

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

The official organ of the Washington Science Fiction Association -- Issue Number 25
Editor and Publisher: Don Miller July, 1966

1966 WSFA PICNIC

The annual 4th of July picnic will be held on the 3rd of July this year. Bill and Phyllis Berg have offered WSFA the facilities of their cottage just north of Annapolis for the blast. It has been insinuated by some of our northern friends (TWJ #23) that WSFA is unable to throw a decent party. We in the know, know better. To prove them wrong, grab your food, drink, blankets, wives, girl friends or what-have-you, and come on over on the third.

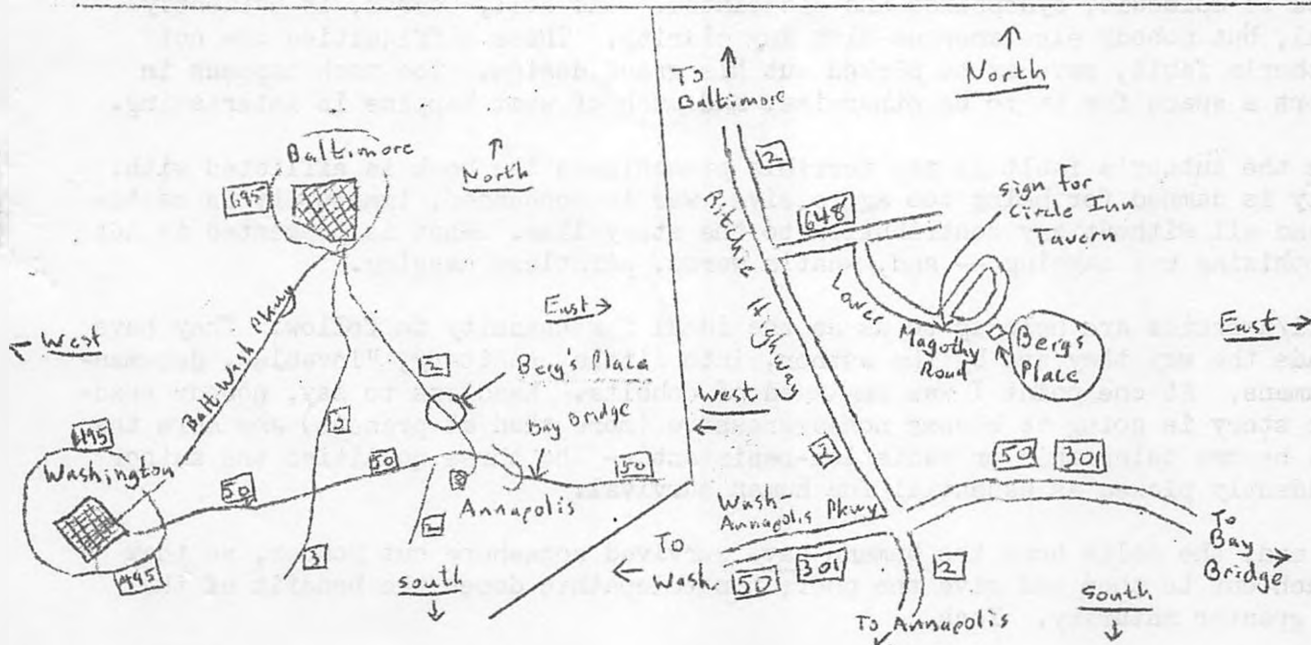
It would be appreciated if the following, in addition to your own food and drink, could be brought:

- ice chests -- the beer capacity of the refrigerator is limited.
- records -- a record player will be provided.
- games -- game players will be provided.

Directions and maps appear below. Drop on over and have a good time.

J.C. Haldeman

Directions: From the D.C. area, take the Wash.-Annapolis Parkway (Rts. 50/301) to the other side of the Severn River, and turn left on the Ritchie Hgwy. (Rt. 2); proceed 6 or 7 miles on Rt. 2, then turn right on Rt. 648. Go 1 mile on 648, turn right on Lower Magothy Road; Berg's cottage is .2 miles after you pass sign for Circle Inn Tavern (on the right about 1 mile from Rt. 648). Coming in from the north, come down Rt. 2 and turn left on Rt. 648 (about 12 miles south of Baltimore).



S.F. PARADE

Book Review -- DAWNMAN PLANET, by Mack Reynolds, and
INHERIT THE EARTH, by Claude Nunes (Ace Double G-580, 50¢, 123/127 pp).

The Reynolds yarn appeared in ANALOG as "Beehive", and in spot-checking I didn't find any changes apart from the original.

DAWNMAN PLANET has one good concept -- the idea of a technically-advanced society rigidly bound by ritual in all matters, to the point where independent thought is impossible. It also has some above-average gadgetry, such as the world-smasher that changes as oxygen-nitrogen atmosphere to an ammonia-methane-hydrogen one, and the widjet that speeds one up fantastically but exacts a monstrous penalty in premature aging. The action moves along pretty fast, and some of it is interesting. Some is also contrived, artificial and pointless.

The characters are bad, even for Reynolds. Sid Jakes grins like an idiot all the time. Ross Metaxa is a big, burly cipher, Ronny Bronston is a boy scout in the CIA, Rita Daniels, the newshen/niece of the Dictator, is neither one nor the other. Baron Wyler, the dictator, starts off well, but falls into philosophizing at the level of a college sophomore, and lapses into nonentityship at the first difficulties. Phil Birdman, though, to give due credit, is adequate as the local agent of the Phrygia.

It is difficult to care much for these people. So what if Ronny does die suddenly of old age? Or Rita never finds out he was her True Love? Or Baron Wyler conquers the Universe? Or Ross Metaxa, for that matter.

The writing is pedestrian, a small cut above hack. The dialog is varied in quality from mediocre to pretty bad.

"Beehive" was alright, but I didn't bother to reread it as DAWNMAN PLANET.

INHERIT THE EARTH deals with a race of doll-sized androids who are radiation-proof, telepathic and non-aggressive. We follow them from their creation just prior to the Ultimate War, until they are reaching for the stars. Originally they were atomic-powered so they didn't have to eat, but the author evidently figured enough and the power wore off.

The book is episodic, synopsisized and disjointed. One doll, Oberon, is evidently immortal, but nobody else emerges with any clarity. These difficulties are not the author's fault, save as he picked out his grand design. Too much happens in too short a space for it to be otherwise, and much of what happens is interesting.

What is the author's fault is the terrible preachiness the book is afflicted with. Humanity is damned for being too aggressive, war is condemned, immaturity is castigated and all without any contribution to the story-line. What is presented is not philosophizing but nagging -- and, what's worse, pointless nagging.

The doll/androids are help up to us as the ideal for humanity to follow. They have been made the way they are by the author, into little, sanitary, "lovable", dehumanized humans. At one point I was reminded of hobbits. Needless to say, nobody reading the story is going to become non-aggressive (more than at present) any more than he will become telepathic or radiation-resistant -- the three qualities the author has evidently picked as essential for human survival.

At the end, the dolls hope the humans have survived somewhere out yonder, so they can reach out to them and give the poor, non-telepathic dopes the benefit of the dolls' greater maturity. Yech.

On the whole, I cannot say I enjoyed the book, although one could rate it an interesting failure.

Book Review -- THIS IMMORTAL, by Roger Zelazny (Ace Books F-393, 40¢, 174 pp).

This is the book version of "...And Call Me Conrad", which won the Nebula Award and a Hugo nomination for the best novel of 1965.

Describing the plot would leave you none the wiser, since the plot is there only to provide a sense of continuity to the action and characters.

It would be a shame to try and give a bald description of the action, as for instance: in the Egyptian Desert, they experience a mighty earthquake. When Conrad learns that the epicenter of the 9.6 quake (the Richter scale goes up to 9.5) was on the island of Kos, where his bride of two months is, and that they can't see the island anymore, he goes mad and tries to fight the whole camp. Hasan the Assassin sets his 5'6" 250-pound practice robot, programmed twice (five times?) as strong and fifty percent faster than an average human, on Conrad. Conrad beats the robot, but comes back to his senses in so doing.

Alright -- that's what happened, but too much is left out, and the flavor is missing.

The main characters build continuously through the book, Conrad in particular.

With THIS IMMORTAL Roger Zelazny has established himself as a kind of poor man's Nikos Kazantzakis. There is no question of leaving the field of "science-fiction" to write "main-line fiction" because, unless he goes absolutely hack-commercial, wherever he writes will be in the "main-line".

Go buy the book, and read it. Forty cents invested in Xerox ten years ago wouldn't give you as much pleasure.

Alexis A. Gilliland

July/August Calendar --

- WSFA Meetings -- July 1, 15, 29 (party); August 5, 29; at home of Miss E. Cullen, 7966 W. Beach Drive, N.W., Wash., D.C., 20012, at 8 p.m. Phone No. RA3-7107.
- WSFA Picnic -- July 3, at cottage of Bill & Phyllis Berg (details on first page).
- The Gamesmen -- July 8, 22; August 12, 26; at home of D. Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Md., 20906, at 7:30 p.m. Phone No. 933-5417. Call first, if possible.
- BSFS Meetings -- July 9; August 13, 27; at home of D. Ettlin, 31 West North Ave., Baltimore. Phone No. 837-2876. Meeting time, 7:30 p.m.
- BSFS Election and "Open" Meeting -- July 23, 7:30 p.m., Holiday Inn, Lombard and Howard Sts., Baltimore; everyone welcome).
- 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 & Bjo Trimble. Membership fee is \$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. GoH comic pro Dave Kaler. Membership fee, \$2.50, to Larry Herndon, 1830 Highland Drive, Carrollton, Texas, 75006. Hotel rates, Single, \$7.50; Twin, \$9.00.
- 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 August cons (VIENNA CON '66, DEEPSOUTHCON IV), see last page of this issue; for info on TRICON (Sept.) and PHILLYCON (Nov.), see issue #22.

SPIES AT LARGE

Book Reviews -- The "Matt Helm" Suspense Novels by Donald Hamilton (Gold Medal Books):
DEATH OF A CITIZEN (1960; 25¢, 40¢, 50¢); THE WRECKING CREW (1960; 25¢, 40¢, 50¢);
THE REMOVERS (1961; 35¢, 40¢, 50¢); THE SILENCERS (1962; 35¢, 40¢, 50¢); MURDER-
ERS' ROW (1962; 35¢, 40¢, 50¢); THE AMBUSHERS (1963; 40¢, 50¢); THE SHADOWERS
(1964; 40¢, 50¢); THE RAVAGERS (1964; 40¢, 50¢); THE DEVASTATORS (1965; 50¢).

This big-selling, widely-popular, well-liked, critically-acclaimed spy-thriller series of original paperback novels (not reprints from hard-backed editions!) is right up at the top in this genre; and deservedly so, because it is extremely well-written in highly-literate, strong, clear prose; the action moves along with a steadily increasing build-up of interest, action, and suspense; and the narrator-hero is a really fascinating, quite likeable, thoroughly believable person, besides being completely and thoroughly tough, single-minded, competent, and professional in his work as a secret agent. The stories keep getting better and better, as the series continues, reaching a high peak of reader-interest with the eighth volume, THE RAVAGERS, and showing only a very slight decline with the ninth and latest yarn, THE DEVASTATORS. Donald Hamilton has rightly been described as "the Hammett of espionage", because he has successfully applied to spy novels the kind of high-quality writing and extremely tough, hard-boiled, realistic heroism shown by Dash-iel Hammett and Raymond Chandler in their yarns about Sam Spade and Philip Marlowe, foremost and best of the old-favorite tough-guy private-eyes.

Matt Helm is the kind of no-nonsense hard-guy formerly personified in the movies by Humphrey Bogart. He is most definitely and emphatically not a disciple of Hugh Hefner's Playboy Philosophy, and, except that he's a killer-agent with an eye for the girls, he isn't very much like James Bond either. Bond is a dashing, swash-buckling adventurer, a glamorous, romantic figure, who is the central character in a series of escapist-entertainment melodramas on the borderline between science-fantasy and the world described in your daily newspapers. Matt Helm isn't a glamor-boy at all, and his environment is convincingly real, and (probably) these stories are rather close to what counterespionage is actually like, except for the large number of beautiful females involved. This is especially true of the first three novels, DEATH OF A CITIZEN, THE WRECKING CREW, and THE REMOVERS. The next five novels, THE SILENCERS, MURDERERS' ROW, THE AMBUSHERS, THE SHADOWERS, and THE RAVAGERS, introduce elements of futuristic super-science weaponry and spectacular derring-do, but are still rather deeply-rooted in reality and are not intended as escapist romanticism. But in the latest yarn, THE DEVASTATORS, author Hamilton appears to be having some fun with a tongue-in-cheek treatment of the James Bond formula -- with Helm as the hero instead of Bond -- and what a difference that makes!

The current movie-version of THE SILENCERS deviates greatly from the letter and the spirit of the original novels. The film is almost entirely a low-comedy burlesque of the James Bond series, with super-science trimmings by producer Irwin Allen (creator of "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea" and "Lost in Space"), with a lot of shootings, chases, gadgetry, and scantily-clad girls, and Dean Martin, charter member of the Hollywood Ratpack Clan, is badly miscast as Matt Helm, whom he doesn't resemble in the least in looks or personality. I may review it at greater length later. Who among actors today would have been better? Well, provided they played it straight instead of playing it for laughs, like Martin, any of the following would be more nearly satisfactory: Lee Marvin, Kirk Douglas, Burt Lancaster, or Chuck Connors. Anyway, this movie is mostly for girl-watching and for some rather low-brow laughs. Now, let's get back to the books.

Matthew L. Helm (code name: "Eric") is six-feet-four-inches tall, lean, rangy, muscular, a Norse-Viking type, born in Minnesota and raised in New Mexico, the son of Swedish immigrants. His "cover" is that he is a journalist, photographer, adventurer-novelist, outdoorsman, big-game hunter, expert rifleman, and an enthusiastic

boxer, wrestler, and fencer of nearly championship caliber. He makes his living in normal peacetime by writing newspaper and magazine articles, especially about hunting, fishing, sports, and adventure, illustrated by his own photos, or else he writes historical western novels or modern-day murder-mysteries and crime-thriller fiction. In short, he bears considerable resemblance to Donald Hamilton, even though he isn't an exact duplicate of the author who writes about him. As a very young man, Matt Helm became a second lieutenant of infantry in the U.S. Army soon after Pearl Harbor. Soon afterwards, in 1942, Helm was sent to England, and was recruited for undercover duty as a spy, saboteur, assassin, and terrorist, operating behind enemy lines in Nazi-occupied Europe; he thus became a secret agent for U.S. Military Intelligence and quickly won promotion to first lieutenant and captain by daring attacks on German officers. He belonged to a unit of killer-agents called the M-Group, resembling the O.S.S., and working independently in association with them. (This is plausible fiction; history makes no mention of the M-Group!) Helm was selected because of his skill as a hunter and rifleman in peacetime by an army officer called "Colonel MacDonald", which wasn't his real name or rank, just his "code" name or alias. His actual name was entirely different and not at all like "Mac" or "MacDonald" or anything similar.

Matt Helm frequently worked in association with two beautiful female agents named Tina and Maria. He was noted for his coolness, ruthlessness, toughness, efficiency, and ferocity, and so were these young women; he became emotionally involved for a time with Tina in a casual but passionate wartime affair. At the end of the war, he was recovering from wounds in a U.S. Army hospital in England, where he met and fell in love with an American nurse named Beth -- whom he married. On orders from his boss "Mac", Matt Helm was forbidden to mention his actual wartime duties to his wife and was instructed to tell her he had been a Public Information Officer and had never been involved in combat; he had never killed anyone (the story went), and his injuries were the result of an auto accident. He received his discharge and settled down with his bride at Santa Fe, New Mexico, where they lived a quiet, peaceful existence; they had two young sons and a younger daughter. And THAT was the situation Matt and Elizabeth Helm were in when this series started in 1960, fifteen years after his wartime exploits as a cloak-and-dagger man for Uncle Sam.

1960 was the year when Matt Helm, the happily-wedded, thoroughly domesticated, mild-mannered family man, husband, father, and provider, was forced by circumstances to abandon his placid civilian life and revert back to type as a "wild man", a dangerous "rogue male", a hunter and fighter and killer, an undercover agent walking a dangerous tightrope, pursued by foreign enemy agents and by his own government too. This is the meaning of the title DEATH OF A CITIZEN; Matt Helm's civilian life was ended, but his career as a secret agent for the M-Group in the Cold War against International Communism was just beginning. You see, M-Group was now functioning as a Federal Government bureau for security and counterespionage; its men were troubleshooting danger-men operating in association with the C.I.A. and the F.B.I.; "Mr. MacDonald" was still their chief, and all hell was breaking loose, because Smersh, the Soviet Intelligence-system's murder organization, was tracking down and killing off America's wartime agents in a series of assassinations! Matt Helm was needed again! It had to be stopped!

One evening in Santa Fe, Matt and Beth attend a party given by some neighbors. Also at this party is Tina, still beautiful, mysterious, and seductive as ever, and her tall, muscular, flashily-handsome, ostentatiously-masculine escort, a fellow named Frank Loris, whom Matt dislikes and distrusts instantly on sight. As soon as she sees Matt, Tina gives him their old wartime recognition signal, used as a greeting between U.S. secret agents in enemy territory; Matt assumes she has been sent out on a secret mission by Mac. Another guest there is a nuclear scientist at Los Alamos, and Matt surmises correctly that the scientist may have something to do with Tina's current assignment. Also present as a guest is a lovely young college girl and would-be authoress named Barbara Herrera, who wants Matt to read one of

her manuscripts and give an opinion on it -- or so she says.

Back home, later, Beth retires to bed, while Matt goes into his study. He finds Barbara Herrera there, with her manuscript, and her concealed weapons; she's a secret agent too -- and she's dead! -- murdered. Tina appears, admits the killing, says she did it to save Matt's life from a Red assassination plot, claims that she is acting on orders from Mac, tells Matt she is also in danger herself, and requests his help. Well, it just happens that Matt was about to depart next morning on a camping trip and automobile tour of Texas as research for a historical western he's been writing. But now he has a corpse to dispose of, a beautiful lady spy to accompany him, and cops, spies, and counterspies chasing them -- and a wife and kids at home who mustn't know or learn anything at all about it.

A succession of harrowing situations and perilous predicaments ensue as matters get worse instead of better. Mac himself meets Matt in a Dallas hotel room to explain things to Matt and persuade him to rejoin the intelligence service; things are most definitely not what they seem to be in this case. Tina and Loris are actually enemy agents working for Russia in the Cold War; Tina has duped Matt and intends to trap and kill him to eliminate a potentially dangerous American Intelligence reserve agent, just as she and her companions have already murdered other of her former wartime associates. Soon afterwards, Tina and Loris and their gang have kidnapped Matt's daughter and are holding her as hostage to secure his cooperation and assistance in their nefarious scheme, while Matt's wife Beth is going frantic with anxiety and desparation. Well, that destroy's all possibility of concealing Matt's "double life" as writer-photographer and as secret agent from his wife Beth. He tells her to stay out of it and let him, and the Federal agents, and the local police and sheriff's office handle it, professionally, and save their little girl.

Of course, Matt must shoot it out with the opposition and kill Loris personally. And Matt must also surprise the deceitful Tina and shoot her dead with his own hand in order to rescue his young daughter. And, of course, he does save her. Well, his wife, of course, does stick her nose into this matter, disobeying his instructions, and is an eyewitness to the killing of Tina. Matt had no choice, the slaying was necessary and justified, but Beth is in a state of shock -- she had no idea she was married to a killer, she thought he was a gentle soul who wouldn't hurt a fly, and she can't get over it -- her husband, after more than fifteen years, has turned out to be a different sort of person than she'd supposed -- he's hard, tough, cruel, ruthless, dangerous -- she really hadn't known him at all, and she's more upset and panic-stricken than ever, and scared of Matt, and angry with him.

In the sequel, *THE WRECKING CREW*, Matt's marriage with Beth is all "washed up", she's packed up and gone to Reno for a divorce and taken the children with her. So Matt has rejoined the "wrecking crew", the M-Group, the killer-agents for Uncle Sam, the men who specialize in international dirty-work and double-dealing and nasty tricks, the men who specialize in retaliations and reprisals against enemy agents. That sort of dangerous trouble-shooting is now called for in Sweden and elsewhere in Western Europe, and Smersh, the political assassination specialists of Soviet Intelligence, are responsible; one of their spymasters, a mystery-man with the code name "Caselius", is arranging the killing of American agents by the Reds, and Caselius must be found and eliminated by our side. So Matt goes to Sweden, where Caselius is believed to be, and he finally does get his man, but it most definitely isn't easy.

Matt is harder, rougher, meaner, and tougher than James Bond ever thought about being, and he is much less chivalrous and gallant, but he never stoops to the wanton sadism and unnecessary killing and brutality of that debased private-eye, Mike Hammer. Of course, he gets involved with various beautiful women, both good and bad, and since he is separated from his wife and about to be divorced, he attempts to console himself by casual affairs, but he's still carrying a torch for Beth. He

treats his women much more roughly than Bond ever would, but we know why Matt does it that way, and we sympathize with him. At the end, his mission accomplished, Matt returns to the States, and he's still unattached, heart-whole, and fancy-free -- and ready for another assignment.

Albert E. Gechter

(This concludes Part I of Albert's long review of the Matt Helm series; Part II will appear in issue #26 of the JOURNAL; and the series will be concluded in issue #27.)

MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY

August AMAZING -- About half of this issue is new fiction, which is the largest proportion since the new publishers took over.

Murray Leinster's two-parter, "Stop-over in Space", comes to a conclusion. It's an action yarn with space pirates that is readable, but not up to his best work. Leinster's habit of stopping every few pages to summarize what is going on is irritating; the story seems to have been written for people with very short attention spans.

The other new story is Philip Dick's "Your Appointment Will Be Yesterday". It's one of Dick's complex plots with numerous characters and strange ideas -- this one involves time running backwards. There are some loose ends and unexplained details, so I expect it will eventually turn up as part of a novel (this happens with most of Phil Dick's stories). He maintains a very high quality, to be so prolific.

There are five re-prints, of which the best is Frank Herbert's "The Gone Dogs", about a plague which threatens to destroy all the Canidae. John W. Campbell, Jr.'s "The Voice of the Void" and David H. Keller's "The Pent House" are period pieces from 1930 and 1932. The remaining two are medium-fair stories from the RAP era.

This is one of AMAZING's best issues since the metamorphosis.

August GALAXY -- The best story this time is "The Piper of Dis", a novelet by James Blish and Norman L. Knight. It is set in the future that contains Knight's Tritons, but they play no part in this story. This is an over-populated future in which the people live in great underground warrens while the surface is given over to a food-producing world forest. There are "stand-by cities", empty but capable of housing millions, built in advance of need from expanding population or a disaster requiring evacuation of other areas. Such a disaster threatens, when a giant meteorite is spotted heading for the North American continent. The story concerns the problems involved in moving hordes of people quickly. It's well thought out, but unfortunately the story concentrates mainly on pointless action involving serious equipment failure in one of the stand-by cities with a berserk madman thrown in for pulpish reasons. It's flawed, but nevertheless be sure to read it.

Frank Herbert's "Heisenberg's Eyes" concludes. It's full of complex action in the Van Vogt manner, with many interesting details, but it suffers from the inevitable comparison with DUNE.

Hayden Howard's novelet "Who Is Human?" continues his series about non-human Eskimos which began in the last GALAXY. It's readable, but not up to the first story in the series.

Keith Laumer's novelet "The Body Builders" is about artificial bodies, and did nothing for me. The two shorts are eminently forgettable, Brian Aldiss' non-fact article, "Heresies of the Huge God", is delightful; don't miss it.

This is an issue up to GALAXY's standard, but not outstanding.

Banks H. Mebane

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

On hand, 15 June 1966 \$67.91 (*)
 Dues, Regular members \$.50
 Dues, New Corresponding members \$3.00
 Dues, Corresponding members (renewals) \$1.75
 JOURNAL first-class postage fees \$2.12
 DIPLOMANIA fees -- game IY \$6.00
 game LE \$7.00
 game MME \$1.00
 Expenses: Stencils for JOURNAL (5 quire) \$11.25
 Postage, TWJ #23 (excess over advance) \$.80
 Postage, TWJ #24 \$ 2.35
 Postage, DIPLOMANIA #10 (advance) \$ 1.97
 On hand, 30 June 1966 \$69.91 (*)

(*) Excludes additional DIPLOMANIA fees held by Don Miller, \$7.35 owed WSFA by Fred Gottschalk, and a Corresponding membership fee (Rick Brooks) 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 21-24; additional changes are as follows (next complete roster will appear in issue #26):

Regular members (active) -- Add:

Derry, Charles F. -- 6817 3rd St., Riverdale, Md. (GR4-8071)

Corresponding members -- Add:

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

(Transfer from Regular membership)

Pournelle, J. E., Dr. -- 8396 Fox Hills Ave., Buena Park, Calif., 90620

Sanders, James -- %L. Janifer, 515 West 111th St. (Apt. 5b), New York, N.Y., 10025 (UN4-2613)

Regular members (Active) -- Drop:

Phillips, Roger W. (Transferred to Corresponding membership)

Changes-of-Address, etc.:

Cartier, Steve -- Charles G. Brannan, %General Delivery, Berkeley, Calif.

Haldeman, Alice -- Add ZIP Code: 20710

Haldeman, J. C. -- Add ZIP Code: 20710

Hoheisel, R. Wayne -- Change phone number to: 528:6460

Jacks, Jerry -- %F. Patten, 1825 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., 90025

Muhlhauser, Fritz, III -- 920 West Cullom, Chicago, Illinois (312-GR7-3578)

Add to list of Corresponding members who have paid first-class JOURNAL fee:

Alfred M. Emmons, Roger W. Phillips, Jerry Pournelle, and Jim Sanders.

Add to list of Regular members paid up through May, 1967: Charles F. Derry.

WSFA membership in good standing currently includes 25 Regular (for the June-August quarter -- Bill Berg, Phyllis Berg, Jim Blish, Phil Bridges, Russ Chauvenet, Frank Clark, Chick Derry, Bill Evans, Buddie Evans, Al Gechter, Alexis Gilliland, Alice Haldeman, Gay Haldeman, Jay Haldeman, Joe Haldeman, Jim Harper, Alan Huff, Jim Latimer, Banks Mebane, Don Miller, Peggy Pavlat, Jan Slavin, Joe Vallin, Bob Weston, and Gus Willmorth); 24 Corresponding (for the June 1, 1966-May 30, 1967 WSFA year -- Steve Cartier, Al Emmons, H. Warren Felkel, Margaret Gemignani, Paul Hemmes, Wayne Hoheisel, Ben Jason, Jay Klein, Harriett Kolchak, Terry Kuch, Dave Lebling, Pat McDonnell, John Mazor, Fritz Muhlhauser, Ron Parks, Roger Phillips, Harold Palmer Piser, Jerry Pournelle, Bob Rozman, Jim Sanders, Hans Stefan Santesson, Mike Ward, Harry Warner, and Bob Whalen); 4 Associate (Judy Blish, Alan Luehrmann, Steve Patt, and Kim Weston); 6 Life (Elizabeth Cullen, Betty Berg, Vernice Heckathorne, Frank Kerkhof, Bob Madle, and Russ Swanson); and 10 Honorary. A quorum stands at 13.

Philip N. Bridges

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

Minutes of the meeting of June 17, 1966, at the home of Miss E.O. Cullen, 7966 West Beach Drive, N.W., Washington, D.C. --

Called to order: 9:07 p.m.

Reports:

Membership Committee: No new members at the last meeting.

Treasurer: Balance in Treasury of \$67.91 at start of meeting.

Publications Committee: Issue #24 of TWJ was out. More stencils soon needed.

Librarian's Report: Space in the Library is being taken up by duplicate fanzines.

Librarian recommended disposal of most of these, and asked for suggestions.

Old Business: Jay Haldeman reported on the prices for printing new membership cards. It was moved, seconded and carried that the club purchase the cards at the lowest estimated price.

New Business: The annual 4th of July picnic was discussed and the Bergs offered the use of their cottage. It was decided to hold this year's affair on the 3rd of July, at the Berg's cottage (see announcement and map elsewhere in this issue).

Meeting Adjourned: 9:46 p.m.

Mark Owings, Secretary pro tem.

Present at the meeting of 17 June were 21 persons: Bill and Phyllis Berg, Phil Bridges, Elizabeth Cullen, Bill Evans, Al Gechter, Alexis Gilliland, Alice and Jay Haldeman, Jim Harper, Alan Huff, Jim Latimer, Don Miller, Mark Owings, Roger Phillips, Al Simons, Jan Slavin, Joe Vallin, Bob Weston, and Mr. & Mrs. J. Weston.

Mark Owings, Secretary Pro Tem.

REPORT OF THE MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE

New Regular member: Charles F. Derry.

New Corresponding members: Dr. J. E. Pournelle, James Sanders.

Transfer from Regular to Corresponding membership: Roger W. Phillips.

William B. Berg

REPORT OF THE PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE

Excluding the present issue, 24 issues of the JOURNAL (and several supplements, including 10 issues of DIPLOMANIA) have been published to date. Supplies on hand include 20 stencils and 16.9 reams of mimeo paper, plus 3+ tubes of mimeo ink. More stencils (5 quires) have been ordered.

Donald L. Miller

THE WASHINGTON SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION --

Executive Board: Pres., J.C. Haldeman; V-Pres., Mark Owings; Sec., Gay Haldeman; Treas., Philip N. Bridges; Trustees, Phyllis Berg, Elizabeth Cullen, Banks Mebane.

Standing Committees: Membership, Bill Berg (Chairman), Mark Owings, Banks Mebane; Program, Joe Haldeman (Chairman), Ron Bounds, Alan Huff; Publications, Don Miller (Chairman), Ron Bounds.

Membership/Dues: Regular, \$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 (plus 50¢ extra if 1st-class delivery of the JOURNAL is desired); Life and Honorary, no dues; only Regular and Life may vote and hold office.

Meetings: On the 1st, 3rd, and 5th Fridays of each month at 8:00 p.m., at the home of Miss E. Cullen, 7966 W. Beach Drive, N.W., Wash., D.C. (phone #, RA3-7107). See TWJ #24 for directions. Meetings are generally of an informal nature.

In brief --

We hope the maps on the front page reproduce legibly -- and that you don't get lost in following them -- we had a rather horrendous time in drawing them.

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 -- August 26-28, at the Sands Motel, 2700 Memorial Parkway S.W., in Huntsville, Alabama. Membership fee \$1.50 if you stay at the Sands, \$2 otherwise. Program not yet firmed. For additional information, write: Lon Atkins, Jr., P.O. Box 660, Huntsville, Ala., 35804.

NORWESCON '66, originally scheduled for Dec. 31, is off for the time being.

NOTE: In the listing of final Hugo Nominees which appeared in TWJ #23, under the "Best Fanzine" category, change "TRUMPET" to "ZENITH"; TRUMPET not eligible this year.

Fandom-wide Chess Tournament (postal) -- \$5 cash first-prize (or your choice of \$7 worth of Chess books and magazines from among wide selection, if you prefer) -- write Lon Atkins, P.O. Box 660, Huntsville, Ala., 35804. Deadline July 10. No entry fee.

BLITZ #1 (Games Bureau Chess-Division 'zine, ed. Lon Atkins) is out. Also, TGL-7.

DIPLOMANIA to split into two magazines -- DIPLOMANIA and DIPSOMANIA.

Only a few spots left open in DIPLOMANIA's latest, THE GAME OF ANARCHY (34 players, one per supply center) -- join now, as roster will shortly be filled. And it's free!

ERB-DOM, the best-reproduced fanzine we have seen (multi-colored covers, etc.), now 4/\$2.00 from Camille E. Cazedessus, Jr., 7182 Wolff St., Westminster, Colo., 80030.

Al Gechter reports that Corinth Books, 5839 Mission Gorge Road, San Diego, Calif., 92120, are reprinting, in paperback at 60¢ each, many of the 1930 pulp yarns. Releases announced to date are: Dr. Death series -- "Twelve Must Die", "The Grey Creatures", and "The Shrivelling Murders", all by Zorro; Operator 5 series -- "First Legion of the Death-Masters", "The Army of the Dead", and "The Invisible Empire", all by Curtis Steele; Secret Agent X series -- "The Torture Trust" and "Serpents of the Skull", both by Brant House; they have also released the 17th title in The Phantom Detective series (more info on this and the other 16 later).

Corrections to Secretary's Report in TWJ #24 (courtesy of Phil Bridges) -- Under "New Business", 1., change "insignia" to "insigne"; change "company wants" to "company should have"; under 2., change "he is not present." to "he is not present or when it is sent to other members"; change "he be the only one to collect money." to "he be the only one to collect money whenever possible."

Shadow FAPA reviving -- write: Dave Van Arnam, 1730 Harrison Ave., Apt. 353, Bronx, N.Y., 10453, for more information.

The JOURNAL is published bi-weekly, and is free to all Regular & 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 #26, July 8; for issue #27, July 22. Address code: A, Associate member; C, Contributor; F, "Friend" of WSFA's; G, Guest; H, Honorary member; L, Life member; M, Regular member; N, you are mentioned in this issue; P, Corresponding member, 1st-class JOURNAL delivery; Q, Corresponding member, 3rd-class JOURNAL delivery; R, for Review; S, Sample; T, Trade; X, last issue, unless . . .

Don Miller

THE WSFA JOURNAL

☞ D. Miller

12315 Judson Rd.

Wheaton, Md., 20906

TO:

FIRST-CLASS MAIL