

'THE W S F A JOURNAL

The official organ of the Washington Science Fiction Association --- Issue No. 37
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1967 OPEN ESFA

You are cordially invited to attend the annual March Open Meeting of the Eastern Science Fiction Association (ESFA).

The Program -- The program will feature a talk by Robert W. Lowndes, noted editor of science fiction magazines of yesterday. There will be a panel discussion of special interest to those obsessed with cold, for it will be on the budding science of "cryonics". It will be led by author Lester del Rey and editor Frederik Pohl, together with members of the Cryonics Society of New York. There will also be a slide talk presented by Jay Klein, noted science fiction photographer.

The highlight of the afternoon will be the presentation of a special award by Dr. Isaac Asimov, creator of the modern concept of the robot, who won a Hugo at last Fall's Tricon for his famed "Foundation Trilogy".

When -- Sunday, March 5. The program will begin at 1:00 p.m. in the downstairs assembly room. Donation: \$1.25.

Where -- The YMCA: 600 Broad Street, Newark, New Jersey.

Directions -- Bus: #118 from Port Authority Terminal, N.Y.C. Automobile: New Jersey Turnpike to Exit #15. Follow signs to downtown Newark. Plenty of close, free parking.

All are welcome!

MARCON 2

Dates -- April 8th and 9th.

Location -- Holiday Inn North, 1821 East Manhattan, Toledo, Ohio.

Guest-of-Honor -- Science fiction's number one all-time award winner: Roger Zelazny.

Program -- Pre-publication reading by Mr. Zelazny -- pro panel -- fan panels -- open party.

And don't forget BOSKONE IV (April 1 and 2, Boston), EASTERCON (April 28, N.Y.), LUNACON (April 29 and 30, N.Y.), DISCLAVE (May 12-14, D.C.), MIDWESTCON (June 23-25, Cincinnati), WESTERCON XX (July 1-4, Los Angeles), NYCON 3 (August 30-September 4, N.Y.), and others -- See THE CON GAME in issue #38 of the JOURNAL.

MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY

February and March ANALOG's -- Kelly Freas has an eye-catching cover for the February issue, but the fiction is forgettable. Mack Reynolds' "Amazon Planet" winds up with a lot of action and a lot of explanation. "There Is a Crooked Man" is a "short novel" by Jack Wodhams (?) that compresses about eight plot-gimmicks into one story and attempts to make humor out of them. The novelets by Joe Poyer and J. B. Mitchel re-tell tales that have been told too often before -- the one about the spaceman who sacrifices himself to save the mission and the one about the alien shipwrecked on Earth and trying to get home. The other novelet, by Winston P. Sanders (you ought to know who he is, by now) works still another switch on the alien-planet-that-looks-like-Paradise-but-isn't story.

Schoenherr's March cover shows a Viking disembarking from a dragon ship and carrying a battle-ax, two boxes of Corn Flakes, one box of Wheaties, and a fifth of Jack Daniels; it illustrates the first installment of Harry Harrison's "The Time-Machined Saga", which is about still another movie company that uses a time machine to film an historical epic. Harrison is writing humor by using exaggerated funny-hat characterization; ho hum. There are novelets by Mack Reynolds and Michael Karageorge and shorts by Christopher Anvil and R. C. FitzPatrick. Reynolds does get a new twist on the old subversive-group-bores-from-within theme with his idea of a Radical Center, but it's too thin to carry a novelet.

Surely it can't be that hard to desert the stereotypes.

March FANTASTIC -- The only new story is Charles W. Runyon's "Happiness Squad", and it is a fair yarn about a nasty future that turns out to be not quite as nasty (or maybe even nastier) than it seems; Ron Goulart does this sort of thing better.

The reprints aren't bad: novelets by Stanley G. Weinbaum, John Beynon (Wyndham), and Manly Wade Wellman. There's also a reprint Western-sf short story by Jerome Bixby that's a mistake.

March F & SF -- Jack Gaughan's cover illustrates the final installment of John Christopher's "The Little People". There are a few moments of authentic horror in the climax of this novel, but the pure cardboard of the characters weakens the story fatally.

The short stories are better than usual this trip. Arthur Jean Cox's subaqueous fantasy "The Sea-Change" is about the best, remaining in my memory as a series of vivid images. Fred Hoyle's "Zoomen" is thought-provoking but told in his usual primitive prose (although I believe it is improving). Larry Niven's "The Long Night" is still another, but ingenious, switch on the pact-with-the-devil story. I even liked the typical F & SF whimsy this month: Bruce Jay Friedman's "The Investor" is a sick man whose temperature fluctuates with the stock market, and Mack Reynolds' "Relic" tells of Lord Greystoke's senility.

Judith

Merril wastes seven and a half pages on reviews of GILES GOAT-BOY and BARBARELLA; since these have been thoroughly covered by the standard reviewers it seems a shame to displace works in the genre, which are seldom mentioned in mundane journals, by these marginal works. Oh well, I suppose it's part of Judy's call to bring enlightenment to the heathen sf masses.

Banks H. Mebane

Attached to this issue of the JOURNAL will be (for as long as our supply holds out, i.e.) TAFF PROGRESS REPORT NO. 9, furnished by Terry Carr, through Ted White. Thanks Terry and Ted. Remember, deadline for 1968 TAFF nominations closes at midnight, March 31, 1967.

SCIENCE FICTION BOOKS: 1966

or

How I Filled 9 Feet of Shelf Space Without Hardly Trying

Any survey of book publishing in the science fiction and fantasy field must focus, for the most part, on the paperback publishers. I therefore made a statistical analysis of last year's paperbacks (quality pbs not included). To get results most commensurate with general activity in the field, I left out lots of borderline SF like Fu Manchu, The Shadow, Doc Savage, the Corinth pulp reprints, the Man From UNCLE books, gothics which verge onto the supernatural, reprints from comic books, Alfred Hitchcock anthologies, and novels dealing with Mad Scientists, Plots to Conquer the World, and International Situations Which Could Start World War III. I also left out the eight Mike Mars books from Paperback Library, because I thought a lengthy series of juvenile reprints would be misleading if included. The category of "novel" includes a sequential series published together like THE EYES OF THE OVERWORLD. "Original" novel means half or more of it has not seen previous publication.

Of a total of 219 SF and fantasy paperbacks published during 1966, 71 were reissues of earlier pbs. Major companies reissuing were: Avon 10, Ace 9, Ballantine and Pyramid 8 each, Berkley and Lancer 7 each. Of the 148 books which were not reissues, 44 were original novels, 38 were novels which first appeared in the SF magazines, 31 were novels appearing previously only in hardcover or British paperback, 18 were collections, and 17 were anthologies. Ace published most of the original novels with 25, its nearest competitor being Belmont with 7. Ace also did most of the reprinting of magazine novels with 21, with Berkley second with 7. Major reprinter of hardcover novels which weren't in the magazines was Paperback Library with 8, Ace being second with 6. Collections were mostly published by Ace, Ballantine, and Berkley, with 4 each. According to their total output (not counting reissues), the major paperback SF publishers were: Ace(58), Berkley(19), Ballantine(11), Belmont(11), Paperback Library(10), and Lancer(9).

Ace (which accounted for 30% of the paperback SF) continued as usual, printing some of the best and most of the worst. It published expanded versions of Zelazny's first two novels on the one hand, and excrement from the pens of Lin Carter and Emil Petaja on the other. Ace also continued its "classic" reprints, with one each from Ray Cummings and Otis A. Kline. However, they did issue a new Heinlein collection and the set of four Casher O'Neill stories by Cordwainer Smith (QUEST OF THE THREE WORLDS). But what can you do when they turn around and start the (ugh) "Agent of Terra" series with THE FLYING SAUCER GAMBIT? Ace had the best covers of the year, with Schoenherr doing THE TREE LORD OF IMETEN (Purdom), Morrow doing DAY OF THE MINOTAUR (Swann), and Freas doing THE OFF-WORLDBERS (Baxter).

Ballantine maintained a high level of quality with THE BLUE WORLD (Vance), THE LONG RESULT (Brunner), THE WATCH BELOW (White), WORLD OF PTAUVS (Niven), and THE TOLKIEN READER. Bantam started reprinting John Carnell's "New Writings in SF" series. Damon Knight also started a similar series of anthologies of stories never before published anywhere with ORBIT 1, which was reprinted by Berkley. Paperback Library decided to outdo Ace by, in addition to publishing lousy original novels, reprinting lousy British paperback originals (by William Dexter). Avon reprinted the "Foundation" trilogy, the "Cities in Flight" trilogy, and two excellent old A. Merritt fantasies, THE SHIP OF ISHTAR and THE METAL MONSTER.

1966 saw a revival of heroic fantasy. Lancer started an eight-volume complete Conan with CONAN THE ADVENTURER. About three books worth of these are written by L. Sprague de Camp from outlines left by Robert E. Howard. Lancer also reprinted

the three Edward P. Bradbury Mars books, which were British pb originals. Ballantine started a new John Carter-ish series with TARNSMAN OF GOR by John Norman. Ace reprinted KING OF THE WORLD'S EDGE by H. Warner Munn from WEIRD TALES, and HAWK OF THE WILDERNESS, an old Tarzan imitation by William L. Chester. Ace also reprinted SILVERLOCK by John Myers Myers, which is half-pastiche, half-parody of sword-and-sorcery in general.

The major paperback author of 1966 was Jack Vance, with five books, followed by Campbell and Laumer with four each. Notable among the Vance are THE BLUE WORLD (from "The Kragen" in FANTASTIC) and THE LANGUAGES OF PAO (originally in SATELLITE and then an Avalon hardcover). John W. Campbell's high rating is due to Ace's reprinting of three of his old super-science novels from the 30's, plus the Penton and Blake series from THRILLING WONDER STORIES in the same period. Speaking of series, Ace also published a collection of some of Vance's Magnus Ridolph stories.

Frank Herbert had THE GREEN BRAIN (based on "Greenslaves" in AMAZING), DESTINATION: VOID ("Do I Wake or Dream" in GALAXY), and THE EYES OF HEISENBERG (from GALAXY). Philip K. Dick had THE CRACK IN SPACE (based on "Cantata 140" in F&SF), THE UN-TELEPORTED MAN (from FANTASTIC), and THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH (from the hardcover). Philio Jose Farmer had the second Maker of Universes novel, THE GATES OF CREATION (Ace original); THE GATE OF TIME (Belmont original); plus NIGHT OF LIGHT (Berkley), over half of which is new material but is based on a novelet in F&SF. Poul Anderson had THE STAR FOX (three sequential novelets from F&SF), THE CORRIDORS OF TIME (from AMAZING), and TRADER TO THE STARS (three novelets from ANALOG).

Other authors with three books to their credit last year (excluding reissues of previous paperbacks) are Lin Carter, Avram Davidson, Lester Del Rey, Murray Leinster, and John Rackham. (What happened to prolific John Brunner?) Groff Conklin had four new anthologies. There were seven reissues of Andre Norton novels from Ace, plus QUEST CROSSTIME. Pyramid reissued four "Doc" Smith novels in addition to CHILDREN OF THE LENS and SKYLARK DUQUESNE, and SPACEHOUNDS OF IPC from Ace. Avon and Lancer each reprinted three old Asimov pbs, and THE REST OF THE ROBOTS and FANTASTIC VOYAGE were reprinted from hardcovers. James Blish wrote a collection of STAR TREK episodes, edited a theme anthology from Ballantine, and had A CASE OF CONSCIENCE and the four "Okie" books reissued. Eight volumes of Don Wollheim's "Mike Mars" series plus THE SECRET OF SATURN'S RINGS were reprinted from hardcover by Paperback Library. Pyramid reissued seven books in the Fu Manchu series and published six other books by Sax Rohmer.

1966 also saw Norman Spinrad's first novel from Paperback Library and Ursula K. LeGuin's first two from Ace. Four British authors made their U.S. pb debut with novels which first appeared in the British prozines: DAY OF THE MINOTAUR ("The Blue Monkeys" in SCIENCE FANTASY) by Thomas Burnett Swann, THE CEF-WORLDBERS ("The God Killers" in NEW WORLDS) by John Baxter, THE FURIES (from SCIENCE FANTASY) by Keith Roberts, and THE SUNDERED WORLDS (a British pb from two novelets in SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES) by Michael Moorcock.

In the hardcover publishing field, 1966 produced B.E.A.S.T. by Charles Eric Maine (Britain) and FROOMB! by John Lymington, being, respectively, "Biological Evolutionary Animal Simulation Test" and "Fluid's Running Out Of My Brakes!" There were the usual reprints from the magazines, such as THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS (Heinlein), RETIEF'S WAR (Laumer), EARTHBLOOD (Laumer and Brown), ENSIGN FLANDRY (Anderson), and THE TROUBLETWISTERS (three from ANALOG by Poul Anderson). CODE THREE by Rick Raphael offers three tales of the Thruway Patrol, only the first two of which appeared in ANALOG. THE WINGED MAN is a novel by E. Mayne Hull from ASTOUNDING in 1944, with a little updating by Van Vogt. MINDSWAP (Sheckley) was

expanded from the one-shot in GALAXY (and was an uncharacteristic and entertaining piece of inspired nonsense).

In addition, there were several original novels, such as SIBYL SUE BLUE (about a "lady cop" of the future) by Rosel George Brown, WILD AND OUTSIDE (baseball in the future) by Allen Kim Lang, WATCHERS OF THE DARK (sequel to ALL THE COLORS OF DARKNESS) by Lloyd Biggle, BEYOND APOLLO (sequel to APOLLO AT GO) by Jeff Sutton, NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR by Philip K. Dick, MAKE ROOM! MAKE ROOM! (overpopulation in 1999) by Harry Harrison, OCTOBER THE FIRST IS TOO LATE by Fred Hoyle, THE JUDGMENT OF EVE by Edgar Pangborn, and MOON OF 3 RINGS and VICTORY ON JANUS by Andre Norton.

Two important British authors are represented in the 1966 hardcovers. THE CRYSTAL WORLD by J.G. Ballard is an expansion of "Equinox" from NEW WORLDS (and, despite the similar setting, it does not include "The Illuminated Man" from F&SF), and the third in a set of psychological novels probing the effect of certain environmental changes on man's subconscious (the first two are THE DROWNED WORLD and THE BURNING WORLD). EARTHWORKS by Brian Aldiss is a reprint of a British hardcover based on "Skeleton Crew" in SCIENCE FANTASY, picturing a hopeless future in which the disappearance of natural resources has produced a decline in humanity.

Two excellent novelets from several years ago, FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON by Daniel Keyes and THE WITCHES OF KARRES by James H. Schmitz have been expanded (and not just padded out) into novels in 1966. Despite the fact that they are poles apart (one is an intensely moving story of an experiment with the human brain, and the other is a grand old space opera in the best sense of the term), both are extremely well done.

In addition to a Ray Bradbury omnibus (TWICE 22) and reprint collection (S IS FOR SPACE) from previous books, there were THE JOHN WYNDHAM OMNIBUS (three novels) and THREE NOVELS BY DAMON KNIGHT (short novels, really), plus the collections TURNING ON (Knight) and BUT WHO CAN REPLACE A MAN? (Aldiss). Also, THE RAGGED EDGE (a reprint of John Christopher's post-cataclysm British hardcover A WRINKLE IN THE SKIN) and THE PLAGUE FROM SPACE (a reprint of the British hardcover and NEW WORLDS serial by Harry Harrison).

We also had the 1966 editions of various annual anthologies, such as ANALOG 4, YEAR'S BEST S-F #11, BEST FROM F&SF #15 (Ferman this time), NEBULA AWARD STORIES 1965, THE 9th GALAXY READER, and THE IF READER OF SCIENCE FICTION (presumably starting a regular series). Other anthologies of interest were THE PLAYBOY READER OF SF & FANTASY, MASTERS' CHOICE (Janifer), SF FOR PEOPLE WHO HATE SF (Carr), and TIME PROBE (a story on each of various areas of science, edited by Arthur Clarke). And Harry Harrison edited THE COLLECTED EDITORIALS OF JOHN W. CAMPBELL.

I really should mention some of the British paperback originals, such as (from Compact) THE ROSE by Charles L. Harness, THE SYMMETRIANS by Kenneth Harker, and THE DEEP FIX by James Colvin (Moorcock), and the original British hardcovers, such as THE LOST PERCEPTION by Daniel F. Galouye -- but as my knowledge in this area is extremely limited, such things had best be left to some British fan.

However, I can tell you what I think were the major original U.S. paperback novels to appear in 1966: BABEL-17 and EMPIRE STAR by Samuel R. Delany from Ace, THE WATCH BELOW by James White from Ballantine, and NIGHT OF LIGHT by Philip Jose Farmer from Berkley. Unfortunately, THE LONG RESULT by John Brunner from Ballantine and ALL FLESH IS GRASS by Clifford Simak from Berkley, which weren't in the prozines, both first appeared as hardcovers in 1965, and are thus ineligible for Hugos under the NyCon Committee's new rules.

George Fergus

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THE EASTERN SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

The next meeting of the Eastern Science Fiction Association (ESFA) will be its annual "Open Meeting", to be held on Sunday, March 5, at 1:00 p.m., in the downstairs assembly room of the YM-YWCA at 600 Broad Street, Newark, New Jersey. The program will feature a talk by Robert W. Lowndes, a panel discussion on "cryonics" (led by Lester del Rey and Frederik Pohl, together with members of the Cryonics Society of New York), a slide talk presented by Jay Klein, and the presentation of a special award by Dr. Isaac Asimov.

Minutes of ESFA Meeting, February 5, 1967 --

The meeting was opened at 3:15 p.m., with 20 persons present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and accepted, as was the Treasurer's report.

Director Mike Deckinger reported that Forrest J. Ackerman's house had been robbed on Christmas day of considerable valuable fantasy material by a house guest. Deckinger also said that IMPULSE has folded, SCIENCE FANTASY has been revived, and that Harry Harrison's magazine is dead. The Director also gave the line-up for the March open meeting program. It is scheduled for 1:00 p.m., with Jay K. Klein giving a slide talk on previous conventions and fan gatherings. There will also be a panel on Cryonics, consisting of several members of the Cryonic Society of New York, as well as Fred Pohl and Lester Del Rey. There will also be a talk by Robert A. W. Lowndes, and the presentation of the "Isaac" award by Isaac Asimov.

There was a discussion of the registration fee and other items pertaining to the March meeting. The decision to charge \$1.25 was carried by majority vote. Several news notes were given by various members. Director Deckinger then introduced the featured speaker, Michael Avallone, author of numerous mystery and Gothic novels and editor of the 1957 magazines, TALES OF THE FRIGHTENED and SPACE SCIENCE FICTION.

Mr. Avallone introduced himself as a mystery novelist per se, and likened his presence to being "in the camp of the enemy". However, he said, he is not anti-sf, since he admitted to being a s-f reader of long standing. He claimed to have read more bad s-f than detective fiction and says he is not entertained by most s-f. Avallone also thinks a writer should be an entertainer first with his primary job being to get the reader to turn the page. He much prefers s-f that is good story entertainment and does not worry about scientific inaccuracies. He admitted that s-f should be scientifically accurate, but said it should not be over-emphasized. He contends that the major body of s-f has suffered from an emphasis on knowledge first and entertainment after, since nine out of ten readers wouldn't catch the mistake anyway. He cited Frederic Brown's WHAT MAD UNIVERSE as a good s-f story. Avallone said that most of his ventures into s-f get rejected because he subordinates scientific accuracy to entertainment, mentioning one where he placed an extra planet near the Moon.

In answer to a question Mr. Avallone said that the 1957 magazines he edited were doing quite well and only folded because American News went out of the distribution business in the fall of that year. He said that most of the stories used in the magazines were obtained from the Scott Meredith agency in a table deal. He would like to see the stories reprinted in a paperback.

The meeting was adjourned somewhere about 5:00 p.m.

Allan Howard, Secretary ESFA

If you have an interest in politics, economics, military science, journalism, psychology, espionage, history, or anything along these lines, become a citizen of FRANCE in Simulation Diplomacy. No knowledge of or interest in Diplomacy is required. See the editor.

--Paid Advertisement

Book Review -- THE STAR MILL, by Emil Petaja (Ace Book F-4114, 40¢, 124 pp.).

Jack Gaughan has done a beautiful cover for this one, and what's more, the cover is relevant to the story. He also has an illustration on page 2, which would have been better set somewhere in the text.

The story is not properly a sequel to SAGA OF LOST EARTHS, but a second tale of the same universe at a later time. Petaja, alas, is uneven. The book is divided into three parts, 5 to 46, 47 to 92, and 93 to 128, and part one is not dramatically necessary, serving mainly to set the scene and define the menace. Supposedly we also meet the hero, but he suffers from amnesia so he remains, unfortunately, rather flat. There is a lot of pointless action, suffering, noise and people, which contribute nothing to the story.

In part two, things begin to move. In fact, even in the flashbacks they move. Thus, we learn that in ancient antiquity the wondersmith Ilmarinen fashioned a Sampo -- a sort of self-powered duplicating machine operating on vocal instruction -- for the witch Louhi, Evil Mistress of Pohyola, island of "clouds the consistency and color of diseased liver". She, of course, screws up on her end of the bargain, and in the ensuing struggle the Sampo was put out of commission. However, Louhi grabs it anyway and flees to outer space, where she starts tinkering with a mechanism she doesn't understand because it isn't wholly evil. Naturally she gets the polarity reversed, and finds herself trapped in the center of a disintegrating field, light-years across. "I'll get them Vanhat k.q.t.'s yet," she mutters as she sets the whole mess moving towards Finland.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Ilmarinen is forging a counter-Sampo to destroy that evil thing, and so that the counter-Sampo won't fall into evil hands (for it is an instrument of power) he arranges matters so that only his sons or himself can wield that flaming brand. Time passes. Ilmar, our hero, is the genetic equivalent of an Ilmarinen son as a result of ages of inbreeding.

"So you, my (koff, koff) boy are the one to destroy the Sampo," says Kaleva, leader of the Vanhat, "for only you can wield The Flaming Sword of Ilmarinen. (Cough, hakk.)"

"Well, sir," says Ilmar, "I volunteer for this dangerous mission. Where is this counter-Sampo?"

"That's very good of you, my boy," replies Kaleva, "The Witch Louhi (koff, hakk, KOFF) must be stopped. And you my boy are the only one (choke, rattle, wheeze) who can wield the Sword of Ilmarinen. The Flaming Sword of Ilmarinen. (Wheeze, hakk, rattle.) This is a high trust, my boy, and all the Vanhat are relying on you to save the (KOFF koff, rattle, gasp) world, even though the Ussi have messed it up pretty badly." A spasm of coughing knocks him off the bed. "I am an old man, Ilmar, and not as young as I used to be (urq-belch, rattle, rattle), and I fear I may be dying." Kaleva sits up by an exertion of will-power. "The Flaming Sword of Ilmarinen is concealed. . . ." (cof) "The sword of Ilmarinen is hidden in . . ." (gag) "The Sword is . . ." (die). Shades of Al Capp!

Well, Ilmar finds the Sword and the gateway to Pohyola, and part three is a well-sustained climax, charged with genuine excitement, which culminates in the spectacular destruction of the Sampo. Louhi, however, makes her getaway, swearing to have vengeance on (a) Ilmar, (b) the Vanhat, and (c) anybody wearing a white hat.

In view of Petaja's division of humanity into Vanhat (us) and Ussi (everyone else), and the utterly unsympathetic view he holds of urban life, one gets the feeling that the return of Louhi is going to be a bloody business. It should be fun, though. Louhi would have been right at home among the Overlords of Delgon, and when such epic nastiness has been characterized, it seems a shame not to give it a sequel.

Alexis A. Gilliland

Book Review -- STRANGE HAPPENINGS, by Michael Hervey (Ace Star Book K-259; 50¢; 183 pp.).

Oh wow! There is a word for a collection of this sort, and the word is farrago. Look it up. This bankrupt's "Believe It Or Not By Ripley" has 58 chapters in 183 pages, written in the style of the Sunday Supplements of the 1930's. Very little editorial discretion has been exercised, but since Michael Hervey is the author of 32 books, 18 plays, numerous TV scripts and short stories, it is possible that he just cleaned all the miscellaneous zilch out of his files and called it a book.

Here are some assorted chapter headings:

Death To Him Who Desecrates My Tomb!

The Man Who Created Life,

They Found Noah's Ark!

Ghost Ship Steers Onto Rocks

The Statue That Came To Life

The Planet That Disappeared

Who Has Cromwell's Head?

Egyptian Mummy Caused Unsinkable Liner To Founder!

and, finally,

Did A Strange Creature From The Sea Devour The Entire Crew? (a favorite theme).

You think maybe it would be good for laughs? The net effect is boredom compounded with nausea, because most of the material is trivial, most of the writing is sensational, and most of the conclusions(?) are drivel. The remainder is hackneyed, dull, and/or stupid. At the risk of being redundant, the reader is advised to avoid this one.

Doll Gilliland

Book Review -- THE KING IN YELLOW, by Robert W. Chambers (Ace Book M-132; 45¢; 253 pp.).

First, the cover, by Gaughan (based on Chambers' design for the cover of the first edition), is one of the best I have seen on an Ace Book. It is striking, attractive, and appropriate.

The literary material was copyrighted in 1895, and the first story describes the wonderful world of 1920, where "...even in New York, a sudden craving for decency had swept away a great portion of existing (architectural) horrors.", and the Government had solved the Indian problem by drafting all the male Indians and giving them fancy uniforms. It is a lovely world, with an undertone of Gothick Horror, and serves as the milieu for the first four stories: "The Repairer of Reputations", "The Mask", "The Court of the Dragon", and "The Yellow Sign". These stories also have in common a mythic book known as the "King in Yellow", the reading of which produces madness, doom, and horrible catastrophe. It has been banned in Paris, but everybody you meet seems to have a copy, probably put out by Grove Press. Chambers writes a mean story, and while you know where he is going, you find yourself concerned for the fate of his characters, and even worse, identifying with them. TRoR is the classic example of the "They say I am mad, but I

am not mad!" genre. TM has a liquid that turns lilies, and people, to stone, and a young sculptor reading the (gasp) "King in Yellow"... and you will never guess what happens to his girl friend. TCotD is innocence pursued by malice, and as the hackles rise on the back of your neck you can anticipate the ending all you want; the story has power and poetry. The last of the group concerns the fate of an artist and his model when she gives him, quite innocently, a terrible hex piece -- the sign of the King in Yellow. Chambers was an artist, and the scenes in an artistic environment ring very true. He deals with love and death, honor and beauty, and courage, as these things were perceived in 1895 -- and he may be old-fashioned, but he isn't dated.

"The Demoiselle D'ys" is a charming tale of a man who travels briefly in time to love a centuries-dead maiden who gives up her life for him.

"The Street of the First Shell" is about the German siege of Paris during the Franco-Prussian War. Again, the themes of love and death and courage are superbly handled. Particularly notable, to me, at any rate, was the absence of ideology, rant and cant. The patriotism is candid and unashamed.

The other stories are rather slight, and "Rue Baree" was actually sticky with sentimentality. Nevertheless, 253 pages for 45¢ is a very good bargain indeed, and the general level of quality is excellent. H.P. Lovecraft spoke very highly of THE KING IN YELLOW, and stole some of the ideas. You should read it.

Alexis A. Gilliland

Special Review -- Asimov's "Foundation Series" [The only comment we are going to make about this "review" at the present time is that it needs comment. --ed.]

Before any discussion of science-fiction writing can begin, a definition must be located. I have read the copy of THE WSFA JOURNAL #36 that Don gave me and found two: "Science fiction is about how humans are affected by science and technology", and, "Science fiction is that kind of story bought by a science fiction editor". I cannot argue with the second definition, but I can disprove the first -- Asimov's own definition of science fiction -- by offering examples of fiction that are not science fiction but still fit the definition, and by offering examples of science fiction that do not fit the definition.

My exposure to science fiction is luckily too small to allow me to give many examples of science fiction that do not satisfy Asimov's definition, but I'm sure that there must be a science fiction story somewhere that tells about the effects of science and technology on machines, androids, or wombats. If not, I offer FLATLAND. I don't remember the author, but I'm sure that if you are interested enough you can find a copy of it somewhere and read it -- after which you'll probably think it's not science fiction; that, however, will be because it's too well written.

My exposure to fiction other than science fiction is large enough that I can think of many things that are not science fiction which fit Asimov's definition: namely, works of Charles Dickens, William Dean Howells, Upton Sinclair, Henry Miller, John Lennon, and Harold Robbins. Rather than list these examples book-by-book and quote passages from them, I'll merely state that each of these men has written "...fiction about how humans are affected by science and technology". I hope the readers of this article will read the works of these men (with the exception of Harold Robbins) and try to disprove my statement. At least, then, I'll be able to say that I got someone to read "worthwhile" literature.

Then what is science fiction? Science fiction is situation comedy without punchlines. You'll probably disagree, but it's true. A science fiction writer takes a character and puts him into a peculiar situation and then tries to make some kind of point. Notice that I said "science fiction" writer, because an ordinary writer can do precisely the same thing and possibly wind up with a worthwhile story, while a science fiction writer will turn out nothing but a situation comedy without punchlines. (Yes, this is peculiar reasoning, but it's the way most science fiction readers think so I attempted to tender a definition that would live up to their expectations.) It's a question of sending a lump of iron to an alchemist and expecting him to make gold of it. Or, if you prefer cliches (and obviously science fiction readers do), a question of sending a boy to do a man's job.

I said before that I cannot argue with the second definition which, by the way, was John Campbell's (whoever he is). What I should have said is that I don't have to argue with it. It's false and it's obvious that it's false, but I can change it to make it more accurate: "Science fiction is that kind of tripe that science fiction editors buy".

What all this boils down to is that science fiction, no matter what its writers and fans think it is, is merely fiction, and as such must be judged by the standards of all fiction. This is perhaps unfortunate for its writers, but it is nevertheless true.

If you will concede the above, I will concede that Isaac Asimov's "Foundation Series" is at least fiction. Actually, it isn't worthy of being called writing, but that's unimportant. What is important is that the Foundation Series is the kind of situation comedy without punchlines that science fiction editors buy. More importantly (and this, incidentally, is what Asimov must have been after), it is the kind of tripe that science fiction readers buy.

I will not, however, concede that the Foundation Series is an example of good fiction -- it is, in fact, a perfect example of bad fiction! Asimov's writing has no redeeming qualities. His characterizations are slipshod without reason, his plot is jumpy and therefore confusing without reason, and his theories are false without reason.

All these things can be forgiven a writer if he gets something across to the reader, but Asimov only manages to exhibit his ineptitude. His story-line is pinned on so many rationalizations that any more than a retarded reader will lose interest. His cardinal sin is that what little message can be gleaned from his words is so hackneyed and unnecessary that it puts his story in a class with comic books, Horatio Alger, Walter Farley, and other escape literature.

Don't misinterpret me -- there is nothing wrong with escape literature as long as it lives up to its obligations. Just bear with me for the next few paragraphs and assume that science fiction's obligations are not those of escape literature.

I will not speculate as to what Asimov's message was. I can only assume that he is trying to tell us something about our possible future and warn us to avoid it. If I am right, Asimov has done a poor job. The possible future he has told us of is an impossibility.

Asimov has set up, through the example of the Seldon Plan, what he thinks to be an infallible way of efficiently restoring order after the fall of the First Galactic Empire. This assumes a lot of things that may not be believable. He **assumes** that the reader will see the validity of this restoration and that he

will be able to attach his ironic twist to it, but I for one don't think that this restoration of order is such a good thing. It is against the average reader's nature to want to be dictated to, so I fail to see how the reader will appreciate Asimov's little nuance -- that is, that you begin by rooting for the Foundation and the Seldon Plan and wind up rooting for the independence of Man. Frankly, the irony was lost on me, since I never rooted for the First or Second Foundation and, when it was finally shown that one was meant to control the other, I just didn't care. I always favored the anarchy and strife that Hari Seldon wanted to prevent, so the whole thing just proved me right and didn't tell me anything new.

For purposes of discussion, I'll go along with Asimov and assume that Seldon is the Great White Father and that all he preaches is good and decent. Already we have trouble. In order to illustrate his point Asimov has assumed that Man's collective memory can be washed away by the time-lapse from Man's first exploration of space to the beginning of the First Galactic Empire, and that in this period literate people will have forgotten to record and remember what planet or planets they evolved into humans on and will be saying "My Stars" instead of "God Damn". Along with this he assumes that the same batch of literate people will have created all this atomic energy and that no one will be curious enough to figure out how it operates and learn how to repair it except for a tiny colony of characters at the end of the Galaxy. In short, he has accepted that Man will evolve through language but will fail to evolve mentally. I say Man's language cannot change unless his head does. I also say that by that time atomic energy will be so basic that it will be taught in kindergarten, and by the time a kid is twelve he'll have an erector set to construct his own reactor.

Then Asimov contradicts himself by saying that there's this great man, Hari Seldon, who can talk in numbers if he wants to, understands everything about history and how it's made, and thinks he has a panacea for future ills. Asimov ignores the fact that Seldon has changed history singlehandedly, and has Seldon say that history cannot be changed by a single man. That's cute, but it becomes meaningless.

Not only does Asimov maintain that Man has failed to evolve mentally and cope with his environment -- which, by the way, contradicts out history -- but he has decided that Man's knowledge of psychology will not grow except for another batch of characters at the other end of the Galaxy, and that Seldon will be the only guy who knows anything and will have to gather all these people together to realize his Great Plan. I say that by that time Freud, or someone who corrects him, will be so basic that telepathy will be taught instead of spelling in grade schools, and that Man's understanding of himself will be so developed that the problems which Hari Seldon wants to be prevent will be prevented long before any First Galactic Empire is formed. As far as Seldon's mathematical formulae for predicting history being revolutionary is concerned, blah! Man can already predict history and these equations will be old-hat long before we get out of this solar system.

Asimov also assumes that Man will not evolve physically, and that an example of lush womanhood of the future will have "treated" shiny blonde hair and girlish looks like Arkady Darell. He ignores the fact that Man's opinion of beauty will change, and assumes that Man will still like hair, if he's got any to like. In fact, Asimov assumes that Man will still be physical. I say that Man has not only not discovered his total physicalness, but that he may very well discover a way to shed his body and exist without physical representation at all.

Another Asimov assumption is that Man will not find a way of controlling time, the motion of the universe, death, mental disease, and so on. What kind of imagination has he got that allows him to offer such a vapid and uninteresting human future?

In addition, Asimov assumes that Man will not evolve economically. His Galaxy still uses money and is capitalistic. His Galaxy failed to change politically and Man is still ruled by oligarchies and dictatorships that in turn are ruled by megalomania, greed, self-righteousness, sex, religion, etc. Not only is there no change in the socio-economic setup of Asimov's Galaxy, but Asimov's Man has failed to evolve philosophically.

This is Asimov's greatest failure. With such profound changes in Man's environment and ability, there must be noticeable changes in his thought. Asimov offers none. He uses humans as his characters without the vaguest understanding of how these humans will be changed by any kind of evolution. How easy it must have been for Asimov to predict the future of the static and monolithic society he created! I say that the justifications for a society that exists over a whole galaxy will be as different from those of our society as for the one that existed in caves twenty thousand years ago. Such a society will not have colonies for mining. No one will go to Trantor for old metals. They will create new matter just as they will create new societies, philosophies, and energy sources. They will be so different from Asimov's speculations as to what they will be that Asimov's prophecy is nothing but second-rate.

This is not Asimov's fault, however. I understand that most science fiction writers write as a hobby, and that science fiction is only for mental exercise. No wonder science fiction is second-rate and the best science fiction writing comes from non-science fiction writers! If it is true that science fiction is only a mental exercise, I pity the minds that are exercised by it. It is obvious that these minds are not up to exercise of a calibre that is offered by such as Dostoevski, Camus, Russell, Melville, Twain, Nietzsche, Marx, Smith, Shakespeare, Dreiser, Wolfe, Jung, Stendahl, et al.

Science fiction is second-rate for one very logical reason -- it has failed to live up to the obligations of fiction, and has wallowed in Edgar Rice Burroughs when it should have risen with George Orwell, H. G. Wells, Aldous Huxley, etc. It has allowed itself to become fantasy and encourage withdrawal when it should have generated shock and indignation and encouraged a desire for change. Science fiction readers should be vitally concerned with the nature of the coming world -- their values, their failings, their philosophies, etc. -- but, instead, science fiction readers have retired to a corner to explore the physicality of their navels. Science fiction is a low-key mental exercise that retards instead of sharpens. It leaves the enthusiast wanting more science fiction instead of scaring the Hell out of him.

Every piece of science fiction has this potential of enraging, and science fiction writers should use this potential as a force instead of docilely following the desires of a readership that is largely young and immature. Science fiction should teach instead of exercise; this is a far greater obligation than just entertaining.

I have heard that science fiction writers are now complaining about the "control" and "censorship" the science fiction fans have over them. (Perhaps my choice of words is wrong, but I hear that the writers want more freedom.) If this is true, it is another reason why science fiction is second-rate. A writer has the obligation to communicate what he wants to, and he is a fool if he asks to be able to say something. Henry Miller didn't ask to have his book accepted by censors -- he just wrote it, and it proved provocative enough so that his readers demanded that it be allowed in this country. It's the same with any art form that respects itself -- its artists assume that their ideas are interesting enough that people will want to read or hear or see them, whether they're legal or not. A writer that asks if someone will accept him deserves to be second-rate!

I have also heard that science fiction readers are considered more intelligent than average. I have even heard that a survey was made which confirmed this. To this I reply: Make a survey of the intelligence of criminals, homosexuals, dope addicts, and Communists, and see if three out of four of these groups aren't considered more intelligent than science fiction readers by the same standards that science fiction readers are judged to be more intelligent than the average bloke.

If the science fiction reader comes out on top, I would ask each of them to prove it to me. As long as they do not use their intelligence, they are fools of the first water -- and as long as they accept the tripe that is science fiction to be good fiction, they prove to me that they are fools. To me, the most intelligent person is the one who experiences the most and does not allow himself to be hindered by his experiences. A man who refuses to read Dreiser is just as foolish as a man who refuses to read science fiction, but the man who allows himself to be satisfied by either is the biggest fool. Every reader -- in fact, every experiencer (if there is such a word) -- is a fool if he allows himself the luxury of accepting something that cannot help him add to his own comfort. I will never say that Asimov's Foundation Series or science fiction in general cannot offer comfort or even pleasure to the intelligent man. The intelligent man will be the one who is most comfortable with the most things, and science fiction is an easy pill to take -- but why should a man gyp himself when there is so much entertaining literature that can actually mean something? Should a man ignore the world he lives in and isolate himself in fantasy? (Poor fantasy, at that!) Should a man sacrifice a new pleasure that might be greater than any of the experiences he has had just because he finds that he enjoys the addiction he has to the first, small pleasure? Should a man allow people to offer him a repetition of past mental exercises when there are possibly plenty of people who are willing to offer him more satisfying exercises? Should a man accept the stupidity and banality of others? If you have answered "yes", you are a potential science fiction buff. Go ahead. Enter Buffdom, Fandom, or whatever and isolate yourself until you can't understand what's going on around you. Refuse to listen to new ideas and see new things. And I wish you all the luck in the world...

Getting back to Asimov----

Isaac Asimov's Foundation Series is not science fiction. It is not even fiction. It is fantasy, and fantasy is divided into two categories: fantasy and escape literature (my own arbitrary division). Fantasy is that kind of literature that is only meant to entertain and not to solve. Just because fantasy does not offer a solution or point out a problem, it doesn't mean that fantasy is not worthwhile. Fantasy's obligation is one of only entertainment, and that is its charm. There have been plenty of things written that were valid if only for the pleasure that they give. Tolkien's "Lord of the Rings" trilogy is a perfect example of terrific fantasy -- it is a monument to a man's imagination, and can give weeks of pleasure. But it is foolsh to look to fantasy for solutions. If you don't believe me, ask Tolkien, or read his essay on faerie stories in THE TOLKIEN READER.

Asimov's Foundation Series does not point out a problem or offer a solution. Therefore, it is fantasy. (That's all that's left, since the Foundation Series is not true enough to be fiction, factual enough to be history, filthy enough to be pornography, and so on.) If the Foundation Series is not meant to be a solution to a problem or an illustration of a real situation, then it can only be meant to be entertaining. If it does manage to be highly entertaining, then it can be called fantasy (like "Lord of the Rings"). But it doesn't -- it only just manages to hold my attention, and that it did only with the aid of my curiosity about the tastes of science fiction fans -- so I cannot even call it fantasy. Since it did manage to hold my attention 'til the end, it has to be classed as something, and since it is not exceptional writing, it can not be given a new

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category. (Only writing that is revolutionary -- like Joyce's books -- can create its own classification.) So Asimov's trilogy sinks down to the bottom of fantasy to collect there with the dregs of all literature and earn the name "escape literature".

Yes, Asimov's Foundation Series is bad enough to be escape literature. There is also good escape literature and there is bad. Good escape literature has the ability to hold the attention of the reader, thereby allowing him to escape. Bad escape literature only manages to hold the attention of the writer. Asimov's Foundation Series was just good enough to hold my attention until the end, but not good enough to prevent me from skipping pages. (I hope I didn't miss any pearls in the process.) This means it's on a par with a good healthy shout. A shout is good enough to hold my attention, but if it's too long (as the Foundation Series was) I skip the parts of it that are particularly repulsive or unnecessary.

Fritz Muhlhauser, III

Book Review -- THE SORCERESS OF QAR, by Ted White (Lancer Books 73-528; 60¢; 187 pp.).

Well, the opening line, credited to Dave Van Arnam, is: "As all good stories must," said Elron, "this one begins with a fight." We are at once plunged into semantic confusion. Is this a good story? Does it begin with a fight? Is Elron telling a good story that began with a fight? Matters resolve themselves presently, as we are told about the telling.

This story begins as two refugee warlocks stage what is surely the most ineptly-managed coup d'etat in the history of sword-and-sorcery buckleswash. Consider: Archer and Edwards can kill or cripple by mental force. They can impose hypnotic control on the minds of men, compelling their obedience and rewriting such memories as the warlocks see fit. They may be evil, but they're good, or at least, talented. They come to Qar, where magic is unknown, and the good old Duke of Qar is running a standard court. How would they take over? By getting on the Duke's staff as Astrologers or some such, and very gently taking over the Duke. What does Ted White have them doing? Killing the Duke, taking over the minds of his retainers wholesale, and poisoning Elron's whole company because it seemed expedient to remove "potential troublemakers".

They tease Elron for awhile, and finally lock him up in an insecure magic cell with his sword. He escapes, and, understandably irked, goes off to seek his friend Max Quest, super-hero of PHOENIX PRIME, via the matter transmitter Max was last seen entering. He finds instead the Sorceress Shannara, who was born 3024 years previously. Well, she skipped 3000 years in a malfunctioning matter transmitter, but she has a BS in scientechinics...and unreliable psi powers. She is a sweet kid as sorceresses go, but not a particularly formidable adversary. However, she agrees to help him stage a counter-coup against the warlocks, and away they go into a rusty matter transmitter -- which malfunctions. Then begins a version of the Long March, in which Elron and Shannara slowly shed their clothes and escalate the love making. The warlocks see them coming, and ambush them, leaving Elron for dead and raping Shannara. A great deal of attention is devoted to her state of mind subsequently, as they go off to seek the Qaran equivalent of the Alexandrian Library in the hopes of finding some workable gadgetry three millenia later.

Would you believe that they find the One Amplifier? And that it still works? Vengeance is theirs, the villains are put down, Elron becomes the new Duke of Qar, and they all lived happily ever after.

So what about it? TSoQ is pretty good light entertainment. The hero, unfortunately, is a second-rater. And a lot of the action is waste motion. And an excess of introspection-cum-bilgy-psychology on the part of Elron and Shannara as they go seeking the One Amplifier makes what should have been a joyous quest into a shoddy trip. The scenery is quite pretty, with multiple moons and off-color worlds -- er, off-world color, that is. Ted White does the scenery very well; he might spin a better yarn if he didn't do so much scenery.

Alexis A. Gilliland

Featurette -- SCIENTIST AND POET: A FABLE

There was once a scientist whose best friend was a poet. In spite of their differing ideals, they got along quite well until one day, while they were discussing the Basic Problems of the Universe at the poet's house, there came a knock at the door. The poet rose, and admitted a Zywal. (Now, as we all know, a Zywal is an inhabitant of the planet Zywo, and has glittering diaphanous wings and brilliant metallic body-plumage in a sort of burnt-ochre.)

This Zywal was starving. It had made the entire journey from Zywo to Earth without nourishment of any kind. "Food!" it gasped, in a fair imitation of English.

The poet stood, rivited to the floor. He had never seen such a beautiful being before. He pulled his pad of foolscap and ball-point pen from his pocket, and began, in tercet and quatrain, to commemorate the sight he beheld. He wrote on and on, and the poor Zywal became weaker and weaker. At last, the poet finished a sonnet-sequence, then ran to get cakes and ale for the starving creature.

He needn't have bothered, however; by that time the scientist had dissected it.

T. D. C. Kuch

Book Review -- THE LAST PLANET, by Andre Norton (Ace Book M-151; 45¢; 168 pp.).

Copyrighted in 1953 as STAR RANGERS, this is vintage Norton. Scheming politicians order the loyal-but-stupid Space Patrol to investigate a boundry marker at the edge of the galaxy to get rid of them. And off they go -- gung-ho patrolmen and cynical space rangers, complete with "Bemmies" to serve as mess monsters and second-rate (but useful) expendables among the rangers. Eventually they crack up on a planet, in the sense that the ship ceases to function and the captain and some of the patrolmen lose touch with reality. When that gets squared away, we find a city, cared for by robots and inhabited by the survivors of a shipwrecked spaceliner who are groaning under the yoke of a tyrannical Vegan telepath, and want the Patrol to liberate them. Lots of fine, fast, mixed-up action.

Well, before we wind up, we have refugee patrolmen and their families being pursued by pirates, and quite a lot of well-constructed action. In fact, everything but the author's standard telepathic animals. Don't be put off by the hackwork cover -- the story is not aporeciably dated, and it's good Norton.

Alexis A. Gilliland

Correction to AUTOPSY REPORT in TWJ #36 -- Second sentence, last paragraph (page 5) should read: 'In novelet-length we had Zelazny's "This Moment of the Storm" and "For a Breath I Tarry" and Davidson's "Bumberboom", and in short fiction, Disch's "The Echo of Wrath" and Bob Shaw's "Light of Other Days".' Sorry about that, folks!

DLM

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THE PHILADELPHIA SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY

The next meeting of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society (PSFS) will be held on Friday, March 10, at the Central Philadelphia YMCA, Broad and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, at 8:00 p.m. Speaker will be Jack McKnight, on the subject "Sailing the Solar Wind".

Minutes of the PSFS Meeting, February 10, 1967 --

Meeting opened at 8:20 p.m. by J.B. Post, President. Several items came up immediately due to the call for the minutes of the previous meeting. First was the fact that no minutes had been made at the Dec. meeting, due to the fact that I took some quick notes (not being secty.), and then promptly got out a letter or two on them and discarded them. The minutes of the January meeting I had done and sent to our new Secty., who promptly cut off two fingers at work and so sent them on to the President. At the Jan. meeting we had Elections, with J.B. Post being elected as President, Ozzie Train as Vice President, myself as Treasurer, and Vivian Norton as Secretary. At this meeting we replaced Vivian with Joyce Arnold, who will not be able to take over the post until April, thus leaving me as both Treasurer and Acting Secretary for two months.

A discussion of a promised broadcast on WCAU T.V. and a much-needed change in the outdated charter took up the rest of that meeting. I had sent out 77 notices and had gotten 14 new members out of it, as the old Secretary had lost the mailing list.

In bank	\$89.74	In bank	\$89.74
Cash on hand	\$20.00	Cash	\$13.00
Total	\$109.74	Total	\$102.74
Dec. Rent	\$8.00 (-)	Jan. Rent	\$8.00 (-)
Dec. Dues paid	\$1.00 (✓)	Jan. Dues paid	\$6.00 (✓)
Total	\$102.74	Total	\$100.74

A call for Treas. report was made, and we had \$11 in cash and \$89.74 in bank for a total of \$100.74. Feb. rent was paid (\$8.00) leaving \$92.74, and dues collected came to \$7.00 -- making \$99.74 total assets.

A motion was made by Jon Davison and seconded by Herb Schofield to send Vivian Norton a get-well card.

A call was put out for radio stations having Bulletin Boards other than WIP, WFIL, and KYW. Regular meeting notices will be posted with these stations by Allen Hoffman.

A discussion came up on the next Philadelphia con site, and it was decided we should use the facilities of the Sylvania again. Only one complaint was issued against this site, and the rooms are far more reasonable on both sides. A title for the program was chosen, as we were told most people missed the fact we had one for this past con. The title chosen was "Future of Space Travel", or "Two Years to the Moon", as Tom puts it.

J.B. Post said he will draw up the new charter, using my notes on things needing to be done. We had two new members join us this month, too.

Jack McKnight agreed to put on the next program, in March, and said the title will be "Sailing the Solar Wind". He gave us no clue as to its contents.

The program this month was a speech written by Ozzie Train and presented by Allen Hoffman. It was titled "The Pioneers of Science Fiction". It contained much data on writers like Poe, Wells, and Verne, and mentioned THE TIME MACHINE and Mr. Hugo Gernsback. Other mentions were Garrett P. Serviss and his EDISON'S CONQUEST OF MARS, Langley Searles, George Allen England, George Griffith, Matthew Phipps Shiel, and many others. The script ran 13 pages, and was very informative and interesting. The group broke up after adjournment (at 10:30 p.m.) to go to H.&H. for a repast.

THE BALTI CONFERENCE

The Baltimore Science Fiction Conference was held at the Emerson Hotel, at Calvert and Baltimore Sts. in Baltimore, Maryland, on February 10, 11, and 12, 1967.

My family and I arrived at the Emerson Hotel, which impressed us as being a rather old and creaky edifice, at 8 p.m. on Friday. We took the elevator up to the 17th floor (the penthouse), where we were greeted by Dave Ettlín, with outstretched hand. The tab was \$1.50 per person, all of which was to go for the purchase of liquor.

The principal entertainment consisted of George Heap and Chuck Rein, later joined by Joe Haldeman, playing their guitars, with the rest of the gang joining in the singing. When we left, at 1 a.m., the party was still going strong.

Later that morning we returned to the hotel (from our home in Washington), registered for the convention, and settled into our hotel room, where we were to sleep Saturday night.

The program, which was supposed to start at 2 p.m., actually got under way at 2:35 p.m., opening with a panel discussion on the topic of new magazines vs paperbacks. Chairing the panel was Jim Sanders, who did most of the talking. Other panel members consisted of Banks Mebane, Joe Haldeman, and Frank Prieto. It was a very interesting discussion, with numerous comments from the audience. It was followed, at about 3:30 p.m., by an auction of s.f. art work and galley proofs.

At about 4 p.m., a second panel discussion was started, its topic being Has Science Fiction Arrived as "Literature"? The panel chairman was Jack Chalker, and its other members were Roger Zelazny, Andy Porter, Mark Owings, and Bill Osten. The general consensus of this group was that s.f. is not great "Literature", and it does not want to be. Roger Zelazny commented that he writes what he pleases and if someone else likes it, so much the better. Roger said that he does not consider his works as great literature; he claims he is just a simple story-teller. Andy Porter was asked by a young and naive neofan to define science fiction. Andy's reply was that science fiction is whatever a science fiction editor will buy. This panel, and the program, ended at about 4:30 p.m.

That evening most of us dined in the Hawaiian Room. The prices were a little on the high side, although the food (Polynesian) was rather good.

The Saturday party began at about 8:15 p.m., with Jack Chalker and Mike Hakulin as bartenders. Chuck and Dawn Rein brought in a garbage can full of popcorn bearing a sign saying "Eat Garbage". The popcorn was devoured in about half an hour. Jay Haldeman made several of us Honorary Haldemans, presenting us with appropriate identifying badges.

At 8:53 p.m., the Baltimore Science Fiction Society (BSFS) was called to order by its Chairman, Ron Bounds, for a special election-of-officers meeting. The first order of business was the reading of a "prayer" by Mark Owings, which consisted of an excerpt from MOON MAGIC, by Dion Fortune. The minutes of the previous meeting were then read by Ed Krieg, and were approved as read.

The election of officers (for a 6-month term) followed several announcements. Running for Chairman were: Mike Hakulin, Paul Schauble, and Ron Bounds; for Vice-Chairman: Alan Huff, Kim Weston, Mike Hakulin, and Paul Schauble; for Treasurer: Ed Krieg and Bill Osten; for Secretary: Ron Bounds and Ed Krieg. Elected were: Chairman, Mike Hakulin; Vice-Chairman, Alan Huff; Treasurer, Bill Osten; Secretary, Ron Bounds.

The special meeting was then adjourned, and there were several attempts to adjourn the regular meeting as well, which were defeated. Next, an amendment to the club's constitution was presented, which stated that, in a vote, a recount could be called for only if the difference in the number of votes was three or less. This amendment was passed. The meeting was then recessed at 9:30, in order to provide time to obtain the club gavel to be presented to the new Chairman, and we all went back to partying, listening to the piano, and singing.

The BSFS meeting was recalled to order at 10:25. Ron Bounds handed over the gavel (a wicked-looking old banana knife) to Hakulin. All the new officers saluted the old officers by taking a drink of O.F.C. Schenley, the meeting was adjourned, and we again returned to partying.

The party broke up at midnight (let's face it, we were thrown out), but was taken up again in Jack Chalker's room. I left the party and returned to my room at about 1 a.m., got a good night's sleep, and returned to D.C. later that morning.

William B. Berg

A list of Balticon Registrants (in the order of their registration):

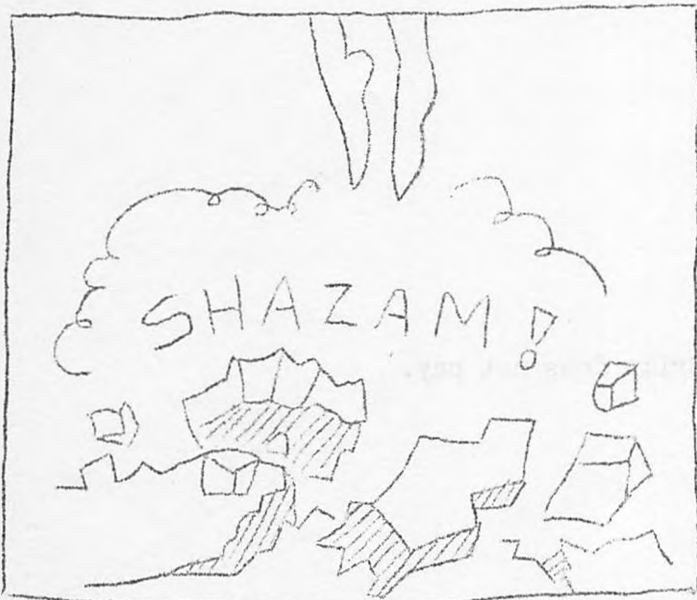
Jack L. Chalker	John Evans	Paul Schauble
Michael Hakulin	William Henning	Steve Patt
David Ettlin	Ron Wolz	F. Badik
Vol Ettlin	Frank Dietz	Jim Sanders
William Osten	Andrew Porter	H. Misiora or A. Somer
Kim Weston	Mark Owings	Elizabeth McClure
Frank Prieto	Judy Sephton	Ed Krieg
Ann Ashe	Roger Zelazny	B. Crispen
Alan Huff	Judy Zelazny	E. Strauss
Jack Haldeman	Banks Mebane	Patrick Kelly
Alice Haldeman	Craig Ransom	Fritz Muhlhauser
Robert Weston	Clay Johnson	M. Felkey
Phyllis Berg	Steven Burns	Doyle Odom
William Berg	David Fishman	Guy Breene
Betty Berg	Charles Karpuk	Lee Hecht
Raymond Ridenour, Jr.	Paul Beck	Al Morrison
Rikki Patt	Joe Haldeman	Michael Christiana
Ron Bounds	Gay Haldeman	J. Gwinn
Joel Sattel	Chuck Rein	
Richard Dillman, Jr.	Dawn Rein	62 registrants in all.
William Fisk	George Heap	
William Charyk	Sharon East	

William B. Berg

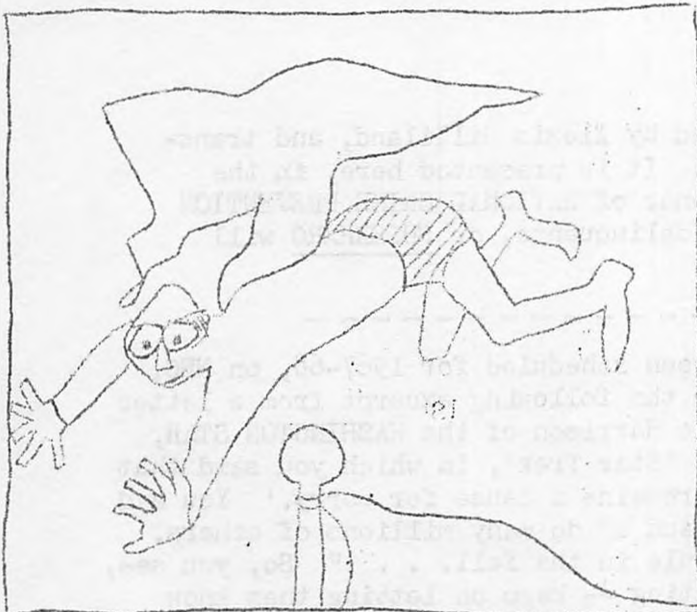
Our readers may remember some remarks were made in TWJ #36 concerning the failure of the TRICON Committee to pass on funds to the NYCON III Committee; several complaints concerning non-response from the TRICON Committee have also been appearing in other newszines. Now, from DEGLER! 169 (Andy Porter, 24 E. 82nd St., NY, NY, 10028; weekly; 3/25¢, 15/\$1) comes the following word: "Last week \$300 was received by the NYCON Committee, and an additional \$100 was received by the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund. In addition, funds were on their way to help in the expense of the Project Art Show . . . This came as a surprise to your editor, who wishes to here and now apologize for any rash remarks which might have been said in Degler! or elsewhere. As I understand from several people, a sudden illness after TriCon coupled with companies wishing to put TriCon business on their 1967 tax calendars plagued Ben Jason, chairman of the 1966 convention."



I am about to leap over a tall building with a single bound.



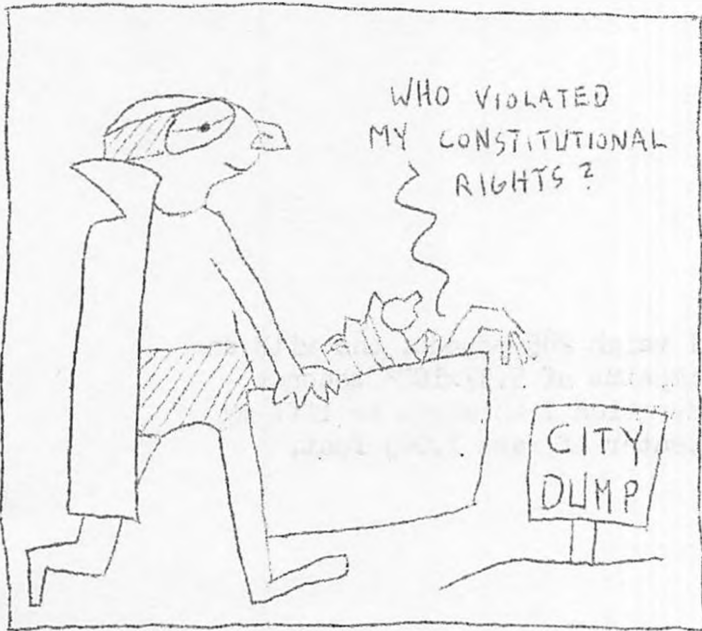
I weigh 285 pounds, and with an impetus of 5.37×10^{-9} seconds duration I am about to lift my center of mass 1,023 feet.



Every action has an equal and opposite reaction, but if you think what happened when I took off was bad...



Wait till you see me land on that purse snatcher down there!



Crime does not pay.

The above little bit of nonsense was perpetrated by Alexis Gilliland, and transferred horrendously onto stencil by Ye Editor. It is presented here, in the February, 1967 issue of THE WSFA JOURNAL, in honor of NATIONAL CRIME PREVENTION WEEK, February 20-26, 1967. Bee good, all you delinquents, or SUPERHERO will return!

STAR TREK fans can relax a bit; STAR TREK has been scheduled for 1967-68, on NBC, on Tuesday nights from 7:30 to 8:30. Reference the following excerpt from a letter from Julian Goodman, president of NBC, to Bernie Harrison of the WASHINGTON STAR, dated 24 Feb.: ". . . I read your column about 'Star Trek', in which you said that 'this excellent science-fiction series' status remains a cause for worry.' You and your readers can stop worrying. I like it too and so do many millions of others. We definitely plan to have it back on our schedule in the fall. . . ." So, you see, your letters did some good. But don't stop writing -- keep on letting them know you like it -- and let them know about some of the other shows you like, too. Don't wait until a show is about to be cancelled before you speak up.

DLM

FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK
(LOC's)

Reg Smith (1509 N. Mar-Les, Santa Ana, Calif., 92706) (15 Dec., 1966)

. . . By far the best part of issue #34 was Banks Mebane's magazine reviews. Mebane is a good writer, and it's awfully hard to find magazine reviews at the present time (especially since San Diego's SF REVIEW folded some time back . . .).

The brief plot details of the Tarzan series were mildly interesting to me; I've never been interested enough in Tarzan to read one of the books, but Gechter's description of two or three of the novels sounds like they might be worth reading sometime.

The listing of the forthcoming paperbacks is a very good feature, especially since John Boston has folded SPECULATIVE BULLETIN.

I'm afraid I don't think the Gillilands' reviews are very good. And I wish fans who describe conventions would refrain from telling how much beer they drank, how lousy the hotel service was, what fans and pros they met, etc. Such things belong in personal letters, not in fan magazines. I want to know about the program, not about the personal experiences of people I don't know. Allan Howard's "Minutes of ESFA Meeting" on p. 10 is an excellent example of how to write a report.

/Thanks for your comments, Reg. We agree with you concerning Banks -- he is a good writer. But we must differ with you concerning the Gillilands' reviews -- we like him -- as do most of our other readers who have commented so far. What is it about them which you don't like? We also agree with you concerning Alan Howard's "Minutes". As for the convention reports, Jay Kay Klein writes the best report we have seen -- plenty of "meat" concerning the program, and just enough personal notes to give one the feeling of actually being there and experiencing the con through the person of the writer.

To the rest of our readers, we should comment that Reg wrote another note concerning TWJ #35, which we have temporarily misplaced (we'll find it as soon as this stencil is typed, undoubtedly), in which he takes Banks to task for having a stomach so weak that Bryce Walton's "The Ultimate Gift" (January FANTASTIC) made him sick at it. --ed./

Terry Carr (35 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11201) (16 Feb., 1967)

. . . A comment or two on recent issues: I can't quite fathom why you're running the serialized history of all Burroughs material. Seems to me this has been covered at far more than adequate length already, in countless Burroughs zines and monographs, not to mention the Henry Hardy Heinz and Dick Lupoff books. I'd rather see more reviews, letters, news, et al.

Speaking of reviews, I saw DR. ZHIVAGO right after reading the JOURNAL's review of it, and I must say I disagree with him /Alexis Gilliland/ about the quality of the movie. To say I found the movie disappointing would be an understatement: disilluisioning might be a word closer to my meaning. Dammit, this was made by the same people who made LAWRENCE OF ARABIA, and they had a fine cast to work with, a major novel to base the script on. The theme and background were both excellent, ideally suited for the kind of widescreen spectacular photography David Lean (not McLean!) used so effectively in LAWRENCE. And what do we get? We get Ralph Richardson in the poorest performance of his career...Rita Tushingham and Alec Guinness playing caricatures... dialogue so bad that at one point one of the characters even comments on it... and insultingly crude symbolism in scene-changes, such as the one mentioned in the review, where Julie Christie and Rod Steiger are wrestling in the sleigh and then we cut to a Cossack captain shouting, "Mount!"...followed shortly thereafter by a shot of blood on the snow and then a cut back to the just-deflowered Julie

Christie. Oh come on! The direction otherwise was disappointing, too -- where was the feeling of scope we should have had in a movie about such a cataclysmic time in such a huge country? We got a shot of the partisan armies charging across the snow, but this was standard war-movie footage. Why couldn't they have pulled the camera back and up, showing armies clashing in the middle of a huge white field, tiny figures dwarfed by the land around them? -- it would have been very effective and evocative. Or if not this, specifically, why not at least some photographic effects to give a true feeling for the largest nation on Earth? The closest they came to this was a huge painted backdrop...too obviously painted.

All of which is not to say the movie was a total loss, of course. There was some beautiful photography, particularly the shots of the country manor jeweled with snow and icicles in winter. Rod Steiger was excellent in some scenes, less effective in others; Tom Courtenay was fine throughout; Julie Christie and Geraldine Chaplin were both decorative and never particularly bad in their acting, either (not that Geraldine Chaplin had a demanding role). But the strengths of the movie didn't add up to 3½ hours' worth...and they fall far short of what we should have had considering the quality of the basic material, cast, director and producer, and the huge amounts of money expended on the film.

Now, if you want to see a stunning movie, go see Antonioni's BLGW-UP.

I saw DR. ZHIVAGO just after typing Alexis' review, so my reaction was somewhat colored by the expectations induced in me by the review; e.g., I did find the music obtrusive, but maybe this was because I was looking for such a flaw after reading the review. However, I did enjoy the film; unless I go to a movie for the express purpose of evaluating it critically -- or unless a film is so bad that its artificiality forces itself repeatedly upon my consciousness -- I enjoy most films while I am in the theatre experiencing them. While I am watching a film or an uninterrupted TV drama, reading a book, listening to a radio drama, or watching a play, I get "lost" in the story -- and thus am carried along by it; a story which carries me along with it I enjoy; a story which I sit on the outside of and watch I do not enjoy. Oh, I may sit back and reflect on the story and all its trappings after it is over, and may find so many flaws in it that I'll wonder what I ever saw in it -- but this does not detract from the fact that I enjoyed it at the time I was experiencing it.

Yes, I was able to get lost during most of DR. ZHIVAGO (although at times the picture forced me back to reality) -- perhaps its great length was a factor here in its favor. I don't think I could sit through it again -- and I certainly wouldn't rate it among the top films I have seen.

I know very little about Russian history. The film conveyed to me a sense of the agony and despair which accompanied the Russian Revolution (if this was historically correct); this, I believe, was the reason I was able to stay involved while I watched the movie. I believe this sense was portrayed very well on the screen.

I agree with you that the acting was below par, and some of the roles were rather weak. I also agree that the film failed for the most part to capture the vastness of the land -- although the winter scene where the Doctor was returning on foot from his enforced duty with the Red band was very effective. in its portrayal of the extreme climate and the empty desolateness of the land in the winter.

Looking back on the film, I can see other things wrong with it -- the scenes which were thrown in, seemingly, solely for the sake of shock and/or sensationalism -- the too-abrupt ending (the last few minutes were such that they gave the impression the author just got tired with his story, and decided to finally bring his rambling brain-child to a close -- or maybe the characters just

wore out, after jumping around all over Russia, and refused to go any further; certainly the good Doctor, himself, just lay down and died at the end rather than stick it out any longer) -- and the like.

But I will see BLOW-UP when it comes out this way.

As for the Burroughs' series by Gechter -- this is just a part of a long series Albert has promised to do covering many of the "classic" writers -- Burroughs, Wells, Verne, Haggard, etc. To you, perhaps, his reviews are merely taking you back over well-traveled paths. However, judging from the response so far, there are a great many JOURNAL readers who have not yet traveled these paths, so Al's series is serving as a simplified, compact, inexpensive guide for them should they ever decide to venture down one of these paths. It's true that all of these writers have been well-covered over the years, and a lot of bibliographic material concerning them is still in print.

Using myself as an example, I've been a SF reader and fan since 1948, and during that time I've always looked upon the works of Burroughs with scorn, and the works of Verne, Wells, Haggard, etc., as too "old-fashioned and outdated", and too dull to bother with. Up until a few years ago I read two to three books a day; now I am lucky if I find time to read one short story a month. I must therefore be very selective in what I do read. Because of my attitude towards Burroughs et al, I never bothered to purchase any of the bibliographic material about them and their works. Now, after reading what Gechter has written so far, I at least have some idea of what the Burroughs Tarzan series is about, and will probably read a book or two, at the least, which, judging from the reviews, sounded interesting to me. So, Al's reviews have so far introduced me to some of the works of Burroughs -- and they will probably do the same with respect to the works of Haggard, Verne, etc. And I would venture to say that the same will be true for many of our other JOURNAL readers (at least for some of the authors mentioned); Reg Smith's letter provides one illustration of this. So the series is not a waste, by any means. --ed.]

Laurence C. Smith (216 East Tibet Rd., Columbus, Ohio, 43202) (16 Feb., 1967)

. . . This is the fourth or fifth issue of TWJ that I've had the pleasure of reading, and it's high time I made my appreciation known where it counts -- in the Editor's mailbag. First off, TWJ is an invaluable source of information to me, as I am rather far from the fan centers of the nation, and it is nice to know just what is going on out there. To substantiate my claim, I shall go through the ish in a logical order (?) and make nasty comments where unnecessary.

Magazine Mortuary is good. I get all the prozines he covers, but I usually don't have time to read them for a couple of months (I'm working my way through a 10-year backlog of ASF that I bought, and trying to keep up with the books), so the chances are that anything really good would be missed, except that Banks gives me an excellent idea of the contents, so I can decide whether to read it now or let it join the stack of catch-as-catch-can 'zines. Very commendable job. The Autopsy is a fine summation of the year's output, without being overly superficial.

J.K.'s report on the Phillycon was also well done. I know quite a few of the protagonists by reputation, if not personally, and he managed to fit my preconceived notions of these people very nicely. I always appreciate con reports, because I can make so darn few of 'em in person, and a good reporter can help to catch up on what was missed.

I tended to agree wholeheartedly with Alex Gilliland's various and sundry reviews, except for the one on STAR BORN by Andre Norton. I know this stamps me as an incurable and certifiable idiot, but I happen to like Norton. She may not always have a Significant Message or a Timely Thought, but her books are always good fiction; i.e., the characters are three-dimensional,

there is a sensible plot, the action is usually believable (allowing for the fact that the ending is usually optimistic), and the technology and sociology coincide quite neatly. I have a deep love of a well-written and enjoyable work of literature which is not trying busily to sub- or con-vert my thought processes. And if I want scientific accuracy, I subscribe to some 30 technical journals which suffice very nicely, thank you.

The various and sundry minor reports on local happenings (ESFA, WSFA, et al) are only of marginal interest to this reader, except to see how other clubs conduct their business affairs (I'm Secretary of CØSFS; maybe I should retaliate in CØSIGN?). But thank you very much for including CØSFS in your calendar; remind me to keep you informed of future dates. . . .

[O.K., Larry, you're reminded. Please keep me informed of future dates... Glad you enjoy TWJ. As for the "various and sundry minor reports on local happenings (ESFA, WSFA, et al)", THE WSFA JOURNAL came into existence mainly for the purpose of keeping WSFA members informed of what their club was doing (i.e., those WSFA members who couldn't attend meetings regularly). It started out with a bit of general material and fannish news, and grew into what is now, for all intents, a genzine. However, it is still also a WSFA clubzine, and as such, still has the same mission as that under which it originated -- i.e., to keep the WSFA members informed. As for the ESFA minutes (and now the PSFS minutes) and other club news and announcements, the JOURNAL publishes these as a service. ESFA, for example, does not have a magazine of its own, so the JOURNAL publishes their minutes for them, and is then distributed (or so we understand) to the ESFA members. The JOURNAL philosophy is not only to serve WSFA, but to serve fandom, in any way we can. We hope that the members of fandom will continue to accept us, and will help us in this task by keeping us informed of fannish events so we can pass the information along to our readers, supplying us with general material so we can keep the magazine of interest to the general reader, etc. --ed.7

THE GOLDEN GOBLIN PRESS

It has been many long years since the Golden Goblin Press was suppressed for issuing an abridged edition of the terrible Necronomicon of the mad Arab Abdul-Hazrad. But now in these modern days of tolerance it once again dares to raise its colophon on high and produce things to make the flesh creep and the soul shudder. Those eldritch doors that were meant to be forever closed to Homo Sapiens are once again being pried open with the printed word. The Golden Goblin Press lives again!

The first publication that the Golden Goblin has put out is ANUBIS..... It is aptly named for the Egyptian God of the Dead. Weird art and literature are its subject, and let the reader beware! As a special treat to bibliophiles of grotesque and horrible books, Anubis in its very first issue has dared to print AGAIN three pages from the dreaded Necronomicon! The frightful illustrations of these relatively "tame" pages can only suggest what the rest of the book is like! And the Golden Goblin declares as a corner-stone of its new existence, that come what may, it will again, and in the near future, PRINT the NECRONOMICON IN FULL.

Subscriptions to ANUBIS may be had for \$2.00 the year. Sample copies are 50¢. All subscribers will receive announcements of future publications planned by the Golden Goblin, which include the first and only English translation of the Baron von Juntzt's "Unaussprechlichen Kulten" -- Unspeakable Cults -- a book that the degenerate von Goltzmann said is "the most frightful and loathsome book I have even read -- truly, one of the few books in the world which SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN WRITTEN!"

The Golden Goblin Press
PO Box 323
Arlington, Va., 22210

SPIES AT LARGE

Book Review -- IN LIKE FLINT, a novelization by Bradford Street, from the screenplay by Hal Fimberg (Dell Books, 1966-67, 154 pp, #4050). (A 20th Century-Fox Picture, in CinemaScope and Color by De Luxe; with music by Jerry Goldsmith; produced by Saul David; directed by Gordon Douglas. Leading players: James Coburn, Lee J. Cobb, Jean Hale, and Andrew Duggan.)

This is, of course, the long-announced, long-awaited sequel to OUR MAN FLINT.

Lisa Norton, Elizabeth Alden, Helena Robinson, and Simone Bellevue are the leaders in a conspiracy of feminists to take over control of the world from the stronger sex, which has mismanaged matters (in their opinion) -- so they think women should dominate the Earth instead of men, and they're using superscientific methods to organize, indoctrinate, arm, and prepare the women of the world for their coming revolution. Also in the plot are the noted actor Sebastian Trent and Colonel David Carter of U.S. Military Intelligence. Their scheme is complex and elaborately prepared.

U.S. President Melvin Muffley has (a few years from now) ordered Ralph Cramden, chief of the top-secret intelligence agency called Z.O.W.I.E., to cooperate with N.A.S.A. in a space-platform artificial-satellite program to preserve world-peace by scientific research and spy-in-the-sky activities from outer space. The feminists plot to put nuclear weapons and a team of Soviet female cosmonauts onto the space-platform vehicle before its regular crew gets there, thus enabling the conspirators to dominate the Earth. They disguise Trent by make-up and surgery to look like the President, whom they drug, kidnap, and imprison, and they substitute Trent for Muffley in the White House. In their beauty-parlor resort base in the Virgin Islands, called "Fabulous Face", the plotters are preparing to put selected women into deep-freeze suspended-animation for later revival after the possible nuclear holocaust. Meanwhile Trent and Carter are planning to doublecross the women and make their own power permanent instead of temporary, and Carter is planning to betray Trent with a military coup, a la SEVEN DAYS IN MAY, and his own emergence as a U.S. military dictator.

Who can deal with such strange and formidable international opposition and save the world for Men? Why, obviously this is a job for Our Man, Derek Flint! Cramden swallows his pride and reluctantly goes to request Flint's help. Once more Flint uses his private jet plane, his multi-purpose cigarette lighter, and assorted other gadgets and devices, including some newly-invented ones created by himself, plus his encyclopedic knowledge and superhuman abilities and skills to defeat the enemy. Cramden is surprised to find Flint now has only three girls -- different ones -- in his "harem" instead of the four girls he had at the time of his last adventure. Flint explains that the four previous girls from his "staff of assistants" were well-provided-for and are now married to other men, but he has decided he should "taper off gradually" on women, so he has only three of them now. After all, a man can only take care of so many of them at the same time, even if he's a superman like Our Man Flint!

At the time of this writing, your reviewer has not yet seen the picture, but it should be exhibited here during April. According to the advance publicity, much of it was filmed on location in the West Indies and Caribbean, and there are hundreds of beautiful women in bikinis and other scanty costumes involved in the proceedings. The book is fairly well-written and moderately entertaining, with a couple of good laughs or so, and a great deal of derring-do in it. The story isn't terribly original or unusual, but it moves swiftly and smoothly, and it should be adequate for time-killing and light hammock-reading.

Albert E. Gechter

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

On hand, 30 January 1967 \$68.56
 Dues, Regular members \$.50 (R. Weston)
 Dues, New Regular members \$2.00 (R. Willis)
 Dues, New Corresponding members \$4.00 (R. Labonte, B. Burley)
 TWJ sale \$.25
 Expenses: Postage, TWJ #36 \$9.36
 Five Receipt Books \$1.03
 TWJ supplies (stencils and ink) \$24.32
 Treasurer's expenses (postage, etc.) \$.09
 On hand, 28 February 1967 \$40.51

WSFA membership in good standing now stands at 30 Regular (Willis will become a Regular member effective with the first March meeting), 4 Associate, 5 Life, 1 Honorary Corresponding, 2 Club-Exchange Corresponding, 63 Corresponding (Labonte was picked up on the Jan. roster), and 10 Honorary. In addition to Willis, there are two more Regular members (Henson and Cross) and four Corresponding members (Wittman, Carr, Silverberg, and Couch) who will be picked up on the March Treasurer's Report, as will the renewal (for the Dec.-Feb. quarter) of Vartanoff (Reg.).

A complete roster (excepting Honorary) appeared in issue #36 of the JOURNAL. Additions and corrections to this roster (including the addresses of Wittman, Carr, etc.) are as follows:

Regular Members (Active) -- Add:

Cross, Rick 5209 Amphill Drive, Alexandria, Va., 22312 (354-5642)
 Henson, Mitchell ... 4815 Manitoba Drive, Alexandria, Va., 22312 (354-7379)
 Vartanoff, Ellen ... 6825 Wilson Lane, Bethesda, Md., 20034 (EM5-3846)
 Willis, Ronald J. .. P.O. Box 323, Arlington, Va., 22210 (-)

Corresponding Members -- Add:

Burley, Brian 6 Palm St., Dover, N.J., 07801
 Carr, Terry 35 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11201
 Couch, Leigh (Mrs.) . Route 2, Box 889, Arnold, Missouri, 63010
 Silverberg, Robert . 5020 Goodridge Ave., N.Y., N.Y., 10471
 Wittman, Karl V. ... 10 Lexington St., Newark, N.J., 07105

Change-of-Address:

Atkins, Lon %Dave Hulan, Box 1032, Canoga Park, Calif., 91304

A quorum stands at 15.

Philip N. Bridges

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

Minutes of the Regular meeting of the Washington Science Fiction Association, held 6 January 1967, at the home of Miss E. Cullen in Washington, D.C. --

Present: 22 persons -- Bill and Phyllis Berg, Phil Bridges, Fred Cisin, Elizabeth Cullen, Bill Forlines, Alexis Gilliland, Alice and Jay Haldeman, Gay and Joe Haldeman, Jim Harper, Debi Hinton, Alan Huff, Lidie McClure, Banks Mebane, Don Miller, Mark Owings, Jani Slavin, Joe Vallin, Nancy Webb, and Bob Weston.

Called to Order: 9:17 p.m.

Reports:

Treasurer -- \$80.38 on hand.

Membership -- Corresponding membership has been exchanged with the Ozark SF Society. New Regular members: Debi Hinton, Bill Forlines.

Publications -- Someone is needed to take over the JOURNAL while Don's away for seven weeks this summer; Jay Haldeman volunteered for the job. The JOURNAL needs a fanzine reviewer.

Librarian -- There is no hope of getting WSFA's books back from Ted White, as he no longer has them.

Program Committee -- Is off the air.

Old Business -- Amendment to the WSFA By-Laws (concerning new \$2 Corresponding member fee) passed, with one abstention. [See TWJ #35, page 10. --ed.]

New Business -- EBONY magazine had a cover article on STAR TREK. A cablegram was sent to Tom Schluck, costing \$2.94. Banks moved that we pass the hat to pay for it, any deficit to be paid by WSFA, any excess to go to the treasury; \$4.70 was collected. Other announcements were: NYCON Progress Report #1 has arrived. STAR TREK has tentatively been cancelled for next season, but keep the letters coming -- we may save it yet. The Balticlave will be held at the Emerson Hotel Feb. 10 and 11; rooms are at \$9, \$12, and \$14.

Meeting Adjourned -- 9:55 p.m.



Minutes of the Regular meeting of the Washington Science Fiction Association, held 20 January, 1967, at the home of Miss E. Cullen in Washington, D.C. --

Present -- 19 persons: Bill and Phyllis Berg, Phil Bridges, Fred Cisin, Elizabeth Cullen, Dave and Vol Ettlín, Alexis Gilliland, Jay and Alice Haldeman, Jim Harper, Alan Huff, Jim Latimer, Lidie McClure, Banks Mebane, Mark Owings, Jan Slavin, Joe Vallin, and Bob Weston.

Called to Order -- 9:04 p.m., Jack Haldeman presiding.

Reports --

Membership: Two new Regular members (Jim Sanders and Nancy Webb). One new Corresponding member (J. E. Svilpis).

Publications: WSFA JOURNAL will be out sometime during following week.

Entertainment (Program) Committee: Alan Huff brought a TV set to watch THE AVENGERS.

Librarian: A copy of Ted White's PHOENIX PRIME was found. It belongs to Banks, who was duly redressed.

Old Business -- The DISCLAVE will be May 12-14. Still working on GoH and site.

New Business and Announcements -- The Plaques for STAR TREK, star and producer were passed around. They were sent back for correction. Wayne Hoheisel is setting up a game of Diplomacy in which there are seven teams of ten men each. Nominations were taken for WSFA's Hugo Nomination ballot. They were:

Best Novel -- FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON (Daniel F. Keyes); TOO MANY MAGICIANS (Randall Garrett); DAY OF THE MINOTAUR (T.B. Swann); GATES OF CREATION (P.J. Farmer); MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS (R.A. Heinlein).

Best Novelet -- "This Moment of the Storm" (Roger Zelazny); "For a Breath I Tarry" (Zelazny); "Bumberboom" (Avram Davidson).

Best Short Story -- "The Echo of Wrath" (Thomas Disch); "Light of Other Days" (Bob Shaw); "The Return of the Blue-Penciled Throop" (R.A.J. Philips); "The Key" (Ike Asimov); "Comes Now the Power" (Zelazny).

Best Pro Artist -- Jack Gaughan; Wallace Wood; Ems; Grey Morrow; Virgil Finlay.

Best Dramatic Presentation -- "Miri" (STAR TREK episode); No Award; "Fahrenheit 451", "Fantastic Voyage", "The People Trap" (ABC STAGE 67); "The Cybernaut" (THE AVENGERS episode); "Evening Primrose" (ABC STAGE 67).

Fanzine Pong -- TAPEWORM, WSFA JOURNAL, ODD, NIEKAS, TESSERACT, HABAKKUK.
 Fan Writer Pong -- Ray Nelson, Gina Clarke, Alexis Gilliland, Roy Tackett,
 Banks Mebane.
 Fan Artist -- Steve Stiles, Joe Haldeman, Jay Kinney, Diane Pelz.

Meeting Adjourned -- 9:42 p.m.

(Minutes taken by Jan Slavin, Acting Secretary)

 Minutes of the Regular meeting of the Washington Science Fiction Association, held
 3 February, 1967, at the home of Miss E. Cullen in Washington, D.C. --

Present -- 31 persons: Bill and Phyllis Berg, Phil Bridges, Fred Cisin, Rick
 Cross (Guest), Elizabeth Cullen, Bill Forlines, Jack Chalker (sorry, Jack), Mike
 Hakulin, Jay and Alice Haldeman, Joe and Gay Haldeman, Mitchell Henson (Guest),
 Alan Huff, Tom Keefer & four friends (Guests), Lidie McClure, Banks Mebane and
 friend, Don Miller, Fritz Muhlhauser (Guest), Mark Owings, Ray Ridenour, Jan
 Slavin, Joe Vallin, Nancy Webb, Bob Weston, Kim Weston, and Roger and Judy Ze-
 lazny.

Meeting Called to Order -- 8:58 p.m., Jack Haldeman presiding.

Reports --

Treasurer: \$69.31 on hand.

Membership Committee: One new Corresponding member (Beresford Smith).

Publications Committee: THE WSFA JOURNAL #36 is out. Deadline for material
 for #37 is February 17. Supplies will soon be needed.

Entertainment Committee: FAHRENHEIT 451 is a good movie.

Old Business -- Voting on WSFA's Hugo Nominations:

Best Novel: MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS, by Robert A. Heinlein.

Best Novelette: "For a Breath I Tarry", by Roger Zelazny.

Best Short Story: "Comes Now the Power", by Roger Zelazny.

Best Pro Artist: Jack Gaughan.

Best Dramatic Presentation: STAR TREK episode, "Miri".

Fanzine Pong: TAPEWORM.

Fanzine Writer Pong: Banks Mebane.

Fanzine Artist Pong: Joe Haldeman.

New Business and Announcements -- The DISCLAVE site has not yet been decided.

There will be a Guest-of-Honor, a Fan Panel, and a Pro Panel. It will be held the
 weekend of the second Sunday in May. Jack Chalker reminded us of the Balticlave
 at the Emerson Hotel this weekend. BSFS will also hold their semi-annual election
 of officers Saturday night.

Meeting Adjourned -- 9:54 p.m.

Gay Haldeman

For the record, it should be noted that there was no Regular WSFA meeting on
 Friday, February, as the snow kept enough persons away to prevent a quorum being
 present. Therefore, there will be no Minutes for this date. We weren't there,
 either, but Bill Berg reports: ". . . only a dozen showed up, so we had the usual
 non-meeting. Miss Cullen had a fire going in her fireplace. So, Joe and Jay
 Haldeman took up a collection and went to the nearest delicatessen and bought hot
 dogs, rolls, mustard and marshmallows. Miss Cullen provided coat-hangers which
 we uncurled and used as sticks on which to roast the hot dogs and marshmallows.

So, we had a weenie roast in Rock Creek Park in the middle of a snow storm on February 17!" --ed.7

REPORT OF THE MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE

New Regular members: Rick Cross, Mitchell Henson.

New Corresponding members: George Fergus, Richard Labonte, Ronald Willis [Willis was erroneously picked up as a Corresponding member; this will be corrected in the March Membership Committee Report. --ed.7

William B. Berg

REPORT OF THE PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE

Excluding the present issue, 36 issues of the JOURNAL (and several supplements and postal Diplomacy 'zines) have been published to date. Supplies on hand include -2.2 reams of mimeo paper, 105 stencils, and .1 tube of mimeo ink. More paper and ink is on order.

Donald L. Miller

----- SCIENCE-FANTASY PAPERBACKS

February -- ACE: Poul Anderson, WORLD WITHOUT STARS, 40¢; Gordon R. Dickson, GENETIC GENERAL, 40¢; Roger Zelazny, FOUR FOR TOMORROW, 45¢; Frederick L. Shaw, Jr., ENVOY TO THE DOG STAR and, Walt and Leigh Richmond, SHOCKWAVE (Double), 50¢; AIRMONT: H. Rider Haggard, KING SOLOMON'S MINES, 60¢; AVON: Hal Clement, NEEDLE (FROM OUTER SPACE), 60¢; BALLANTINE: Jessamyn West, THE CHILEKINGS, 50¢; John Brunner, OUT OF MY MIND, 60¢; Edgar Rice Burroughs, THE RETURN OF TARZAN, 50¢; BANTAM: Rod Serling, DEVILS AND DEMONS, 60¢; Rod Serling, ROD SERLING'S TRIPLE W, 60¢; Roger Manvell, THE DREAMERS, 60¢; William Sloane, THE EDGE OF RUNNING WATER, 60¢; John Carnell (ed.), NEW WRITINGS IN SF - III, 50¢; August Derleth (ed.), STORIES FROM "SLEEP NO MORE", 60¢; Lee Wright and Richard Sheehan, THESE WILL CHILL YOU, 60¢; William Sloane, TO WALK THE NIGHT, 60¢; Ray Russell, UNHOLY TRINITY, 60¢; Lee Wright and Richard Sheehan, WAKE UP SCREAMING, 60¢; BELMONT: Bernard J. Hurwood, MONSTERS AND NIGHTMARES, 60¢; BERKLEY: Gordon R. Dickson, SPACE SWIMMERS, 60¢; CREST: Isaac Asimov, REALM OF ALGEBRA, 60¢; Isaac Asimov, REALM OF MEASURE, 60¢; Isaac Asimov, REALM OF NUMBERS, 60¢; MACFADDEN: A.E. Van Vogt, THE CHANGELING, 50¢; PAPERBACK LIBRARY: George Adamski, INSIDE THE FLYING SAUCERS (INSIDE THE SPACE SHIPS), 60¢; Lester Del Rey, MAROONED ON MARS, 50¢; PRENTICE-HALL: Robert Regan (ed.), POE, \$1.95; PYRAMID: Jack Williamson, THE LEGION OF SPACE, 60¢; SIGNET: John Brunner, PRODUCTIONS OF TIME, 60¢.

March -- AVON: A. Merritt, DWELLERS IN THE MIRAGE, 60¢; Clifford D. Simak, RING AROUND THE SUN, 50¢; BALLANTINE: Arthur C. Clarke, CHILDHOOD'S END, 60¢; John Coleman Burroughs, TREASURE OF THE BLACK FALCON, 75¢; MACFADDEN: Eric North, ANT MEN, 60¢; NEW AMERICAN LIBRARY: John Christopher, RAGGED EDGE, 60¢; PAPERBACK LIBRARY: Bart Somers, ABANDON GALAXY, 50¢; PREMIER-FAWCETT: Isaac Asimov, EASY INTRODUCTION TO THE SLIDE RULE, 60¢; PYRAMID: Jack Williamson, THE LEGION OF TIME, 60¢.

April -- AVON: Samuel Coleridge, RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER, 50¢; BALLANTINE: Charles Eric Maine, B.E.A.S.T., 75¢; E. R. Eddison, THE WORM OUROBOROS, 95¢; BANTAM: David C. Holmes, SEARCH FOR LIFE ON OTHER WORLDS, 75¢; DELL: Jack Finney, BODY SNATCHERS; GROSSETT: Abram Tertz, FANTASTIC STORIES, \$2.45; LAUREL-DELL: Don Congdon (ed.), STORIES FOR THE DEAD OF NIGHT; MAYFLOWER-DELL: W. H. Hudson, GREEN MANSIONS; PAPERBACK LIBRARY: William R. Burkett, Jr., SLEEPING PLANET; PYRAMID: Isaac Asimov, CAVES OF STEEL, 50¢; SCHOCKEN: Joseph Jacobs (ed.), ENGLISH FAIRY TALES, \$1.95.

May -- AVON: A. Merritt, SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN, 60¢; LAUREL-DELL: Immanuel Velikovsky, WORLDS IN COLLISION; MACFADDEN: Damon Knight, CITIES OF WONDER, 75¢; MAYFLOWER-DELL: H. G. Well, THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON; PAPERBACK LIBRARY: Alan E. Nourse, UNIVERSE BETWEEN; PENGUIN: Jonathan Swift, GULLIVER'S TRAVELS; SCHOCKEN: Joseph Jacobs (ed.), REYNARD THE FOX, \$1.95.

Source: PAPERBOUND BOOKS IN PRINT, February, 1967.

Albert E. Gechter

 In brief --

Urgently needed: The address of Elliot Shorter or someone else whom we can contact for more information on the City College of New York Evening Session Science Fiction Society.

Two persons -- Doll Gilliland and Laurence Smith -- have volunteered to review fanzines for the JOURNAL. We will pass the fanzines we receive on to Doll for review, but persons sending fanzines specifically for review are asked to send them to Larry (Laurence C. Smith, 216 East Tibet Road, Columbus, Ohio, 43202), marking them "For TWJ Review". This way, they should both be kept busy.

You don't have to be a regular reviewer to contribute -- if you see a movie, play or TV show, hear a radio show or recording, or read a book, fanzine, magazine, etc., and would like to share your experience with the rest of us (don't be greedy, and keep it all to yourself) -- write a review, critique, letter of comment, or what-have-you, and send it in to us for publication.

This issue won't get out until March -- too late for the Open ESFA. We're sorry, but mimeo problems, a flood in the basement, moving our office to a new location, etc. have combined to keep us overworked during the past few weeks.

 See TWJ #36 or #39 for info on schedule, advertising rates, address codes, etc.

D. Miller

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