

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

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BALTICONFERENCE

February 10, 11, 12, 1967

Hotel Emerson
Baltimore & Calvert Sts.
Baltimore, Maryland

Balticonference is a new and happy way to start off what has become the "convention season". Sponsored by the Baltimore Science Fiction Society, known for its fabulous partying, it will be a fun-type, faanish-type weekend.

The fun starts Friday night, where early arrivals can come to the Convention Floor and enjoy a sponsored party, stocked by us, from 8 until 2. After this, several enterprising fans will be throwing room parties -- and maybe you will, too? Poker and Diplomacy, of course, to the wee hours and beyond (the manager's a personal friend and knows the score).

On Saturday, beginning at 2 p.m., we'll present our program, which we refer to as "instant programming". This system, which worked well at the 1965 Disclave, will be repeated, we predict, with fun-type and interesting results. What is it? Come and see.

Saturday dinner will be a group affair, pay-as-you-go, in the fabulous Hawaiian Room, complete with live Polynesian entertainment and fabulous drinks.

At 8:30 we begin the public party anew -- and at 1:30 we'll shift to a multiplicity of rooms to continue the festivities.

Sunday is a time for recuperation, but we expect the parties will go on (in fact, we're planning for it).

Informal and relaxed, we cordially invite you to this mid-winter party-program. (And the registration fee goes 100% for drinks.)

Shall we expect you there? The hotel has free parking, and rates are \$9.50-\$11.00-\$13.00 (cheap) for luxurious rooms.

THE BALTIMORE SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY AND BALTIMORE CITY INVITE YOU!

SEE YOU FEBRUARY 10, 11, 12 AT THE EMERSON HOTEL, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND!

Jack L. Chalker
Balticonf. Committee

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MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY

January ANALOG -- Bonestell's cover showing a supernova illustrates Poul Anderson's novella, "Supernova". This is a Trader Team story set in the Polesotechnic League universe -- the team is making the first (or rather, second) contact with the planet of Merseia, which is inhabited by reptile-like beings in a primitive stage of civilization -- roughly that of Earth in the 21st Century. The problem is to save the planet from the effects of a near-by supernova and the story deals rather desultorily with the difficulties of persuading the Merseians to cooperate with each other and the alien experts. Merseia is, of course, the planet that will become, thousands of years later, the main enemy of Sir Dominic Flandry's decadent Terran Empire. Anderson has done better, but it's entertaining. ##### "Amazon Planet", Mack Reynolds' serial, continues as an action-packed galactic spy story. ##### There are three short stories. The best is Harry Harrison's harrowing glimpse of an over-populated and de-humanized future that makes a point about individual responsibility. H. B. Fyfe has an amusing story about a robot con-man and Keith Laumer has a slight tale about an out-of-control war machine.

February AMAZING -- John Brunner's new serial, "Born Under Mars", concludes. It's a vanVogtian yarn of tangled action with a few loose ends of motivation. It does keep moving. ##### The other new story is Ron Goullart's "Two Days Running and Then Skip a Day", which is another of his stories showing how we'll be unable to cope with our complicated future if we're foolish enough to let it get that complicated. ##### Charles R. Tanner's old, famous "Tumithak of the Corridors" is reprinted from 1931 -- the first time it's ever been reprinted, I think. It holds up very well, and the modern reader can see why it made such a splash in its time. ##### There are two other short reprints, one by Edwin James and the other a collaboration between Wallace West and Richard Barr.

February F & SF -- John Christopher's "The Little People" continues. It seems that the title roles are played by the results of an experiment by an evil Nazi scientist. The story is raring back to say something "important" about the human condition, but unfortunately the big people in it are straight from Proctor and Gamble: Can Waring and Helen save their marriage? Can Daniel and Bridget save their romance? Can Mat seduce Bridget? Can Cherry seduce Mat? Can Hanni, whose family died in Belsen, find happiness with the son of a Nazi war criminal? Can we last for another installment? ##### The one novelet this time is "The Hall of the Dead" by Robert E. Howard and L. Sprague de Camp; it was the outline for a Conan story discovered in Glenn Lord's prolific basement and written by de Camp. A great occasion for Conan buffs. ##### There are four short stories, all readable, by Fred Hoyle, R. L. Stevenson (yes, that one), Dennis Etchison, and E. A. Moors, and a Bonestell astronomical cover.

February GALAXY -- Jack Gaughan's excellent cover, subdued in color but wild in composition, illustrates another novelet in Hayden Howard's Esk series, which is getting out of hand -- in this one, Dr. West, the peripatetic hero of the series, journeys to Red China and puts Mao III, its ruler, under hypnotic control. The other novelet is Richard Wilson's "They Hilariated When I Hyperspaced to Earth"; as usual, he turns out well-written froth. ##### Jack Vance's "The Palace of Love" concludes rather tamely; this third Demon Prince is too much of a pushover. ##### Two of the four short stories are outstanding -- R. A. Lafferty's "Thus We Frustrate Charlemagne", a complex tangle of alternate worlds, and Philip K. Dick's "Return Match", an objectified nightmare about an alien super-pinball game. The other two are impractical but amusing solutions to the problem of war by Christopher Anvil and Wallace West.

MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY: 1966 AUTOPSY REPORT

The past year was not a spectacular one for the magazines. No new writer burst startlingly upon the sf firmament; some of the established ones enhanced their reputations and some did not. We will take a quick look at the "personality" of each magazine and mention the high spots.

The Campbell magazine -- For many years ANALOG's fiction has tended to fall into a two-lobed pattern. One lobe includes the typical Campbell "problem" story, in which the narrative is intended to illustrate an idea, often one derived from the editorials. John Campbell has always maintained his own stable of writers for this particular type of story, and he has increasingly neglected the quality of the writing in favor of the message, which is frequently planted at the end like the "moral" of a fable. The good examples of this type are usually turned out by writers who are not exclusively part of the JWC escuderia. The other lobe, making up the "bread and butter" of the thing for most readers, is simply well-written fiction full of action and entertainment, but usually not very deep. The ideas are there, but less obtrusively, and the sort of sociological sf that ASTOUNDING pioneered twenty-five years ago is now a matter of course. Poul Anderson is an outstanding practitioner of this sort of thing, and was represented by a serial, "The Ancient Gods", and a Trader Team story. Mack Reynolds has been a frequent contributor of late and had serials bracketing each end of the year, plus several shorts. Randall had his long, thoroughly entertaining "Too Many Magicians".

The best fiction often falls outside of this pattern. Bob Shaw's brief, moving "Light of Other Days" was among the best of the year. Gordon Dickson made one of his too-rare appearances with "Call Him Lord", and Hal Clement's "The Mechanic" represented the sort of "solid" science fiction that has become almost extinct, even in ANALOG. Charles L. Harness' "An Ornament to His Profession" was a beautifully conceived story, and Alexei Panshin and Ann McCaffrey each had memorable stories.

The cover art for the year maintained a high quality with Schoenherr and Freas, and one by Bonestell. The interior art, by Schoenherr, Summers, and Freas, was also good if seldom arresting. Schuyler Miller continued his book reviews, and for those who were interested, there were Campbell's editorials and "Brass Tacks". The fact articles are better in SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

And one good thing -- the days of proselyting for psi, Dean drives, and such seem to be over. But don't bet on it.

The Ferman magazine -- THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION (see, I can write it all out), despite what some consider the deficiencies of its editorial policy, manages to publish quite a few of the best stories in any year. In 1966 it had Roger Zelazny's powerful "This Moment of the Storm" and Avram Davidson's delightful "Bumberboom", plus Jack Vance's Overworld series, the first major appearance of Thomas Burnett Swann in an American magazine, and a special Isaac Asimov issue. All this, and Philip Dick's "We Can Remember It for You Wholesale", and two People stories by Zenna Henderson, should be enough to ask of any magazine.

F & SF has always tried to be more lit'ry than the rest of the sf rags, with indifferent success. It publishes many stories that are sentimental, whimsical, or too facilely satirical. The sentimental vein, when well-controlled, can produce such good stories as Doris Pitkin Buck's "The Little Blue Weeds of Spring", and I suppose Carol Emshwiller's hectic "But Soft, What Light..." could be called whimsy (if you call a hurricane a zephyr); but for a few exceptions like these, the standard policy produced little of interest last year. WSFA members may be interested in the two stories by Jon deCles, since I understand deCles is a pseudonym for Don Studebaker.

F & SF regularly mangles its serials by over-cutting, and the only '66 serial, John Brunner's "The Productions of Time", certainly suffered from this.

The covers used a variety of artists last year, with a variety of results; the best were by Jack Gaughan, Mel Hunter, and Chesley Bonestell. The features included Asimov's science articles, the ever-controversial Judith Merrill on books, Gahan Wilson cartoons, and brief science vignettes by Ted Thomas.

The Pohl magazines -- The three magazines in this group show varying facets of an editorial policy. GALAXY maintains a high polish, with good stories by well-known authors, but I think Frederik Pohl plays it too safe with this 'zine -- the assured crowd-pleasers go into it, but little that is unusual or controversial. IF is now in stride as the successor to PLANET STORIES (or perhaps THRILLING WONDER and STARTLING) on a higher level; it concentrates on action stories and has been uneven in quality. WOT takes what's left over usually, although it also has some very good stuff that's too far out for the other 'zines in the group; Philip Jose Farmer's Riverworld series, of which two came out during '66, is a good example. WOT went quarterly during the year and has virtually disappeared from circulation -- I never did find the November issue. Any mention of the Pohlzines must include the series stories which the editor demands from the writers: Laumer's Retief, MacApp's Grees, Saberhagen's Berserkers, Howard's Esks, Niven's Puppeteers, and Silverberg's Vorsters.

GALAXY's quality was on a high plateau with few peaks. Parts of three serials by Pohl, Herbert, and Vance appeared during the year; all were good but none was outstanding. The major peak (and it was well above the timberline) was Thomas M. Disch's intensely-realized "The Echo of Wrath". Jack Vance's "The Last Castle" was highly-wrought but self-derivative. Also memorable were Sonya Dorman's "When I Was Miss Dow", Anne McCaffrey's "The Ship Who Killed", "The Piper of Dis" by James Blish and Norman L. Knight, and Robert Silverberg's Vorster stories. Willy Ley's articles continue and Algis Budrys wrote some of the best reviews to appear anywhere.

Of IF's five serials, only Heinlein and Blish had much to offer. In the shorter fiction, Algis Budrys' "Be Merry" and Bob Shaw's "Call Me Dumbo" stood out, and Gene Wolfe's "Mountains Like Mice" was an impressive story from a name I don't recognize. Fred Saberhagen's "In the Temple of Mars" was memorable, and there were stories from Anderson, Brunner, and delRey.

WOT had some good ones too: Farmer's Riverworld stories, Phil Dick's "Project Plowshare", and C. C. MacApp's "Trees Like Torches".

For departments, IF had Lin Carter's fan column and a letter column, while WOT had Moskowitz. The cover art varied with the 'zines: GALAXY was dignified, IF emphasized action, and WOT was off-trail; the quality was not high, except for Jack Gaughan's rare appearances. There was some good interior art by Gaughan and Finlay, but the repro was poor.

The Lowndes magazines -- Only seven issues of these three titles appeared: one FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION, three STARTLING MYSTERY STORIES, and three MAGAZINE OF HORROR's (counting Winter issues of MOH at each end of the year). Little new fiction was published and little of that was considerable. Roger Zelazny had one in each issue of MOH, of which the best was the brief, unforgettable "Comes Now the Power". The only other story that sticks in my memory is "The Secret of the City" by Ted White and Terry Carr.

The Cohen magazines -- The new fiction in AMAZING and FANTASTIC was amazingly, fantastically good. With a bottomless well of stinkers to reprint, Cohen needs to buy only what is good. The ban by SFWA doesn't seem to have hurt the quality

of the new fiction yet -- I suppose it was all bought before the ban went into effect. The best were Roger Zelazny's inventive "For a Breath I Tarry", Philip K. Dick's disturbing "Your Appointment Will Be Yesterday", and Arthur C. Clarke's "Sunjammer" (considering its source). Also present, and memorable, were Poul Anderson's "Ensign Flandry", John Brunner's "Born Under Mars", Avram Davidson's "The Phoenix and the Mirror", and Zelazny's "The Bells of Shoredan"; there was readable stuff by Laumer, Leinster, Scortia, and Oliver.

In summary, I would say that there was no really out-standing novel in the magazines during 1966 (pace, Heinlein buffs). In novelet-length we had Zelazny's "This Moment of the Storm", and in short fiction, Disch's "The Echo of Wrath" and Bob Shaw's "Light of Other Days". With stories like that, it certainly wasn't a bad year.

Banks H. Mebane

TIDBITS

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES is back! One year after we received issue #434, #438 has just popped into our mailbox. The revived SFT is now edited by James Ashe, assisted by his wife, Ann; Frank R. Prieto, Jr., is the publisher. The 'zine has gone to a monthly schedule and, judging from the contents of #438, will have a much greater emphasis on fannish news than its Taurasi-edited ancestor. Sub rates are 20¢ per copy, \$3.00 per year (\$4.00 overseas), or special rate of 5/\$1. Hmmm . . . if the single-copy price is 20¢ a copy, and there are 12 issues per year, 12x20¢ = \$2.40 -- so how come a \$3 per year sub rate? Apparently, there is a misprint somewhere . . . And we and the other subbers to the Taurasi 'zine who live in the D.C. area are wondering what happened to issues 435, 436, and 437 -- not one of us has received any of these issues. How about clearing this matter up for us in the February issue, Jim?

As for the new SFT, issue #438 is dated January, 1967. It is 10 pages in length, plus a questionnaire, mimeoed. Contents consist of editorials about the revived SFT, requests for contributions of material, particularly news and artwork; a STAR TREK appeal; a brief bit about the contents of the first two issues of FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION; some CoA's; a listing of the TRICON Hugo Awards; gleanings from PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY, RATATOSK, VARIETY, RALLY, and DEGLER (where's TWJ?); a bit from the NYCON 3 Flyer; a listing of the December hardbound and paperback releases, and a few recommended dealers (note that one of the dealers listed, Ken Krueger, has sold out to Gerry de la Ree); a Calendar of Events (club meetings and cons -- ah, here's where the TWJ material appears!); reviews of TIME TUNNEL and IT'S ABOUT TIME; bits of personal fannish news; a review of Keith Laumer's RETIEF'S WAR; and a couple of classified ads. Advertising rates, incidentally, are: Full-page, \$5.00; Half-page, \$3.00; Quarter-page, \$2.00; Classified, 2¢ per word.

Address all correspondence, subs, advertising, etc., to: Science Fiction Times, Inc., P.O. Box 216, Solvay Branch, Syracuse, N.Y., 13209.

RATATOSK still lives! After an absence of over two months, which prompted Andy Porter to state in DEGLER! that RAT was no more, issue #42, dated 12 Jan '67, has arrived. Up until issue #41, RAT had been the most reliable of the newszines; now this honor must go to DEGLER! (see DEGLER! review elsewhere in this issue of TWJ), at least for the time being. At any rate, issue #42 of RAT is 2 pages in length and mimeoed; contents include NYCON 3 and post-TRICON news (see elsewhere in this issue of TWJ a discussion of the Hugo/Pong situation); newszine news (hmmm . . . again, no TWJ . . .); news of the STAR TREK appeal; ACE releases for January; CoA's; and the usual fannish news. RAT is available for news of 3/25¢ from: Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Cal., 90024.

SPIES AT LARGE

Book Review -- I SPY, by John Tiger (Popular Library, NY, 1965; 142 pp, 50¢).

Kelly Robinson, an amateur tennis star, globetrotting sportsman, and international playboy, and his trainer and best friend, Alexander Scott -- a brilliant, highly-intellectual young Negro, an All-American football star, Temple University graduate, and Rhodes Scholar, fluent in many languages and a regular "walking encyclopedia" sort of a person -- are really a team of undercover secret agents (code name: "Domino") for the C.I.A., operating out of Washington, D.C., on global assignments against the Reds and assorted other enemies of the United States. Their adventures in Hong Kong, Japan, and Mexico form the subject of NBC-TV's popular new video series, a big hit of the 1965-1966 season, filmed in color in authentic foreign locations, and next season their missions will take them to various other foreign countries -- ostensibly to attend international tennis tournaments, but actually to engage in counterespionage.

The "Domino" agents form an interesting, highly-individualized, contrasting, but likeable and congenial pair of striking personalities, and it's obvious that they genuinely do like each other a great deal and have a lot of fun together, both on and off duty. Each supplies what the other lacks for their work together as a team -- Kelly has dash, spirit, elan, and aggressiveness, but is inclined to be reckless and indiscreet; Scotty is mature and prudent and more likely to err on the side of excessive caution, but he lacks drive and initiative and is prone to be somewhat sentimentalistic in his attitudes. Each tries to top the other with jokes, wisecracks, stunts, and derring-do, and there's seldom a dull moment with these two around.

In this new novel, Kelly and Scotty have adventures in the areas of Washington, D.C., Paris, the Caribbean islands, and Florida. This time, they're investigating a conspiracy by a secret group of neo-Fascists (with Communist support) to launch a sneak-attack with deadly nerve-gas against the personnel at the Pentagon Building. I can think of a lot of people who would wish the enemy attack had succeeded, and some of them right here in this city and other places in this country! Oh, well, you can't please everybody!

Anyway, this is really a rousing yarn with lots of exciting action. It is adequately well-written, and you should find sufficient entertainment in it for your half-dollar payment. Fans of the TV version will enjoy meeting their two heroes in a book, busy on one of their biggest cases, and in a different setting than their previous Oriental and Mexican adventures. The way this pair outwits the opposition, turns the tables on them, and outfights them for the showdown is most satisfying.

The author's by-line of "John Tiger" is obviously a pseudonym, and I wonder who he really is; his yarn is much better than most of the new Nick Carter series of paperbacks and many other such Bondian imitations and facsimiles. Recommended! It's not Ian Fleming, but, after all, it is good pulp-style adventure-fiction, and I liked it.

Albert E. Gechter

We are sorry the above has become so dated since it was written; as is obvious, it was written last year, during the first-year run of the TV series, I SPY. We have been getting so much material from Albert we simply haven't had the opportunity before this to use it. However, Albert has had some difficulty in completing the "Mars" portion of his series of Burroughs articles -- which will not be ready before TWJ #37, at least -- and so this review finally made it!7

PHILADELPHIA SCIENCE FICTION CONFERENCE -- 1966
by Jay Kay Klein

Another year, another Phillycon. This is probably the oldest con in fandom, dating back to the legendary era enshrined in THE IMMORTAL STORM. Friday, Nov. 11, I took a jet from Syracuse and -- fifty minutes later -- landed in my old home town. As far back as the mind of fan can remember, the Phillycons have been held in the vicinity of what is now Penn Center and used to be a railroad track. This year, the Hotel Sylvania was chosen as the consite, a happy choice more centrally located.

I arrived at the hotel at 6:00 p.m., and was greeted in the lobby by a crowd of hungry fans, who said, "We're waiting for Jake." I found Jake Waldman of New York in the room next to mine. We formed a large party and went to Jake's favorite Philadelphia restaurant. Unfortunately, it was not cheap, and with four hungry mouths to feed, John and Perdita Boardman elected to try another place. I went along and we had a pleasant dinner at a self-service steak palace.

After dinner, the Boardmans went to the YMCA for the PSFS meeting. I went back to the hotel to gather my camera equipment. When planning to attend the con, I had made the irrevocable decision not to take any camera equipment. Then I had made the decision just to take some movie equipment. I was dissuaded from this by the thought of how bad all my home movies are. The brilliant thought then entered my mind to take stereo pictures in full color. After all, I have four stereo cameras, two of them brand-new. This decision came only a few hours before I left Syracuse, so I only had time to buy some color film and pack a stereo camera.

While loading the camera at the hotel, I found the film ripping inside the camera. Oops -- new camera, never used, and naturally enough, defective! I found that by babying the film wind, I could use the camera (whew!) and I set off for the PSFS meeting. Outside, I ran into Filthy Pierre (Erwin Strauss) and other human beans from Boston. They were wondering what was supposed to be going on that evening. Like all Phillycons, this one was not too well organized, and no information had gone out about the traditional PSFS meeting at the YMCA.

I volunteered as native guide and we set out for the YMCA. I used to be able to see the Y from anywhere in downtown Philly, but new highrise buildings blocked the view, and for a moment I felt a stranger to my own birthplace. Dodging the pigeons at City Hall, we followed spoor and tracked down the YMCA. We found the PSFS meeting in progress with Herb Schofield and Tom Purdom as discussion-leaders. I counted 28 present, including Jim and Ann Ashe, Ossie Train, Jack Chalker, Jack McKnight, Judi Sephton, and Harriett Kolchak.

Last year, the program had consisted of a very old, very bad horror movie -- and the screen was placed directly in front of the door, preventing escape from the room. This year, Tom and Herb directed a discussion on the present-day science and what it means to science fiction. It became a bit tense when something John Boardman said roused Jack McKnight to speak at some length on Oriental butchery, followed by a Boardman retort on Occidental "baby burners". Filthy Pierre took a firm stand and directed the friendly discussion off politics and back to simple science. I volunteered that using present rocket techniques is like the Jim Blish story where people use ice IV to build a bridge on Jupiter and might just as well have used straws to bridge the Atlantic Ocean.

At 10:00 p.m., following tradition, we adjourned to the nearby Automat. By 10:30, the party broke up, with many fans going to Harriett Kolchak's home for the night. This was the earliest con first-night breakup I've ever seen. I joined Jake Wald-

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man's group in a walk towards the Franklin Institute, but balked at continuing further to visit the municipal waterworks. Two of us turned back to the hotel.

The Sylvania was quite comfortable. A very old hotel, it has been recently renovated. The two elevators were the fastest I'd seen outside the Americana in New York, the rooms were clean, and the rates at \$9.45 for a single were reasonable. I'd certainly vote for this place again next year. Saturday morning, the Charlie Browns and I waited for the hotel dining room to open. After 45 minutes, we found it was not open weekends. Fortunately, the hotel is surrounded by very fine restaurants. Unfortunately, we picked the not-very-fine restaurant just across the street. Along with Frank Dietz and an English fan now from Easton, Penna., we had a quick lunch before hurrying back to the hotel.

At the underground meeting hall, I was assaulted by Isaac Asimov, who had just arrived from Boston. "Quick, Jay Kay," he said assaultingly, "where can I get something to eat?" Naturally, I directed him to the place just across the street. Word got back to me later that he bolted his food faster than a robot acting under the compulsion of Law No. 1. He didn't want to miss one glorious minute of being Guest of Honor.

I don't recall it ever being announced that Ike was Guest of Honor, and I had to pry the information out of him by direct questioning. There was no printed program, nor any verbally-announced program. In fact, I'm reasonably certain there wasn't any program. However, there were panels and an address by Isaac Asimov. The Phillycons are noted for casualness.

J. B. Post seemed to be in charge. He announced there would be a party that evening at a bar he characterized as "a dive". Then what I expect was the program began. The announcement I'd been mailed gave the Phillycon theme as "SF & the 2 Cultures". For the life of me, I still don't know if this refers to man-versus-woman or science-versus-humanities. The panel oscillated between the two topics.

Tom Purdom spoke first, based on his recently written article "Science Fiction and Children". He mentioned that whenever he wrote an article, he presented a talk on it first to the PSFS since the club was short of program material. According to Tom, children reading science fiction are above-average in intelligence. As a matter of fact, this holds true for adults, too, and Tom cited Huntsville, Alabama, as a place where more copies of ANALOG are sold than any place in Massachusetts outside of Boston. (Special concentration of high-I.Q. people in a Southern location.) He read a letter from Don Wollheim that further extolled the great intelligence of children who read science fiction, and if it weren't that Don is so objective when it comes to the virtues of science fiction, I'd think he was biased in its favor. A fascinating item of information was presented by Tom, who pointed out that 50,000 copies of FAHRENHEIT 451 were printed in the Soviet Union before realization came that it was an attack on conformism and it was withdrawn from open circulation. Because of the secret circulation, Bradbury says he now feels like a Soviet Henry Miller.

While Tom was speaking, the audience was slowly growing. At 2:00 p.m. I counted 124 persons. Harriett Kolchak was in charge of extracting \$1.50 from each person, and had run out of change. I attempted to get a modest \$4.00 in quarters from the hotel cashier, but had to settle for \$2.00 worth, after considerable palaver. She explained the hotel doesn't keep much cash on hand.

Isaac Asimov was introduced, with a panegyric mention of his rapier-like wit. Ike said, "Hello! Well, that's my first shaft of rapier-like wit!" He was

wearing an Asimov Fan Club button. He said, "I won't be second in line!" Kidding himself, he said his own brother ("the rat") told him, "Your eyes glaze over until your name is mentioned!" Ike complained that he was late because New Jersey refuses to admit the existence of Philadelphia. There were no road signs in New Jersey pointing the way to this great city, and it wasn't until he crossed the border and was in Philadelphia that he knew where it was.

Ike said that he agreed with Tom's observation that the brighter children read science fiction. Sometimes, though, he wondered about the adults. At a seminar on creativity at N.T.U., he announced, "Some creative people will marry men." The response was incomprehension. He had to explain that some women are creative and will marry men, thus cutting the incidence of women's contribution. He then wrote an article, "Sword of Achilles", published in the BULLETIN OF THE ATOMIC SCIENTISTS. This predicted that the intelligent children could be determined early simply by ascertaining which children read science fiction. There was absolutely no response -- not one single letter.

Ike went on to say that some science fiction loses all sense of literature. He pointed out that RALPH 124CL14/ hasn't two words in a row that are followed properly by two others. Still, it was a great book because of its content. On the other hand, some science fiction is all literature, without any science, and this type is becoming increasingly popular. This observation seemed to distress Ike, because he said that he's afraid his writing will lose popularity and he will become unknown. In fact, H. L. Gold once looked him in the eye and said, "Ike, some day you will be known as the Ed Earl Repp of 1960."

He told of a David Susskind program where Susskind twice introduced Ray Bradbury as the Dean of Science Fiction, making Ike wince, while Lester del Rey looked at Ike and laughed. At the question period, I had the first question, asking, "Are there any serious studies showing young science fiction readers really have high I.Q.'s?" Ike said he didn't believe there were, but he nominated Sprague de Camp to make one.

Jack McKnight asked, "Are there any good definitions of science fiction?" Ike said there were only two good ones: "Mine and John Campbell's". Ike's definition: "Science fiction is about how humans are affected by science and technology." Campbell's definition: "Science fiction is that kind of story bought by a science fiction editor." Ike went on to mention that he'd always read Campbell's editorials with nausea, and hearing a collection of editorials had been published, he bought the book -- "I opened the book, read five pages -- sure enough, nausea, so I shut the book."

Ike proudly announced, "I've written 78 books and I'm proud to say not one was a trashy best seller!" Asked about FANTASTIC VOYAGE, he said he had nothing to do with the movie. He just wrote the book from the screenplay. He had hard work to minimize the paradoxes of miniaturization. Hal Clement joined the discussion from the floor at this point, gleefully pointing out the many scientific mistakes in the picture. For instance, when the voyagers required air, they siphoned this from the lungs. Unfortunately, air molecules would be the size of baseballs to them. As Ike put it, "Have you ever tried to breathe baseballs?"

After a wild round of applause for Ike, who is easily one of the top speakers in science fiction, Ted White announced that the Nycon III Progress Report would soon be out. Lin Carter spoke briefly on the coming E. R. Howard boom. A Lancer series will include newly-discovered Conan, King Kull, and Solomon King stories. Some were found complete, some fragmentary, and some as outlines. Sprague de Camp and Lin will finish these where necessary. Another boom may occur, too,

when Avon brings out the Talbot Mundy fantasies. Avon had been looking for something else lucrative to print besides A. Merritt, and Lin had suggested Mundy.

A program break followed, and I adjourned with Bob Madle and Banks Mebane to the place across the street for some bottles of beer. By the time we staggered back, the next panel was in progress. Discussing "Bridge Between Science Fiction and the Humanities" were Edward Dong, Sprague de Camp, Tom Purdom, Hal Clement, Lin Carter, and Jim Blish. Jim said that science fiction writers know little about science and little about the humanities, but on the whole they are more ignorant of the humanities. The panel rambled around quite a bit, with the speakers taking pokes at various items. Though nothing was discussed in great depth, the amount of surface controversy kept the audience awake. Lin alluded back to Ike's talk and said he never even tried to read Campbell's editorials. Sprague said, "Old John does from time to time have a good idea buried in an editorial, but he tends to overstate his case."

Jim pointed out that the May, 1931 ASTOUNDING began his interest in science. And he said the record is full of such occurrences. In fact, Heinlein maintains a list of such people. Science fiction doesn't educate a person in science, but it orients him to science and shows the color and romance in science. Hal said that his own interest was raised at age eight in 1930 by a Buck Rogers strip. Jim added that John R. Pierce, too, was directed to science by science fiction.

Lin stated that he doesn't care for Ray Bradbury's writing. A small clapping of hands came from the audience. I was gratified to find I have some company, even if we are in the minority. He went on to say that no science fiction writer has written a real classic, except possibly Arthur Clarke with THE CITY AND THE STARS and H. G. Wells with THE TIME MACHINE. Sprague continued breaking icons by saying he found 1984 too dreary to finish. Lin added that BRAVE NEW WORLD was deadly dull.

Hal said that he writes a science fiction story because he has an idea and wants to see where the idea will lead. He said, "I don't give two pins about anyone becoming educated from it." Sprague said the only time he tried to do any serious educating was when Willy Ley was supposed to give a course on science to 110 college freshmen. Willy also contracted for a lucrative three-month lecture tour and asked Sprague to substitute at the college. Sprague thinks he may have aroused interest in biological sciences, but then he had a captive audience, unlike the readers of a magazine. Hal added that he bridges the humanities with the sciences by teaching. Sprague said that he left science fiction writing ten years ago because he felt he had said everything he wanted to say. Also, money was a consideration, since other writing pays better.

But of all the controversial statements made on this panel, the strongest was Ed Dong's reply to this question by Hal Lynch: "What can science fiction do to interest more females?" Ed said, "Girls don't think straight!" A gasp of outrage rose from the crooked-thinking females in the audience. Ed suddenly realized what he was up against and visibly wilted. Sprague hastened to take Ed off the hook and said, "We would have to work out a way of gestating babies in test tubes." This didn't mollify the women any, I must add.

Jim said that there were two cultures: one for men and one for women. To change this, you'd have to modify the entire setup. Lin added fuel to Ed's fire by stating that there had never been any first-rate women artists in any field of endeavor, just a few second-raters. Where Ed's statement had caused gasping, Lin's statement caused choking. A number of women rose to take exception to Lin's statement. Jim said, "I see the ladies are about to volunteer a long list of second-raters." Sprague had the last word on the panel: "Vive la difference!" It was announced that Sunday would see a panel to debate the subject.

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For dinner, I followed in the footsteps of Bob Silverberg, who is one of the great gourmets in science fiction. He picked the Russian Inn, which advertises tremendous atmosphere and marvelous food. This proved over-optimistic, and only the table talk of the Blishes, the del Reys, the Silverbergs, and the Zelaznys made the dinner a notable occasion. We even had to do without fresh beluga caviar. Afterwards, we walked to the party at the place J.B. called a dive. It sure was! The interior was pitch-black and jammed with both conventioners and natives. I found it impossible to focus my camera. Heck, I couldn't even see through the viewfinder. In the one area with a little light, Andy Porter was trying to play a game of darts. Unfortunately, he was so far back, not only couldn't he hit the board, he couldn't even reach the wall. Taking pity on little Andy, I cited the regulation distance and the game improved after that.

Many persons left the party and went to the private affair at Harriett Kolchak's home. The past several open con parties had been held there, but this year Harriett decided she wanted some control over who could enter her home. Some persons in the past had been undesirable visitors. It's not hard to take advantage of Harriett's good nature, since she is one of the most generous persons in fandom. In fact, if nominations were open for the Big Heart Award, I'd put Harriett at the top of the list.

As usual, at Harriett's party there was a virtually-unlimited amount of an enormous variety of drinks, both alcoholic and soft. And as usual, there was a plentiful supply of food, too. There were also a good many cats present. At the hotel I attended a number of smaller parties, most notably Charlie Brown's, Ted White's, and Elliot Shorter's folksinging group next to my own room.

At the Browns' party, I unleashed 350 photographs I had taken at the Tricon. I announced I hoped to get additional identifications of persons in the pictures. Everyone dived in enthusiastically and I trembled for the fate of my poor photos. To my surprise, Jim Blish turned out to be the most avid identifier of all. To my surprise, too, I received back intact every single picture. Now all I have to do is get identifications for the other 600 pictures I left home.

I wound up at Jim Blish's party. Shortly after I arrived, Isaac Asimov walked in. The room lit up. Ike was the center of attraction and positively scintillated. He was witty, funny, and even for a while completely serious on a serious topic: marriage and women (what else!). Almost as if feeling he'd been serious too long, he whipped out his old-fashioned hotel door key and announced it was just the way he'd always pictured a chastity belt key. Then he started telling humorous stories, with everyone joining in. Roger Zelazny told a particularly interesting one about a bird that had its neck wrung. The Silverbergs had planned to return early to New York, since Barbara is in a family way. However, the party was such a success, they didn't leave until nearly midnight.

Sunday morning I spent a pre-lunch hour in the hotel lobby with Mary Young, Joann Schmidt, Andy Porter, Frank Dietz, and Mike Deckinger. We were looking through my photos and putting in some identifications. Joann was the center of one of the two marriage rumors at the con. Sure enough, she confirmed that she and Ed Wood were engaged. Ed was not at the con, since he had recently taken a new job in California. Another overly-eligible bachelor soon to tie the apron strings around his neck is Ben Jason. It takes some mighty unusual women to tackle and tangle men of the world like these. Joann gave me her business card, and I kid you not, it reads "Parole Officer".

Escaping the clutches of the law, I joined Dannie Plachta for lunch at nearby Lew Tendler's restaurant. We had pastrami and beans in cassarole, which turned

out as tasty as it sounded on the menu. Getting back to the auditorium, I found the first panel was the group formed in answer to the previous day's attack on females. Joann Schmidt, Amy Borenstein, Sue Hereford, Hal Clement, Judy Blish, and Lester del Rey discussed the problems of women in today's culture. It was agreed that women have had their cultural talents and creativity stifled by the type of training and pressures brought to bear on them. However, it was admitted that such repressions are diminishing and women should start becoming more creative. Unfortunately, women still have a great deal of energy tied up in child-bearing. Some of the women indicated this was a form of creativity and as much as dared the men to have a try at it.

Hal said that he may be titular master in his house, but after the "yes, dear's", he finds himself doing what his wife wants. Les pointed out some of the differences in attitudes between men and women, one being that a man wants to shape his child to fit it to go out in the world, while a woman wants to keep the child with her indefinitely. Evelyn del Rey in the audience added a few militant remarks, concluding with the rousing comment, "I'm not so sure God is a man!" Near the close of the panel, Hal said he hoped the women felt less insulted after having had a chance to air their views.

Many persons had already departed by the end of the first panel. At 2:00 p.m. I counted just 83 in the auditorium, though Harriett Kolchak had informed me a total of 143 had registered. J. B. Post gave me a minute to make an announcement at the end of the panel. I stated that I was arranging a dinner get-together March 21 in New York City for fans attending the IEEE Convention. It seems pretty obvious that many of us have professional technical backgrounds, and I have seen many fans wandering through the vast Coliseum. Those present at the last affair included Ed Meskys, Ben Bova, Andy Porter, Charlie Brown, Barbara Silverberg, Paul Herkart, Beresford Smith, and Lester del Rey. Charlie Brown is handling the restaurant arrangements, gourmet that he is, and I'm taking care of the correspondence. Anyone planning to attend the IEEECON who wishes to get together at the dinner should contact me so we have some idea of how many to expect. The dinner for the IEEE attendees will be at a smorgasbord restaurant.

I spent the following break in the hotel bar with Bob Madle, Dannie Plachta, Sheila Elkin, and Banks Mebane. In fact, I spent parts of the next couple of panels there, too. The Fan Panel was on next, with George Heap, Hal Lynch, Jack Chalker, and Charlie Brown. George said that science fiction had quite a bit to do with his choice of job. He's now a computerman. Jack said science fiction didn't influence his job choice any, and he's now a high school teacher. Charlie said he was definitely influenced by science fiction and is now an electrical engineer. Jack added that science fiction has affected his political thinking -- Heinlein drove him to the opposite camp. The panel rambled over many topics -- something like a fanzine.

The following panel probably could be called "Sex in Science Fiction". On hand were Tom Purdom, Ted White, Jim Blish, and Lester del Rey, all men of the world and experienced in the arts of seduction in literature. Ted said he writes erotic material where appropriate. He also commented that he won't read such things as Conan stories since he doesn't wish to write in that style and wants to remain uninfluenced. Jim says he enjoys good pornography, but doubts that anything new in this area will appear in science fiction. He feels it's a waste of time for an author to attempt to inject erotic realism in science fiction since it's distracting in this type of story.

Tom shifted the direction of the discussion by stating that our culture is not set up for women. To change this, we would have to change, for example, the

working hours so that raising children would be compatible with a job. Tom made the unusual observation that we over-value creativity, and that basically private life is more important to the individual. However, Tom has had his way of thinking shaped by what he's read in science fiction to the conclusion that political and economic areas of life should also be considered important by individuals, and they should participate in these areas.

Lester differentiated between sex in science fiction and sexiness in science fiction. He applauded the former and decried the latter. Then he tossed another of the many bombshells that landed at this year's Phillycon. He said he's not sure that sexiness is going to exist in the future, since the old Judao-Christian morality seems to be disappearing. After all, you can't keep taboos very long when the reasons for them are gone. Les normally skips sex scenes in his stories of the future because he expects sex will be so casual it will be taken for granted. Besides, he's interested in good-versus-evil, not nice-versus-naughty.

After the breakup of the program, I joined the del Reys, the Blishes, and the Zelaznys for dinner at the new Bookbinders (about two blocks from the hotel). Except for the lack of atmosphere, the food is as good as that at the old Bookbinders. Doubtless this is due to the four generations of the Bookbinders family placed on the menu. Nearly everyone had lobster and we looked ready for serious business with big paper bibs tucked under our chins. Table talk centered around the SFWA banquet planned early next year and the manufacture of the Nebula awards. It seems Hugos aren't the only awards hard to make.

I flew back to Syracuse Sunday evening, quite happy I had made the 1966 Philadelphia Conference. Despite the chaotic programming and absence of planning, the panels provoked more excitement per 1000 words than at any other con I've attended. It would be impossible to do justice to these in any manageable con report, and I've had to confine myself to excerpts giving some idea of what went on.

The attendance was quite good, with fans on hand from as far away as Washington, Boston, Rochester, and Detroit. Fred Pohl was unable to make it, having to stay home and wrestle with another issue of his many magazines. Sam Moskowitz was absent, too, being frozen to his post in the quick-freeze industry. Dave Kyle was sewn in for the winter at Potsdam. Dick Wilson couldn't desert Parents' Weekend at Syracuse University. Truly, work is the curse of the drinking classes. Fortunately, many of us are able to drink more and work less. For instance, from Canadaigua, near Syracuse, was Marijane Buck, the young lady who startled even Isaac Asimov at the Tricon by wearing a Syracuse button in her navel. This feat of sheer strength and agility has become legendary, and the MITSFS TWILIGHT ZINE distributed at the Phillycon had, in addition to the usual reasons for receiving the issue ("you contributed", "you subscribed", etc.): "You have refrained from wearing a Syracuse button in your navel."

The con also was a good place to pick up news. Jim and Ann Ashe are planning to put out SCIENCE FICTION TIMES, which has temporarily ceased publication. Mike McInerney informed me that he plans to start republishing FOCAL POINT, possibly with John Boardman as co-editor. Boston is pushing for a worldcon in 1970 and will hold a series of local cons in order for the concom to pick up more experience.

The 40 stereo color photographs I took came out very well. I'll be taking more next year! It was a good con, and I hope to see next year's at the same hotel. Maybe the PSFS will even put out a printed program.

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THE CON GAME

Balticonference -- February 10-12, Hotel Emerson, Baltimore, Md. See front page of this issue of the JOURNAL for details. Sponsored by BSFS.

Open ESFA -- March 5, Newark YM-YWCA, 600 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey, at 3 p.m. Full program not yet announced, but we understand that Ike Asimov and Robert A. W. Lowndes, among others, will be on the program. More details in the next (#37) issue of the JOURNAL.

BOSKONE IV -- April 1 and 2, at the Statler Hilton, Boston. Memberships \$2.00 at the door or in advance to Leslie Turek, 56 Linnaean St., Cambridge, Mass., 02138. Make checks payable to BOSKONE. Guest-of-Honor, Damon Knight. Two-day program. Movie: 1920 version of "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea". Program Book ad space available. Fan panel, pro panel, hospitality suite, party.

EASTERCON -- April 28, at the Hotel Roosevelt, in Manhattan. This is FISTFA-sponsored party annually given on evening of day preceding LUNACON.

LUNACON -- April 29 and 30, at the Hotel Roosevelt, in Manhattan. No further information yet. Sponsored by the Lunarians.

DISCLAVE -- May 7-9, tentatively. No further information yet. Sponsored by WSFA.

MIDWESTCON -- June 23-25 at the North Plaza Motel, Cincinnati, Ohio. Registration fee, \$1.00, to Lou Tabakow, 3953 St. Johns Terrace, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45236. Room rates: singles, \$8; doubles, \$10; suites, \$20. Sponsored by Cincinnati Fantasy Group.

WESTERCON XX -- July 1-4, Sheraton West, 2961 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal., 90004. Membership, \$2.00, mailed to P.O. Box 75192, Los Angeles, Cal., 90005.

ISLAND-CON (Gerfandom Con) -- August 4-7, in Berlin. For information, contact Reinhard Horschberger, 1 Berlin 12, Schlueterstrasse 49, Germany.

NYCON 3 -- August 30-September 4, at the Statler-Hilton, in New York City. Membership fees: \$3 for attending membership; \$2 for non-attending membership; \$1 for overseas membership. Room rates: singles, \$9; doubles and twins, \$14; suites, \$25. Over 2,000 rooms available. These special rates will be extended for Nycon members for two weeks before or after the convention, so that members may combine con attendance with sightseeing vacation, if they so desire. Progress Report #2 will be published March 1; #3 will be published July 1. Advertising deadlines are: #2, February 1; #3, June 1. Deadline for copy for NYCON3 PROGRAM AND MEMORY BOOK: July 1. Advertising rates for both Progress Reports and Program Book: full-page, \$8; half-page, \$5; quarter-page, \$3; filler, \$1. Copy sizes: full-page, 5½" wide x 9" high; half-page, 5½" wide x 4½" high; quarter-page, 2½" wide x 4½" high; filler, 2½" wide x 1¼" high; copy not submitted in required size will be charged extra for any additional work required. Guest-of-Honor, Lester Del Rey; Fan Guest-of-Honor, Bob Tucker. All correspondence and membership applications should be addressed to Andy Porter or NyCon 3, at P.O. Box 367, Gracie Sq. Sta., N.Y., N.Y., 10028. Advertising copy should be mailed to Ted White, 339 49th St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11220, with payment accompanying it. Checks for advertising or memberships should be made out to either John Boardman or NyCon 3.

We appeal to the JOURNAL readers to correct the above listing, supply additional information on the above-listed cons, and/or supply information on cons which have been omitted from the above list.

VIEWS, REVIEWS, AND ARCHIMEDEAN SPIRALS

Book Review -- THE WEAPON MAKERS, by A. E. Van Vogt (Ace S-F Classic M-153, 45¢, 181 pp.).

This is one of the great fantasy stories to emerge from the most tremendous epoch of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION. Published in 1943, at the height of that golden era, it has breadth and sweep and excitement as high adventure is fused with colossal purpose to forge one of the mightiest entertainments ever known to fan. A hasty generation later TWM is still good entertainment, and if by chance you have not read it, take this chance to rectify your error of omission. Should it be merely that you don't own the book, someone (Gaughan, perhaps, tho no credit-line is given and I can't read the signature) has turned out a fine cover. Make no mistake, TWM is still enjoyable, still entertaining and still a ball.

I have aged, dammit, and it must be said that Van Vogt's ideas on science, politics, psychology, law, and government are neither profound nor accurate. Although a matter of secondary importance, this is why TWM has shifted classification from science-fiction to fantasy.

Take science for example. On page 71 we have Hedrock binding Greer with the lines of force from a generator, and on page 73 Greer is loaded, force lines and all, onto an antigravity plate and moved. The generator stays put. This is trivial, though it stopped me cold. On page 125 we have a large imposing room in which the air is being changed five times a second. By my calculation this leads to wind velocities of 360 miles per hour. Fantasy, man; Hedrock and Royan stand around talking in this storm. More serious is the idea that "secrets" can be kept forever, particularly scientific secrets, most particularly the scientific secrets that render the Weapon Shops invulnerable to Imperial weaponry. The idea that Weapon Shop "secrets" must be guarded is a major theme in the book, recurring and re-recurring. Technical secrets are susceptible to analysis, as the Chinese atom bomb indicates, and if the secret itself is not uncovered, then some counter-measure will be found.

Or take psychology. Hedrock the Immortal has a brain that is constantly reeling under the blows of tremendous discoveries, thoughts, or just plain impacts. He gives the impression of incipient hysteria, but perhaps that is what immortality does to a man. Then we have the guns that only fire in self-defense . . . the guns would need a headshrinker!

Or law. All of a sudden Hedrock goes around enforcing articles of the constitution that have been dead letters for a thousand years.

Or politics. The Weapon Shop Supreme Council of thirty shows no signs of factionalism, no dissenting voice is ever heard, we are never privy to any debate, and there is no dispute that is not settled by brute force.

And finally, take government. The notion that a rival government, openly identified, with its own courts, tax collectors, laws, armies, and bureaucracy can co-exist with a "legitimate" government is rather bleakly disproved by events in Vietnam. The notion that this shadow government constitutes a loyal opposition in the manner of the two-party system is ridiculous. Imagine a second supreme court whose members were appointed by the defeated presidential candidate . . . and that their rulings could be enforced. Ach du lieber! Also, the idea that in thousands of years no Weapon Shop man ever defected is as silly as the idea that the Weapon Shops never were unjust or corrupt. It's done with infallible machines, like the Defensive Special, it says here.

These things came to mind with enough force to divert me from reading . . . in 1966. But they didn't bother me the first time around (1949 or 50), and, for my money, this is still one of the greatest fantasy-adventures ever written.

Alexis A. Gilliland

Movie Review -- DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, Directed by David MacLean, and starring Omar Sharif, Geraldine Chaplin, Julie Christie, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson, Siobhan McKenna, Rod Steiger, and Rita Tushingham; in Panavision and Metrocolor; Produced by Carlo Ponti; MGM.

This is a long movie, and rather slow-paced. The charge that the central character is rather passive, that he doesn't do anything, is well-founded; he is, after all, a poet.

If you want bang-up excitement, go elsewhere. "What's New, Tiger Lily?" is a good current choice -- or "The Professionals" -- or any of the James Bond movies. Nevertheless, I enjoyed "Doctor Zhivago" very much, for this story of a doctor-poet caught up in the Russian revolution deals with real people in an historical situation of great interest. In this context, incidentally, Zhivago's passivity takes on a far more positive quality than we activist Westerners usually accord such inaction. When the alternatives are considered, and we see how the people who do act, who do make history, behave, the comparison makes Dr. Zhivago's passivity seem honorable, heroic, and profoundly humane.

The sets are beautiful and authentic. The acting is excellent. The characters drawn by Pasternak, and the ideas which motivate them, are both interesting and valid. The direction is generally excellent without being obtrusive, save for one notable exception: the juxtaposition of the Cossacks riding down a peaceful demonstration with Lara's defloration is visually quite effective, but cutting from the grappling in the sleigh to the Cossack captain shouting "Mount!" is reminiscent of "Someone always gets it on the dawn patrol." in "Hell's Angels". (For the younger generation, Jean Harlow and some flyer had just gone into a torrid clinch, when the caption in question flashed on the screen, followed by a shot of a Spad going down in flames.)

Also effective is Dr. Zhivago writing poetry. Dip, scribble, think, cross out, think, dip, scribble, wad up the paper . . . cut to the next morning, with a small sheaf of poetry and a large pile of wads.

A complaint: the balalaika music of Lara's theme is terribly intrusive, and it comes on every time Dr. Z is shown thinking. Granted, it is a pretty theme, maybe even a great one, but it shouldn't have been hammered home to the extent that it was.

The story is told in a manner that contrives an upbeat ending, and both my wife and I left the theatre feeling quite elated.

Alexis A. Gilliland

Featurette -- Letter to the Staff Correspondent of a publication which shall remain nameless, as shall the Staff Correspondent, per request of the writer; reprinted with permission of the writer.

October 25, 1966

Dear [Sir]:

As a person trained in physics I am familiar with the search for the elusive neutrino. I therefore read with interest your article entitled "Hunting

Neutrinos One Mile Under" in the October 22, 1966 edition of your publication. I became curious, however, about your use of the phrase "novemdecillions constantly" after citing the neutrino flux through the human body. The pertinent passages were:

"... Neutrinos are among the sun's most common but least known or understood products. Among other things they have the greatest penetrating ability known. Trillions pass through one's body every second without one being aware of it..." and

"...Neutrinos, obviously then, have no trouble at all in passing completely through the earth. In fact, they are doing it by the novemdecillions constantly..."

Since the cross-sectional area of the human body is of the order of a few square feet, it is clear that the first quote implies a neutrino flux density at the earth's surface of some $10^{12}/\text{ft}^2$ sec. I note here that you did not use a phrase like "countless trillions" which would imply much larger orders of magnitudes of neutrino flux density.

Now we come to the second quote. I would venture to say that not more than one person in 100,000 would know the word "novemdecillion", much less be able to define it. I asked myself, "Why in the world did he use this number? He must have had a reason." Disregarding the use of the adverb "constantly", which is difficult to define mathematically, I tried a few sample calculations.

The circular cross-section of the earth for neutrino flux is of the order of 10^{15} square feet. Thus the number of neutrinos per second crossing this area is of the order of 10^{27} , a mere octillion per second if we use the previously established flux density. Now a novemdecillion is 10^{60} . So these "novemdecillions" of neutrinos that are passing through the earth "constantly" are doing so at the rate of one novemdecillion neutrinos every thirty septillion years or so. Of course, this rate will never be checked since our planet is a young five or so billion years and our sun will not last more than one hundred billion years, give or take fifty billion.

Even considering isotropic flux and using the spherical earth area doesn't change the numbers worth mentioning. No, my dear sir, I am forced to one of two conclusions. First, someone might have arrived at a mildly inaccurate neutrino flux of $10^{30}/\text{sec}$ across the earth's surface and confused the term "nonillion" ($=10^{30}$) with "novemdecillion" ($=10^{60}$). Or, you wanted to pick the largest number you had heard of, or could get from some (usually reliable) source, and one of you rejected the good old vigintillion ($=10^{63}$ and which is largest, other than the googol or the googolplex which don't really count) and settled for the novemdecillion for reasons which remain obscure. (Could this be a diabolical case of numerical censorship? Or, even worse, of magnitude discrimination?)

In the first case, an error of thirty orders of magnitude would strike even the most hardened math professor utterly dumb. The second possibility, where all thoughts of technical accuracy are abandoned for the sake of rhetoric, is clearly a case of editorial or, perhaps, "correspondential" license, and, your choice is at least as impressive as any other of the named magnitude above one decillion.

Perhaps the moral to all this is, "No matter how esoteric an area might be, some reader will be looking with an eagle eye at the printed word. Therefore, sow not the wind..."

Sincerely yours,

B. W. Randolph, Ph.D.

Book Review -- BERSERKER, by Fred Saberhagen (Ballantine Books U5063, 60¢, 184pp).

This is a collection of eleven "Berserker" stories that ran in a long, long series in IF. For those unfamiliar with the series, a long-dead empire created gigantic machines and ordered them to destroy all life. These machines, the berserkers of the title, go forth to do their programming, but life is tenacious, and when they run into humans many thousands (?) of years later, they are somewhat fatigued from fighting the good fight. One might almost call them punchy, since in their devotion to duty they never took time out for any really effective overhaul. A small amount of material has been injected in the form of "historical notes" in an effort to produce a novel.

Surprisingly, the attempt comes off rather well. This is due, first, to the scope of Saberhagen's story; second, to the fact that there is an overall drift -- a direction or coherence if you like -- to the stories; and third, to a number of very good recurring characters. Thus, as far as scope is concerned, by picking a very broad canvas to paint on Saberhagen freed himself to use anecdotal material -- and of course his novel is a collection of short stories. It would have to be; otherwise we have a nine-volume official history. You can write a novel about the Battle of Gettysburg and get it all in. The Civil War is too much.

The coherence of the series means that the stories form a set of points which describe a line . . . and the drift means that you can't switch the "points" around and get the same line. In Jack Vance's "Eyes of the Overworld" we had a first story, a last story, and five or six middle stories which were all equivalent, and, alas, much the same. Here we have considerable variety, and two of the stories -- "Stone Place" and "Masque of the Red Shift" -- are outstandingly good.

The major characters, Filipe Nogara, tyrant of Esteel, and his half-brother Johann Karlsen, are somewhat polarized into villain and hero. Nogara, particularly, is overdrawn to the point of caricature, while Karlsen, clearly of Lensman quality, would be right at home in the Galactic Patrol. Nevertheless, they are memorable. A number of the secondary characters, notably Hemphill, Michael Spain, Lucinda, the traitor Thaddeus, and the Lady Christina de Dulcin, come through as people, and contribute heavily to the success of the series.

For the book is a series of stories set in a common framework, and not a novel. Equally, it is definitely worth reading.

Alexis A. Gilliland

Special Review -- "Secret Science" (Editorial by John W. Campbell in January, 1967 issue of ANALOG).

In the January, 1967 issue of ANALOG, John W. Campbell has turned in a fine, rousing editorial on "Secret Science", wherein he blends sturm und drang with crafty argument. Basically, what he says is that Democracy has made patents worthless, and that, in consequence, businessmen have taken to keeping their hard-won knowledge secret, rather than take out an information-revealing patent. On page 8, he says: "... (patents) don't protect the patent holder, unless that patent holder can afford to use them as a means of bankrupting the infringer through legal expenses in court suits." and, "... the ordinary patent holder isn't able to do much about infringements." Both statements are half-true, and both are wholly misleading. Thus, JWC has used the term "legal expenses", which usually apply to court costs and lawyers fees, to include such items as back royalties, punitive damages, and the order to cease operating your \$5,000,000 plant, which hasn't been amortised. The term "ordinary patent holder" is, again, misleading. It conjures up the picture of a little fellow with a basement lab and Yankee

ingenuity. The great majority of patents are held by corporations like Dow Chemical, DuPont, General Electric, Xerox, and the like, however, and you may draw your own conclusions about their ability to deal with patent infringers.

The main damage that Democracy has done to patent holders in the abominable and misguided effort to make all individuals equal is to compel the licensing of a patent that would otherwise produce a monopoly against the public interest. The notion that the U.S. Government is out to subvert the patent laws is ridiculous. The example given, GSA purchasing Italian tetracycline, is an exception. GSA is required by law to accept the low bid that meets specifications, and until Congress does something to sooth Pfizer & Co. (the patent holders), GSA is simply being abused for obeying the law.

Then JWC goes off on another angle, denouncing a recent law which requires physicians to prescribe drugs by generic name because: (a) generic equivalents are not really equivalent, and (b) the drug companies do a great deal of expensive research that must be paid for. He supports himself with arguments, asserting (p. 174) that diamond, graphite, and amorphous carbon are generic equivalents; that a "hunk of mortar" (p. 177) is the generic equivalent of lime water; and that the explosive pentaerithritol tetranitrate, the generic equivalent of peritrate, selling for \$2/lb in the first case and \$80/lb in the second, is not equivalent because of its physical structure. A generic equivalent of a substance has not only the same chemical formula, but also the same structural formula. Diamonds and graphite are not generic equivalents, because diamonds are carbon in the form of cubic crystals, while graphite is in the form of sheets of hexagons, which slide easily over each other. Lime water is an aqueous solution of calcium bicarbonate; mortar is a mixture of slaked lime and sand, which on standing produces a mixture of CaSiO_3 , CaCO_3 , SiO_2 , and Ca(OH)_2 of considerable complexity. The statement about peritrate is absolutely correct. However, to change the explosive PETN into the medicine peritrate, all that has to be done is to run the PETN through a colloid mill, and, of course, package it. With automatic machinery this might cost as much as another \$2-\$3/lb. We then take our \$5/lb peritrate and sell it for \$80/lb, a mark-up of 1600%, which seems a trifle excessive.

Of course, the drug companies do have research costs, running into the tens and even hundreds of millions...and they are enormously profitable. At the time of the Kefauver investigation they were making profits on the order of 30-60% of invested capital -- three to six times better than General Motors. They still make excessively high profits, and they will continue to do so in the future.

The purpose of the law in question is the subject of the cover article of LIFE, 24 June 1966. It seems that there are companies, whose stock is largely owned by physicians, which buy ethical drugs wholesale, put on a proprietary label, charge a whopping mark-up, and rely on their stockholders to move their product by prescribing it to the patients. A very nice business -- and no R&D costs, either.

Generic equivalents are equivalent, by the way. Dow makes all the aspirin for all the companies in the U.S. that sell aspirin, except Bayer. Bayer buys the materials prior to the last step and "makes" its own. Aspirin is aspirin.

Campbell ends his editorial lamenting the hard fate of the drug companies, suffering under the lash of the FDC. He concludes: "Some freak individual might turn out violently allergic...and nobody then blames him for having a freak metabolism; they blame the drug company." In December Merck was hit with a judgment of over a million dollars in punitive damages when it turned out that

a drug they had marketed to relieve migraine headaches caused a variety of undesirable-to-lethal side-effects in about 25% of the cases where it was used. The jury felt that experimentation on non-consenting humans had to stop, and if subsequent suits put Merck out of business, it will be a healthy lesson for the survivors.

Alexis A. Gilliland

Book Review -- THE EYES OF THE OVERWORLD, by Jack Vance (Ace Book M-149, 45¢, 189 pp).

This, of course, is the culmination of Vance's "Dying Earth" series which recently graced the pages of F&SF. All the shorter episodes have been woven into a novel.

Now Vance writes well, and the adventures of Cugel the Clever are, indeed, clever. Wit is not lacking, nor vivid imagery, nor brilliant inventiveness. Yet with all this in the book's favor, it is not a pleasure to read. The reason may be found in the repetition of a single basic formula throughout the story -- namely, Cugel encounters someone, and his gain is the other party's loss. Sometimes this is funny, but eventually it becomes wearing, and what is worse, predictable -- Not the precise detail, of course, but you know Cugel is coming out on top, and you also know that the bystander, innocent or not, is going to get it in the neck.

So far as I can tell, there is little new material apart from the second chapter, entitled "Cil", and the individual chapters do not gain very much by novelization. A collection of the related, but individual, stories might have provided better entertainment, especially if one or two non-Cugel stories had been inserted -- say, by having Cugel tell a companion of some legend in the manner of the Arabian Nights, or by simply following through on one of his victims. This might make Cugel a bit more palatable, because, as it is, he is a walking disaster area. And, despite Vance making the victims unsympathetic, after a while you begin to feel for them... particularly in chapter five, "The Pilgrims", where he gets them wholesale.

TEotO is fast-paced, light entertainment, and fun to read, but it leaves an unsavoury aftertaste.

Alexis A. Gilliland

Featurette -- DON'T FAIL TO MISS IT (A Satire, by T.D.C. Kuch).

By now, of course, everyone claims to have been watching NBC that night -- undoubtedly millions were, as was I. It was just after the 8 p.m. station-break on a cold Thursday night. Three animated auto-mufflers danced onto the television screen and began to sing. Somewhere in the background, a band played loud music that made Spike Jones sound like the Vienna Philharmonic by comparison. The mufflers grinned, grimaced, shouted, pouted, and pranced about in jerky frenzy.

Across the country, many viewers pushed the remote-control button that turned off the sound. They still watched the screen, of course; how else could they tell when the dreadful commercial was finished? I, having no such device on my receiver, watched and listened in agony. This was the worst, certainly the most obnoxious advertising message ever broadcast.

As it turned out, that was the way it had been planned. The president of Procrustes Mufflers himself had supervised the filming of the ad. He contracted for the services of one of those excellent rat-psychologists to determine the precise instant when the average viewer would reach the saturation-point and turn off the offensive message. Just before this instant, as I and countless others were reaching for the channel-selection knob, the real message appeared, both on the

screen and spoken:

"Wait! Isn't this commercial terrible? Wouldn't you like never to have to hear and see it again? Friends, there is a way! Procrustes Mufflers will rent you, for a scant \$5 a month, an attachment to your TV that automatically, through the wonders of electronics, will cut off both the sight and sound of those wonderful dancing mufflers. After they finish, your set will come back on. Just telephone ENterprise 1-1111 and give us your name and address. You will be billed monthly. Remember that number, friends, ENterprise 1-1111. Now back to the little darlings -- DON'T FAIL TO MISS IT!"

The mufflers returned to the screen. They were doing one of those new teen-age dances -- the one, I believe, called the "St.Vitus". That did it. I called the number, and within a week I had a shiny little box on top the set, and two or three times a night the receiver would dim for two minutes, leaving only the message on the screen, "DON'T FAIL TO MISS IT!"

* * * * *

Of course other advertisers did the same. Within a few months everyone who could afford them had a collection of little silvery boxes on top his television, on the floor beside it, on racks back of it, or even filling nearby closets. There was the Procrustes Muffler Box, the No-Babe Pills Box, the BunaB Box, and even, trimmed in mahogany veneer, the Rolls-Royce Box. (For "diffident" viewers, they offered a box without the mahogany.)

Things went on like this for quite a while. Procrustes Mufflers, even, stopped selling mufflers and went full-time into the much more profitable business of collecting their \$5 a month from 15,000,000 viewers, and perfecting their advertisement to "convince" others to subscribe to silence.

Then, last night, the inevitable happened; the fate of television was sealed. At precisely 9:24 p.m., Lawrence Welt bubbled up to the microphone, and, before the New York State Champagne commercial ("The Beer of Bottled Champagne"), offered DON'T FAIL TO MISS IT rental for his entire hour of Beer-Music.

The response is reported to be overwhelming.

T.D.C. Kuch

Book Review -- STAR BORN, by Andre Norton (Ace Book M-148, 45¢, 186 pp).

Another reissue, this was copyrighted in 1957. A sequel, of sorts, to THE STARS ARE OURS, it is set on Astra, the planet colonized by the scientist-fugitives from the first book, some three generations later.

Thus we have the colonists, the Terran stock subtly altered, and their allies, the furred, humanoid sea-people. The good guys, they contend with the bad guys, Those Others, who are a race of "decadent" city people. They are "decadent" because they had come to rely on mechanisms the mastery of which had been lost in a catastrophe. (Nobody likes Those Others, because if they ever recover they will do us all in. After all, its their planet.) To all this is added a shipload of genuine Terra-Terrans, complete with ship.

The plot is quite intricate, and the action is good, but the book is unmistakably a juvenile, with juvenile characters. Andre Norton has done much better quite often.

Alexis A. Gilliland

Alexis is now on the Ballantine list of reviewers, as well as that of Ace. Thanks, Ballantine and Ace!

ODDS AND ENDS

Jay Kay Klein asks that we call attention to the dinner get-together which he is arranging for fans attending the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers (IEEE) Convention in New York City this coming March. The dinner is planned for March 21. Anyone interested should write to Jay Kay Klein, 302 Sandra Drive, N. Syracuse, N.Y., 13212.

It may not be too late, but it will be soon -- if you haven't written in about Star Trek (see TWJ #35), do so now. A few addresses to which you might write are: The Scanner, National TV Log Inc., Suite 1623, 6290 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal., 90028; Star Trek, TV Guide Viewer Service, Box 800, Radnor, Pa., 19088; Star Trek, Desilu Productions, 780 North Gower St., Hollywood, Cal., 90038; Star Trek, NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y., 10020; and, of course, write to your local TV station (WRC-TV for D.C.-area viewers). Don't just write to one of the above -- write to them all.

In response to our request in TWJ #30, Bob Tucker writes the following:

". . . 'Carmichael Smith' [a pseudonym for Dr. Paul M.A. Linebarger, alias Cordwainer Smith --ed.] wrote ATOMSK, and it was indeed a science fiction yarn, of sorts -- a crossbreed between that and a mystery story. I remember it as a whopping good thriller with a distinctly off-beat plot.

"Just in case you can't lay your grubby hands on a copy of BLOOMINGTON NEWS LETTER #11, August 1949, here is my review in full:

ATOMSK by Carmichael Smith
(Duell, Sloan & Pearce, NYC, 1949, \$2.50)

A combination detective, science and spy thriller, recounting the search for the secret underground city of Atomsk, where the Russians brew their atomic misery. In some ways it will remind you of Leinster's THE MURDER OF THE USA (Crown, 1946).

The detective fans in the house will enjoy it but the scienceers will find the sabotage of the atomic city a little too slick, too pat to swallow without salt. -BT

"Now, you know as much as I do, almost. Even with the above review to help me, I remember very little of the story, but I do remember it was well-written and enjoyable -- and quite exciting to find in a mystery series."

Even with such a large issue, we had to hold some material over until the next issue. We would like a few LOC's, though, for FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK, which was omitted from this issue due to lack of letters to publish. And Terry Carr, what-ever happened to those TAFF PROGRESS REPORT's?

MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY ANNEX

February IF -- The second installment of Algis Budrys' "The Iron Thorn" continues and expands the beautifully-drawn physical and social background; unfortunately the story-line is rather simple-minded and the protagonist is too much of a Heinlein-Van Vogt omniscient hero. ##### Three of the four novelets are parts of series: a puppeteer story by Larry Niven, a Gree story by C. C. MacApp, and a Relief story (a good one) by Keith Laumer. The fourth, "The Evil Ones" by Richard Wilson, involves aliens who make their first contact with humans at a madhouse. ### The three short stories are negligible.

Banks H. Mebane

NYCON 3 NEWS

PROGRESS REPORT #1 is finally out! According to "AN APOLOGY", which was enclosed with PR#1, the delay was caused by the non-receipt of materials promised by the TRICON Committee: "To date, we have received absolutely no communication from the Tricon Committee -- no final report, no address lists, no passed on funds: nothing. We waited considerably past our deadline for this material, and then finally went ahead without it. By then we were caught in the Christmas rush. So we have delayed, finally, until the new year." After such a fine convention as the TRICON was, it's a shame that post-TRICON events should reflect badly upon the TRICON Committee . . .

Also enclosed with PR#1 were: NYCON COMICS #2; TAFF PROGRESS REPORT #9, an Ace Books advertisement, an announcement about and application form for the Second Annual Galaxy of Fashions, and the nomination blank for the Hugo (and Pong) awards.

NYCON COMICS presents the "continuing saga of the Second Stage Fanoclasts", by Jack Gaughan. It is distributed with each Progress Report to those persons who are members at that time. In other words, if you wait until the last minute to join the convention, you'll receive the previously-issued Progress Reports, but not the previously-issued issues of NYCON COMICS.

TAFF PROGRESS REPORT #9 will also be distributed with the JOURNAL, if and when Terry Carr sends them to us. The Ace Books advertisement was reprinted in issue #32 of the JOURNAL.

The deadline for application for the Second Annual Galaxy of Fashions is 31 Jan 1967 -- so, if you haven't already applied, it will be too late for you to do so by the time you receive this issue of the JOURNAL. If you are interested in the fashion show, you can write to Cindy Heap, Box 244, Old Chelsea Station PO, N.Y., N.Y., 10011, and maybe it won't be too late -- it won't hurt to try, anyway. Jobs open were: Modeling, Designing, Sewing, and General what-have-you ("helping models dress & undress, etc.").

Hugo nomination blanks will be distributed with this issue of the JOURNAL, although we really can't see the purpose of this practice -- only members of the Convention may return the blanks, and members of the Convention will be furnished blanks when they apply for membership; publicity need really consist of only the announcement of what the various Hugo categories (and Pong categories, this year) are. But, we wish to do everything possible to help the Con Committee, and they requested that fanzine editors reprint and distribute the forms, so we will comply. Deadline for return of the nomination form is May 1, 1967. [Oops! Anyone can nominate; see form.]

Concerning the "Pongs" (see the description of them on the nomination blank), Bruce Pelz, in RATATOSK #42, has objected to them on the following grounds: "I feel that NYcon is being unfair to fanzine editors, and fobbing them off with a secondary prize or 3 instead of giving a Hugo for Best Fanzine as has been done since 1956 (except for '58). As the 1968 Convention Committee will almost certainly revert to a Fanzine Hugo, it will leave someone -- perhaps Tom Reamy, Ed Meskys, Bill Mallardi, Bill Donaho -- with a one-shot Pong to try to explain to people. (Explaining a Hugo is sometimes difficult enough.) If you agree that the Fanzine Hugo should be restored, WRITE IT IN ON THE NOMINATION BALLOT -- after all, if Loncon restored the Drama Hugo... . (Or maybe I should get Harlan to phone Ted White at 4AM.)"

Well, we feel that the Pongs are a good thing, provided there is enough interest in the two new categories (Best Fan Writer and Best Fan Artist) to make the pre-

sentation this year a success and providing that they are carried on by future con committees. The Hugo award, after all, is more of an award for professional than for amateur effort/achievement. Establishment of a series of awards for amateur effort/achievement should result in recognition of much of the excellent amateur work which has heretofore gone largely unnoticed outside of fandom, and should result in better amateur efforts through the competition for the amateur awards.

The question, though, is whether or not enough persons are familiar with enough amateur artists and writers to make the award a success this year. Amateur magazines are frequently compared as to quality, amateur artists less so, and amateur writers hardly ever. Most fans can name the top amateur magazines, many can name the top amateur artists, but few can name more than a couple amateur writers. Of course, this is largely a result of the Hugo up to this point going only to the best magazine; if the Pongs become a reality, fans will almost certainly start thinking about and comparing the fan-artists and fan-writers to a much larger extent, which will, in the future, provide a better basis for Pongs in these categories -- as well as, through the increased critical consideration of their efforts by general fandom, induce better efforts on the part of the fan-artists and writers. The catch is, though, that the Pongs will have to be successful this year, if there is to be any hope of future con committees continuing them. And the success of the Pongs this year depends upon the cooperation of the persons casting nominations and ballots. If you want the Pongs to be successful, and to be continued from year-to-year, make nominations in all three categories, even if it means going back and reading some of your 1966 fanzines over again to try to find some good fan-art and fan-writing. Don't leave the nominations blank, and don't write in a fanzine Hugo. Also, write to this year's con committee, expressing your approval of the Pongs, and, after it is known, to next year's committee, urging that the Pongs be continued. The success or failure of the Pongs depends upon you.

We would like to recommend to the Con Committee that if the Fan-artist and fan-writer response as indicated by the nominations should be so poor as to indicate the failure of these two new categories this year, that they drop these categories before the final balloting and change the Fanzine Pong back to a Fanzine Hugo. It is our hope, of course, that the two new categories will be successful.

For the record, Hugo categories this year are: Best Novel (any S-F novel first published in 1966, which is in excess of 30,000 words); Best Novelette (between 10,000 and 30,000 words); Best Short Story (under 10,000 words); Best Magazine; Best Artist; Best Dramatic Presentation (individual program or episode for TV series -- entire series can not be nominated in toto). Pong categories are: Best Fanzine (at least four issues must have been published by the end of 1966 -- but not all four necessarily in 1966); Best Fan Writer; Best Fan Artist.

Progress Report #1, finally, consists of the usual advertisements, pieces on the Pro Guest-of-Honor (Lester Del Rey) and the Fan Guest-of-Honor (Bob Tucker); con announcements, and Program information. Registration will open on Thursday afternoon (Aug. 31), with a full program scheduled on the following four days. Continuing highlight of the program will be a series of dialogues: the confrontation of two speakers who represent opposed points of view and their dialogues on the subject. Other events planned so far are business session with Consite Voting (Saturday afternoon, before main part of con program), Fans Meet the Pros Party (Saturday night), Second Galaxy of Fashion Show (Sunday afternoon), Costume Ball (Sunday evening), and Awards Banquet (Monday afternoon, Harlan Ellison, Toastmaster).

Details on membership, hotel rates, PR deadlines, advertising rates, etc., elsewhere in this issue of the JOURNAL.

NEWS FROM ACE

January, 1967 releases --

DUNE, by Frank Herbert (N-3, 95¢) -- "The science fiction sensation of the year! A double award-winner as Best SF Novel! 'DUNE seems to me unique among modern sf novels in the depth of its characterization and the extraordinary detail of the world it creates. I know nothing comparable to it except THE LORD OF THE RINGS.' -- Arthur C. Clarke 'Powerful, convincing and most ingenious.' -- Robert A. Heinlein 'Certainly one of the landmarks of modern science fiction...an amazing feat of creation.' -- Analog Science Fiction"

THE BEST FROM FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, Twelfth Series, edited by Avram Davidson (G-611, 50¢) -- "A not-to-be-missed anthology of the finest stories of a leading sf magazine, including such writers as: EDGAR PANGBORN, JAMES BLISH, AVRAM DAVIDSON, BRIAN W. ALDISS, J. G. BALLARD."

THE PLANET OF THE DOUBLE SUN, by Neil R. Jones (F-420, 40¢; "Professor Jameson Space Adventure #1") -- "The first of a classic series of galactic adventures, as a brilliant Earth scientist is brought back to life by the incredible machine men of Zor countless millenia in the future, eons after Earth and humanity have died...." "The first saga of the Zoromes -- a cosmic series in the grand manner!"

REALITY FORBIDDEN, by Philip E. High (G-609, 50¢) -- "Brutally suppressed by the government, the addicts of the 'dream-machine', which materialized anyone's wishes, fought a fantastic battle for survival." and
CONTRABAND FROM OTHERSPACE, by A. Bertram Chandler -- "A mysterious derelict spaceship turns out to have a crew of escaped slaves from an alien civilization in an alternate universe."

ANARCHAOS, by Curt Clark (F-421, 40¢) -- "To the vicious world of Anarchaos, where no law was the only law, came a man named Rolf Malone, searching for truth about his brother's death, and finding his own life in ultimate peril...."

THE SWORD OF RHIANNON, by Leigh Brackett (F-422, 40¢) -- "Into the strange world of Mars a million years ago plunged Matt Carse, to find himself inhabiting the body of the mythical god Rhiannon, and compelled to fight that immortal's battles all over again!"

THE MONSTER WHEEL AFFAIR (G-613, 50¢, "The Man From U.N.C.L.E. #8") -- "A gigantic space station was orbiting the Earth...and no one knew who had put it up there!"
/Oops! We forgot to mention that the story was written by David McDaniel./

Previous titles in the "Man from U.N.C.L.E." series are:

- #1 -- THE THOUSAND COFFINS AFFAIR, by Michael Avallone (G-553).
- #2 -- THE DOOMSDAY AFFAIR, by Harry Whittington (G-560).
- #3 -- THE COPENHAGEN AFFAIR, by John Oram (G-564).
- #4 -- THE DAGGER AFFAIR, by David McDaniel (G-571).
- #5 -- THE MAD SCIENTIST AFFAIR, by John T. Phillifent (G-581).
- #6 -- THE VAMPIRE AFFAIR, by David McDaniel (G-590).
- #7 -- THE RADIOACTIVE CAMEL AFFAIR, by Peter Leslie (G-600).

NIGHT OF THE LETTER, by Dorothy Eden (K-261, 50¢, "Gothic"; Original Title: DARLING CLEMENTINE) -- "A beautiful young woman, trapped in a house with a sinister history, fights for her life against the shadowy forces of evil..." (Backlist Dorothy Eden titles: WHISTLE FOR THE CROWS (K-184); THE PRETTY ONES (K-230); BRIDGE OF FEAR (K-236); THE SLEEPING BRIDE (K-239); THE DEADLY TRAVELLERS (K-243); THE BROODING LAKE (K-249).)

Also, HARLEQUIN HOUSE, by Leal Hayes (G-612, 50¢, "Gothic"); WALK INTO MY PARLOR, by Rona Randall (K-262, 50¢, mystery?); THE LUSTY BREED, by Frank Wynne and THE SIEGE AT GUNHAMMER, by John L. Shelley (G-610, 50¢, Westerns); SINGLE ACTION, by Nelson Nye (F-418, 40¢, Western); RANGELAND NURSE (F-419, 40¢, Romance).

February, 1967 releases --

THE GENETIC GENERAL, by Gordon R. Dickson (F-426, 40¢) -- "Donal Graeme of the Dorsai, hereditary master of space war, faced an incredible power from beyond the galaxy."

FOUR FOR TOMORROW, by Roger Zelazny (M-155, 45¢) -- "A great collection of novel-ettes by today's most exciting writer of science fiction. With an introduction by Theodore Sturgeon."

WORLD WITHOUT STARS, by Poul Anderson (F-425, 40¢) -- "Marooned on a world beyond the stars, the Earth crew found a race of aliens so old they claimed they had created the universe!"

ENVOY TO THE DOG STAR, by Frederick L. Shaw, Jr. (G-614, 50¢) -- "The first experimental flight to the stars was made by a dog, specially bred to match man's intelligence . . . but was he still a friend of man?" and SHOCK WAVE, by Walt and Leigh Richmond -- "Inexplicably transported to an alien planet, Terry found an omnipotent computer who barred his way back to Earth!"

THE STRANGEST THINGS IN THE WORLD, by Thomas R. Henry (K-266, 50¢, new printing) -- "The plant that strikes men dumb . . . a crocodile with life after death . . . vicious fire ants . . . worms with hypodermic needles . . . Every page offers something distinctive and interesting." -- St. Louis Post Dispatch"

GOLD IN CALIFORNIA!, by Todhunter Ballard (A-9, 75¢, Western -- awarded First Prize by Western Writers of America) -- "From the scattered cities of a growing land they came -- the young and the old, the good and the evil -- looking for the yellow glitter of gold that meant riches, and backing their claims with bullets. In this exciting frontier land, young Austin Garner had to become a man overnight merely to stay alive"

Also, SOUVENIR OF MONIQUE, by Marion Zimmer Bradley (G-616, 50¢, "Gothic"); THE NIGHT OF MY ENEMY, by Anne Maybury (K-263, 50¢, "Gothic"); WE DIE ALONE, by David Howarth (G-569, 50¢, WWII, new printing); THE DARK BETWEEN THE STARS, by Jane Barrymore (K-264, 50¢, Mystery/Romance); THE RELUCTANT WIDOW, by Georgette Hayer (K-265, 50¢, Romance?); GIANT ON HORSEBACK, by Lewis B. Patten (F-423, 40¢, Western); LEGACY OF THE SLASH M, by Ray Hogan and TRACKER, by William Vance (G-615, 50¢, Westerns); COMMUNITY NURSE, by Arlene Hale (F-424, 40¢, Romance).

 Reprinted from PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY, December 5, 1966 -- "Ace Books . . . recently polled some leading scientists to find out whether or not the reading of science fiction had proved to be a factor in their careers. Over 75% of those replying said that an early interest in science fiction had played a part in their determination of a future career, and an even higher percentage reported that they still read science fiction." A couple of the replies reported in the article: "I believe that s-f attracts the more imaginative, inquiring child, the type who can make a success in the scientific field. God knows we need that type . . ." -- Dr. Jules T. Simon (AEC); "really good science fiction can explore the nature of man and the universe better than any other contemporary form of writing. Long may it live!" -- Joseph P. Kerwin (NASA astronaut).

THE EASTERN SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

The next meeting of the Eastern Science Fiction Association (ESFA) will be held on Sunday, February 5, in the YM-YWCA at 600 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey, at 3:00 p.m. Guest Speaker will be Michael Avallone, author of some 75 books; he has written several Nick Carter mysteries, Ed Noon's, U.N.C.L.E.'s, Gothics, and movie novelizations. He also edited two short-lived 1957 magazines, SPACE SCIENCE FICTION and TALES OF THE FRIGHTENED, as well as a Flying Saucer book for Avon. In addition, he has edited a paperback anthology entitled, appropriately, "Tales of the Frightened".

Minutes of ESFA Meeting, December 4, 1966 --

The meeting opened at 3:35 p.m., with an attendance of 17. The report of Treasurer Herkart was followed by that of Secretary Howard. Both reports were accepted without additions or corrections.

Director Deckinger reported on the search for an appropriate plaque for the "Isaac" award to be presented at the March open meeting. He and Sam Moskowitz will follow through on a design selected by the club. Deckinger said there has been a lack of response to his efforts to form a book-dealers' panel, but there will be a panel on cryonics (immortality through freezing). This led Moskowitz to remark that Clifford Simak's new novel from Doubleday is based on the subject of cryonics.

Sam believes Simak to be the #1 s-f writer at the present time. Sam also said that Kingsley Amis' article in the latest IMPULSE seems to reverse his opinions of Pohl, Ballard, Aldiss, and Blish, as held in NEW MAPS OF HELL. Sam also commented on Judith Merrill's latest column in F&SF in which she confesses to a previous ignorance of H. G. Wells. He termed this a shocking admission by one supposedly an expert in her field. Hans Stefan Santesson called for a debate between Moskowitz and Merrill on Wells. Les Mayer contributed the news note that Francois Dallegrat, French artist, has been named advisor to the 1967 World's Fair in Montreal. He will supervise and arrange the shooting of documentary films centering on the theme of Science Fiction. Milt Spahn said that the Annual issue of ANTIQUARIAN BOOKMAN next March will be devoted to articles on fiction which deserves reprinting.

The featured speaker was Hans Stefan Santesson, editor of THE SAINT MYSTERY MAGAZINE, who is also at work on a theme anthology on religion in s-f, GODS FOR TOMORROW, to appear in the fall of 1967. Mr. Santesson spoke on the topic, "History and Us". In his talk Mr. Santesson stated that s-f fans might profit from the study of history, which is not a mere recital of dates, but of happenings. These happenings are the story of people, and what they saw and did, as will be the history of tomorrow. He urged that history not be measured in terms of one's own complexes and preconceived notions. S-f fans should have a flexibility and catholicity of approach to recognize that "there may be more things in heaven and earth than we dream". Legends, artifacts, art, religion and literature all point to a hitherto-unexpected civilization that existed in pre-history.

Mr. Santesson sees the Dark Ages as a comparatively civilized time, with man's inhumanity to man more apparent in the Renaissance. Mr. Santesson gave examples of unusual happenings in medieval times and pointed out that the reporters of these happenings were not visionaries, but hard-headed realists, who saw something and reported it first-hand. The leaders of the time may have been ignorant, but they were not stupid. Sufficient archaeological evidence tends to show that the old-timers knew a little more than we credit them with.

Mr. Santesson said the sense of wonder in s-f began to disappear starting in the 1950's because writers, editors, and readers were more interested in a stylized approach. He sees s-f demanding an intellectual integrity beyond

gadgetry and robots. S-f relies more and more on variations of the same instead of departures from the norm. S-f fans can legitimately be interested in the strange and unknown and should realize that history is repetitive, and did not begin at a certain time.

The meeting adjourned at 5:35.

Minutes of ESFA Meeting, January 8, 1967 --

The meeting was called to order by Director Mike Deckinger at 3:30 p.m., with a total attendance of 22 persons. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and accepted. Treasurer Paul Herkart gave the financial report and followed with a suggestion that the registration fee for the March expanded meeting be made \$1.25. After some discussion regarding probable expenses against probable attendance it was decided to table until the February 5 meeting. Deckinger brought up the possibility of having reserved tables for book dealers at the open meeting. This was also discussed and tabled.

Paul Herkart announced he has color slides of artwork from the recent Westercon Project Art Show available at \$1.25 for a set of five. Andy Porter read news notes from his fanzine DEGLER!, and announced an article, "The Gentle Art of Editing a Slush Pile", in the next issue of his ALGOL, based on his experience at F&SF.

The featured speaker was Robert Silverberg, who spoke on the topic, "The New Wave in S-F". Silverberg's theme was that science fiction is currently undergoing a revolutionary change that may well find the old-guard writers, editors, and fans left out, and left behind. He outlined previous evolutionary periods in s-f, reading passages from stories of the times, starting with the Gernsback era of 1926-1936. Silverberg said the stories were powerful, but crude, with the writers lacking the literary technique to do anything with their ideas. The readers, being, in general, uncritical adolescents, were quite willing to accept these stories.

1936-1948 saw the era of the competent, but unsophisticated, pulp writers. Their writing was smoother, with the story being the thing, but with a hollow quality. After a few experiments with sex and sadism, reader protests forced abandonment of this experiment. The early '50's saw the advent of F&SF and GALAXY, who pioneered a new trend in stories of the type of Fritz Leiber's "Coming Attraction" and Philip Jose Farmer's "Mother", wherein the more unpleasant aspects of life were explored. However, Silverberg said, while there was an attempt to examine the real problems of real people, and the material had changed, the techniques had not.

Following the bust of 1958, the new and present revolution got underway around 1962. However, in general, these changes are outside the magazine field, which remains relatively the same. Silverberg cited the work of such writers as Zelazny, Ballard, Delany, Moorcock, and Dick, as being in the new tradition. This is the story told in oblique fashion, which is suddenly thrust upon you, and where you find yourself inside, with no introductory material. Silverberg calls this new way of writing the "try anything" technique, and sees it as being exciting and vigorous, challenging old formulas. There is apparently a whole new audience for this writing -- a "hip group" of college and literary people, who are taking over the production and reading of s-f, and who, unlike the main-line fans, are not judging the field by previous standards. Silverberg sees this as a creative opportunity that is being taken away from the old guard. He says something strange and wonderful is happening to the s-f field, and while he does not necessarily approve in total, yet it should be done, for who knows where it may lead....

The meeting adjourned about 5:45 p.m.

Allan Howard, Secretary, ESFA

February-March Calendar ---

- WSFA Meetings -- February 3, 17; March 3, 17, 31 (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). Meetings are informal. Club o-o, THE WSFA JOURNAL (\$2 per year; generally bi-weekly). Remember DISCLAVE '67, probably second weekend in May.
- The Gamesmen -- February 10, 24; March 10, 24; at home of D. Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Md., 20906, at 7:30 p.m. (phone no. 933-5417). Call first, if possible. Meetings are informal. An activity of the N3F Games Bureau.
- Baltimore Science Fiction Society (BSFS) meetings -- February 11, 25; March 11, 25; all but February 11 at home of D. Ettlin, 31 West North Ave., Baltimore, Md., at 7:30 p.m. (phone no. 837-2876); meeting of February 11 (elections) in conjunction with BALTICONFERENCE at the Hotel Emerson on the weekend of Feb. 10-12 (see notice elsewhere in this issue of the JOURNAL). Meetings are informal. No club o-o; occasional club news appears in THE WSFA JOURNAL.
- Eastern Science Fiction Association (ESFA) meetings -- February 5; March 5; at YM-YWCA, 600 Broad St., Newark, N.J., at 3:00 p.m. Featured as Guest Speaker at the February 5 meeting will be Michael Avallone. Program for March 5 meeting not yet announced. THE WSFA JOURNAL serves as club o-o. Remember the 1967 Open ESFA on March 5 at the Newark "Y".
- Central Ohio Science Fiction Society (COSFS) -- February 23; March 23; at the Columbus, Ohio Public Library Auditorium, 96 South Grant St., at 7:30 p.m. Club o-o, COSIGN (25¢ a copy, \$2.50 per year; monthly; Robert B. Gaines, 336 Olentangy St., Columbus, Ohio, 43202; recommended).
- Ozark Science Fiction Association (OSFA) -- February 26; March 26; meeting places vary -- write Jack Steele, 609 W. Kelley St., DeSoto, Missouri, 63020, for info. Club o-o, OSFAn; club genzine, SIRRUIISH; former is monthly, latter irregular; both available primarily to members; membership is \$3 per year to persons living within the greater St. Louis area, \$1.50 per year to others living too far away to attend meetings; Editor, Jim Hall, 202 Taylor Ave., Crystal City, Mo., 63019.
- Faanish & Insurgent SciencTiFictional Association (FISTFA) -- February 10, 24; March 10, 24; at apartment of Mike McInerney, Apt. 5FW, 250 West 16th St., N.Y., N.Y., 10011. Meetings informal. Remember the 1967 EASTERCON at the Hotel Roosevelt on the evening of April 28.
- Lunarians -- February 18; March 18; at home of Frank Dietz, 1750 Walton Ave., Bronx, N.Y., 10453, at 8 p.m. Locally, guests of members only, but out-of-town visitors are always welcome. Meetings generally informal. Remember the 1967 LUNACON at the Hotel Roosevelt in Manhattan on April 29 and 30.
- City College of New York Evening Session Science-Fiction Society ("Sci-Fi", or ESSFSCCN) -- every Friday evening during academic year, at 8 p.m., in Finlay Hall, 133rd St. and Convent Ave., on the CCNY campus. Not limited to just CCNY students. Frequently have top-notch pro and fannish speakers.
- Massachusetts Institute of Technology Science-Fiction Society (MITSFS) -- every Friday at 5 p.m., in room 1-236, MIT (call 617-UM4-7933 for information). Club o-o, TWILIGHT ZINE (25¢ per copy; irregular; Leslie Turek, 56 Linnaean St., Cambridge, Mass., 02138). Remember BOSKONE IV, April 1 and 2, at the Statler-Hilton, Boston.
- READERS AND AUTHORS OF SCIENCE FICTION, a lecture series co-sponsored by the MENSA Society Science Fiction Study Group and the Boston Public Library -- February 11; March 11; at South Boston Branch Library, 646 East Broadway, in South Boston, at 2:30 p.m.; February 11 speaker, Ben Bova, on the subject "Are the Critics Doing Their Job?"; March 11 speaker, Fred Pohl, on the subject "The Effect of Science Fiction on Modern Civilizations".

Philadelphia Science Fiction Society (PSFS) -- No information on meetings; Harriett Kolchak or someone else in the Philadelphia group, please help!
 Elves', Gnomes', and Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder, and Marching Society -- February 17; no information on March meetings; February 17 meeting will be at home of Poul Anderson, 3 Las Palomas, Orinda, Calif., 94563; speaker will be Anthony Boucher, subject: "SF in Opera"; time not stated (probably 8:30 p.m.).

Los Angeles Science Fiction Society (LASFS) -- every Thursday at 8 p.m.; generally in the Silverlake Playground, Silverlake Blvd. and Van Pelt St., Los Angeles, at 8 p.m. If special holiday falls on meeting night, meeting will be held at 330 S. Berendo, in Los Angeles. Membership is \$1 "matriculation" fee, with 35¢ per meeting attended. Club o-o is SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES, which is defunct at the moment. Present club 'zine is a newsletter, DE PROFUNDIS, free to members, 35¢ a year to others, published by Fred Hollander, %Lloyd House, Caltech, Pasadena, Calif., 91109. No conventions sponsored by club, but WESTERCON XX is being held in Los Angeles this year over the July 4th weekend.

Valley Science Fiction Association (ValSFA) -- meets every Friday; contact Dwain Kaiser, 1397 N. Second Ave., Upland, Calif., 91786, for further information.

The West Covina Science Fiction Association (WesCoSFA) -- Contact Steven Fink, 1835 E. Michelle, West Covina, Calif., 91790, for details.

Queen's SF Club (QSFC) -- meetings twice a week, Monday and Wednesday noons in North Common Room, McNeil House, and 3rd Floor Lounge, Student's Union, at Queen's University, in Kingston, Ontario, Canada. Membership \$1.00 per year. Club o-o, GE; Tom Trottier, 44 Toronto St., Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

Science Fiction Club Deutschland (SFCD) -- The German equivalent of the British Science Fiction Association or the National Fantasy Fan Federation. Write Tom Schlück, 3 Hannover, Altenbekener, Damm 10, Germany, for details. An article on this club, written by Tom, appeared in issue #40 of BSFA's VECTOR.

British Science Fiction Association (BSFA) -- The British national club. For membership details, write to Mrs. D.E. Parker, 38 Millfield Road, Deeping St. James, Peterborough, England. Club publication, VECTOR.

The National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F or NFFF) -- The American "national" club. For membership write to Mrs. Janie Lamb, Route 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tenn., 37754. Dues are \$2 for first year, \$1.75 thereafter. Club o-o is THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN (TNFF); club letter-'zine is TIGHTBEAM.

The La Plata Fantasy & Science-Fiction Club -- For information, write % Calle 2 n° 270, departamento 2, La Plata (BA) Argentina; their club organ is not currently being published, but they are very much interested in American fanzines.

There are, of course, others -- how about writing in and furnishing the JOURNAL with information on them? And please correct any mistakes in the above calendar. Our thanks go to Allan Howard for information on EFSA, Frank Dietz for info on the Lunarians, Alma Hill for info on the Boston lecture series, Fred Hollander for info on LASFS, Felice Rolfe (and CALI #3, 5¢ an issue; Northern California Fan News) for information on the other California clubs, and Tom Trottier for info on QSFC.

 RALLY! Poll results, as announced in issue #14 of RALLY! (Lon Atkins, Box 660, Huntsville, Ala., 35804; 4/25¢, but may fold in March when Lon moves to Calif.) -- Least Coherent Writer, Stephen Pickering; Most Promising Young Fugghead, Dwain Kaiser; The Nkima Award (for devotion to ERB), Jerry Page; The Dirty Pro Award (vilest pro-writer to be associated with fandom), Jerry Page; The Fan We'd Most Like to See Gafiate Award, John Boardman; Award for the Fan Who Collects Everything, Billy Pettit; The Arnold Katz Award (for insufferable conceit), Arnie Katz; The Jacobs Golden Bheercan (for beer consumption), Lee Jacobs & Billy Pettit (tie).

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

On hand, 30 November 1966	\$60.38
Dues, Regular members	\$6.00
Dues, new Corresponding member	\$2.00
On hand, 30 December 1966	\$68.38
Dues, Regular members	\$14.50
Dues, new Regular members	\$4.50
Dues, new Corresponding members	\$15.50
Fred Gottschalk (settlement of \$7.35 debt)	\$5.00
Surplus donations remaining after payment for Xmas phone call to Tom Schlück	\$1.86
Expenses: NYCON 3 membership	\$2.00
Postage, FANTASIA #4 (excess over advance)	\$.50
Postage, FANTASIA #5	\$1.55
Postage, FANTASIA #6	\$1.37
Postage, DIPLOPHOBIA #3 (excess over adv.)	\$1.10
Postage, DIPLOPHOBIA #4	\$2.08
Postage, DIPLOPHOBIA #5	\$2.11
Postage, DIPSOMANIA #4	\$1.65
Postage, DIPSOMANIA #5	\$1.27
Postage, SUPERCAL #2 (excess over advance)	\$.15
Postage, SUPERCAL #3	\$.55
Postage, SUPERCAL #4	\$.88
Postage, TWJ #30 (excess over advance)	\$2.35
Postage, TWJ #31	\$4.55
Postage, TWJ #32	\$4.40
Postage, TWJ #33	\$5.40
Postage, TWJ #34	\$3.68
Postage, TWJ #35	\$4.55
Postage, DIPLOPHOBIA #6 & FANTASIA #7	\$2.79
On hand, 30 January 1967	\$68.56

WSFA membership in good standing now stands at 30 Regular, 4 Associate, 5 Life, 1 Honorary Corresponding, 2 Club-Exchange Corresponding, 62 Corresponding, and 10 Honorary. A quorum stands at 15. A complete roster (excepting Honorary) appears elsewhere in this issue of the JOURNAL.

Philip N. Bridges

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

Minutes of the Regular meeting of the Washington Science Fiction Association, held 2 December 1966, at the home of Miss E. Cullen in Washington, D.C. --

Present: 20 persons -- Bill Berg, Phyllis Berg, Phil Bridges, Fred Cisin, Elizabeth Cullen, Jack Chalker, Bill Forlines (Guest), Alexis Gilliland, Alice Haldeman, Gay Haldeman, Jay Haldeman, Joe Haldeman, Wayne Hoheisel (Guest), Alan Huff, Lidie McClure, Banks Mebane, Don Miller, Mark Owings, Ray Ridenour, Bob Weston.

Called to Order: 9:02 p.m.

Reports:

Treasurer -- \$67.38 on hand.

Program -- Are there any objections to an INFO member coming to talk if he will agree?

Membership -- New Corresponding members: Andy Porter, Richard Wald; new Regular member: Rikki Patt.

Publications -- The next issue of the JOURNAL will be out (hopefully) over the coming weekend.

Old Business -- Dispensed with.

New Business and Announcements -- The proposed amendment concerning the accounting of the period of membership of Corresponding members will be published in the next issue (#35) of the JOURNAL.

Banks Mebane moved that WSFA take out a membership in NYCON 3. It was seconded and passed.

Alan Huff moved that Beethoven be made an Honorary member. Jay Haldeman ruled Alan's motion frivolous. Alan moved that Jay be ruled frivolous. It was moved that Alan be declared frivolous; seconded and passed.

Joe Haldeman stated that Gay wrote the letter (about Star-Trek) to the Star T.V. Magazine which was quoted in TWJ #34, but that it was full of typographical errors when it was published.

Don Miller announced receipt of a letter from "The Committee" asking everyone to write to producers, sponsors, etc. of Star-Trek to try to keep it on the air.

Alexis Gilliland said that there's a new book store on Penna. Ave., in the 18-1900 block. Joe Haldeman announced that the Univ. of Md. Book Exchange in College Park has expended its S-F.

Meeting Adjourned -- 9:35 p.m.

Minutes of the Regular meeting of the Washington Science Fiction Association, held 16 December, 1966, at the home of Miss E. Cullen in Washington, D.C. --

Present: 25 persons -- Bill Berg, Phyllis Berg, Fred Cisin, Elizabeth Cullen, Wayne Fleming (Guest), Bill Forlines, Alexis Gilliland, Alice Haldeman, Jay Haldeman, Jay Haldeman, Joe Haldeman, Jim Harper, Alan Huff, Debi Hinton, Jim Latimer, Lidie McClure, Mike Mattingly (Guest), Banks Mebane, Don Miller, Mark Owings, Ray Ridenour, Jan Slavin, Joe Vallin, Bob Weston, Ronald Wolz (Guest).

Called to Order: 8:55 p.m.

Reports (Committees):

Membership -- Two new Corresponding members: Kaarla Haldeman and Dave Kyle.

Publications -- TWJ #35 is out, #36 should be out during January.

Old Business: Dispensed with.

New Business and Announcements: Vernice Heckathorne, one of WSFA's Life members, died on November 28.

It being the anniversary of Beethoven's birth, there was a festive air to the evening. Alexis Gilliland moved that every time someone swallows some of his drink, he say "To Ludwig" or a similar salutation (passed). Jan Slavin moved that Leonard Nimoy and Gene Rodenberry be made Honorary members (Rodenberry for his pioneering and Nimoy for his portrayal of an alien) (defeated). Alexis moved that we send them a plaque, which he will make, reading: "The Washington Science Fiction Association presents this citation of merit in recognition of services to Science Fiction in the medium of UGH*PTUI television." (passed).

A

Disclave Committee consisting of Alan Huff, Banks Mebane, Don Miller, and Jay Haldeman was appointed. Some suggestions concerning advance memberships were made from the floor.

Don Miller raised the question of JOURNAL finances. An Executive Committee meeting was later held, during which the frequency of publication, trade and general distribution policies, advertising policy, and the like were discussed. It was decided that trades with individuals would be discontinued, as would the category of "friend" of WSFA. Clubs, contributors, reviewers, and the like would still receive the JOURNAL, and sample copies would still be distributed -- but regular distribution would otherwise cease to persons who are not Corresponding members, Life members, or Regular members in good standing. The JOURNAL would continue on a bi-weekly schedule with, if time and material permit, alternating 10- and 20-page issues, mailed via 1st- and 3rd-class, respectively. Corresponding rates would remain at \$2 per year. Advertising would be encouraged, and methods of supplementing the dues-income would be investigated to help keep the treasury in good shape.

Banks Mebane's party will be a "bring your own" at 8:30, Dec. 31. The fifth Friday party will be held at Alice and Jay Haldeman's -- they will also have a New Year's Day recovery party.

Lidie McClure announced that SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is running a paper airplane contest.

Meeting Adjourned: 9:45 p.m.

Gay Haldeman

REPORT OF THE MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE

New Regular members: Bill Forlines, Debi Hinton, Nancy Jane Webb, James Sanders (transfer from Corresponding membership).

New Corresponding members: Kaarla Haldeman, Reg Smith, David Kyle, J. E. Svilpis, George Fergus, Beresford Smith.

New Club-Exchange Corresponding member: Ozark Science Fiction Association.

William B. Berg

REPORT OF THE PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE

Excluding the present issue, 35 issues of the JOURNAL (and several supplements and postal diplomacy 'zines) have been published to date. Diplomacy 'zines will no longer be included in Committee report, as \$2.79 expenditure for DIPLOPHOBIA #6 and FANTASIA #7, reported in the Treasurer's report in this issue, was the last of the money in the WSFA treasury acquired as income from the Diplomacy 'zines. From this point on, there is no tie whatsoever (other than having some members in common) between the Diplomania family and WSFA (oops! there is, of course, also an historical tie -- but no more).

Supplies on hand include 6.8 reams of mimeo paper, 24 stencils, and .1 tube of mimeo ink. Stencils and ink have already been ordered, and more paper is going to have to be ordered after the current issue has been run off.

We have figured the costs of the JOURNAL, in a very rough manner. Our run per issue is approaching 200 copies, so we will figure on the basis of 200 copies.

<u>1st class (10 pp per issue)</u>	<u>3rd class (20 pp per issue)</u>	These costs exclude staples, mimeo maintenance, fees for returned 3rd-class issues, and the like, which are paid by the editor.
Paper \$2.40	Paper \$7.80	
Ink \$1.40	Ink \$2.80	
Stencils .. \$1.20	Stencils ... \$2.40	
Postage ... \$10.00	Postage \$8.00	
Total \$16.00, or 8¢ per member per issue	Total \$21.00, or 10.5¢ per member per issue	

24 10-page, 1st-class issues a per would then come to \$1.92 per member. 20 10-page, 1st-class issues would cost \$1.60 per member. 24 20-page, 3rd-class issues per year would be \$2.52 per member; 20 20-page, 3rd-class issues would come to \$2.10 per member. Under current policy, there will be alternating 10-page, 1st-class issues and 20-page, 3rd-class issues, unless there is news of such importance that more than one consecutive 1st-class issue is mandatory. If such an alternating-issue policy is carried on for 12 months, on a bi-weekly schedule (actually, on a twice-a-month schedule), cost would be \$2.22 per member per year. If only 20 issues were put out, cost would be \$1.85 per member per year. Actually, the number of issues will be 21 or 22, depending upon whether two or three monthly issues are put out at the end of the year, so annual cost-per-member will probably be a little over \$2 -- which means the club will just barely break even on the \$2 Corresponding membership fee -- which is good, as no profit-making was intended.

However, the treasury will be pretty heavily-hit for the next few months, as the club is currently losing quite a bit of money on all of the members who joined under the old \$1 and \$1.50 Corresponding membership fees. With a DISCLAVE coming up, this adds to the urgency of the situation. It is therefore imperative that means of raising money to offset the JOURNAL costs for the next few months be found. Any suggestions out there?

Don Miller

 MORE TIDBITS

The JOURNAL urgently needs a fanzine reviewer or reviewers. The pile of fanzines for review is piling up -- it's already over two inches thick, and rapidly getting thicker. Among the latest ones received are: HIPPOCAMPELEPHANTOCAMELOS #5 (Fred Hollander, %Lloyd House, Caltech, Pasadena, Calif., 91109; no subs, 25¢ an issue or trade, LOC, contributes, etc.; issue #5 is 40 pages, mimeographed); COMIC BOOK #2 (Alan J. Hanley, 1940 W. Wilson Ave., Chicago, Ill., 60640; 50¢ an issue; issue #2 29 pp, offset); STOPTHINK #3 (Nate Bucklin, P.O. Box 4, Dockton, Wash., 98018; 25¢ per copy, 3/60¢, 6/\$1; 17 pp, mimeo); MOONWEB (Vern Bennett, P.O. Box 705, Hawthorne, Cal., 90250; 25¢ per copy, 5/\$1, mimeo); GE (Tom Trottier, 44 Toronto St., Kingston, Ontario, Canada; o-o of Queen's SF Club, membership in which is \$1 per year; 7 pp, ditto); COSIGN #6 (Bob Gaines, 336 Olentangy St., Columbus, Ohio, 43202; 25¢ a copy, \$2.50 per year; monthly; 39 pp, ditto); THE PULP ERA (Lynn A. Hickman, 413 Ottokee St., Wauseon, Ohio, 43567; 35¢ a copy, 5/\$1.50; 30 pp, offset(?)); ANUBIS (Golden Goblin Press, Box 323, Arlington, Va., 22210; 50¢ a copy, \$2 per year; quarterly; 51 pp, offset(?)). That's enough for now -- we have plenty of others, but they have been (or will be) mentioned under other categories -- and we have more than one pile . . . At any rate, we hope all of the above, and any others we have been missed, will be reviewed in more depth in the next couple of issues of the JOURNAL.

From DEGLER! 165 (weekly 2-page newszine published by Andy Porter, 24 East 82nd St., N.Y., N.Y., 10028; mimeo; 3/25¢, 15/\$1, or news) comes the news that Roberts and Vintner, Ltd., publishers of NEW WORLDS and SF IMPULSE (formerly SCIENCE FANTASY) have folded both publications due to bankruptcy. However, an Arts Council, according to DEGLER!, has decided to give NEW WORLDS a grant to continue publishing, while SF IMPULSE will cease publication with issue #13. (We should add here that we have heard additional rumors to the effect that NEW WORLDS may cease publication, too.) All of this is quite tragic for British S-F, as, if both of these 'zines fold, Great Britain will be left without a single regularly-published professional S-F magazine publishing original material. If memory serves us correctly, there are no more American reprint mags. left, although T&P imports the Pohl 'zines at fairly decent prices. The other American 'zines are imported at fantastically high prices. The little man with little cash is hurting!

WSFA ROSTER

Regular Members -- Active (Dues paid for December-February quarter of 1967)

Berg, Phyllis	2131 Keating St., S.E., Wash., D.C., 20031	(894-8048)
Berg, William	2131 Keating St., S.E., Wash., D.C., 20031	(894-8048)
Blish, James	5021 Seminary Rd., Apt. 630, Alex., Va., 22311	(578-3100)
Bridges, Philip N.	17910 Pond Road, Ashton, Md., 20702	(924-4096)
Chalker, Jack L.	5111 Liberty Hts. Ave., Balt., Md., 21207	(367-0685)
Cisin, Fred	6828 Wilson Lane, Bethesda, Md., 20034	(365-1923)
Derry, Charles F.	6817 3rd St., Riverdale, Md., 20840	(GR4-8071)
Ettlin, David	31 West North Ave., Baltimore, Md., 21201	(837-2876)
Forlines, Bill	7818 Glenbrook Rd., Bethesda, Md., 20014	(OL6-5979)
Gechter, Albert E.	1628 Webster St., N.W., Wash., D.C., 20011	(TU2-4058)
Gilliland, Alexis A. ..	2126 Penna. Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C., 20037	(FE7-3759)
Hakulin, Michael S. ...	701 Stewart Ave., Glen Burnie, Md., 21061	(761-8026)
Haldeman, Alice	4211 58th Ave., Apt. 10, Bladensburg, Md, 20710	(779-1642)
Haldeman, Gay	5611 Chillum Hts. Dr., W. Hyattsville, Md, 20782	(864-0218)
Haldeman, Jack C.	4211 58th Ave., Apt. 10, Bladensburg, Md, 20710	(779-1642)
Haldeman, Joe W.	5611 Chillum Hts. Dr., W. Hyattsville, Md, 20782	(864-0218)
Harper, James H.	3416 Curtis Dr., Apt. 104, Wash., D.C., 20031	(-)
Huff, Alan	7603 Wells Blvd., Adelphi, Md., 20783	(422-3559)
McClure, Elizabeth	1107 Dryden St., Silver Spring, Md., 20901	(593-2521)
Mebane, Banks H.	6901 Strathmore St., Chevy Chase, Md., 20015	(652-8684)
Miller, Donald L.	12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Md., 20906	(933-5417)
Owings, Mark	3731 Elkader Rd., Baltimore, Md., 21218	(889-6864)
Patt, Rikki	6106 Westcliff Drive, Baltimore, Md., 21209	(F07-4014)
Ridenour, Raymond	8408 48th Ave., College Park, Md., 20740	(474-3326)
Sanders, James	Rm 3K4, 601 W. 110th St., N.Y., N.Y., 10025	(M06-9200)
Slavin, Jan M.	6308 Lenox Rd., Bethesda, Md., 20034	(654-0070)
Vallin, Joseph M.	6509 Winnepeg Rd., Bethesda, Md., 20034	(365-0208)
Webb, Nancy Jane	7712 Cayuga Ave., Bethesda, Md., 20034	(OL4-7031)
Weston, Robert	4220 E-W Hwy, Univ. Pk., Hyattsville, Md, 20782	(927-0136)
Hinton, Debi	6025 Dellwood Pl., Bethesda, Md., 20034	(686-3295)

Of the above list, the following are paid through May, 1967: James Blish, Fred Cisin, Charles Derry, Bill Forlines, Alan Huff, Elizabeth McClure, Don Miller; paid through August, 1967 are: Albert Gechter, Michael Hakulin, Jan Slavin, Robert Weston; Alexis Gilliland has paid through February, 1968.

Missing from the above list are several old friends and familiar faces: Frank Clark, Bill and Buddie Evans, Bob and Peggy Pavlat, George Scithers, Ellen Vartanoff, James (Kim) Weston, and Gus Willmorth. These people are warned that, since they are no longer in good standing, their names will be removed from the JOURNAL mailing list following the mailing of this issue.

Associate Members (Dues paid meeting-by-meeting)

Blish, Judith	5021 Seminary Rd., Apt. 630, Alex., Va., 22311	(578-3100)
Ettlin, Volica	31 West North Ave., Baltimore, Md., 21201	(837-2876)
Luehrmann, Alan E.	6884 Riverdale Rd., Apt. 421, Lanham, Md., 20801	(577-2307)
Patt, Steven	6106 Westcliff Drive, Baltimore, Md., 21209	(F07-4014)

Corresponding Members (Dues paid for one year, through month indicated by name)

Atkins, Lon (5/67) P.O. Box 660, Huntsville, Ala., 35804 (536-0402)
 Behin, Reza (8/67) %J.C. Haldeman, 4211 58th Ave., Apt. 10,
 Bladensburg, Md., 20710
 Brooks, C.W., Jr. (5/67) 713 Paul St., Newport News, Va., 23605
 Brooks, Richard (6/67) RR#1, Box 167, Fremont, Indiana, 46737 (495-4267)
 Brown, Charles N. (9/67) 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, N.Y., 10457
 Bulmer, Thomas W. (7/67) 138 Lincoln Ave., East Paterson, N.J., 07407
 Cartier, Steve (5/67) 3044A Telegraph, Berkeley, Calif., 94705
 Davis, Robert H. (5/67) 2822 Hathaway Terrace, Silver Spring, Md, 20906
 Eberle, Ronald R. (9/67) 100 Elmhurst Ave., Syracuse, N.Y., 13207
 Emmons, Alfred M. (5/67) P.O. Box 3267, Nalcrest, Fla., 33853 (LA9-1341)

Felkel, H. Warren (11/67) 4802 Beachway Drive, Tampa, Fla., 33609 (877-1234)
 Fergus, George (12/67) B-331 Bryan Hall, MSU, E. Lansing, Mich., 48823
 Fine, Isabel (5/67) 1549 35th St., N.W., Wash., D.C., 20007 (FE7-3942)
 Galvin, Paul (7/67) 219 Harvard St., Cambridge, Mass., 02139
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Miscellaneous (The list of "Friends" and Traders who were regularly receiving
 the JOURNAL had grown much too long, and the JOURNAL was going into the "red",
 so the Executive Committee voted to stop all trades with individuals and to
 eliminate the "Friend" category (nothing personal -- just economy). The club
 will subscribe to the individual 'zines in which it is interested, and the former
 list of "friends" are invited to become Corresponding members. WSFA will, however,
 continue to exchange or trade with clubs. The following remain on the list:)

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES, %James Ashe, RD #1, Freeville, N.Y., 13068 (informational
 exchange)
 Carr, Terry, 35 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11201 (regular contributor -- Ace
 Book news and TAFF news)
 The Columbia Historical Society, 1307 New Hampshire Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C.,
 20036 (historical)
 Coulson, Robert J., Route 3, Hartford City, Indiana, 47348 (for review in YANDRO)
 The La Plata Fantasy & Science-Fiction Club, Calle 2 n° 270, departamento 2, La
 Plata (BA), Argentina (club exchange)
 MITSFS, Room W20-443, MIT, Cambridge, Mass., 02139 (club exchange -- TWILIGHT ZINE)
 Muldowney, Philip, 7 the Elms, Stoke, Plymouth, Devon, England (exchange for
 BSFA's VECTOR)

Plus assorted sample copies, contributor copies, courtesy copies, and the like.

THE WASHINGTON SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

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MEETINGS

Meetings are held on the first, third, and fifth 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 no. RA3-7107). Meetings are generally of an informal nature. If you are coming in from the north, come down 16th St. to Kalmia Road (between East-West Highway and Alaska Ave.) and make a right on Kalmia Road; from the south, make a left on Kalmia. Stay on Kalmia for about three blocks, and then make a right immediately after crossing a small strip of parkway, onto W. Beach Drive. The house is red-brick, on an abrupt terrace, on the left about 30 yards before the first road on the left (Sudbury Lane). Guests are always welcome.

The JOURNAL is published bi-weekly (probably monthly during the months of December, January, and February), and is sent to all Regular, Life, and Corresponding members of WSFA in good standing. Corresponding memberships (\$2 per year) are, in essence, subscriptions to the JOURNAL -- persons wishing to subscribe take out Corresponding memberships in WSFA -- there are no subscriptions as such -- but all Corresponding members do receive the JOURNAL, so . . . For club exchanges and special trades, write the editor. Advertising rates are: full-page, \$3.00 (\$1.00 if already on paper which merely has to be stapled into 'zine); half-page, \$1.50; quarter-page, \$1.00; eighth-page or less, 50¢; no art-work except on prepared copy. Reduced rates for series ads. Make checks for Corresponding membership, back issues, and/or advertisements out to "Philip N. Bridges". A couple of complete files of back issues are available at \$5.00 per set; scattered back issues are available at prices ranging from 10 to 25 cents per copy. Deadline for material for issue #37, February 17; for issue #38, the deadline is March 10. Address code: C, Contributor; G, Guest; K, something of yours is reviewed herein; L, Life member; M, Regular member; N, you are mentioned herein; P, Corresponding member, regular JOURNAL delivery; Q, Corresponding member, slow JOURNAL delivery; R, for review; S, Sample; T, Trade; X, last issue, unless . . .

Don Miller

Editor's Address -- D. Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Maryland, 20906

AWARD NOMINATIONS
(For 1966 Hugos and Pongs)

Nominations are now open for the following categories: Hugoes (Science Fiction Achievement Awards): Best Novel (any science fiction novel first published in 1966 -- previous serialization will disqualify novels published in book form in 1966), defined for our purposes as being in excess of 30,000 words; Best Novelette, defined as being between 10,000 words and 30,000 words; Best Short Story, defined as under 10,000 words; Best Artist; Best Science Fiction Magazine; and Best Dramatic Presentation (TV programs, such as Star Trek or Time Tunnel, can not be nominated in toto, but must have specific episodes named).

In addition, we are launching a separate series of awards this year, the Pongs (Fan Achievement Awards): Best Fan Magazine (any fanzine is eligible which has reached its fourth issue during 1966); Best Fan Writer (considered for his or her written material in fan publications during 1966); and Best Fan Artist (again, for cartoons or illustrations which have appeared in the fan press in 1966). Both the Hugo and Pong awards will be announced at the Awards Banquet.

While the final balloting will be restricted to NyCon 3 members, nominations are open to all. Ah, that's the reason they wanted wide distribution; we should read these things a bit more carefully! --ed. To be considered a qualified nominator, you must be known to the Committee, or known by someone known by the Committee. If you suspect you may not be known to us, simply give the name of a well-known individual who knows you.

Please nominate only one item for each category. This will simplify our tabulations. Multiple nominations will not be counted.

If you do not feel qualified to nominate in any particular category for any reason, please do nominate in the other categories available. The greater the no. of nominations we receive in every category, the more representative the final ballot will be of your choices and opinions.

Fanzine editors are requested to publish duplicates of this form for wider circulation.

BALLOT

Science Fiction Achievement Awards --

Best Novel: _____
Best Novelette: _____
Best Short Story: _____
Best Magazine: _____ Best Artist: _____
Best Dramatic Presentation: _____

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Best Fan Writer: _____ Best Fan Artist: _____
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