

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

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## THE NEBULA AWARDS, 1966

Best Novel: (tie) FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON, by Daniel Keyes  
BABEL-17, by Samuel R. Delany

Best Novella: "The Last Castle", by Jack Vance

Best Novelette: "Call Him Lord", by Gordon R. Dickson

Best Short Story: "The Secret Place", by Richard McKenna (deceased)

Other contenders in the final balloting were: Best Novel, THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS, by Robert A. Heinlein; Best Novella, "Clash of Star Kings", by Avram Davidson, and "The Alchemist", by Charles L. Harness; Best Novelette, "An Ornament to His Profession", by Charles L. Harness; "This Moment of the Storm", by Roger Zelazny; "Apology to Inky", by Robert M. Green, Jr.; and "The Eskimo Invasion", by Hayden Howard; Best Short Story, "A Man in His Time", by Brian W. Aldiss, and "Light of Other Days", by Bob Shaw.

The awards were presented at the Second Annual Nebula Awards Banquets, which were held on March 11, 1967 in the Les Champs Restaurant, 25 East 40th St., New York City, and at McHenry's Tail O' the Cock, 477 South La Cienega Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California. Master of Ceremonies at the East Coast banquet was Robert Silverberg; Guest Speakers were Edward L. Ferman (Editor of F & SF), Ian and Betty Ballantine (Editors and Publishers, Ballantine Books), and Walter Sullivan (Science Editor, NEW YORK TIMES), who spoke on the subjects of improvement of S-F over the years, Ballantine Books, and life in the universe, respectively; Nebulas were presented by Damon Knight. West Coast Master of Ceremonies was Harlan Ellison; Guest Speaker was Alan Armer, producer of "The Invaders", who spoke on the relation between the producer and the writer; Nebulas were presented by Larry Niven and Norman Spinrad. DEGLER! 173 reports that 103 persons were in attendance at the New York banquet, and 45 were at the Beverly Hills affair.

The Nebula Awards are sponsored by the Science Fiction Writers of America (SFWA), an organization of professional Science-Fiction writers formed in 1965, "to inform science fiction writers on matters of professional interest, to promote their professional welfare, and to help them deal effectively with publishers, agents, editors and anthologists." The first Nebula Awards banquets were held in New York and Los Angeles in 1966. During the same year, Doubleday published the first of a series of annual anthologies sponsored by SFWA, NEBULA AWARD STORIES 1965. In its first two years, SFWA's original membership of 78 has grown to almost 300.

Officers of SFWA for 1967 are: Damon Knight, President; James Blish, Vice-President; Lloyd Biggle, Jr., Secretary-Treasurer.

The JOURNAL offers its congratulations to the winners, and its thanks to SFWA for making these awards possible.

Don Miller

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MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY

March IF -- This is the special Hugo issue in which last year's award-winning magazine prints stories by three of the four award-winning writers (only Frank Herbert is absent). Isaac Asimov's contribution is a novelet, "The Billiard Ball", about a new invention, professional jealousy, and a probable murder (the perfect crime). Harlan Ellison's short "I Have No Mouth, and I Must Scream" concerns the last, miserable survivors of humanity at the mercy of the computer which has destroyed the rest. Surrealistic scenes and verbal pyrotechnics give the story the usual Ellison impact -- you're bound to get an impact when you use a bludgeon. Roger Zelazny's novelet is about the climbing of "The Mortal Mountain" (40 miles high, and enchanted). Zelazny has the rare combination of a narrative grip that just won't let go and a rich, at times ornate, style that doesn't slow things up; this is perhaps not one of his best stories, but it has those qualities and moves with a tranced intensity that makes it easy to forget such mundane considerations as strength of materials and a 200,000-foot mountain (hollow, yet!) with a peak above the atmosphere but nevertheless ice-covered. ##### Algis Budrys' "The Iron Thorn" continues and seems to be gathering momentum downhill. Budrys has deserted the finely-wrought situation he started with, transformed his primitive hero into an intrepid spaceman by means of an electronic education, and sent him off on some standard stfnal peregrinations. Too bad. ##### A Puppeteer novelet by Larry Niven and three short stories by Betsy Curtis, Joseph Wesley and Rosco Wright round off the fiction of the issue. The Curtis short is refreshing, and the one by Wright is a pleasant bit of fannish humor. Niven's series is getting rather tired, and the Wesley short is routine. ##### Fred Pohl's editorial concerns the past year's Hugo awards, while Lin Carter's fan column gives the background for the Hugo and the Nebula. The issue has an effective wrap-around cover by McKenna. ##### IF is where the action is, this month -- with Asimov, Budrys, Ellison and Zelazny.

Spring MAGAZINE OF HORROR and Spring FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION -- Here are two of Bob Lowndes' sporadic magazines. MOH has a "new" Conan story by Robert E. Howard, "The Vale of Lost Women" -- it could have stayed lost, as far as I'm concerned. There's also a new, but routine, creepy-crawly by J. Vernon Shea, and reprints by Arthur J. Burks, Bob Lowndes, Hugh B. Cave and Robert Barr (this last one is a real oldie from 1892, but it seems the newest, freshest thing in the issue). FSF has a new short, "Ringhost" by Bertram Chandler (it's the worst of his Rim Worlds stories), and a "new" story by Wallace West that was written 30 years ago but never sold. There are reprints by Edmond Hamilton ("The Moon Menace"), David H. Keller ("The White City") and Laurence Manning ("Seeds from Space"). ##### Each of these zines has a black-and-white cover by Finlay.

April AMAZING -- Frank Herbert's new serial "The Heaven Makers" starts in this issue. Herbert takes up the theme of "we are but players on a stage, directed by aliens" and makes what promises to be an interesting if slight novel out of it. There are reprints by William Tenn, David H. Keller, Richard Matheson, Philip K. Dick and Jerome Bixby.

April ANALOG -- There's an attractive cover by Schoenherr, and, for once, John W. Campbell has written an editorial I can agree with. Harry Harrison's "The Time-Machined Saga" continues; it is amusing but predictable. "To Love Another" is another novelet by James Blish and Norman L. Knight in their Triton series; these are part of a forthcoming novel and consequently suffer from incompleteness when read separately -- and I suspect the whole work will suffer from the gratuitous minor crises thrown in merely to keep the pace rapid. The other novelet, by Joseph P. Martine, is negligible, but the two short stories, by Mack Reynolds and Colin Kapp, are readable.

Banks Mebane

VIEWS, REVIEWS AND ARCHIMEDEAN SPIRALS

Book Review -- THE MIND MONSTERS, by Howard L. Cory and THE UNTELEPORTED MAN, by Philip K. Dick (Ace Double G-602, 50¢, 152 and 96 pp).

Don't let the corny title, the terrible cover (from page 21), and the fact that Cory is the author of ack\*gag THE SWORD OF LANKOR put you off. This is first-rate light entertainment with a strong lacing of tongue-in-cheek Irish humor. There is a "surprise" denouement to which the reader has been fairly and sufficiently clued in on. And the introduction of authentic PLANET STORY cover-BEM's so they could be shot down is logically explained.

Seamus O'Flynn, the ersatz Genie-Leprechaun, is an unadulterated and continuous delight as he encourages the reluctant space-scout, Terence O'Corcoran, to save the planet. The villainous Brahnbru is magnificent off-stage, and utterly fine in his brief confrontation with O'Corcoran. The writing is tight and consistent, the action is fast-paced and non-predictable, and the humor is funny. The plot is quite able to support the burden placed upon it, and in addition has the virtue of internal self-consistency.

What do you want from half a double?

THE UNTELEPORTED MAN seems to have been written with an eye towards ANALOG, and I am a bit surprised that Campbell didn't pick it up. Certainly it cuts anything Mack Reynolds has done there.

The plot is basically the pebble that started the avalanche. Rachmael von Applebaum is being hounded by his father's creditors after the collapse of the Applebaum industrial empire, and his father's suicide. Rachmael strives to avert financial disaster, Lies Incorporated comes to his aid, and things begin to slide.

TUM is set in a world run by the UN, which in turn is dominated by Neues Einige Deutschland, NED, the New Whole Germany, and a number of great corporations, the most prominent of which is Trails of Hoffman -- which is, of course, Rachmael's chief creditor. Dick employs the resonance of the Nazi past with his created future to set a mood of grim tension that could hardly be created otherwise, and he has played fairly, for we are reminded that the first anti-Nazis were also Germans.

The gadgetry is good, although his weapons are not all that far ahead of Ordnance Magazine, and he depicts a grim, crowded world a little too grim and crowded, but he has some nice ideas. One of the best is the assembly line inspector who is about to be replaced by a pigeon who can do his job better, faster, and cheaper.

My only complaint about the book is that it is too short. Dick could have enlarged it by 50% to make a single, and the expansion would have been well warranted.

Kelly Freas has done a fine cover, which illustrates the scene on page 73.

This is a good, fast-paced adventure story, and the double bill is the better for having it. As a matter of fact, this is the second Ace Double in a row that has been of notably high quality.

A word. Ace has taken to counting the title pages and numbering the first page of the text "5". However, the page total listed at the start of the review is correct.

Alexis A. Gilliland

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

Oh, my goodness! I have just managed to complete THE SORCERESS OF QAR by one Ted White, who has authored another book in this series which I won't bother to name since it was this book's precursor -- and I feel somewhat inclined to curse.

Ostensibly this is a book of magical science and scientific magic, or sword and sorcery, or some such -- but don't let the cover fool you. Despite the blurbs, this work (and reading it was work) is in reality a trivial handbook on rugged outdoor living, with a somewhat inept but detailed pornographic guide to diverse extracurricular entertainment, not to mention psychological probing and marriage counseling.

Now all in all this should make for a pleasant evening, but the reading is not pleasurable, nor is reading it a pleasure. Mr. White's writing is highly descriptive (understatement of the year), but his descriptions lack originality -- are mere transpositions of passages he has come across in his reading (as have others) rearranged to suit his purposes. And have no fear, should you perchance have missed the fact that the hero was garbed in leathers and the heroine in a jump suit at the start of their venture, you will become aware of it soon enough. They put them on, they take them off, they use them as blankets, as head-rests, as bandages, as carryalls, etc. They drench them with sweat, bake them with heat, cake them with sand, soak them with rain, rip them, tear them, never repair them, and eventually don them again -- somewhat deteriorated but still holding up. (Boy, they don't make clothes the way they used to.)

The plotting is the greatest -- Elron to the Duke's palace with great difficulty to escape with great suffering; innumerable pages later, to the Duke's palace (cum heroine) with greater difficulty to escape after greater suffering; and once again, a try for the Duke's palace with greatest difficulty -- but a major difference: there is a plan -- and some decent imaginative writing finally manages to escape TW's pen after the greatest suffering on the part of this reader.

Actually it's difficult to find the proper words for Ted White's prose. TW has the same difficulty. On one page, the author used the word "he" 27 times before changing his term of reference. (I thought perhaps it was a magical number, but Alexis says not especially.) And that word "then" -- tricky rascal -- used three times in the space of five lines in one instance, and similarly abused throughout the book. (Reading over some of Campbell's older works, I note they suffer from the same malady.)

Phraseology is awkward. That memorable encounter with the wild woolly 14-foot critter with its foot-long (!) fangs, for instance. As it rears to strike him, Elron dives underneath and thrusts his sword into the beast's furry underbelly. Said beastie drops dead -- well, Mr. White doesn't put it that way exactly. He has the hero trying to dodge out of the way before the carcass touches the ground, but Elron finds himself "surrounded by the weight" of the collapsing corpse.

Sentence structure leaves something to be desired. "I am stupid and foolish, but I love you...." Now, what does that mean? Is she saying that if she were smart, she'd have nothing to do with him? Or is she saying that if he were smart, he'd have nothing to do with her?

I'm saying that if you are smart, you'll have nothing to do with this. Mr. White is badly in need of a decent editor.

Doll Gilliland

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Book Review -- AGENT OF T.E.R.R.A. #1: THE FLYING SAUCER GAMBIT, by Larry Maddox  
(Ace Book G-605, 50¢, 153 pp).

This is a spritely blend of genre: science-fiction with the Bondian counter-agent, plus a copious dash of wit and humor.

So. Gregor Malik, Tyrant of Borius, and his fourteen arch-villainous henchmen are out to plunder the universe by means of time-change. And T.E.R.R.A, the Temporal Entropy Restructure and Repair Agency, is out to stop them.

The resident agent of T.E.R.R.A. on Terra has been murdered by the forces of Empire under Drofox Johrgol, one of the fourteen, in the midst of an urgent transmission: "Empire has a device to destroy the rationality potential of a world, and they..."

Enter Hannibal Fortune, Ace Agent, and his sidecreature Webley. By himself, Fortune would be a paltry imitation of James Bond -- callow, bland, insipid. Webley, a fifteen-pound shapechanging telepath, adds the dash of tabasco to the recipe that makes it. We can't alter the fact of the agent's death, of course, but Fortune and Webley go back in time to get the second half of the transmission by bugging the agent as he recorded it before sending: "...are going to use it here for a test."

Well, they borrow the defunct agent's Jaguar X-KE -- as Fortune learns to drive -- and go off to follow a lead he left: a clipping about a beautiful girl who had seen and touched a flying saucer. The girl (Marion Mostly) is a cat lover, so for an entree Fortune tells Webley to make like a cat and wander in. What do you think happens to a strange cat intruding on a whole pride of pussy cats in their own territory? Webley turns into a big bird and bugs out, but Fortune gets his interview anyway. Then the local sheriff arrests him on suspicion of murdering the dead agent and speeding, so Webley has to spring his buddy. Then Empire kidnaps Marilyn, so we go back to the instant of the kidnapping and follow the villains to their lair, high on Mount Yo-czgyuth'-he-tsos, which happens to be sacred to the Apache -- as our heroes find out when they go back in time a day to scout around. At last they are sitting before the hideout of Drofox Johrgol, and of course they could wipe him out, right on the spot. But what about Marilyn?

So they go in personally. And get captured. And escape. And rescue the fair damsel. And so forth.

There are a number of fine gags strung through the story. I mention two, not necessarily the best. In the sheriff's office, as Fortune awaits release by Webley, Marilyn calls to say she is going to Washington on saucer business with the Air Force, and will the sheriff take care of her cats? Then two Air Force officers from Washington come in and ask the sheriff where Miss Mostly is. He tells them she's already en route to Washington, and suggests that someone on the detail is in charge of fouling things up. They say, "You know how it is, sheriff, you probably have the same trouble in miniature right here." "No, I don't," says the sheriff, "I never hire ex-Air Force officers as deputies."

The other gag comes when Webley is missing and presumed demented, and Marilyn and Fortune are pinned down by enemy fire. "This is it," says Fortune, "we're doomed!" "Oh, no!" says Marilyn, "I saw a movie where it was just like this, and the U.S. Cavalry came in the nick of time!" Then, in the nick of time, a band of Apaches in war dress come to the rescue. "You call that the U.S. Cavalry?" says Fortune.

The ending is resolved to the satisfaction of everybody except the unfortunate Drofox Johrgol, who almost had the Universe in his pocket, and, of course, his superiors in Empire.

The cover looks stupid, but don't let it put you off; the book is a romp.

Alexis A. Gilliland

### Fact Article

The future is upon us, worse luck. As the daily events of the 60's bring to life the speculative fiction of the 30's and 40's, we find that ideas and machines no longer obey the promptings of man, but instead heed some inner logic of their own, stepping to the rumble of a distant drum.

The case in point is the orbiting mirror. Remember? The mad scientist out to clobber the world with the irresistible weapon -- a mile-wide mirror 100 miles high melting down New York and Chicago. Well, he went to work for the U.S. Government in the Department of Defense, and he sold his bosses on the idea to the point where they are making a feasibility study -- \$490,000 worth of feasibility study, in five contracts to Boeing, Westinghouse, Grumman, Goodyear Aerospace and G.T. Schjeldahl Co..\*

Set in orbit at 22,000 miles -- the so-called stationary orbit -- the mirror, 2,000 feet in diameter, would illuminate an area 220 miles in diameter with a light 1.7 times as bright as the full moon. Construction would be aluminized mylar films, assembled in orbit on an inflated framework.

To what end? Why, to deny the night-loving Viet Cong the cover of darkness after the sun goes down. Who said DOD has no imagination? Or that you can't enjoy a stinky little war as much as a great big one? From the back room of the FOR&D (Far Out Research and Development) section in the Pentagon comes the sound of glasses clinking, and a snatch of song: "It's a hell of a war, but after all, parlez vous; It's a hell of a war, but after all, parlez vous; It's a hell of a war, but after all, It's better than having no war at all! Hinky Dinky Parlez Vous."

\*SCIENCE 155 (304), 1967

Alexis A. Gilliland

Book Review -- THE SWORD OF RHIANNON, by Leigh Brackett (Ace Book F-422, 40¢, 126 pp).

Well, now, back in the good old days when Mars had fair phosphorescent seas, Rhiannon accepted the Chair of Secret Science at the Carn Dhu Institute of Technology. At the time it caused a minor scandal (he got instant tenure), but when he actually taught the Dhuvians (nassty ssinisster ssnakessess they are, love, sslimy, sslinking villainssess) enough to enable them to take their place in the sun, cries of outrage reverberated from sea to shining sea. In the end, Rhiannon was entombed alive, to think over his misdeeds for all eternity, and his name became black legend.

Our story begins x million years later, when Matt Carse, untenured archaeologist-thief-rascal-earthman stumbled (or was pushed) into the Tomb of Rhiannon, and zaps backward in time x-y million years, where, possessed by the soul of Rhiannon, he goes forth to annihilate the (boo-hiss) Dhuvians. Most of the time Rhiannon lays low, and we are treated to the hero rowing in a galley, leading an uprising, capturing the haughty Princess Ywain, chaining her up in his very own fetters (a nice symbolic touch, that), and various other deeds of derring-do. Ultimately, Carse, posturing as Rhiannon (Our Hero has quite a bit of ham in his makeup, which may, in part, explain his lasting popularity), is captured by the Dhuvians, and with Ywain is taken into the ssinisster ssity of Carn Dhu. Once inside that impregnable sstronghold -- will the real Rhiannon stand up, please?



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So, after undoing the Dhuvians, Rhiannon places a long-distance call to his (long departed) people who tell him: "All is forgiven son, come on home."

But first he sends Carse and Ywain forward x-y million years into Carse's time, where the Sword of Rhiannon and the contents of His Tomb will make them filthy rich for happily ever after.

Now this is what a sword-and-sorcery novel should be. The author lacks a scientific background, to be sure, but she fakes it adequately. More to the point, she has worked her material over so that the prose reads smoothly, and the descriptive material doesn't impede the action. Note to would-be writers: the operational word is worked.

One criticism -- the book is too thin. Ace should have brought it out as a double.

Alexis A. Gilliland

Featurette -- THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER: A FABLE.

Once upon a time, in Ancient Greece, there lived an ant and a grasshopper. The ant was a writer of fables, and the grasshopper was a poet.

The average day in the life of these insects was passed somewhat in this fashion: The ant would rise early, answer various correspondence, then sit down in his house hidden in the tall grass and write fables. About noon, the grasshopper would awaken, leap in joy at the sight of the sun overhead, and hop past the ant's house. Thereupon the ant would say irritably, "Don't bounce like that -- it isn't Proper; and for Zeus' sake, why don't you get to work? While you've been sleeping I've written three grand new fables, which will last forever. What have you done?"

The grasshopper smiled broadly, bounced a few times, shaking the ant's house, and replied, "I had a fine night on the town, I slept till noon, and I plan to repeat the same performance all summer." At that, he hopped away, in search of a girl-grasshopper who might like to go for an afternoon cruise on the irrigation-canal.

One day the ant planned a sweet revenge. He wrote a fable telling all the world how, come winter, the grasshopper would have published nothing, and would be quickly forgotten, leaving the ant with fame everlasting for his strenuous efforts.

The next day the ant read his fable to the grasshopper, and asked for comments. The grasshopper bounced lightly, and replied, "Well, not badly written, for someone with no Style, but I don't think it's very appropriate -- why don't you wait till winter and see what happens?"

Winter finally came. A farmer, breaking up ice in the nearby irrigation-canal, happened to step on the ant's house, crushing it into the ground. The ant was injured and lived for only a week, surrounded by all the fables he could eat.

The grasshopper was miraculously fed from heaven, and survived to become Poet Laureate.

Moral:

Some insects just don't have it.

T.D.C. Kuch

Book Review -- INVADERS FROM THE INFINITE, by John W. Campbell (Ace S-F Classic M-154, 45¢, 188 pp).

Well, Arcot, Wade, and Morey, the Rover Boys of space, are back again. This time they are out to save the galaxy from the evil Thessian invaders -- SUPERBEINGS from a SUPERPLANET -- and Our Heroes go to all of the three or four inhabited planets

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seeking allies and military technology, otherwise known as SUPERSCIENCE. They keep arriving in the nick of time, and single-handedly stave off disaster for everybody except the Thessians.

In hard-core pornography, the usual sequence is to start with a single couple in some mildly erotic play, and work up by degrees to the climax, where Yankee Stadium is covered with mattresses, and thousands of frenzied participants cheer as the elephants are brought in for the grand finale, while the fans go crazy. In IFtI we have no women, of course, but we have weapons, and we have scientific double-talk. The weaponry begins escalating immediately, and the double-talk explaining the weaponry flies thick and fast. It flies so thick and fast, in fact, that the mind becomes numb, and the eyes glaze with sheer stupefaction.

On page 152 a mighty field of force, an immovable cup 110,000 miles in diameter, catches a planet massing  $2.5 \times 10^{24}$  tons, and converts the orbital kinetic energy to thermal energy, blasting all that rock and ice to gas, at 24,000°K. And the elephants haven't been used yet!

E.E. Smith, PhD, may very well have drawn inspiration from such a source.

A few comments. A space ship under "time control" comes in for a landing at 3,000 mph, skreeking to a stop in the last 50 feet -- and all the Rover Boys hear is the whine of the ship's approach. The sonic boom should have broken every window in Vermont -- even though they didn't have sonic booms in 1932 when this was copyrighted. Then there is the fantastic speed at which everything happens -- particularly the invention of new weapons. Papa Arcot, with his \$2,000,000.00 personal fortune expedites the conversion of his son's spaceship to a warship, The Ancient Mariner, in two days. "Who says credit-units don't have their value?" Arcot fils says. Campbell simply brooks no delay; in two days the blueprints of the plans wouldn't be read, let alone ready. And when Arcot learns to manipulate matter by thought, he proceeds to build a new mile-long superduper. In six weeks, all by himself.

The idea of the Rover Boys inspiring the legends of the Greek and Egyptian gods as they wander futurewards from 80,000 BC is quite clever. And the scene where Zezdon Afthen, a telepathic sensitive, slips a cog or two and feeds Arcot the enemy's secret horror concepts while Arcot is mentally manipulating matter to smash the enemy fleet, is one of the best in the book.

Arcot's comment, after they destroy a second fleet: "That was a fair fight; energy against energy," is asinine. The thessians were so far outclassed it was pathetic.

Finally, the thought that Thett, settled by criminals from Venome, would become a criminal world, worthy of destruction, is simpleminded. Australia, the former British penal colony, is a case in point.

The cover, by Gray Morrow, is a dragon grabbing a spaceship from the mad scene. The tail seems awkward, but other than that the cover is fine.

The story, now -- probably the best you can say is that it is good Arcot, Wade and Morey, with lots and lots of action, and lots and lots of hokey (in 1967) science. If you are nostalgic for the good old days, read it.

Alexis A. Gilliland

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Don Franson's PSEUDONYM INDEX states that "Charles Beaumont" is a pseudonym for Charles McNutt. Since when? Don, please explain . . .



WORLD S.F. CONVENTION: 1966  
by Thomas Schlück  
(A "free" translation from the German,  
by Kitty Kolody)

Having returned from a six-week trip to the U.S., I will now try to organize my impressions. What once seemed to be too much like a dream, is now a reality for me.

The purpose of my trip to the U.S. was, of course, this year's SF convention which was held in Cleveland, Ohio, from September 2-5, 1966. Statistically speaking, it was the second largest SF congress that was held. It surpassed all the expectations of the organizer, whose organization handled a crowd of 850 participants who gathered in Hotel Sheraton. The hotel was ideal for this, and offered all the necessary space for the gathering. The guest of honor was L. Sprague de Camp, SF and fiction author who has also written science books, but is, unfortunately, very little known in (our language) Germany. The other big names of SF also insisted on coming to Cleveland. And although SF seemed to be the domain of the English-speaking authors, one can truly say it was a "Summit Conference". Here is a list of present authors, who should be known to you: Isaac Asimov, Robert Silverberg, Randall Garrett, Lloyd Biggle, Jr., Lester Del Rey, Hal Clement, Frederik Pohl, Poul Anderson, Donald A. Wollheim, John Brunner, Edmond Hamilton, Leigh Brackett, Harlan Ellison, James Blish, Fred Saberhagen, John W. Campbell, Roger Zelazny, and others.

The program held all the visitors breathless. Had one wanted to participate in everything, there wouldn't have been any time left to eat. There were only four days of the convention, so I could attend only the main events.

Besides the planned program there were a few additions. The motion was carried that besides a pin, one was to receive free of charge SF Magazines and pocket books as well as a bevy of advertising material. Loaded with this package, one could proceed to the SF Art Show, an annual exposition of drawings and paintings by SF amateurs. As in the years past, the works were by and large of outstanding quality. Especially worth mentioning is the one that was done entirely with different color ball points. Sculpture and sketches, as well as prints and experimental photographs, completed the exhibit. Immediately in the adjoining room was a veritable SF "Stock Exchange". On long tables, private individuals and business people displayed pictures and price tags and were ready to sell old and new SF books, and past (back) issues of the magazines that were of special interest to the American collectors whose realm in SF goes as far back as 1920.

On Friday, September 2, the program began with a speech by Harlan Ellison in which he complained that the present-day authors have frozen in their subject-matter and their treatment. For the fact that they have been subject to considerable limitations (restrictions) on the part of the editors and publishers with regard to salability and censorship, they, nevertheless, are the heralds of the new world and the future. In this context he alluded to an anthology, which he was commissioned to compile by one of the bigger New York publishing houses, and for which he sent out invitations to about 150 authors. For this anthology, as Harlan Ellison reported, he has given his authors a completely free hand to write a story that they always wanted to write but have never written because it would have never sold.

In the evening the Order of St. Fantasy, a SF group within the group, in a holiday-costume ceremony, initiated two new American members. The Order was also active during a short convention in Vienna.

The following morning there was a special treat for the convention participants -- a premiere of the film FANTASTIC VOYAGE by Centfox. This film, based on a theme from Isaac Asimov's new novel, deals with a trip of a very small boat whose crew travels through the circulatory system of a terminally ill (person), in order to destroy the tumor in his brain.

After a panel discussion of the topic "On How Not to Write SF" followed another special. In the middle of September there will be in the U.S.A. a new SF TV series STAR TREK, whose main actor is the crew of a space ship. The convention participants felt that the two shown sequences were quite excellent. It was about a discovery of superhuman capabilities (supernatural powers?) of one of the crew members.

The masquerade with its awards for costumes is always a high point of a SF meeting. There comes to fore the imagination and inspiration of the SF readers, which at times incorporates an amazing display of character from SF novels or even creates new imaginary characters. Everything, from space suit to the super monster, was represented and the jury had quite a hard time deciding.

Sunday's program began with jokes by Isaac Asimov and Harlan Ellison, who sent the audience into peals of laughter. At the end there was a fashion show at which were shown mostly the fantastic creations of the future designed by the SF fans.

One can only sympathize with the women, should the fashion really develop along that line. There isn't a trace of suitability or comfort in it, but it's wonderful to look at.

Another highlight of every convention is the banquet and the speeches usually connected with it. Isaac Asimov was a brilliant MC, and after the menu was passed, the dark-tie dinner changed to high spirits. Then L. Sprague de Camp took the podium and told, in a joking way, about his experiences in his development as a SF-writer, about his meetings with famous people and his motives for writing this or that book. After the party had listened patiently to my closing speech, came the high point of every World-Con banquet, the distribution of the HUGO's.

With this, the convention came to an end. The next day New York was chosen as a place for next year's meeting.

My trip to the convention with several fans whom I befriended took me at the end to California where I was fortunate to meet Fritz Leiber and Robert A. Heinlein. Fritz Leiber's novel, THE WANDERER, that won a HUGO last year, will be published by Heyne. My trip into the world of American SF and SF fans ended through New York and Washington.

[This report by Tom Schlück (the 1966 TAFF winner), was originally published (in German) in the German fanzine STREIFSLICHTER. It was translated by Kitty Kolody, wife of a Syracuse SF fan, and submitted to the JOURNAL for publication by Jay Klein. Jay states that the issue of STREIFSLICHTER in which it appeared (number 7/8, November/December 1966), was devoted to conventions; out of 47 8½x11 pages, 27 were devoted to the TRICON, with the remaining pages devoted to news of European cons and fan activities.

STREIFSLICHTER is published by Alfred Beha, Dieburger Strasse 35, 6051 Ober Roden, Germany (at least, Jay says, this is the address which he gives on his publication); we have no information on the frequency or price. Thanks Tom, Alfred, Kitty, and Jay. --ed.7

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 Remember -- NYCON 3 Hugo Nomination deadline is May 1, 1967 -- so act NOW!

## THE EASTERN SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

The next meeting of the Eastern Science Fiction Association (ESFA) will be held on Sunday, April 2, at 3:00 p.m., in the YM-YWCA at 600 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey. The speaker will be Al H. Morrison, who is a professional astrologer, and President of the American Guild of Astrologers, Inc. His talk will be on astrology and related matters.

### Minutes of ESFA Open Meeting, March 5, 1967 --

The meeting, with an approximate attendance of 150, was opened by Director Michael Deckinger at 2:00 p.m. with a few words of welcome, and introduction of s-f notables present. He then introduced Jay K. Klein, unofficial photographer of fan gatherings, who presented a slide talk of interesting candid shots from past s-f affairs. Klein's slides ranged in time from his first effort taken at the 1950 New York Conference to those at the recent Tricon in Cleveland. His talk was in a humorous vein, highlighted with many good-natured sallies at the expense of Isaac Asimov.

Announcement was made by Charlie Brown of the forthcoming Lunacon to be held April 29 and 30 at the Hotel Roosevelt, 45th St. and Madison Ave., in New York, with James Blish as guest of honor.

The cryonics panel, consisting of Frederik Pohl and Lester Del Rey, together with Curt Henderson and Saul Kent, President and Secretary, respectively, of the Cryonics Society of New York, Inc., was presented, with Mike Deckinger as moderator. Mr. Kent opened by stating that the society was organized to promote and publicize the idea that a person may be frozen immediately after death with the chance that in some future time he will be revived when science has advanced to the point where there is a cure for the cause of the death. Mr. Kent called this the fulfillment of the human dream of prolonging life. He hopes the next step will be legislation enabling freezing when death appears imminent.

Lester Del Rey felt that there were grave economic, moral and religious objections to the plan. He said he can't see anything wrong with the planned obsolescence built into human beings; old age is a biological necessity for the race. A man is ahead of the game by being born and should not complain about dying. He is against polluting the stock of an overpopulated Earth of the future. Morally it is a selfish idea. He sees an insurmountable burden on future society with a large amount of technical brains involved in taking care of the past when they could be better employed in the welfare of their own generation. Mr. Del Rey said he is in favor of a man living as long as he can, as long as he can compete, but fears a revived individual would be so far behind the times as to be completely useless. He further said that religious organizations will find it necessary to resolve certain theological problems, such as the question if a revived person has a soul, and if there might not be mortal sin involved.

Mr. Henderson stated that the simple choice is life or death, with a chance at life. There would be no burden on the future, for money must be provided by the frozen individuals. He admitted that the program will be expensive, but if it takes hold the cost will come down. He said we are already paying for the mistakes of the past, just as the future will pay for ours, but that nobody is forced to die just to make room for some mythical future person.

Frederik Pohl felt that the proposed program would prove too costly. He said that the present was already paying for its sins of overpopulation and we must find some way to cope with it, whether or not we submit to freezing. He agreed that it might be difficult for a revived person to adjust to the future, yet there are persons who cannot adjust to today. He also said that he is not concerned about the problem of whether or not a revived person will have a soul, for he assumes that an omniscient God will know the difference.

In response to a question from Deckinger, Dr. Christine Haycock said she saw nothing wrong with this line of experimentation, but felt the money could be better used in research in cryogenics. A general question-and-answer period followed. The best quip to come out of the panel was Lester Del Rey's proposal of the establishment of "Deadicare" insurance.

Terry Carr of Ace Books, Inc., spoke on the new publication policy at Ace, where they intend to publish 12 modern "quality" adult s-f novels a year. He said that although Ace has the reputation for publishing the hard-core classic type s-f, they have been quietly putting out good stuff for years. The feeling now is, "why not do it openly?" Carr expects that half of the year's output will be originals. This program does not represent a change of policy at Ace, for they will also continue to publish the type of material they were known for in the past.

Director Deckinger then called upon Isaac Asimov to present the new ESFA annual "Isaac" award to a s-f personality for excellence in non-s-f writing. To scarcely anyone's surprise he found himself presenting the award to Dr. Asimov. In his speech of thanks Dr. Asimov reminisced of the one time he, a teetotler, got drunk on the occasion of the simultaneous publication of his first book, and his acquisition of a doctorate. He also recalled his anguish during his doctorate oral exam, and sudden knowledge that he was "in" when one of the examining professors asked a question about "thiotimeline".

The meeting adjourned about

5:30 p.m.

Allan Howard, Secretary ESFA

Cryonics suggests innumerable ideas for S-F plots, which we'll not go into here. But it also brings to mind several legal and economic questions. For example, how is the amount of money to be paid by the person to be frozen determined? What happens if this money runs out, and no "cure" for whatever the person died of has yet been found? Is he just allowed to "unfreeze", or are his heirs -- or society -- responsible for continuing to make payments to keep him frozen? What happens if a person is frozen before death, and then later, through carelessness or design, he is allowed to unfreeze? Would this act of carelessness or design be murder? Would the person's heirs then be able to collect the remaining money which had been paid to the cryonics firm as part of the "estate" of the permanently dead individual, or perhaps by suing the firm for negligence? And what about the case of a person with a terminal disease who is frozen, and then, the next day, a cure for the disease is announced; an attempt at unfreezing the individual is made, but fails, and he is then declared permanently dead; has murder or manslaughter been committed here? May a person who is to be frozen invest his remaining (after the cryonics fees are paid) wealth, in expectation that he will be rich when he is revived? After he is frozen, would his possessions then become his estate and pass on to his heirs? In other words, after a person is frozen, is he legally dead, to the extent that he may no longer own property, wealth, etc., and his marriage is dissolved so that his "widow" may remarry? Who does his frozen body belong to -- the cryonics firm, his heirs, or himself? And so on. . . . A fascinating subject for speculation. . .

About the April 2 program, Allan Howard writes: "I suppose a good many fans will ask, in the words of Hugo Gernsback, 'This is science fiction?' But I believe that s-f fans should be open-minded enough to be interested in hearing talks on such diverse subjects as flying saucers, Sherlock Holmes, psychiatry, and Garry Davis's One World, all of which were subjects for ESFA talks in the past." We agree, Allan -- but s-f fans sometimes seem to be more closed-minded than non-fans, so you've not got an easy road ahead. . . . Hmmm -- maybe "closed-minded" is not the right word -- "skeptical", perhaps? No, that's not right, either. . . . What we are trying to get at is the attitude, held by some of the younger fans in particular (the "New Wave"?), that S-F provides a unique and definitive way of looking at the world -- and that therefore, they, as S-F fans, must be correct in their interpretations of worldly events. Ah, dogmatism. . . . Oh, well. . . . --ed.7

## REALM OF THE SPACEMEN

Book Review -- STAR TREK, adapted by James Blish, from the NBC-TV series, created and produced by Gene Roddenberry (N.Y., Bantam Books, 1966; 136 pp; 50¢).

This book contains seven short stories of interstellar exploration a few centuries from now. Each is based on a television script used on the "Star Trek" video series, and each script was originally written by a different author especially for television. James Blish has himself, as I believe and remember, written scripts for the show, but, as it happens, none of these seven stories was originally his. Each of the seven other authors involved here is himself in his own right a "big-name author". Nevertheless, Jim Blish is "the only author of record" for this book, and the seven other authors who created the plots and characters for these seven stories are not given credit here for their collaboration and co-authorship. I hope that future editions, if it's reprinted, will change this. Perhaps Jim Blish, who is himself a member of WSFA, will explain to us what the reason for this omission of credit for co-authors may be. Possibly it has something to do with authors' guild union rules and resulting red-tape? I doubt that it's simple vanity on his part, because Jim is quite a modest person.

In case you never watch television shows, perhaps I should explain further about this series. "Star Trek" is about the voyages of the United Star-Ship Enterprise, sent out by the United Federation of Planets on a five-year mission to explore other star-systems and other planetary systems, to conduct scientific research and experiments, to find new life-forms and new civilizations, to "show the flag" for Earth and its allied planets, and to enforce peace, law, and order on the frontiers of space. The skipper of this mighty vessel of our future space-fleet is stalwart, handsome, dashing Captain James T. Kirk of Earth. His first officer and science officer is Mr. Spock from the planet Vulcanis in another solar system -- whose mother was an Earthwoman and whose father was a Vulcanian; Spock is a weird-looking hybrid with a super intellect and underdeveloped emotions -- by terrestrial human standards. They are the leaders in a crew of more than 400 officers and enlisted personnel including men and women from many different races and nationalities.

The Enterprise has power and equipment to achieve space-time warp and thus journey across the galaxy in remarkably short time with faster-than-light drive. (The producer and writers make no apologies to Isaac Asimov for thus circumventing Einstein's principles of physics.) It is apparently done by traveling through sub-space or hyperspace by means of the "seetee" effect, although this is never very clearly explained in detail, and by boosting or decreasing their speed, the astronauts can travel backward or forward through the space-time continuum -- via other dimensions -- dropping out of our universe for awhile and then popping back into it elsewhere and elsewhen. Nothing has yet been said about time-dilation paradoxes, but this theme is one that I'm suggesting here and now for future episodes.

At any rate, "Star Trek" is far and away the best science-fiction series on television, and greatly superior to "Lost in Space", "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea", "Time Tunnel", or anything else you'd care to mention. Many of the scripts are by professional science-fiction writers, adventure-fiction writers, and enthusiastic fans -- people like Robert Bloch, Harlan Ellison, Theodore Sturgeon, Richard Matheson, Charles L. Fontenay, Samuel Anthony Peeples, and Gene L. Coon. The quality of the writing, acting, and production values, and (usually) the scientific thought involved is very high indeed, and what's more, it's usually extremely entertaining, although somewhat bizarre and offbeat in nature. Very seldom does this show lapse into routine-formula space-opera or horror-monster cliches, and it generally displays a great deal of originality and ingenuity.



These characteristics are reflected well in the seven stories included in this book, and Jim Blish has done an outstandingly good job in adapting the material from one medium (the color television screen) to another (the paperbound book). Sometimes he has even managed to improve a bit on the original stories as shown on television. I recommend that you watch the TV series religiously, and that you also read this book.

Albert E. Gechter

[One correction, Al -- my copy of STAR TREK gives both the copyright and publication dates as 1967. Also, for those of you who have seen most of the "Star Trek" episodes, and are wondering about the contents of the book, the episodes contained therein are: "Charlie's Law", "Dagger of the Mind", "The Unreal McCoy", "Balance of Terror", "The Naked Time", "Miri", and "The Conscience of the King". --ed.]

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NEWS FROM ACE

April, 1967 releases --

WORLD'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION: 1967, edited by Donald A. Wollheim and Terry Carr -- "This annual, up-to-date anthology of the most exciting current s-f gains in stature and acclaim with each year. In their third edition, the editors present a dozen fascinating tales of strange worlds, by the finest science fiction writers of today." (A-10; 75¢).

THESE SAVAGE FUTUROLANS, by Philip E. High (G-623; 50¢) -- "In a world enslaved by a fiendish elite of scientists, one man escaped his doom and fought to start humanity back toward progress." and

THE DOUBLE INVADERS, by John Rackham -- "Seeking help against the alien conquerors of Zorgan, Earth allied with the people of Scarta...but did they have a secret purpose?"

THE BIG TIME, by Fritz Leiber (G-627; 50¢) -- "Awarded the Hugo as Best SF Novel of the Year, THE BIG TIME is 'A superior adventure-mystery about the strangely assorted crew of men and women, snatched out of their lives by emissaries from the far future, who fight and scheme to change the structure of time and history.' -- ANALOG"

CITY OF ILLUSIONS, by Ursula K. LeGuin (G-626; 50¢) -- "Born on Earth fully adult but with no memory, this quasi-human set out on a perilous quest to Es Toch, the City of the Enemy of Mankind, where he would find his true self . . . and a universe of danger."

TO OUTFRAN DOOMSDAY, by Kenneth Bulmer (G-625; 50¢) -- "Shipwrecked on a utopian planet whose quasi-god Pe'lchen had provided all the necessities of life throughout history, hard-luck spaceman Jack Waley landed in the midst of crisis and chaos as the system suddenly broke down."

YANKEE GHOSTS, by Hans Holzer (K-272; 50¢) -- "True tales of the supernatural, including the Ghost Hunter's experiences with: Marion Gernt, the 300-year-old ghost who suffers her own nightmare. . . . Ocean-born Mary, the ghost who exposed an ancient crime. . . . The young lady who waits for her lover's return -- since 1792. . . ." (Also by Hans Holzer: GHOSTS I'VE MET (H-16; 60¢); GHOST HUNTER (K-210; 50¢).)

Also, STRANGE WORLD, by Frank Edwards (K-206; 50¢; reprint; "Amazing Facts"); THE SECRET OF THE BAYOU, by Francine Davenport (G-624; 50¢; "Gothic"); FALCON'S SHADOW, by Anne Maybury (K-271; 50¢; "Gothic"); three Westerns, one of which is a double; and two Romances.



## THE CLUB CIRCUIT

The Washington Science Fiction Association (WSFA) -- Meets first, third, and fifth Fridays of month, at home of Miss E. Cullen (7966 W. Beach Drive, N.W., Wash., D.C.; phone RA3-7107), at 8 p.m.; meetings are informal. Dues: Regular, \$4 per year (\$2 if under 18), payable quarterly; Life, no dues; Associate, 15¢ per meeting attended (10¢ if under 18); Corresponding, \$2 per year; Honorary, none; only Regular and Life members may vote and hold office; Regular, Life, and Corresponding memberships include regular receipt of the club o-o, THE WSFA JOURNAL (approximately bi-weekly). Club-sponsored regional convention, the DISCLAVE, May 12-14, 1967, in Wash., D.C. For info, membership, etc., write the editor; make checks (if any) payable to Philip N. Bridges. Persons wishing to receive the JOURNAL who are unable to attend WSFA meetings should take out Corresponding memberships.

The Gamesmen -- Meets second and fourth Fridays of month, at home of D. Miller (12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Md.; phone 933-5417), at 7:30 p.m.; meetings are informal. An activity of the N3F Games Bureau; anyone is welcome at meetings, but please call first, if possible.

Baltimore Science Fiction Society (BSFS) -- Meets second and fourth Saturdays of month, at home of D. Ettlin (31 West North Ave., Baltimore, Md; phone 837-2876), at 7:30 p.m.; meetings are informal. No club o-o; occasional club news appears in THE WSFA JOURNAL. Club-sponsored regional con was the BALTICONFERENCE (Feb. 10-12, '67).

Eastern Science Fiction Association (ESFA) -- Meets first Sunday of month, at Newark YM-YWCA, 600 Broad St., Newark, N.J., at 3 p.m.; meetings are formal, with Guest Speakers. Club-sponsored regional con is the OPEN ESFA, March 5, 1967, in Newark. THE WSFA JOURNAL serves as club o-o, publishing club minutes and announcements.

Philadelphia Science Fiction Society (PSFS) -- Meets second Friday of month, at Central Philadelphia YMCA, Broad & Arch Sts., Phila., Pa., at 8 p.m.; meetings are formal, with programs. Club-sponsored regional con is the PHILLYCON, November 11 and 12, 1967, in Phila. We know of no club o-o as such, although the JOURNAL is now publishing club minutes and announcements.

Fannish & Insurgent SciFiFictional Association (FISTFA) -- Meets second and fourth Fridays of month, at apartment of Mike McInerney (Apt. 5FW, 250 West 16th St., N.Y., N.Y., 10011); meetings are informal. Club-sponsored "con" (party), EASTERCON, April 28, 1967. We know of no club o-o.

Lunarians -- Meets third Saturday of month, at home of Frank Dietz, 1750 Walton Ave., Bronx, N.Y., at 8 p.m.; meetings are generally informal; locally, guests of members only, but out-of-town visitors are always welcome. Club-sponsored con, LUNACON, April 29 and 30, in N.Y. We know of no club o-o.

City College of New York Evening Session Science-Fiction Society ("Sci-Fi", or ESSFSCCN) -- Meets every Friday evening during academic year, in Finlay Hall, 133rd St. & Convent Ave., on the CCNY campus, at 8 p.m.; meetings frequently have top-notch pro and fannish speakers. We know of no club o-o.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology Science-Fiction Society (MIT'SFS) -- Meets every Friday, in room 1-236, MIT (phone 617-UN4-7933 for info), at 5 p.m. Club o-o, TWILIGHT ZINE (25¢ per copy; irregular; Leslie Turek, 56 Linnaean St., Cambridge, Mass., 02138). Club-sponsored regional con, BOSKONE IV, April 1 and 2, in Boston.

READERS AND AUTHORS OF SCIENCE FICTION -- a lecture series co-sponsored by the MENSA Society Science Fiction Study Group and the Boston Public Library -- second Friday of the month, at South Boston Branch Library, 646 E. Broadway, Boston, at 2:30 p.m.

Fellowship of the Purple Tongue -- Meets every Saturday at home of Phil Harrell (3021 Tait Terrace, Norfolk, Va.; phone 853-1259), at 2 p.m. No known club o-o.

Central Ohio Science Fiction Society (CØSFS) -- General meetings are held on the fourth Wednesday of the month at the Columbus (Ohio) Public Library Auditorium, 96 South Grant St., at 7 p.m. Discussion meetings are held every Saturday at 7 p.m., at homes of members (non-members wishing to attend Discussion meetings are asked to let member holding meeting know in advance). Club o-o is COSIGN (free to CØSFS members, \$2.50 per year to others in U.S.; \$3.00 per year overseas via first-class mail; 25¢ a copy; monthly; Robert B. Gaines, 336 Olentangy St., Columbus, Ohio, 43202; recommended). Classes of membership are Full, Associate, and Student; we are not certain of the dues for each (Bob? Larry?).

Cincinnati Fantasy Group -- Meets every Friday, at homes of various members; time of meeting unknown. For info, write: Lou Tabakow, 3953 St. Johns Terrace, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45236. Club-sponsored con, MIDWESTCON, June 23-25, 1967, in Cincinnati. We know of no club o-o.

Ozark Science Fiction Association (OSFA) -- Meets fourth Sunday of the month, at the homes of various members (and at differing times?); for info write Jack Steele, 609 W. Kelley St., DeSoto, Missouri, 63020. Club o-o, OSFAN (monthly; David Hall, 202 Taylor Ave., Crystal City, Mo., 63019); club genzine, SIRRUIISH (irregular; Mrs. Leigh Couch, Route 2, Box 889, Arnold, Mo., 63010); both 'zines available primarily to members. Membership is \$3 per year to persons living within the greater St. Louis Area, \$1.50 per year to others living too far away to attend meetings.

Michigan State University Science Fiction Society (MSUSFS) -- Meets every other Saturday, in the Student Union Building, MSU (time not specified); no club o-o. "We just sit around and talk campus politics, and every once in a while a discussion gets started on the various ways an idea has been developed by various science fiction authors. And the Ballard clique, the Doc Smith clique, the Vonnegut clique, the van Vogt clique, and the Sturgeon clique swap insults. But it's fun, sometimes. Especially when everybody else gangs up on the Heinlein clique." -- George Fergus

Los Angeles Science Fiction Society (LASFS) -- Meets every Thursday at 8 p.m.; generally in the Silverlake Playground, Silverlake Blvd. & Van Pelt St., Los Angeles. If special holiday falls on meeting night, meeting will be held at 330 S. Berendo, in Los Angeles. Membership is a \$1 "matriculation" fee, with 35¢ per meeting attended. Club o-o is SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES, which is defunct at the moment. Present club 'zine is a newsletter, DE PROFUNDIS, free to members, 35¢ a year to others (Fred Hollander, %Lloyd House, Caltech, Pasadena, Calif., 91109).

Elves', Gnomes', and Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder, and Marching Society (Little Men) -- Meeting times and places vary; for info write or call Alva Rogers (5967 Greenridge Rd., Castro Valley, Cal; phone LU2-4138). No. club o-o. Memberships are \$2 a year (\$3 for couples). "The Little Men are a science club as well as a science fiction club. Well, actually we have programs on whatever the Chairperson is interested in or can hornswoggle someone into talking about. For instance, I'm extremely interested in the American Conservatory Theatre, so I got a member of ACT to speak. (He's been suspicious of me ever since.) . . . We don't do much of anything, really. Every time the Director can't get a program, we have a party. . . ." -- Felice Rolfe

The West Covina Science Fiction Association (WesCoSFA) -- No info; contact Steven Fink, 1835 E. Michelle, West Covina, Calif., 91790, if interested.

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

## FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK

Allan Howard, 157 Grafton Ave., Newark, N.J., 07104

(14 March 1967)

Issue #37 of the JOURNAL was an exceptionally good one, possibly because of Muhlhauser's tirade at the "Foundation Series". I guess he sure told me off. Here I thought all along that "Foundation" was the best all-time s-f series, and now I find that it is junk. If this is a sample of the best, the rest must be pretty awful. I should be ashamed of myself for reading s-f. This article should evoke a flood of outraged comments from more able writers than I, and I'll be interested in reading them. Be sure and send a copy to Asimov and maybe once again he'll ask, "Why Can't an Author Answer a Critic?"

/Dr. Asimov did receive a copy of #37 -- and we hope that author Asimov will answer critic Muhlhauser. --ed./

Laurence C. Smith, 216 East Tibet Road, Columbus, Ohio, 43202

(16 March 1967)

Many thanx for printing my last little contribution to your 'zine. Maybe I'll get lucky and have this one show up in print also, which would probably cause exsanguination and death on my part. Oh well -- on with the show.

First off -- those meeting dates (which you can also get in the Club News column of C/SIGN) for the C/SFS general meetings are: Merch 22, April 26, May 24 (which is also the last General Meeting of the year and the Annual Elections meeting). . . . All General Meetings at the Columbus Public Library, 96 South Grant Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215 at 7:00 p.m.

I humbly apologize for the snide remarks about the "limited value" of the local meetings. I should have remembered that TWJ was a genzine/clubzine, and weighted the contents accordingly. Sorry about that....

Again, a rundown of my biased and useless feelings about the contents of #37. My backlog of ASF is now down to 5 years, but I'm starting to index 'em, so the late ish keep getting buried deeper and deeper. However, according to Banks, it looks like they can safely stay buried, at least as far as memorable content goes. I got Christopher's THE LITTLE PEOPLE through SFBC, and I agree with his description of the characters as pure cardboard. Some of the horror was effective, but those flat people made it all seem a bit unreal. The only things I read at all regularly in the current prozines are the reviews and the lettercol; and I'm sad to say that Judy Merrill is certainly beginning to show some odd tastes in her choice of material to review. I had the misfortune to read both GILES GOAT BOY and BARBARILLA, and I consider them both "utterly without redeeming social significance" to quote the Supreme Court, boring in the extreme, poorly written, and, of course, not even remotely connected with SF&F. Oh well -- she tries hard.

George Fergus' summation of the publishing business in 1966 was very well done -- lucid and concise without being just a dry statistical compilation. I have a good many of the books he singled out for special mention, and I tend to agree with his judgment on them. I hope someone does the same at the end of '67.

Alex Gilliland's reviews were good as usual. THE STAR MILL was a better book than its predecessor, though rather less even in style. I too would like to see Louhi return -- her vengeance on the Vanhat should be quite spectacular.

As I haven't read either STRANGE HAPPENINGS or THE KING IN YELLOW I shall forbear to comment on their reviews.

And just who the bloody hell is Fritz Muhlhauser, III? I started out by being utterly incensed at his seemingly unthinking criticism of SF (I still am, but I'm afraid that I can't come up with a useful, constructive definition myself), but then I

found myself beginning to agree with several of his remarks re the "Foundation Series", particularly those wherein he states that the Good Doctor postulates a static Universe that John Q. Public, plucked bodily from the streets of 1967, would have no great problem adjusting to. This, I contend, along with Mr. Muhlhauser, is ridiculous, and it was one of the few things that marred the books for me. If human society cannot change in more than minor details in the next 10,000 years, I see no real point in trying to change it now. However, I wonder how Mr. Muhlhauser would go about writing of a society that is completely unrecognizable by any of today's readers and making any of it sound sensible? Remember that most of us can absorb only material that has some faint, albeit tenuous, connection with reality as we experience it, and that literature that is too far out cannot convey any message, challenge or enjoyment because we cannot identify with it.

I should also like to know why every non-Science Fiction-oriented writer who comments on SF always tries to make the point that SF should convey a Message, or stimulate the reader to an aroused awareness of social problems? God knows that there are enough professional, technical, and pseudo-technical books and magazines that exist solely to make the reader aware that these problems exist, that there are possible solutions to them, and that work is being done on these solutions, without trying to make every last piece of matter placed before the public socially significant. I maintain that there is a place in this society for literature that does not go out of its way to exacerbate the reader's sensibilities, overturn his cherished convictions, or seek to uplift his moral character; that may offer useful comment on the state of the world today but does it in a way that makes the reader aware of the problem without giving him a classroom lecture on its causes and possible cures. If you must be annoyed or vitally stimulated by what you read, by all means read the authors that Mr. Muhlhauser lists, but please don't try to convert SF into a pale carbon copy of their style. And that, I think, is enough from me on the subject of Mr. Muhlhauser, whom I think I dislike.

I liked THE SORCERESS OF QAR, but I think that there was a little too much pseudo-eroticism tossed in. It really didn't carry the story on, and I'm not all that interested in third-hand love. The scenery was well done, the characters may not have been finely drawn, but at least they possessed verisimilitude -- but the love-making and psychology(?) tended to detract from the merits of the novel.

I'm glad to see that Alex's opinion of Andre Norton was improved by THE LAST PLANET. It has always been one of my favorite Norton stories, and it has one of her most optimistic endings. But then I tend to consider anything emanating from Miss Norton's pen to be literature of the highest quality, so perhaps I'm biased.

I'll pass quietly over the PSFS, ESFA, and WSFA reports after my gaffe in my last LoC. The minutes were properly done, however. I much preferred J.K. Klein's conrep to that of Mr. Berg; although any information on a con I didn't go to is useful after a fashion, Berg left the idea that the panels were a very small part of the Balticonf hanging in my mind, and that the whole thing was very disorganized. I hope neither of these statements is true....

Lettercol -- no comment. I don't remember TWJ #34 and I haven't seen "Zhivago". And I don't dare comment on my own LoC....

Well, now that Larry has "exsanguinated" and passed from this mortal coil, we'll be needing a new fanzine-reviewer and LoC-writer. Anyone care to volunteer???? Who is Fritz Muhlhauser, III? Fritz, care to answer him?? As for Fritz's "review", we continue to hold comment while we await yours, JOURNAL readers.... As for the Balticonference, from what we hear about it, the idea of it which you received from reading Bill Berg's report would seem to be just about right; we understand it was more of a "drinking" con than anything else. Someone who attended the con, correct us if we're wrong, please.... --ed.]

## REPORT OF THE TREASURER

On hand, 28 February 1967 ..... \$40.51  
 Dues, Regular members ..... \$15.00 (J. & A. Haldeman, \$4 ea.; P. Bridges; B. Mebane; W. Berg; P. Berg; G. Haldeman; Joe Haldeman; R. Weston (50¢); E. Vartanoff (50¢))  
 Dues, New Regular members ..... \$6.00 (M. Henson, \$2; R. Cross, \$4)  
 Dues, New Corresponding members ..... \$8.00 (K. Wittman, T. Carr, L. Couch, R. Silverberg)  
 Income from auction (Harper) ..... \$ .50  
 Income from Associate Dues (partial) ..... \$ .05 (K. Weston)  
 Expenses: Advance Postage, TWJ #'s 37 and 38 ..... \$8.50  
           Paper and ink for JOURNAL ..... \$55.52  
           Postage (Treasurer) ..... \$ .05  
 On hand, 15 March 1967 ..... \$5.99

WSFA membership in good standing now stands at 34 Regular, 4 Associate, 5 Life, 1 Honorary Corresponding, 2 Club-Exchange Corresponding, 68 Corresponding, and 10 Honorary. New members whose names appear below will be picked up in the next Treasurer's report. A quorum stands at 15. All Regular members are reminded that dues are due and payable for the March-May quarter; remember, you must have your dues paid in order to vote (or hold office) -- and elections come up in May....

A complete roster (excepting Honorary) appeared in issue #36 of the JOURNAL. Additions and corrections to this roster appeared in issue #37, with more below:

Corresponding Members -- Add:

Gross, Henry ..... 65-10 99th St., Rego Park, N.Y., 11374  
 Tucker, Bob ..... Box 506, Heyworth, Illinois, 61745

Philip N. Bridges

## REPORT OF THE MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE

Transferred from Corresponding to Regular membership: Ronald J. Willis  
 New Corresponding members: Brian Burley, Terry Carr, Leigh Couch, Robert Silverberg, Karl V. Wittman.

William B. Berg

## REPORT OF THE PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE

Excluding the present issue, 38 issues of the JOURNAL (and several supplements and Postal Diplomacy 'zines) have been published to date. Supplies on hand include 19.8 reams of mimeo paper, 65 stencils, and 0.1 tube of mimeo ink.

Donald L. Miller

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 March/April Calendar will not be repeated this issue, as it appeared in TWJ #38. WSFA members please note, however, that the March 31 party meeting will be held at the apartment of Jim Harper (3416 Curtis Drive, #104). From Beltway, exit #36 at Branch Ave. (Md. Rt. 5) & head toward (Silver Hill) D.C.; apartments will be on right. Coming thru D.C., take Penna. Ave. S.E. to Branch Ave., turn right on Branch Ave. to Curtis Drive; apts. will be on left. Landmarks -- Apt. is "Carriage Hill", large sign; ESSO Station is across road (Branch), used-car lot on corner -- 3416 is the first bldg. Enter front door and buzz.



Al Gechter reports --

Changes to Tentative Sept., 1967, TV Schedule published in TWJ #38 (ref. March 8 issue of VARIETY; no further changes were reported in March 15 issue):

ABC -- Tues.: 9:30, NYPD; 10:00, Hollywood Palace; Wed.: 7:30-8:30, Time Tunnel; Thurs.: 9:30, Peyton Place II; Fri.: 8:30-9:30, Hondo; 10:00, Judd; Sat.: 9:30-10:30, Iron Horse; 10:30, Local Time.

CBS -- Sun.: 10:00, Mission:Impossible; Mon.: 7:30-8:30, Gunsmoke; Tues.: 9:30, Good Morning World; 10:00, Dundee and the Culhane; Sat.: 8:30, My Three Sons; 9:00, Hogan's Heroes; 9:30, Petticoat Junction.

NBC -- Tues.: 7:30, I Dream of Jeanie; 8:00-9:00, Jerry Lewis; Fri.: 8:30, Star Trek.

[S-F fans note that Time Tunnel is now back on the schedule (as is Gunsmoke -- although what that has to do with S-F is ?), but, more important, note that Star Trek has been changed from Tues., 7:30-8:30, to Friday, 8:30-9:30 (WSFANS and Gamesmen, we sympathize!). --ed.]

S-F/Fantasy films in production: "Armageddon, 1975" (Allied Artists); "The Jungle Book" (Walt Disney); "Camelot" (Warner); "Quatermass and the Pit" (Hammer/7-Arts/20th-Century) (English).

Paperbound S-F/Fantasy books at top of list in 1966 in terms of number of print orders: FANTASTIC VOYAGE (711,000 print orders); The "Lord of the Rings" Trilogy (Ballantine Edition) (578,000); TARZAN OF THE APES (Ballantine) (522,000). (Note that FANTASTIC VOYAGE was the Bantam edition.)

"The Saint" will appear weekly on NBC, in color, in a one-hour show (probably at 10:00 p.m.) on Sunday, beginning on May 21, 1967.

Editor's Notes --

"The Club Circuit" will continue in TWJ #40 with a partial listing of foreign clubs. JOURNAL readers are reminded of BOSKONE IV on April 1 and 2; MARCON II on April 8 and 9; EASTERCON on April 28; LUNACON on April 29 and 30. See "The Con Game" in TWJ #38 for more information.

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The JOURNAL is published bi-weekly, and is sent to all Regular, Life, and Corresponding members of WSFA in good standing. For club-exchanges and special trades, write the editor. For advertising rates and address code meaning, see TWJ #37. Deadline for issue #40, March 31; for issue #41, April 14.

DLM

THE WSFA JOURNAL

% D. Miller  
12315 Judson Road  
Wheaton, Md.,  
U.S.A., 20906

TO:



# DISCLAVE 1967

May 12,13,14

Regency Congress Inn, 600 New York Ave., N.E. Washington, D.C.

**JACK GAUGHAN** GUEST OF HONOR

## Schedule of Activities.....

Friday: Early Arrival Party in the Conference Room, 7:30 pm till.....

Saturday: Program starts at 1:30 with Guest of Honor, pro panel, fan panel and barbs from the audience.

Break for dinner about 5:00

Party from 8:00 till sometime Sunday.

Sunday: Nothing formal is planned at this time. Washington in the spring is fine for chasing hangovers.

Registration fee is \$1.50 at the door.

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## The Regency Congress Inn

some features.....T.V. in every room  
am-fm radio  
individually controlled heat and air conditioning  
wall to wall carpeting  
free parking  
free ice cubes  
game room  
free Finnish Sauna Bath for guests  
baby cribs, irons, ironing boards, hair driers  
baby sitter service  
laundry and valet service  
restaurant and cocktail lounge  
sightseeing bus stops at the motel  
member of American Express, Diners Club, and Carte Blanche

The conference room is located underground, apart from the rest of the rooms. There is no need to pass through the lobby going to and from the parties. The program and parties will be undisturbed by curious onlookers - and, being underground, we are unlikely to disturb anyone else.

The management of this motel is being very cooperative. The facilities are top rate, and it looks like a good convention site.

The motel is conveniently located just off the Baltimore-Washington Parkway on New York Avenue and is near all major points of interest in downtown Washington.

3 minutes from - U.S. Capitol Building, Shrine of Immaculate Conception, Baltimore-Washington Parkway, Supreme Court, Library of Congress.

5 minutes from - D.C. Stadium, Washington Coliseum, Catholic University, Downtown Shopping Area, Night Clubs, The White House, Smithsonian Institution, National Art Gallery.

The restaurant features complete lunches at \$1.25 and dinners at \$2.95. I have checked their menus and the prices are quite reasonable. An interesting note on their lunch menu states that Manhattans, Martinis, and Sours are 59¢, with the second drink at 39¢. It doesn't say anything about the progression on subsequent drinks, but one can speculate.

Room rates are.....

- Single - \$12.00
- Room with one double bed, two people - \$16.00
- Room with two double beds, two people - \$18.00
- Additional people above two in a room - \$2.00 \*

\*note that four people can share a room for less than \$6.00 a night per person

May, unfortunately, is the heavy tourist season in Washington, and the motel will be unable to hold reservations unless accompanied by one night's rent. Please reserve your room as soon as possible, and mention WSFA. The motel will try to put all the fans together. If there is no reservation card with this flyer, or if you want more information, write me.....

Jack C Haldeman II  
4211 58th Ave - Apt 10  
Bladensburg, Maryland  
20710

