

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

The official organ of the Washington Science Fiction Association ---- Issue No. 40  
Editor and Publisher: Don Miller April, 1967

## 1967 LUNACON

You are invited to attend the 1967 LUNACON Science Fiction Conference, Saturday and Sunday, April 29 and 30, 1967, from 1 to 6 in the afternoon, in the Terrace Room of the Hotel Roosevelt, 45th Street and Madison Ave., New York City.

Featuring Guest of Honor James Blish, and an outstanding program of Science Fiction speakers and panel discussions, an auction, and Science Fiction dealers' displays.

Membership, \$2.00 at door.

Presented by the New York Science Fiction Society, The Lunarians, Inc.

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## 1967 EASTERCON PARTIES

The New York FISTFA group will host the Fan Parties, on the evenings of Friday, April 28, and Saturday, April 29, open to all fans, in the Oval Room of the Hotel Roosevelt, beginning at 8 p.m. in the evening. Cash bar.

Membership is included in \$2.00 LUNACON fee.

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## 1967 DISCLAVE

The Washington Science Fiction Association invites you to its annual conclave, to be held this year from Friday, May 12, through Sunday, May 14, at the Regency Congress Inn, 600 New York Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. Guest of Honor is Jack Gaughan.

Schedule of activities includes an Early Arrival Party in the Conference Room, beginning at 7:30 p.m. on Friday. Saturday program includes, to date, Guest of Honor, pro panel, and fan panel, beginning at 1:30 p.m., with a break for dinner about 5 p.m., and a Saturday night party beginning at 8 p.m. and lasting until who-knows-when. No formal program is yet planned for Sunday.

Room rates are \$12 (single), \$16 (two in room with double bed), \$18 (two in room with two double beds), \$2 for each person over two in rooms. Room reservations must be accompanied by one night's rent. For room reservation cards, write: Jay Haldeman, 4211 58th Ave., Apt. #10, Bladensburg, Md., 20710. See the flyer sent out with TWJ #39 for more information on the motel, directions, etc.

Registration fee is \$1.50 at the door.

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And don't forget MIDWESTCON (June 23-25, Cincinnati), WESTERCON XX (July 1-4, Los Angeles), NYCON 3 (Aug. 30-Sept. 4, N.Y.), and others. See "The Con Game", TWJ 38.

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MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY

April F & SF -- Gray Morrow's amusing wraparound cover illustrates "Dawn", a novelet by Roger Zelazny which is a segment of his novel THE LORD OF LIGHT, to be published next fall by Doubleday. This story stands well by itself and is another virtuoso performance by Zelazny -- here he is emphasizing exotic background (a future actualization of Brahman mythology) and rich description, somewhat at the expense of characterization but not of narrative pace. He uses here an archaic Oriental style appropriate to his subject and carries it off so well that it is a delight to read, even though it is highly allusive -- in one brief sentence he echoes Sophocles (via Housman), Alfred Bunn and the Sheikh Nefzawi -- and even though he has indulged in one terrific pun which, in itself perfect, nevertheless stops the story for a good five minutes. Don't miss it. ##### The rest of the fiction consists of a tedious novelet by Julian F. Grow which is a whimsical Western with everything thrown in up to and including Edgar Rice Burroughs, and four short stories. Of these latter, the one by Larry Eisenberg is inconsiderable, that of Patrick Meadows is readable, and those of Thomas M. Disch and Brian W. Aldiss are ambitious failures. Disch and Aldiss each attempted to make vivid the problems of a horribly overcrowded future world; Disch falls short because his protagonist is too much of an absolute zero to enlist the reader's sympathy, and Aldiss's idea of foetuses going on strike doesn't quite come off.

April GALAXY -- This is a routine issue with nothing really outstanding. Hayden Howard's Esk series finally ends (thank Ghod) with the novelet "The Purpose of Life"; life's purpose turns out to be a watered-down version of Arthur C. Clarke's CHILDHOOD'S END. The other novelet is Keith Laumer's "Thunderhead", a competent but standard yarn about space war, men against aliens, men against nature, men doing their duty, etc. ##### The six short stories are all readable. Four of them are dramatized protests: Robin Scott against racial prejudice, Christopher Anvil against the United Nations, Harry Harrison against war, and James McKimney against contemporary juvenile mores. The other two are an amusing three-page anecdote by Piers Anthony and a tour de force by Kris Neville. The best are Neville's accomplished story and McKimney's "The Young Priests of Adytum 199", which is very good indeed -- it manages to do in a few pages what takes many more in LORD OF THE FLIES; for this story I think I should modify my statement above about there being nothing really outstanding in this issue.

April IF -- This issue of IF is better than average but suffers inevitably from comparison with last month's Hugo special. Algis Budrys' "The Iron Thorn" concludes rather tiredly, as if he had lost interest before the end. A. Bertram Chandler's "The Road to the Rim" begins in this issue; it's a typical Chandler yarn of space pirates and what-not and concerns young Ensign Grimes, who in later life as Commodore Grimes figures in a number of stories in the Rim Worlds series. ##### The two novelets are a good Relief story by Keith Laumer and an effective tale of space, murder and madness by Larry Niven. ##### The four short stories include readable gimmick plots by Vernor Vinge and W. I. Johnstone and stories by Bruce W. Ronald and James McKimney that are really quite good. The Vinge story is particularly recommended to Tolkien fans.

SCIENCE FICTION CLASSICS #1 -- Another all-reprint magazine, drawn from AMAZING in the late Twenties and early Thirties. According to the masthead, this is not put out by Sol Cohen, but according to Andy Porter in DEGLER it is; it could be either way, since these stories are in the public domain. From now on, I will not usually review the all-reprint zines (mainly because I don't want to buy them).

Banks Mebane

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"Rally 'round the flag, boys, the war is under way!" -- Donal I, Rex (Paid Advt.)

## VIEWS, REVIEWS, AND ARCHIMEDEAN SPIRALS

Book Review -- THE SIOUX SPACEMAN, by Andre Norton (Ace Book F-408, 40¢; 128 pp; copyright 1960).

In ages past we Styor carved out for ourselves a mighty interstellar empire, by virtue of our great military talent, and this empire we held together, by virtue of our great political talent, so that to this day we rule over many less gifted races with justice and gentle firmness. Centuries after we had established our rule over the largest volume of space that could be conveniently administered from a single center, we encountered the Terrans. Loathsome grubby traders they might be, they had yet mastered the secret of interstellar flight, and though they fawned upon us for a few crumby trading concessions to satisfy their lust for commerce, their weaponry was little inferior to our own in quality. Little did we suspect that beneath the shopworn facade of tired businessmen beat a heart as imperial as any Styor Conquistador's.

This deception was unmasked on the planet Klor. Terran Trader Kade Whitehawk, a malcontent and trouble-maker, was sent there after assaulting one of our administrative personnel on Tadder. The indigenous population, the Ikkinni, are a humanoid race of such meager intellect and bestial instincts that control collars must be used to keep their childish short attention spans fixed on such simple tasks as they are capable of performing. Many Ikkinni are simply wild animals, of course, and live by hunting in the far mountain ranges, but they have no written language, no cities, no art, and no domesticated animals. They aren't worth the trouble of exterminating.

Whitehawk, burning with a sense of Styor injustice, proceeded to change all this. By guile and duplicity he persuaded the Lord High Pac on Klor to import a mutant variety of the Terran Mongolian pony, an animal considerably smarter than the Ikkinni, and far more tractable. He then persuaded the Ikkinni to steal the horses, and finally taught the simple natives in the mountains about cowboys and indigenes. Faced with this outrageous provocation we liquidated the Trading Post, and the Terrans, seeing the rightness of our stand, made no move to cut off the shipments of hairspray, TV dinners, electric carving knives and similar items of commerce on which we Styor have come to depend. However, somebody has been running guns to the natives on Klor, and the Ikkinni have come up with electronic countermeasures against the control collar, resulting in the disruption of the planetary economy. The horses are breeding fantastically, and both sides have been quick to adapt them to use as cavalry. It may be noted that Klor's ecology is being shot to hell by this, because the horses have no natural enemies, while they are competing with every grass-eater...and Klor's most profitable export, musti furs, are the pelt of the summit carnivore.

Because we are fighting brush wars on Klor, and a score of other planets as well, against the cat's paws of the Terrans (and some of these wars have already been lost, or simply conceded), it may, perhaps, be time to decide to forgo, once and for all, the luxuries and necessities which the Terrans so willingly supply us, including filter tip cigarettes, beer, and soft whiskey. Else will the time come when we have sunk so far into decadence that we will be unable to defeat the Terrans, fighting on our terms, on our territory.

A nicely done, run-of-the-mill, Norton novel.

Book Review -- THE MAN WITHOUT A PLANET, by Lin Carter, and TIME TO LIVE, by John Rackham (Ace Double G-606, 50¢; 109 and 137 pp.).

Lin Carter has turned in an attempt at a PLANET STORIES type of sword-and-science buckleswash. It falls rather short of its intended mark for several reasons. For

one, there is very little action and lots of lovely descriptive material. More verbs ought to help considerably, especially if some of the adjectives are chucked out. For another, swords and chainmail are used in conjunction with spaceships and radar-directed laser beams with no attempt to rationalize this serious incongruity. Swords are big and heavy and not much use in a fight unless the other fellows are using swords too. The swordsmith banging away at his forge in front of the electronic repair shop ejected this reader forcibly from the story; nor was this the only instance.

Other objections: a rather blatant deus ex machina, flabby low comedy, bovacious love interest and poorly developed characters. The hero, Raul Linton, comes across as a rather priggish boy scout. The Kahani as an immature girl, playing at princess-in-exile. The good guys are stock...the bad guys are stock clowns, lacking even a trace of dignity or integrity to lend savor to their menace.

The plot has some elements of merit, but the author should have done another draft.

The Rackham yarn has a cover by Gaughan which looks as though he had had to turn it in before he had finished. Rackham's ideas are very good, and his depiction of the Kalmed race of super-humanoids has a lot of interest. For the mentally-alert reader, however, his gimmick is pretty obvious, and since he clues it fairly he shouldn't have taken so long to make the grand revelation. His people are good, except for Dr. Zeiger, who comes across as the conventional mad scientist...which is unfair since he was forced to carry the burden of the author's anti-theme. The resolution is not entirely satisfactory, even though the ending is. All-in-all, the story is well worth while, because it is laden with a freight of first-rate ideas.

Book Review -- UTOPIA MINUS X, by Rex Gordon (Ace Book F-416, 40¢; 186 pp.).

Now it is true that there is very little action in this book, and most of that is the three central characters walking around while they talk. Morgan Harvey, the militant Blue astronaut, returns to Earth after 200 objective/2 subjective years of buzzing around at near light-speeds in mortal dread of a Commie takeover. He meets Melita Lucit, well-adjusted girl technician of the Perfect World, and she tries to tell him it was a Compie takeover, a sort of comput d'etat. Her fiancée, Carlin Glenmore, IQ 196-X, is unhappy because he is forbidden to do scientific research. And being unhappy is high treason in the Perfect World, the penalty for which is to be made happy.

How did the computers take over? Why is scientific research forbidden in the PW? Who is running the computer? What happens to people who aren't happy and refuse to be made happy? Eh?

Rex Gordon sat himself down and envisaged a Utopia that really works. You never miss the action that isn't there because you are given a picture of a computer-made Heaven-on-Earth that is logically consistent, intellectually fascinating, and emotionally satisfying.

In short, the book has content. Granted, Gordon has oversimplified some complex issues to the point of burlesque. Granted, also, that I don't think things will work out as he has indicated. Still I enjoyed reading his story.

There is also some genuinely funny social comment, via the astronaut Morgan, which hits very close to its mark on the contemporary scene.

This one I commend to you.

Alexis A. Gilliland

## DOLL'S HOUSE: Fanzine Reviews

Here we go again...fanzines subjected to the critical palate of a bookworm rather than a fan -- for and by whom they were created. (The writer interposes this information as a balm to such unfortunates as may fall victim to scathing sentences... and the reader, so that he can ingest the reviews in terms of his own fannish appetites.) Had no idea how broad a spectrum was covered by fanzines, but believe the following to be a good representative assortment:

Never having given much thought to the complexities of private production, printing, and distribution save for helping to address and stamp the Christmas letters (filled with slanted news, items of lesser import, omissions of greater import, etc.) which my in-laws send out annually in lieu of cards, I welcomed MOONWEB, Vol. 1, No. 1 (Vern Bennett, P.O. Box 705, Hawthorne, Cal., 90250; 25¢, 5/\$1). Here is a lucid glimpse at a newborn, complete with attendant problems -- what size shall it be, what price, what paper, how to improve reproduction, how to mail...a veritable manual in miniature on the mechanics of fanzine publication, including handy household hints on handling same -- found in the Letters of Comment, most notably that of Joe Gibson. Also, feisty editorial comments, book and mag. reviews. Has possibilities.

Since I am not really familiar with fannish tastes, I cannot judge how much appeal this would have for fans, but I liked BT: HIS PAGES, no. 16 (Bob Tucker, Box 506, Heyworth, Ill., 61745). SF material principally a selection of items -- news, poetry, etc. -- from LEZOMBIE of the late 30's and early 40's (at least I think so). Bob Tucker's writing is choice -- his topic, snow fences. Don't know how much or how often, but how nice!

COMIC BOOK (Alan J. Henley, 1940 W. Wilson Ave., Chicago, Ill., 60640; 50¢). What have we here? A comic book fanzine in comic book form. A fun thing, cleverly done, executed well. Recommended for comic book fans and cartoon strip buffs.

SF BULLETIN, Vol. 1, No. 2 (Erwin S. Strauss, 116 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass., 02142). Nine pages of advertisements -- fanzines, books, conventions, etc.

DEGLER! (Andy Porter, 24 E. 82nd St., N.Y., N.Y., 10028; 3/25¢, 15/\$1, news contrib). A noteworthy newsletter, usually two pages in length.

#164 -- Contains a somewhat startling letter from Forrest J. Ackerman re an inexcusable "misappropriation" of collector's items from his home by one Stephen E. Pickering. Also, an introduction to the editor, a list of paperback releases, and an assortment of news tidbits.

#167 -- (4 pp.) An all-Pickering issue. A letter from William B. Warren supporting Forrie Ackerman's claims (see #164), going into greater detail, with addenda by Ackerman, and an open letter to Pickering from Ted White.

#171 -- SF Markets Issue -- names, addresses, and interests of publishers, as well as rates paid.

Recommended! An easy way to keep up with the current SF scene.

AMRA, Vol. 2, no. 43 (Box 9120, Chicago, Ill., 60690; 35¢, 8/\$2). In the sword-and-sorcery genre, generally, 19 pages of articles, essays, satire, poetry, book reviews (by L. Sprague DeCamp and Lin Carter), letters, ads, and excellent illustrations relevant to the material at hand (mainly by Roy Krenkel, but a nice cover by Barr, and a special mention for Jim Cawthorn's illo for an intriguing article by Jerry Pournelle on "Arming the Incomplete Enchanter"). A slick little publication with a professional format.

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ANUBIS, Vol. 1, No. 1 (a publication of the Golden Globe Press -- Ronald J. Willis -- Box 323, Arlington, Va., 22210; 50¢. Editor -- Paul J. Willis, Rte. 1, Box 156, Festus, Mo., 63028). A really fine publication with remarkable art work. The intriguing idiom employed by Jack Gaughan for his cover design is right both for the title and content. Superb is the only word I can think of for Phillipe Druillet's anatomical illustrations on pp. 13-15. Fiction, essays, poetry, reviews, editorial -- all either on or in the weird genre. (I seem to have become a fan of one Paul Willis. His art work is interesting, and his prose exceptionally good. If the same is true of his conversation, would love to have him as a guest at our place, should he find himself in the vicinity.) A must for fans (and budding pro writers) of the Gothic, the fantastic, the weird, the KING IN YELLOW.... Not all of the writing (esp. that of the contributors) is the greatest, but the magazine is unusually well done.

HIPPOCAMPELEPHANTOCAMELOS #5 (Fred Hollander, c/o Lloyd House, Caltech, Pasadena, Cal.; 25¢; contrib., Loc's). Forty pages of editorial comment, minor fiction, articles, good fanzine reviews, loc's, and an apparently continuing thing -- verbal and visual definitions of the title creature as conceived by contributors. (My favorite is the picture on p. 27 by Paul Willis, altho Dian Pelz is probably the more accurate interpreter -- if there be such.) The Tricon report by Jean Berman merits mention, if only because I had already read several reports of same but got my first real glimpse into the behind-the-scenes aspects that go to make a successful convention, as well as the goings-on at the "Hugo" dinner. After all, I assume convention reports are written for the edification of those that didn't attend. A relaxed and pleasant publication.

YANDRO #167 (Robert & Jaunita Coulson, Rte. 3, Hartford City, Ind., 47348; 35¢; 3/\$1, 12/\$3). Editors slyly couple essays by Don D'Amassa and Alexis Gilliland, which delve below the surface in to the deeper meaning of their literary subjects (the former on Ballard, the latter on Little Orphan Annie). Also fiction, poetry, illos, book/mag./fanzine reviews, and loc's. 44 pp.

(After reading DEGLER 164, I, of course, was interested in the YANDRO editorial comment on Pickering disclosing that DEGLER #165 had his rebuttal to #164 "...which for outright stupidity and sheer unmitigated gall surpasses anything else I've seen in fandom...." In the loc column, Vern Bennett (MOONWEB ed.) writes on something by Pickering in a previous YANDRO: "I'm sick of people yapping about 'psychedelic revolutions' and the like. If people want to put their garbage in an SF wrapper, fine. But do you have to print it?..." Roy Tackett on same subject: "...Oh, me, I just turned the bloody page...." Don & Maggie Thompson: "I think someone once told me Pickering was a college sociology student. God knows he's not an English major....Who is Pickering, really?...No one in real life writes of 'perpetrating a losing case'." Anyone have any kind words for Pickering? I'm intrigued!)

#168 -- a "Star Trek" issue. An extended article by Ted White saying down with Star Trek. It's not top-drawer SF, and altho it provides another (and more lucrative) outlet for a few SF authors, it is detrimental to published SF, since people who watch, read less, etc. Then, an article by Juanita Coulson & Kay Anderson with some plaudits for Star Trek. Also, extensive fanzine and book reviews by Robert Coulson, a commendable achievement considering that somehow during the course of a month, he manages to read and review a large number of publications, co-edit and produce YANDRO, and evidently write books, design doors, and who knows what all!

ODD, No. 15 (R.D. & J.M. Fisher, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis, Mo., 63108; 50¢, 3/\$1.25; 6/\$2, contrib., & loc's...a C.C.H. Press Publication). A respectable effort of some 66 pages -- editorials, fiction, satire, news, reviews, articles, loc's, etc. Good front and back covers by Jack Gaughan, who also contributed a full-page illo; and nice art work by M. Rhodes. Most commendable literary ex-

pression, that of Paul Willis, essayist. This publication left me with an Oddly unpleasant aftertaste, but you might enjoy it.

HABAKKUK, Chapter II, Verse 3 (Bill Donaho, P.O. Box 1284, Berkeley, Cal., 94701. A FAPA mailing; also trade, loc, etc.). Don't know the secret of his reproduction techniques -- something to do with a Gestetner 366 and five color changers (whatever that means) -- but the illos vary in color as well as style from page to page... and combined with good artwork, this makes for great eye appeal. Fascinating editor's pages (didn't fully realize what I've been missing since I've gone sedate), entertaining articles, including a satire by D'Amassa of his article in YANDRO #167. Worth reading, if only for the exceptionally fine 33-page letter column -- extended comments from Damon Knight, James Blish, Jack Gaughan, Don Wollheim, Brian Aldiss, and Ken Bulmer (to mention a few) writing on science fiction, its form and content (and on Ballard and Ellison). An extraordinary 69-page issue. Thought-provoking.

TAPEWORM (Jack C. Haldeman, II, 4211-58th Ave., Apt. 10, Bladensburg, Md., 20710; 5/81, loc's, artichokes, beer, etc.). Wonder of wonders, a fanzine funzine!

#3 -- a drunken reverie of a drunken revelry at the Tricon; also loc's from the editor's wife, the editor's brother, the editor's brother's wife, the editor's mother (we all know you have to start somewhere).

#4 -- an absolutely devastating (in every sense of the word) loc by Alexis Gilliland; but he, and others similarly moved by the editor's sad plight, including Zelazny, contributed material -- stories, poetry, illos, etc., including a cartoon of a man contemplating his navel through a jeweler's eyepiece.

#5 -- a delicious issue. Observe the loc column: Facing a letter commenting derogatorily on aforementioned cartoon is a man contemplating his navel thru a microscope. Then there is a beautifully conceived, erudite letter from John Rapkin which is farther out than the poem by Robinson on which it comments... not to mention the page-long Pater poem on a previous page puckishly poking pfun at its predecessor.

TAPEWORM threatens to become fandom's MAD magazine. Terribly magnificent punnish humor. Talk about blue material, why the entire #5 is blue (the paper, anyway). Do check out Mebane's "Brief Concounter", a new view of a now stale tale (tail (!) considering Joe H's illo). Gaze at the cover: handsome hero, wielding wicked weapon (broken bottle) rushing rashly to rescue winsome wench cowering from cruel clasp of terrible titanic tapeworm. Ach du lieber! The multi-faceted personal messages from the editor to addressee: your cat has worms...your worm has cats.... And how about the artichoke that walks like a man. Thorough fanzine reviews by Jim Strange; art work ranging from fey to fantastic; bad material so bad, it's good. (Ye gods of Telluria!)

Wiggy witty work. For sheer entertainment, this one looks like a winner. Join the "in" crowd. It's zingy! It's zesty! Hail to thee, blithe TAPEWORM. Oh, didn't I mention it? Excuse, please. Recommended.

Doll Gilliland

This is the first in what we hope will become a regular department in the JOURNAL. We have yet to receive confirmation from Laurence Smith of his intention to write fanzines for the JOURNAL, so, until further notice, send all fanzines for review, marked plainly "For TWJ Review", only to the editor: Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Md., 20906. We will pass them on to Doll and to anyone else who might decide to review fanzines for the JOURNAL. We have enough to keep two reviewers busy, with no trouble at all. We have a two-inch stack here, ready to pass on to Alexis for Doll the next time we see him.... --ed.7

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## SPIES AT LARGE

Book Reviews -- I SPY #2: MASTERSTROKE, by John Tiger (N.Y.: Popular Library, 1966; 142 pp; paperback; 60¢); I SPY #3: SUPERKILL, by John Tiger (N.Y.: Popular Library, 1967; 125 pp; paperback; 60¢); I SPY: MESSAGE FROM MOSCOW, by Brandon Keith (Racine, Wisc.: Whitman Pub. Co., 1966; 210 pp, hardback, 59¢).

John Tiger is said to be the pseudonym of William Wager, an editor for the theatrical magazine PLAYBILL, but I know nothing else about him, and I know nothing at all about Brandon Keith. Both of these men write better-than-average prose, with Mr. Tiger, alias Wager, having a big edge for skill and finesse as a story-teller, plus higher marks for cleverness, wit, and sophistication. Possibly Mr. Keith is handicapped somewhat by the fact that his book is intended for a strictly juvenile audience; even so, his book was better than I had expected it would be.

In his first novel, I SPY, Tiger told how the C.I.A.'s ace operational team "Domino", consisting of secret agents Kelly Robinson and Alexander Scott, defeated a bizarre plot by Force One, a neo-Fascist and neo-Nazi international conspiratorial organization with Communist support, to attack the Pentagon Building in Washington. In the sequel, MASTERSTROKE, the Red Chinese government is planning to start a nuclear world war between the United States and the Soviet Union by exploding a hydrogen bomb underwater to set off a disastrous tidal wave at San Francisco Bay; this thermonuclear device is to be delivered, put in place, and exploded by radio signal from a Red Chinese submarine lurking off our coastline. Following the method of narration established by Ian Fleming, Tiger sends his secret agent heroes by jet planes zooming from one country to another, and has them working and fighting like the devil to discover information that the author has already disclosed previously to the readers.

The two Oriental masterminds behind this nefarious scheme are Dr. Kuo Liang, an American-educated Red Chinese nuclear physicist, and General Lo Jui-ching, the Red Chinese Army Chief of Staff, secret-police chief, and military intelligence chief. (Tiger implies that the recent ouster and reported suicide of Lo Jui-ching during the current "Chicom" party purge and "cultural revolution" were occasioned by the failure of some of his projects abroad and the resulting displeasure of the dictator Mao Tse-tung and his cronies.) The C.I.A. pulls the Domino agents off an assignment in Jamaica and sends them from Florida to Formosa (where they're almost destroyed by a Red sabotage bomb -- a small one!) and thence to New York and San Francisco to combat this enemy alien menace. Their most important clue is a readheaded, curvaceous Chinese-American girl whom Liang and Kelly both consider highly attractive.

The next book in the paperback series is SUPERKILL, which brings back Force One for another struggle with Domino, with the peace and safety of the world at stake. This time the enemy group's plans are even more complex and ambitious. They intend to seize control of the friendly governments of West Germany and Japan by military coups, to start a border war in the Middle East by the aggressions of an Arabian king who is one of the conspirators, and to explode nuclear devices in important U.S. defense installations around the globe. The details of this plot are incredibly bold, fiendishly ingenious, and extremely fantastic, and shall not be revealed here to any greater extent. To defeat the enemy project, Domino goes from Washington, D.C., to Berlin, Tokyo, San Francisco, and NORAD's underground headquarters at Colorado Springs. Victory is achieved for our side by an abundance of audacity and derring-do, interspersed with wise-cracks, witticisms, and lovemaking by our pair of dauntless heroes.

John Tiger has already written another volume titled I SPY #4: WIPEOUT, published by Popular Library at 60¢, and I'm looking forward to reading it. ✓We just received a review from Albert on this one; it'll appear in one of the next two issues. --ed.7



Meanwhile, there is a competing novel by a different author, Brandon Keith's I SPY: MESSAGE FROM MOSCOW, from a different publisher, Whitman, which takes place in Japan and Russia, and is all about: a Russian diplomat defecting to the West; his American wife and her American children by a previous marriage; his Russian scientist father; a brilliant young African college student travelling abroad; a sinister and mysterious Oriental tycoon; a number of political assassinations; and a cleverly-concealed secret message about Soviet schemes to disturb world-peace. Investigating this tangled affair are the brash, genial, debonair, intrepid agents Robinson and Scott, who perform brilliantly as usual, making few mistakes and shrewdly retrieving and correcting any errors they occasionally happen to make. The book is entertaining and profusely illustrated.

Albert E. Gechter

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THE PHILADELPHIA SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY

The next meeting of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society (PSFS) will be held on Friday, April 14, at the Central Philadelphia YMCA, Broad and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, Penna., at 8 p.m. Program will consist of an open discussion on Cryonics by members and anybody else who is interested.

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

Meeting called to order by J.B. Post (Pres.) at 8:30 p.m. The Acting Secty. gave her combined report of minutes of the Feb. meeting and the Treas. report. They were accepted unanimously.

Next was a report on Open ESFA. Ozzie Train gave the report, and Harriett Kolchak added to it after consulting the report she had written for the JOURNAL.

Alan Hoffman reported he had sent announcements of all the PSFS meetings to all radio stations who have bulletin boards. So far, none seem to have been used.

The new charter was read, as drawn up by J.B. Post, and there was some discussion on it. It will have to have some rewording, and will be voted on by the next meeting. [We have deleted from this portion of the minutes, to save space, Harriett's arguments against allowing dues to be paid meeting-by-meeting. --ed.]

A nomination to accept two new members was made and accepted. They will be voted in next meeting. One is the daughter of Jack McKnight, Toni Dwight of 313 Birch St., Horsham, Pa., and the other is James Magee of 2054 S. 57th, Phila., Pa.

The Treasurer's report was -- \$10 in cash and \$89.74 in bank for Feb. I took \$2 for postage for notices, leaving cash at \$8. I paid March rent of \$8, leaving no cash. Dues paid totaled \$14. With a contribution of 50¢, I should have \$14.50 on hand, but find I have \$15.75. I have no idea where the extra \$1.25 came from.

A motion was made by Ozzie Train to have the Secty. purchase, at club cost, a loose-leaf notebook, in which she is to keep a record of all minutes from the time she takes over. The motion was seconded and passed.

The President informed me he would not be getting married 'til April, and I am stuck for another month as Acting Secretary.

I announced that the card to Vivian Norton had been posted.

The program was given by Mr. McKnight, and involved such things as light and its measurable pressure on things. He has promised me he will retype the copy for the JOURNAL.

The Program for the April meeting was laid on my doorstep, and I chose to have an open discussion on "Cryonics" entitled, "Baby, it's cold inside!" Many of the attendees did not know what the word "Cryonics" meant, so I explained that it is the science of freezing the body, prior to death, in the hopes of reviving it at a future date.

Meeting was adjourned at 10 p.m., and we all went to H.&H. for our midnight snack.

Harriett G. Kolchak, Treas. & Acting Secty., PSFS

## SERMONS AND SODA-WATER: An Answer to Fritz Muhlhauser

Like Don Quixote, Fritz Muhlhauser charged out to tilt with the windmill of science fiction; unfortunately his rickety Rosinante stepped in a gopher hole and he fell flat on his tuckus. One should tactfully avert one's eyes from this pratfall and pretend that nothing has happened, but he did it right out in public in THE WSFA JOURNAL and fans have never been noted for tact, so....

He spends five pages in asserting this simple line of reasoning: Asimov's Foundation series is escape literature; all escape literature is trash; therefore Asimov's Foundation series is trash; furthermore all science fiction is like Asimov's Foundation series; therefore all science fiction is trash. Granting all premises, Aristotle himself could find no flaw in this argument, but it is in justifying those premises that Muhlhauser must resort to wild statements, ill-aimed invective and some of the most idiosyncratic definitions since Humpty Dumpty. Let's take a look at what he has done.

He does make one reasonable statement: "...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." In my meretricious opening image, I meant Quixote's horse to stand for Muhlhauser's standards of literary judgment and the gopher hole to be his (self-admitted) ignorance of science fiction. What are his standards? He lists a few writers whom he points to as "worthwhile". Leaving out Harold Robbins (whom Muhlhauser himself excludes) and John Lennon (whose inclusion I take to be a mere contemporary conditioned twitch), we have Charles Dickens, William Dean Howells, Upton Sinclair and Henry Miller. Later on he singles out Theodore Dreiser for special mention as well as including him in a kooky list of great minds. What do these five writers have in common? They are all didactic writers, concerned with social problems. They are writers with a "message", writers who pose "problems" and present "solutions", writers in short who do the very things that Muhlhauser takes Asimov to task for not doing. So there you have it. Any fictional sermon, even if written with the ultimate ineptitude of an Upton Sinclair, is worthwhile literature (UNCLE TOM'S CABIN must be one of the great monuments of Art). To be sure, Muhlhauser allows some place for literature which doesn't preach. He calls it fantasy and further subdivides it. If he likes it, then it's still fantasy, which makes a place for frivolous writers like Shakespeare ("But Shakespeare had messages." Did he? Are you sure?); if he doesn't like it, it's escape literature. He doesn't like Asimov. Asimov is escape literature. Q. E. D.

The above may be a caricature of Muhlhauser's views, but I think it fairly characterizes them too: he judges literature from a non-literary criterion of utility. Strangely, it is a Puritanical criterion, and he expresses it most clearly in this statement: "Science fiction should teach instead of exercise; this is a far greater obligation than just entertaining."

If the true mission of sf is to deliver good, solid sermons, then we must immediately admit the total failure of Asimov's Foundation series and of almost everything else published in the field. This is what Muhlhauser is saying rather incoherently. Realizing perhaps that this single argument will not move most of his readers, he also tries to denigrate Asimov on esthetic grounds. He must (and does, I suppose) have some sort of esthetic criteria for judging fiction, but nowhere does he give us the slightest hint as to what they are. Instead he delivers polemic statements such as "Asimov's writing has no redeeming qualities" and "Asimov only manages to exhibit his ineptitude". If he thinks this is so, he should demonstrate his reasons rather than merely spewing forth his own ideas about the lessons he thinks Asimov should have taught us.

At this point I want to digress and consider some of the myths and misinformation with which Muhlhauser expresses his ignorance. He says he has heard that sf writers complain of being censored and held down by their readers; where does he get this? I've never heard of it; in fact I have heard writers say that they stay in the field despite its low pay because they are freer to write what they please. He has heard that most sf writers write as a hobby, which is true of many but not precisely true of Asimov who is a part-time sf writer but a full-time writer, having published about 80 books, mostly non-fiction (he is also a part-time Professor of Biochemistry). Muhlhauser goes into the old nonsense about sf fans claiming to be more intelligent than the average. Than the average what? Their average IQ is probably higher than the norm of the whole population, simply because they read, and those who read anything, be it sf, sex novels or comic books, will probably be a partial sample with a higher norm than the whole; this is beside the point. He wastes time trying to define science fiction (and we all know how fruitless that is) before accepting Campbell's definition in a gratuitously pejorative rewording (it is a pity that he doesn't know who JWC is; he would find in him a kindred spirit, apt to jump half-cocked into any argument). He complains about the "plot" of the Foundation series, apparently unaware that it is not a three-decker novel but a collection of eight magazine stories which originally appeared between 1942 and 1949.

Muhlhauser misunderstands what Asimov is trying to do, and thus what all sf writers are trying to do. He castigates Asimov for not depicting the distant future as it is really likely to be, tossing in a number of ideas and possibilities which have been handled by Asimov and other writers in other stories (naturally he is unaware of this). Asimov was not trying to make a valid prophecy, a true picture of the far future. If any writer tried and succeeded, his work would have about as much cogency for us as an account of contemporary life in New York City for a Neanderthal. James Branch Cabell (another writer with no "message") said that a writer writes to divert himself with ideas (and to make money, but that's immaterial). In the Foundation stories Asimov is playing with an idea, a "what if", namely: "what if the statistical behavior of human beings could be predicted mathematically as the Schroedinger equation predicts the statistical behavior of electrons?" He has constructed a pocket universe in which to play with this idea -- not to work with it, not to predict, but merely to have fun. He has kept the mores of that pocket world quite close to ours so the fictional effects of his "what if" will stand out in contrast. He has used a time of broad historical change, the passage from a high civilization to a dark age (Muhlhauser interprets this as merely a political interregnum, possibly from careless reading; I am sure he would not really rather be a Tenth Century serf than a Twentieth Century citizen), because his idea requires broad historical change. What Asimov has done is the job of a science fiction writer.

Let's get one thing straight: nobody, least of all Asimov, would maintain that the Foundation stories are great literary works, destined to stand with those of Homer and Shakespeare, or even Dreiser. They were written to entertain and they have succeeded in entertaining enough people to get them voted into the Hugo award in 1966. I will freely admit that they, and most science fiction, are escape literature, although I will not limit that term only to work devoid of literary merit as does Muhlhauser. Entertainment value alone is no guarantee of literary quality -- look at Edgar Rice Burroughs, a writer of truly amazing incompetence who has entertained millions. While I would not say with Muhlhauser that Asimov's writing has no redeeming qualities, I must admit that its literary merit is not such as to induce one to read it only for its literary qualities, and this is true of most science fiction. As a matter of fact, it's true of any form of fiction: great writers are rare, no matter where you look. Science fiction has certainly produced no Shakespeare, but I am certain that it has overtopped Dreiser on occasion.

I come to three conclusions. First, the question which Muhlhauser has raised is not literary but moral: is it worthwhile to read entertaining fiction which neither indoctrinates us in courses of correct (!) action nor exhibits outstanding literary merit? Muhlhauser (Puritan that he is!) says no; I say yes. Second, Muhlhauser asserts, out of ignorance and without demonstration, that Asimov in particular and science fiction writers in general are devoid of literary merit; I disagree. My final conclusion is that Muhlhauser inadvertently got himself out on such a priggish limb simply because he is not entertained by science fiction. Why he should feel called upon to attack science fiction and fandom simply because it is not his cup of tea I do not know; perhaps it is merely the self-righteous wrath of the Puritan kindled by the sight of anybody enjoying himself.

Fandom has long been plagued by the dewy-eyed or wild-eyed among us who are impelled to preach some great mission for sf; we squelch them. From time to time some outsider, who knows, and cares, nothing about sf but who nevertheless has decided opinions about what it should be, launches an attack on sf for not measuring up to his specifications. These self-appointed czars usually turn up in places like TIME or the NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW; we ignore them and they go away. But when one appears in a fanzine, we may as well swat him. Not that it will do any good. Fritz Muhlhauser will go his own way, convinced of his rectitude. We will go our ways, equally confirmed in our views. If Don Miller prints this, then between us Fritz and I will have wasted about eight pages in THE WSFA JOURNAL.

Banks Mebane

#### THE ANGEL IS MY WATERMARK: A Reply to Banks Mebane

The replies to my "review" indicate to me that no one understood what I was saying. Rather than indulge in the trite and say that it was to be expected that science fiction readers would misunderstand me because they misunderstand everything else, I will admit that it was my fault. This is not a magnanimous gesture on my part -- it is merely being realistic. In my haste, and my fervor, I picked some poor examples and made some extreme remarks which led to the readers believing that I have tried to damn science fiction. This is wrong, and I don't want to be forced into taking such a position. What I meant to say is not that science fiction is useless, merely the majority of science fiction readers. When I say "majority", I automatically exclude people like you, Banks. I will admit, because I know you, that you are a little more normal than the average run-of-the-mill fan, faan, or neo-fan. In fact, I would venture to say that, since you science fiction fans like to fracture the language so much, there ought to be a new category invented for the four or five people in science fiction fandom who are like you. Perhaps they would be called "mebfans" -- naturally you can see the confusion that would be caused by calling them "bankfans".

My prattling, then, is not really meant to elevate science fiction -- I can't think of a way in which it could be elevated. Its purpose (the purpose its consumers have given it) is to remain what it is -- light reading for light minds. (This is not meant as an insult.) My purpose was also not to show science fiction readers that their preferences are banal; they know this -- in fact, they are quite proud of the fact that science fiction does not preach, warn, solve, or have literary merit. I can accept this. I said in my article there was nothing wrong with escape literature.

The reason why I'm putting all this disorganized manure in my rebuttal of your rebuttal is that you found it in your heart to interpret Muhlhauser and extrapolate on his ideas to a degree which puts my meager attempts to interpret Asimov to shame. Of course, you use your interpretations of Muhlhauser to scold me for my interpre-

tations of Asimov. I'll even let that pass because I have found that most people seem to think they know more about what I'm saying and thinking than I do. (This is particularly true of science fiction fans, faans, neo-fans, and, of course, all mebfans.)

These interpretations of what I've said, however, must be accurate in order to be admissible. Also, we must examine a few of your statements. Forgetting your meretricious opening image and my standards of literary judgment for the moment, we find that you have asked, "What do these five writers have in common?" You say they are didactic. (For those readers who don't know what "didactic" means: fitted or intended to teach; conveying instruction; preceptive; instructive; teaching some moral lesson.) I say that Dickens, Howells and Miller could never be considered to be teaching a moral lesson. (Sinclair you can have; I included him because I like his name.) I would admit that Dickens, though probably a Socialist of the first water, was not concerned with preaching; if he was, that is not what has made him great. The thing that made him great (and, incidentally, the thing that made Miller, Howells, and even Dreiser great) was not his "message", but his ability to paint a vivid portrait of his time, and his characters. Dickens is not read for any message that he wished to communicate; he is read for the "messages" that people are able to glean from him without his knowledge or intent (again, you will find lots of my Rosinante here). GREAT EXPECTATIONS, an awful book that many of us are forced to read in high school, offered very little visible "message". If it did, what would you say it was? "Don't trust old ladies who live in funny houses and keep a stale wedding cake in the parlour?" Not bloody likely! Yet the scene at Miss Haversham's home is one of the most vivid and memorable scenes and it is about the only thing that makes GREAT EXPECTATIONS worth reading.

Let's take Howells, as long as we're picking over dead writers. JOURNEY INTO THE DARK can never be called a "message" book. Howells stated many times in the ATLANTIC, which I think he started, what his purpose was. He was a portrayer, not a commentator. Even the author of SERMONS AND SODA WATER, bless his feeble mind (for those of you out there who have never been around when Banks and I have argued this question in person, Banks hates, unequivocally, all writings by John O'Hara), offers us little message -- yet he is considered a fine short-story writer. Why? Because his portraits of women and his representation of his times are more accurate than those of his contemporary competitors. As far as Dreiser is concerned, he is not respected for his superstitious nature or his conclusions about society -- he is respected for his portraits of what he saw. Okay?

So my tirade has proved nothing, because I do not consider any of these men to be particularly great. I could have been a lot heavier with the examples I used. (One remark about Miller: Miller, if he preached anything, preached the doctrine of no-preach.) I do not consider "message literature" the ultimate. I also think that you, Banks, misunderstand what "message literature" is. Read Camus' CAHIERS, the parts concerning MOBY DICK. It is obvious that great literature seldom evokes the "message" that was intended by the author. Shakespeare is a perfect example. He probably had very little message, but his writing has always been provocative enough to inspire people to interpret the things he had his characters say. This is the mark of great literature -- call it "quoteability" if you wish -- great literature has enough meat that it can mean things to people. I will not maintain that it has to mean the same thing to everyone. In the extreme, the BIBLE and Bob Dylan will probably be argued over for quite a while. (Personally, I hope Dylan outlasts the BIBLE.) The BIBLE is obviously great literature. It has the ability to draw people back through it and lead them to thoughts on various and sundry questions that are important. There is even some reference to flying saucers in the BIBLE, if you want to interpret it that way.

Science fiction, on the other hand, does not have this quality. It lays there like soggy cereal. I'm sorry, but that's my opinion. (Don't misinterpret me again. There is nothing wrong with soggy cereal. If you can eat it you're welcome to it and you have my blessing -- but I prefer to think that it is more worthwhile to look for a higher brand of entertainment.)

Now we come to the real issue between us. You lefthandedly attempted to isolate it in your second-to-last paragraph (I say "lefthandedly" because you over-interpreted me): "I come to three conclusions. First, the question which Muhlhauser has raised is not literary but moral: is it worthwhile to read entertaining fiction which neither indoctrinates us in courses of correct action nor exhibits outstanding literary merit?" (You go on to call me a mean old Puritan, but that is immaterial.) You have come close to stating the reason why I wrote my review of Asimov and science fiction in general. (It seems appropriate here to explain to Mr. Bulmer that the reason why my review didn't "list the names and other details of the separate volumes of a trilogy" is threefold: one, the review was more than just an article on Asimov's trilogy; two, I'm not a ribbon-clerk and fail to find a need for lists; and three, Asimov's trilogy didn't deserve the publicity.) The other two of your three conclusions are dependent on the correctness of your incorrect assumptions as to what I was saying.

The issue, however, is not moral, as you indicate -- it is philosophical. My premise is that a man has the obligation to himself to seek the highest form of entertainment possible; otherwise, in both absolute and relative terms, he is not being entertained. I support my premise by stating emphatically that the great bulk of science fiction is incomplete entertainment -- complete entertainment being that which can be experienced on all levels -- for pure escape, for accuracy of portrayal, for execution of skill, for imagination of construction, and for interpreted meaning. Shakespeare satisfies all of these. In my opinion, so do Henry Miller and Bob Dylan. Asimov does not. It's that simple.

Now, if you want to maintain that man can be entertained by any one of these things, like pure escape alone, fine. I will agree, but I will also say that I pity that man and his mind. Fine, you may choose to live in an unreal world; in a sense, we all do. But I like to think that my world and the entertainment that I get from it is less neurotic and more realistic than that of persons who read a heavy diet of science fiction. There are too many other things that affect me in much pleasanter, more rewarding, and more interesting ways. I can find more imagination in Ambrose Bierce than in Heinlein (and that's quite a statement, since I've never read any Heinlein).

I am not one to merely assert without giving some kind of support to my statements. Being a phenomenologist and not a lotus-eater, I would like to submit an event as my example. That event is the telecast, by C.B.S. (that credit was listed for the benefit of Bulmer), of Hal Holbrook doing Mark Twain. Here is a perfect, modern-day, common around-the-house sort of example that everyone should be able to understand. The things that Hal Holbrook said as Twain can be enjoyed by escape-lovers and meaning-hunters alike. Holbrook also rose high enough to capture all the kids from seventy to seven. This surely is an example of universal catharsis. I don't think there is a human alive who could not see the Mississippi when Holbrook described it; there never was a better description of anything written, much less spoken. And an even better example is Holbrook's final story about the schooner-captain and the Indiaman. How could any human being fail to feel the way that captain felt when approached by a ship that filled the sky with its sails and the air with its scent of spices and mahogany from the Orient? Seventy days out of Bombay, bound for Boston. Humph. Personally, I was never so deeply affected by anything that I have seen on television. And you tell me, after I have cried over

a story by Mark Twain and realized so much about this hectic marble and the life I live on it, that anyone can or should be satisfied with just escaping. Hell, I escaped! I was carried to the deck of a coastal schooner that had nothing but dried apples and furniture in its hold, and I was confronted with the majesty of a six-masted Indiaman that carried spice, gold, teak and mahogany for seventy days, through monsoons and across the Pacific. There I was, four hours out of Savannah, Georgia, with no purpose but to carry hog swill and chairs for the fat rumps of the D.A.R.

Well, Banks old poker-buddy, you can ride the coastal waters. Next voyage out, I'm ridin' an Indiaman even if I have to swab a deck and take forty lashes, and I will to you all the two-bit journeys, the Edgar Rice Burroughses and the Isaac Asimovs. Me, I'll ride with Twain, Melville, and Homer. I'll suffer with Dostoevski, Camus, and Kierkegaard. I'll laugh with Miller, Rabelais, and Voltaire. As Miller said, "The angel is for you, it is there to sprinkle parsley in your omelette."

Before I sign off and sink into the woodwork, I would like to offer one apologetic note. The bit about science fiction writers being shackled by consorship was unfounded. I picked that up from a science fiction fan. Sorry, I have learned my lesson -- when arguing with science fiction fans, it is advisable to assume that everything they think is cockeyed, and so one cannot try to use any of their arguments against them.

Fritz Muhlhauser, III

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#### THE IEEECON FAN DINNER

At the 1967 International Electrical and Electronic Engineers (IEEE) Convention, held in New York City from March 20 to 23, Jay Kay Klein, with the help of Charlie Brown, organized a dinner for fans attending the convention.

At about 6:45 p.m. of March 21st, we all met at the Essex House, and from there proceeded on foot to the Three Crowns Restaurant, a Swedish-type eatery.

Preceding the meal, Jay Kay made various presentations. He presented tie clips, having silicon-controlled rectifiers (SCR's) on them, to most of the attendees. To Charlie Brown, he gave a plaque consisting of a drawing of the cartoon character Charlie Brown. He also presented a few French curves illustrating the female figure, and, to Marsha Brown, he gave a few transistors.

After the presentations, the dinner began, the time being about 7:30 p.m. The meal was served Swedish Smorgasbord-style. You filled your plate up, as often as you liked, from a revolving table. The fare consisted of various meats, fishes, vegetables, pickles and cheeses. Most attendees had about three platefulls.

Attending the dinner (which lasted until about 10 p.m.) were Charlie and Marsha Brown, J. K. Klein, Ed Meskys, Beresford Smith, Bill Berg, Paul Herkart, and Fred Shunaman. All of the attendees seemed to enjoy themselves and the dinner. A repeat performance next year is anticipated.

Bill Berg

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#### Al Gechter reports --

Further changes to Tentative Sept., 1967, TV Schedule published in TWJ #38 and amended in TWJ #39 (ref. March 22 issue of VARIETY):

ABC -- Wed.: 7:30, The Legend of Custer; Thurs.: 10:00, R.S.V.P.; 10:30, Local Time.

[S-F fans note that Time Tunnel has again been scratched (this time, it's definite); but it should also be noted that The Avengers has also been dropped. Al also says that R.S.V.P. is an interview show, starring F. Lee Bailey, attorney. --ed.]

FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK

Alexis Gilliland, 2126 Penna. Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C., 20037 (Undated)

In J. WSFA 37 9 (1967) we have a "review" of Asimov's Foundation Series by a certain Fritz Mulhaupt III, who manages to tell a good deal more about himself than about the series he is supposedly discussing. I hope that his ill-nature was a put-on for the purposes of the article, which, one presumes, was to stir up the animals. Certainly said article is not conducive to rational argument; he presents only complacent dogma and tautological definitions.

Confessing that he gave the Foundation Series a rather cursory reading, he complains that the plot was jumpy and pointless.

Mulhaupt's problem is that he is writing a polemic on a subject about which he is ~~fastly ignorant~~ relatively uninformed. He should stick to the war in Vietnam.

Fritz Muhlhauser, III, 5918 3rd St. South, Arlington, Va., 22204 (Undated)

In J. WSFA we have a "letter of comment" by Inflexis Gigglegland, who manages to tell a good deal more about himself than about the "review" he is supposedly discussing. I hope his ill-health was a put-on for the purposes of the letter and that his state-of-mind is not indicative of the rest of the animals. Certainly said letter is not conducive to rational argument; he respects only tautological dogma and complacent definitions.

Confessing that he gave my "review" a rather cursory reading, he complains that my arguments were jumpy and pointless.

Giggle-gland's problem is that he is commenting on a subject about which he is relatively uninformed: review-writing. He should stick to "Doctor Zhivago".

Thomas W. Bulmer, 138 Lincoln Ave., East Paterson, N.J., 07407 (22 March 1967)

Dear WSFA and Fritz Muhlhauser III?:

I must say that the Special Review of Isaac Asimov's Foundation Series is one of the most stimulating and imaginative articles I have ever seen in a Fan news magazine. Despite its excellent virtues, however, it does have one or two faults which can certainly be excused in such a daring and original effort.

First the virtues:

It takes an imaginative intellect of the first order to take what might be a very poor book review in the usual third person and build around it a brilliant tour of modern ideas on mental aberrations (or should that be aberrations?) in the difficult and demanding first person. Yet the depth and breadth of this tour is breathtaking.

To add to this brilliant exposition of the multiordinal usages of language there is yet even a mystery added. I suppose a more perceptive or experienced fan than I would have spotted the identity of the author from the casual references to Ike Asimov and John Campbell; I in particular should have guessed the identity of the author since there were only a few people present when I remarked to Dr. Asimov that the stories had appeared in ASTOUNDING just about the time I was born. Asimov said I lacked tact, whatever that is. But of course, the end was a giveaway, for who but Randall Garrett could have dreamed up such a ridiculous name as "Fritz Muhlhauser III"?

But, of course, the faults:

Some

way of footnoting the "review" should have been employed. It is easy enough to spot the egomania in the "Asimov says--I say--" series of paragraphs, the sexual fixation in the references to Arkady Darell, the violation of the General Semantics rule of dating (speaking of the science in the series as if it were contemporaneous instead of dating back to the middle 'forties). I suppose it is egotistical of me



to think that Randy got the idea from my remark to Dr. Asimov, but then I wouldn't be a Fan without that, the aberrations (I looked it up) attributed by Ayn Rand to her detractors and vice versa, and, oh, many others. Nevertheless, there were whole paragraphs of wild rambling which neither I nor my friends were able to identify. Ralph Ginsberg, Perhaps? I wouldn't consider him insane, though Randall Garrett is known to be somewhat conservative.

And of course, no one, even in such an uncomplimentary review as this is supposed to be, could conceivably neglect to list the names and other details of the separate volumes of a trilogy. Unless Randy actually can give examples of this in reviews of his books or of others and again shake my faith in the ultimate bounds of human fallibility...

✓Yes, Virginia, there is a Fritz Muhlhauser, III (and he lives there, too...).  
Hmmm... Since Randy Garrett's name is being taken in vain so many times, perhaps someone out there would be so kind as to send us his address so we can let him in on all this? And Tom, see "The Angel Is My Watermark" later in this issue of TWJ for a few remarks by Fritz on your letter. --ed.✓

Fritz Muhlhauser, III (address on preceding page)

(Undated)

Mr. Bulmer:

I fear that you have caught me dead-to-rights. My name is not Fritz Muhlhauser III. It is not, however, Randall Garrett or Ralph Ginsberg, either. It is Hieronymus Van Aecken.

Burton W. Randolph, 5423 Manitowac Dr., Palos Verdes Peninsula, Cal., 90274 (26/3)

(excerpt) Enjoyed both #37 and #38. A few comments on #37. I was intrigued by Muhlhauser's review of the Foundation series. He makes many good points and obviously believes what he says. I tend to agree with what he says about the Asimov works. From here he branches out voluminously and what he says seems to boil down to the following: SF authors write bad fiction of any kind; good fiction authors don't (don't or won't) write SF with rare exceptions; SF readers continue to read and demand this bad SF; therefore they are dolts because (a) they can't recognize good fiction from bad, (b) they don't demand improved SF, and (c) they confine their reading to bad SF. This last reason is the granddaddy of unwarranted assumptions, a macro-non sequitur. The contention that three of the four groups (criminals, homosexuals, dope addicts and Communists) would be considered more intelligent than SF readers in terms of any legitimate standards is so absurd as to cause any informed person to raise an eyebrow at Fritz. His generalization that SF readers confine themselves to SF is gross. He did, however, endear himself to me with his parenthetical phrase "... (whoever he is) ..." referring to John Campbell. Ah, Fritz, even though your literary universe fails to include Campbell, grieve not; your career will survive.

Two other items re #37. Alan Huff deserves some kind of award for eminent practicality as Program Chairman. I suggest that the liquids accompanying the "...marshmallows (sic)..." may have exerted such a mellowing influence that the vowel change was mandatory.

✓Just gremlins in the typewriter, Burt -- like those missing "e's" in "carelessness" on page 12 of TWJ #39 which resulted in the transposition of "carelessness" into a word signifying a state of being which would be viewed with horror by most persons in our society today -- and other instances of mis-directed fingers which occasionally rear their ugly heads within the JOURNAL. --ed.✓

Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Road, Ottawa 8, Ontario, Canada

(27 March 1967)

(excerpt) One comment: What is Fritz Muhlhauser III?

✓Hmmm... Good question. Fritz, just what are you, anyway?? --ed.✓

James Blish, 5021 Seminary Road, Alexandria, Va., 22311

18  
(28 March 1967)

A few notes:

To Banks Mebane: I don't quite see how you can pre-judge the pacing of a novel you haven't seen. The three bites of what you call the "Triton series" by Norman L. Knight and me which have appeared in the magazines total only 40% of the forthcoming book (A TORRENT OF FACES, due from Doubleday in November), so you do not know whether or not "the whole work will suffer from the gratuitous minor crises thrown in merely to keep the pace rapid" -- you haven't seen the whole work, you don't know what's minor and what isn't, and above all you don't know anything about the pacing of a novel when you don't even know, just to begin with, how long a book it might be. You may, of course, be right about the novel in the end, but isn't it unfair to condemn it in advance from what can only be guesswork?

To Al Gechter: Thanks for the kind assumptions, but I've never written even one "Star Trek" script... The writers of the seven scripts I adapted for the book were all complete unknowns to me, and I'll bet that they would have been unknown to you, too. Nevertheless, I did make an attempt to credit every one of them. Bantam overruled me, because they wanted to sell the book under my name alone. If there is a second such book, I will try again to credit the script-writers, and maybe this time I'll manage to push it through.

Don: Your list of titles contains two mistakes; I retitled two of the stories. "Charlie's Law" appeared on TV as "Charlie X", and "The Unreal McCoy" ran as "The Man Trap".

/Thanks for straightening out the questions concerning scriptwriter-credits. And thanks for correcting my list of titles. I watch "Star Trek" most of the time, but I seldom notice (or remember) what the titles are. And I have a great deal of difficulty in trying to catch the names of the scriptwriters (when they are shown at all, i.e.). --ed./

Henry Gross, 65-10 99th St., Rego Park, N.Y., 11374

(29 March 1967)

The few issues of the JOURNAL I have received have been very well done except for one thing, your so-called book reviews. What are called reviews in your magazine certainly are not good reviews, or bad ones either, because they are not reviews. They are just summaries with a minimum of opinion. Take for example Alexis Gilliland's "review" of THE SWORD OF RHIANNON in TWJ #39. Gilliland simply gives a summary of the entire book and then at the end he throws in a little personal opinion. After a review like this I'm definitely not going to read the book.

On the other hand, the review of THE SORCERESS OF QAR by Doll Gilliland was just that, a review. When you compare it to the one done by Alexis Gilliland you find that one was a true review and the other a summary; one was very good, and the other was worthless.

I certainly hope that Alexis Gilliland's reviews improve or that you get another reviewer.

/It's funny, Henry, but Fritz Muhlhauser was saying the same thing just the other day... Well, Alexis, care to answer him? Here's a bit of that "reader feedback" you said you wanted.

As for the rest of you people out there, let us know when you like -- or don't like -- something. And if you don't like something, please state your reasons. It is only through such "reader feedback" that we can evaluate the magazine, and our contributors can evaluate their performance and make improvements where necessary. So speak up -- your voice will be heard. --ed./

/We have also heard from Brian Burley, who sent information concerning the Central Ohio SFS and the Columbuscon. His letter will appear next issue. --ed./

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

On hand, 15 March 1967 ..... \$5.99  
Dues, New Corresponding member ..... \$2.00 (Bob Tucker)  
On hand, 31 March 1967 ..... \$7.99

WSFA membership in good standing now stands at 23 Regular, 4 Associate, 5 Life, 1 Honorary Corresponding, 2 Club-Exchange Corresponding, 63 Corresponding, and 10 Honorary (Henry Gross and Fred Jackson will be picked up on next Treasurer's report). A quorum stands at 12. All Regular members are reminded that dues are overdue for the March-May quarter; remember, you must have your dues paid in order to vote (or hold office) -- and elections come up first Friday in May....

A complete roster (excepting Honorary) appeared in issue #36 of the JOURNAL, with additions and corrections in issues #37 and 39. To save space, we will not print a new roster this quarter, but we would like to publish a list of the Regular members who are in good standing, as a reminder to those who aren't:

Paid up through February, 1968 -- Alexis Gilliland, Jack Haldeman, Alice Halde- man, Robert Weston, Rick Cross, Mitchell Henson.

Paid up through August, 1967 -- Albert Gechter, Michael Hakulin, Jan Slavin, Paul Willis.

Paid up through May, 1967 -- Phyllis Berg, Bill Berg, James Blish, Philip Bridges, Fred Cisin, Charles Derry, Bill Forlines, Gay Haldeman, Joe Haldeman, Alan Huff, Elizabeth McClure, Banks Mebane, Don Miller.

Delinquent, and thus dropped from the roster (and from receipt of the JOURNAL, after this issue) are -- Jack Chalker, Dave Ettlín, Jim Harper, Mark Owings, Rikki Patt, Ray Ridenour, Jim Sanders, Joe Vallin, Nancy Jane Webb, Debi Hinton.

A listing of Corresponding members, and the months through which they have paid, will appear in the next issue of the JOURNAL.

Philip N. Bridges

REPORT OF THE MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE

New Corresponding members: Bob Tucker, Henry Gross.

William B. Berg

REPORT OF THE PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE

Excluding the present issue, 39 issues of the JOURNAL (and several supplements and Postal Diplomacy 'zines) have been published to date. Supplies on hand include 15.8 reams of mimeo paper, 45 stencils, and -1.3 tubes of mimeo ink.

Donald L. Miller

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Editor's Notes --

We were a bit pressed for space this issue, so several items had to be postponed. "The Club Circuit" will reappear in TWJ #41, with a partial listing of foreign clubs. Also, the listing of U.S. clubs will be updated, as will "The Con Game".

We are planning a special "Disclave" issue, so we will need plenty of material -- particularly items of some length and depth. We have been promised several con reports for future issues by Jay Klein, so we hope we'll receive one in time for this issue. We have on hand a long article, "The Pioneers of Science Fiction", by Ozzie Train, and several other items, including some fiction. So, please help us to make this an extra-special issue by contributing something to it yourself!

And, looking ahead, there's the special NYCON 3 issue, for which we'll need even more material (even artwork), so start writing something now....

April-May Short Calendar (See TWJ's 38, 39, and 41 for more detailed information):

WSFA Meetings -- April 7, 21; May 5, 19; at home of Miss E. Cullen, 7966 W. Beach Drive, N.W., Wash., D.C., at 8 p.m. (phone no. RA3-7107).

The Gamesmen -- April 14, 28; May 12, 26; at home of D. Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Md., at 7:30 p.m. (ph. 933-5417); call first, if possible.

BSFS Meetings -- April 15, 29; May 13, 27; at homes of various members; write to D. Ettlín, 31 West North Ave., Baltimore, Md., for info.

ESFA Meetings -- April 2; May 7; at YM-YWCA, 600 Broad St., Newark, N.J., at 3 p.m.

PSFS Meetings -- April 14; May 12; at Central Philadelphia YMCA, Broad & Arch Sts., Philadelphia, Penna., at 8 p.m.

FISTFA Meetings -- April 14, 28; May 12, 26; Apt. 5FW, 250 W. 16th St., N.Y., N.Y.

LUNARIANS -- April 15; May 20; 1750 Walton Ave., Bronx, N.Y., at 8 p.m. Guests.

ESSFSCNY -- April 7, 14, 21, 28; May 5, 12, 19, 26; in Finlay Hall, 133rd St. & Convent Ave., on the CCNY Campus, at 8 p.m.

MITSFs -- April 7, 14, 21, 28; May 5, 12, 19, 26; in room 1-236, MIT, at 5 p.m.

READERS & AUTHORS OF SCIENCE FICTION (lecture series) -- April 8; May 13; at S. Boston Branch Library, 646 E. Broadway, in S. Boston, at 2:30 p.m.

For April meeting dates of the FELLOWSHIP OF THE PURPLE TONGUE (Norfolk, Va.), COSFS (Columbus, Ohio), Cincinnati Fantasy Group, OSFA (Missouri), MSUSFS (MSU), LASFA (L.A.); Elves', Gnomes', and Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder, & Marching Society (Calif.); WesCoSFA (Covina, Cal.), ValSFA (Upland, Cal.), and QSFC (Queen's Univ., Canada), see TWJ #38. May information will appear in TWJ #41.

Conventions -- BOSKONE IV (April 1 & 2, Boston); MARCON II (April 8 & 9, Toledo); EASTERCON (April 28 & 29, N.Y.); LUNACON (April 29 & 30, N.Y.); DISCLAVE (May 12-14, D.C.)

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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. Send fanzines for review to the editor. Deadline for issue #41, April 14; for issue #42 (Disclave Issue), April 28.

DLM

THE WSFA JOURNAL

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TO: