

'T' H I E W S I ' A JOURNAL

The official organ of the Washington Science Fiction Association -- Issue Number 23
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DISCLAVE: 1966
(As seen through the eyes of.....)

Ted White:

I suppose the Disclave this year actually started for me when Robin and I drove into Manhattan to pick up the rest of our merry crew of Fanoclasts -- Dave Van Arnam, Rich Brown, Mike McInerney, Andy Porter, Cindy Heap and John Boardman -- in the Weiss Rak V, my doughty fan bus. From the moment we all got together, it was a rolling party, and one which continued with little pause for the next two days.

I was pleased to see the Disclave return to the Diplomat (the last time it had been there was 1962), because of its convenience and accessability to the Balto-Washington Parkway. I was less pleased by the way in which the Diplomat has shown its years. A motel which was "Washington's Finest" upon its opening in 1958 or 1959 has quickly become used and soiled, tattered around its edges and no longer at all "fine".

There was another reminder of the past as well: as we drove into the motel grounds around 8:30, Friday evening, we were confronted by the sight of several large busses disgorging flocks of young, pre-teen school patrol boys, in Washington for their own get-together. The last time the Disclave shared a motel with these children was in 1958, at the Arva, when the Disclave was first revived. We didn't mix well with them then; it seemed an unhappy omen.

Fortunately, my last sight of the school patrolers was on Friday night, quite early, as the motel manager hustled a stray off to his room. Subsequently, the premises were dominated by fans.

For me, the actual party highlight was Friday night, in the open DC suite, where I had a chance to renew acquaintances with many local fans, say hello again to GoH Roger Zelazny, hear Terry Carr tell me that he'd read the first six chapters of my new book and didn't like it, and have my first decent conversation with Judy Merrill in many a year. Judy and I have been enemies of varying degrees for a longish time, and it was a pleasure to find we had become, at least, friendly enemies now.

Since Robin and I were staying with my parents in Virginia, we left early -- somewhere around 3:30 a.m. -- after checking with genial Banks Mebane over the program schedule for the next day.

We arrived back at the motel not long after the program was due to begin, and a short time before it actually began. I was discouraged to discover that the room in which we were meeting had no amplification, and poor acoustics, and my interest in the opening item of the program was somewhat dampened by my inability to hear some of the speakers who were less than twelve feet away from me.

The opening item was a panel on New Writers in SF, continued from its abortive appearance at the over-programmed Open ESFA meeting this year. The panellists included Jim Sanders, Mark Owings, Banks Mebane, chairman Fred Lerner, and added member Terry Carr. The panel belied its promise in degenerating into an argument over the merits of Thomas Disch and becoming a running dialogue between Jim Sanders and Terry Carr. Sanders had done his homework by reading in the previous week everything Disch had published, and he kept defender Carr hard-pressed. Lerner, as moderator, added little to the panel except direction, keeping most of his opinions to himself. Owings was totally unintelligible from where I sat, and Mebane said little except to defend Cordwainer Smith.

The second item was Roger Zelazny's Guest-of-Honor speech. It was, as he'd carefully warned us beforehand, more a reading than a speech, since his opening remarks were only a preface to somewhere over 3,000 words of prose from his new book, The Lords of Light.

I had called the attention of the Disclave's membership to Zelazny as a writer only the year before, and I yield to no one in my admiration for his work. I have been enormously impressed by everything he has told me about his new book, and the reading was only added confirmation. Zelazny is that uncommon person: the stylist's stylist and the storyteller's storyteller. He is capable of all the sly and droll trickery with words of an Avram Davidson, but he also can tell a story with all the singing wonder of an Arthur C. Clarke, and the hard-headed movement of a Heinlein.

Every writer has the secret urge to read his works to an audience, and I was worried beforehand about the reception Roger would receive. I need not have worried. I believe everyone was impressed. Dave Van Arnam, who had confessed to me his inability to get into Roger's "...And Call Me Conrad", told me afterwards that now he would have to read that work.

Ben

Jason followed with a discussion of the Hugo awards, which he was instrumental in creating and founding, the nominees for this year, and his opinions on the failures of the awards. Ben made hard sense, and later demonstrated his flexibility when, after a number of us had criticised the inclusion of only three nominees in each category this year, amended the nominations to give five contenders per category.

The

final item on the program was my own panel, Commercial Aspects of SF, which was also continued from this year's Open ESFA meeting. The panel included Jack Gaughan, Terry Carr and myself, and in it we tried to explore some of the conflicts between the idealism of our field and the commercial realities. In the end, we were mostly talking shop, but, judging from the questions from the audience, this was what was wanted.

That ended the program, but not the Disclave. A group of us bundled into the bus again to set forth for the Chinese Restaurant Bob Pavlat had reserved for the twenty-five of us who'd raised our hands in response. I had in mind the memory of previous years' jaunts, usually to an Italian Restaurant, where everyone congregated in a special room set aside for us, but ordered individually.

When we got to the restaurant, we found that everyone else was there before us, that we added up to more than the total of twenty-five, and that there would be no individual orders. We also found the tab would be \$3.50 a person, a price I rarely pay for food sight unseen and unselected. I had an unhappy flash of memory of the last time I had participated in such an occasion -- a Sunday afternoon in a Chinese Restaurant in Cincinnati after a Midwestcon, when we were served the chef's leftovers for a fixed price -- and we quietly agreed among ourselves that this was not the setup for us.

At

John Boardman's suggestion, we dined at a Chinese Restaurant on (I believe) Fifteenth St., which had signed photos of past presidents on the wall and fine food that worked out to less than \$3.00 per person.

The official Disclave party, Saturday night, had been moved to the meeting room, which, despite walls and a ceiling which seemed already drunken, was a better party room than the meeting room.

But it wasn't good enough. Parties just don't seem to work in big open rooms. At various times groups of roudy young singers drowned out all the conversation in the room, and at other times everyone seemed to be aimlessly roaming about, groups forming and reforming without coherence. The room seemed especially big and depersonalized as the hours wore on and the attendance thinned, although by then people were beginning to huddle together, for some sort of warmth. In the end, everyone migrated to one of the New York rooms, where the party continued, I'm told, into mid-morning.

Robin and I didn't try to bitter-end it; we were too tired. We returned to Virginia, where we slept comfortably until late morning, and then joined my parents at Sunday dinner. Afterwards, we strolled in the gardens and along the lawns and under the trees, and tried to forget that we would be returning all too shortly to a city apartment.

Jay Haldeman:

I arrived a little late for the "early arrival party" at the Diplomat Motel, yet had no trouble finding the fans. The noise led me in the right direction, but the real clue was the predominance of facial hair along with the presence of one small, but active, Boa Constrictor. Alan Huff had placed himself strategically between the door and the bathtub full of beer; from this vantage point he was able to grab everyone for their registration fees.

The party was well attended by fans and pros alike. As the weather was pleasant, most of the discussions were held on the balcony -- much to the consternation of motel guests and management. Both Jim and Judy Blish attended the con; I think I sold my car to Judy . . . or was it my wife? Things get hazy after the second bathtub of beer. Since I still have both, it must have been a bad dream. Judith Merrill dropped in later . . . it seems that she was on her way through. She gave the party additional atmosphere with her lively discussions.

"New York in '67" buttons were very much in evidence, along with written propaganda. In contrast, Baltimore did very little campaigning; they evidently felt that most of the East-Coast fans had already been committed. It appears that Baltimore is waiting until the MIDWESTCON to make their big power-play.

About 1 a.m. the Motel management requested that we round up the fans from the balcony and roof. They suggested that if the party were moved indoors other inhabitants of the Diplomat could get some sleep. The proposal was given serious consideration and, following lengthy debate, most of us withdrew to the WSFA suite. When I left the party at 2 a.m., it was still going strong; I understand it lasted until 5.

The next morning, bleary-eyed fans awoke to discover that they were facing an official program, which I shall not go into great detail describing -- deferring instead to Ted White's vastly superior journalistic ability.

The program was hampered by impossible acoustics which made anything softer than a moderate scream inaudible past the second row. It began at precisely 2 p.m. WSFA time, which is about 2:15 anywhere else.

The first item on the program was a New Writers' Panel, moderated by Fred Lerner, and consisting of Banks Mebane, Mark Owings, Terry Carr, and Jim Sanders. It was an interesting discussion, with many conflicting opinions. Disch was one of the many writers whose works were tossed around.

Roger Zelazny, the Guest-of-Honor, was next. He read portions of a chapter from a forthcoming novel. It was pure sword-and-sorcery, very well received. It was excellently written, and Roger's manner of delivery made it all-the-more interesting.

Ben Jason announced the results of the Hugo Nominations balloting; they are published elsewhere in this issue. There was some discussion on the pros and cons of the Hugos in the light of the small response. Alternative balloting procedures and the Nebula Awards were also mentioned.

The final portion of the program was a "pro" panel consisting of Ted White, Terry Carr, and Jack Gaughan. They carried over from the Open ESFA their discussion of commercialism in SF. It was a stimulating panel, informing the fans of the trials, tribulations, and rewards for those who depend on Science-Fiction for their bread-and-butter.

Following the meeting, everyone adjourned for dinner. WSFA had made arrangements with the Tai-Tung Restaurant in Washington's Chinatown. We had a dinner for 25 (choose seven from column A, nine from . . .). Several people hesitated to come, thinking that they would not have much of a selection. They were quite mistaken, as the food was both plentiful and delicious. All-in-all, a good meal!

From the dinner we returned to the Diplomat for the "Reception -- refreshments provided". It turned out to be a rousing reception and refreshments were indeed provided. A few random remembrances . . . the strains of "God Save the Queen" . . . a sing-along with tape recordings of Tom Lehrer . . . pin-ball machine addicts looking for change behind the cushions . . . Karen Anderson's dress . . . one of my Manx cats eyeing the snake . . . Jack Gaughan and others making a continuous drawing that ended up looking like a tenth-generation mutant tapeworm . . . Mike McInerney's top hat . . . Don Miller arriving late and hiding behind a stack of WSFA JOURNALS . . . the snake eyeing one of my cats . . . Phyllis Berg's chocolate-chip cookies . . . bewildered guests of the motel looking up the stairway . . .

The party broke up about 3 a.m. As this was too early for many of us to retire, a crowd wandered over to my room for a few(?) drinks. Banks' room adjoined mine and we opened the connecting door. To understate a bit, a good time was had by all. Fans seem to party better when crowded together -- or at least they do it more loudly. Fred Lerner chased the cats all night. Andy Porter set off non-explosive fireworks out on the balcony. Everytime I tried to fall asleep someone would put a quarter in the bed and it would wake me up. Roger Zelazny looked very tired, but managed to hold an attentive audience. People came in and out all night. As dawn rolled around, everyone was sitting quietly or sleeping on whatever was available. My brother started snorting and woke everybody but himself. What followed is not likely to be repeated at any future DISCLAVE -- Joe stood up, still 99% asleep, and started to do a little dance step that would have best been accompanied by a band from Baltimore's "Block". He was subdued by his wife.

At this point the sun was shining too brightly through the curtains, so we decided to go out for breakfast. Banks was upset at Andy Porter for wearing such a bright, cheery smile while everyone else was pretty slow.

Back at the motel the survivors sat on the patio by the pool. I noticed that they spoke in hushed voices and all wore sunglasses. I left at that time and went home to sleep for a day or two.

A very enjoyable DISCLAVE.

Don Miller (Subtitled, "An Editor's Dilemma"):

Months ahead of time I had been pointing towards the DISCLAVE. Weeks ahead of time I started gathering material for the special "DISCLAVE" issue of THE WSFA JOURNAL. Then, around the beginning of May, catastrophe -- the mimeograph broke down in the middle of a publication -- and, the next day, I was involved in an auto accident! Frantically, I scrambled around trying to get the mimeo repaired, getting the auto banged back into shape, and chasing around taking care of the various paper-work and red-tape involved after an accident occurs; during this time, of course, material for the JOURNAL began to pile up.

About a week before the DISCLAVE I started typing stencils for the usual 10-page JOURNAL. I reached ten pages, realized I had far too much material for ten, and decided to go for 18. Around about 15 in came the long but very interesting LUNACON report from Jay Klein; I first planned to serialize it, but I didn't have the heart, and so passed 18 -- indeed, passed 20 -- pages. When I finished typing the report my fingers refused to stop, so I went on typing up some more of the excellent material which was lying around. In fact, I typed right on through Friday night and into Saturday morning, missing the Friday night DISCLAVE reception. I finally wore out after 28 pages (18 of them the last day)!

Well, on Saturday morning I uncovered the mimeo which had just been repaired, slapped on the first stencil, and started it rolling -- a couple hours of mimeoing, another hour of collating, and then off to the afternoon program (or so I thought). I was horrified to discover that only one-half of the silk-screen was being inked. Frantically I pumped, cajoled, begged -- but no improvement -- just big globs of ink dripping down one side, and nothing on the other. I tore the machine apart, removed the inking mechanism, cleaned it thoroughly, tested it and retested it to see that fluid was being pumped through all of the holes -- and then tried again. Same result! I repeated the process, growing more-and-more frantic all the time, but had no better luck when I again tried to run something off. Finally, I got on the phone and called various mimeo companies to try and locate a firm which would do an emergency job of running off the stencils for me.

By this time it was 2 p.m., and the program was already starting. I luckily located someone from the Gestetner Corporation, who suggested what the source of my trouble might be. So, I went back to the infernal machine, flipped a switch, and then tried again -- with success. . . and I didn't even know that switch was there!

At any rate, I had to retype the first page, as the excess ink oozing through it during my morning trials had knocked out the centers of half the "o's" and some of the other letters. I started the mimeo again at about 3 p.m., finished around 5:30, showered, gulped down some food, grabbed a box and threw the mimeoed pages and some other 'zines into it, and broke a few speed records racing over to the Diplomat.

I arrived in Jim Latimer's Diplomat room at about 7 p.m. (the party had not yet started), opened the box, and spread 14 piles of JOURNAL pages around the room. I collated for about an hour, then headed over to the party with Jim. Upon arrival, I grabbed a couple of tables, put them together, and began collating again.

During the course of the evening I managed to meet a few DISCLAVE attendees (those which stopped by the table either out of curiosity or to pick up their free copy of the JOURNAL) -- some whom I had met previously at last year's DISCLAVE, and others for the first time. I had long and interesting conversations with Ned Brooks, Jim Sanders, John Boardman, Ben Jason, and others, and managed to pick up a few more players for the Diplomacy games being conducted through the JOURNAL supplement, DIPLOMANIA.

Other than what I was able to accomplish while seated at the tables, the DISCLAVE was, for me, a total "zero". With a family, etc., I don't get to many cons, so I always look forward to the annual DISCLAVES -- so I was quite disappointed at missing most of this one.

Having missed the Friday night party, the Saturday program, and the Saturday "banquet", I can only comment upon the Saturday night party. From where I sat, the party seemed somewhat slow. Knots of people appeared here and there, and a group of younger fans howled loudly for much of the evening in accompaniment to Tom Lehrer recordings. The drinks seemed to be flowing rather smoothly, and some fans had a bit too much. But the party seemed to lack something -- call it "warmth" -- the atmosphere was quite different from that at last year's 'CLAVE. Things seemed much too restrained.

Well, anyway, here's to next year's 'CLAVE! Maybe I can make that one!

S. F. PARADE

Book Review -- WORLD'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION: 1966, edited by Donald Wollheim and Terry Carr (Ace Books, H-15, 60¢, 287 pages).

This anthology is not unified by any particular theme, nor are the fifteen stories uniformly good. Harlan Ellison's "Repent, Harlequin! Said the Ticktockman" stands head-and-shoulders above the rest, and indeed, holds the Nebula Award for the best short story in addition to being among the Hugo finalists.

Then, in a bunch, come Fred Saberhagen's "Masque of the Red Shift", Ron Goulart's "Calling Dr. Clockwork" and Lin Carter's "Uncollected Works", all highly rated for different reasons. "Masque" is a tightly-plotted action story, one of the very best of the Berserker Series. "Dr. Clockwork" is a horrifying (and funny) mixture of madness and machinery -- a black comedy. "Uncollected Works" is an exercise in fine writing that is done so well that the slight nature of plot doesn't matter. All three stories are excellent, and, together with "Repent, Harlequin" are worth the anthology's cost -- so the other eleven stories are gravy.

Dipping into the gravy we come up with Fritz Leiber, Jr.'s "Good New Days", Arthur C. Clarke's "Sunjammer", Larry Niven's "Becalmed in Hell" and Christopher Anvil's "The Captive Djinn".

Fritz Leiber, Jr. pits a heroic mom against the world of the future. She is one-dimensional, but very fat, while the world of the future is extrapolated on two main lines -- reaction against automation, and Urban Renewal Triumphant plus a dash of compulsory Medicare. Entertaining and quite good.

Arthur C. Clarke takes an international boat race, and transposes it out into the solar system using the device of ships sailing with the solar wind. First published in BOY'S LIFE, it is aimed at the 11-15 year age-bracket, and scores a palpable hit.

Larry Niven takes us on a jaunt to the surface of Venus -- hot and murky -- where we have a failure in our transport. Is the failure physical or in the mind of the ship? A good yarn.

Christopher Anvil comes up with a bit of acetylene chemistry and a recipe for making an explosive -- silver acetylide -- which I have prepared. He doesn't say how the nozzles bubbling the acetylene into the ammoniacal silver nitrate are kept from clogging, though. Also, he spreads the stuff out wet, so that when it dries a rat walking on it will touch it off. However, it doesn't need to dry. Aside from such technical considerations the story is pretty fair main-line classical science-fiction. The aliens are good.

The rest of the stories were run-of-the-mill. The Simak was good, but not good Simak. "Planet of Forgetting" was a gimmicky adventure story -- mediocre Schmitz. None of the stories were really bad, although I didn't like "Apartness" by Vernor Vinge or "The Decision Makers" by Joseph Green. A matter of taste, I expect.

On the whole, the collection is a good one, with a value far in excess of its cost.

Alexis A. Gilliland

George Scithers announces that, with Dick Eney's departure for Vietnam, the "file of back issues of AMRA is temporarily out of action". He requests that anyone interested in obtaining back issues contact him: George H. Scithers, USA R&D Office, APO, New York 09757 -- he will advise when things are "back to normal". --ed.

SPIES AT LARGE

Book Reviews -- GET SMART! and SORRY, CHIEF, by William Johnston (Tempo Books, 60¢ each).

These two paperback novels relate the hilarious exploits and misadventures of Maxwell Smart, Secret Agent 86 for Control, a fictitious intelligence organization closely resembling the U.N.C.L.E. Smart's career is also the subject of a spy-spoof comedy series, created by Mel Houghton and Buck Henry (formerly of "That Was the Week That Was"), produced by Talent Associates--Paramount Ltd., and shown on NBC-TV, which inspired these books. The TV show is called "Get Smart", and the makers of the "U.N.C.L.E." series are understandably displeased about it, but can do little to stop it, because their own show is on the same network.

Max Smart is exactly the opposite of slick, smooth, suave, sophisticated, bold, daring, dashing, swashbuckling, highly-efficient agents like James Bond, Sam Durrell, and Napoleon Solo. You see, Smart is enthusiastic and eager, but he happens to be the stupidest, most inept, inefficient, and bungling secret agent around -- and he is certainly the funniest. Yet despite all the mistakes he makes and all the anguish his long-suffering boss, the Chief, has to endure, Max does accomplish his missions, defeats his enemies, and gets results for Control and for the free world, much to the delight and merriment of his army of fans. A rival network, ABC-TV, attempted an imitative and derivative show called "The Double Life of Henry Phyfe", but it wasn't anywhere near as good and turned out to be a big flop. "Get Smart", however, is one of the biggest hits of the year and will be back again in the Fall. Max's inseparable companion is Fang, Secret Agent K-13, the stupidest spy-dog around, a canine hero absolutely unlike Lassie and Rin-tin-tin. Like his master, Fang can't do anything right either!

In the book GET SMART!, our blundering hero Max and his dog Fang help girl inventor Miss Blossom Rose search Manhattan, Greenwich Village, and the United Nations Building for her missing robot, Fred. Enemy spies, working for F.L.A.A.G. (Free-Lance Agents Amalgamated) -- pronounced and spelled "Flag" -- try to frustrate them and kidnap Fred, besides attempting other nefarious crimes on the side. But Fred, the robot, has ideas of his own! Cops, beatniks, businessmen, diplomats, beautiful girls, and double-agents are involved in this wacky tale.

The sequel, SORRY, CHIEF, tells how Maxwell Smart, with the dog Fang and the beautiful female operative, Agent 99, go looking for the mysterious Dr. X, his new invisibility serum, and a suitcase containing six invisible guinea-pigs. Dr. X is planning to sell his discovery to KAOS (pronounced "chaos"), an enemy organization resembling Thrush. Max, 99, and Fang look for Dr. X aboard the transoceanic luxury-liner "Queen Edward" (her father, the King, wanted a boy!), but they find nothing but trouble all the way, with lots of laughs for the readers. As usual, the fate of the entire civilized world is at stake, but somehow our side manages to "muddle through", and humanity does survive. Whenever anything goes wrong, Max Smart knows just what to do about it -- he says: "Sorry about that, Chief!" Whenever he gets into a tight spot, Max tries to bluff his way out with a sort of diminishing "whopper". (For instance, he'll say to his captor something like this: "Beware, this ship is surrounded by six U.S. Coast Guard vessels, quickly closing in on you, and ready to fire their cannon and put boarding-parties on your decks!" The villain replies: "I find that hard to believe." So Max says: "Would you believe three Coast Guard ships and a squad of marines?" The villain says, "No, I don't believe that either." Max says then, "Well, would you believe two cops in a rowboat?") Variations on this gag are endless.

Another favorite device is Max's shoe which has a radio-telephone in its heel. Still another favorite gag is this: Whenever the Chief has something important to

explain, Max insists that they discuss it under the protection of a plastic bubble-shield, called the Cone of Silence, but neither Max nor the Chief can hear one another when it's in use! So it isn't practical, and most of the other gadgets Max uses don't function properly either. In short, Max Smart isn't really an "intelligence" agent; he's a "stupidity" agent instead! Read these years on super-spies and super-science just for laughs. William Johnston writes rather well and has a good sense of humor.

Book Review -- GET SMART ONCE AGAIN!, by William Johnston (Tempo Books, 154pp, 60¢).

This novel, the third book in the Maxwell Smart series, is even sillier and more preposterous than the first two. This time, Control has obtained, surreptitiously and by stealth, from the opposition group KAOS, a top-secret enemy plan for an enemy operation known as "the Dooms Day Plan". What does the plan say? Well, Control doesn't know, because it's all written in a KAOS code or cipher so Control can't read it. Control's boss, the Chief, calls in the beautiful, shapely, young blonde cryptographer, Miss Peaches Twelvetees, for assistance, but she can't decipher it, either. Max Smart has a try at it without success.

By this time the Chief is desperate; KAOS knows Control agents have stolen their Dooms Day Plan and taken it to Control headquarters in Washington, D.C., so KAOS is likely to try to infiltrate Control headquarters to steal it back, and Control still doesn't know what the Plan says! Something must be done! So the Chief orders Max and Peaches to go far away, evade pursuit by KAOS agents, decipher and read the Plan, and report back to headquarters -- and do it fast! Max is even more helpless than usual, because Agent 99 is going off on vacation, and Fang, the spy-dog, is away on another assignment without Max. To make matters worse, Max and Peaches find themselves opposed by KAOS' top agent, I. M. Noman, the spy with a plastic rubber face, the result of plastic surgery, which enables him to contort his features to look like anybody else at will. Max decides that he and Peaches are going to go to New York, Moscow, and Peking in an effort to elude KAOS, but they never succeed in leaving Washington. All through the book, they keep on trying to do so but never manage to get out of town; one thing after another comes up to frustrate them, and Max encounters one obstacle after another, giving him a succession of logical reasons -- logical in his terms, that is! -- for his staying in D.C. no matter how hard he tries to get away. The confusion that results is absolutely Kaotic, I assure you!

Albert E. Gechter

NEWS FROM ACE

July Releases --

WORLDS FOR THE TAKING, by Kenneth Bulmer (F-396, 40¢) -- "The Terran Corps was aggressively gathering new planets for Sol's system, moving far worlds through space to new orbits around our sun. Then they discovered a vast time-bomb in the core of a new planet, planted by a mysterious alien race . . ."

THE ULTIMATE WEAPON ("Uncertainty", 1936 AMAZING serial), by John W. Campbell -- "As an alien horde from the star Mira invaded, Earth's scientists worked desperately to perfect The Ultimate Weapon!" and

THE PLANETEERS, by John W. Campbell (G-585, 50¢) -- "Exiled from Earth for illegal experimentation with atomic power, space explorers Penton and Blake meet fast-paced adventure throughout the solar system."

SOMEWHERE A VOICE, by Eric Frank Russell (F-398, 40¢) -- "Savage alien worlds, unexpected futures, and problems for humanity such as only a master of science fiction could envision -- here are seven great s-f adventures by the world-famous author of SINISTER BARRIER, DREADFUL SANCTUARY, SENTINELS FROM SPACE, etc."

1966 HUGO NOMINEES

The following are the final nominees for the Hugo awards to be given at the 1966 TRICON; number in parentheses after each category heading indicates total number of items nominated in each category; items are not necessarily in order with respect to numbers of votes received within category:

Best Novel (70):

AND CALL ME CONRAD, by Roger Zelazny
DUNE, by Frank Herbert
SQUARES OF THE CITY, by John Brunner
SKYLARK DUQUESNE, by Edward E. Smith
THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS, by Robert A. Heinlein

Best Short Fiction (100):

DAY OF THE GREAT SHOUT, by Philip Jose Farmer
DOORS OF HIS FACE, LAMPS OF HIS MOUTH, by Roger Zelazny
MARQUE AND REPRISAL, by Poul Anderson
REPENT HARLEQUIN, SAID THE TICKTOCKMAN, by Harlan Ellison
STAR DOCK, by Fritz Leiber

Best Professional Magazine (16):

AMAZING
ANALOG
FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION
GALAXY
IF

Best Professional Artist (35):

Frank Frazetta
Frank Kelly Freas
Jack Gaughan
Gray Morrow
John Schoenherr

Best Dramatic Presentation (34):

NO AWARD (overwhelmingly)

Best Amateur Magazine (49):

DOUBLE BILL
ERB-DOM
NIEKAS
TRUMPET
YANDRO

Best All-Time Series (61):

BARSOOM Series, by Edgar Rice Burroughs
FOUNDATION Series, by Isaac Asimov
FUTURE HISTORY Series, by Robert A. Heinlein
LENSMEN Series, by Edward E. Smith
LORD OF THE RINGS Series, by J. R. R. Tolkien

We assume that the TRICON Committee will soon be sending out ballots; if you are not yet a TRICON member, be sure to send in your membership fee (\$3 attending membership, \$2 non-attending membership) so you can vote. Send it to: 24th World Science Fiction Convention, P.O. Box 1372, Cleveland, Ohio, 44103. Make checks payable to: "24th World Science Fiction Convention". Sources of the short stories, and, we hope, reviews of each of the nominees, will appear in future issues of the JOURNAL.
Don Miller

REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT-ELECT

The meeting of May 20th was preceded by an impromptu program, consisting of Tom Lehrer recordings accompanied by the enthusiastic, if untrained, voices of several WSFA members. It was quite late before a quorum arrived, and the meeting was finally called to order by Vice-President Mark Owings. There was very little business other than the committee reports. It appeared that everybody was still in the process of recovering from the DISCLAVE weekend.

I would like to take this occasion, my first official appearance in the JOURNAL, to thank the membership for their expression of confidence in my ability to serve as President. I consider it an honor. But honors are not made to be worn, but deserved. I shall strive, to the best of my ability, to be deserving of this honor. I owe quite a debt to organized fandom, and WSFA in particular, having first met my wife at a WSFA meeting. In some small way I will try to repay this debt by accepting the responsibilities and duties of the office of President. I only hope that I can keep the meetings as interesting as they were under the guidance of Banks Mebane. He said that he had the most comfortable chair at meetings, but it was what he accomplished from that chair that was important. I hope that I can fill that chair as well.

J. C. Haldeman

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

On hand, 10 May 1966 \$76.76 (*)
Dues, Regular members \$4.00
Dues, New Regular members \$4.00
Dues, Corresponding members (renewals) ... \$1.00
Cash balance from 1966 DISCLAVE \$21.43
Expenses: Mimeo paper (30 reams) for JOURNAL \$50.00
 Postage \$.05
On hand, 20 May 1966 \$57.14 (*)

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

A complete roster of members in good standing appeared in issue #20 of the JOURNAL; several changes were published in issues 21 and 22; additional changes are as follows (next complete roster will appear in issue #26):

Regular members (active) -- Add:

Blish, James -- 5021 Seminary Rd., Apt. 630, Alex., Va., 22311
(578-3100)

Corresponding members -- Add:

Felkel, H. Warren -- 4802 Beachway Drive, Tampa, Fla., 33609 (877-1234)
Klein, J. K. -- 219 Sabine St., Syracuse, N.Y., 13204
Santesson, Hans Stefan - 489 5th Ave., New York, N.Y., 10017 (986-3685)

Associate members -- Add:

Blish, Judith (Mrs.) -- 5021 Seminary Rd., Apt 630, Alex., Va., 22311 (578-3100)

Changes-of-Address:

Eney, Richard H. -- USAID, AD/FO Vietnam, %American Embassy, Saigon; APO,
San Francisco, Calif., 96243

Get, Sidney -- %Mandarin Cafe, 103-01 Queens Blvd., Forest Hills,
N.Y. (TW7-7000)

Haldeman, Alice -- 4211-58th Ave., Apt. #10, Bladensburg, Md. (779-1642)

Haldeman, J. C. -- 4211-58th Ave., Apt. #10, Bladensburg, Md. (779-1642)

Jacks, Gerald -- 4203 Labyrinth Rd., Baltimore, Md., 21215 (764-2987)

Klein, J.K. (after June 15) -- 302 Sandra Drive, North Syracuse, N.Y., 13212

Muhlhauser, Fritz -- 420 West Cullom, Chicago, Illinois

Add to list of Corresponding members who have paid 1st-class postage JOURNAL fee:
J. K. Klein, Hans Stefan Santesson.
Add to list of Regular members paid up through May, 1967:
James Blish.

Members are reminded that dues (Regular membership) are due for the June-August quarter; those who have not paid by the first meeting in July will be considered delinquent and will be dropped from the rolls. Regular members paid up to date for the current quarter (June-August) are: Phyllis Berg, Jim Blish, Phil Bridges, Russ Chauvenet, Frank Clark, Bill Evans, Buddie Evans, Al Gechter, Alexis Gilliland, Alice Haldeman, Gay Haldeman, Jay Haldeman, Joe Haldeman, Jim Latimer, Don Miller, Peggy Pavlat, Jan Slavin, Joe Vallin, and Gus Willmorth.

Corresponding members are reminded that their dues are due for the WSFA year June 1, 1966 through May 31, 1967. Amounts owed (after proration) are as follows for once-per month, 3rd-class delivery of the JOURNAL; figures in parentheses represent amount to be paid if first-class, as-published delivery of the JOURNAL is desired:

Lon Atkins -- \$1.00 (\$1.50); C.W. Brooks, Jr. -- 75¢ (\$1.12); Robert H. Davis -- 75¢ (\$1.25); Alfred M. Emmons -- 75¢ (\$1.25); Isabel Fine -- 75¢ (\$1.25); Sidney Get -- 25¢ (37¢); Fred Lerner -- \$1.00 (\$1.37); Duncan McFarland -- \$1.00 (\$1.50); Gregory R. Molenaar -- 25¢ (37¢); George A. Parks -- 50¢ (75¢); Bruce Taylor -- 75¢ (\$1.25); Mark Walsted -- 75¢ (\$1.25); Michael J. Ward -- 75¢ (\$1.25); Charles Wells -- 25¢ (75¢); Robert C. Whittier -- 75¢ (\$1.25).

Corresponding members not listed above have paid their dues -- either 3rd- or 1st-class, for WSFA year '67. DIPLOMANIA players are reminded that your dues must be paid (1st class) for you to continue in DIPLOMANIA games.

WSFA membership in good standing includes 33 Regular, 34 Corresponding, 4 Associate, 6 Life, and 10 Honorary. A quorum stands at 15.

ANNUAL REPORT for WSFA year 1966 --

On hand 7 May 1965	\$86.33
On hand 6 May 1966	\$124.76
Total collected during year	\$268.51
Total paid out during year	\$230.08
Net gain during year	\$ 38.43

All monies -- dues, etc. -- should be sent to the Treasurer (excluding DIPLOMANIA fees, which are sent to Don Miller), with checks made out to Philip N. Bridges. Address is: Mr. Philip N. Bridges, 17910 Pond Road, Ashton, Md., 20702.

Philip N. Bridges

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

Sixteen persons attended the WSFA meeting of 20 May 1966: Bill Berg, Phyllis Berg, Elizabeth Cullen, Alice Haldeman, Gay Haldeman, Jay Haldeman, Joe Haldeman, Alan Huff, Jim Harper, Jim Latimer, Gary Manker (guest), Don Miller, Mark Owings, Jan Slavin, Joe Vallin, and Bob Weston.

Elizabeth O. Cullen

REPORT OF THE MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE

New Regular member: James Blish.

New Associate member: Judith Blish.

New Corresponding members: H. Warren Felkel, J.K. Klein, Hans Stefan Santesson.

ANNUAL REPORT for WSFA year 1966 --

Regular members -- 13 new, 1 reinstatement; Corresponding members -- 24 new, 4 transferred from Regular; Associate -- 1 new, 1 transferred from Regular; LIFE --

5 transferred from Honorary, 1 new; Honorary members -- 1 new.

William B. Berg

REPORT OF THE PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE

Excluding the present issue, 22 issues of the JOURNAL (and several supplements, including 8 issues of DIPLOMANIA) have been published to date. Supplies on hand include 74 stencils, 26.4 reams of mimeo paper, and 5 tubes of mimeo ink.

An alternate publisher (with a Gestetner) is still urgently needed by the Publications Committee. We could also use a couple of stand-by stencil typists, particularly in helping with some of the typing in the larger WSFA printing projects.

ANNUAL REPORT for WSFA year 1966 --

Excluding issue #22 and the current issue of the JOURNAL, and DIPLOMANIA #8, 19 issues of the JOURNAL (#'s 3-21) were published during the past WSFA year; also published were 9 supplements (issues 8-1 and 8-2 of the JOURNAL, and issues 1-7 of the JOURNAL Diplomacy supplement, DIPLOMANIA). Exact record of supplies used during this period is not available, as no record was kept concerning early issues of the JOURNAL.

Donald L. Miller

REPORT OF THE DISCLAVE REGISTRAR

Registered attendees at the 1966 DISCLAVE, by State from which they came, are as follows:

CALIFORNIA -- Karen Kruse Anderson (Mrs. Poul Anderson).

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA -- Betty Berg, Bill and Phyllis Berg, Richard S. and Doris Pitkin Buck, Al Gechter, Alexin and Doll Gilliland, Jim Harper, M. Fenwick Mattingly, Roger Phillips, Jim Latimer, Bruce and Jo Van Wely, and Judith Merrill (who was not registered).

CONNECTICUT -- Ann F. Tomaine.

MARYLAND -- Skip Anna, Paul Borkowski, Ron Bounds, Tim Burnell, Larry Converse, Jack Chalker, Dave and Vol Ettlín, Bill and Buddie Evans, Kerry Fahey and "Her", Mike Hakulin, Jay and Alice Haldeman, Joe and Gay Haldeman, Alan Huff, Tom Keefer, Ann Leonhard, Bob Madle, Banks Mebane, Mark Owings, Don Miller, Rikki Patt, Steve Patt, Bob and Peggy Pavlat, Craig Ransom, Bob Rozman, Jan Slavin, Gary Slavinsky, Nelson Sparks, Joe and Lois Vallin, John Welch, Bob Weston, Kim Weston, and Roger Zelazny.

MASSACHUSETTS -- Elaine Isaacs.

MICHIGAN -- Dannie Plachta.

NEW JERSEY -- Jack and Lhoebe Gaughan, Alan Howard, Fred Lerner, and Bob Whalen.

NEW YORK -- John Boardman, Charles and Marsha Brown, Terry and Carol Carr, Rich Brown, Cindy Heap, Hal Lynch, Mike McInerney, Dick Lupoff, A.B. Perlmeter, Andy Porter, Edwin A. Slavinsky, Chris Steinbrunner, Jim Sanders, Dave Van Arnam, and Ted and Robin White.

OHIO -- Frank Andrasovsky and Ben Jason.

PENNSYLVANIA -- Harriett Kolchak, and J.O. and Ann McKnight.

VIRGINIA -- Jim and Judy Blish, Ned Brooks, Colin Cameron, Phil Harrell, Hallie Kruse, and Steve Stiles.

UNKNOWN -- Thomas J. Fitzgerald; also the registrant assigned number 42, for whom there was no card on file at the end of the DISCLAVE.

I hope that covers everyone -- if anyone has been missed, please let me know so we can bring our records up to date.

Alan Huff

NEWS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Eastern Science Fiction Association announces a special program on Sunday, June 5, at 3:00 p.m., in the YM-YWCA at 600 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey. Guest Speaker will be John J. McGuire (author, with H. Beam Piper, of "A Planet for Texans", "The Return", "Null-ABC", and "Hunter Patrol"), who will speak on H. Beam Piper, the mechanics of collaboration, science-fiction in general, and of a last story by him and Mr. Piper.

DIPLOMANIA players, attention! June 10 deadlines are: game A, Summer 1905 retreats and propaganda; game B, Winter 1903 retreats and conditional builds, and propaganda; game C, Summer 1903 retreats and propaganda; game DM, Hrive 3002 retreats, builds, and propaganda; game F, Winter 1901 retreats, conditional builds, and propaganda; game GC, Spring 1901 moves and propaganda, and any votes called for; game HT, Winter 1970 retreats, conditional builds, and propaganda; game IY, Spring 1901 moves and propaganda, and any votes called for; game J, Spring 1901 moves, propaganda, and rule-votes; game KTE, Winter 1870 retreats, conditional builds, and propaganda; game LE, Summer, 1901 retreats and propaganda; game MME, rule-votes. Deadline for next season in all games will be June 16; deadlines will be two weeks apart from then on. More information in DIPLOMANIA #9. Builds in game DM are conditional.

More ACE July, 1966 Releases --

ANATOMY OF A PHENOMENON, by Jacques Vallee (H-17, 60¢) -- "The most rational and scientifically documented examination of the Unidentified Flying Objects question yet produced. It is comprehensive and authoritative -- as immediate and factual as today's newspaper."

SOMEONE WAITING, by Anne Maybury (K-238, 50¢) -- Gothic novel.

FESTIVAL OF DARKNESS, by Marie Garratt (G-583, 50¢) -- Gothic novel.

Science-Fantasy paperback releases announced for June (ref. PAPERBOUND BOOKS IN PRINT, June, 1966 issue) -- ACE: "Islands of Space", by John W. Campbell (45¢); "Strange Events Beyond Human Understanding", by S. Robert Tralins (50¢); "Saga of Lost Earths", by Emil Petaja (40¢); "This Immortal", by Roger Zelazny (40¢); "Dawnman Planet", by Mack Reynolds, and "Inherit the Earth", by Claude Nunes (50¢); AVON: "Earthman, Come Home", by James Blish (reissue, 60¢); "Sixth Column", by Peter Fleming (60¢); BANTAM: "Digits and Dastards", by Frederik Pohl; "Blue World", by Jack Vance; (each 50¢); BELMONT: "Scheme of Things", by Lester Del Rey (50¢); BERKLEY: "Night of Light", by Philip Jose Farmer (50¢); "Destination: Void", by Frank Herbert (50¢); DELL: "Tomorrow Midnight", by Ray Bradbury (60¢); "Commander-1", by Peter George (75¢); GOLD MEDAL: "Three Times Infinity", ed. by Leo Margulies (reissue, 50¢); LANCER: "Phoenix Prime", by Ted White (60¢); PAPERBACK LIBRARY: "Impact-20", by William F. Nolan, with introduction by Ray Bradbury (reissue, 50¢); "Lady of the Shroud", by Bram Stoker (75¢); "Mike Mars, Astronaut", by Donald A. Wollheim (45¢); "Mike Mars Flies the X-15", by Donald A. Wollheim (45¢); "Fate's Strangest Mysteries", edited from FATE MAGAZINE (50¢); PYRAMID: "Golden Scorpion", by Sax Rohmer (50¢); SIGNET: "Thirty-Eighth Floor", by Clifford Irving (75¢); "Mariner IV to Mars", by Willy Ley (60¢); "Ultimatum", by Bill Mayer (60¢); WASHINGTON SQUARE PRESS: "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea", by Jules Verne, translated by Walter James Miller (95¢).

DOUBLEDAY SCIENCE-FICTION -- Sept-Oct. '66: "The Revolving Boy", by Gertrude Friedberg (\$3.95); November: "Science Fiction for People Who Hate Science Fiction", ed. by Terry Carr (\$4.50); "Claret, Sandwiches and Sin", by Madelaine Duke (\$3.95); "Earthblood", by Keith Laumer and Rosel George Brown (\$4.95); Nov-Dec.: "From Earth to Heaven", by Isaac Asimov (\$4.50); "Nebula Award Stories, 1965", ed. by Damon Knight (\$4.95); December: "The Collected Editorials of John W. Campbell", ed. by Harry Harrison (\$4.95); "From Carthage Thel Came", by Douglas R. Mason (\$3.95). (See issue #22 of the JOURNAL for Doubleday releases for May through August, 1966.)

DIPLOMANIA players, attention (again)! All deadlines announced on the preceding page are hereby rescinded. All June 10 deadlines are advanced to June 16, and all June 16 deadlines to June 30. We are sorry for the confusion; a schedule with deadlines only one week apart was just too much for both the players and the Games-master. Henceforth we will stick to our bi-weekly schedule as originally planned.

A few S-F paperback releases announced for July (ref. PAPERBOUND BOOKS IN PRINT, June, 1966 issue) -- "Triumph of Time", by James Blish (AVON, reprint, no price given); "Ship of Ishtar", by A. Merritt (AVON, reprint, no price given); BALLANTINE: "Night of the Wolf", by Fritz Leiber; DELL: "West of the Sun", by Edgar Pangborn (50¢); (oops! Price of Leiber book was also 50¢); DOUBLEDAY: "Exploration of the Moon" (revised edition), by Franklyn M. Branley (95¢); "Weather on the Planets: What We Know About Their Atmospheres", by George Ohring (\$1.25); HARPER: "On the Beach", by Nevil Shute (60¢); PAPERBACK LIBRARY: "The Solarians", by Norman Spinrad (50¢); "Mike Mars at Cape Kennedy", by Donald A. Wollheim (45¢); PYRAMID: "Dream Detective", by Sax Rohmer (50¢); "Emperor Fu Manchu", by Sax Rohmer (50¢); "Children of the Lens", by E. E. "Doc" Smith (60¢); "First Lensman", by "Doc" Smith (60¢); "Galactic Patrol", by "Doc" Smith (60¢); "Gray Lensman", by "Doc" Smith (60¢); "Skylark of Space", by "Doc" Smith (60¢); "Skylark of Valeron", by "Doc" Smith (60¢); "Skylark Three", by "Doc" Smith (60¢); "Triplanetary", by "Doc" Smith (60¢); SIGNET: "James Bond Dossier", by Kingsley Amis (no price given). (For information on ACE releases for July, see elsewhere in this issue of the JOURNAL.)

New English Hard-Bounds (From Ken Slater's April catalogue; material in quotes is Ken's) --

I CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT, edited by Kurt Singer (Whiting & Wheaton, 238 pp, 21/-): An anthology containing 13 stories -- "The Family", by Margaret St. Clair; "The Dead Man", by Ray Bradbury; "The Watchers", by Ray Bradbury; "Outside of Time", by Carroll John Daly; "Skydrift", by Emil Petaja; "Mistress Sary", by William Tenn; "The Lost Day", by August Derleth; "The Man Who Cried 'Wolf'!", by Robert Bloch; "The Smiling Face", by Mary Elizabeth Counselman; "Welcome Home!", by Charles King; "These Debts Are Yours", by Arthur J. Burks; "Ship-in-a-Bottle", by P. Schuyler Miller; and "Please Go 'Way and Let Me Sleep", by Helen W. Kasson. This entire collection is of stories from WEIRD TALES, with dates as follows: St. Clair, 1/50; Bradbury: 7/45 and 5/45, resp.; Daly: 1/50; Petaja: 11/49; Tenn: 5/47; Derleth: 5/45; Bloch: 5/45; Counselman: 1/50; King: 5/45; Burks: 11/49; Miller: 1/45; Kasson: 3/45. "A good collection of the horror tales."

STAR FOURTEEN, by Frederik Pohl (Whiting & Wheaton, 240 pp, 21/-): An anthology containing 14 stories from the "Star Science Fiction" series published by Ballantine Books -- "Whatever Happened to Corporal Cuckoo?", by Gerald Kersh; "The Advent on Channel Twelve", by C.M. Kornbluth; "Disappearing Act", by Alfred Bester; "Twin's Wail", by Elisabeth Mann Borgese; "Country Doctor", by William Morrison; "Daybroke", by Robert Bloch; "The Deep Range", by Arthur C. Clarke; "A Cross of Centuries", by Henry Kuttner; "The Man With English", by H.L. Gold; "Sparkie's Fall", by Gavin Hyde; "Space-Time for Springers", by Fritz Leiber; "Dance of the Dead", by Richard Matheson; "The Happiest Creature", by Jack Williamson; and "It's a GOOD Life", by Jerome Bixby. ". . . the original editor has done very well at the task of reviewing his own work and selecting fine representative stories for an audience that is (averagely) a decade and a half older or later...."

TALES FROM THE LONG LAKES, by Keith Bosley (Faber & Faber, 144 pp, ill., 21/-): "The stories in this book are taken from the great Finnish saga, the Kalevala. Primarily, they have been retold here for juveniles, and to break up the epic poem into easily assimilated episodes the story is told by Great-Uncle Erkki to a group of children . . . But again, you might like to read the book yourself. It tells the epic poem in simple form, which may cause it ((to)) lose some of its drama and majesty, but certainly makes it lighter reading for the 'casually interested'..."

New English Hard-Bounds (Continued from preceding page) --

B.E.A.S.T., by Charles Eric Maine (Hodder & Stoughton, 190 pp, 16/-): "The initials of the title stand for: Biological Evolutionary Animal Simulation Test. The story starts with an investigation into a misuse of a computer, and a possible security breach, but develops into a battle between the investigator and the Beast -- which has turned from a 'simulation' to an independent thinking creature . . ."

THE PLAGUE FROM SPACE, by Harry Harrison (Gollancz, 207 pp, 18/-): "When the 'Pericles' returns from an exploratory trip to Jupiter it makes a near-crash landing at an airport instead of a spacefield. One member of the crew comes through the airlock -- and he rapidly dies with all the symptoms of a horrible new disease. The disease spreads after it has been transmitted by birds.... Exciting and readable, straight s-f adventure."

THE EIGHTH GALAXY READER, edited by Frederik Pohl (Gollancz, 248 pp, no price given): Contains twelve stories from GALAXY -- "Comic Inferno", by Brian W. Aldiss (2/63); "The Big Engine", by Fritz Leiber (2/62); "A Day on Death Highway", by Chandler Elliott (10/63); "The End of the Race", by Albert Bermel (4/64); "The Lonely Man", by Theodore L. Thomas (4/63); "A Bad Day for Vermin", by Keith Laumer (2/64); "Dawningsburgh", by Wallace West (6/62); "And All the Earth a Grave", by C.C. MacApp (12/63); "Hot Planet", by Hal Clement (8/63); "Final Encounter", by Harry Harrison (4/64); "If There Were No Benny Cemoli", by Philip K. Dick (12/63); "Critical Mass", by Frederik Pohl and C.M. Kornbluth (2/62).

All of the above, and many other hard-bounds, paperbacks, and magazines -- both English and American -- are available from Ken Slater at: Fantast (Medway) Ltd., 75 Norfolk St., Wisbech, Cambs., England. Ken has a large second-hand selection as well, and will want-list items not in stock at the time you order. He will accept personal checks made out to Kenneth F. Slater. Prices do not include postage; we would advise you to add about 1/6 per book to cover postage. For remittance in dollar-checks, 1/- is equivalent to 14¢ in U.S. currency. Thus 21/- is about \$3, and 1/6 is about 20¢. Ken also puts out an excellent monthly catalogue.

Advance S-F paperback release announcements for August (ref. PAPERBOUND BOOKS IN PRINT, June, 1966 issue) -- "Just So Stories", by Rudyard Kipling (AVON, no price given); "Metal Monster", by A. Merritt (AVON, no price given); PAPERBACK LIBRARY: "Mike Mars in Orbit", by Donald A. Wollheim (45¢); "Fate #4", edited from FATE: MAGAZINE (50¢); PENGUIN: "Princess and Curdie", by George MacDonald (95¢); POPULAR LIBRARY: "Haunting of Hill House", by Shirley Jackson (60¢); PYRAMID: "Bride of Fu Manchu", by Sax Rohmer (50¢); SIGNET: "The Moon", by V.A. Firsoff (50¢); "Just So Stories, by Rudyard Kipling (no price given).

September paperback release announcements (ref. PAPERBACK BOOKS IN PRINT, June, 1966 issue) -- AVON: "Foundation", by Isaac Asimov (no price given); BALLANTINE: "Upfold Witch", by Josephine Bell (50¢); "Tarnsman of Gor", by John Norman (no price given); BANTAM: "Fantastic Voyage", by Isaac Asimov (60¢); DELL: "Challenge of the Sea", by Arthur C. Clarke (50¢); "Billion-Dollar Brain", by Len Deighton (75¢); "Time of the Great Freeze", by Robert Silverberg (no price given); DOVER: "Lunar Atlas", edited by Dinsmore Alter (\$3.50); JOHN KNOX PRESS: "Devil with James Bond", by Ann S. Boyd" (no price given); HARPER: "Invasion from Mars: A Study in the Psychology of Panic", by Hadley Cantril (\$1.95); PAPERBACK LIBRARY: "Invaders from the Dark", by Grege La Spina (50¢); "Mike Mars Flies the Dyna-Soar", by Donald A. Wollheim (45¢); PYRAMID: "Daughter of Fu Manchu", by Sax Rohmer (50¢); "Green Eyes of Bast", by Sax Rohmer (50¢).

We goofed and forgot to send the TRICON Informational Flyers out with issue #22 of the JOURNAL; we expect to include them with the first 100 copies of this issue. Please note that the flyer antedates PROGRESS REPORTS 1 and 2, and that the prepared copy sizes described in the flyer have been changed. Refer to the TRICON section of "The Con Game" in issue #22 for the revised copy sizes and other info.

In brief --

Also enclosed with this issue are the entry blank and contest rules for the 1966 Story Contest of the National Fantasy Fan Federation. Here's your chance to put your writing skills to a test -- and maybe win a bit of money (and fame), too!

We have received our copy of The MITSFS Index to the SF Magazines, 1951-1965. We are told there was a slight problem with the printer, and 20-lb paper was used instead of 50-lb paper, but the Index is nevertheless a valuable and very welcome addition to our bibliographic library -- in fact, we used it to obtain the dates in the review of THE EIGHTH GALAXY READER elsewhere in this issue! Price is now \$8 (\$7 to owners of first index); order from: Treasurer, MIT Science Fiction Society, Room W20-443, MIT, 77 Mass. Ave., Cambridge, Mass., 02139. Do it now!

Also, remember the Piser FANZINE INDEX; see issue #22 of the JOURNAL for details.

FOCAL POINT POLL 1965 -- deadline 1 July -- see TWJ #22 for details.

CofA -- Bruce Robbins, 436 S. Stone Ave., LaGrange, Illinois, 60525 (PARADOX ed.)

Ed Meskys, 723A 45th St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11220 (NIEKAS ed.)

Our thanks to Al Gechter for the Doubleday and paperback info in this issue.

June/July Calendar --

WSFA Meetings -- June 17; July 1, 15, 29 (party); at home of Miss E. Cullen, 7966 W. Beach Drive, N.W., Wash., D.C., 20012, at 8 p.m. Phone No. RA3-7107.

The Gamesmen -- June 10, 24; July 8, 22; at home of D. Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Md., 20906, at 7:30 p.m. Phone No. 933-5417. Call first if possible.

BSFS Meetings -- 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); July 9 (at home of Jack Chalker, 5111 Liberty Heights Ave., Baltimore; phone FO7-0685); July 23 (election meeting; at Holiday Inn, in Baltimore; more on this meeting later).

MIDWESTCON '66 -- June 24-26, Carrousel Inn, Cincinnati, Ohio (8001 Reading Road, one block north of the North Walters Plaza). Reservation cards and further information may be received from: Lou Tabakow, 3953 St. John's Terrace, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45236; a more detailed write-up appears in "The Con Game", in TWJ #22.

WESTERCON XIX -- July 1-4, at Handlery's Stardust Motor Hotel and Country Club, Hotel Circle, Mission Valley, San Diego, Calif. GoH, Harlan Ellison; Fan GoH's, John and Bjo Trimble. Membership fee \$1.50 in advance, or \$2 at door. Send fee to: John H. Hull, 1210 Hemlock St., Imperial Beach, Calif., 92032. For more information see "The Con Game", in issue #22 of the JOURNAL.

NEW YORK COMICON -- July 23-24, Park Sheraton Hotel, N.Y. City. see TWJ #22 or write to John Benson, 207 W. 80th St., N.Y., N.Y., for more information.

SOUTHWESTERNCON '66 -- July 23-24, Hotel Southland, Dallas, Texas. Write: Larry Herndon, 1830 Highland Drive, Carrollton, Texas, 75006. More info will appear in the next issue (#24) of the JOURNAL.

OZARKON I -- July 29-31, Downtowner Motor Inn, 12th & Washington Sts., St. Louis, Missouri, 63101. Write: James N. Hall, 202 Taylor Ave., Crystal City, Mo., 63019, or see issue #22 of the JOURNAL, for more information.

For information on later cons (VIENNA CON '66, DEEPSOUTHCON IV, TRICON, PHILLYCON, and NORWESCON), see "The Con Game" in issue #22 of the JOURNAL.

The JOURNAL is published bi-weekly by D. Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Md., 20906, 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. Deadline for material for issue #24, June 10; #25, June 24. Address code: 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