

# 'T' H E W S F A J O U R N A L

The official organ of the Washington Science Fiction Association -- Issue Number 22  
Editor and Publisher: Don Miller May, 1966 (DISCLAVE Issue)

## LUNACON/EASTERCON 1966 (A report)

A 32-minute jet flight took me from Syracuse to Newark airport. Forty-five minutes later I was in the lobby of the Edison Hotel greeting Hal Clement. And twenty minutes after that Hal and I were in the subway headed towards the Friday night Eastercon party at the Mike McInerney-Rich Brown apartment. This was the first time I'd ever been in an "Old Law Tenement" - a structure erected nearly a century ago in New York under an old housing code and not subject to more recent standards.

By nine p.m. the eight-room apartment was comfortably filled with fans -- by 10 p.m. it was uncomfortably filled with fans -- and by the time Hal and I left at midnight, the only sight visible in the crowd was the head and shoulders of Elliot Shorter. Other fans were still pouring in as we left, including Ann Ashe, fellow Syracon committeeman.

Saturday afternoon, April 16, saw Chairman Charlie Brown start the Lunacon program promptly at 1:30 p.m. In contrast to last year's Lunacon, Charlie kept the program on time. Further, this year's program was not marked by the fumbling and unreadiness that marred last year's event. Charlie provided the panelists with something they could dig into in the form of a series of prepared questions. The auditorium of the Edison Hotel was just about perfect for the attendance: approximately 175 paid plus 45 Lunarians and guests. (Incidentally, I held Membership Card No. 1.)

The New Writers Panel consisted of the same old writers -- Terry Carr, Lin Carter, Ted White, and Tom Purdom -- who have been on such panels for many years. Charlie Brown started off with, "Why do you write science-fiction?" Tom Purdom said that it was because he knew science-fiction best, and the others admitted to a similar reason. In reply to another question, Ted White stated that he worked hard at becoming a better writer; for instance, having been asked to write a juvenile, he studied Heinlein's juveniles and imitated him.

The panel took off after a slow start and warmed up into an open and honest discussion of the difficulties encountered when first starting to write and the ways taken to solve them. The question-and-answer period was marred by questions that were too long, too complex, and too often statements instead of queries. In reply to one question by Ed Wood, Ted White said that many science-fiction writers, such as J.G. Ballard, think science-fiction is only a stepping-stone to main-stream literature. (Wild applause.) This was the first of many uses of J.G. Ballard as a horrible example during the two-day program.

After the panel, Terry Carr announced that Tom Schlück of Hanover, Germany had won the TAFF race by an outright majority. The Pro Artists Panel then convened with Ed Emsch, Kelly Freas, Jack Gaughan, Gray Morrow, and John Schoenherr. Charlie Brown posed the initial question, "How did you get started?" Kelly Freas stated he had been reading science-fiction since he was eight and just naturally turned his hand to it. Ed Emsch said he liked science-fiction so, when the time came to make a living, he prepared a portfolio of science-fiction illustrations and applied to science-fiction magazines. Basically, the artists -- like the writers -- were familiar with science-fiction, liked it, and so made it their career.

In reply to the question whether the artists considered themselves "artists" or "commercial illustrators", Kelly said this was an unfair question and that there is a considerable difference between "art" and an "illustration". Ed agreed, saying that the artist creates "art" from his inner-self whereas an "illustration" requires following the story.

From the audience Hal Clement asked about the artists' approach to creating a cover illustration for which a writer would have to prepare a fitting story: did they prepare a good-looking poster or did they try to make life tough for the writer? (Much laughter.) Ed replied, "All these things!" Ed went on to say that he particularly liked science-fiction because he is allowed the widest latitude in approach and style -- much more so than in any other field of illustration.

Lester del Rey asked the panel why in hell artists insist on filling interiors of magazines with dull faces? (Wild applause.) Jack Gaughan said that's a damned good question and he doesn't know why. Ed said the science-fiction illustrator is more interested in the different world he's creating than in the people. He added as an afterthought: "The artists don't do their job!" Kelly stated that science-fiction is becoming more interested in people and perhaps artists should reflect this more than they have. Les's question visibly stirred the artists; since the panel reflected a very large bloc of science-fiction art talent, human expressions should be coming in for a lot more attention in the future!

Charlie Brown asked what particular stories the artists would like to illustrate. Jack Gaughan said he always wanted to illustrate SHE very badly, but couldn't find a publisher. Dick Lupoff called out that most artists illustrating SHE have done it very badly! (Laughter and applause.) Jack went on to say that he once did a BEM cover because the story called for it. The editor wrote back saying, "No BEM's in my magazine!" However, the business office sent Jack a check by mistake and the editor used the cover because it was already paid for. The reader response was very favorable.

The panel was excellent, and was all-the-more appreciated because the artists are not often heard from. An announcement followed that the Principal Speaker at the Nov. 12-13 Philadelphia Conference will be Isaac Asimov. Then Charlie Brown introduced Roger Zelazny to the audience. A hastily-contrived question for Roger to answer brought a feeble response, since he is obviously ill-at-ease in the limelight. But behind a typewriter and in a small group Roger is very voluble, indeed!

A surprise item was a talk by Dr. D. Suvin, lecturer on Comparative Literature at the University of Zagreb, Yugoslavia. Dr. Suvin is a science-fiction fan currently in the United States on an exchange program. He spoke on the state of science-fiction in Yugoslavia and in the other socialist countries. Yugoslavia has literature from "both worlds". He said "Science-fiction is an international genre speaking in many tongues." Science-fiction will help change a world which needs changing. (Applause.) In response to a question from the audience, he stated that the best of Russian science-fiction is equal to the best of American science-fiction and is almost as sophisticated.

The Criticism in SF Panel came next. Jim Blish was in Washington and unable to attend, so Randall Garrett and Terry Carr took his place, sitting in with Lester del Rey and Hal Clement. This panel was to be referred to later as "The del Rey Panel", since Les made by far the lengthiest contribution to the discussion. His theme was identical to that presented at the recent Boskone and in his editorial in the May, 1966 IF. He said that science-fiction should be judged by the same standards as main-stream literature should be judged but unfortunately isn't. In passing, Les stated that science-fiction is the original form of literature, and all other types descended from it. He made the point that a novel needs a beginning, a middle, and an end, but most novels written today lack these items. Les seemed particularly annoyed that such shortcomings escape critical attention because there aren't any real critics of science-fiction today -- just book-reviewers.

Hal Clement agreed with Les, on an ideal level. He said that although all science-fiction couldn't possible live up to the ideal, it should be judged by Les's criterions. Terry Carr took issue with Les's statement that science-fiction is the original form of literature and insisted it is a new, original form. Terry also disagreed with Les's Aristotelian criterions for literature. In particular, he denied that a protagonist need be larger than life and heroic. In fact, Terry said he feels like a hero -- he's all that stands between the audience and Randy Garrett! (Much laughter.) The particular point he wished to make was that Les's rules are too rigid, though he did admit that he is actually in basic agreement with them.

Randy Garrett said he couldn't think of anything over which to disagree with Les, so he said he'd disagree with Terry. Randy took the "slice of life" technique to task and said too many of these are passed off as novels without any real beginnings or resolutions. The panel wound up discussing the best science-fiction novels of all time, a topic recently stirred up by P. Schuyler Miller. As might be expected, the panelists covered a wide range, from the beginning of science-fiction to the present day. Hal Clement said he liked DUNE but couldn't figure out where the sandworms got their energy. In passing, the worst science-fiction was mentioned, with J.G. Ballard awarded honors for some of the worst writing of all time. If J.G. Ballard doesn't watch it, I gather he won't be able to move into main-stream writing at his own pace -- he'll be shoved into it!

With the end of the day's program, fans gathered in groups for dinner. The Great Wall Society, fans devoted to northern Chinese cooking, headed for the hot spices of a northern Chinese restaurant. Charlie Brown asked me to suggest a suitable restaurant to fete the Guest of Honor; I came up with the Copenhagen, a Danish smorgasbord restaurant. Bob Silverberg commented he thought this one of the best places in town, but apparently blanched at the thought of eighteen varieties of herring and declined to accompany us. Charlie and Marsha Brown, Milt Spahn, Isaac Asimov, Sheila Elkin, Frank Dietz, Walt Cole, Hal Clement, and I waded headfirst into the herrings, prawns, cold cuts, salads, hot dishes, fruits, and cheeses. Astonishingly, Ike Asimov declined dessert; in all justice to his waistline, I must report that he ate less than anyone else at the table. Philosophically, the rest of us divvied up his dessert.

Back at the Edison, I crushed into the big party. The liquor only lasted a couple of hours, but the party kept going full-blast. To describe this party to the initiated, I need only say it was indescribable! When fans get together for pleasure, they're all business. Randy Garrett was a center of attraction to fans -- he's easily the most colorful writer in science-fiction, looking and acting like some double star straight off an Emsch cover. The hotel management, for reasons known only to hotel managements, threw us out at 1:30 a.m., which is an unghodly hour to stop partying. A group of us reassembled in my room on the 20th floor: Ann Ashe, Ron Bounds, Ginny Lee, Dannie Plachta, Judy Calahan, and two bottles of hootch. We were short of glasses, and I must report that Ron was the only person I've ever seen drinking booze from an ashtray! He had somehow latched onto a twelve-string guitar, too,

and Ginny and I tried playing it with indifferent success -- but, since we were the only entertainment in sight, the audience suffered through our folksong renditions until 3:15 a.m., and then departed (after all, even fans can suffer only so much).

I managed to get up Sunday morning in time to make the beginning of the program. A 1:00 p.m. auction was followed by the Pro Editors Panel. Missing were Don Bensen and Joe Ross; Fred Pohl and Bob Lowndes held the fort. Bob explained that his paperbacks require an equal number of pages; he therefore has to cut, expand, or have stories written to length. Some stories can easily be cut; for others, Bob does his best. (Business is business!) On the MAGAZINE OF HORROR, he said that the policy is to use reprints because he can't afford new stories. There is justification, though, he pointed out inasmuch as that's the only way most readers could ever hope to read stories such as appeared in the old WEIRD TALES.

Questioned about WORLDS OF TOMORROW, scheduled to drop back to quarterly publication, Fred said he didn't really want to put out the magazine to begin with. Also, he does expect to bring out another magazine shortly. He repeated the comments he'd made at many previous conventions -- science-fiction magazines have a very hard time getting news-stand space. He runs a lot of serials because authors are writing more novels for book publication -- it's either take novels or not print many writers at all. Coming up in the Pohl magazines are a "Null-A" sequel by van Vogt and a "Martian Chronicles" story by Bradbury.

In the question-period, Ed Wood stated he considered Fred the best creative editor of 1965 and had nominated him for a Hugo. He then asked, "In view of this, why is IF so poorly printed?" Fred replied that printers are notorious for doing everybody's work well except their own and that his publisher was a printer. (Laughter and applause.) More seriously, he said his publisher is trying to do better.

About an hour into the panel, Sol Cohen made an unexpected appearance and Charlie Brown presented him to the audience. Sol said that the reprint policy for AMAZING and FANTASTIC would remain the same. The fans proceeded to tear into him, and he very obviously was greatly taken aback and unhappy. They tended to make statements and accusations rather than ask questions. The only other time I'd seen anything like this was at the First Postwar Eastern Science Fiction Convention in March, 1947, when the fans tore into Sam Merwin about his childish Sergeant Saturn and the silly patter in the STARTLING and THRILLING WONDER reader columns. Sam Merwin announced he would kill Sergeant Saturn. Sol Cohen merely explained that the budget doesn't permit any other course than inexpensive reprints.

Marsha Brown said that one or two new stories and the rest reprints is not a good balance. (Applause.) Sol said that he was in business to make money and that if he had to run reprints to stay in business, he would continue doing so. He explained that the original plan was to run strictly reprint material but he has added original stories as the budget permitted. Lester del Rey then asked if Sol doesn't consider himself a parasite in the publishing business. Other persons added further accusations, on which Sol declined to comment.

At this point I stood up and announced that since others were making statements rather than asking questions, I would, too. I said that when Ziff-Davis had the magazines, Cele Goldsmith did a beautiful job of editing and presented top-flight new stories, but there were few subscribers to the magazines -- far less than the total in fandom. So, if fans didn't support AMAZING and FANTASTIC then, they have no call to complain now. And I concluded that if Sol Cohen wants to save two grand old names the best way he can, more power to him! (Applause.)

Sol looked much relieved. The applause indicated that many others shared my viewpoint. At dinner that evening, Fred Pohl said he agreed with my statement. After the panel, Sol thanked me, much to my surprise. He said that he wanted to run new material and would do so just as soon as income permitted it. I don't see why reprints need be confined to paperbacks -- the AMAZING and FANTASTIC policy does far more than the paperbacks to preserve the flavor of real old-time science-fiction. Certainly, the three-page Finlay Portfolio in the July, 1966 FANTASTIC would never have appeared in a paperback, not to speak of the wonderful illustrations reprinted along with the stories. I only wish Sol Cohen had ownership of WEIRD TALES! Over dinner, Lester del Rey explained his opposition to Sol's policy; Les said that the magazine reprints bring authors no income, since they had signed away the rights originally. The paperbacks, though, are required to pay standard reprint rates. This was something I hadn't realized, and I hope Sol Cohen will soon see his way clear to paying an honorarium to authors whose work he reprints.

The program continued with Bob Silverberg introducing the Guest of Honor, Isaac Asimov. Bob made an introduction of real worldcon stature. He kidded Ike unmercifully, just as Ike would have done to him had the tables been reversed. Bob made snide allusions to Ike's ability, fertility, and popularity -- but he did say he would draw the line at comparing him to Sol Cohen. Mixed in with the abuse was a considerable amount of backhanded admiration, including the reference to Ike as a "seminal figure in science-fiction". (Choking sounds from the audience.) This introduction was so good that I only hope I am around when Isaac Asimov introduces Bob Silverberg! Bob handed Ike a plaque from the Lunarians. It was roughly triangular in shape, almost shield-like, made of wood, some 10 inches across, with a brass plate. Reading directly from my photo, it is inscribed: "To Isaac Asimov whose inspired hand peopled the galaxy with humans who were master of their robots. The Lunarians. Lunacon 1966."

Ike began his talk kidding himself and Bob Silverberg. From the moment Ike started, the audience stopped all extraneous activity and the only sound heard in the auditorium was his voice, interrupted only by gales of laughter. He said he was amazed at the literary knowledge of the new writers. When he was beginning, he didn't know anything about writing and not much about science-fiction. (Ike was very serious and not just pretending humility. He had said the same things to me the day before and added that he was just a natural-born story teller.)

The plague of his life are dozens or even hundreds of letters weekly from schoolboys who ask for the story of his life so they can write a term paper on him. He said he would take this occasion to tell the definitive story of his life. Born in Russia, he came to the United States as an infant. His father ran a candy store in New York; he was a Talmudic gentleman of the old school and forbade young Isaac to read the pulp magazines for sale in the store. Instead, Ike went to the public library and read indiscriminately. Since he wasn't allowed to read cheap trash, he decided to write some. In a 5¢ copybook at age 12 he began the first Asimov epic, "The Greenville Chums at College." There he was, the product of a Brooklyn slum, barely a teenager, and he was writing a story of college life! He showed the first eight chapters to a school chum, pretending it was just something he copied from a magazine. His friend said it was good and asked to see the complete original. Ike was elated. He had proof he was as good as professional authors! And from that moment he thought of himself as a writer.

From somewhere his father scraped together \$10 and bought a second-hand typewriter. Since he insisted his son type properly, Ike went to a girl who knew how to type and (as he phrased it) "asked her where to put my fingers". (Snickers and laughter.) On that battered typewriter he wrote an unfinished fantasy that he's sure Tolkien got his hands on and plagiarized, since it was so good. For five years he only wrote novels, but never finished any. He finally decided he might better write something shorter and finish it. In 1937 he wrote his first complete work, "Cosmic Corkscrew".

An avid reader of science-fiction since the age of nine, Ike managed to wangle permission from his father to read the science-fiction magazines for sale in the store. His father dubiously accepted SCIENCE WONDER STORIES as an authentic scientific journal. Then Ike had the harder task of convincing him that ASTOUNDING STORIES, AMAZING STORIES, and the others were also scientific journals. Ike was required to handle the magazines very carefully and replace them in the rack for sale.

Ike convulsed the audience with an oh-so-typical story about the missing ASTOUNDING. Like all ardent fans, he counted the days until the next issue. On the appointed day, he raced home from school -- but the issue was not on the rack. Could someone have bought it? For years a single copy of ASTOUNDING was regularly delivered once a month, and as regularly returned for credit, since Ike was the only person in the slum neighborhood with an interest in high-class science-fiction. Thinking the wholesaler had merely neglected to deliver the item, he checked the invoice only to discover ASTOUNDING was not listed. In panic, he felt his ruse had been discovered by those in high places at Street and Smith. In desperation, he determined to be a traitor to his father and buy the issue for cash at a competitor's. Without shame, he searched competitors' news racks for blocks around, but without result. He feared the worst -- ASTOUNDING had folded!

Finally, stealing a nickel from the cash registrator, he called Street and Smith. A bored voice, completely indifferent to life-and-death matters, informed him the publishing date had been changed from the third Wednesday to the fourth Friday of every month. Ike was weak with relief that ASTOUNDING was still alive, but he realized suddenly that everything was mortal. If even ASTOUNDING could possibly die, then so could Isaac Asimov!

In 1938 he wrote a story and decided to take it directly to Street and Smith. He asked to see John Campbell, and much to his amazement was promptly taken to the great man's presence. Ike was scared, but Campbell soon put him at ease. They talked for two hours, Campbell doing the talking. Ike said Campbell was always very nice to young authors and added, "All I am today, I owe to John Campbell." Campbell rejected the story with a two-page letter explaining the writer's mistakes and providing encouragement. Campbell is famous for his long letters of rejection -- an acceptance brings only a check without any explanation of what it's for, so that an author has to call up to find out which story sold.

Ike kept writing and having two-hour talks with Campbell. Impressed by his son's entry into the literary world, Ike's father spent \$65 for a brand-new Smith-Corona typewriter. With tears in his eyes, Ike vowed that if it took ten years he would sell a story and pay his father back. Ten weeks later he sold his first story to AMAZING (October, 1938) for \$64. Ray Palmer wrote that this was the best first story he'd ever seen, even better than Ray Palmer's first story. Ike framed and hung the letter on his wall. His second story was also sold to AMAZING.

Enduring Campbell's two-hour talks and two-page letters finally bore fruit, with the third published Asimov story in the July, 1939 ASTOUNDING. Ike pointed out with pride that REQUIEM FOR ASTOUNDING used this issue to mark the start of the Golden Age of ASTOUNDING. Of course, the issue also had van Vogt's first published story . . .

Ike kept referring to himself as a "Monument to the Past", implying that his creative days are over. With obvious pride he spoke of his "classic" NIGHTFALL (in ASTOUNDING, September, 1941). Campbell called Ike over to his office one day and asked, "If men saw the stars but once in a thousand years, what would happen?" Quick-witted Ike replied, "I dunno." Campbell said, "They'd go mad!" So, Ike wrote the story on this theme, and, to his surprise, the 12,000-word novelette fetched \$150, instead of the usual 1¢ a word. Campbell has shown the story to

Willy Ley, who so praised it that the Editor provided a bonus. Since that time, Ike has sold every thing he's ever written, though not without a few preliminary rejections. Another time, Campbell called Ike in and enumerated the Three Laws of Robotics. And that's how Ike invented Asimov's Three Laws of Robotics!

Ike concluded his speech with obvious great relish in informing the audience that what he had just said would appear in the October, 1966 FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION; this special Asimov Issue will contain an autobiography, an appreciation by L. Sprague de Camp, and an original Asimov novelette, "The Key". He had spoken for a spell-binding 45 minutes. I would just like to take exception to Ike's characterizing himself as a "Monument to the Past". He's still very much with us! Also, I wish Ike wouldn't look with such disfavor upon the "Foundation" stories, of which he claims to be heartily sick. These are the real Asimov classics and have influenced science-fiction writers more than Ike probably realizes.

A 30-minute question period followed Ike's talk. Will Sykora asked how he had picked the stories for his two anthologies of Russian science-fiction. Ike replied that the Russians themselves picked, translated, and published the stories. Colliers then pirated the books, since the Russians ignore copyright conventions themselves. All he did was write the introductions. He thinks the Russian stories are old-fashioned, like pre-Campbell science-fiction. In reply to a question asking if he likes fantasy, Ike said he loved UNKNOWN better than any other magazine.

Starting to tell a most intriguing story about a fight with a critic, Ike hesitated and regretfully announced he had exceeded his time limit. In reply to obvious audience sentiment, Charlie Brown said the scheduled auction could wait. Ike then related how he never argues with critics, but Henry Bott in a William L. Hamling magazine had exceeded the bounds of decent criticism. Botts seemed to hate science-fiction in general and Isaac Asimov in particular. Ike wrote an article for a fanzine denouncing Bott. To Ike's surprise, Hamling then wrote an editorial denouncing him for a poor sport. It seems Hamling was also Henry Bott! Later, when Bott reviewed a Paul French story as favorably as any science-fiction was ever reviewed by this critic, Ike wrote Hamling informing him that Ike was also Paul French!

During the ensuing auction, I spent some time in the hotel cocktail lounge at a table with Otto Binder, Bob Lowndes, Bob Silverberg, Charlie Brown, and Chris Steinbrunner. The co-author of the Adam Link stories has not written science-fiction for many years, finding that comic books are more lucrative. We discussed the Submariner, the Comet, the Hangman, and other great comic heroes of the past.

Anything following the Isaac Asimov address was bound to be anti-climatic. The last scheduled program item was a panel on criticism left over from the last Philadelphia Conference. Lester del Rey, Fred Pohl, Tom Purdom, and Ted White again trooped up to the platform. These persons are very obliging to convention committees and certainly deserve a vote of thanks. However, it would be much better if other celebrities were induced to participate, too. Generally, conventions tend to suffer from too much rather than insufficient programming.

I had Sunday dinner at an Argentine restaurant with the Silverbergs, Fred Pohl, and the del Reys. The supreme piece de resistance consisted of such anatomical tidbits as kidneys, pancreases, testicles, and other items best described in veterinarian journals. I kept pretty close to my steak, except for a pancreas or two. The evening party at the hotel was in full swing as I entered. Most of the out-of-towners had left, except for Banks Mebane and Randy Garrett -- this mad author was wearing a Mad Hatter hat purloined from Mike McInerney, to the top of which was glued a white paper rabbit! The party was broken up at Midnight by the hotel management.

The 1966 Lunacon/Eastercon was the best regional convention I've attended in over ten years -- much better than last year's event. Except for the anti-climatic last panel, the program was excellent. The Sol Cohen controversy certainly spiced things up! And had Isaac Asimov's address been the only scheduled program event, it would have been enough to make the Lunacon a success. The turnout was large, with some 225 fans on hand. I took 150 photos of the convention. Next year's affair can't possibly be as good, but I'm going to be there just in case. I hope to see you there, too!

Jay Kay Klein

-----

FINKLESTEIN'S MONSTER

by

Alexis A. Gilliland

In Wroclaw many years ago lived Reb Finklestein, a kabbalnik of great learning and even greater simplicity. When his wife, a pious hardworking woman, complained of mice in their kitchen, the Reb did what any man would do, and brought in a cat from the alley behind their house. The cat, being no fool, ran away that very day, and a second and third did the same, for the odor of magic hung heavy about the Reb's study. Cats, of course, are particularly sensitive to magic, especially that requiring a sacrificial animal of the smaller variety. The Reb was a peaceable man, and would have let the matter rest at that, but from his wife he never heard the end of the business.

So one Sabbath evening Reb Finklestein took clay from the river's bank and shaped it into the form of a cat. He recited certain prayers of great power, named names of unquestioned authority, a greenish haze flowed from his ears, nostrils, and mouth, and flames dripped from his fingers so that the clay became animate, taking on a semblance of life. Thus he created a golem cat.

This creature was a faithful servant, and quickly rid the house of mice, but his wife was not pleased. "Reb," she said, "your golem cat is not housebroken like natural cats. Everywhere he leaves pools of muddy water and little gobbets of foul-smelling river mud. The mice are gone; now get rid of him."

"He is an it, my dear." the Reb protested mildly, but argument was useless for his wife gave him no peace, and in the end he did as she desired.

Still, to get rid of a golem cat is not an easy matter; the cat was buried in a deep pit, sent aloft in a hot-air balloon, thrown in the river inside a weighted sack, and thrust into a triple-heated furnace, but nothing worked. Invariably, the cat came back the very next day, wet and muddy as it always was.

So in desperation Reb Finklestein created a golem dog to eat the golem cat, and by his art the dog was brought to "life" housebroken. Alas, the golem dog bayed at the moon so loudly that the neighbors complained, and at last the goyim magistrate ordered the dog destroyed. In desperation once more (for the golem dog was no easier to destroy than the golem cat had been), the good Reb created a golem ox to gore the dog -- but when the ox, housebroken and incapable of baying at the moon, took to charging at everything red, there was nothing for it but to create a golem tiger. The tiger ate the ox; however, a golem tiger is a terrifying thing to have stalking about the house -- even a housebroken, non-baying, color-blind golem tiger. The Reb's wife went to her father's home by the old bridge and took her dowry with her: all the naperies and silverware, the samovar from Kiev, and the eiderdown comforter. Her brothers came to pull the Reb's beard, but a golem tiger is useful at times -- when Finklestein answered the door, they apologized for their sister's behavior and went away.



Nevertheless, the Reb was not happy with his tiger, and he could think of nothing for it but a golem elephant. Only the problem of ridding himself of the golem elephant stayed his hand, and often as the black cock of daybreak crowed, light would be seen in the Reb's study. At last he found a solution to this problem, and for a month he labored mightily, using his tiger to carry huge baskets of clay into his workshop where he shaped the likeness of an elephant that had not trod the earth since antidiluvian times, for the Reb had determined to stake all upon this last throw.

The raising of the golem mastodon took place in a thunderstorm that curdled the milk for leagues around, and split the midnight sky with bolts of lightning as wind-swept sheets of rain came driving down. Indeed, hailstones the size and shape of skulls fell upon Wroclaw that night, and lightning blazed blue and green and white about the house of Reb Finklestein -- not flashing, but twining over walls and roof like a great web of hissing, crackling snakes. In the midst of this tumult the golem mastodon rose up, trumpeting a cry of wild hatred for tigers, and burst forth from the Reb's house, demolishing that building utterly, to harry the golem tiger in grim pursuit through the streets of Wroclaw. Hail beat upon the houses, breaking windows and cracking roof tiles; rain blew sideways, and thunder rolled and crashed in fantastic chorus to tiger's roar and mastodon's blazon as the mastodon knelt upon the analog of his ancient enemy before the schul at the Tailor's Gate. When the "life" went out of the tiger there was a bolt of lightning that dwarfed everything that had gone before, and a clap of thunder that set the church bells ringing all over town, so that simple folks thought that the end of the world was at hand.

Lightning was now rolling through the streets in spitting balls of purple, green and golden fire, boiling water in the ditches and melting the copper gutters on the houses. The golem mastodon, a hulking black shape lit by flickering ball lightning, was trumpeting its triumph before the schul when Reb Finklestein, wearing his rubbers and carrying an umbrella as his wife had often bade him, appeared.

Approaching the mammoth mud mastodon he raised his furred umbrella like a sword or a wizard's staff and commanded the golem in a voice that was heard even over the storm.

"Jump", said the Reb. The golem made a little hop.

"Jump higher", shouted the Reb. The golem leapt higher, landing with a thud that jarred the schul.

"I, Finklestein, command you to jump!", screamed the Reb. With that, the golem mastodon wrapped its trunk around its creator and sprang into the storm-roiled sky.

To this day no man knows where they landed, for neither was ever seen again upon this earth.

---

...AND A WONDERFUL VIEW  
by Jan M. Slavin

The panel slid out of sight, revealing the panorama of space. I stood, speechless. Earth was a drop of vivid color from an artist's palette -- brilliant blues, luminous greens, scattered dots of deep brown. Clouds drifted like wisps of cotton. It was a giant gem, set on black velvet amidst a myriad of perfect diamonds. The stars were so numerous that none of the familiar stars or planets were discernable. Gazing deeper and deeper into the infinity of stars, I was lost in their cold beauty. They seemed as vast and eternal as time itself. The pinpoints of light appeared so distant and yet so close. Would man ever reach the stars?

## SPIES AT LARGE

Book Review -- TARZAN AND THE VALLEY OF GOLD, a novelization by Fritz Leiber, from the screenplay by Clair Huffaker, based upon the character created by Edgar Rice Burroughs; preface by Hulbert Burroughs. Adapted from the motion picture in color and Panavision; starring Mike Henry as Tarzan; produced by Sy Weintraub; a Banner Production, released by American-International Pictures. (Ballantine Books, Inc., 1966; 317 pages, 75¢.)

John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, an English nobleman and colonel in the R.A.F. Reserve, hero of World Wars I and II, and sometime secret-agent for the French Secret Service and British Military Intelligence, wealthy, highly-educated, cultured, civilized, and intelligent, a man of taste and refinement, world-traveller, explorer, aviator, athlete, and adventurer, has another identity. He is also the white savage from the Congo named Tarzan, King of the Apes, Lord of the Jungle, the famous ape-man whose legendary exploits are known throughout the world. Among civilized people in Europe and the United States, he wears clothes and speaks in complete, grammatically correct sentences. He has a castle, manor-house, estates, and a seat in the House of Lords in England; he also has estates and a bungalow in Kenya, including farms, a ranch, plantations, and native villages. He is also the white king of a Negro warrior tribe, the Waziri. In African, Asiatic, South Pacific, and Latin American jungles he strips down to loincloth and hunting-knife and again assumes the guise of a primeval wild-man with superhuman strength and agility, with strange, unusual, extraordinary powers and abilities exceeding those of ordinary humans -- he swings through the trees like a monkey, swims like a fish, speaks and understands the language of the apes and is himself understood by wild animals, wrestles with gorillas, pythons, and crocodiles, and kills the great jungle-cats with his knife -- and he retains his youth and strength for generations, while other men grow old and die. He tracks people and animals by sight, scent, and hearing, like a wild beast, when other men could find no trace of them. He rights wrongs, punishes evil-doers, rescues and avenges the injured and distressed, and defends the people and animals of the jungle from hostile invaders -- foreign soldiers, savage tribes, white poachers, criminals, smugglers, gunrunners, renegades, black cannibals, Arab slave-raiders and desert brigands; plus man-eating beasts and assorted other monsters and menaces; including German troops in 1914, Communist conspirators in 1929, and Nazis, Fascists, and Japanese during the Second World War.

Most interesting to science-fantasy readers are Tarzan's discoveries and explorations of lost nations, races, and peoples, with their kingdoms, cities, bygone civilizations, and animals, surviving into our own era from the prehistoric, ancient, and medieval past, including such groups as Atlanteans, Romans, Hebrews, Egyptians, Crusaders, Mayans, and others; his fights with dinosaurs, and his journeys to the prehistoric country of Pal-ul-don in East Central Africa and the even more marvellous land of Pellucidar, the prehistoric jungle-world located at the center of the Earth. (There has long been discussion among the fans of author Edgar Rice Burroughs and his magnificent hero Tarzan that the ape-man would probably go to Mars and Venus and eventually to other planets, if a suitable writer could be found to continue this saga where it stopped when Burroughs died in 1950.)

Recent movies have related further adventures of Tarzan in India and Thailand, and now a new movie has been made of his latest exploits in Latin America. This new yarn has been turned into a most successful, highly entertaining, quite satisfactory novel by one of our favorite authors, Fritz Leiber, Jr., written in a very good approximation of the style and manner of Edgar Rice Burroughs, with the consent, approval, and endorsement of Hulbert Burroughs, eldest son and heir of E.R.B. It remains to be seen whether or not this book will lead to further sequelization of Tarzan's present-day adventures, but it would seem to be probable. Certainly Leiber's book is far superior

to the abominable atrocities committed in print against Burroughs and Tarzan in the unauthorized, "pirated", and plagiarized stories written by Barton Werper and published by Gold Star Books. I strenuously objected to the Werper novels, and some (but not all!) of my mostly-unfavorable reviews of these stories by Werper were printed in the fanzine ERBania. Since there is still a possibility that ERBania's editor (D. Peter Ogden) may resume his interrupted publication of my reviews of the Werper books in his magazine, I'll make no further mention of them here, except to state that E.R.B., Inc., recently won their lawsuit to stop publication and distribution of the Werper stories about Tarzan, and we'll see no more of them, praise be!

This new novel about Tarzan by Leiber tells how the ape-man, with his background of savagery, barbarism, and highly-advanced civilization, deals with the modern, present-day menace of superspies, superscience, futuristic technology, and the threat of international crime and world Communism. In short, the jungle-lord now finds himself in the role of a globe-trotting trouble-shooter, man-hunter, international avenger, and doer of good deeds in the jet age -- in the world of espionage and racketeering made famous in the James Bond stories by Ian Fleming. But Tarzan turns out to be more than a match for tanks, helicopters, flame-throwers, and machine-guns, just as he formerly overcame rhinos and dinosaurs and wicked white hunters. To make sure we don't miss the point, Leiber has dedicated this book to the memories of Edgar Rice Burroughs, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Talbot Mundy, and Ian Fleming, four of our favorite authors.

You probably have read about the long-lost British explorer, Colonel Percy O. Fawcett, who ventured into the Matto Grosso jungles of South America, a vast unexplored wilderness, some forty years ago, and vanished. Subsequent expeditions failed to find him, and it is generally assumed that he died or was killed by savage Indian tribesmen (many of them head-hunters and cannibals) who inhabit this remote region. In speeches and writings, Fawcett explained that he was looking for lost cities with treasure-trove of jewels and precious metals, some of them in ruins and others still inhabited, which he thought had been built there ages ago by people from Atlantis and Lemuria. He also expected to find white-skinned savages, living like the Indians, and dinosaurs still living in the jungle. No one really knows for sure what happened to Fawcett; he is still missing, although various stories are told by white travellers and by Indians about what finally happened to him. This much is fact and generally well-known. In Leiber's novelization, Tarzan goes to Mexico, then flies down to Brazil, explores the Matto Grosso, and finds a mountain range and just such a lost treasure-city with civilized Indian inhabitants -- but its origin is much more probable than that postulated by Fawcett -- it was not built by people from lost continents of antiquity, but rather by refugees from the Incan Empire, seeking to avoid conquest, pillaging, and massacre by the Spanish conquistadores. Tarzan discovers no trace of Fawcett (but he really wasn't looking for him).

The opening chapters of TARZAN AND THE VALLEY OF GOLD tell about Tarzan's experiences in Mexico. John Clayton appears as an amateur matador with the professionals at the bullring in Meseta. Clayton, revealing himself in the arena as Tarzan, gives a demonstration of his own unique and original style of bloodless bullfighting, while the professional toreros fight their bulls to the death. In the audience are the ruthless arch-criminal and master-spy, the multimillionaire philanthropist Augustus Vinaro (who appears to have taken over where Goldfinger left off!), his shapely blonde French film-starlet mistress, Sophia Renault, and his bodyguard, a karate expert named Mr. Train, a one-eyed white giant and professional killer. Vinaro is angered by Tarzan's easy, bloodless victory and by Sophia's obvious admiration for this jungle-man. Vinaro, suspicious of possible trouble from Tarzan, arranges several assassination attempts by his henchmen against Clayton, but Lord Greystoke is more than a match for the hired killers who try repeatedly to do him in!

Greystoke receives a message from friends in Brazil who seek his aid, so he flies by commercial jetliner down to Brazil, takes a local airliner into the interior, transfers to an automobile, and proceeds inland into the jungle on foot, commencing the journey that ultimately takes him to the lost Incan treasure-city of Tucumai. Tarzan's friends, Professor Lionel Talmadge, Colonel Carlos Juarez, and Joao Ruiz, are associated with the Brazilian Military Intelligence and the Indian Protective Service; they know about Tucumai from stories they have heard concerning it, and they want Tarzan to investigate these tales for them. Most recently, Ruiz has found Ramel, Prince of Tucumai, a boy chieftain of the Incas, and his pet white jaguar Xima, wondering around in the jungle, so he knows the legends have a factual basis.

Meanwhile Vinaro, with the support of Red China, Red Cuba, and one faction of the Brazilian Communist Party, is planning to become a modern Pizarro, find and loot the lost treasure-city, and start a revolution to take over the government of Brazil. He has the means to do it, too, including modern secret-weapons, fanatical followers, a hired mercenary army, ships, and airfleet, and a tank equipped with a flame-thrower, plus great personal wealth of his own obtained by hijacking airplanes and by the smuggling of gold and diamonds.

The rest of the plot follows lines that should be predictable to most of you, but it is extremely well-told, with plenty of action, fights, and thrills, an unusual setting, great gobs of authentic local color and accurate information for background, frequent mention of various previous Tarzan adventures in the text and in footnotes -- Leiber appears to have read and enjoyed the entire series by Burroughs -- and, at the end, a fascinating display of the weird mental powers of the Incan Indians.

This book is most highly recommended, and I sincerely wish that Leiber would novelize such previous Tarzan films as "The New Adventures of Tarzan", "Tarzan and the Green Goddess", "Tarzan's Greatest Adventure", "Tarzan the Magnificent" (which was entirely different from E.R.B.'s book of that title), "Tarzan Goes to India", and "Tarzan's Three Challenges", as well as future additions to the series, and that he would complete a half-finished Tarzan novel that Burroughs was writing when he died.

Albert E. Gechter

-----  
Science-Fantasy paperback releases announced for May (reference PAPERBACK BOOKS IN PRINT, May, 1966 issue) ----

ACE: "Babel-17", by Samuel R. Delany (40¢); "Silverlock", by John Myers Myers (75¢); "Languages of Pao", by Jack Vance (40¢); "Danger from Vega", by John Rackham and "Clash of Star-Kings", by Avram Davidson (50¢); AVON: "Life for the Stars" ("Year 2018"), by James Blish (reissue; 50¢); BALLANTINE: "Blue World", by Jack Vance (50¢); BANTAM: "The Fifty-Minute Hour", by Robert Lindner (reissue; 95¢); "Fear Cay", by Kenneth Robeson (45¢); BELMONT: "Mark of the Shadow", by Maxwell Grant (50¢); "Of Godlike Power", by Mack Reynolds (50¢); BERKLEY: "Voices of Time", by J. G. Ballard (reissue; 50¢); "Galactic Diplomat", by Keith Laumer (60¢); GOLD MEDAL: "12 Great Classics of Science Fiction", edited by Groff Conklin (reissue; 50¢); HART: "Masterpieces of Adventure", edited by Louis Morris (75¢); LANCER: "Siege Perilous", by Lester del Rey (60¢); MACFADDEN-BARTELL: "Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch", by Philip K. Dick (60¢); PAPERBACK LIBRARY: "Step to the Stars", by Lester del Rey (60¢); "Garden of Evil" ("Lair of the White Worm"), by Bram Stoker (60¢); PYRAMID: "Prester John", by John Buchan (60¢); "Brood of the Witch-Queen", by Sax Rohmer (50¢); "Trail of Fu Manchu", by Sax Rohmer (reissue; 50¢); "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea", by Jules Verne (60¢); SIGNET: "Not with a Bang", by Chapman Pincher (60¢).

Albert E. Gechter

## S.F. PARADE

Book Review -- THE SPACE BARBARIANS, by Tom Godwin (Pyramid Books R-993, 50¢, 169 pp).

In the beginning, Gerns conquered Athena and Earth. A shipload of settlers bound for Athena was intercepted, and settlers useless to the Gern Empire were set down on Ragnarok, a planet classed as "absolutely uninhabitable", to die in prolonged misery. Although super-vicious, the local fauna proved to be edible, and the little band of castaways survived on their 1.5-g world, despite its "total lack of natural resources". Two centuries pass. The Earthenians groan under the Gern yoke, while plotting rebellion. The Ragnarokans suffer the pangs of evolution, while plotting revenge. At this time population of Earth is, say, 4,000,000,000, that of Athena 300,000, and that of Ragnarok 5,000. The Raggies start things off by capturing a Gern warship, using crossbows, local fauna, and surprise, and proceed to spearhead the demolition of the Gern Empire in three years flat.

All this is a synopsis of "Space Prison". As the present story begins, our heroes are standing around wondering why the Earthenians, portrayed as doltish boobs of ex-slaves and surly, sodden military types, dislike the manifestly superior Ragnarokans. A few examples of discrimination are recounted, none really credible (a small, very bright child is a natural target for bullying, yes, but not if he can lick his tormentors en masse), when a "Ghost Ship" flitting around hyperspace three attacks Ragnarok, kidnapping a random sample of 100 (percentage-wise equivalent to 80,000,000 Earthenians). Also, Ragnarok is polluted with "blindness isotope" (which hits humans only, and temporarily at that), and has to be evacuated. Craven Earthenians give noble, hard-pressed Raggies the bird and vanish from story.

We now go charging out into the galaxy after the kidnapped civilians, where our heroes encounter the Shomarians and the Kilvarl (a telepathic, humanoid cat). Which one did it? The clues are really rather blatant, and little is lost by the revelation that the Shomarians are actually the hidden overlords of the Gern. Why the charade should be dragged out for fifty or so pages I can't say -- perhaps an attempt to create suspense; if so, it misfires, because the reader isn't sure the Shomarians are rats. And the pace is too slow to maintain tension.

Once the Ragnarokans join up with the Kilvarl things pick up a bit. Hordes of Shomarian soldiery charge into flaming disintegrators à la the tactics of the 18th Century, and the Shomarian Emperor has bombs planted aboard the Ragnarokan ships, but doesn't detonate them because he wants to torture the Raggies to death. Finally he waits so long that somebody shoots his finger off the button, and they twist his arm until he orders his legions to surrender. Thus the Kilvarl and the Ragnarokans capture the fabulous "Ghost Ship", and the Shomarian Empire of thirty planets goes down the drain, before the onslaught of underwhelming numbers.

Some comments. The Kilvarl seem to have numbered about 2,500 -- sort of super Whooping Cranes; hypnotists too, but scarce. The Shomarians had the hyperspace-three drive, but only the one ship using it; they should have had a fleet. The Emperor explains that the Gern were left to fend for themselves because, "If the Gern can't beat a handful of animals and savages, they are of no use to us."; alas, it isn't so -- when one's front men are in trouble, one gives them what support one can. There are other lapses in logic, though not too serious.

The book has a plot, and some of the ideas are pretty good. The writing and characters are only fair, however, and I stuck in places as I read it. Let us say that I praise it with faint damns.

Book Review -- THE WIND FROM NOWHERE, by J.G. Ballard (Berkley Publishing Corp. F-1198, 50¢, 160 pp).

Well, in the first place it couldn't happen. Assuming that it does, however, this story of the world ending by storm is excellent. Happily, no attempt is made to explain the impossible, and we follow a small number of people through their attempts to survive in a suddenly-hostile environment, too caught up in the action to worry about details.

The rising wind slowly whips the story to a crescendo, as one level of human existence after another is pulled down and destroyed, and we follow along watching as London is blown down, the shelters collapse, and then the military bunkers and bases fail. Finally, a mad millionaire has erected a tower to ward off the wind -- a pyramid of steel and concrete -- and we are in his inner sanctum as the wind blows the ground out from under his massive structure -- surely the last oasis of calm on the surface of the world -- to topple it and him together.

That is the plot. The action never lags, and the people are drawn with great skill, as they rise to the challenge as best they can, each in his own individual manner. Even Haroon, the millionaire, is appropriately tall in his one-dimensional role, and Kroll, his security officer, would have been right at home in the SS or Gestapo. Maitland, the weak, ineffectual doctor at the beginning, hardens into resolution and strength, and is not out of character. Marshall, the strong, ruthless intelligence officer, is betrayed in the end by his sense of decency -- loyal to his subordinates, he refuses to abandon them and dies in consequence. Captain Lanyon, commanding an atomic submarine, goes on a fool's errand and continues to obey orders in spite of hell; yet he is no puppet or martinet. And there are others -- Maitland's wife Susan has a nice bit part, for instance.

The story ends with the winds peaking at 550 mph, and starting to die down. The author misses a bet, though, because since there is so much water and topsoil in the air, it should rain mud for weeks and weeks as the storm abates. Presumably humanity will survive, as a few atomic subs ride it out beneath the surface -- Americans, more than likely, the English author concedes wryly.

Heartily recommended to all and sundry as really first-rate entertainment.

-----  
Book Review -- THE WATCH BELOW, by James White (Ballantine Books, 50¢, 189 pp).

A tight-little-island sort of story, split into two separate but similar strands which are brought together for the resolution. The major portion follows the career of four men and two women trapped within the sunken hull of a ship (during WW-II), and how they survive. The echo concerns an aquatic race having difficulties in space as it flees from a nova at home. The humans are British; so, I would judge, are the aliens. The dialog is good and the situations superficially believable. The author writes quite well, and his original set of people is pretty good.

Where the author fails is in his science and his action. Thus, the "Gulf Trader" is torpedoed, and sinks about thirty feet below the surface, supported by the buoyancy of the unbreached tanks. The trapped crew tries to get it to float, but it goes slowly down and up, up and down (they trim with tanks of acetylene gas), never breaking surface on the one hand, and never so low that the pressure would crush the hull on the other. This is impossible. Either you sink, or you float. Floating they could have escaped. Sunk they would be dead. Either way, no story.

Second, after the ship grounds in shallow water, we settle down and exist miserably for 100 years on the vast stores of food aboard. The air is kept from fouling by setting up a generator a man can pedal and using the light to grow beans. Towards the end of the story, one of the characters is thinking about living entirely off the beans and the few fish they catch and saving the remaining stores of Spam and powdered eggs for emergencies. The bean farm is expanded to cover two full compartments, but only one generator is ever mentioned. Consider: one man can generate about 0.2 horsepower (1 hp equals 746 watts) or 150 watts. In other words, pedaling away at a sustained rate you can light two 75-watt bulbs; for a sprint, you might do three; for growing plants . . .? No! Without going into the calculations, a man could not generate enough power to eliminate the carbon dioxide he produces while generating. And as for living for a century on stored food: even Spam has a finite shelf-life -- and the dried eggs and powdered milk would go bad in a decade or two at the most. And the air was damp . . .

The Aliens -- Unthans, they were -- after a series of synopsisized episodes which bear a rather tenuous resemblance to Heinlein's "Universe", finally reach Earth and go splashing into the sea through a hail of missile-fire. Once under water they meet -- guess who? -- and establish contact. Presently, the survivors of the "Gulf Trader" are put in touch with authorities on Earth, and the collective government of the human race willingly cedes the whole of the ocean to the Unthans. After all, we aren't using it, except to sail around on top of, right? So, the Human-Unthan war comes to a happy ending -- as it turns out, nobody was killed after all, and there is plenty for everybody.

A pleasant-enough entertainment, but predictable and a bit dull. As a result my mind kept wandering back to the ship that wouldn't float or sink, and the manually-powered bean garden. The author dedicates it to his agent, for what that is worth.

-----  
Book Review -- THE WEIRDSTONE OF BRISENGAMEN, by Alan Garner (Ace Books, 50¢, 192pp).

This story is strongly derivative of Tolkein's "Lord of the Rings". For Gandalf we have the wizard Cadellin; for the hobbits, the children Colin and Susan; for the orcs, the Svart-Alfar; for Sauron, Nastrond; for Saruman, Grimmir; for the Ring of Doom, the gem Firefrost, alias the Bridestone, alias the Weirdstone of the title. We also have dwarves, elves, female trolls, and a regiment or so of witches and warlocks.

The mythology on which the story rests is not particularly convincing. After Nastrond was defeated, a task-force of 140 perfect gentle-knights (a magic number, the square of 11.8322) was collected, mounted on perfect milk-white chargers, and put to magic sleep to ward against Nastrond's return. Alas, only 139 horses met specs, and Cadellin, the Wizard CQ, upon going out to buy number 140 a few hundred years later, manages to lose Firefrost in a monumental goof of stupefying magnitude. (Wizards should never mess with horse-traders.) The story begins when Susan turns up with Firefrost several generations later.

From the very first page the story moves. The descriptive material is excellent, and artfully woven into the narrative. Where used, the Cheshire dialect is consistent (and accurate, for all I know), and the people come across beautifully. Colin, Susan (both of whom speak BBC-English), Gowther and his wife (Cheshire-English), Cadellin, Fenodyree and Durathros of the Huldrafolk, Grimmir and Shape-Changer (Translated Old-English) all emerge as individuals.

Moreover, if "Weirdstone" is derivative of "Lord of the Rings" it is not an imitation or ersatz thing but a classic in its own right. Alan Garner involves the reader in a series of exciting adventures, and one leads into the next with hardly a pause or a

let-up. Less than a third the length of "Lord of the Rings", "Weirdstone" moves much faster in consequence.

A minor failing -- the climax is the avoidance of the World's End. The thought of all those fireworks that never went off -- the 140 riders riding against Nastrond and his grim beasties swarming out of Ragnarok -- Cadellin unloosing the thunder and the lightning against the Northbrood -- is a bit sad. Still, one shouldn't be greedy. There is quite enough gore spilled in Durathros' last stand for two westerns and a gladiator movie, and all sorts of wild special effects. The climax is good, even if all the stops aren't pulled.

By all means get this one. "The Weirdstone of Brisengamen" is great fun, and high entertainment (good reading). Buy extra copies for friends who want to borrow yours -- they won't return it; the book is savory reading.

Alexis Gilliland

-----  
NEWS FROM ACE

June Releases --

ISLANDS OF SPACE, by John W. Campbell (M-143, 45¢) -- "Three Earth scientists invent a ship which will travel faster than light, and on its first galactic voyage they locate the fugitive planets of the Black Star...and end up in an all-out interplanetary war."

SAGA OF LOST EARTHS, by Emil Petaja (F-392, 40¢) -- "A novel that combines science fiction with the great sweep of fantasy-adventure which marked the work of Kuttner and Burroughs...and which is based upon the ancient yet strangely modern prophecies of the Kalevala."

THIS IMMORTAL, by Roger Zelazny (F-393, 40¢) -- "The hidden immortal Conrad Nomikos was the pivotal figure in the mission which would decide Earth's place among the worlds of the stars.... A leading contender for both the "Hugo" and "Nebula" awards as best science fiction novel of the year." ((The uncut version of "...Ane Call Me Conrad". --ed.))

DAWNMAN PLANET, by Mack Reynolds (G-580, 50¢) -- "Mankind's freedom in the galaxy was threatened by a mindless but technologically advanced race whose power seemed invincible." (("Beehive", from ANALOG. --ed.)) and

INHERIT THE EARTH, by Claude Nunes -- "As Earth tottered on the brink of atomic holocaust, a mysterious race of android dolls suddenly appeared. Were they saviors, or destroyers?"

BRIDGE OF FEAR, by Dorothy Eden (Gothic novel; K-236, 50¢) (Original Title: "Afternoon for Lizards".) -- "When beautiful young Abby Fearon left England to marry Luke in Australia, their brief and exciting courtship had not prepared her for the bewildering change she found in him. A stranger in a strange land, to whom could the terrified girl turn for help?"

SHADOW OF A WITCH, by Mary Paradise (Gothic novel; G-578, 50¢) -- "The moment Julia French first looked into the troubled gray eyes of the elusive architect Mark Winterton, she fell deeply in love with him...and found herself involved in a desperate struggle to disentangle them both from the danger that reached out from his hidden past."

BEYOND HUMAN UNDERSTANDING, by S. Robert Tralins (K-237, 50¢) -- "A new collection of events both unusual and macabre that will interest and intrigue every thinking person. Never published before in book form, this collection of the incredible and the bizarre is a worthy addition to the works of Chas. Fort & Frank Edwards."



## SLEUTHING AROUND

Book Review -- A STUDY IN TERROR, a novelization by Ellery Queen, from the screenplay by Donald and Derek Ford, based upon characters created by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Adapted from the motion picture (British title, "Fog"), filmed in color in England, and starring John Neville as Sherlock Holmes and Donald Houston as Dr. Watson, with John Fraser, Anthony Quayle, Barbara Windsor, Adrienne Corri, Robert Morley, and Georgia Brown; Columbia Pictures; Executive Producer, Herman Cohen; produced by Henry E. Lester; directed by James Hill. Both the movie and the book are authorized by the Conan Doyle estate. (Lancer Books, Inc., 1966; 273pp, 60¢.)

The working title for this story, as it was being prepared as a film-script, was "Sherlock Holmes versus Jack the Ripper", which gives away the plot of the yarn. "A Study in Terror" is a much better title and has a good Conan Doyle flavor to it. "Fog" isn't nearly as good a name for it. The picture will be released here soon.

This new Sherlock Holmes novel written by Ellery Queen is not as good as the original series by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and it is not as good as THE EXPLOITS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES by Adrian Conan Doyle and John Dickson Carr, but it is much better than most of the Solar Pons series by August Derleth, so it is well worth reading. Have you ever read a bad story by Ellery Queen? Neither have I, so I picked this one up with confidence, and I haven't been disappointed by it. Several different authors have tried at various times to explain how Sherlock Holmes might have investigated the mysterious killings in London in 1888 by the unknown murderer called Jack the Ripper, but this is the first version to appear in English as a book-length novel, with the approval of Doyle's family, so its appearance is a matter of importance, and Ellery Queen's authorship of it makes it doubly important.

Queen explains how he recently received a posthumous manuscript by Dr. John H. Watson (a story never known to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle!), describing how Sherlock Holmes solved the mystery of the Ripper slayings and identified the killer, but never explained it to his rival, Inspector Lestrade of Scotland Yard, because retribution overtook the murderer without the need for legal action and Holmes wished to protect some innocent people involved in the case. Holmes, therefore, prevented Watson from publishing it during his lifetime, but there is no need to suppress it now, as all but one of the characters in the tale are now dead. In alternating chapters, Queen reads the manuscript, extracted from Watson's unpublished journal, and so do we; Queen then verifies its authenticity, and, after discussing it with his friends and with Inspector Queen (his father), analyzes the correctness of the solution that Holmes gave Watson as an explanation for the mystery, and reaches the startling conclusion that Holmes knew who Jack the Ripper was, but deliberately and intentionally misled Watson into thinking it was someone else instead. Queen then explains who the killer was, how Holmes found out, and why he fooled Watson concerning it, on the basis of what Watson says in his manuscript about this case.

The story begins in London in 1888 at Holmes's lodgings at 221-B Baker Street. Watson's wife, the former Mary Morstan, has gone away to Cornwall for a fortnight to visit with a sick aunt, and a doctor named Rudyard is tending to Watson's medical practice, so Watson is staying with Holmes again in their old bachelor apartment at Mrs. Hudson's house, which is Holmes's business office as well. Holmes and Watson have been discussing the recent Ripper slayings in the Whitechapel slum section as reported in the newspapers. Five prostitutes have been killed and horribly mutilated, the corpses dismembered in such a way as to suggest that the murderer has had training in surgery or experience as a meat-butcher. Lestrade and the police have learned little by their investigations, and the population is shocked and terrified by the killer's boldness, daring, efficiency, bloodthirsty cruelty, and elusive disappearances after each slaying as he easily evades detection. Then someone sends a parcel to Holmes; inside is a surgeon's kit of tools and

knives, but the scalpel is missing! Holmes easily deduces that this clue sent his way is directly connected with the Ripper mystery.

Subsequent investigations take Holmes and Watson to a Devonshire castle (not far from Baskerville Hall) for a meeting with the Duke of Shires and his eldest son Lord Carfax, then back to London to consult with Mycroft Holmes (Sherlock's older brother) at the Diogenes Club near Whitehall, and then into Whitechapel itself to locate the Ripper on his own terrain. Numerous possible suspects are uncovered and eliminated, one-by-one, as the search proceeds. There is a great deal of danger, too, from the unknown slayer and from other criminals who infest the district, and they all regard Holmes and Watson as enemies, not without cause. Again and again, Jack the Ripper strikes from the darkness, claims another victim, and gets away, but Holmes keeps right on searching relentlessly, getting ever nearer to the truth of the matter, while Watson becomes more and more puzzled and perplexed. It would be unfair to reveal any more about it. Find out for yourself!

My verdict is that this story, although not a great all-time masterpiece as it might have been, is still a satisfying and satisfactory addition to an old-favorite series, and a quite adequate pastiche of the original yarns. Put it on the shelf below THE COMPLETE SHERLOCK HOLMES in your collection! I'll be interested in seeing the film too, although I don't believe I'll ever see another actor as good at playing Holmes as Basil Rathbone was, a generation ago, in the series he made for Universal Pictures and also on the radio, on the stage, and in a few early TV broadcasts.

Albert E. Gechter

-----  
In brief --

DISCLAVE attendees please note: DISCLAVE programming so far is as follows --  
1. Panel discussing new SF writers, conducted by Fred Lerner. Panelists: Terry Carr, Mark Owings, Jim Sanders, Banks Mebane. 2. Guest of Honor Roger Zelazny.  
3. Panel discussing commercialism in SF. Panelists: Terry Carr, Ted White, Jack Gaughan.

D.C. area bookstores which may be of interest to both DISCLAVE attendees and WSFA members are -- Academy Book Shop, 720 11th St., N.W.; Bargain Book Shop, 808 9th St., N.W.; Central Book Shop, 906 9th St., N.W.; George Friend's Book Shop, Inc., 922 9th St., N.W.; W.H. Lowdermilk & Co., 715 12th St., N.W.; Park Book Shop, 919 G St., N.W.; Riverdale Book Shop, at intersection of Queensbury Road and RR track, a couple of blocks east of Rhode Island Ave. (Rt. 1), in Riverdale, Md.; Salvation Army Book Store, on 1st St., N.W., between E and F Sts.; Estate Book Sales, 1749 Penna. Ave., N.W.; also, the JOURNAL editor has a large duplicate stock for sale. The best prices will be found in the Academy, Bargain, Estate, Friend's, Riverdale, and Salvation Army stores. The best selections are generally found in Central (mags. and paperbacks), Friend's (hard-backs, second-hand), Estate, and Riverdale shops. All the above stores close on or before 6 p.m. but Friend's (7 p.m.) and Estate (10 p.m.); Estate doesn't open until 12:30 in the morning. Estate is closed Wednesdays, but both Estate and Riverdale are open on Sundays; Riverdale is also open on holidays.

Al Gechter reports the following new hard-backs, which will be reviewed in the Book Section of the N.Y. TIMES for Sunday, May 15: THE CRYSTAL WORLD, by J.G. Ballard (Farrar-Straus & Giroux, \$4.50); THE LAST OF LAZARUS, by Robert Goldston (Random House, \$4.95); SHOOT AT THE MOON, by William F. Temple (Simon & Schuster, \$4.50).

Our thanks to Terry Carr for a copy of WORLD'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION: 1966; it will be reviewed by Alexis Gilliland in the next issue of the JOURNAL.

CofA -- Dean Grennell, P.O. Box 4007, Covina, Calif., 91722.

Don Miller

## THE CON GAME

MIDWESTCON '66 -- Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, June 24, 25, and 26, at the Carrousel Inn, 8001 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45237 (one block north of the North Walters Plaza). Membership fee is \$1, payable at the committee suite. Committee suite will open Friday, June 24, shortly after noon. Banquet will be held 6:30 p.m. Saturday, June 25, at the motel; price is \$4.50 including tax and tip. Registrants should indicate number of banquet tickets desired, and choice of menu (Braised Prime Beef Jardiniere, Whipped Potatoes, Braised Green Beans, etc., or Baked Sugar Cured Ham with Madeira Sauce, Snowflake Potatoes, Lima Beans, etc.). There will be a short program after the banquet. Room rates are: One person, \$12, \$13, \$15, \$20; two persons (room with one double bed), \$15, \$18, \$20, \$24; two persons (twin beds), same rates as room with double bed; each additional adult in room, \$3.00; each child under 13 years, \$1.50; plus 3% Ohio State tax for all rates. Mention MIDWESTCON when making reservations. Motel phone is (513) 821-5110. Reservation cards and further information may be received from: Lou Tabakow, 3953 St. John's Terrace, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45236. To quote the MIDWESTCON announcement: "The Carrousel is the finest convention motel in the area, boasting two adult and one child's pool plus many extras . . . Come ready to play, eat, and drink with a minimum of program."

WESTERCON XIX -- Friday, July 1 through Monday, July 4, inclusive, at Handlery's Stardust Motor Hotel and Country Club, Hotel Circle, Mission Valley, San Diego, California. Guest of Honor, Harlan Ellison. Fan Guests of Honor, John and Bjo Trimble (with Katwen). Membership fee is \$1.50 if paid in advance, \$2 if paid at con. All auction material and membership fees should be sent to: John H. Hull, 1210 Hemlock St., Imperial Beach, California, 92032. Make checks payable to John H. Hull. Room rates are: Single room, \$10 per night; Double room, \$13 per night; Triple room, \$15 per night. Send hotel reservations to: Stardust Motor Hotel and Country Club, Attn: Reservations Mgr., 950 W. Hotel Circle, San Diego, Calif., 92110; be sure and state you will be a WESTERCON attendee to get the reduced rates. Agenda: Friday, 1 July -- Registration and opening of Art Show; Saturday, 2 July -- Registration, Art Show, setting up of displays, official opening of Convention (early afternoon), Costume Ball (evening); Sunday, July 3 -- Registration, Art Show, Luncheon banquet with guest speakers; Monday, July 4 -- Registration concludes, Art Show concludes (evening), Business meeting, Panel Discussion ("Dangerous Visions", moderated by Harlan Ellison, on question: "Are Science Fiction Writers Afraid of Controversial Topics?"). Banquet price \$4 or \$4.50. Two Progress Reports and a Program Booklet. Deadline for submission of material for Program Booklet is 1 June 1966; ad rates: full page, \$8; half page, \$4.50; qtr. page, \$2.75; one line, \$1.50. To quote PR #1, "Auxiliary features offered by the Stardust, of which the Westercon participants may take advantage, include the world-famous Stardust 27-hole golf course . . . , large semi-tropical swimming pool . . . , and, for elegant evening activities, the Reef Room cocktail lounge, featuring an underwater ballet that must be seen to be believed . . ." Write to John for more info.

NEW YORK COMICON -- Saturday and Sunday, July 23 and 24, at the Park Sheraton Hotel, New York City. Advance registration is \$3.50 (to John Benson, 207 W. 80th St., N.Y., N.Y.); \$4.00 registration fee if paid at door. Write to John for more info.

OZARKON I -- Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, July 29, 30, and 31, at the Downtowner Motor Inn, 12th and Washington Sts., St. Louis, Missouri, 63101. Guest of Honor, Ted White. Membership fee, \$2; send to James N. Hall, 202 Taylor Ave., Crystal City, Missouri, 63019. Room rates: Single, \$10; Double, \$13; Twin, \$14; obtain reservation card from James Hall to get above (discount) rates. Program -- mostly informal, with movies, talk, parties; lots of opportunity for collectors to buy, sell, and trade; climaxed with a banquet Saturday night. Sponsored by OSFA (Ozark Science-Fiction Association). There will also be an organization meeting of The Fellowship of the Silver Stallion. Write to Jim Hall for more info.

VIENNA CON '66 -- Friday through Monday, August 5 through 8, in Vienna, Austria.  
For additional information write: Alex Melhardt, 11 Hintzerstrasse, Vienna 3, Austria.

DEEPSOUTHCON IV -- Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, August 26, 27, and 28, in Huntsville, Alabama; exact site to be announced later. Registration fee, \$1.50. Free beer and punch. Very little formal program. For additional information watch these pages or write: Lon Atkins, Jr., P.O. Box 660, Huntsville, Alabama, 35804.

TRICON -- Thursday through Monday, September 1 through 5, inclusive, at the Sheraton-Cleveland Hotel, 20 Public Square, Cleveland, Ohio, 44101. Guest of Honor, L. Sprague de Camp. Banquet m.c., Isaac Asimov. Registration begins at 6 p.m., Thursday. Room rates: Single, \$7.85; Double, \$13.85; Twin, \$16; all rooms air-conditioned, with private bath, radio, and T.V. Five up-to-date specialty restaurants. Free 24-hour parking for all guests of the hotel. Membership fees \$3 for attending membership and \$2 for non-attending membership (other \$1 may be payed at door if desired). Make checks payable to: "24th World Science Fiction Convention", and mail them to: 24th World Science Fiction Convention, P.O. Box 1372, Cleveland, Ohio, 44103. Mention TRICON (& 24th World Science Fiction Convention) when registering. No charge for first display table; \$5 charge for each additional table; contact Bill Thailing. There will be three Progress Reports (two are already out) and a Program Book. Copy deadlines: Progress Report #3, June 1; Program Book, July 15. Copy rates: No reduction -- prepared copy size 5" wide x 8" high (full page), \$8; 5" x 4" (half page), \$5; 5" x 2" (quarter page), \$2.50; 5" wide x 4 lines high (filler copy), \$1. Double sizes, for reduction (at same rates), are, respectively, 10" wide x 16" high; 10" x 8"; 10" x 4"; no double-size filler copy accepted. Five parties will be held, beginning with "warm up" party at 8 p.m. on Thursday. In addition to the usual program items, TRICON will have a Fashion Show ("A Galaxy of Fashion"), featuring futuristic fashions, and sponsored by GALAXY PUBLICATIONS; a "The Miss Science Fiction of 1966" contest; a Burroughs Bibliophile luncheon with Hulbert Burroughs (son of E.R.B.) as Guest of Honor (who will present a slide show featuring many unusual E.R.B. items); two pilot films of the new s-f television series, "Star Trek"; first U.S. initiation into the Order of St. Fantasy. A complete tentative program is in Progress Report #1; however, latest word is that one or two of the panels listed therein will be dropped, and the following two substituted: "Shall Special Fandoms Secede from Science Fiction Fandom?" (moderated by Dick Lupoff); "Dangerous Visions: Timidity, Taboo and Tired Blood in SF" (moderated by Harlan Ellison). As of this writing there is still no definite word on banquet cost, although it was expected to be \$4.50 or \$5. For much more complete information (and other added features), send in membership fee now and receive Progress Reports as they come out. See you there.

PHILLYCON -- Saturday and Sunday, November 12 and 13, Philadelphia; exact site to be announced later. Principal Speaker, Isaac Asimov. For more information, watch these pages, or write: Mrs. Harriett Kolchak, 2330 N. Hancock St., Philadelphia, Penna., 19133.

NORWESCON '66 -- New Years' Eve, December 31, in Spokane, Washington. More info on this when we receive it.

The Eastern Science Fiction Association has announced a series of panels and talks exploring various religious and political viewpoints as they appear in science fiction. The first, "Science Fiction and the Left: A Program for May Day", was held on May 1. For information on future programs, watch these pages or write: Allan Howard, 157 Grafton Ave., Newark, New Jersey, 07104.

The SF Club of London will hold Open Meetings each month on the second Sunday, beginning at 4 p.m., at the William Dunbar House, Albert Road, London NW6, in the hall on the ground floor. Refreshments will be provided. Cover charge, 2/6.

And remember -- BALTIMORE IN '67 -- and WASHINGTON, D.C. IN '73!

## CAPSULE FANZINE REVIEWS

YANDRO #157 (Robert & Jaunita Coulson, Route #3, Hartford City, Indiana, 47348. 1/30¢, 4/\$1.00, 12/\$2.50. Monthly.) -- In this issue some average fan-fiction and verse, a satirical article on how to write science-fiction in the style of the good-old-days (you would almost think that this was the way it was done in those days after reading some of Ace's "classics" of late), a list of the Italian translations of Wilson Tucker's works, and, of course, interesting editorials by both editors. There are also three pages of book reviews and three of fanzine reviews by Bob, and an interesting lettercol as usual (which appeared to be cut off). Generally, a not-so-good issue of YANDRO (with an absence of serious articles) -- but get YAN anyway!

FANTASY COLLECTOR #20 (George A. Bibby, 714 Pleasant St., Roseville, Calif., 95678. 15¢ per copy, with differing rates for 12-issue subs depending upon type of delivery. Monthly.) -- This is an all-advertising fanzine. Circulation has reached over 500 and if you have something to trade, buy, or sell this is the place. It's not limited to s-f and fantasy, either -- movie-, children's book-, comic- and Disney-collectors will find something to interest them. I recommend this with only one reservation: some of the advertisers seem to be vying with each other to see who can charge the most inflated prices (some have become so high that I've found myself laughing aloud). Still, some of the rates in this 'zine are reasonable, so give it a try.

SPECULATIVE BULLETIN #10 (John Boston, 816 South First St., Mayfield, Kentucky, 42066. 25¢/4 issues. Irregular.) ((Now monthly --ed.)) -- As far as I know this is the best place to find out what's new and what's coming out in the s-f field; it also carries occasional book reviews. Very informative and highly recommended.

RATATOSK #32 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024. 25¢/3 issues. Biweekly.) -- Here's another newsmag. This is primarily about West Coast fans, but Bruce also prints news of general fandom and s-f. Also recommended, if you want to keep up with things.

FOCAL POINT #21 (Mike McInerney and Rich Brown, 250 W. 16th St., Apts. 5FW and 5FE (respectively), N.Y., N.Y., 10011. News, trades, 3/25¢, 12/\$1.00. Irregular.) -- A four-page newsmag. Contains convention news, fan news and news of s-f. Recommended. To really be up with things, get SB, RATATOSK, and FP. ((And THE WSFA JOURNAL -- ed.))

AI #2 (Jim Schumacher, 418 Kenoak Drive, Pomona, Calif., 91766; with Jim Keith. LoC, contribution, or 20¢. Bi-monthly.) -- This has sort of expanded since the first issue -- from 4 to 24 pages! "Double Jim" contains fiction, an article on Pyramid Books, reviews of THRILLING WONDER STORIES from 1930 and later, book reviews, and fanzine reviews. Their first issue evidently got a pretty good response, as they have a 6-page lettercol and said they didn't print all they had. It's a rather pleasant 'zine, but could do with more intelligently-written articles. Watch it!

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, Vol. 2, #1 (Leland Sapiro, Box 82, University Station, Saskatoon, Canada. 35¢ per issue, 4/\$1.25.) -- This is very professionally-illustrated and reproduced, with part two of the book about Robert A. Heinlein that he wouldn't let Advent publish, the development of a science-fiction story by Arthur Cox, poems, various reviews, an editorial, and selected letters. This is a very serious fanzine, but get it for Panshin's book on Heinlein even if you don't like sercon articles.

ERB-DOM #15 (Camille Cazedessus, Jr., 3145 Craft Way, Westminster, Colorado, 80030. 5 for \$2.00. Quarterly.) -- "Devoted to the life and works of Edgar Rice Burroughs." This issue has a magnificent color cover! Contents are articles on ERB's works, a glossary of the names and terms in the Pellucidar books, a map of Pellucidar, and other articles and news items. Most interesting.

FAN-FIC #2 (Dave Dewsnap, 4 Eldredge St., Newton, Mass., 02158. LoC, contribution, 20¢ per copy, 3/50¢. Twice a year?) -- Dave talks about the description of Mars in the 1911 edition of Encyclopedia Britannica in a defense of the Martian stories of ERB, and reviews the A. Merritt Bibliography by Walter Wentz (which can still be obtained from Walter, Box 172, Lowell, Oregon, 97452, for \$1.10). There are also articles on fantasy comics and A. Merritt. A good second issue.

THE FANTASY JOURNAL #1 (Dave Dewsnap. LoC, contribution, 1/10¢, 3/25¢. Irregular.) -- A companion to FAN-FIC, containing a listing of A. Merritt books and news of s-f and such. It's small -- half-size, four pages -- but enjoyable.

HIPPOCAMPELEPHANTOCAMELOS #2 (Fred Hollander, Lloyd House, Caltech, Pasadena, Calif., 91109. Trade, LoC, contribution, or 20¢. Quarterly.) -- Humerous, with a story, a poem, and a drawing, plus one serious article. This appears to be a good one. The editor wants material badly. Help him?

THE COLLECTOR'S BULLETIN #4 (C. W. Brooks, Jr., 911 Briarfield Road, Newport News, Virginia, 23605. Free to members of N3F Collectors Bureau. Irregular.) -- Contains several listings of books by authors, and reference material for collectors. This issue also starts a listing of the art of Hannes Bok which appeared in the various s-f magazines. Rabid collectors should not be without this helpful 'zine.

FANTASY ILLUSTRATED #5 (Bill Spicer, 418-H West Stocker St., Glendale, Calif., 91202. 1/60¢, 4/\$2.00, 5/\$3.00. Irregular.) -- I don't know if there are any comic fans in WSFA, but this is a most interesting item anyway. It has a review of Feiffer's GREAT COMIC BOOK HEROES by artist Russ Manning, a column by Richard Kyle, and over thirty pages of comic panels. The art is good -- sometimes very much so -- and the color covers are outstanding. A large lettercol rounds off the issue.

AMRA, Vol. 2, #39 (Amra, Box 9120, Chicago, Illinois, 60690. 35¢ each, 8/\$2.00. Irregular.) -- For adventure and sword-and-sorcery fans. This issue has sonnets by Lin Carter, some limericks, articles on weapons (swords or pikes, please), letters by Robert E. Howard to Clark Ashton Smith, and a lettercol. A very enjoyable and interesting fanzine, with artwork (superb) by Roy Krenkel. Recommended.

James W. Latimer

-----  
MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY ANNEX

June F & SF -- This issue has novelets by Jack Vance and Roger Zelazny, so it's not one to miss. Zelazny's "This Moment of the Storm" is full of action with a spectacular flood on another planet and a low-keyed tragic love affair. It's an impressive story; the people are very real, much more so than the background at times. Vance's "The Pilgrims" is the fourth in his Dying Earth series. The story advances Cugel the Clever several hundred miles toward his final confrontation with Iucounu the Laughing Magician, and is interesting in itself, but I think these stories will have more impact when they are eventually collected together into an episodic, quest-plot novel.

The best of the six short stories is "The Little Blue Weeds of Spring" by Doris Pitkin Buck; it is in the sentimental vein that F & SF has been favoring lately, but Mrs. Buck controls it well and keeps it this side of being sticky. The stories by Kenneth Bulmer and Jon DeCles were also good, and there was no story in this issue which I actively disliked (although I have reservations about Welsh barmaids who levitate). A darned good issue!

Banks H. Mebane

## MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY

June AMAZING -- Murray Leinster's new serial "Stopover in Space" starts in this issue. It's another Space Patrol va pirates caper. The rest are reprints, including "Elaine's Tomb", a '31-vintage story by G. Peyton Wertenbaker that holds up surprisingly well. The others are second-rank stories by first-rank writers: Clarke, Kuttner, Miller and Neville.

May ANALOG -- Schoenherr has an eye-catching cover showing a pteranodon. It illustrates "Wings of a Bat", a slight but enjoyable novelet by Paul Ash. Charles L. Harness has a short novel, "The Alchemist". It's a typical "science can't do it, but psi can" ANALOG yarn, but much better written than most. Gordon R. Dickson has the best of the three shorts, followed by Joe Poyer and Christopher Anvil in that order. The issue is typical latter-day Campbell.

June GALAXY -- Frank Herbert's "Heisenberg's Eyes" gets off to a hectic first instalment. It's a complex action novel involving a fight for control of a future society between immortals called Optimen and man-machines called Cyborgs. It's fun, but there really isn't much meat in it -- at least not in this first instalment.

Robert Silverberg has another novelet in his Vorster series. It's good, as they've all been, but I wish he'd plotted them as a novel to begin with. When they come out in book form (as they inevitably will), the result will probably be too episodic. "When I Was Miss Dow" is an off-beat short by Sonya Dorman; I liked it, but I'm not sure just why. The other two stories, a novelet by Hayden Howard and a short by Arthur Porges, are readable but not particularly memorable.

June IF -- "Earthblood" by Keith Laumer and Rosel G. Brown continues in its third instalment (one more to go). As I've said before, it doesn't do anything for me, and that still holds true this time.

In this issue three writers tried to whip one novelet into shape -- "Mandroid" by Robert E. Margroff, Piers Anthony, and Andrew J. Offutt. They almost made it. As it stands, it's an interesting switch on the Adam and Eve theme, involving the last human (male) and the last android (female), plus assorted Satans and serpents. The illustrations are good ones by Gaughan, and for once they're well reproduced.

Of the two remaining novelets, one is a good action-on-exotic-planet yarn by D. M. Melton and the other is an ill-tempered polemic against psychologists by Christopher Anvil. There are gimmicky shorts by Carol Easton and Larry Niven.

Summer STARTLING MYSTERY STORIES -- This new title is a companion to the MAGAZINE OF HORROR. It has about the same policy as MOH, consisting mostly of creepy-crawly reprints, but Bob Lowndes indicates in his editorial that he will also use off-beat mystery stories. This issue has a Jules de Grandin story by Seabury Quinn, and the usual stuff by Poe, Lovecraft, Derleth, Bloch and others. Recommended if your spine chills very easily.

Banks H. Mebane

-----  
Forthcoming DOUBLEDAY Science-Fiction releases --

May-June: "The Troubletwisters", by Poul Anderson (\$3.95); "Now Wait for Next Year", by Philip K. Dick (\$3.95); "The Best from Fantasy and Science Fiction: Fifteenth Series", edited by Edward L. Furman (\$4.50); "Make Room! Make Room!", by Harry Harrison (\$3.95); July-August: "Watchers of the Dark", by Lloyd Biggle, Jr. (\$3.95); "Sibyl Sue Blue", by Rosel George Brown (\$3.95); "Analog 4", edited by John W. Campbell (\$3.95); "Turning On", by Damon Knight (\$3.95); "Retief's War", by Keith Laumer (\$3.95); August: "The Fox, the Dog, and the Griffin", by Poul Anderson (\$2.75); "'S' is for Space", by Ray Bradbury (\$3.50).

Albert E. Gechter

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

At the Annual Meeting on May 6, WSFA adopted the new Constitution and elected officers for the year starting June 1. Election results:

Nominated for President: Al Gechter, Jay Haldeman, Bob Weston.  
Elected President: Jay Haldeman.

Nominated for Vice-President: Phyllis Berg, Al Gechter, Mark Owings.  
Elected Vice-President: Mark Owings.

Nominated for Secretary: Elizabeth Cullen, Gay Haldeman.  
Elected Secretary: Gay Haldeman.

Nominated for Treasurer: Bill Berg, Phil Bridges.  
Elected Treasurer: Phil Bridges.

Nominated for Trustees: Bill Berg, Phyllis Berg, Elizabeth Cullen, Bill Evans,  
Alan Huff, Banks Mebane, Don Miller.  
Elected Trustees: Phyllis Berg, Elizabeth Cullen, Banks Mebane.

This is the last President's Report I shall write, so I will take this opportunity to say I have enjoyed being President of WSFA for the last two years (and I will enjoy even more not being President of WSFA for the next empty years, even if I won't have the most comfortable chair at meetings from now on). Congratulations to the newly-elected officers!

Banks H. Mebane

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

On hand, 20 April 1966 .....	\$129.26 (*)
Dues, Regular members .....	\$3.00
Dues, New Corresponding members .....	\$3.00
Dues, Corresponding members (renewals) ..	\$2.00
First class postage JOURNAL fee .....	\$2.50
Expenses: Postage TWJ #21 .....	\$4.00
Postage DIPLOMANIA #7 .....	\$2.00
Advance postage TWJ #22 .....	\$4.00
Advance postage DIPLOMANIA #8 .....	\$2.00
Advance postage TWJ #23 .....	\$3.00
On hand, 30 April 1966 .....	\$124.76 (**)
Dues, Regular members .....	\$2.00
Expenses: Advance DISCLAVE expenses .....	\$50.00
On hand, 10 May 1966 .....	\$76.76 (***)

(\*) Excludes additional DIPLOMANIA fees held by Don Miller, and \$7.35 owed WSFA by Fred Gottschalk.

(\*\*) Excludes items noted above. The 30 April figure is also the final figure for the WSFA fiscal year running from 1 May 1965 through 30 April 1966. The 1 May 1965 opening figure was \$86.33, so WSFA saw a net gain of \$37.93 during the past year. A more complete report for the year just ended will be published in the WSFA Annual Report, to appear in the next issue (#23) of the JOURNAL.

(\*\*\*) Excludes items noted above. Also excludes Corresponding member fees of \$1.50 each received from J. K. Klein and Hans Stefan Santesson, and being held by Don Miller until Membership Committee acts upon their membership applications at the next Regular meeting of WSFA.



A complete roster of members in good standing appeared in issue #20 of the JOURNAL; several changes were published in issue #21; additional changes are as follows:

Regular members (active) -- Add:

Owings, Mark -- 3731 Elkader Road, Baltimore, Md., 21218 (889-6864)

Corresponding members -- Add:

Hoheisel, R. Wayne -- 912 N. Daniel St., Arlington, Va., 22201 ( - )

Muhlhauser, Fritz -- 3 Dune Lane, Michigan City, Indiana ( - )

Piser, Harold Palmer -- 41-08 Parsons Blvd., Flushing, N.Y., 11355 ( - )

Change-of-address:

Phillips, Roger -- 2138 California St., N.W., Apt. 406, Wash., D.C., 20008

( - )

Add to list of Regular members paid up through August, 1966:

Al Gechter, Gay Haldeman, Joe Haldeman, Don Miller.

Add to list of Regular members who have paid First class postage JOURNAL fee:

R. Wayne Hoheisel, Fritz Muhlhauser, Harold Palmer Piser.

A list of the dues which will be owed by many of the WSFA Corresponding members as of 1 June 1966 (after proration) appeared in issue #21 of the JOURNAL. Of the members on this list, Terry Kuch has renewed through 1 June 1967, and Harry Warner, Jr., through 1 June 1968; both also paid first class postage JOURNAL fees. Corresponding members are reminded that members whose dues are not paid by July 1 will be considered delinquent and dropped from the rolls. DIPLOMANIA players are reminded that your dues must be brought up to date for you to continue in DIPLOMANIA games. Any new Corresponding members joining between now and June 1 will be considered paid up through June 1, 1967.

Philip N. Bridges

#### REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

Present at the Annual Meeting of 6 May 1966 were 23 persons: Betty Berg, Bill Berg, Phyllis Berg, Phil Bridges, Frank Clark, Elizabeth Cullen, Al Gechter, Alexis Gilliland, Alice Haldeman, Gay Haldeman, Jay Haldeman, Joe Haldeman, Alan Huff, Jim Latimer, Banks Mebane, Don Miller, Mark Owings, Bob Pavlat, Kathy Pavlat, Peggy Pavlat, Roger Phillips, Joe Vallin, and Bob Weston.

Elizabeth O. Cullen

#### REPORT OF THE MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE

New Corresponding members: R. Wayne Hoheisel, Fritz Muhlhauser, Harold Palmer Piser.

William B. Berg

#### REPORT OF THE PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE

Excluding the present issue, 21 issues of the JOURNAL (and several supplements, including 7 issues of DIPLOMANIA) have been published to date. Supplies on hand include -23 stencils (with 120 still on order) and 4.9 reams of mimeo paper. We will be ordering 30-40 reams of paper in the very near future (after the DISCLAVE).

We

urgently need an alternate publisher (with a Gestetner); issue #22 was delayed due to an equipment breakdown -- it may happen again, so we need someone who will run off the stencils we have typed (or allow us to run them off on his machine) in case it does. An alternate or associate editor is also needed in case of editor-failure; or in the event our trip to Europe materializes this year or the next.

We had better note here that we omitted from the TREASURER'S Report, above, the fact that the WSFA membership in good standing for the current quarter includes 32 Regular, 3 Associate, 31 Corresponding, 6 Life, and 10 Honorary; a quorum stands at 15.

Donald L. Miller

## NEWS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

Recipients of the first 100 copies of this special "DISCLAVE Issue" of the JOURNAL will also receive the TRICON Informational Flyer. Please note that this flyer ante-dates PROGRESS REPORTS 1 and 2. Also please note that the prepared copy sizes described in the flyer have been changed; refer to the TRICON section of "The Con Game" elsewhere in this issue for the revised prepared copy sizes.

Unofficial results of the 1966 TAFF (Transatlantic Fan Fund) race as announced in RATATOSK #32 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024; 3/25¢) indicate that Tom Schluck is the winner on the first ballot by an appreciable margin; this would appear to have been confirmed by Terry Carr's announcement at the LUNACON as reported by Jay Kay Klein elsewhere in this issue. Tom received 83 votes out of the 150 ballots cast, followed by Eric Jones (39), Pete Weston (20), Bo Stenfors (5), "Hold-over funds" (2), and Len Moffatt (write-in) (1). Congrats, Tom!

Diplomacy players please note: DIPLOMANIA, the JOURNAL Diplomacy Supplement, is now running 11 games, with 14 more in various stages of formation. We would like very much to fill the rosters of some of the 14 games being formed, and would like to see some new faces in some of these games. Game rates are \$3 for the first game (which includes one year's Corresponding membership in WSFA, with first class delivery of THE WSFA JOURNAL), and \$1 each per succeeding game. Games currently in progress include five games of Regular Diplomacy (games A, B, C, F, and J), and one game each of Middle-Earth II (game DM), Anonymity (game EE), Economic (game GC), 3x3 Team (game HT), Mythomacy (game IY), and 3x3 Team with Wild-Card Player (game KTE). Games in formation, and number of players still needed to fill roster in each, are as follows: "Mordor vs the World" (1), "Middle-Earth II" with revised board (1), Anonymity (3), "Gilliland" variant with supply centers dealt out at start of game (3), 8-man (4), Global (3), "Lebling" variant with neutral countries armed at start of game (4), Twin-Earths Diplomacy (2 boards, each player plays same two countries, movement allowed between boards from province to corresponding province) (5); we also have variants in formation with new convoy rules, choice of units at start of game, choice of supply-center provinces at start of game, Superdiplomacy, Hyperdiplomacy, Pacific Theatre Diplomacy -- yes, even another game of plain, ordinary, 7-man Regular Diplomacy is in the works -- and there are others waiting in the wings! We would particularly like to fill the rosters of the Mordor, M-E II, Anonymity, Gilliland, and Twin-Earths variants, so please let us know immediately if you are interested.

The MIT Science Fiction Society's TWILIGHT ZINE #17 repeats the announcement first made in TWILIGHT ZINE #16 and reprinted in THE WSFA JOURNAL #21 concerning their new index (of which we have yet to see a copy). We reprint this announcement in part -- "Now on sale! The revised, updated, corrected, expanded edition of The MITSFS Index to the SF Magazines, 1951-1965! Over 2,400 magazine issues indexed (3 times as many as the first edition). 50,000 entries! . . . a hard-cover, photo-offset book -- 210 pages, reduced by  $\frac{1}{2}$ , on 50-pound paper. Indexed by author, title, and contents page/checklist! Includes all publisher's information, date, # of pages and size, cover artists. . . indexes all U.S. professional and semi-pro SF magazines, and almost all of the British SF magazines, published between 1951 and 1965. Price is ((now \$8.00 --ed.)) . . . Order from your dealer, or you may order the Index from us and we will pay postage. Send your cash, cheque, or money order for ((\$8.00)) to: Treasurer, MIT Science Fiction Society, Room W20-443, MIT -- 77 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02139. (A discount of \$1.00 is available to those who bought the first index. Send us the number of your copy of the first index, along with your order.)"

WSFA Regular member Roger Phillips would like to hear from anyone holding a charter membership in the American Rocketry Society. He would also like to obtain back issues of the American Rocketry Society Magazine, and would most urgently like to obtain an official list of the charter members of the ARS.

We would also like to call your attention to Harold Palmer Piser's FANZINE INDEX, which is a re-typed and re-printed edition (without corrections or additions) of the Pavlat/Evans Index. This is an excellent job (stencilling -- and typing? -- by Buck Coulson) -- bound in looseleaf form for possible expansion, and tabbed for easy reference. The Index is 141 pages long, and covers fanzines published "from the beginning" through 1952. It is the fore-runner of a much longer and more comprehensive index, which will list all fanzines through 1965. Fanzine collectors and publishers are urged to send Mr. Piser information on their 'zines. The FANZINE INDEX may be obtained (\$2.50, postpaid) from Mr. Piser (41-08 Parsons Blvd., Flushing, N.Y., 11355), or from Collectors' Book Store, 1717 North Wilcox, Hollywood, Calif., 90028.

We receive numerous inquiries from JOURNAL readers about some of our other 'zines and games-projects. To try and answer most of your questions, we run a predominately postal games club, the N3F Games Bureau, Regular membership in which is \$1 per year, which includes 12 issues of the Bureau organ, THE GAMESLETTER, among other things. We also publish THE GAMESMAN (semi-annual games magazine, 30¢ per copy, \$1 for 4 issues; general games subjects); YE FAIRIE CHESSEMAN (semi-annual "Fairy" Chess 'zine, same sub rates as THE GAMESMAN); SENA (a Neffer Amateur Press Association 'zine with an Amerind motif); and we are preparing a series of rulesheet portfolios, 5 games each, at 25¢ per portfolio. There is also the forthcoming JOURNAL Fiction Supplement, DIPLOMANIA, the June issue of THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN (we volunteered for the July TIGHTBEAM, and somehow ended up doing the June TNFF!) -- and we have a full-time job, a family with small children, a house . . . HELP!!!!

FOCAL POINT POLL 1965 -- vote only for activity which took place during 1965; deadline for receipt of votes: July 1, 1966; send votes to Rich Brown, 250 W. 16th St., Apt. 5FE, N.Y., N.Y., 10011. Categories are: "Best Fanzine", "Best Fan Artist", "Best Fan Writer", and "Best New Fan". List top ten choices, in order, for first three categories, and top five for "Best New Fan".

In brief --

Fiction, artwork, poetry, etc. will be accepted for the JOURNAL Fiction Supplement right up until the date of publication. If we receive it too late for inclusion in the first Supplement, we will include it in the second!

Scattered back issues of QUANTA and THE WSFA JOURNAL are available from the editor, as are a very few complete sets of back issues of the JOURNAL. Act now, if you want any. Complete sets will sell for \$2.50 each; scattered issues are priced individually.

The WSFA By-Laws and the new Constitution adopted at the Annual Meeting were published in issue #19 of the JOURNAL; keep this issue handy for future reference.

DIPLOMANIA #8 will be out by May 20th; #9 will be published approximately three weeks later; bi-weekly publication will be resumed with issue #10.

A recent release of the Doubleday Crime Club which may be of interest to S-F fans was THE PAPER DOLLS, by L. P. Davies (\$3.95), which was reviewed favorably by Tony Boucher in the Book Section of the May 8 NEW YORK TIMES. We have seen neither the review nor the book, but Al Gechter describes the story as a combination murder-mystery and super-child story -- in other words, "Odd John" in disguise.

Al also reports that Rick Raphael's CODE THREE has seen hard-back publication by Bobbs-Merrill.

BALLANTINE BOOKS announces the publication in September of the TOLKIEN READER, which will contain "Tree and Leaf", "Farmer Giles of Ham", "The Adventures of Tom Bombadil", and other material.

Recent British Hard-backs -- THE ANYTHING BOX, by Zenna Henderson (Gollancz, 205pp, 18/-); NOVA EXPRESS, by William Burroughs (Jonathan Cape, 187 pp, 25/-); THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH, by Philip K. Dick (Jonathan Cape, 278 pp, 21/-); THE STAR FOX, by Poul Anderson (Gollancz, 274 pp, 18/-); THE BEAST MASTER, by Andre Norton (Gollancz, juvenile, 192 pp, 15/-).

CofA -- Mr. & Mrs. James Blish, 5021 Seminary Rd., Alexandria, Va., 22311

John Magnus, 1422 F-Street, Davis, California

Art & Nancy Rapp, Apt. B-1, 3102 Four Seasons Ct., Baltimore, Md., 21222

May/June Calendar --

WSFA Meetings -- May 20; June 3, 17; at home of Miss E. Cullen, 7966 W. Beach Drive, N.W., Wash., D.C., 20012, at 8 p.m. Phone No. RA3-7107. Meetings are informal.  
The Gamesmen -- May 27; June 10, 24; at home of D. Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Md., 20906, at 7:30 p.m. Phone No. 933-5417. Meetings are informal.  
BSFS Meetings -- May 14 (DISCLAVE weekend; no in-city meeting, but special one in D.C.); May 28 (at home of Dave and Vol Ettlin, 5024 Clifton Ave., Baltimore; phone 448-0079); June 11 (at home of Dr. Robert Rozman, 3327 Courtleigh Drive, Baltimore; phone 922-3897); June 25 (at home of Ron Bounds, 649 N. Paca St., Baltimore; phone SA7-8202). Meetings are informal.  
DISCLAVE '66 -- May 13-15, Diplomat Motel, Washington, D.C. Details have been published in issues 18 through 21 of the JOURNAL. As this issue will not be distributed until the DISCLAVE weekend, we will say no more on the subject. (See inside.)  
MIDWESTCON '66 -- June 24-25, Carrousel Inn, Cincinnati Ohio. Details are in "The Con Game", which appears elsewhere in this issue of the JOURNAL.

-----

THE WASHINGTON SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION -- Regular membership \$4 per year (\$2 if under 18), payable quarterly; Associate 15¢ per meeting attended (10¢ if under 18); Corresponding \$1 per year, renewable June 1 of each year, 1st year prorated as appropriate at 25¢ per quarter; Life and Honorary, no dues; only Regular and Life may vote and hold office.

-----

The JOURNAL is published bi-weekly, and is free to all Regular and Life members in good standing; \$1 per year via 3rd class mail or \$1.50 per year via 1st class mail for Associate members, with payments credited to member as advance dues for the year; free but via 3rd class mail to Corresponding members, who may receive it via 1st class mail by paying an extra 50¢ per year. For trades, write the editor. Third class mailings are sent two issues at a time, at end of month. Ads accepted; see the editor. Deadline for material for issue #23, May 27; for issue #24, June 10. Please check the address label and the code thereupon: A, Associate member; C, Contributor; G, Guest; H, Honorary member; L, Life member; M, Regular member; N, you are mentioned in this issue; P, Corresponding member; R, for review; S, Sample; T, Trade; X, last issue, unless . . .

Don Miller

THE WSFA JOURNAL  
% D. Miller  
12315 Judson Road  
Wheaton, Md., 20906

TO:

FIRST CLASS MAIL