Revolving Boy\*](#), by Gertrude Friedberg
- [\*Moon of Three Rings\*](#), by Andre Norton
- [\*Thorns\*](#), by Robert Silverberg
- [\*The Dolphins of Altair\*](#), by Margaret St. Clair
- [\*Why Call Them Back from Heaven\*](#), by Clifford Simak
- [\*The Winds of Gath\*](#), by E.C. Tubb

This year's crop is a nice mix of New Wave and more conventional (but no less modern) tales. Seven longlist novels didn't make the final cut. Again, hard decisions had to be made. Interestingly, a full third of the nominees (and the longlisters) were women. It used to be that women did well at the shorter lengths but petered out as the stories lengthened, but this trend appears to be reversing.

## Best Science Fact



### [Applied Science Fiction](#), by Will F. Jenkins

Did you know that Jenkins (aka famed SF author Murray Leinster) invented front projection? It's true, and this amazing article tells all about it.

### [A New Look at Vision](#), by Dr. Christopher Evans

#### **Honorable Mention**

- [Knock Plastic!](#), by Isaac Asimov
- [Sleep, Dreams and Computers](#), by Dr. Christopher Evans
- [Language Mechanisms](#), by Christopher Finch
- [The Misers](#), by William T. Powers

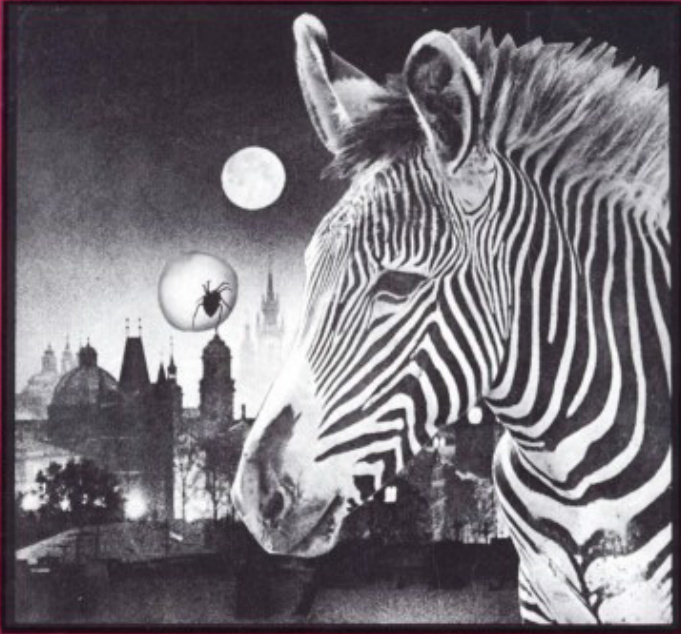
Once again, Asimov doesn't take the top spot. He did get five of the 17 longlist entries, however. There was one lone woman on the longlist: Margaret L. Silbar for [The Quark Story](#).



## Best Magazine/Collection

# new worlds

Speculative Fiction · November · 5s.



**John Brunner:** Stand on Zanzibar ■ **Dr J W Gardner:** Off-Beat Generation ■ **Christopher Finch:** Colin Self, and the Terror-Pleasure Paradox ■ **John T Sladek:** War Game Theory ■ Plus **Aldiss · Collyn · Cawthorn** etc

*New Worlds*: 3.28 stars, 5 Star nominees (nine issues)

*The Devil His Due*: 3.23 stars, 1 Star nominee (anthology)

*F&SF*: 2.98 stars, 9 Star nominees (12 issues)

*Science Fantasy/Impulse*: 2.97 stars, 0 Star nominees (only three issues before folding)

*Orbit 2*: 2.92 stars, 3 Star nominees, (anthology)

*Fantastic*: 2.92 stars, 1 Star nominee (six issues)

*New Writings 10*: 2.28 stars, 1 Star nominee, (anthology)

*IF*: 2.9 stars, 8 Star nominees (12 issues)

*Analog*: 2.89 stars, 4 Star nominees (12 issues)

*Famous Science Fiction* 2.84 stars, 0 Star nominees (three issues)

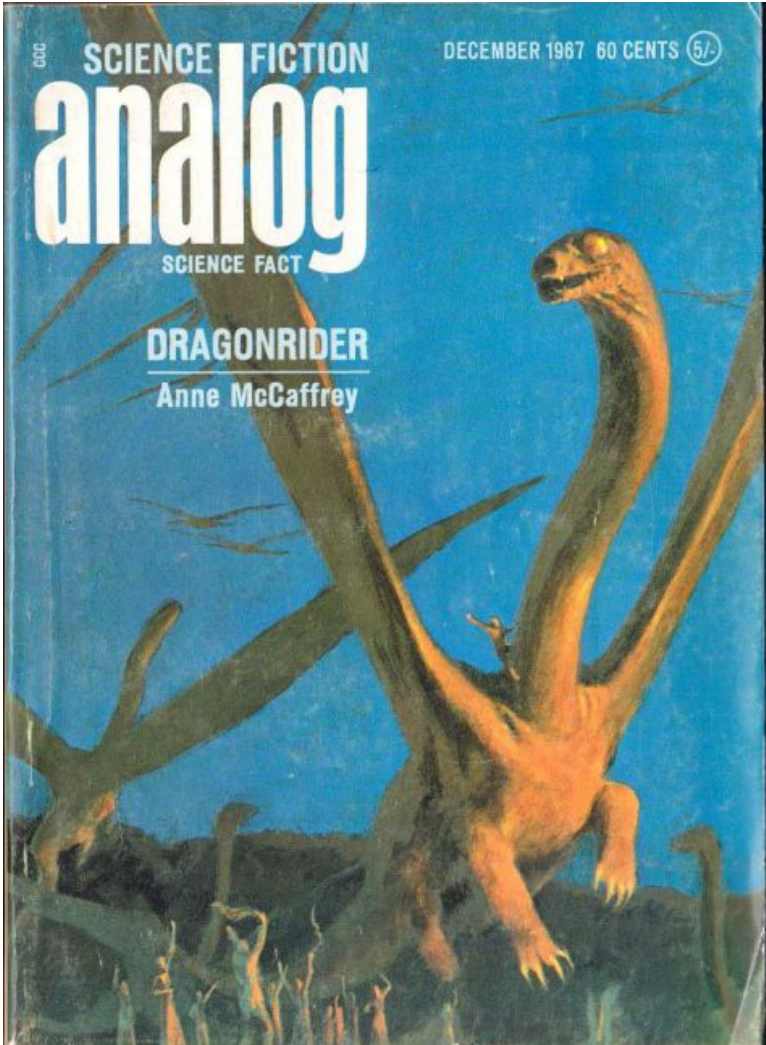
*Galaxy*: 2.82 stars, 5 Star nominees (six 1.5x size issues)

*Amazing*: 2.50 stars, 1 Star nominee (six issues)

*Worlds of Tomorrow*: 2.48 stars, 1 Star nominee (only two issues before folding)

We lost two magazines this year: *Worlds of Tomorrow* and *Science Fantasy*. On the other hand, this seems to be the last year *Fantastic* and *Amazing* will be composed mostly of reprints as Harry Harrison took over this month. *New Worlds* and *F&SF* remain Journey favorites, which marks us as Commie Pinko New Wavists, I suppose.

**Best Artist**



[John Schoenherr](#)

[Kelly Freas](#)

[Virgil Finlay](#)

## **Honorable Mention**

- [Frank Frazetta](#)
- [Mel Hunter](#)
- [Gray Morrow](#)

## **Best Dramatic Presentation**



[Star Trek: "Mirror, Mirror"](#)

[Quatermass and the Pit](#)

*Captain Scarlet & The Mysterons*: "The Mysterons"

*The Prisoner*: "Schizoid Man"

[Star Trek: "Journey to Babel"](#)

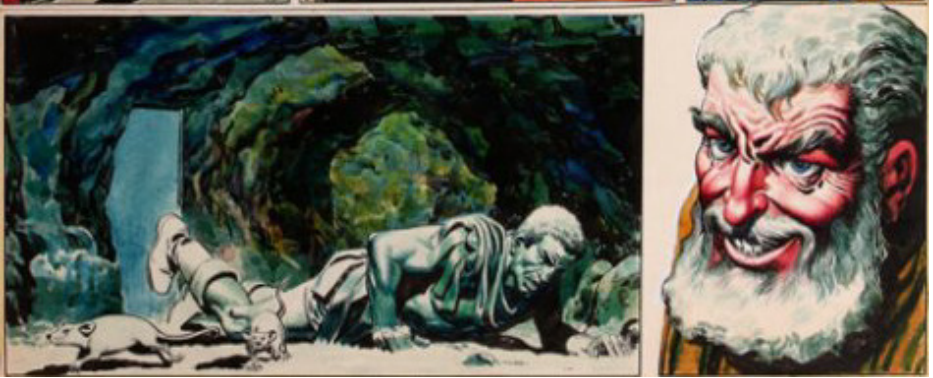
## Honorable Mention

- [\*Out of the Unknown: "The Prophet"\*](#)
- [\*Star Trek: "Amok Time"\*](#)
- [\*Star Trek: "The Doomsday Machine"\*](#)
- [\*Star Trek: "This Side of Paradise"\*](#)
- [\*The Face of Another\*](#)
- *La Jetée* (American re-release)
- *The End of August at the Hotel Ozone* (a Czech film)

No [Dr. Who](#) this year, which is a shame. I blame it on Jessica's TV, which is always on the fritz.

## Best Comic Book





"The Rise and Fall of the Trigan Empire," *Look and Learn* magazine

The Amazing Spider-Man, Marvel Comics

*X-Men*, Marvel Comics

*Fantastic Four*, Marvel Comics

*Thor*, Marvel Comics

"Legion of Super-Heroes" in *Adventure Comics*, National Comics

*Flash*, National Comics

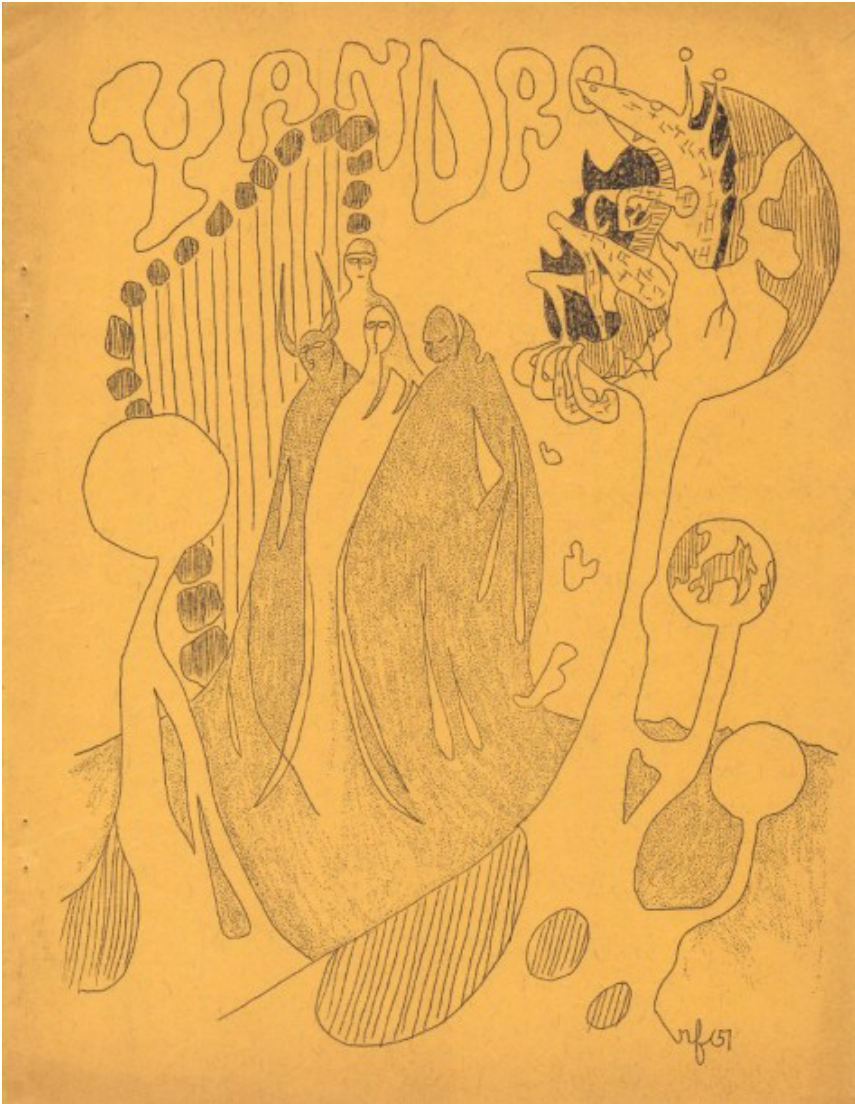
*Blue Beetle*, Charlton Comics

*Creepy* and *Eerie*, Warren Publishing

Sword of the Sea Wolves (Karl the Viking)

*The Angels*, City Magazines/Century 21 Publishing Ltd.

Best [Fanzine](#)



*Yandro*

For a while, the genzine that the Coulsons built was starting to look like a trekzine. They've pulled it back some, of late.

*Amra*

*Australian Science Fiction Review*

*The Crewman's Log (Trekzine)*

*Niekas*

*Riverside Quarterly*

*Science Fiction Times (news)*

*Tolkien Journal*

*Witzend (comic art)*

Someone observed recently that it makes sense for Edgard Rice Burroughs and Robert E. Howard and L. Frank Baum to have dedicated societies with hundreds of members. But fer Chrissakes—Tolkien only wrote two books! (Okay, that's not strictly true, but you take the meaning).

The trekzines range from drekzines to charming. *Spockanalia* was a great effort—a prozine quality trekzine mentored by the Coulsons. But it's *The Crewman's Log*, with its charming stories, that won me over.



## Best Author



**Samuel R. Delany**

Surprise, surprise...

### ***Honorable Mention***

- Larry Niven
- Fritz Leiber

The winner is the prince of the New Wave, while the runner ups include a scion of the new hard sf and a distinguished gentleman of the genre. A nice balance, I think!



I'd say 1967 was even better than 1966 in terms of content. Some months, we were hard pressed to keep up, what with all the books, the magazines, the anthologies, the shows, and the movies (this last, the one anemic medium for SF). But it was worth every minute! We hope you enjoy the fruits of our labor.

Happy new year!

# Who We Are

## GIDEON MARCUS, FOUNDER



Since October 21, 1958...er, 2013, Gideon Marcus has helmed the Journey. A prominent Space Historian and member of the American Astronautical Society's History Committee, he combines engaging prose with an encyclopedic knowledge of the e to create the most singular time machine in existence. His scintillating public speaking skills make him a coveted performer at conventions across the country.

## JANICE MARCUS, EDITOR



The editorial backbone of Galactic Journey, Janice ensures that 95% of typos and grammatical errors get trapped before being released into the wild. The other 5% are completely the result of spontaneous

generation similar to the fashion in which Fred Hoyle predicts that matter is constantly created as our universe expands.

Janice also moderates the Galactic Journey panels when the column hits the road.

## **TAMMI BOZICH, CURATOR**



Ms. Bozich is the Journey's intrepid curator, ensuring that all works featured on the Journey have been cleared for distribution. It is thanks to her that so many of these fine works are available for your perusal.

## **ERICA FRANK, ARCHIVIST**



If you've ever wondered how the Journey distributes its fine editions of the stories provided in this column, look no further. Ms. Frank has been an invaluable aid to our efforts, ensuring readable, easily transmitted tales. Since joining us, she has expanded her contributions to include excellent articles on eclectic topics.

## VICKI LUCAS, ASSOCIATE WRITER



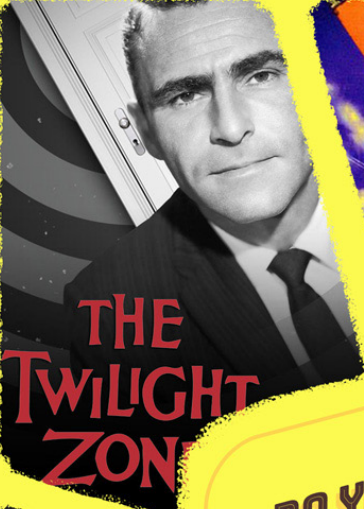
Starting out (as many writers do) in the LetterCol, Vicki has become the Journey's authority on art and modern culture. Her works possess a gravity and charm that belie the contributor's youth. Look for more from her on a variety of esoteric topics.

## MARK YON, ASSOCIATE WRITER

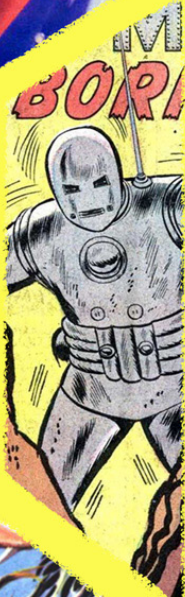


Mark Yon is our second British correspondent, specializing in British science fiction magazines. He not only helps complete our coverage of monthly digests, but also provides excellent weather reports.





**THE TWILIGHT ZONE**



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