

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

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## NEW JOURNAL POLICY

As the four amendments to the WSFA By-Laws published elsewhere in this issue will attest, WSFA is in the process of revising its membership policies, which, in turn, will have an effect on future policies concerning the JOURNAL. These changes are necessary, as recent WSFA treasury balances will indicate. They are an attempt to make the JOURNAL "pay as it goes", so that the drain on the now-almost-non-existent WSFA treasury will be halted, and the club can recover its financial well-being. They are also an attempt to make policies concerning the JOURNAL more flexible, so that the expected continued growth of the magazine will not interfere with the smooth functioning of the club in its other areas of SF activity, and so the necessary red tape in club procedures and controls will not serve as a brake -- or strait-jacket -- for the magazine.

Briefly (a more detailed discussion of these changes will be presented in issue #42 of the JOURNAL), the JOURNAL is going onto a "subscription" basis; it will no longer be an "automatic" privilege of Corresponding membership. New JOURNAL subscription rates are 5 issues for \$1.00, 12 issues for \$2.00, and 20 issues for \$3.25. The 5-issues-for-\$1.00 rate will be for new subscribers only -- a special introductory rate (although, as you may have noted, the cost per issue at the \$1.00 rate will be higher than for the \$2.00 and \$3.25 rates -- we hope to discourage subscriptions at the \$1.00 rate, without cutting them out altogether). Corresponding membership will be 50¢ per year. However, persons subscribing at the \$2.00 and \$3.25 rates will be given the option of becoming Corresponding members for one year, with the 50¢ fee being absorbed in the JOURNAL subscription fee. With the first issue on their subscription, i.e., they will receive a WSFA membership blank, which they may fill out and return, if they see fit, in order to become Corresponding members.

With the new rates, the 10-page, 1st-class issue will almost disappear, being used only in rare instances where it is important that the magazine reach its readers as quickly as possible. It would, in fact, probably be true to say that the 10-page issue is dead. Future issues will be 20 pages and more, depending upon availability of time, material, and money. We will try to keep to a bi-weekly schedule, including all the Winter months but December (because of the Xmas mail jam) (however, we will probably have only one issue a month this Summer, as the current editor will be in England for seven weeks during June, July, and August, and the temporary replacement editor says he doubts that he can get out more than one issue a month).

With the new rates, the club will, at the start, probably make a slight profit (until the proposed postal rates become effective); this profit will be fed back to the subscribers in the form of larger issues, where possible. Approximate cost per subscriber (we were wrong in our previously-published estimates as we were figuring per copy published rather than per paying recipient) is \$1.80 for 12 issues, \$3.00 for 20 issues, so we have only a slight margin of "safety". But, the new policy has sufficient flexibility built into it so that we can meet almost any foreseeable



emergency with ease and dispatch.

All of the current Corresponding members will remain Corresponding members, with continued receipt of the JOURNAL, until their 1-year membership expires. After that, all renewals should be at the new rates, and they may continue their Corresponding memberships, under the provisos set forth on the preceding page, if they wish to do so. Of course, any of the current members are welcome, if they wish to do so, to resubscribe immediately, under the new rates. If they do so, please specify whether the new subscription is to be an extension of your current one, or in place of it. A listing of the Corresponding members, together with the months in which their current memberships and JOURNAL subscriptions expire, appeared in issue #36 of the JOURNAL; a new, updated listing will appear in issue #42; check this listing carefully, to see when your membership/subscription expires (by "updated", we mean new members have been added, and CoA's incorporated -- not that expiration dates have changed).

As a temporary policy, until the treasury is again back on its feet, all Regular and Life members will be asked to pick up their JOURNALS at WSFA meetings, if at all possible. In most cases, issues are ready by meeting time. All members who wish to be sure of receiving their JOURNALS in good time are requested (rather, advised -- this is purely voluntary) to leave a small deposit (say, 25¢ in cash or stamps) with the editor, to pay for the postage in the event they are ill and unable to attend a meeting, or in the event the editor is ill or has other problems which prevent his getting an issue out by meeting-time (such as happened with the current issue, when our mimeo supplies were several days late in reaching us). By leaving a deposit, you will insure that your issue is mailed to you as soon as it comes off the press (we'll mail it first-class, if you request it, and have enough on deposit to pay for it). Otherwise, you may have to wait two weeks or more, if you miss a meeting or the editor is delayed in getting an issue out.

We hope that these changes will not inconvenience any of our members too much, and that the many persons who have supported the JOURNAL and the club in the past by taking out Corresponding memberships/JOURNAL subscriptions will stay with us and continue to give us their encouragement and support in the future. We are working towards bigger and better things for the JOURNAL -- after we get back from England this Fall, we hope to be able to accelerate some of the changes you have been seeing these past few months, as well as inaugurate some additional ones. We will do our utmost to continue to give you your money's worth in reading pleasure and stimulation.

Before closing, we would like to point out to the Regular members of WSFA that an amendment is before the club, to be voted on at the Annual Meeting, to raise the dues for Regular members to a flat \$6.00 per year (which would be \$1.50 per quarter), and which would also eliminate the special rate for the under-18's. We are planning to offer an amendment at this meeting to the above proposed amendment, which would establish special rates for married couples and for the under 18's. We also have a couple of other amendments which we plan to propose, after discussing them with the Executive Board, concerning Associate and Honorary memberships. We hope that all Regular (and any Life members in this area) will attend the Annual Meeting (May 5, at the home of Miss E. Cullen), to discuss and vote on these important proposals.

The new subscription rates and Corresponding membership fees and policies described above are effective immediately for all persons subscribing after the publication of this notice. The "deposit" policy for Regular and Life members is effective with issue #42 (the next issue) of the JOURNAL. Issue #42 out at the Disclave (May 12). The "we" used above is the editorial "we", reflecting the views, etc., of the editor. (Hmmm...as we were so long-winded here, there really is no need to present that "more detailed discussion" in TWJ #42....)

Don Miller



NEBULA AWARDS BANQUET 1967  
by Jay Kay Klein

Although I generally prefer air travel -- I think of it as the science fiction of Bob Madle's youth come true -- New York City is just 300 Thruway miles from Syracuse. Richard Wilson and I drove my car to attend the awards banquet of the Science Fiction Writers of America. On the way, we both saw one of the strangest sights either of us has ever encountered. Just outside Schenectady, in full sunlight, we saw a brilliant, green streak slant down from the sky. This fiery spark ended in a burning green "puffball". It all happened in a second, and we couldn't tell whether the meteorite were hundreds of yards from us or many miles away. We decided not to make any report of this to a paper or government agency. It seemed discreet not to court headlines like "Science Fiction Writer Sees Spaceship Over Schenectady".

Dick is one of the "Immortal Stormers" Sam Moskowitz has written about, and has a phenomenal memory. I've heard him recount actual conversations that took place during First Fandom days. Friday evening, Dick demonstrated his tremendous memory by directing me unerringly to the address of mutual friends in New York City. I left him off and headed for my own lodging place. Later, I found out Dick's memory was so good, he had remembered the address where our friends had lived years ago. Exerting his powerful mental ability once more, he recalled their new address and went trudging towards it.

Saturday, March 11, I subwaysed to Les Champs Restaurant in Manhattan, site of the East Coast banquet. A West Coast affair was held that same evening in Beverly Hills, California. Arriving at 6:30 p.m., I dug out my camera and started picture taking. Damon Knight asked me for a few shots for the SFWA Bulletin, which he edits. Whenever anyone does that, I immediately begin to wonder if my camera is working properly, if my estimate of the exposure is correct, or if something will happen to the film before it's developed.

At first I thought I was the only non-celebrity in the place, and was wildly wondering if maybe on general principles someone would ask me for my autograph. Then I saw Banks Mebane. Also representing fandom were Jock Root and Sheila Elkin.

Among the missing, and presumed lost in action, was Isaac Asimov. He has a policy of not leaving Boston more than once a month, since excessive travel would cut into his writing time. He had been guest of honor at the ESFA meeting only a week before. Randy Garrett failed to make an appearance, too -- probably Because Austin, Texas is a long ways off, pardner. Several editors were conspicuously absent, too. Fred Pohl was in Boston that weekend. No one knew why John Campbell didn't come. Everyone knew why Sol Cohen didn't show up.

The local area was 100% represented with Lester del Rey, Larry Niven, Don Wollheim, Bob Silverberg, Hans Santesson, and others too famous to mention. From a greater distance came Dannie Plachta, Gordon Dickson, Jim Blish, Roger Zelazny, and Dan Keyes. The greatest surprise, though, was the appearance of Arthur Clarke. As a matter of fact, when the call came for dinner, Arthur asked if I would mind his sitting next to me. I couldn't think of any reason why not!

This was our first meeting since 1956, when he was guest of honor at the Newyorkon II. I was pleased to find out that he had recovered almost completely from the serious accident he had had a few years back. He had walked into a door lintel, hurting his head so badly he was partially paralyzed for a while. The accident has left him a little deaf, though. I cheered Arthur with the story of a similar accident to an eminent American, Benjamin Franklin.



As you might expect, Arthur was center of attraction at our table, which included Ed Dong, Hans Santesson, Howard Schoenfeld, Jack Schoenherr, Jack Gaughan, and Phoebe Gaughan. I introduced Ed Dong as the intrepid panelist (1966 Philadelphia Conference) who had prefaced his comments with the statement, "Girls don't think straight!" Ed said he wasn't intrepid, just foolhardy. Arthur told us he was on tour to promote his forthcoming picture, YEAR 2001, based on "The Sentinel". He said that over \$3,000,000 had been spent on special effects alone. He would shortly be in Washington to make the keynote address at the Fifth Goddard Memorial Symposium.

The dinner proved as fine as the company. Afterwards, Andy Porter and Dave Van Arnam agreed with me that the food was the finest we've ever had at any banquet, science fiction or otherwise. Next year's awards banquet will be held in the same place. I'll skip the exact menu, but will say the main course was a superb filet with wine sauce. All for a mere \$8.50.

Bob Silverberg was master of ceremonies. He began by mentioning his name, then repeated it several times, and mentioned it still further. He explained that nobody knew his name last year, and he wanted to impress it upon everyone. In fact, he had found himself drifting towards oblivion in science fiction. To counter this, he has written a large number of stories during the past year. He warned those present that it was their own fault if they submitted stories only to find that editors were overstocked.

Bob stated that all the writers knew each other -- even have been married to a couple of them at one time or another. He discussed previous writers' groups that collapsed, and told the history of the beginnings of SFWA. Damon sent a letter around requesting \$3.00, later raised to the present membership fee of \$5.00

The most serious jokester in science fiction, Bob has a form of humor that is sheer restrained madness. He told how he has aspirations to become Pope. He's still resolving whether he wants to be known as Sixtus the Sixth or Peter the Second. However, he has already received recognition from Randy Garrett. Bob Lowmde recognized him as Anti-Pope. Bob further alleged that Bob Lowmde has pretensions to being the first uncircumcised Chief Rabbi of Jerusalem.

Eventually, Bob got down to the unfunny business of introducing the first speaker, Ed Ferman, editor of F&SF. Bob pointed out that Ed follows in the footsteps of Francis McComas, Anthony Boucher, Bob Mills, and Avram Davidson. However, Ed has unique qualifications -- his father owns the magazine.

Ed made a straightforward address, not unmarked with some humor. He said F&SF had a young, educated readership: 25% were under 18, 62% attended college, and 22% of those in college were graduate students. Writers have to give these bright, young persons the quality they demand. He concluded that the best hope for the future is to bring new writers into the field and encourage them. I concluded that Ed was trying to tell SFWA something.

Back in the limelight, Bob Silverberg pointed some good natured humor at Sam Moskowitz, saying Sam is working on a monumental history of science fiction in fifty volumes. The first five volumes have been completed, taking us through 1927. As a special treat, he suggested Sam step forward and read several hundred pages covering September, 1926. A more gullible audience would have melted away in sheer panic.

Betty and Ian Ballantine were introduced next, after the usual scathing preliminaries. Betty said she didn't mind being insulted by Bob Silverberg. She and Ian took turns talking. Ian informed us that Tolkien is a runaway best-seller and has broken through to a broad audience. As a result, the market will widen, since new readers will be back for more adult science fiction and fantasy. Betty said there



is a tremendous surge for fantasy in our culture. Betty and Ian concluded, "We're making friends for science fiction and fantasy." I concluded that they're very charming people, and we're lucky to have them running a major publishing house.

Bob Silverberg said that he could insult the Ballantines because they're part of the science fiction fraternity. But he couldn't insult Walter Sullivan, science editor of the NEW YORK TIMES. (I guess that means I can't call him by his first name, either.) Sullivan said he felt nervous after having had several pre-dinner drinks. He commented that the recent advance of science makes science fiction writing more plausible. In his own lifetime it was determined that nebulae are vast collections of stars, and the solar system is not a freak. For instance, Barnard's Star wiggles, obviously the result of deviations caused by a planetary system. Indeed, all the nearby stars exhibit the same type of motion. And the probability is high for life, too.

Sullivan said that science is so complex today that even the intelligentsia can't follow it. He then tried to present in a few minutes material on present-day science that Isaac Asimov took two volumes to explain. Sullivan concluded that this was an exciting time to be around, and especially to be a science fiction writer. I concluded that he had been asked to speak in hopes of securing the notice of the NEW YORK TIMES. I don't think this succeeded. Sullivan apparently gave "Speech No. 3". I would suspect that next year there will be a "mainstream literary figure" to cover that angle.

Bob Silverberg said he found the theory that the Earth goes around the Sun extremely fascinating. He then started to get down to more serious business -- awarding the Nebulas. Bob mentioned the California awards banquet and told us Harlan Ellison was the master of ceremonies there. Another nugget of information was the fact that a Nebula weighs 12 pounds. Both last year's and this year's awards were made under the care of Judy Blish. Each Nebula consists of a block of clear, solidified plastic, in which are embedded a spiral galaxy and a "crystal" rock. Four were on display at a table in front of the master of ceremonies. The inscribed names of the winners were taped over to avoid tipping anyone in advance.

Retiring SFWA president Damon Knight came forward to present the awards. He mentioned that his wife, Kate Wilhelm, had invented the Nebula. A new idea was to be put into effect this year: the publisher of each award-winning story would receive a plaque. This was made retroactive to last year.

Best Short Story: "The Secret Place", by Richard McKenna. Thomas Dardis received a plaque for Berkley Books.

Best Novelette: "Call Him Lord", by Gordon R. Dickson. Bob Mills received a plaque for F&SF.

Best Novella: "The Last Castle", by Jack Vance. Lester del Rey received a plaque for GALAXY.

Best Novel: Tie between FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON, by Daniel Keyes and BABEL-17, by Samuel R. Delany. Harcourt, Brace received a plaque.

I fail to recall who received the citations for the last two winners. Dan Keyes said later that he has had tremendous mileage out of his story. It started off as a short story, winning a Hugo for the category at the Pittcon in 1960. Dan teaches in the Department of English at Ohio University.

Damon Knight retired amidst thunderous applause, and in the silence that followed, Bob Silverberg assumed the office of President. No objections were raised. In fact, Bob was unopposed.



6

The tables were cleared, and everyone gathered at the back of the room, near the cash bar. I sampled a \$1.25 drink and concluded it tasted just like 65¢ drinks I've had elsewhere. Tom Purdom and wife left early, since they had to get back to Philadelphia to relieve the babysitter. The crowd slowly diminished until the rest left at about midnight, with a number going to the Algonquin Hotel to a small party.

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### THE EASTERN SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

The next meeting of the Eastern Science Fiction Association (ESFA) will be held on Sunday, May 7, in the YM-YWCA at 600 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey, at 3:00 p.m. Guest Speaker will be Richard Wilson, author of THE GIRLS FROM PLANET FIVE, "And Then the Town Took Off", and many others. He is also in charge of the Syracuse University Science Fiction collection.

#### Minutes of ESFA Meeting, April 2, 1967 --

The meeting was called to order by Director Deckinger at 3:15 p.m., with 24 persons present. The minutes for February and March were read and accepted, as was the Treasurer's report. Some comments were made by the Director on the success of the March Open Meeting, including the fact that it was a financial success, as well. News notes, including information on the forthcoming Lunacon, Marcon, and Disclave were given by the Director and others. Since a quorum for election of officers was not present, the elections were held over until the May 7 meeting.

The featured speaker was Al H. Morrison, astrologer and President of the American Guild of Astrologers, Inc. In his introductory remarks Mr. Morrison presented himself as a s-f reader since the 1926 AMAZING STORIES. He sees s-f fans as being unique in group organizations, for they are a tribe of interests rather than of social proximity. However, they seem to be unaware of their uniqueness. Mr. Morrison said that the primary difference between s-f and the rest of literature is that s-f challenges the reader to go with the author -- to make the next step between established fact and something not done before. He recalled that early s-f was based largely on gadgetry, but later was forced to break out of its straitjacket when all the gadgets came true. With the exhaustion of gadgetry, s-f had to go into other fields to get things to write about. Mr. Morrison said we are now living in the s-f world that was only imagined in the '20's, and that s-f has been the leading edge of scientific thought.

Mr. Morrison feels that s-f must go farther than science, and that one field that has been almost neglected in s-f is astrology. He admitted that astrology is still an art, but would like to be recognized as science, for it is based on astronomical fact, using the tropical zodiac and vernal equinox as a starting point just the same as the scientists. The art consists of correlating astronomical facts with human experiences. Mr. Morrison claims that there is sufficient scientific data to validate astrology beyond any doubt, and one cannot slam the door on it. Astrology has a data bank that goes back to 4000 B.C., and the initial observations can be repeated today. The stuff that didn't work has been weeded out. He said astrologers could cast even more accurate horoscopes if they could get access to a computer. Astronomers are dead set against admitting this data means anything, but should learn the terminology so they could investigate what astrology has learned, and now knows. Mr. Morrison blames incompetent and unscrupulous practitioners of astrology for the bad name it has among scientists. He feels that there are only about two dozen real astrologers in America today.

Commenting that Isaac Asimov has said that astrology couldn't possibly have any validity, Mr. Morrison went on to challenge Dr. Asimov to debate real astrology. A question and answer period followed Mr. Morrison's talk.

The meeting was adjourned at 5:45 p.m.

Allan Howard, Secretary, ESFA



Book Review -- TREASURE OF THE BLACK FALCON, by John Coleman Burroughs (Ballantine Book U-6085, 75¢, 245 pp.).

In the beginning, a mighty spaceship plunked down in the Atlantic, Lat 48° 12', Long 35° 15', some time prior to the Punic Wars. The force of her impact in 8,880 feet of water made a gigantic crater, but being made of Arenak and Cosmium she was not seriously hurt, and her force field trapped a gigantic air bubble, constantly replenished by volcanic fumaroles. The force field was also responsible for maintaining an interface pressure of six atmospheres, instead of the expected 296. The crew of the vessel survived, but made an eerie adaptation to circumstance. As sea birds and ships and fleets and lions and stuff were swept into the air bubble, the Jogulars glommed onto the freshly-dead bodies and replaced each cell with a cell of their own, retrieving all the memories of the recently-living brain. Unfortunately, the Jogulars were composed exclusively of brain tissue, so their claws and fangs were soft and pliable, and they couldn't eat. Fortunately, they only went through the motions from habit, because they didn't need much nourishment. Eventually, a city of Jogular-humans was built, mostly Romans and Elizabethan English, and the captain of the Black Falcon became their king.

The story begins in 1947 with a specially-built, privately-owned, deep-diving submarine setting off to seek the treasure of the Black Falcon: \$3,000,000 some 9000 feet under water. The use of symbolism here, for whose interpretation I am indebted to Don D'Amassa, YANDRO 9 167 (1967), suggests that Burroughs has read Ballard in the manner of English Majors, missing nothing except the point. Thus, we have the submarine (male symbol) intruding itself into a long, narrow, deep trench (female s.) on the bottom (snigger) of the sea (f. s.), beneath all that water (amniotic fluid s.), when suddenly the trench turns into a tunnel (birth canal s.) and sucks them in with an irresistible current (labor pains s.?) to eject them into the bubble on the bottom (sngr.) of the (f. s.) sea. But wait! The submarine (now a female s.) is gashed on the side (the hymen is ruptured), water pours in (Burroughs writes a pretty dirty book on the symbolic level) and several of the crew (ova s.) are infected with microscopic free-swimming Jogulars (sperm s.) so that they die as humans and are reborn as Jogulars, after being buried in the abyssal slime (symbolic, but I haven't figured it out yet) outside the submarine. The symbolism is pretty clinical, but probably that is what sold the editor. Unfortunately, the author gets carried away with his symbolism, and it takes the first 114 pages to get out of the symbolic birth canal. An extremely prolonged labor often results in an abortion, and I greatly fear that this is the case here.

Matters are not helped by the terribly stilted dialogue, or the characters hacked out of cardboard. Captain Dirk Gordon is very tall, very strong, very brave, and very stupid. Ellen Stuart is very pretty, prone to faint easily, and very stupid. Von (Vaughn?) Benson is a big blonde schmuck who is not very intelligent, but he outwits Dirk easily enough. Dr. Kingsley is a junkie, but loyal. And so it goes.

The scientific double talk I found distracting, because I had to keep retrieving the book from the wastebasket. One example, not the worst: "...Montague discovered that diesel oil when subjected to electron bombardment would break down into its basic constituents, liberating vast quantities of heat and oxygen...". He also talks of extracting air from water by analysis, and the ectoplasm that surrounds the cell nucleus, betraying a general ignorance that borders on the generalissimo. Even in history, ignorance: his central characters were POW's at Dachau, which was an extermination camp, not a POW camp, a point which caused me considerable irritation.

Once the story gets into the Jogular city, things pick up a little, but not nearly enough. The city is beautifully described, though.



4

In a short preface the author explains that he recorded all this drivel on a tape recorder he had just bought, an ancient Jogular doing the narration and bugging out before the replay showed the tapes were messed up. So he says: "Please remember, Gentle Reader, that I am neither a writer nor a scientist, but an artist of sorts.", in an attempt to excuse himself. He knew he had written a lousy book, or he would have omitted the preface. Believe me when I tell you -- this book is a tedious waste of time. Buy something else.

Alexis A. Gilliland

Featurette (Satire) --

As is well known, Mr. Mind, the intellectual worm who was the founder of the Monster Society of Evil and the great adversary of Captain Marvel, was at last taken and condemned to be executed by due process of law in 1944. What did not appear in the public record, however, was that the ingenious and infinitely resourceful Mr. Mind was able, through the unwitting assistance of the prosecutor and the cooperation of the last member of the MSE, Algar the Alligator Man, to substitute an android worm for himself on the last day of his trial. It was by remote control, then, that Mr. Mind delivered his brilliant summation for the defense. The cause was hopeless -- judge, jury, witnesses, spectators -- even the defense attorney -- were implacably hostile, but Mr. Mind's summation remains a legal classic, standing with the writings of Sacco and Vanzetti, Caryl Chessman, and Pierre Laval.

Thus it was that the wrong worm went to the execution chamber, and Mr. Mind, no longer hunted, remained free to rebuild the MSE to its former greatness. Difficulties quickly appeared, however, for Captain Marvel had done such a thorough job of wrecking that by 1947, Mr. Mind had been able to bring the active membership of the society to only 23, including himself and Algar. The newcomers were SS-men and collaborationists from Poland and Ukrainia, who, although tough and efficient, distressed the brilliant worm with their anti-intellectualism.

The early successes of the reorganized MSE were impressive: losing China for the United States in the State Department, electing Senator McCarthy in Wisconsin, inventing "Wars of National Liberation" in Greece, and starting the Korean War in the U. N. However, these triumphs came to seem hollow and unsatisfying to Mr. Mind, their architect. Part of this change unquestionably was in himself, for until he helped Eisenhower steal the 1952 presidential nomination from Senator Taft, he had never asked himself, "What is the true Bad?", being content with the pat formula, "If it is against the United States, it is Evil."

A worm of action and an administrator, Mr. Mind was a master scientist in the gadgeteering style rather than a theoretician, and far more concerned with effects than with causes. Once he had started to consider the philosophical end of the question, he lost much of the zest that had characterized him during the epic struggle with Captain Marvel and became introspective and withdrawn. In 1955 and '56 he assisted in designing the Edsel, but that was the end. True, Evil continued to thrive, but the little worm helped it not, devoting himself entirely to leisurely contemplation and philosophical research. The naive delight he had taken in law-breaking was replaced by the sad knowledge that since stupidity is an essential part of Evil, and all laws are in some measure stupid, he was striking a blow for Good every time he tore up a parking ticket. He plunged himself into philosophy.

Under Algar, MSE became affiliated with SMERSH, SPECTRE, and the Mafia, for the Alligator Man, lacking his master's genius, was content with the appearance of Evil, satisfied to be smuggling narcotics, happy to be killing good guys.

Mr. Mind withdrew further and further. Inevitably the question "What is Evil?" led to the question, "What is Good?" and, finally, "What's the difference?" In



1963, the brilliant worm resigned as head of the MSE. Long years of study had brought knowledge, and now, in the full power and strength of his wormhood, Mr. Mind put aside the childish toys of his youth, and sought out his old enemy, Captain Marvel.

The Captain was not easy to find, for he had fallen on hard times since those glorious days. Eventually a registered letter reached him as he was picking strawberries in Arizona, and he jumped at the chance the little worm offered him.

Thoroughly unrepentant, viciously evil, Mr. Mind became Captain Marvel's agent, and since November, 1965, has been trying to get the Captain Marvel Show produced on television.

Alexis A. Gilliland

Movie Review -- FANTASTIC VOYAGE ((This review was written some time ago, but was held up while we waited for promised (by someone else) reviews on Asimov's book, FANTASTIC VOYAGE, which was based on the screenplay, and Chappel's THROUGH THE ALIMENTARY CANAL WITH GUN AND CAMERA, on which the movie was based. It would appear these reviews will not be forthcoming, so we are printing this review before it becomes hopelessly outdated. --ed.))

This movie is at once very good entertainment and very bad science fiction. The science involved, mainly medical and physiological, is quite accurate, but the speculation does not stand even casual scrutiny. The plot is simply that an important scientist has been hurt by the Other Side, and is in a deep coma. Our Side needs to know what he knows, and the only way to save his life is to shrink a submarine and surgical team and send them to operate at the site of the brain injury. The story is how they go and do.

Suspense is maintained by two devices. First, things can stay shrunk only so long, then they get big again, and the team has the clock ticking off against them from the very beginning. Second, someone in the sub is trying to sabotage the mission. This lends a fairly high degree of urgency to the various adventures the surgical team undergoes. Of course, you can say, "This is a team?".

We have, for instance, the Greatest Brain Surgeon In The World, who also happens to be a security risk, and his Beautiful Assistant. He operates with a laser gun the size of a 57mm recoilless rifle. She is in love with him, but is unable to tell him. She is unable to act, either. Then there is the Handsome Security Agent. He is one of us. The British captain commanding the submarine is merely Obeying Orders, but we wonder WHOSE. The fifth member of the team is the Loyal Doctor who is a Nervous Pedant. They are a scratch team, being thrown together on a moment's notice, without any serious briefing or any chance to rehearse. They are simply shrunk down, and away they go. Small wonder things do not go smoothly.

The movie is visually stunning. Once you realize that the scenery in the body's interior is highly stylized, and that the forces encountered are also stylized, you can relax and really enjoy what you are watching. I doubt, for instance, that pulses of visible light go shooting up the optic nerve.

The adventures are splendid, though the producers missed a bet at one point. When the Beautiful Assistant is attacked by antibodies, and her fellows get her into the ship with these seaweedish things wrapped around her lovely body so she can't breathe, it would have been entirely logical to remove her scuba diving suit, since that is what the antibodies are attacking. Alas, her cloddish crewmates merely pull off antibodies, one clump at a time, and the BA misses her big moment.



The movie is great fun, but thinking about it afterwards produces some nagging doubts. All can be dismissed, save one. After the operation, the wrecked submarine and the body of the saboteur are abandoned in the brain of the patient, where they are destroyed by phagocytes. The doubt: won't the wreckage of the ship and the dismembered corpse of the saboteur return to normal size within the brain of the unfortunate scientist to give him, literally, a splitting headache? Oh well...go see it, anyway.

Alexis A. Gilliland

Book Review -- WORLD WITHOUT STARS, by Poul Anderson (Ace Book F-425, 40¢, 121 pp.).

This ran as "The Ancient Gods" in ANALOG last year; a thoroughly professional job by a thorough professional.

As you may remember, Captain Argens, the narrator, Hugh Valland, a variant of the typical Anderson Viking-Hero, and their crew are sent to visit a star far beyond the galactic rim. They reach the assigned system, and crash-land on the wrong planet. There they encounter the Pack, the Herd, and the masters of the Herd, the Ai Chun. Both parties, Pack and Ai Chun, are contacted at about the same time and while both are willing to help, they are at war with each other. Things get pretty sticky, hostages are given and taken, and at a crucial moment one of the crew goes over to the Ai Chun. The shallows of interplanetary space never looked so impassible, and a stupid war has to be fought at the same time. But thanks to Hugh's inflexible determination and rousing singing, they make it.

The science is quite hard, and is very smoothly inserted into the narrative. What's more, it is germane to the story-line! Thus, we have the effect of an infinitesimal radiation environment on racial evolution, the interaction of the advanced science of the spacemen with the primitive Pack, and the effect of the type of immortality Anderson envisages on the personality. A novel concept, that species of immortality -- the body lives forever, save for accident, but the brain has only a limited capacity for remembering, and every so often the memories have to be sorted out, and the bulk of them discarded.

The Ai Chun, the downdevils, the race that bred the man-creatures of Herd and Pack...feral Herd-beasts..., make splendid heavies. Cross Erich von Stroheim with a killer whale and you get the idea. Kelly Freas turned in a beautiful cover.

The book does have one serious shortcoming: it comes on seriously short. Either Anderson should have tacked on an extra 40 or 50 pages, or Ace should have made it a double.

Alexis A. Gilliland

Book Review -- DUNE, by Frank Herbert (Ace Book, N-3; 95¢, 538 pp.).

This is a very tiresome book. 538 pages and you can't put it down. Oh weary, weary morning. Oh grumpy, ignored wife. Oh hair.

I did a long review of DUNE when it was up for the Hugo a while back, and my reviews remain the same.

My advice? Buy it. A real bargain. Buy several, and get a start on your Christmas shopping. But wait for the weekend before you begin reading.

Alexis A. Gilliland

((The review of DUNE to which Alexis refers appeared in TWJ #21 (late-April 1966) --ed.))



## DOLL'S HOUSE

By now you should realize that instead of reviewing fanzines, I am viewing them, since they are a new form of publication to me. Perhaps after I have oriented myself more thoroughly in this field, I will be able to do a better job at comparative reviewing.

DIE SCHMETTERLING '67 (Richard Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit, Michigan, 48234; a FAPA 'zine.) This is a personal-type publication of some nine pages. An article on wine -- Dick threatens/promises 12 or more pages on this topic in the next mailing. ("All this talk about tart dry Burgundies, etc., might make one think that I'm strictly a dry wine man. Not so. In my own cellar lie some fifteen German whites...." Now that's a curious statement. I'm under the impression that Rhine wines are dry, generally.) A squib on poker, a review of the movie "Fahrenheit 451", personal gossip, and, possibly of the most interest, an extended personal account of the arrival of Unionism at Inland Tool. It rather alarms me...first management abuses labor, then labor abuses management. Both wield their authority somewhat irresponsibly. Dick, who is writing from labor's viewpoint, reflects this lack of maturity, at least in this person's opinion.

From the far reaches of somewhere (am not sure, there being listed two addresses for the editor) comes STOPTHINK #3 (A Trial Press Publication. Nate Bucklin, Dayton Hall, Macalester College, St. Paul, Minn., 55501. 25¢, 3/60¢, 6/\$1.) Was rather confused by this issue...credits scattered hither and yon, and changing in the process, just like the address. The editor's column states that "damn near all of this issue is out of date by a full year," so I chose the Minnesota address as listed on that particular page. The art work left me completely unmoved, except perhaps for the cover and illustration by Don Simpson. A rather mundane article on Mars after Mariner IV and UFO sightings, fanzine reviews, and a rather interesting letter-column discussing a previous issue's article on education and the perfect school. (Nate, did you ever acquire that amplifier for your guitar?)

Gadzooks, am filled with the utmost admiration for Missouri fandom. From their prolific pens come the publications ODD and ANUBIS (see TWJ #40), and here I find SIRRUIISH and KALKI. What's more, the quality of all is remarkably good. (The Fishers' press is certainly getting a good workout; might even end up paying for itself.)

SIRRUIISH #3 (Official publication of the Ozark SF Assn. Editor: Jim Hall, 202 Taylor Ave., Crystal City, Missouri, 63019. 25¢, LoC, contribs.) Delightful art work by Mickey Rhodes, Jurgen Wolff, Gene Klein, and a weirdo by Paul Willis. The report on Ozarkon I, a composite of five done in running commentary, is exceptionally fine. (Would recommend format for con-reporting in general -- much broader in scope...good all-around picture.) An oddball assortment of oddball reviews -- a movie ("The Tenth Victim"), a record album ("How the West Was Won"), and books -- Don D'Amassa on Bram Stoker (DRACULA, etc.) and Jay Kinney on Philip Dick's NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR. (How's that again? First he says it's quite a good book and goes on to give it a C rating; then says he doubts it'll get a Hugo or that it really deserves it. With a rating of C?) A pair of articles on the fantastic flap at the Fisher flat; also, poetry, Pickeringisms (a "sentence or phrase that is composed of good, polysyllabic English words but which is strung together in such a manner as to evoke the response, 'Huh?!'"), reprint of a newspaper article on the Loch Ness monster, and LoC's, including a honey by Jack Gaughan. Am looking forward to seeing him at the Disclave.) Unfortunately, most of the comments by the various correspondents no longer apply -- SIRRUIISH now has a new editor, and a new look. Anyway, its 41 pages look good from here.

Extraordinary! Had just finished reading James Branch Cabell's JURGEN, when I happened to pick up KALKI 4 (Fimbulwinter Press, 202 Taylor Ave., Crystal City, Mo.,



63019; editor: Jim Hall. Official publication of the newly-formed "Fellowship of the Silver Stallion", 75¢ to nonmembers.) Based on a broad background of mythology, JURGEN is a very literate and literary philosophical treatise presented in the guise of charming, witty, entertaining "pornography" (which is probably why you were not introduced to it in school). Anyway, after reading the book, it is perfectly comprehensible to me that there should exist a Cabell fandom. The Fellowship of the Silver Stallion is designed for such fans (membership \$2/year; contact Jim Hall at above address), and will hopefully help pay for KALKI, which might be regarded as its official organ (or is it the other way around?). Anyway, KALKI is devoted to Cabell and Cabelliana.

My compliments to the editor. The format is imaginatively conceived, the Cabell quotations imaginatively utilized, the poetry and fiction imaginatively written, and the book for review imaginatively chosen (Tindall's A HANDBOOK ON WITCHES), as is only fitting for a Cabell fanzine. About the worst I can say for it is that the art work ranged from bad to pretty good. This one looks like a real comer. (Yes, it's legal to send thru the mail; KALKI's guise is that of a literate publication.)

Add to the Missouri contingent of people I'd like to know the Albuquerque group, especially Roytac. SWAMP GAS WEATHER BALLOONS & VENUS IN THE DAYTIME (a one-shot by the Albuquerque SF club -- Leon Hale, Moderator, 3909 Martin Square). Each of the nine pages is done by a different member of the club. Roy Tackett's expose of the club's origin (entitled "Ed Cox for TAFF -- and he almost has me won) is particularly good, but so is the story. Also articles on "Star Trek", faster-than-light space drive, an interesting "An Exploration of the Planet Vulcan", by Bob Vardeman, comments on THE LORD OF THE RINGS, a satire on opera plots (i.e., "Die Meister Genossenschaft"), a delightful "Sex and Edgar Rice Burroughs", by C. W. Wolfe, a list of future book publications, and a discussion of Asimov's book of the movie "Fantastic Voyage".

DYNATRON #30 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd., N.W., Albuquerque, N.Mex., 87107). Who is Sam Umbrage? His "The Return of Mov" was delicious. (Should love to read his other writings. Apparently they appeared in fanzines of the 50's, but if they are all like this, certainly merit repeating.) Editor's comments on the Committee and their letter to save "Star Trek" most lucid. Also, laudatory remarks for Ron Ellis' and Bill Evans' book, THE UNIVERSES OF E. E. SMITH, available from Advent Publishers, P.O. Box 9228, Chicago 90, Ill., for \$6.00. (That might be construed as an advertisement, but why not? Bill is one of us.) And witty remarks on politics. Bob Vardeman covers the TV scene. Intriguing poetry -- see Buck Coulson's "Business Envelope" -- gunch! Interesting LoC's listing personal SF favorites... and several boosts for Ed Cox for TAFF. (Roytac, I'm new to this game. Do his doodles really rate such recognition? Now, if it were Alexis....)

PULP ERA #65 (Lynn A. Hickman, 413 Ottokee St., Wauseon, Ohio, 43567. 35¢, 5/\$1.50.) As its name implies, this is a pulp fanzine...all kinds of pulp -- SF, Western, mystery, etc. Terry Jeeves' article on old SF films a real gem, especially the bit about "Phantom Empire" starring Gene Autry. Willis Connor on early pulp, article and index -- STRANGE DETECTIVE STORIES; Theodore Roscoe bibliography from ARGOSY, ads, LoC's, book reviews, and a critique on the new Doc Savage comic by a comic fan: "...In comics, he is just another piece of crud."

Doll Gilliland

((Fanzines for review should be sent to Doll at 2126 Penna. Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C., 20037; to Laurence Smith, 216 East Tibet Road, Columbus, Ohio, 43202; or to the editor. All fanzines for review should be clearly marked, "For TWJ Review". And anyone else out there who might like to try his hand at fanzine-reviewing, go to it -- there are far more fanzines being published than our two reviewers could possibly cover. Jim Hall -- Doll's reviews arrived after we had typed our remarks concerning your letter in FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK. --ed.))



## SPIES AT LARGE

Book Review -- I SPY #4: WIPEOUT, by John Tiger. (New York: Popular Library, 1967; 127 pages, paperbound; 60¢; #60-2180.)

The series of paperback novels inspired by NBC-TV's "I Spy" series continues with WIPEOUT, which is well-written and even more exciting, witty, and good-humored than its predecessors. The author has captured perfectly the atmosphere and flavor and the personalities involved in the television yarns, and has created some extremely good novels about the new and further adventures of the two spy heroes. Moreover, I think reading these books is even more fun than watching the television series.

Remember NO BLADE OF GRASS by John Christopher? Well, you and I and everyone who reads the newspapers and magazines know that for the last 20 or 30 years this country and every other major world-power has been engaged in experiments to produce dreadful super-weapons in the area of chemical, bacteriological, and radiological warfare -- not only poison-gas, tear-gas, knock-out gas, vomiting-gas, etc. -- not only A-bombs, H-bombs, etc. -- but germ-warfare, bacterial weapons, botanical weapons, pestilences, animal parasites, and so on. The ultimate consequences of some of these experiments are frightening to contemplate, because some of these weapons cannot yet be controlled or combatted or guarded against, and if they were unleashed against an unsuspecting, unprepared, defenseless world, the result might well be the end of all life on this planet. And this is the problem confronting the Domino agents and their superiors in this novel.

Doctor Arthur Traft, a Ph.D. in Botany, is a civilian-scientist employee of the U.S. Army Chemical Warfare Corps, working at a top-secret laboratory near Baltimore. One day, he vanishes, taking with him a bacterial culture that can and will destroy every bit of vegetation on this Earth, if used, and would thus cause the eventual death of each and every animal and human being also. He attempts to extort ten million dollars in used one-hundred-dollar bills from the U.S. Government, plus guarantees of safety and immunity from punishment, arrest, and prosecution for himself, in exchange for returning the culture to agents of the Government! Why, he's crazy, of course -- but nobody knows exactly where he is, and there's no possibility of a defense or cure against this bacterial weapon (code name: "Attila") at the present time, as none has been found up to this moment. So, after a great deal of soul-searching and agonizing appraisals of the situation, President Johnson and his advisors decide to pay off this wretched scoundrel and buy back "Attila" from him. The C.I.A. is charged with handling the affair, because Traft has already skipped the country and gone off to parts unknown, and the two Domino agents are given the assignment of taking the ransom money and delivering it to Traft.

The (code name) "Domino" team of secret agents Kelly Robinson and Alexander Scott has just completed a successful operation in London, breaking up a nest of East-German Communist spies who were eavesdropping (with a wire-tap and a tape-recorder) upon communications to and from the U.S. Embassy there. They get no vacation afterwards, however, even though it's way past due and they've fully earned it! Instead, they are "stuck" with this new assignment, which promises to be rather "hairy" to finish (and it is!).

Traft tells the Government in an anonymous message to send the money to Caracas, Venezuela, where instructions for its delivery to him will be given. Kelly and Scotty assume the roles of State Department diplomatic couriers and put the money in four big diplomatic pouches and fly down there with it, intending to store it for safe-keeping in the safe of the U.S. Embassy in Caracas. However, some desperate and belligerent persons employed by someone else make repeated and ferocious efforts to hijack the loot, en route to its destination, and Kelly and Scotty must fight fiercely to protect the taxpayers' money and their own lives.



Presently, it is discovered that Traft has taken refuge on the island-republic of Santa Clara in the Caribbean Sea, under the personal protection of its dictator-president, Generalissimo Guillermo ("Willie") Diaz, better known to his own people as "El Diablo" (The Devil), a bloody-handed tyrant of the Batista-Trujillo-Duvalier variety who keeps his citizens in subjection by means of the army, the secret police, and voodooism, with strong-arm methods, massacres, firing-squads and prisons. This pleasant person is just as power-mad as Dr. Traft, and his government has no extradition treaty with the U.S. and no friendship for the North Americans. He is strongly anti-Communist regarding his domestic politics, but he is considering an arms-sale treaty and defensive alliance with Red China. He is, besides, a sadist, alcoholic, lecher, and (amusingly enough) a great fan of old Bela Lugosi horror movies. To complete their mission, Kelly and Scotty must go right into the very stronghold of this irresponsible Latino-racketeer, who is, of course, planning to doublecross them and his partner Traft. I shall not reveal how the rest of it works out, but there are several beautiful women involved, and one hair-raising situation after another occurs, as John Tiger proceeds to pile on the thrills. Do read this one; I recommend it highly.

Albert E. Gechter

((Al reviewed the first book in the "I Spy" series in TWJ #36, and the second and third in TWJ #40. He advises that he was in error in TWJ #40, when he stated that John Tiger was really William Wager -- he is Walter Wager. --ed.))

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April Paperback Releases (from PAPERBOUND BOOKS IN PRINT, April, 1967) --

ACE: THE BIG TIME, by Fritz Leiber (40¢); CITY OF ILLUSIONS, by Ursula K. Le Guinn (40¢); DOUBLE INVADERS, by John Rackham and THESE SAVAGE FUTURIANS, by Philip E. High (Double, 50¢); YANKEE GHOSTS, by Hans Holzer (50¢); TO OUTFRONT DOOMSDAY, by Kenneth Bulmer (40¢); WORLD'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION: 1967, ed. by Donald Wollheim and Terry Carr (75¢); AVON: MOTHER NIGHT, by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. (60¢); A FEAST OF BLOOD, by Charles Collins, ed. (60¢); MINERS IN THE SKY, by Murray Leinster (50¢); BALLANTINE: B.E.A.S.T., by Charles Eric Maine (75¢); THE WORM OUROBOROS, by E. R. Eddison (95¢); BANTAM: TIME LIMIT, by Robert Sheckley (50¢); BELMONT: JOURNEY INTO DARKNESS, by Frank Belknap Long (50¢); BERKLEY: THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON, by H.G. Wells (50¢); CODE THREE, by Rick Raphael (60¢); FURY OUT OF TIME, by Lloyd Biggle, Jr. (60¢); DELL: THE BODY SNATCHERS, by Jack Finney (60¢); MACFADDEN: THE CITIES OF WONDER, ed. by Damon Knight (75¢); PAPERBACK LIBRARY: BEHIND THE FLYING SAUCER MYSTERY (FLYING SAUCERS FAREWELL), by George Adamski (60¢); SLEEPING PLANET, by Walter R. Burkett, Jr. (75¢); THE TORTURER, by Peter Saxon (50¢); POCKET BOOKS: SUPER-SCIENCE STORIES, by Richard M. Elam (50¢) /oops! that should be LAN-TERN-POCKET BOOKS -- ed.7; PYRAMID: I HAVE NO MOUTH AND I MUST SCREAM, by Harlan Ellison (60¢); SIGNET: THOSE WHO WATCH, by Robert Silverberg (60¢); TEMPO: CAPTAIN NICE, by William Johnston (60¢); TOWER: MIND CAGE, by A.E. van Vogt (60¢).

Doubleday Science Fiction, May-August, 1967 --

May: THE KILLER THING, by Kate Wilhelm (\$3.95); May-June: STRANGER FROM THE DEPTHS, by Gerry Turner (\$3.50); EXPLORING THE PLANETS, by Roy Gallant (\$4.50); THE TIME-HOPPERS, by Robert Silverberg (\$3.95); June: ANALOG 5, edited by John W. Campbell (\$4.50); IS ANYONE THERE? SPECULATIVE ESSAYS ON THE KNOWN AND UNKNOWN, by Isaac Asimov (\$4.50); PSYCHOGEIST, by L. P. Davies (\$3.95); July: THE BEST OF "AMAZING", ed. by Joseph Ross (\$4.50); PLANET RUN, by Keith Laumer and Gordon R. Dickson (\$3.95); August: TENTH "GALAXY" READER, ed. by Frederik Pohl (\$4.50); THE MIND OF THE DOLPHIN, by John Lilly, M.D. (\$4.95); THE TECHNICOLOR TIME MACHINE, by Harry Harrison (\$3.95).

Albert E. Gechter

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TAFF Nominees for '68 -- Ed Cox, Ted Johnstone, Steve Stiles.



## MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY

James Blish is quite right (TWJ #40) in taking me to task for making an unwarranted extrapolation (TWJ #39) from a portion of the not-yet-published novel by Blish and Norman L. Knight. When segments of the novel are published in the magazines it is my job as reviewer to consider them only qua independent stories. What I should have written about "To Love Another" (April ANALOG) was: "this story suffers from what seem to be gratuitous minor crises thrown in merely to keep the pace rapid." What seems gratuitous in the individual stories may be structurally basic in the novel. Sorry about that, Jim.

May F & SF -- Ronald Walotsky has done a striking cover which resembles an Art Nouveau poster; it illustrates Phyllis Gotlieb's novelet "Planetoid Idiot", a story about a galactic medical team trying to cure an endemic disease of the amphibious natives of Xirifor II. It has many good qualities but is somewhat spoiled by melodrama in every scene. ##### The other novelet, "Cyprian's Room" by Monica Sterba, is well-written but with a strange air of the 1920's genteel bohemianism; it's conclusion will be no mystery to long-time fantasy readers. ##### The six short stories, including a good Thurber reprint, are better than usual this trip. Terry Carr's "Sleeping Beauty" is a re-telling of "La Belle au Bois Dormante" that would knock M. Perrault right out of his periwig. Larry Niven, Ben Bova and Ron Goulart are all readable, and so is Emil Petaja for a change. ##### Gahan Wilson's cartoon broke me up.

May IF -- Jack Gaughan's cover is disappointing: it looks as if the bottom of the picture had been chopped off, and I suspect the color balance was distorted in printing. ##### One serial, "The Road to the Rim", ends in acceptable Chandler space-opera style. The other, Keith Laumer's "Spaceman!", begins with the down-and-outer who gets attached to an expedition and shipwrecked on a desert ~~island~~ planet with a beautiful babe, and... Well, you get the idea; it's also acceptable space opera. ##### The three novelets, by Terry Carr, Charles W. Runyon and H. H. Hollis, are readable, and there's a so-so short by new writer B. K. Filer.

May WORLDS OF TOMORROW -- This magazine is no longer distributed in the D. C. area, but I picked this copy up while out of town. The fiction consists of five readable novelets. Fred Saberhagen's "Stone Man" is another story in the Berserker series and is apparently part of a novel, separate from those in the series published previously; it isn't quite up to some of the others. Douglas R. Mason's "Squared Out with Poplars" is a well-written but trivial piece about a mad scientist with a beautiful niece who transplants brains (the scientist transplants brains, I mean, not the niece). Simon Tully's "Whose Brother Is My Sister?" is an interesting yarn about an alien race with three sexes. Mack Reynolds' "The Throwaway Age" is mostly political and economic preaching. Also present are a surrealist cover by Chaffe and articles by Sam Moskowitz, Richard Wilson and David H. Harris.

May ANALOG -- Kelly Freas has another good cover, symbolizing the novelet, "Of Terrans Bearing Gifts" by Richard Grey Sipes. The story is a psi-problem yarn showing how a military society is impossible when everybody can teleport at will and produce anything he needs from air; alternately, it is the story of the destruction of a culture when cheap trade goods are introduced from a higher-technology society. ##### Harry Harrison pulls the ending of "The Time-Machined Saga" up by his bootstraps in a mad whirl of Vikings, Indians and acid-head musicians. ##### There are interesting short stories by Christopher Anvil, Mike Hodous and Bob Shaw. Shaw's "Burden of Proof" develops the idea of "slow glass" that he introduced last year in "Light of Other Days"; it's good but lacks the impact of the earlier story.



May-June Short Calendar (See TWJ's 38, 39, and 42 for more detailed information):

WSFA Meetings -- May 5 (Annual Meeting), 19; June 2, 16, 30 (party); at home of Miss E. Cullen, 7966 W. Beach Drive, N.W., Wash., D.C., at 8 p.m. (ph. RA3-7107).

The Gamesmen -- May 12, 26; June 9, 23; at home of D. Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Md., at 7:30 p.m. (ph. 933-5417); call first, if possible.

BSFS Meetings -- May 13, 27; June 10, 24; at homes of various members; write to D. Ettlín, 31 West North Ave., Baltimore, Md (ph. 837-2876) for information.

ESFA Meetings -- May 7, June 4; at YM-YWCA, 600 Broad St., Newark, N.J., at 3 p.m.

PSFS Meetings -- May 12; June 9; at Central Philadelphia YMCA, Broad & Arch Sts., Philadelphia, Penna., at 8 p.m.

FISTFA Meetings -- May 12, 26; June 9, 23; Apt. 5FW, 250 W. 16th St., N.Y., N.Y.

LUNARIANS -- May 20; June 17; 1750 Walton Ave., Bronx, N.Y., at 8 p.m. Guests of members and out-of-towners only.

ESSFSCCN Y -- May 5, 12, 19, 26; June ? (we are not sure whether or not this club meets in the summer; anyone?); Finlay Hall, 133rd St. & Convent Ave., on the CCNY Campus, at 8 p.m.

MITSF S -- May 5, 12, 19, 26; June ? (we are not sure about this one, either); in room 1-236, MIT, at 5 p.m.

READERS AND AUTHORS OF SCIENCE FICTION (lecture series) -- From Alma Hill: The co-sponsored lecture series given at the Boston Public Library, with a panel and sponsoring committee of Mensa Members, will be out for summer vacation and re-open in the fall, according to the coordinator, Alma Hill. Lester Del Rey and others have promised to appear. Works of Ray Bradbury, Hal Clement, Ben Bova, Frederik Pohl, and Katherine MacLean were studied, and most (except Ray Bradbury) (on film) appeared in person and gave interesting talks, which have been recorded by the librarians and Mensa members. [Any chance of getting copies of any of these tapes, Alma? --ed.]

FELLOWSHIP OF THE PURPLE TONGUE -- May 6, 13, 20, 27; June 3, 10, 17, 24; at home of Phil Harrell, 3021 Tait Terr., Norfolk, Va., at 2 p.m. (ph. 853-1259).

C/SFS -- General meetings May 24 at Columbus, Ohio Public Library, 96 South Grant St., at 7 p.m., and in June (time, date, and place not yet set); Discussion meetings May 6 (at home of Larry Smith, 216 E. Tibet Rd., Columbus), 13 (at home of Bob Gaines, 336 Olentangy St., Columbus), at 7 p.m.; no info on future meetings (do they end after May 13 for the summer?).

Cincinnati Fantasy Group -- May 6, 13, 20, 27; June 3, 10, 17, 24; at homes of various members; for info write: Lou Tabakow, 3953 St. Johns Ter., Cincinnati, Ohio.

OSFA -- May 28; June 25; at homes of various members; for info., write: Jack Steele, 609 W. Kelley St., DeSoto, Missouri, 63020.

MSUSFS -- May 6; 20 (probably end around this time for the summer vacation); at the Michigan State University Student Union Building.

LASFS -- May 4, 11, 18, 25; June 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; in the Silverlake Playground, Silverlake Blvd. & Van Pelt St., Los Angeles, Cal., at 8 p.m.

QSFA -- Mon. & Wed. noon, in North Common Room, McNeil House, & 3rd Floor Lounge, Student's Union, at Queen's University, in Kingston, Ontario, Canada. Probably does not meet during summer.

No info on dates, times, and places of meetings of Elves', Gnomes', and Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder, & Marching Society, WesCoSFA, and ValSFA. Can anyone supply any info. on these clubs?

#### Conventions --

DISCLAVE -- May 12-14, at the Regency Congress Inn, in Washington, D.C. Guest-of-Honor, Jack Gaughan. Registration fee \$1.50 at door. Sponsored by WSFA. See TWJ issues 38, 39, and 40 for more detailed information.

MIDWESTCON -- June 23-25 at the North Plaza Motel, Cincinnati, Ohio. Registration fee, \$1, to Lou Tabakow, 3953 St. Johns Terrace, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45236. Sponsored by the Cincinnati Fantasy Group. See TWJ issue #38 for room rates.



## FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK

Brian J. Burley, 6 Palm St., Dover, N.J., 07810

(Undated)

Just what can you say about book reviews and con schedules? They were all competently done, and the JOURNAL is up to its usual standard.

The information on Central Ohio SFS that you wanted. Full memberships are \$5 a year, and are open to all, whether or not they reside in the Central Ohio area. Ballots on all important questions are mailed to all non-attending full members. Associate memberships are subscriptions to C/SIGN. Student memberships are for the Ohio State University SFS, and are \$1 for any student at that University. Since OSUSFS is a subsidiary of C/SFS, it also gives students all membership privileges except voting in C/SFS elections, holding C/SFS elected office, and receiving individual copies of C/SFS publications.

You also asked for information on the "Columbuscon" that Andy Porter mentioned in DEGLER! a few issues ago. This is a proposed regional designed to give the Columbus group experience in con-holding before the bid for the 1969 Worldcon. It is still in the talk-stage, but if it is held, it will probably be in the first half of 1968, and will be held annually thereafter. . . .

((Thanks for the information, Brian. We'll be watching for further word on the proposed "Columbuscon" -- ed.))

Andy Porter, 24 East 82nd St., New York, N.Y., 10028

(31 March 1967)

Once again Alexis Gilliland jumps head over heels into the fray and comes out looking sorrier than ever. I refer, of course, to his (and his wife's, may I add) reviews in the 39th issue of THE WSFA JOURNAL.

THE UNTELEPORTED MAN was not written "with an eye towards ANALOG". It was written for FANTASTIC, where it appeared as a complete short novel in December, 1964.

Similarly, I find Doll Gilliland's review of Ted White's SORCERESS OF QAR to be far from what a review should be.

Granted that Ted's book was far from a classic. I still feel, however, that it was a competent adventure story, with a definite style of its own. Counting the uses of the word "he" just for the weak pleasure one gets in citing how many times the writer used that word is not the duty of a book reviewer.

The book reviewer has a duty to tell whether the book was good or bad, the quality of the writing, and the ability of the writer to adequately tell a story -- not to engage in petty verbiage that only tears down the book. Mrs. Gilliland's page of words was not a review; it was an attack.

THE SWORD OF RHIANNON was issued as a double, with CONAN THE CONQUEROR on the reverse side. It was one of the first SF doubles that Ace put out, and I would have thought that Mr. Gilliland would be competent enough of a reviewer to be aware of that fact.

A final word about the review: when I want a synopsis, I'll ask the author, instead of the reviewer. This is definitely not how to do a review. What purpose is there for the reader to buy the book now? Mr. Gilliland has told the whole story to the reader, and no one would want to buy the thing now, save an amateur writer who wants to learn some fine points in the art.

By the way, you keep getting NY Club news wrong. FISTFA does not meet the second and fourth Fridays of the month; it meets on the Fridays that Fanoclasts does not. Thus the dates for the next meetings are...hmm, I see why you listed it that way. It does work, until you get to July, at which time it flips over to 1st and 3rd. . . .



((Well, Alexis, here's some more reader-feedback for you. The reader should note that both Alexis and Doll have replied to Henry Gross's letter (TWJ #40) later in this issue. Some of their remarks would be apropos as a partial reply to the above letter. --ed.))

Joe W. Haldeman, 5611 Chillum Hts. Drive, W. Hyattsville, Md. (Undated)

A footnote from my forthcoming book PIG IRONY (a compendium of literary illusions):

"I never read any Camus and I never will, 'cause I once met a person who read Camus and it made his hair grow long and bushy. Besides, with a name like that, he's gotta be Jewish, and I can't even understand Harry Golden."

For people to whom this method of argument is unfamiliar, let me recommend (or at least point to) the lengthy critiques of Our Holy Genre by Fritz Muhlhauser<sup>3</sup> in TWsJ 37-40.

Fen have written this journal expressing morbid curiosity as to just what a FM<sup>3</sup> is. Perhaps I can spill some photons on this burning issue by describing to out-of-towners that first WSFA meeting graced with his eldritch presence. It was a dark and stormy night...

Fritz came in with the president of the club and ensconced himself in a corner, where for a few minutes he shook hands and stabbed backs with his fellow Diplomacy-by-mail addicts. After a few minutes of this he sat back and observed the members, cleverly pretending to be carrying on an animated conversation with Alan Huff and myself.

Not that Fritz was ignored by the other members; on the contrary, his physical appearance was such that even the most blasé of fen had to stop for a second gape.

Framed by an unruly halo of NUT-brown hair (ref. PIG IRONY, p. 3058, footnote 1000101 (bin.)), his phasoresque eyes darted about the room, leaving one and all with a pale residual glow (that later came off with steel wool and turpentine).

Over his tattle-tale grey robe he wore a sweatshirt emblazoned GOD IS ALIVE AND HIDING IN THIS SWEATSHIRT. As he talked, he sucked manfully from a smouldering banana peel stuck in an Aquafilter.

For two hours he berated Alan and me about something (I've forgotten exactly what), until someone across the room whispered the two words:

-----science fiction-----

Fritz leaped up and shouted Avaunt! or Excelsior! or something, and pulled a Remington Standard from the folds of his robe. Sitting cross-legged in front of the fireplace, he began typing on a roll of toilet paper, a hundred or more words-per-minute, taking time out only to drain a beer can or relight his banana peel or, once, it seemed, to think.

When he came to the end of the roll, he spun it back into shape with a practiced twist, tied it with a pink ribbon, and presented it to an awe-struck Don Miller. This essay, after considerable editing, appeared in TWJ #37, and started all of this.

Seriously, Fritz Muhlhauser III is a bright and engaging nut who somehow wandered into our presence by mistake. He can be a very pleasant fellow if you don't get him into an argument (which he spells m-o-n-o-l-o-g (-u-e)). Meet him once.

STATEMENT: The above letter is fictional and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is strictly fortuitous (no matter how well deserved). Signed--

Joe W. Haldeman

((Well, now you all know ~~what~~ who Fritz Muhlhauser, III is! He hates SF so much he's just joined WSFA -- and Asimov so much he's invented a game based on his trilogy. --ed.))



George Fergus, B-113 Armstrong Hall, MSU, East Lansing, Mich., 48823 (8 Apr '67)

It is always a pity to come upon someone like Fritz Muhlhauser III, who apparently reads nothing but classics and best-sellers and is completely ignorant of 95% of today's fiction. On the basis of little more than Asimov's Foundation Series, he has concluded that all science fiction is bad writing, unless it is written by an "ordinary writer" (someone who doesn't usually write SF), in which case it might possibly be saved (since most bad writing is confined to habitual science fiction writers). I would like to see his reaction when he comes down from his tower some day and finds that bad writing is the norm for most fiction.

Perhaps, Mr. Muhlhauser, you would explain why the Foundation Trilogy, a "perfect example of bad fiction" in which "any more than a retarded reader will lose interest" has gone through several hardcover and paperback editions and apparently continues to sell well. I rather think you've exaggerated the books' faults. Still, it is unfortunate that you picked on this to read and criticize. Although it is one of the classics of science fiction, its assumptions are shaky, its characters lack depth, and its background lacks a hundred centuries' worth of change in Man, Science and Society. On the other hand, I doubt that man's physical and mental nature will evolve much in such a short period on his race's time scale (where did you get the idea that Mankind was living in caves 20,000 years ago?), or that he will necessarily achieve telepathy, or that he will be creating matter directly from energy, or that he will learn quantum mechanics in kindergarten. And your statement that "Man's language cannot change unless his head does" is balderdash. (Read Nebula-winner BABEL-17 for an interesting treatment of the relationship between language and mental outlook, by the way.)

For some reason you feel that reading one work of science fiction enables you to make pronouncements on SF in general. This may be possible for various schools of literature such as existentialism or naturalism if a properly representative novel is picked, but it certainly does not hold for an entire genre with its own sub-schools. If you must persist, why not rant about gothics, westerns, or nurse novels? Their general levels of quality are even lower than science fiction's. And the greatest hacks are certainly not in science fiction -- Erle Stanley Gardner makes Edgar Rice Burroughs look like a master of literary forms.

If SF readers are fools, then you are the bigger fool for trying to argue with them without having read enough to know what you are talking about. The ignorance shown by your statement that "the best science fiction writing comes from non-science fiction writers" is laughable. (Michael Avallone, you will recall from TWJ #37, places extra planets near the moon.) You criticize Asimov for not succeeding at something no non-SF writer has even attempted. Picturing a possible society in 1984 is a far cry from picturing it 10,000 years from now. Robert A. Heinlein's "Future History" stories are at least as well delineated as the near futures of Orwell and Huxley, and, if you want extrapolations into future millennia, read Olaf Stapledon's LAST AND FIRST MEN, which covers the history of the human race until it becomes extinct, and THE STAR MAKER, which goes on from there. Of those writers you mention, the only one who could write first-rate SF was Mark Twain with A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT (actually a fantasy).

I see that you "always favored the anarchy and strife that Hari Seldon wanted to prevent". That explains why you're so fond of today's best-selling writers, who are falling over themselves to tell us (each in his own unique way) how miserable or depraved life can be. They're no more entertaining or worthwhile to me than science fiction is to you (though you might like the Ballard school of catastrophe-worship). And anyone who can consider FINNEGAN'S WAKE within the realm of writing has no justification for saying that the Foundation Series isn't.

I appreciate your telling me that fantasy, escape literature, and pornography are not fiction, and that the Foundation Series is not science fiction, but you really ought to look up "fiction" and "fantasy" in a dictionary in-



stead of applying arbitrary definitions to them yourself. Surprisingly, your definition of SF was fairly accurate, except for the "message" angle. To put it more formally, imaginative or speculative fiction is that which depicts a situation outside Man's previous experience. If it has an aura of scientific credibility about it, then it is science fiction rather than fantasy or horror. But SF, like most popular fiction, is singularly lacking in message. (If you get any message out of 90% of the body of mystery fiction then you certainly must have some edge on the rest of us.) You may call such messageless fiction escape literature if you wish, though that is as bad a label as "science fiction" itself.

Science fiction does not have the obligation to teach, anger, or scare anyone. If a writer has expressed himself to his satisfaction, and his reader is entertained, then nothing more is required. No one in his right mind expects to find solutions to contemporary problems in science fiction any more than in mystery fiction, historical fiction, adventure fiction, etc. Science fiction often poses problems that we don't even have yet, without finding answers for them either.

Many people are interested only in "me, today," and read and write so seldom that one would expect them to forget how. Is it wrong to be interested also in "Man, yesterday and tomorrow"? Regular reading of science fiction certainly does not preclude the reading of other types of fiction. In fact, a concern with all places, all times, all things virtually requires the reading of science fiction. What makes you think that anyone who reads SF ignores the world he lives in and isolates himself in fantasy (though I have a suspicion that some of the Tolkien fans do just that)? You probably go around accusing historians of isolating themselves from the present, too. There is such a thing as an overconcern with today's sordidness, and I think you have it.

It's about time you realized that you can't intelligently criticize a field of literature and a group of readers that you know next to nothing about. Read science fiction for five years and sample a representative spectrum of fanzines and then come back and tell us we're crazy, and we know nothing about the world around us, and so on.

((Well, Fritz, George makes a lot of sense. We'll be interested in seeing what you have to say in reply to this letter. We might also add that we, too, recommend the works of Olaf Stapledon to you, Fritz -- he has to be right up there at the top of our favorite SF-writers. --ed.))

Alexis Gilliland, 2126 Penna. Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C., 20037 (9 April 1967)

A few comments on #40. Burt Randolph's letter is about the best handling of the Muhlhauser article in the issue.

To Richard Labonte: At the April 7th WSFA meeting I spoke for somewhat more than an hour with Fritz Muhlhauser III, while drinking his Lowenbrau. He dislikes categories and pigeon holes, but I would call him a True Believer. What he believes is quite accurately reflected in his article and the answers he makes to criticism. His writing also is a good reflection of his style, except that his Humpty-Dumpty tendency to make words mean what he wants them to mean is a bit less pronounced.

To Henry Gross: If my review of THE SWORD OF RHIANNON put you off, you wouldn't have liked the book. I have kept you from reading a book you wouldn't like, and thereby won merit as a reviewer. Thank you.

To Fritz Muhlhauser III: I recommend the works of Nikos Kazantzakis, who had the fortune to be translated into English by a close and talented friend. He is probably the greatest writer of the twentieth century; even in translation he is great. I ask you also to consider the purpose of escape literature. Not everybody is inclined to work and love and fight and play equally strenuously, you know.

The last three or four issues have been unusually good, Don. Keep it up.



((Thank you Alexis -- we'll try to keep the JOURNAL moving -- but much of the recent success of the JOURNAL must be credited to our readers, who have helped to liven the magazine up through their increased participation in the 'zine. We hope they will continue to send letters, write material, etc, as they have been doing for the past few issues. --ed.))

Doll Gilliland, 2126 Penna. Ave., N. W., Wash., D.C., 20037 (9 April 1967)

Glancing through TWJ #40, was a bit nonplussed by the letter from Henry Gross. While I naturally appreciate the taste of someone who admires my writing, I am puzzled by his remarks re Alexis' review of THE SWORD OF RHIANNON. I thought it quite appropriate. If it turned Henry off, the book probably would, too. Preknowledge of the basic plot line (as A. described it) will not hinder enjoyment of this particular book; the unusual and/or unexpected plot turns have not been revealed and, as Alexis pointed out, what makes the book is the author's skill in telling the tale.

In re fanzine reviewing in general, and the present Muhlhauser discussion in particular, the difference of opinion as to the "role" of SF in literature makes the reviewer's task that much more difficult. Ideally, a book review is comprised of a skillful combination of information and entertaining reading. However, all too often, upon completing a book, the reviewer is afflicted by a lack of inclination or a lack of inspiration, which of course is reflected in the review. In addition, the writer's personal bias may serve to denigrate the appeal a particular book might have for a certain type of fan. Since TWJ is a genzine, Alexis covers the whole spectrum of books coming in the guise of SF, regardless of his own tastes, out of deference to the reader's preference, writing for fandom in general. I think Alexis does this very well. In instances where the type of story or style of writing would have a direct bearing on the reader's enjoyment of the book, he furnishes the necessary information enabling the reader to make his own value judgment despite or because of A's personal opinion.

Not being a fan, I prefer expressing my opinions orally to Alexis. It is only on those rare occasions when a book is so good or so bad and Alexis has not reviewed it, or hasn't really done it justice to my way of thinking, that I might be moved to write. Which reminds me, there is a book currently on the market by John Coleman Burroughs, TREASURE OF THE BLACK FALCON, which I believe Alexis has taken to task somewhat harshly. No, I didn't care for it either, but what I want to say is that if you like Edgar Rice, you may like John Coleman. The plot shows a bit more ingenuity, the descriptions are done better than his predecessor, but the character development is nil, the dialogue fantastically bad, and the writing somewhat less than ERB.

Don, it seems to me that TWJ has undergone a subtle change...anyway, I am now reading it fairly regularly -- for whatever that's worth.

((Yes, it has been changing -- growing larger and larger, with a slowly shifting focus. The question is, do the rest of our readers like the direction in which TWJ is heading? Would you all like to see its "standard" size become 20 pages instead of the old standard of 10? Do you all want it to continue bi-weekly at mostly 20-page, 3rd-class issues, shift back to bi-weekly at 10-page, 1st-class issues, or go monthly with large 30- or 40-page 3rd-class issues? Of course, all this will have to be paid for, by higher rates -- but, providing the funds are available and the interest is there among our readers, we are almost unlimited in where we can go. So let's hear from you out there -- what do you like -- or dislike -- that we are now doing? What would you like to see us do that we are not now doing? How can we improve the JOURNAL so it becomes more of the kind of magazine which you'd like to see? And what can you do to help us get there? If you have any ideas or suggestions which you'd like to offer, speak up. --ed.))



Laurence C. Smith, 216 East Tibet Road, Columbus, Ohio, 43202 (10 April 1967)

Bob Gaines just read your terminal remarks to the fanzine reviews in TWJ #40 to me. I had assumed from your printed comments in TWJ #37 that you had accepted my offer to do 'zine reviews for you, but I will hereby confirm it officially. I will review fmz's for TWJ just as soon as I receive some to review from your traders, etc. Or, you might send me a list of the 'zines you have and I'll see what I can dig out of the CØSFS library that doesn't duplicate your list.

In TWJ #39 you asked for dues information for CØSFS. Full membership is \$5.00 from May of one year to May of the next. Associate Membership is \$2.50 per year and is basically a one-year subscription to CØSIGN. Student Membership is limited to members of the Ohio State University S.F. Society only.

The reason why this LoC was so delayed is, of course, Marcon 2. I just returned from a very enoyable weekend in Toledo, and I have some rather important information to pass along. Number one: Marcon 3 will be held in Columbus, Ohio, sponsored by CØSFS. I will be sending out a Marcon 2 post-con report to the attendees and anyone else I think would be interested, which will include dates and location of Marcon 3. Roger Zelazny has very kindly consented to be GoH at Marcon 3, and he has mentioned that he will probably be giving another pre-publication reading. Number two: Columbus very definitely does intend to hold a Worldcon in 1969 to be known as Ø-Con. We have received intentions to support us from many WKF's and BNF's at Marcon 2. Again, I'll be sending out pre-publicity releases as soon as I get confirmation from our supporters to use their names. Ø-Con will have Roger Zelazny as GoH, will most likely be held in the Neil House Hotel, Columbus, Ohio, and will be scheduled over the Labor Day weekend as usual. Anyone who wants more information before our releases are ready should contact me. CØSFS will have suites at Midwestcon and NyCon III where we will also answer questions and so on for those who would rather not write letters.

On to the contents of TWJ #39:

Your Nebula Awards report was a clear and concise rundown of what transpired at the awarding dinners. Lloyd Biggle had some expansive remarks to make at Marcon 2, but you hit the high points. Banks continues with his lucid commentary on the major magazines which I enjoy muchly. (By the way, CØSIGN has just inaugerated a column of prozine reviews which covers all of the mags including the Health Knowledge, Inc. ones and which we hope will also be usefully popular.)

I also like Alex's book reviews, especially the one on THE MIND MONSTERS and THE UN-TELEPORTED MAN, both of which, for once, I had already read. I'm glad to see that someone had the intelligence to find something entertaining in THE FLYING SAUCER GAMBIT. I can also wholeheartedly recommend THE GOLDEN GODDESS GAMBIT, which is the second of the series and is, to my astonishment, equally funny. It concerns the discovery by T.E.R.R.A agents of an anachronistic bit of corroded bronze inscribed in Koine Greek in a mound that was built 1100 years before that language developed, and the eventual discovery and destruction of an EMPIRE renegade out to start the original super-human race in Earth's prehistory. More of the same fast action, witty dialogue, and that most useful henchman, Webley. I hope Larry Maddock can keep up the pace and not become just another Bondian imitator.

Tom Schlück's Tricon report was a good insight into the reactions of a foreigner to a mass gathering of US fans, but it was much too short. Was this a condensation of Tom's remarks, or is this all he had to say?

The "Club Circuit" is good, but frustrating, in that there are so many meetings mentioned that I can't possibly get to. Oh well, we haven't had any outsiders show up at any of our meetings, either.

What seems to be the problem with your other readers, Don? Some of the material you print should be worthy of controversial discussion in the lettercol, but, in the issues of TWJ



I've received, I've seen only three names besides my own, and I already know what I think about any given topic....

One final remark, prompted by the Treasurer's report -- CØSFS has, after publishing nine issues of COSIGN, a balance of better than \$60.00 in the treasury, and income is pretty well matching outgo. Is this unusual in fandom?

As this thing proves, I haven't expired, so you don't need to seek for another fanzine reviewer.

for

((People who are sending 'zines exclusively^review please take note of Larry's address; all 'zines sent to him should be clearly marked "For TWJ review". We will continue, at least for the present, to hand 'zines received for our own collection over to Doll to review, and we hope Larry will soon start receiving 'zines from you other publishers. In fact, if you'd like your 'zine reviewed twice, once by Larry and once by Doll, send a copy to Larry and a copy to us, both marked for TWJ review, and you'll have your wish. Why settle for one opinion, when you can get two? And Larry -- reviewing 'zines from the CØSFS library is a good idea; why don't you pick out a few of the recent 'zines and go ahead and write reviews on them? You will probably duplicate, in a few cases, some of the fanzines Doll has already reviewed or will be reviewing, but we see no harm in that (any more than we see in publishing a second review on the same book, but by a different reviewer); in fact, having two reviews on some of the 'zines -- one from a non-fan like Doll, and one from an avid fan, like yourself, should prove very interesting! So go to it....

One more question before we leave the question of fanzine reviewing. Do you plan to write a page full of capsule reviews, or to review the fanzines in some depth, letting your review run as long as you think is necessary to say what you feel needs to be said about the 'zine? We recommend the latter approach; we have the room with a 20-page issue to go into greater depth in reviews than we did in the 10-page issue, so use your own judgment as to length. If you can get anything to us in the way of reviews by the first of May, we can get it into the big DISCLAVE issue.

By all means, please send us your post-con report on this year's Marcon and your pre-publicity releases on the Ø-Con as soon as you get them out; we would also appreciate your permission to reprint them or to extract from them for the JOURNAL, if it is at all possible.

Glad to see CØSIGN starting a prozine review column. We note that YANDRO has done the same, and we seem to remember another magazine or two which say they are planning to do so. Banks seems to have started something!

Alexis has reviewed THE GOLDEN GODDESS GAMBIT (also, TREASURE OF THE BLACK FALCON, which was mentioned in another letter in this issue); we hope to get his reviews in this issue, if space permits.

What we printed of Tom Schlück's Tricon report was the entire text of Kitty's translation. Whether the translation was the entire text of Tom's report is a question on which, perhaps, Jay Kay Klein can shed some light. Jay?

We've been wondering, too, why we haven't gotten more of a letter-response from our readers. However, there seems to be a considerable number of letters in this issue. Perhaps FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK has finally "arrived" as a regular and active lettercol? We hope our readers will help us keep it so.

We can't answer your question as to whether a healthy treasury is unusual in fandom. As for WSFA, we had a prosperous treasury, with income exceeding outgo, for the first year-and-a-half of the JOURNAL -- but a lot of that was due to continuous income from the JOURNAL Diplomacy supplements. When the supplements were separated from WSFA, so was the income, and the treasury plummeted. This is not to say that the Diplomacy 'zines are a paying proposition -- far from



it. Actually they probably ended up costing WSFA more than they took in (the treasury began to fall between the time the income stopped coming in and the money in the treasury which was there as a direct result of the 'zines was used up), but only slightly more. --ed.)

Jay Kay Klein, 302 Sandra Drive, North Syracuse, N.Y., 13212 (11 April 1967)

In WSFA JOURNAL No. 37 (Feb. 1967) Reg Smith says he wishes con reports didn't include personal experiences of people he doesn't know, and that such things belong in personal letters. He's pretty obviously referring to my con reports. Curiously enough, that's just how my series of con reports originated. I thought some of my friends would like to know about the cons I went to, and I used to write them up in personal letters. Finally, Buck Coulson suggested I submit them to WSFA JOURNAL, since YANDRO has a policy of no con reports. I did -- and now instead of sending out several carbons to a few friends, I send one copy to Don Miller for the JOURNAL.

The JOURNAL is the club organ of WSFA, of which I am a member. I feel that I know most of the members and most of them know me and the persons I mention. Reg Smith's problem is he's not familiar with the fans on the East Coast.

((We don't know all of the fans you mention either, Jay, but no matter. What Reg doesn't like about your con reports is one of the main reasons we like them -- the personal experiences you relate add to our enjoyment and appreciation of the cons. We like your lengthy and detailed discussions of the program best, of course -- but the personal experiences and side notes about many of the attendees are also important. After all, the program is only part of the con -- a great deal of the activity at a con goes on outside of the formal meeting room; and the people who attend the con are, in the final analysis, the most important element in the con. --ed.))

James N. Hall, 202 Taylor Ave., Crystal City, Missouri, 63019 (12 April 1967)

Far be it from me to take any part in the great literary argument between Banks Mebane and Fritz Muhlhauser III. Personally, I wouldn't recognize literature if it hit me.

However, I suggest that Fritz might organize a club (possibly named the "I am God Association"), composed of those fans and fringe-fans whose sole recourse in a discussion is to say, "I am right and anyone who doesn't agree with me is a stupid pig!"

[Jim then goes on to name several "literary stalwarts" whom he says would be other possible members. We shall omit the names -- but we are sure our readers will have some names of their own which they can use to fill in this blank. --ed.]

And thanks to Banks Mebane for the mention of James Branch Cabell; should Banks be on my KALKI mailing list?

Only one thing -- somehow I seem to find a lot of "messages" in Cabell's works. I hope to reprint some of the passages which have some of the more important messages in future issues of KALKI -- but, for a start, try the 24th chapter of SMIRE as reprinted in KALKI 4.

((KALKI is Jim's fanzine, which is devoted to James Branch Cabell. We have passed our only copy on to Doll for review, so we can't give you the particulars at the present time as to subscription rate, etc. -- but watch the JOURNAL for this information (possibly in #41) -- or write to Jim for a sample copy and his sub rates. Larry, maybe you'd like to review a recent issue from the CØSFS library for #41?--ed.))

Banks H. Mebane, 6901 Strathmore St., Chevy Chase, Md., 20015 (no date)

As I said in "Sermons and Soda-Water", there is little use in arguing with Fritz Muhlhauser since neither side will change its opinion. Therefore I will only make a brief reply to a few new points that he has raised.



He accuses me of misunderstanding him. Perhaps I did, for I believed that he meant what he said and now he says he didn't. His shift of viewpoint seems to favor my side of the controversy more than his.

He does misunderstand me. He overlooked the qualifier "most", which I carefully put into my statements about most science fiction being escape literature and not possessing great literary merit. He continues to attack sf as a uniformly insipid pabulum after having read almost none of it. I'm sure we could all think of books like Sturgeon's MORE THAN HUMAN, Clarke's CHILDHOOD'S END, Pangborn's DAVY, Smith's THE PLANET BUYER, Ballard's THE CRYSTAL WORLD, and (yes!) Asimov's THE CAVES OF STEEL, which had he read, he might not be so quick to dismiss the field.

He knows equally little about fandom: witness the backhanded compliment he pays me when he assumes that I am somehow more "normal" than the rest of fandom. Ha.

Incidentally (and finally) I wasn't thinking of John O'Hara (whose work I do not "hate unequivocally") when I titled my piece "Sermons and Soda-Water". I was going back to the originator of the phrase, to Byron:

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,  
Sermons and soda-water the day after.

((We have loaned Fritz a copy of DAVY to read (which we hope he will sit down and review for us after he has finished reading it), and will loan him any of the books mentioned above he might like to read (plus several others not mentioned by Banks, such as some of the works by Olaf Stapledon, Vercors' YOU SHALL KNOW THEM, Pangborn's MIRROR FOR OBSERVERS, Fletcher's WELL OF THE UNICORN, and the like). Perhaps our readers can name a few more books which might help Fritz become better acquainted with the field he seems to despise so much? --ed.))

Isaac Asimov, 45 Greenough St., West Newton, Mass., 02165  
Good Heavens, I've finally become Controversial.

(13 April 1967)

Couldn't you find a more skillful writer than this whatzisname to pummel me?

It is embarrassing to be criticized in so stylistically inept a manner.

((Last, but not least... Welcome to the pages of the JOURNAL, Ike! We only hope you will visit us again... Come on down to the DISCLAVE, and meet Fritz Muhlhauser III face-to-face -- then we could get the two of you up on stage for a ~~bloodletting~~ panel.... --ed.))

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Bob Tucker reports -- (from BOXOFFICE, April 3, 1967) Among the 21 films the production of which is scheduled to begin in April are several of interest to SF fans:

THE POWER -- Screenplay by John Gay from the novel of the same name by Frank R. Robinson. Produced by George Pal, who "has consulted experts in neurology and psychiatry at USC and UCLA to make sure that /the film/... comes as close to fact as man's present knowledge will allow". George Hamilton stars as "a strange character that combines the mad genius of Hitler, the superintelligence of a Da Vinci and the imagination as wild as Hieronymus Bosch". An M-G-M film.

QUATERMASS AND THE PIT -- Screenplay by Nigel Kneale, who also is the author of the book. Produced by Anthony Nelson Keys, directed by Roy Baker. Starring Andrew Keir, Barbara Shelley, and James Donald. Story is "based on superstition, ritual and magic". Produced in London (on location) by Hammer-Seven Arts; to be released outside of England by 20th Century Fox.

PROJECT X -- An SF movie, based on an Edmund Morris screenplay "which transpires in the year 2118", in which "a revolutionary filming concept resulting from the collaboration of William Castle Enterprises and Hanna-Barbera Productions will be introduced". Produced and directed by William Castle. A Paramount film.



## NEWS FROM ACE

May, 1967 releases --

WARLOCK OF THE WITCH WORLD, by Andre Norton (G-630; 50¢) -- "In this new novel of alien science and other-world witchery, the warlock Kemoc challenges even the Great Ones from beyond the stars."

NEBULA ALERT, by A. Bertram Chandler (G-632; 50¢) -- "Attacked by space rebels, the Earth cruiser was forced into the heart of a nebula whose strange spacewarp threw them into an alternate universe." and

THE RIVAL RIGELIANS, by Mack Reynolds (expanded from "Adaptation", ANALOG, August, 1966) -- "The Terran expedition sought only to bring peace to the warring planets of Rigel, but instead they set off greater conflict!"

PROFESSOR JAMESON #2: THE SUNLESS WORLD, by Neil R. Jones (G-631; 50¢) -- Forty million years after the death of Earth, Professor Jameson and the machine men of Zor continue their danger laden explorations of the wonders of the universe."

WAR OF THE WING-MEN, by Poul Anderson (G-634; 50¢) -- "Three Terrans crash on the sea-world Diomedes, in the midst of a bitter war between two winged races." (Reissue.)

H-BOMB OVER AMERICA, by Jeff Sutton (H-18; 60¢) -- "Every 90 minutes the United States faced mortal danger from the nuclear bomb that streaked overhead...and no one knew what country had sent the warhead into orbit!"

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. #10: THE ASSASSINATION AFFAIR, by J. Hunter Holly (G-636; 50¢) -- "Sent to find a mysterious man named Dundee, Solo and Illya stirred up a THRUSH's nest of trouble...for THRUSH was determined to keep U.N.C.L.E. away from its deadly new secret!"

Also, CROW HOLLOW, by Dorothy Eden (K-275; 50¢; "Gothic"); PILGRIM'S END, by Lena Brooke McNamara (G-635; 50¢; "Gothic"); STRANGE TALENTS, by Bernhardt J. Hurwood (K-276; 50¢; "Amazing Facts"); STAY UNTIL TOMORROW, by Anne Maybury (K-277; 50¢; mystery/romance?); DOWN EAST NURSE, by Sylvia Lloyd (M-159; 45¢; romance); THE PROUD RIDERS, by Brian Wynne (M-158; 45¢; Western); THE KILLERS FROM OWL CREEK, by Dan J. Stevens and RETURN TO GUNPOINT, by Wayne C. Lee (G-633; 50¢; Westerns).

Presented at WSFA meeting of 7 April, 1967, and passed at WSFA meeting of 21 April, 1967, were the following amendments to the WSFA By-Laws:

1. "Resolved, that Article I, Section 1(c) of the WSFA By-Laws be amended to read: '(c) Corresponding membership -- Annual dues, 50¢.'"
2. "Resolved, that Article I, Section 2 of the WSFA By-Laws be amended to read: 'Section 2. Regular and Life members enjoy full membership privileges. Associate, Corresponding, and Honorary members shall have all the privileges of membership except the rights to vote and to hold an office or trusteeship, but shall only receive club publications as determined by the Active membership, at such rates, if any, as are decided by the Active membership.'"
3. "Resolved, that Article I, Section 6 of the WSFA By-Laws be amended to read: 'Section 6. Annual dues for Regular members shall be payable in quarterly payments, falling due on June 1, September 1, December 1, and March 1, or they may be paid in one lump sum at the beginning of the club year (June 1). Associate members shall pay dues at each meeting they attend. Corresponding members shall pay a full year's dues at the time of their admission to membership; the next year's dues shall fall



due on the first day of the month following the anniversary date of the initial dues payment.'" "

4. "Resolved, that Article I, Section 7 of the WSFA By-Laws be amended to read: 'Regular members whose quarterly dues have not been paid by the first meeting in July, October, January, or April, Associate members who have been absent for more than one year, and Corresponding members whose annual dues have not been paid by the first day of the month following that on which the dues were due to be renewed, shall be considered delinquent and will be dropped from the membership rolls. A delinquent thus dropped from the rolls may be reinstated by paying the current dues unless said member has been delinquent for one year or longer, in which case he must also submit a new application for membership in accordance with Article I, Section 4 of these By-Laws.'" "

Each of the above was signed by the following members, in the order given, when presented to the club on 7 April (except for resolutions 1 and 4, which were not signed by Alexis Gilliland): Donald L. Miller, Philip N. Bridges, Alice Haldeman, Gay Haldeman, James H. Harper, Nancy J. Webb, Fred Cisin, Alexis A. Gilliland, Bill Berg, Mitchell Henson.

As was explained on pages 1 and 2 of this issue of the JOURNAL, the above amendments have altered the relationship between receipt of the JOURNAL and WSFA Corresponding membership. Corresponding membership no longer entitles one to receipt of the JOURNAL; except for Regular and Life members, receipt of the JOURNAL is now by subscription only. However, anyone subscribing at a rate of \$2.00 or higher may, upon application, become a WSFA Corresponding member, with his 50¢ dues being absorbed in the subscription price of the JOURNAL.

These amendments will be incorporated in the current By-Laws, which, together with the Constitution, are being reprinted and will (unless we decide to hold them up until after the new amendments mentioned on pages 1 and 2 are voted upon) be passed out at the May 5 Annual Meeting or at the Disclave.

In brief --

From Jim Harper: (This is not an advertisement... I have no connection with the Firearms International Corporation!!!) Notice of possible interest to Sword & Sorcery Fans and others who just like keen swords: A "Roman"-type shortsword is now imported from Spain by Firearms International. This is not one of the rusty iron replicas of swords and maces, etc., imported by this firm, but a real forged-steel weapon with a cast brass hilt and a blade of about 20 inches length, with a leather sheath. It is a near-perfect replica of the U.S. Army artillery sword of the 1830's. The price wholesale is \$20, retail is about \$30-35, or whatever the retailer can get.

Additional gleanings from the BOXOFFICE (April 3, 1967) clippings furnished by Bob Tucker: Additional films production of which to begin in April which may be of interest to SF fans are:

HOUSE OF 1,000 DOLLS -- Produced by Harry Alan Towers, directed by Jeremy Summers, based on an original story by Peter Welbeck; starring Vincent Price, Martha Hyer, George Nader, and Rupert Davies. A "shock-thriller which concerns a stage illusionist in mid-Victorian London who uses his magic act as a cloak to criminal activities." An American-International film.

THE AMBUSHERS -- Produced by Henry Levin, directed by Irving Allen, screenplay by Herbert Baker, starring Dean Martin. A Matt Helm adventure film (#3 in the series based on the Matt Helm novels by Donald Hamilton). A Columbia picture.

THE TRIP -- Produced and directed by Roger Corman, co-starring Susan Strasberg with Peter Fonda. The "story of a man's startling hallucinatory flight, following a first dose of LSD." An American International film.



## REPORT OF THE TREASURER

On hand, 31 March 1967 ..... \$7.99  
 Dues, Regular members ..... \$5.00 (Harper, Webb, Hinton, Miller(\$2))  
 Dues, New Regular member ..... \$1.00 (Muhlhauser)  
 Dues, New Corresponding members ..... \$4.00 (Gross, Jackson)  
 TWJ Advertisements ..... \$ .50  
 Donation for TWJ postage ..... \$3.66  
 Expenses: Additional postage for TWJ #36 ..... \$1.60  
           Additional postage for TWJ #'s 37 & 38 \$1.50  
           Postage, TWJ #39 ..... \$4.94  
           Postage, TWJ #40 ..... \$3.66  
           Miscellaneous TWJ postage costs ..... \$1.01  
 On hand, 15 April 1967 ..... \$9.44

WSFA membership in good standing now stands at (as of April 15) 27 Regular, 5 Life, 4 Associate, 1 Honorary Corresponding, 2 Club-Exchange Corresponding, 70 Corresponding, and 10 Honorary. A quorum stands at 14. A revised and updated WSFA roster (including the listing of Corresponding members and the months through which they have paid) will appear in issue #42 of the JOURNAL. In the interim, the listing appearing on page 19 of TWJ #40 should be changed as follows: Add to "Paid up through May, 1967" Harper, Webb, Hinton, and Muhlhauser; Add new category, "Paid up through November, 1967", under which list Miller.

Philip N. Bridges

## REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

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

Present: 23 persons -- Bill, Phyllis, and Betty Berg, Phil Bridges, Fred Cisin, Elizabeth Cullen, Alexis Gilliland, Jay and Alice Haldeman, Joe and Gay Haldeman, Mitchell Henson, Debi Hinton, Alan Huff, Banks Mebane, Don Miller, Fritz Muhlhauser, Ray Ridenour, Jan Slavin, Nancy Webb, Bob Weston, Ron and Judy Willis.

Called to Order: 8:47 p.m.

Reports:

Treasurer -- \$57.06 on hand. Dues are due and payable.

Publications Committee -- The JOURNAL is almost ready; there will probably be three published during March. New fanzine reviewers: Laurence Smith of Ohio, and Doll Gilliland.

Membership Committee -- New Regular members: Rick Cross, Mitchell Henson; new Corresponding members: Ron Willis, Richard Labonte, George Fergus.

Disclave Committee -- '67 Disclave will be held at the Regency Congress Motor Inn on May 12,13,14. Guest of Honor: Jack Gaughan. The conference room is isolated from the rest of the Inn. Room rates are: singles, \$12; doubles, \$16; extra persons, \$2. Drinks and food are reasonable. To reserve a room, send one night's rent in advance. All SF people will be put in one area of the Inn.

Old Business: Voting for 1967 "Best Prozine" Hugo nominee -- ANALOG.

New Business and Announcements: Deadline for the Galaxy of Fashions is March 31st. Jan Slavin will read a paper in Baltimore. Gay Haldeman noted that Star Trek is saved. Don Miller talked about an amendment concerning Corresponding members' dues. Charles Beaumont is dead. TNFF is out. Jay Haldeman read (in DEGLER) that Harlan Ellison is quitting Hollywood. There will be a poker game at Jay's on Sunday.



Meeting Adjourned: 9:11 p.m.

Meeting Reconvened: 9:31 p.m. Amendment had a sufficient number of signatures, and so was read to the membership: "Resolved that Article II, Section 6 of the WSFA By-Laws be amended so that the last sentence therein shall read: 'Corresponding members shall pay a full year's dues at the time of their admission to membership; the following year's dues shall fall due on the first day of the first month following the anniversary date of the initial dues-payment.' (Signed) Donald L. Miller, Philip N. Bridges, Alice Haldeman, Joe W. Haldeman, Alan Huff, Gay Haldeman, Jan Michelle Slavin, R. Weston, Alexis A. Gilliland, Mitchell Henson, Ray Rideour, Nancy Jane Webb, Debi Hinton, W. B. Berg."

Meeting Adjourned: 9:32 p.m.

Minutes of the Regular meeting of the Washington Science Fiction Association, held 17 March 1967 at the home of Miss E. Cullen, in Washington, D.C. --

Present: 22 persons -- Bill and Phyllis Berg, Fred Cisin, Tobi Cisin (Guest), Rick Cross, Elizabeth Cullen, Alexis Gilliland, Jay and Alice Haldeman, Joe and Gay Haldeman, Jim Harper, Mitchell Henson, Debi Hinton, Wayne Hoheisel (Guest), Alan Huff, Banks Mebane, Don Miller, Fritz Muhlhauser (Guest), Mark Owings, Bob Weston, Nancy Webb.

Called to Order: 9:11 p.m.

Reports:

Membership Committee -- New Regular members: Ron Willis (incorrectly reported as Corresponding last meeting); new Corresponding members: Robert Silverberg, Leigh Couch, Terry Carr.

Publications Committee -- Two JOURNALS are out now and we're back on a biweekly schedule.

Librarian -- The Library is more crowded than when he left for college.

Disclave Committee -- The Disclave ad is in the latest NYCON 3 Progress Report.

Old Business: Amendment proposed last meeting concerning Corresponding members' dues was passed.

New Business and Announcements: Star Trek will be on Friday nights next season. ##### Banks Mebane reported on the Nebula Awards. Best Novel: a tie between FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON (Daniel Keyes) and BABEL-17 (Samuel Delany); Best Novella: "The Last Castle", by Jack Vance; Best Short Story: "The Secret Place", by Richard McKenna; Best Novelette: "Call Him Lord", by Gordon R. Dickson. Banks will talk about the banquet after the business meeting. ##### April 21 nominations for 1967 WSFA officers will be presented by Nominating Committee. Annual Meeting will be May 5. ##### Suggested: That WSFA form a softball team to play BSFS. Banks volunteered to umpire without his glasses. The pitcher must be a girl, pitching underhand. Alan Huff accepted for Baltimore. ##### The weekly poker game will be at Jay's on Saturday. BYO. Fifth Friday party will be at Jim Harper's.

Meeting Adjourned: 9:30 p.m.

Gay Haldeman

REPORT OF THE MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE

New Corresponding member (7 Apr '67) -- Fred Jackson, III;  
New Regular member (7 Apr '67) -- Fritz Muhlhauser, III.

William B. Berg



## TABLE OF CONTENTS

NEW JOURNAL POLICY -- an editorial .....	pp 1,2
NEBULA AWARDS BANQUET 1967 -- a report (by Jay Kay Klein) .....	pp 3-6
THE EASTERN SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION -- news, minutes (by Allan Howard) .....	pg 6
VIEWS, REVIEWS, AND ARCHIMEDEAN SPIRALS -- reviews, etc. (by Alexis Gilliland) .....	pp 7-10
DOLL'S HOUSE -- fanzine reviews (by Doll Gilliland) .....	pp 11,12
SPIES AT LARGE -- book review (by Albert Gechter) .....	pp 13,14
APRIL PAPERBACK RELEASES -- book news (by Albert Gechter) .....	pg 14
DOUBLEDAY SCIENCE-FICTION, MAY-AUGUST 1967 -- book news (by Gechter) .....	pg 14
TAFF NOMINEES FOR 1968 -- announcement .....	pg 14
MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY -- prozine reviews (by Banks Mebane) .....	pg 15
MAY-JUNE CALENDAR -- clubs and conventions .....	pg 16
FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK -- lettercol (Brian J. Burley, Andy Porter, Joe W. Haldeman, George Fergus, Alexis Gilliland, Doll Gilliland, Laurence C. Smith, Jay Kay Klein, James N. Hall, Banks Mebane, Isaac Asimov) .....	pp 17-25
BOB TUCKER REPORTS -- movie news .....	pg 25
NEWS FROM ACE: MAY RELEASES -- book news .....	pg 26
AMENDMENTS TO WSFA BY-LAWS -- WSFA business .....	pp 26,27
IN BRIEF -- misc. news and announcements (Jim Harper, Bob Tucker) ...	pg 27
WSFA CLUB SECTION -- reports of Treasurer, Secretary, and Membership Committee .....	pp 28,29
TABLE OF CONTENTS and COLOPHON .....	pg 30

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DLM

THE WSFA JOURNAL  
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