

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

The official organ of the Washington Science Fiction Association ---- Issue No. 43
Editor and Publisher: Don Miller June, 1967

June-July Short Calendar (See TWJ's 38 and 39 for more detailed information) --

WSFA Meetings -- June 16, 30 (party); July 7, 21; at home of Miss E. Cullen, 7966 W. Beach Drive, N.W., Wash., D.C., at 8 p.m. (ph. RA3-7107). Guests welcome.

The Gamesmen -- June 23; July 8, 22; at home of Buddy Tretick, 3702 Wendy Lane, Silver Spring, Md., 20906 (ph. 942-8306). Meetings will be held here while Don Miller is away. Buddy's house is about 1½ miles further north along Georgia Ave. than Don's, in a small development on the left-hand side of Georgia Ave. (across from Kroeger's) known as "Harmony Hills". Call as far in advance as possible if coming.

BSFS Meetings -- June 24; July 9, 23; at homes of various members; call or write Dave Ettlin, 31 W. North Ave., Balt., Md. (837-2876) for information.

ESFA Meetings -- July 9; at YM-YWCA, 600 Broad St., Newark, N.J., at 3 p.m. Guest Speaker will be George Ernsberger, Science-Fiction Editor at Avon Books.

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

FISTFA Meetings -- June 23; July 7, 21; at apartment of Mike McInerney, Apt. 5FW, 250 W. 16th St., N.Y., N.Y.; time unknown.

LUNARIANS -- June 17; July 15; at home of Frank Dietz, 1750 Walton Ave., Bronx, N.Y., at 8 p.m. Guests of members and out-of-towners only.

FELLOWSHIP OF THE PURPLE TONGUE -- June 17, 24; July 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; at home of Phil Harrell, 3021 Tait Terrace, Norfolk, Va., at 2 p.m. (ph. 853-1259)

COSFS -- June 17; July 1, 15; at Center of Science & Industry, 280 E. Broad St., Columbus, Ohio, at 6 p.m. (see L.C. Smith's letter in this issue of TWJ for further details). Also private meetings (prior notice required) July 22 (at home of Bob Hillis, 1290 Byron, Columbus) and July 29 (at home of Dick Byers, 495 Village Dr., Columbus). More details in next issue of TWJ.

Cincinnati Fantasy Group -- June 17, 24; July 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; at homes of various members; for info write: Lou Tabakow, 3953 St. Johns Terr., Cincinnati, Ohio.

OSFA -- June 25; July 23; at homes of various members; for info, write: Jack Steele, 609 W. Kelley St., DeSoto, Missouri, 63020.

LASFS -- June 15, 22, 29; July 6, 13, 20, 27; in the Silverlake Playground, Silverlake Blvd. & Van Pelt St., Los Angeles, Calif., at 8 p.m.

Conventions --

TRIPLE FAN FAIR (Comicon) -- June 17, 18, at the Park Shelton Hotel, in Detroit. GoH -- Roger Zelazny. Write Jack Promo, 4662 Toledo, Detroit, Mich., for info.

MIDWESTCON -- June 23-25 at the North Plaza Motel, Cincinnati, Ohio. Registration fee, \$1, to Lou Tabakow, 3953 St. Johns Terrace, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45236. Motel address: 7911 Reading Rd. (ZIP 43237). See TWJ #38 for room rates.

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

ACADEMY CON 1967 (Comicon) -- July 14-16, at City Squire Motor Inn, NYC; regis. fee \$4 to Mark Hanerfeld, 42-42 Coldon St., Flushing, N.Y.

OZARKON 2 -- July 28-30, Ben Franklin Motor Hotel, 825 Washington, St. Louis, Mo., 63101. GoH: Roger Zelazny. R.Fee \$2 to Rich Wannan, Rt.2, Box 889, Arnold, Mo, 63010.

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MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY

July IF -- Philip Jose Farmer's serial "The Felled Star" is another Riverworld story; in this series all of mankind has been resurrected on another world. Sam Clemens (yep, Mark Twain) is the hero of this novel, which seems to be leading closer to the secret of the Riverworld. ##### Keith Laumer's "Spaceman!" ends in this issue with the hero getting the girl and heading out for fresh adventures. ##### Andrew J. Offutt; C. C. MacApp and Alan Dirkson each have novelets. Offutt's "Population Implosion" takes up an idea about the population explosion that has also occurred to John Brunner independently in the July F & SF. -- both concern a problem of spiritual supply and demand, with the two writers reaching opposite solutions; unfortunately, Offutt's novelet is more of a comic lecture than a story. MacApp's "Ticket to Zenner" is light-hearted interstellar spyplay. Dirkson's "Adam's Eva" is a first-published story on the machines-survive-man theme; it has its good points. ##### The one short story is another first publication, E. A. Walton's "Pelandra's Husbands", which was a winner in the N3F story contest. It also has its good points but suffers from too much explanation at the beginning. ##### Jack Gaughan has a good cover and interiors. Finlay has a number of interiors, including some good ones for "Adam's Eva" in a freer style than he usually uses. Bode is improving.

July F & SF -- Gaughan's eyecatching cover illustrates Keith Laumer's novella "The Day Before Forever". It's a competent action story about a frozen man revived into a VanVogtian future. ##### Of the six short stories, the best are by Russell Kirk and John Brunner. Kirk's is a well-written creepy-crawlie, while Brunner's is an excellent treatment of a problem in spiritual economics. There are slight, readable gimmick stories by Hugo Correa and Robert Nathan, a well-written, diffuse character-sketch by David Madden, and an amusing vignette by Gahan Wilson.

June ANALOG -- Mack Reynolds' new serial "Computer War" is a light-hearted look at a conflict between two major nations, with bows and arrows providing an answer to highly mechanized weapon-detection systems; the story is fast-paced spy-play. ##### Christopher Anvil's novelet "The Dukes of Desire" is a sequel to his "Strangers of Paradise" of last year. It continues the attempts of the chief characters to make a Utopia by emotion-manipulation, with successive failures and an accent on humor. It's slight but readable. ##### The three shorts are idea stories with only minimal fictional trappings. The best is Joseph P. Martino's account of how we might want to leak our secrets to the Russians -- when those secrets involve fail-safe devices to prevent missiles being sent off accidentally. Lloyd Biggle considers how easy it would be for alien shape-changers to get control of a totalitarian government, and Lawrence A. Perkins has an opinion on the sort of person we should send to a first contact meeting with aliens. ##### Schoenherr has another good cover.

July FANTASTIC -- Jack Vance's new novelet "The Narrow Land" appears to be a segment of a novel. It attempts the difficult feat of telling a story about aliens from an alien viewpoint, with no human characters. Vance's fiction usually deals with social man rather than with inner man, so the transfer to social alien might be feasible; the difficulty is in constructing a truly alien society -- the reader persists in thinking of the aliens as human. The attempt was worthwhile and the story is definitely worthwhile reading, even though Vance has done better. ##### The rest are reprints: the conclusion of Bob Olsen's serial, novelets by Fritz Leiber and William Tenn, shorts by Robert Bloch, Kris Neville, and Rog Phillips.

Banks Mebane

Interested in literary sub-worlds? Join the N3F Games Bureau Tolkien Division.
Write: Capt. Rod Walker, FV3129356, TUSLOG Det. 183, APO NY, NY, 09254 (by airmail).

LUNACON/EASTERCON 1967
by Jay Kay Klein

After the usual short flight from Syracuse to New York City, I arrived at 8:00 p.m. at the Hotel Roosevelt, site of the March 28-30, 1967 Lunacon/Eastercon. The hotel turned out to be one of the more expensive places in town. I was sent to a \$16.75 room, guaranteed to be the cheapest in the hotel. The room was literally the size of a closet, and was smaller than any YMCA room I've ever seen.

Back at the desk, I complained bitterly, saying that the rate card sent me by the con committee indicated the cheapest room was \$12.95, and that for the extra money I should have a room of a reasonable size. The assistant manager informed me the prices on the card were "convention rates" only, and these had not been guaranteed for the con committee. I found out later that he was right. Anyway, I was given a larger room, on the grounds that I was staying three nights.

The big party was already in progress. Quite a change from previous years -- this was in a spacious reception bar. Instead of "free booze", there was a cash bar. I priced Coca Cola at 42¢ per 6-ounce bottle and beer at 79¢ per 12-ounce bottle. I shudder to think what liquor cost. As a result, the party was very restrained and (I must report) quite dull.

Still, I will not cast aspersions on the concom. Last year's hotel was seedy and the party overcrowded -- everyone certainly got what they asked for this year. One thing I will complain about: the concom should have secured special rates for attendees. Very few persons stayed at the Roosevelt, preferring less expensive quarters. The nearby Algonquin was the favorite of the professionals, who were familiar with it from previous SFWA get-togethers.

Practically the first person I saw at the party was Marijane Buck, winsome lass from upstate New York. She left shortly to see the sights of the Fun City. Steve Patt came shortly afterwards, anxiously inquiring about Marijane. He was so dejected over missing her (along with the lack of free refreshments) that he completely neglected his guitar. Come to think of it, I didn't see a single guitar in use the entire con -- not even by Joni Markwood or Elliott Shorter.

Hal Clement was there, toting a new 51,000-word novel. He said it started out as a short story, written around a cover for Fred Pohl. Expecting to hand the ms. to Fred that afternoon, he found that the GALAXY editor was in California on a speaking engagement. Jack Gaughan couldn't be present, either, because of a death in the family. Also, Jim Blish, Guest-of-Honor, was not present since unexpected problems at work kept him on the job Friday and Saturday.

At 12:30 a.m., a group of us decided to cut the last dying moments of the party and adjourned to my room. Cory Seidman, Charlie Brown, Marsha Brown, Sheila Elkin, Don Lundry, Grace Lundry, Beresford Smith, and Banks Mebane sat around tippling and talking. Cory was completely run down, and sacked out on my bed for a while. The party broke up at 2:30 a.m.

Saturday was a warm, sunny day. Naturally, the first thing I did was rush out and buy another camera lens. After a quick breakfast at lunchtime, I was back at the hotel for the program. This was held in a spacious, high-ceilinged auditorium. At 1:45 p.m. Chairman Charlie Brown started off the program. By this time, 176 memberships had been sold. Incidentally, the printed Program Book was quite the nicest I've ever seen. Done in black and blue, the book received many admiring comments. A two-page appreciation of Jim Blish was written by Isaac Asimov.

Terry Carr made an announcement about the TAFF race. Ted White urged everyone to join the worldcon. Banks Mebane invited everyone to attend the Disclave.

The first program item was the usual New Writers Panel with Ted White, Lin Carter, and Dave Van Arnam. The panelists made many citations of personal happenings and outlooks on writing. Ted started off, "None of us is really new, and none of us has had a big fuss made over him. Some of us have even received bad reviews." He went on to point out their present activities: Lin writes swashbuckling fantasy; Dave and Ted are doing a novelization of Lost in Space. He sounded very apologetic over this, and explained, "They paid us money!"

Lin said, "I've been writing science fiction since the fourth grade." Everything he writes is tinged with color and the exotic, often turning otherwise science fiction into fantasy. Dave said that he is trying to support himself entirely by writing. Ted reported that writing science fiction full-time can only yield a modest living. He thinks science fiction is a dead-end for himself and hopes to leave it to write other, more lucrative things.

Sam Delany next gave an address with the improbable title of "Voices in Science Fiction, or A Talk Talk, or Silence; Water; Someone Saying My Name". Chip had a very carefully prepared talk, and delivered it vigorously and with great rapidity. Delving deeply into the rationale of literary esthetics and the vectors of criticism, he completely overawed the audience. As one of 150 persons who did not understand Chip, I cannot give a report. As Charlie Brown said to me, "I don't understand a word he says, but he talks beautifully."

L. Sprague de Camp was introduced, followed by Arthur C. Clarke. Arthur spoke about 2001, the movie being made from his story "The Sentinel". He said, "It will cost \$8,000,000, none of it in high-priced stars sitting around doing nothing. Every penny of it will be on the screen." He's already preparing another movie, to be made in India with Occidental stars. Because of his work with the movies, he's been doing very little writing lately. In Washington recently, at a Space Symposium he sat between John Glenn and Mr. Spock! (Much laughter) Arthur mentioned that Ray Bradbury was in town working on a movie, and regretted that Ray couldn't be reached to be brought to the Lunacon.

An auction followed, conducted by Al Schuster. Reconvened at 4:10 p.m., the program continued with the Pro Artists Panel, consisting of Kelly Freas, Gray Morrow, and John Schoenherr. Charlie Brown asked a series of questions. First one: "What's the quickest and easiest way to illustrate a story?"

With more than a little humor, Kelly said the best way is to do the cover first, and have a story written around it.

Gray lamented that there were more science-fiction covers available than fantasy, which he prefers doing.

Charlie asked Hal Clement, who was in the audience, how he liked writing stories around covers. Hal replied that he had done four, including the new one he brought with him, "Raindrop", and "Hot Planet". Unfortunately, one of the covers really didn't fit his story, and he had to create explanations for the apparent scientific discrepancies.

Kelly said that what the editors want in a science fiction magazine illustration is a "snapshot" of an incident in a story. "I am an academician. My idea of a good illustrator is Virgil Finlay or Andrew Wyeth." Nevertheless, he defended avant-

gardism and experimentism in the arts. From the audience, Lester del Rey said that most experiments in avant-gardism are junk. Kelly replied that you have to accept the junk along with the good material.

Kelly said, "I can't even keep up with the science fiction, let alone the real science." Formerly, to show power you depicted giant generators. Now they put everything in a little black box. The changes in spaceships are even worse. Hal suggested he show the safety devices surrounding the little black boxes. Kelly's eyes lit up and he said he would use the idea.

Gray mentioned that he does free illustrations for AMRA because he can do what he wants. Kelly complained that the printers invariably ruin his covers. He prepares paintings in colors he knows the printers can easily achieve, but somehow they always mess things up.

Les commented that three-quarters of Campbell's readable stories are fantasy. Fred Pohl's magazines have a high fantasy content, too. He suggested that the magazines might just as well have outright fantasy covers.

Charlie made wistful sounds about the disappearance of girls from covers, saying "We've grown up, but I still miss the girls." Kelly agreed, saying "What we need is a modern version of PLANET STORIES."

At 5:05 p.m. the scheduled 5:00 p.m. Special Panel began, moderated by Ted White. I cite the time to show that Charlie has really mastered the art of running a con program on time. This was called a "special" panel because it was unplanned, being left to the discretion of Ted to do whatever he wanted. He called Terry Carr and Lester del Rey to the platform.

Ted began by asking Terry about the new line of adult science fiction launched by ACE. Terry explained that now they can do things they couldn't do before. For instance, they will avoid the old cliches on covers, such as BEM's, blobs, and spaceships. There will be new themes in the stories. It's now realized that being "daring" is not necessarily non-commercial. For instance, Roger Zelazny and Sam Delany have been selling well for several years. ACE will try to present similarly good, modern science fiction. Terry's hopeful of succeeding since the audience is growing for better science fiction.

Les pointed out that the readers of today are not really different from those in the '30's. The very young and the very old were drawn off to radio, just as they are today to TV. He also made the point that all pulps have an element of fantasy, with science fiction having the highest content. He is glad ACE will be publishing larger books, since a real novel requires about 100,000 words for proper character and background delineation. Also, higher prices for larger books are better -- newsstand distributors prefer the higher unit profit and readers prefer the better deal for their money which longer novels permit.

Les had some good words to say about short stories, too. There is a lack of short stories today since the established writers can make more money by writing novels. There are thousands of good ideas available for short stories, which make excellent training grounds for new writers. These ideas, in turn, can be taken up and developed by the older writers.

Evelyn del Rey eventually broke into Les' discourse, inquiring when they were going to go to dinner. Much laughter ensued, since everyone was getting hungry, but lacked the courage to interrupt Les. The audience broke into congenial groups, each having a sort of "con banquet" atmosphere. These dinner get-togethers are frequently

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highlights of a con in a very personal way. I had dinner at the hotel dining room with Judy Merrill, Sprague de Camp, Les and Ev del Rey, and Jock Root.

Judy was back just one week from her lengthy stay in London. Over dinner, Sprague went into considerable detail about his most recent (minor) surgery. We did not get to see the scar, however. Even more fascinating was his account of a trip last year to India, on which he gathered material for a new book. Apparently, Sprague has been all over the world. Pretty soon he's going to run out of new places.

The convention-wide party was held that evening in the same over-sized room, with the same over-priced cash bar. The results were even deadlier than the previous night. By this time, 235 persons had registered, exceeding last year's total. Things livened up a bit when Jim Blish appeared (at 11:25 p.m.). Wife Judy was to follow on a later plane. She had missed Jim's flight by minutes and had to stand on the runway watching the plane take off.

The party broke up at 1:00 a.m. I went to my room, vaguely disturbed at the early hour, but thankful I would get a good night's sleep. I was actually stripped right down and about to step into the shower when the phone rang at 1:45 a.m. It was Judy Blish! She asked if I knew where Jim was, and where the big parties were. I said I didn't know, and I didn't think there were any. However, I offered to help find out.

After quickly dressing, I met Judy and we went in search of a party. We couldn't find any, so we formed one of our own in the Blish suite. After all, two persons is a good nucleus. Sure enough, ten minutes later, Roger and Judy Zelazny came by. Then Dannie Plachta and Banks Mebane joined us. Dannie sprawled on the bed beside me. Judy looked at him critically and said, "You're not Dannie Plachta." Startled, he asked why she said that. The reply: "Because you don't have a red jacket, don't have dark glasses, and don't have a Sheila!" On the basis of the legal evidence, I was forced to agree with Judy. (I wonder who that guy was?) Finally, Jim Blish and Art Saha came in. So we had our party!

Sunday was another fine day. I staggered out for a late lunch, and came back in time for the 2:05 p.m. start of the program. I was just as glad things didn't start at the scheduled 1:00 p.m. The panel was "Trends in Science Fiction", with Dick Lupoff and Charlie Brown. Hal Clement acted as moderator. In this capacity, he is even better than heavy water. With scientific precision, Hal said the panel seemed to be loosely worded. For instance, he didn't know exactly what kind of trends were meant.

This lack of precise definition didn't bother Dick, who said it's been like a ping pong game. First science postulates something. Then science fiction draws up applications for the new idea. Then science makes these actually work. He cited atomic energy.

Hal discussed the changes in spaceship design. Back in the '30's ships took off on their stomachs. Now we know better, and have them take off vertically.

Dick postulated that H. G. Wells wrote stories about all the possible types of science fiction (such as time travel), and every writer since then has been using the same themes. From the audience Jim Blish said that there were two trends from the beginning of science fiction. The first is represented by the author (such as Ray Bradbury) who doesn't care about scientific facts. The other is carried on by authors (such as Hal Clement) who stick to the facts on hand. Jim's point was that Wells was the ancestor of the first type only.

Among other points, it was universally agreed by the panelists that the editors have strongly shaped all trends in science fiction. As a matter of fact, the stronger the editor, the stronger the trend -- witness John Campbell.

After the panel, Hal was called upon to present the Lunarian plaque to Jim Blish. While taking a closeup photo, I noticed the inscription was obviously not written by Sam Moskowitz. I believe this is the first such plaque not prepared by Sam. As a matter of fact, he was not present at the Lunacon, business requiring his presence in Chicago. The plaque reads:

"To James Blish for His Outstanding Contributions to Science Fiction.
Lunacon 1967."

As usual, Jim's address was a masterpiece of reasoned logic, with well-placed, underplayed humor. He said that he would talk about television. As a child he wondered why science fiction wasn't in the movies. Now there's lots of science fiction in movies and TV. "Is this a good thing?" He said he had heard about Ted White's attack on Star Trek and said he would refute it.

Jim stated that Ted wrote that science fiction on TV was bad because those who watch science fiction won't read it. This was dead wrong, said Jim. As a matter of fact, he had novelized Star Trek with some misgivings, since the pay was a one-shot deal. The copyright and all royalties belong to the owners of the program. Because the pay was high, he reluctantly agreed. Of the eight scripts handed him, two were fair and six were mediocre. He was allowed to make any changes he wished, the major one of which was throwing a script down the incinerator shaft.

It usually takes Jim four months to write a novel, but this time he had just eight weeks available. The resulting book has gone through two press runs in three months, which is fabulous and unique in paperbacks. The TV-watchers were reading! The first Bantam printing of 125,000 copies was sold out, and the second printing of 25,000 is going fast.

Jim received a tremendous amount of mail. His 24th book, STAR TREK, has garnered more mail than any other. He reported that some indignant ladies said he didn't do justice to Mr. Spock. The greatest number writing in were 12-15 years old. Many said they had never read science fiction before and asked for more. They requested the names of other books he had written and a list of recommended titles. One long-distance call from several youngsters said the book had led them to decide to become science-fiction writers. "Naturally, I shot them!"

Star Trek had been in trouble, but Harlan Ellison's letter campaign had helped to rescue it. Also helping were letters from non-fans and the book sales. Thus, Jim concluded, a critic shouldn't draw sweeping conclusions without sound information. The TV viewers were also enthusiastic readers.

Jim is doing another Star Trek novel. Despite the lack of royalties, he feels that Star Trek's pulling-power is so great, it will raise the sales of his other books and bring him a whole new public. The scripts he's seen for next season look much better than the previous lot. Next year they're going to get away more often from the ship's interior. It seems they fell in love with their expensive set and wanted to make the most of it. "From now on, you'll see less opening and closing of the elevator doors!"

In response to questions from the audience, Jim said that some of the characterizations he added to the novel have appeared in the filmed versions, which surprised him. Unfortunately, the publisher changed the order of the stories in the book. They were to start with a general distrust and dislike of Spock, and conclude with everyone liking him.

Among other tidbits, the audience learned that Jim had bought his first TV set just last month. A librarian in the audience reported that appearance of a story on TV results in greater withdrawals for the book. Jim stated that if Star Trek lasts two seasons, there will be imitations.

Following Jim's address, Lin Carter announced the discovery of new Conan material, mostly fragments and outlines. He and Sprague de Camp are collaborating on a Conan story.

The last program item was a Dialogue between Alexei Panshin and Roger Zelazny. This turned into a very adroit questioning session by Alexei of Roger. Under this method, Roger was the most voluble he's ever been on a platform. Alexei paid him a compliment by saying, "Roger is an overnight success as a writer." Alexei then pointed out that he himself has a rejection slip dated October 4, 1954, with professional sales only coming very recently.

Roger said, "I've always wanted to be a writer." At age 12 he tried to sell stories. Even more, he wanted to be a poet, but realized he couldn't make a living at it. He startled everyone with the information that he kept "A Rose for Ecclesiastes" in a closet for a long time before daring to submit it -- he didn't like it! (It's a good thing Roger is a writer and not a critic.)

Alexei asked if Roger had ever submitted anything to ANALOG. The answer -- a straightforward "no". He didn't think his stories would find favor with Campbell.

Roger also informed the audience that he tries to write an average of 1,000 words a day. In fact, he made a New Year's pledge to keep to this schedule as a result of an inspirational talk with Ted White. Other tidbits of Roger's writing habits came out. For instance, he doesn't like to stick to an outline. He enjoys being surprised by characters' actions and the outcome of a story. He starts a story with two or three scenes in mind and then fills in the blank spaces between. He still holds down a full-time job, and won't give up the security of a regular paycheck. This arrangement also permits him to write what he wants, since he's not dependent on editor-whims for his livelihood.

Alex commented that he would like very much to write full-time, also, but holds down a regular job for the same reasons Roger gave. With a twinkle, Alex said he's looking for a wife to support him while he writes and asked if there were any volunteers in the audience. A couple of girls sitting behind me twittered and stuck their heads together briefly, but nothing came of it -- in public at least. Doubtless, Alexei will henceforth be receiving many postcards with marriage offers from love-smitten maidens.

Roger said that he had briefly been an editor of a crudzine. As a fan, he had subscribed to many fanzines and had written for them. He attended his first convention at the 1955 Worldcon. He just wandered around unknown for one evening and didn't return for the rest of the convention.

Turning the tables on Alex, Roger asked, "How did you get to be a critic?" In reply, Alex said that he was attending a prep school in Massachusetts in 1956. Having read a review of IN SEARCH OF WONDER by Damon Knight, he bought and read the book. Later, he saw that a fanzine by Al Halevy needed material. He had read an awfully bad story, and he wrote a review of it and sent it in. Alex said that the story was by Jim Blish. The audience broke into laughter and Jim had a strange expression on his face. Alexei continued, saying he next did a Heinlein review, and has been keeping at criticism ever since.

Paul Herkart directed a question at Roger: "Where do your worlds come from?" The answer: they come after the story. First, Roger has an idea for a story and builds one big scene in his mind. The background is filled in afterwards.

Roger then told of an excruciating experience in getting his thesis accepted. His faculty advisor said his writing was unacceptable and red-pencilled the life out of it. Roger then engaged in a series of rewrites, each one being rejected. Obviously, the professor wasn't in favor of good writing -- just boring facts. Eventually, Roger waited until the idiot savant was on a leave of absence. The substitute advisor accepted the thesis without any difficulty. (Obviously a fan of good fantasy.)

Lester del Rey added some information to Alexei's sad story of problems with Heinlein. Les said there was some small difficulty over a Heinlein story, and he received a 16-page letter from Heinlein. Les answered and received a 32-page letter in reply. After another answer, Heinlein sent a 64-page letter concluding with a threat to sue. Lester replied, "Please do!" So far, no suit.

At 5:00 p.m., the formal program came to an end, with a concluding auction. A total of 256 had registered, making this the largest Lunacon ever. The convention was by no means over for me yet, though. A group of us went to the hotel cocktail lounge. Present were the Zelaznys, the Blishes, the del Reys, the Silverbergs, Banks Mebane, Dannie Plachta, Jock Root, and Art Saha. After an hour of good cheer, we headed to a restaurant I dug out of my little black book at Bob Silverberg's request. We were joined by Ted and Robin White.

The Cattleman's Restaurant was a very good spot for a concluding con dinner. Lots of atmosphere (including Indians) and a cheerful group of waiters. It was someone's birthday at a nearby table, and a group of waiters brought out a cake blazing with sparklers and served it to the tune of "Happy Birthday". Lester del Rey idly remarked it was on or near his birthday, too. We were about to ask for a birthday cake for Les, when he threatened to make an acceptance speech if we did. So, that stopped us in our tracks. You just don't casually commit yourself to a del Rey speech. Roger made up for it by buying everyone a glass of champagne.

After many courses and several hours, we staggered back to the hotel. A few of us formed a die-hards party in Banks Mebane's room. Present were the Zelaznys, the del Reys, the Whites, Dannie Plachta, and Jock Root. (In any listing I compile, I make a point to place Roger first as partial payment for a lifetime of being last.) Les and I had a long talk about photography. At one time, Les had been very enthusiastic about it, and even made his living printing color photographs.

All cons come to an end -- which is just as well, since they open the way for new ones. Monday afternoon I made a few trifling purchases in several photography stores. By dog team and pogo stick I made my way to Laguardia Airport. Shortly before I was due to take off, two planes collided at the intersection of the main north-south and east-west runways. That closed Laguardia for the rest of the day. I managed to catch the last snail leaving for Newark Airport.

Naturally, all the outgoing planes from Newark were delayed by the Laguardia fiasco. That gave me plenty of time to call Sam Moskowitz, who lives in Newark. We spoke for 45 minutes, discussing the good old days, the good new days, and assorted bad ones.

Eventually, I made it back to Syracuse, nearly seven hours later than expected. In fact, had I taken the bus from downtown New York, I would have arrived home an hour earlier than I did by flying. (Hey, Bob Madle -- how come AIR WONDER STORIES didn't talk about things like this? Also, what ever became of those glass-enclosed passenger promenades for in-flight bird watching?)

My report on last year's Lunacon/Eastercon in WSFA JOURNAL stated the con was the best regional get-together I'd ever attended. I can't say the same for this year's affair, but I still enjoyed it highly. The concom are quite aware of the shortcomings this year, and have already planned for a different hotel next year. Hopefully, next year the drinks will be cheaper and the room rates somewhere within reason -- preferably a guaranteed con rate. I took 124 photos this time, and look forward to taking even more next year.

SPIES AT LARGE

Book Review -- THE WIDOW MASTER, by Leo Bergson and Robert McMahon (Greenwich, Connecticut: Fawcett Gold Medal, 1967; 223 pages, 50¢; #D-1810).

The front cover for this paperback carries this boastful claim by the publishers: "A unique and fabulous novel -- the year's most daringly ingenious villain....". So, of course, I had to buy it and see what this bragging was all about. Well, it concerns a spy-thriller with some science-fictional angles, done along the lines of Ian Fleming's James Bond series and Sax Rohmer's Fu Manchu series -- modernized and updated in treatment, written in a rather slick, smooth style, and quite good of its kind.

The story is about global skullduggery and intrigues in the realm of international big-business. A sinister Swiss-Chinese Eurasian tycoon from Macao, named Teruko-Konstantin, is trying to get control of the world's petroleum industry and seems likely to succeed in doing so, through stock-manipulations, brainwashing, seductions, and a series of cunning murders of big-businessmen and political leaders who stand in his way. He intends to blackmail the United States, Britain, France, Japan, West Germany, and the Soviet Union into paying him one billion dollars in gold as a ransom and delivering to Red China two scientists with all the details, plans, and specifications for building an intercontinental nuclear missile delivery-system -- or he'll sabotage the world's oil fields. Opposing him is a Swiss secret agent, Colonel Erik Konstantin, who is Teruko's half-brother and mortal enemy. Erik is a millionaire in his own right, a soldier-of-fortune, global adventurer, lady-killing philanderer, and a political neutralist trying to preserve world peace. He was formerly chief of military intelligence for his own country, but he resigned to set up his own international freelance security and counterintelligence network (code name: "SECURE") to work for the major world powers and maintain the uneasy balance-of-power in the world by preventing successful aggression and sneak attacks and guarding against errors of miscalculation through insufficient and inaccurate intelligence data, thus preventing global catastrophes.

I suspect this may be the start of another espionage series, and it is recommended reading for spy-fiction fans.

Albert E. Gechter

In brief --

ACE non-sf releases for June, 1967 are: INSPECTOR FINCH GOTHIC #2: NO. 9 BELMONT SQUARE, by Margaret Erskine (K-281; 50¢; "Gothic"); CIRCLE OF DEATH, by Helen Arvonen (K-278; 50¢; "Gothic"); CALL IN THE NIGHT, by Susan Howatch (K-280; 50¢; Romance); NURSE AT MOORCROFT MANOR (M-161; 45¢; Romance); TRAIL OF LOST SKULLS, by Nelson Nye (M-160; 45¢; Western); THE ACTION AT REDSTONE CREEK, by Merle Constiner and A TIME TO SHOOT IT OUT, by Edwin Booth (G-638; 50¢; Western).

NYCON III Committee has withdrawn the name "Pong" from the fan achievement awards due to a considerable amount of criticism from fandom at large. The three awards, for "best fanzine", "best fan writer", and "best fan artist", will now simply be called "Fan Achievement Awards". (Thanks to SFWEEKLY #185 (formerly DEGLER!): Andy Porter, 24 E. 82nd St., NY, NY, 10028; 3/25¢, 14/\$1; free for fan or pro news.)

VIEWS, REVIEWS, AND ARCHIMEDEAN SPIRALS

Book Review -- THE PLANET OF THE DOUBLE SUN, by Neil R. Jones (Ace F-420, 40¢, 123 pp.)

We have here a genuine antique, the first Professor Jameson story, and even today it is able to generate a sense of wonder. You wonder at the creaky plot, you wonder at the pedantic writing, and then you wonder why you're laughing so hard.

The good professor, now grown old in service, has aspired all his life to achieve the ultimate in mortuary preservation. He seeks the Universal Embalming Fluid! Alas, he comes to realize it cannot be done. Glaciers advance and retreat, mountains crumble and rise. The imperatives of sewer lines disturb the repose of the dead. Earth is simply too damned busy. Then, The Brilliant Idea! Put me in orbit, so that my beloved carcass is at one with the cosmos. But what about giant meteors? Quickly he whumps up radium rays to repel anything that approaches, and creaking merrily away he builds his orbiting coffin, dies (in 1950) and is sent aloft by his nephew.

Cut to 40,000,000 years later.

The Zoromes, strange immortal metal beings with cubical bodies, four legs, six tentacles and ten eyes, are engaged in their favorite pastime, exploring the universe. They find -- wild excitement -- the orbiting spacecoffin. Oh! Ahh! Wow! Quick, bring it on board so we can see who or what is inside! But first, the professor's radium rays must be nullified. (Radium has a half-life of 1,620 years. After 40,000,000 years not much would be left, but then -- why trivially quibble?) Then comes the good part. One of the Zoromes says, "My, how well-preserved this being is. Let me try to reactivate its brain."; and bang! Professor Jameson finds himself on the inside of a Zorome metal body, looking out in ten different directions.

"What did you do with my magnificently preserved remains?", he asks.

"Oh, we threw them out," is the reply. After 40,000,000 years.

His first adventure is falling into a deep hole. And so on.

The book is so bad it's good. Simple sentences, pompous phrasing, no character development (the Zoromes are all numbered, and all the same), no plot twists to follow, simple ideas pounded over the head and underlined so they won't be missed; jerky, slapstick action; reliance on coincidence (the spaceship, with Professor Jameson, is going to crash into a pool of lava, when the volcano erupts, and kicks him back into orbit); and scientific naivete -- all these combine to produce a highly entertaining yarn. This is far, far better than Ray Cumming's TAMA, PRINCESS OF MERCURY or Eando Binder's ADAM YORK, IMMORTAL, which, while not saying much, is still something.

If you don't like bad old books -- or hokey pulp adventures -- or unintentional camp -- this isn't for you. If you don't know whether you like or not, try TPotDS and find out.

Alexis A. Gilliland

Movie Review -- FAHRENHEIT 451, starring Oskar Werner and Julie Christie, directed by Francois Truffaut, filmed in Britain, distributed by Universal, from the book by Ray Bradbury.

For those of you who never read or have forgotten the novel, FAHRENHEIT 451 ("The Fireman" in GALAXY) describes a future in which television screens are omnipresent and books are forbidden because they describe emotional situations which make readers unhappy. Most houses are fireproof, and the firemen's job has become searching for secret caches of the illegal books (would you believe paperbacks hidden in a pop-up toaster?) and burning them in public. Montag, the hero, is an experienced fireman who gets the urge to read one of the books he's supposed to burn and gets hooked. He can't go back to his former empty existence, and obtains and reads more and more volumes. Julie Christie plays a dual role as his wife, a non-thinker typical of the society, who doesn't want the disturbance that Montag's reading brings into her life, and as the girl next door (another clandestine reader) who loses her job as a teacher because her students were learning to be more than zombies.

As is to be expected, the acting is good, but it has very little to work on. The characters show little emotion, and what they do show failed to move me. Montag is the weak, silent type. There are few speaking lines, many of them murmured indistinctly in the approved art-film manner. The only really animated character, and the only one who has anything notable to say, is Montag's apparently-senile superior, who does cryptic things like hiding his watch and asking Montag what time it is.

There are some good futuristic details, but the general effect is uneven and the city comes across like the prop background it is. Montag, who has hardly ever seen the printed word and who labors over every sentence, somehow manages to finish DAVID COPPERFIELD in one night while his wife is sleeping (!!). Then he becomes so contaminated with book dust or something that the antigravity pole at the fire house no longer works for him (clever pole, that!). I kept expecting to see people walk around carrying miniature TV sets and earphones, and was disappointed. The scenes of books in flames, though they tore at my collector's heart-strings, are very well-photographed (someone even manages to have a breeze riffle through an entire book of Salvador Dali's paintings before it is consumed). Only the last scene, however, is particularly striking.

The pursuit of Montag when his actions are discovered has been drastically altered for the worse from the book, and his apparently effortless escape and discovery of a flourishing camp of book-lovers in the wilderness is a painful Truffaut ex machina. The rest of the direction, however, is excellent, and succeeds in transforming the tedious progression of the plot through its inevitable paces into something fairly interesting to watch. Recommended for fans who enjoy good film art. In overall quality it can probably be put among the 10 best SF movies to date, for however much that might be worth.

George Fergus

Book Review -- THE WINGED MEN, by A.E. van Vogt and E. Mayne Hull (Berkley Books XL403, 60¢, 153 pp.)

The original copyright is 1944, from ASTOUNDING, but the story may have been worked over a bit.

We start out in an early model atomic submarine, with atomic torpedoes, as it is cruising around in the vast Pacific. Suddenly we see a pretty gull! No! It's a man with wings! Stop him! He's putting a platinum pie plate on the prow! Biff, tsok, flutter! Drat, he got away... Look, sir, that big bird is up to no good aft! Don't shoot, hoomanz, I sullendah. Now we're stuck with two pie plates. Take them off. They won't come off?! Oh hell.

Suddenly light pours through the steel walls of the submarine, and the hero, raising his finger to point towards the ceiling, declares: "This is the crisis." They wind up at time t, 25 millenia in the future.

It seems that at time t minus 4 millenia, something went wrong, like spilling Universal Detergent, so that all the continents were reduced to fine mud. Humanity responded by building two great cities, one in the air, and one at the bottom of the sea, and adapting themselves into birdmen and fishmen. After a master stroke like that, why do you think the birdmen want a submarine with atomic torpedoes? With a very large cast, the characters don't emerge very clearly, and even the races and cultures, of which we are shown several, come across rather sketchily.

The plotting is somewhat arbitrary. Capt. Jones-Gordon, for instance, becomes an encumbrance to the author, and is written out, written back in for a short scene, and written out again.

The descriptive passages are excellent, particularly where the hero becomes in turn a birdman and a fishman, but far too much of the story is spent standing around while one character after another relates the history, background, and ideology of his or her particular culture. This is bad enough when done to provide background for the main line of the story. Here it is used for little more than hinting at the motivations of people who are not central to the plot, and who are never seen otherwise. Van Vogt was clearly interested in his imaginary constructs, and, taken out of context, they are interesting. However, they distract the reader's attention from the story, and they definitely stop the action. This gives the story an uneven, jerky pacing, like a local train running late, leaves one unsure of who and what is important, and may induce skipping.

Which is a pity, because TWM is a fine fantasy-action story, laden with wonderful cockeyed ideas, thud-'n-blunder action, simple-minded intrigue and magic masquerading as science. That these ingredients aren't better blended is partly the fault of the author, partly the fault of the ingredients. In any event, if you are tired of playing hunt-the-symbol and beautiful writing without ideas, this might be for you. If you can suspend belief a little more than usual, you get two or three hours of pretty good fun.

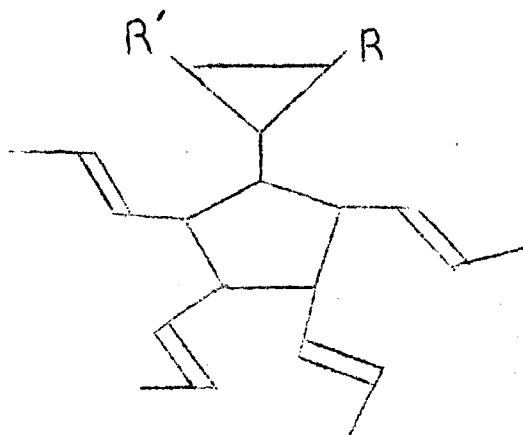
The cover, for which no credit is given, is a montage, clearly inspired by the book. Study it awhile and you get the feel of the story.

TWM is recommended with reservations.

Alexis A. Gilliland

Featurette --

CHEMICAL AND ENGINEERING NEWS, May 22, 1967, reports the structural determination of the leprechauns, substituted molecules of 1-cyclopropyl-2,3,4,5-tetrapropenylcyclopentane, having the following structure:



Alexis A. Gilliland

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DOLL'S HOUSE: Fanzine Reviews
by Doll Gilliland

Achtung! Correction! The cover art for ANUBIS #1, which I so admired as peculiarly appropriate to the publication, was not executed by Jack Gaughan, but by Paul Willis. (Jack admitted to doing the lettering, but very kindly corrected me so that I might give credit where credit is due. Which I think is a credit to him.) And now to the fanzines.

Fascinating. Fandom seems to have no bounds. Here is BRONZE SHADOWS #9 (Fred S. Cook, 7511 Erie St., Sylvania, Ohio, 43560; 35¢, 3/\$1). This one is for Doc Savage fans. (I believe the Doc Savage Fan Club is hoping to have its first annual meeting at the NYCON.) Contents include details on a contest sponsored by Lester Dent (the author) in 1936, articles on how Doc Savage came to be reissued, a search for information re R. T. M. Scott (author of The Spider novels), and a discussion of the Avenger as an escape artist. Also, Doc Savage book reviews, reproduction of a few pages from the March, 1935 DOC SAVAGE MAGAZINE novel "Land of Always-Night", a review of THE WEIRD ADVENTURES OF THE SHADOW, and a discussion of the illustrators.

THE COLLECTOR'S BULLETIN #7 (An N3F pub. Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St., Newport News, Va., 23605). Nice cover by Paul Crawford. Contains a review of correspondence and correspondents, answering some questions, asking others. Also, a trade column, a list of series indices which they now have, an index of the "Change War" series (and related Boardman article "Along Came A Spider"), the "Whisperer", the "Doc Methusalem", and the "Van Rijn" series, and other articles including an excellent one by Jerry Page on "The Problems of Bibliography".

Remarkable....Last time I had just completed a book by Cabell when I chanced upon KALKI. This time I just finished THE BIG TIME by Fritz Leiber, when I opened SPECULATION #15 (Peter R. Weston, 81 Trescott Rd., Northfield, Birmingham, 31, U.K. U.S. Agent: Al Lewis, 4600 Kester Ave., Apt. D., Sherman Oaks, Cal. 35¢, 5/\$1.50; arranged trades). Here I discovered an article entitled "All About the Change War", written by the author himself, and a related critical article on THE BIG TIME, written by Dick Eney for SPECULATIVE REVIEW. The news column ranges from the SF course being offered at UCLA to THE UNIVERSES OF E. E. SMITH by Ron Elik and our own Bill Evans. Paid advertisements (75¢/¼-page, and multiples of same). Contents also include Buck Coulson's delightful dissertation on "Great (British) SF Potboilers of Our Time"; an index and article on the "Blue Fire" series of stories by Robert Silverberg, the author (Ballantine has just recently forwarded to us TO OPEN THE SKY, U6093, 222 pp., 75¢, which unites this series under one cover). A department which concerns itself with the fan field features, this issue. Bruce Pelz telling how to collect fanzines; Buz Busby discourses on reviewers and critics as such. In addition, book reviews, Loc's (Blish, Aldiss, Bulmer and others on Ballard and others).

I like the articles by the authors about their works (...especially when read about the same time as articles by fandom on the same books) explaining the author's intent. SPECULATION is very well done. Good cover art, this issue by Pam Yates. Recommended...all 51 pages.

CINEFANTASTIQUE #1 (Fred Clarke, 7470 Diversey, Elmwood Park, Ill., 60635, and/or Vern Bennett, P.O. Box 705, Hawthorne, Cal., 90250. 3/25¢). "A newsletter of film news and reviews published bi-weekly." 10pp. Exactly what it says. Odd bits on upcoming films and TV shows, reviews of current films ("Brides of Fu Manchu", "Cyborg 2087", etc.) and fanzines. Amusing (to me) "visual art" -- ads, photos, etc.

I believe I may have done an injustice to PULP ERA (Lynn A. Hickman, The Pulp Era Press, 413 Ottokee Street, Wauseon, Ohio, 43567. New price: 50¢; 5/\$2.25; 10/\$4. Next issue, #67, is special supersized 150 pp. -- \$1.50 or 2 issues of regular subscription.) I never really knew the pulps, and the previous issue of this fanzine was only mildly interesting to me. However, PULP ERA #66 has awakened my enthusiasm. This is principally an air war edition, with an excellent cover, movie review of "The Blue Max", and superb art folio and comments by Dave Prosser...the latter to be continued in the upcoming anniversary issue. As it happens, Alexis is a WWI airmen and planes enthusiast, and this gave me a quickie intro to the planes and pilots and their exploits.

Am quite favorably impressed by the skill of the contributors in providing enough background on their subject so that even the tyro can enjoy their discussions... especially Mac McGregor's "Comprehensive Survey of the Spider Novels". (Had seen reference to the Spider in BRONZE SHADOWS, and I now know what they were talking about.) Dean Grennell's article on FLYING ACES, reprinted from the May, 1961 YANDRO, was also quite illuminating. Gary Zachrich does entertaining pulp collector cartoons. Having read two issues of PULP ERA, I can appreciate what the editor is trying to do, and in this issue he really brings it off. Recommended for pulp fans...and fellow travelers.

QUIP #5 (Arnie Katz, 98 Patton Blvd., New Hyde Park, N.Y., 11043. Trade; Loc's, contrib, art, or 50¢). Otherwise known as "The Quish", this is their 1st anniversary ish. Quiver (5-page cartoon cover) by Ross Chamberlain, not to mention the entertaining art quips by Harness, Jeeves, Porter, Rotsler, Staton, Stiles, Thomson, and bacover by Bjo Trimble. Arnie introduces Lon Atkins as new co-editor (with Len Bailes shifting to a slightly less active role) -- accompanied by appropriate and witty comment on same, and new columnists and artists. Announces a QUIPoll 1967 of fanzine fans, votes to be submitted to Arnie at the above address by May 27 on a plain sheet of paper, signed at the bottom, with name printed or typed below the signature. Covering 1966 only, asks for vote for best fanzine (maximum of 10 names), best fanwriter (maximum of 10), best fan artist/cartoonist (maximum of 10), best fan (maximum of 5), best column (maximum of 5), and best new fan (maximum of 3). I'll be interested in the results of this poll -- am curious as to exactly what they mean by best "fan" and best "new fan". Would this be Loc's, activities, or what? If it covers contributions to the success of conventions, Bjo Trimble would be a hot contender; if it covers encouragement to fanzines, one would have to consider Ted White and Jack Gaughan. If they mean just plain enthusiasm, one should consider people like Alan Huff (with whom fanzine readers might not necessarily be acquainted). Maybe if we're in luck, Arnie will write us on the matter. Or anyone?)

Also includes a plug for the Pan Pacificon...Lon Atkins' side of how he became co-editor and what followed...Len Bailes' great comments on dorm life with Lester and Friedman. Pete Weston's article on the "New Wave" in British fandom was certainly welcomed by this reader -- a good look at fanzine activity in the Isles from 1963 to 1965. Bob Bloch's "Non-Con Report" on his alternate activities; Ross Chamberlain on VOID, the Quivers, Jack Gaughan, etc.; Harry Warner on Loc's (and who is better qualified?); and Ed Cox on, among other things, the World Church, "just the thing for fandom in the way of True Religion. I'm not kidding...the 'Beautiful Ministry' of Reverend Velma Mary Lee Jagers... 'Miss Velma will descend from high out of the skies in a spaceship wearing a gold spacesuit and space helmet, etc.'" (Yes, readers, this is for real, and Cox devotes better than a page to her various revival spectacles -- "Youth-a-Go-Go", "Youth in Flight", etc.) Airline stewardesses make another topic, Cox being inspired by Mich. Representative Martha Griffiths); a Camp-y piece of fiction; Bill Bowers (of DOUBLE:BILL) on dual editorship. A couple of reprints: one from NAPA 18 by Wally Weber on how he got into the record-cutting business (that "church orchestra" bit is a must-read), and volume one of

The Works and Plays of Carl Brandon -- "Purple Pastures" (Terry Carr's delightful fandom take-off on the play "Green Pastures"). (Someone ought to produce this thing at a Con, or has this been done?)

F.M. Busby on past Cons, with a boost for Seacon in '68; Len Bailes' well-written "The Collectors"; pleasant chatter by Greg Benford (who will be doing fanzine reviews); Loc's (Walt Willis is here, too, that wonderful man). Let's see now, what unkind things can I say about "The Quish"? Well, this copy had two pp. 97 & 98, and there were several typographical errors, but with 101 pages of entertainment at my fingertips, I willingly overlook such trivia. An excellent fanzine.

ODD #16 (Ray & Joyce Fisher, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis, Mo., 63108. 50¢; 3/\$1.25; 6/\$2; contribs & Loc's.) Have finally put my finger on it; my opinion of ODD has been colored by the editor's attitude toward the VietNam conflict; he turns me off completely. Nonetheless, the publication is well done. All kinds of eye-catching illos by some 19 contributors -- Andrews, Bowers, Buck ("Admiral Animal"), Gardner (cartoon adventures of Irwin L.), Gaughan, Jeeves, Jennings (the editors ought to use this one regularly, to head up a column maybe), Keller, Kinney (full-page), Langton, Malon, Nelson, Rhodes, Rotsler, Schoenfeld, Staton, Urie, Wolff, and Paul Willis (who also did the striking cover and bacover, as well as an autobiographical sketch and related essay). Harry Warner contributes an extensive review of THE FOOD OF THE GODS, written by H. G. Wells in 1904; David Hall offers a beautifully written edda "Vindalf the Wine-Maker Consults the Oracle"; Marshall Clarke wordily illustrates the "Lingual Verbosity that Young Authors Use Too Much Of".

I don't know. I have read innumerable accounts of the trials and tribulations of getting a fanzine out, but there seems to be something special about that Missouri group...this time recounted by Chester Malon. Gordon in England discusses the Common Market, the Cream (no, no, that's one of the new British musical groups), and his hoped-for trip to the U.S. this summer. Poetry by Ray Nelson (OK) and Joyce Fisher (I don't know), and Loc's. This fanzine certainly has a lot going for it; wonder how long the Fishers can maintain the high standard they've set for themselves?

GENOCK #1 (Bill Kunkel, 72-41 61st St., Glendale, N.Y., 11227. Loc's, articles, esp. by comifans, contribs, 25¢). A new fantasy fanzine; the editor hopes to feature short fiction and poetry, perhaps a comic-strip type story, and extended letter column. Will publish announcements at no cost, illos, and reviews. In this ish, he reviews several Bradbury works, and the latest Peanuts collection THE UNSINKABLE CHARLIE BROWN. Will have to wait and see.

HUGIN & MUNIN #1 (Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Rd., Ottawa 8, Ontario, Canada. Money, trade, Loc's, contribs.) This is an Acusfoos (A Carleton University Speculative Fiction Organization of Sorts) fanzine. (I like that term "speculative" -- probably more accurate than "science" fiction, considering today's literature.) A new publication, its aim is to woo Carleton U. students who are or might be interested in SF/F and fandom in general. Fair fiction, a pair of articles on civilian byproducts of space research and the space race -- "The U.S. is ahead...." (Well written, but more like the aftereffects of brainwashing than knowledgeable discussion; Loc's would probably do much for them). Film review, and poetry, most notably -- two by John Panter.

 ((Send fanzines for review, plainly marked "FOR TWJ REVIEW", to Doll at 2126 Penna. Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C., 20037; to Larry Smith, 216 E. Tibet Rd., Columbus, Ohio, 43202; or to the TWJ editor. All persons whose fanzines are reviewed herein receive a "courtesy copy" of the issue in which the review appears. If you want two different opinions on your fanzine, send each of our reviewers a copy. --ed.))

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THE EASTERN SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

Minutes of ESFA Meeting, May 7, 1967 --

The meeting opened at 3:30 p.m. with a total attendance of 23, including surprise guests Mr. & Mrs. E. J. Carnell of England and Mr. & Mrs. David Kyle of Potsdam, N.Y. The Secretary presented the minutes of the last meeting, which were accepted, and read a letter of resignation from John Boardman protesting the invitation of an astrologer to address the club. The Treasurer's report was given and accepted. Director Deckinger announced that WORLDS OF TOMORROW had folded, and gave a brief report on the recent Lunacon. He then passed around clippings from London papers regarding the banning of L. Ron Hubbard's Scientology cult from Britain.

Deckinger quoted Judith Merrill as saying, "Wait till he hears I've never read Weinbaum!" as her reaction to Sam Moskowitz's opinion of her as a reviewer when she confessed in her column to an ignorance of the works of H. G. Wells. Sam's comment on this was that his previous low opinion of an alleged expert who is not acquainted with such pivotal influences as Wells and Weinbaum has gone even lower, if possible.

The entire slate of officers was returned by popular acclaim on motion to that effect by Sam Moskowitz. They are: Director, Mike Deckinger; Vice-Director, Robert Weinberg; Secretary, Allan Howard; and Treasurer, Paul Herkart.

The featured speaker was Richard Wilson, Syracuse University News Director. Mr. Wilson said that the University has been collecting mss. since 1918, and operates on the idea that since we don't know what posterity will consider valuable, it does not pay to throw anything away. At present there are 13 separate collection categories, and sf has an honored place in the University's plan. Each is in the charge of an expert, with Mr. Wilson the current expert on sf, with an assist from fans in the Syracuse area. He said that when he was about to join the University he found that Howard Applegate, Administrator of Manuscripts, was interested in starting an s-f collection. They are attempting to collect almost everything in the field -- especially mss., papers and letters of s-f writers, as well as photographs, newspaper clippings, anthologies, indices, and bibliographies: anything that will give researchers and historians a well-rounded picture. All donated material will be kept in perpetuity, and some 22 authors have presented material up to the present. Material is still being unpacked, catalogued, and put into folders. Mss. are kept in fire-retardant boxes and in humidity and temperature-controlled rooms. The collection at present is housed in an old library donated by Andrew Carnegie, but space is limited and magazines going back to AMAZING #1 will probably be microfilmed. S-f material is on display, and there is an exhibition every year. Material will be available to other universities and to qualified persons and anthologists.

E. J.

"Ted" Carnell, the former editor of NEW WORLDS and SCIENCE FANTASY, was asked to say a few words about the state of sf in England and Europe. He recapped the history of the magazines under his editorship from their founding in 1946 until the company, among others, was hit by the bankruptcy of its distributors. He said he had a lot of fun editing the magazines and felt he did some good for sf. He feels that magazine sf is as much a problem now as it was 20 years ago, on both sides of the Atlantic, but films, hard-cover sf and paperbacks are holding the line. However, the magazines were always the breeding-ground for new writers, and we would not see the type of writers that sf should have coming into the field without magazines. Mr. Carnell feels that the present s-f boom, which is due to the paperbacks, will remain fairly stable for the next few years, but will inevitably collapse from over-production, as did the magazine field in the past. He says that France has its own writers, but they are not too good. Germany is still below Western standards, and Italy is still in the fanzine stage of writing quality.

Sam Moskowitz announced the death of ESFA charter-member, Frances Forman, wife of an early s-f writer, David M. Speaker. The meeting was adjourned at 5:40 p.m. At a membership meeting, Sherna Comerford, Devra Langsam, Carl Frederick, and Brian Burley were admitted to membership.

Allan Howard, Secretary, ESFA

THE PHILADELPHIA SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY

Minutes of the PSFS Meeting, May 12, 1967 --

Meeting opened at 8:15 p.m. by Ozzie Train. Minutes of the previous meeting were read and accepted, as was the Treasurer's report. No report was given on the Lunacon, due to the fact that my carbons were not good enough for reading. The President came in late with his new bride and received a round of applause.

The new charter was read, and discussed along with two changes; it was voted in, along with the changes. One of the tentative new members was present, and was voted in as a new member.. She is Michele Malkin.

We discussed titles for the new WCAU radio program, and exact dating. Fred Pohl is to be contacted as a prospective speaker by J. B. Post. He is with Galaxy Publications, 421 Hudson St., N.Y.C., N.Y. It was also decided that we might get Mr. James Smart from the BULLETIN to come to a meeting and write up a column for us (if we could get a good speaker for it). Is he so smart? I was to send J. B. Post the address of Lester del Rey (581 W. Front St., Red Bank, N.J.), as it was suggested we might get him here for both the meeting and a program to coincide, if we pay for his fare and possibly a meal.

Two addresses of old members who are to be put on the mailing list: Robert Sadler, 9 Noble St., Warminster, Pa., and John Woods, 34 Centre St., Haddonfield, N.J., 08033.

The program was called for at 9:20 p.m. Tom Purdom discussed the economics of space-travel. He compared the cost of a trip in space with that of air-transport today. He brought into the discussion such things as the modernization, demand and growth, and cut-back in the number of employees with that growth. This developed into a dispute over the economics of today as compared with those of yesterday. The discussion also covered the population explosion, survival on the trip for persons with heart disease and the like, and the change in currency and its value.

The meeting closed at 10 p.m., after which some of us went to H.&H. on Market St. for supper, while the rest went on home.

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

MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY ANNEX --

STARTLING MYSTERY STORIES #4 and MAGAZINE OF HORROR #16 -- SMS has Robert E. Howard's "new" "Secret of Lost Valley"; this one is really the story that was announced for STRANGE TALES just before it folded. It's a Western-with-horror story. The rest are reprints, including a Solar Pons story by August Derleth and a Jules de Grandin story by Seabury Quinn.

MOH has three new stories, all readable, by Joseph Payne Brennan, R. A. Lafferty, and Pauline Kappel Prilucik. Russian author Leonid Andreyeff's "Lazarus" may, or may not, be making its first appearance in English; I can find no mention of who translated it. The rest are reprints.

Banks Mebane

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FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK

Burton W. Randolph, 5423 Manitowac Drive, Palos Verdes Peninsula, Calif., 90274

(11 May 1967)

Always happy to see sound management practices in effect and making the JOURNAL solvent via the By-Law changes was a good policy change. Solvency, flexibility, 20 pages; who can complain?

Enjoyed Klein's report on NAB '67. If he has never been west, Bob Silverberg may not know that Normons classify all non-Normons as gentiles, which should bolster his campaign for the Papacy.

Gross and Porter notwithstanding, I enjoy Alexis' book reviews immensely. Is it not more in character for an S-F fan who reviews S-F books -- in contradistinction to an S-F book reviewer which could mean rapier-tongued Fritz -- to depart from "orthodox" literary methods? Which reminds me of something that occurred to me when I read Fritz's barrage. I knew Alexis 20 years ago at Purdue before he knew what an oxidation number or three notrump meant. (Even then his chess was exceptional.) His reading habits, ah, these were truly astonishing in such a youngster. How I would love to hear Mr. Muhlhauser discuss the Italian Renaissance for thirty minutes with Alexis in order to demonstrate what an S-F fan can't know about this period.

I confess that Fritz did not say we don't read anything else. He said that if we do not we are foolish. But he obliquely implied that we probably do not because, if we did, we wouldn't stand for such "bad" SF.

To return to fighting for freedom of style, look at the sparkling job Dolly is doing in Doll's House. And reviewing fanzines well is time-consuming, difficult, and, inevitably, somewhat thankless. Go, Dolly, go!

Mebane is a pleasure to read, as usual. Haldeman's fantasy was exquisite. George Fergus completes our rebuttal to Fritz with such strength that I suggest we desist. Any more and we will be guilty of OVERKILL.

Yes, Don, Doll is right; TWJ has improved noticeably. The new direction? So long as the direction is new and the focus does keep shifting, TWJ's future is solid. Monthly at 20 pages sounds good to me.

Got an enormous bellylaugh (if that is two words, it just got concatenated) from Jim Hall's proposed name for Fritz's "club".

Can't resist pointing out that HOUSE OF 1,000 DOLLS is too staggering a concept for all of male S-F fandom. (You are permitted a mildly amused expression, Alexis.)

L.C. Smith wants a controversial question. I can only describe a situation which bewilders me. Through a chain of events which merit no space here, I discovered Tolkien's Ring Trilogy only last year. To say that I was charmed and deeply impressed would be understatement. There are depths beyond depths in this epic fantasy and there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that this work will become increasingly recognized as a legitimate object for serious literary scholarship. One must never forget that Tolkien was and is, first and foremost, a scholar of the English language. He knows what he writes and why he chooses styles of expression. If one proceeds from this basis, there are fascinating mysteries to unravel in the Trilogy the clues to which are neither random nor accidental nor inconsistent. During the past several months I have been looking into some of these.

However, in trying to "catch up" with prior writings on the Trilogy and to establish correspondence with those who think as I do, I have encountered a puzzling lack of response. Two letters to Dick Plotz, presumably (still) President of the Tolkien Society of America, have gone unanswered. I obtained the four issues of I PALANTIR from Bruce Pelz here in L.A., but was told no one here has much active interest in the Ring Trilogy now. I wrote Felice Rolfe in Palo Alto with no result.

Are there any serious Tolkien enthusiasts out there any more? Where is the university professor mentioned in ESQUIRE's hatchet job who signs himself Gimli? Does anybody give a (tinker's) dam any more? I would greatly appreciate hearing from anyone who thinks he feels as I do. George Fergus: if you will accept my

hypotheses about Tolkien and the Trilogy and are interested enough to drop me a line, I will be happy to demonstrate the difference between well-founded, serious enthusiasm and "buff-dom" or "nut-hood" re the Trilogy.

((Burt's letter was in comment on TWJ #41, for any of you who came in with #42. Burt, you are not the only one who has written to us with complaints about the Tolkien Society of America. One outgrowth of these complaints has been a move by Capt. Rod Walker (see page 2 for his address) to form a Tolkien Division within the N3F Games Bureau, which will deal with the Trilogy and with other literary sub-world creations. We suggest you drop him a line expressing your interest in the Trilogy and explaining your feelings on the work. You might also find Harry Manogg (address on WSFA roster) and Dan Alderson (6720 Day St., Tujunga, Calif., 91042) enthusiastic correspondents -- although Dan has been ill recently and may be somewhat slow in replying. Banks Mebane (address on WSFA roster) is another likely person. We would be too, only, we must confess, we have yet to be able to find the time to sit down and properly read the Trilogy -- we are hoping to rectify this situation during our 7-week stay in England, while we are not under the constant pressure exerted by our publication schedules here at home. But please, Burt and you other correspondents -- share some of your discussions and ideas with the rest of us, through FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK and Rod's proposed magazine, and, possibly, articles in these 'zines. --ed.))

George Fergus, RR #4, Angola, Indiana, 46703

(14 May 1967)

. . . Your change in policy for Corresponding Memberships confuses me. What does a corresponding member get for his annual 50¢? Listing of his name and address every few issues? For myself, presumably I have a subscription to the JOURNAL until my "old style" corresponding membership runs out, and then I resubscribe in the new manner. You might have made it clearer.

My, what a spirited defense of his Foundation Trilogy Isaac sent in... However, even tiny crumbs of Asimov wit are to be appreciated.

You continue to do an excellent job on TWJ (ably aided by Jay's Con reports, Banks' column, and Alexis' reviews). It is certainly the only 'zine which can make me feel like a part of active fandom when in actuality I only manage to attend an occasional worldcon. How does it feel to be the only faned to use the editorial "we" and one of the few to have a real end-of-the-zine colophon (somehow fandom got started on putting colophons at the beginning)?

Al Gechter seems to like everything he reviews. I think he has too high an opinion of spy novels -- he likes them even more than I do, and people around here think I'm overly fond of spy novels. Incidentally, I just read a cute one called THE THIEF WHO COULDN'T SLEEP by Lawrence Block (Gold Medal) that verges on the fantastic. The hero was hit on the head by a piece of shrapnel during the war which destroyed his "sleep center", and he is incapable of sleeping. He goes into a Yoga position for some "rest" every once in a while, but spends his nights reading. He gets a disability pension from the government, and supplements his income by writing master's and doctor's theses for college students. What's really weird about him, though, is that he likes to join underdog-type organizations like the Flat Earth Society of England, the Society for a Free Croatia, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, the Lithuanian Army-in-Exile, the League for the Restoration of Cilician Armenia, the Federation of Iberian Anarchists, etc., etc. I doubt that there has ever been a spy of weirder background. The book is a romp. Its sequel, THE CANCELED CZECH, is not as good, but features a cataleptic who appears to be dead when he is in a seizure (which may last several days). Would you believe a man who never sleeps ferrying a dead man who isn't dead from one end of Europe to the other?

Do you suppose it is true that Ace's rejects are sent on automatically to Paperback Library, which then sends its rejects to Belmont? From the number of original novels by Ted White and Lin Carter coming up from Belmont, this seems quite likely. I wonder if Belmont sends its rejects directly on to Avalon...

Is Fritz Muhlhauser the same one who wrote a book about war games in miniature?

If you know anyone in MAPA, warn them to drop Tom Tupree as OE. Tom recently absconded with about \$50 from the APAL5 treasury.

((The original Corresponding Membership, back in the pre-JOURNAL days, was primarily a membership category for "friends" of WSFA who lived out-of-town and thus couldn't attend meetings, but wanted to do a bit for the club financially -- and also receive any announcements, etc., of special WSFA activities (the DISCLAVES, picnics, etc.). When the JOURNAL came along, the club -- the JOURNAL being a club publication -- wanted to keep it "in the family", with the club having control over it, and so a "members only" policy was established for the JOURNAL -- and Corresponding Membership became the type of membership most desirable for out-of-towners and in-town non-attendees who wanted to receive the JOURNAL regularly (in effect, a Corresponding Membership was a subscription to the JOURNAL -- nothing more, and nothing less). As Corresponding Memberships were reckoned in time rather than in number of issues, this meant that tying Corresponding Membership and the JOURNAL together meant that JOURNAL receipt, too, was reckoned by periods of time rather than by number of issues -- which limited flexibility and led to all kinds of confusion -- not to mention a very complex system of bookkeeping, and -- with the changing shape and size of the JOURNAL -- a tremendous drain on the club treasury. It was therefore decided to break the link between Corresponding Membership and the JOURNAL, and to put the JOURNAL on a strictly subscription basis for all persons subscribing or renewing in the future. Corresponding membership reverted back to its pre-JOURNAL status of being a category for "friends" and supporters of the club.

Let us point out, though, that it is not quite the same as it was before. It is now a true membership class -- especially since Associate Memberships have been eliminated. Persons who attend meetings with any regularity are expected to become Regular members; others now have only one category open to them -- that of Corresponding member. Hmmm... I didn't mean it quite that way -- persons who don't attend meetings regularly may also become Regular members, although it will cost them a lot more. Also, all WSFA members will receive the new WSFA supplements to TWJ.

All persons who were Corresponding members under the former system remain in this category -- with the JOURNAL continuing to come -- until their period of membership has expired -- at which time they may subscribe to the JOURNAL and/or become a Corresponding member for another year, as they desire.

The only problem with the use of the editorial "we" (besides occasional awkwardness) is that editorial comments may sometimes be taken to be club policy, which is not necessarily the case. This was one of the main problems with our TNFF editorship. We are, though, the only faned never to have an LoC from Harry Warner, Jr., in his fanzine (Harry, how about taking care of that problem for us?).

It's not so much that Al likes everything he reviews -- it's more that he reviews only what he likes. But then, we'll let Al answer you himself, if he will. Al?

You are probably thinking of Joseph Morschauer, who wrote WAR GAMES IN MINIA-TURE (Walker & Co., New York, 1962. \$3.95). --ed.)

Laurence C. Smith, 216 East Tibet Road, Columbus, Ohio, 43202 (15 May 1967)

Ah -- at last! An issue of TWJ that has many things whereon I can make stupid remarks. Still no fanzines from your traders, but I promise to do duplicate reviews when I turn out my next CØSIGN column.

Somewhere in the lettercol I noticed that you wanted permission to excerpt from any of my conreps, ads, news notes, etc. Since this is very definitely an offer of free publicity for ØCon (the 27th WSFC) and Marcon III, of course you have my permission. The Marcon II postconrep is being mailed out with CØSIGN #10, and you should get it within a week. One point I'd like to make very clear: Roger Zelazny, because of the pressures involved in changing jobs . . . , can no longer serve as the East Coast Representative for the Society in an official capacity. I've asked Banks if he'll take the job, but so far I haven't heard from him. Until I get word, I'd appreciate it if any queries re ØCon or Marcon III were directed to me.

My personal tastes on fmz reviews is for long analyses of whatever in the 'zine is worthy of comment, but CØSIGN has got a space problem, so I've had to cut the reviews short. I may be able to do better in TWJ, but this all depends on time and material for review. I've got a promised critique of RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY due as soon as I get my borrowed copies of the 'zine. Are you interested?

Since this thing is being written as I remember something in TWJ that I've an opinion and/or comment on, it'll be kinda spotty and irregular. I hope you can wade through it.

CØSFS, Inc. meetings: The Society is now holding 2 meetings a month at the Center of Science and Industry (COSI), 280 East Broad St., Columbus, Ohio, 43215. The schedule is as follows: June 3 & 15; July 1 & 15; August 5 & 19; September 9 & 23; October 7 & 21; November 4 & 28; December 2 & 16. The first meeting of the month is a combined business/social meeting; the second is purely social. All meetings start at 6 p.m. and run until the last fan drops from exhaustion. The head charge (to cover the cost of the room and the refreshments) will probably go up to 75¢ per meeting. Anyone is welcome at the COSI meetings, although we'd prefer to know in advance if someone from out of town is coming so we can make arrangements. The social weekend meetings are being reorganized on an invitation/request basis because of space problems; a schedule will be printed in CØSIGN as soon as I get one to run.

On to comments on #41: Jay Kay Klein, for my money, writes some of the most informative and lucid conreps that I've ever had the pleasure of reading. There's a note from J.K. in the lettercol re the remarks of one Reg Smith in TWJ #37. #37 is one of the few TWJ's I happen to have, so I went back and looked for myself. I find that I agree with J.K. entirely: if all you want to know about a con is what the official program was, write the sponsors and request a copy of the program book. And for something like the Midwestcon, where there isn't any program, how could you report on it without giving personal impressions? I don't know many of the East Coast fen, but I get a lot of information about them from Jay's conreps, and second-hand impressions are much better than none. Jay's Nebula Awards Banquet report is an excellent example of how to write a conrep that conveys all the necessary info without being dry and/or boring. I only wish my efforts were as readable. (I wrote all of the Marcon II conrep; comments on same would be appreciated.)

Alex cuts hell out of Burroughs' TREASURE OF THE BLACK FALCON. Unfortunately, I couldn't find anything wrong with his review; I got the same impression (who are you trying to kid, Mr. B.?) from the thing, and I'm rather sorry I wasted the money.

Doll, for a non-fan, has a very witty way with a fanzine review. Fun to read, although I must disagree with her impressions of SIRRUIISH 3, which I found bad at best and unbelievable at worst. Pastiche on a conrep are all well and good, but when they replace the real thing, I feel cheated (sorry about that, Leigh). And most of the art struck me as being pulled from the editor's "maybe" file. Oh well, tastes differ.

I have more than enough to read in the SF&F field, so my acquaintance with most of the "superspy" books is meagre, to say the least. But Al's review of I SPY #4 made me feel that I wasn't missing much (though some of the UNCLE books have proved entertaining, much to my surprise).

Banks does his usual superlative job on the prozine reviews, and for once I'd read some of the stories he covered. (My prozine indexing, for those few who are interested, is progressing nicely. I've only about 275 'zines to go.)

The "Columbuscon" that Brian Burley mentioned is Marcon III, more on which I've said above and in my letter in #41. The program runs to two fan panels, a pro panel, Roger's reading, a banquet, and, of course, the open party in the CØSFS suite on Saturday eve. I'm hoping to see a good many of the Eastern fen there, as I think M III has a lot to offer. It's scheduled for the 30th and 31st of March, 1968, at the Holiday Inn East here. Roger will be the GoH, and it should be fun for all.

Re your answer to Doll Gilliland's LoC, I'd like to see the JOURNAL at 20 pages, bi-weekly, 3rd-class. You don't pretend to be a newszine, so up-to-the-minute reportage is not important. The only thing of a deadline nature is the Club

Circuit, and most of your sources seem to give you meeting dates well in advance, which eliminates any objection on that account. I'm willing to go to a higher membership fee (yes, I still want to be a Corresponding Member of WSFA; I'll send the extra 50¢ if you want me to) if this is necessary. And please send one of your membership blanks; I'm sending you one of ours with this. . . .

P.S. You know, Don, TWJ is the only 'zine I LoC regularly. Must be your superior regularity, or the fact that you do print my letters, or something. Incidentally, do LoC's by members serve to extend their subs or not? I hope not, because CØSIGN's policy is that members LoC at their own risk, and don't get extensions. We don't seem to offend anybody that way, and it cuts down on the extra expenses tremendously. I'd like to see a discussion of this pro and con in the pages of TWJ, so you can print this PS if you wish.

((Yes, we are interested in the RSQ critique. We have a review of all of the recent UNCLE books (in fact, two reviews) from Al, which we'll be running in a future issue when we get the space (the first review is a long one, as it covers five or six of the books at one time). Subscribers in the \$2 and \$3.25 classes are automatically Corresponding Members if they let us know they want to be and, in the case of new subscribers, send in a completed membership application. (New subscribers will find membership blanks enclosed with this issue.) At present, there is no extra 50¢ fee for \$2 and \$3.25 subscribers who want to be Corresponding members -- but this may change, if the WSFA supplement becomes a regular thing.

To answer your final question, no, LoC's and other contributions by members do not serve to extend their subs. We have, on occasion, sent an extra copy to a contributor who requested one, but we do not make this a regular practice. If we did, our costs would go up to the point where we would have to raise our sub rates again. We have (speaking here as the editor) experienced periods of moral turmoil over the ethics of sending free copies to contributors who are not members but not extending the subs of contributors who are members (the word "subscribers" may be substituted here for "members" wherever it appears), but the member-contributors have not complained about this (in fact, at least two of our regular contributors, who received the JOURNAL regularly because of their regular contributions, took out memberships anyway). We would certainly be interested in reading the comments of our readers (and contributors) on this subject. --ed.))

Charles F. ("Chick") Derry, 6817 3rd St., Riverdale, Md., 20840 (17 May 1967)

. . . To begin with, I want to congratulate you on the new WSFA JOURNAL. And it is new -- it bears no relation to the various JOURNAL's of old. Amen!

I particularly enjoyed Ozzie Train's article on the S-F pioneers, though I lament the sketchy quality of same. His remarks about J. U. Giesy intrigued (but tantalized) me. I've always wondered what sort of fellow he was. I much admired his "Dog Star" series.

The fiction I wasn't too happy with, but then I haven't been too happy with fan fiction since I first read -- and wrote -- some. But I am only a small voice, and, after all, professionals do have to get a start some place -- I guess.

I don't know if Muhlhauser is for real or not, but I am surprised that so many fans got upset over his poorly-written, haphazardly-conceived, and childishy-defended critique (?) of Asimov. I agree with Isaac. But, as a suggestion to Fritz, he should read some good SF before cutting the whole genre into shreds. And since what is good is a matter of individual taste, I suggest a varied diet. But, like the classics, not all at once; too much Dickens can be as bad as too much Heinlein, and vice versa. And, incidentally, who ever said Dickens was classic material? He's just a penny-paper hack who has been vindicated by time. Muhlhauser had better come back in 50 years -- maybe Isaac will be required reading along with Charlie.

For the benefit of Fritz, who professes that he prefers the classics to SF, I offer Vardis Fisher. The first four or five books of his Testament of Man series are, by any definition, science fiction. They are also literature. The writing is

excellent English, correctly used. The story is plausible in the light of what we know about pre-historic and historic man. Style and narrative-flow are consistent, and, to top it off, the author knows a great deal more about his subject than he finds necessary to put into his writing (this indicates research). What else could Fritz want?

Speaking of Fisher, I'm surprised that fans haven't mentioned him before. Aside from the fact that he requires you to think while you read, he has a great deal more to offer than Heinlein (and I like Heinlein) -- although, I will grant you, only a small portion of his work could be construed as sf.

If anyone is interested, I would be happy (?) to do a brief review of Fisher's Testament of Man series, up to at least MY HOLY SATAN.

There were some other things on which I wanted to comment, but I got to thinking -- if I go on like this, you might print it, and thereby waste a half-page which could better be used by Bob Tucker, J.K. Klein, George Fergus, Donaho, or anyone else who writes a more interesting letter than I. . . .

((Glad to have a letter from you, Chick -- and go on -- write some more on any subject you wish; we are sure our readers would be interested. And we, for one, would welcome a review by you on Fisher's "Testament of Man" series. --ed.))

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

(29 May 1967)

. . . It seems that both of the Gillilands have misinterpreted my first letter (TJW #41, pgs. 20 and 21). The reason I have not read THE SWORD OF RHIANNON is not because Gilliland wrote a sterling review, but because he told the entire story, and there is no reason to read a book when you know the whole plot and the ending. His reviews aren't reviews -- they're just summaries, and summaries I don't need; I would rather read the book.

After reading the DISCLAVE issue, I was a little disappointed. From 50 pages I expected more than I got. The usual features were as good or bad as they usually are, but most of the special stuff was pretty bad.

Train's article on the pioneers of sf was very good and told me a lot that I didn't know, but I can't understand why he didn't include Murray Leinster.

I intensely disliked Harriett Kolchak's article on cryonics I can't stand articles where the author doesn't know what he or she is talking about. First of all, most life insurance policies have a suicide clause which states that, if you commit suicide within 6 months or a year after you take out the policy, your beneficiary does not get paid -- but if you commit suicide after the allotted time limit, your beneficiary does get paid. Even if you were to die naturally, you could have included in your will a statement to the effect that all insurance money, etc., must be used in the upkeep of your body -- your money does not necessarily have to go to your heirs, as Mrs. Kolchak infers.

At the end of her short article, Mrs. Kolchak states: "they have already frozen some human bodies (who, of course, had nothing to say about it)." Really? I doubt it -- if Ettinger and his boys ever tried to freeze someone without his permission, they would be in big trouble with more than one agency. The cryonics people have enough trouble trying to get the medical world to accept their idea -- they do not need to be prosecuted for performing illegal medical experiments. The one case of freezing of which I know was conducted in a private nursing home (hospitals frown on this sort of thing), with the full consent of the dying man, with the freezing process being started as soon as the man was declared clinically dead. Things like the filling out of a death certificate were done while he was being frozen. The cryonics people will not freeze someone who has not given his consent.

Ten pages of fan-fiction! What horror next?

I didn't read the reviews of the various books on "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea". I'm sick of the show, and I don't even want to read about the books.

Jay Kay Klein's con report was surprisingly good. I usually don't like con reports, but this one was better than most.

If this was the DISCLAVE issue, where is the DISCLAVE con report?

I would like to thank you for fixing up my last letter, because it doesn't read like I wrote it. I can't be too sure how you fixed it, as I don't keep carbon copies of anything, but I'm certainly glad you did.

Since you seem to be interested in almost any type of fan gathering, I have some information on a couple of comicons which you might like to print.

GATEWAY CON II will be held in St. Louis on August 4-6 at the Downtowner Motor Inn, which is located at 12th and Washington Sts. in St. Louis. Registration fee is \$4, plus \$4 for the banquet. For more information send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Robert Schoenfeld, 9516 Minerva, St. Louis, Mo., 63114.

The 1967 ACADEMY CON will be held in N.Y.C. on July 14-16 at the City Squire Motor Inn, which is located on Broadway between 51st and 52nd Sts. Registration is \$4, check or money order (no cash), to Mark Hanerfeld, 42-42 Coldon St., Flushing, N.Y. (Just in case you're interested, the Academy is a sort of comics fan's N3F.)

For the "Star Trek" fans, there was an article on ST in CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN #11. The author of the article uses that hateful term, "sci-fi". (That shows where he is!)

((Would you believe 20 pages of fan-poetry next?? One page? The DISCLAVE con report (i.e., what we have in the way of DISCLAVE con reports -- which, to date, is two very brief ones -- how about someone out there writing us a nice long, meaty one?) will appear in TWJ #44. The DISCLAVE issue was an extra-large issue prepared as a DISCLAVE hand-out (issue #22 was the 1966 DISCLAVE issue) -- so naturally, no DISCLAVE report could appear therein. As for our editing of your last letter -- it's all part of the service. We generally do a bit of editing on almost all material we receive -- but, except in rare cases, it could be termed as "minor". We do almost all of our editing "on stencil" -- i.e., as we are typing the material onto stencil -- so this limits us somewhat. In a very rare case we will edit something beforehand, as we did with the Train article in #42. And thanks for the con information. We attend very few cons due to time-pressure, but we are sure some of our readers will be interested. Tell us, though -- why are the fees charged for comics-cons always so much higher than those charged for s-f cons? We've noticed this in the case of every comics-con we've announced in TWJ. --ed.))

NEWS FROM ACE

June, 1967 releases --

STARWOLF #1: THE WEAPON FROM BEYOND, by Edmond Hamilton (G-639; 50¢) -- "Outcast from his own kind, Morgan Chane, the Starwolf, fought three worlds for the war-legacy of a lost race. A SURE-FIRE NEW SPACE ADVENTURE SERIES!"

THE GANYMEDE TAKEOVER, by Philip K. Dick & Ray Nelson (G-637; 50¢) -- "When the worm-kings of Ganymede conquered Earth, they thought the planet was a rich prize... but they found instead a Pandora's Box of danger."

THE KEY TO IRUNIUM, by Kenneth Bulmer (H-20; 60¢) -- "Preston's ability to move people between dimensions made him the pawn in a deadly alien power-struggle." and

THE WANDERING TELLURIAN, by Alan Schwartz -- "How do you sell world conquest to people who aren't even interested?"

EDGE OF TIME, by David Grinnell (M-162; 45¢; reissue) -- "Scientists create a pocket galaxy in which the evolution of planets takes place with lightning speed, and miniature races develop awesome sciences minute by minute."

THE IF READER OF SCIENCE FICTION, edited by Frederik Pohl (H-19; 60¢) -- "Judged the world's best SF magazine in 1966's Hugo Awards voting, IF Magazine regularly publishes top stories by all of today's finest SF writers. In this book you'll find the best-of-the-best, a collection no SF reader will want to miss!"

THE STRANGE AND UNCANNY, by John Macklin (K-279; 50¢) -- "Here is a visa to the world beyond the normal -- stories of extraordinary people and events, inexplicable but true. . . ."

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Don Miller

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