

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

The official organ of the Washington Science Fiction Association ---- Issue No. 44  
Editor and Publisher: Don Miller July, 1967

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

WSFA Meetings -- June 30 (party -- at home of Bill Berg, 2131 Keating St., S.E., Wash., D.C., 20031; phone 894-8048; see inside this issue for further details); July 7, 21; August 4, 18; at home of Miss E. Cullen, 7966 W. Beach Drive, N.W., Wash., D.C., at 8 p.m. (ph. RA3-7107). Guests welcome. (Note that party also starts at 8 p.m., and above address for Bill is a mailing address; he actually lives at 2131 Keating St., Hillcrest Heights, Md.)

The Gamesmen -- July 14, 28; August 11, 25; at home of Buddy Tretick, 3702 Wendy Lane, Silver Spring, Md., 20906 (ph. 942-8306). Call as far in advance as possible if coming. See TWJ #43 or call Buddy for directions.

BSFS Meetings -- July 8, 22; August 5, 19; at homes of various members (July 8 meeting is at home of Ron Bounds, 649 N. Paca St., Balt.; ph. SA7-8202); call or write Jack Chalker, 5111 Liberty Heights Ave., Balt., Md., 21207 (ph. 367-0685) for information.

ESFA Meetings -- July 9; August 6; at YM-YWCA, 600 Broad St., Newark, N.J., at 3 p.m. July 9 Guest Speaker will be George Ernsberger, S-F Editor at Avon Books.

PSFS Meetings -- July 14; August 11; at Central Philadelphia YMCA, Broad & Arch Sts., Phila., Penna., at 8 p.m. Guest Speaker on July 14 will be Lester del Rey.

FISTFA Meetings -- July 7, 21; August 4, 18; at apartment of Mike McInerney, Apt. 5FW, 250 W. 16th St., N.Y., N.Y.; time unknown.

LUNARIANS -- July 15; August 19; 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 -- July 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; August 5, 12, 19, 26; at home of Phil Harrell, 3021 Tait Terrace, Norfolk, Va., at 2 p.m. (ph. 853-1259).

COSFS -- Official meetings: July 1, 15; August 5, 19; at Center of Science & Industry, 280 E. Broad St., Columbus, Ohio, at 7 p.m. Also, private meetings (prior notice required) at homes of various members on July 22, 29 and August 5, 19; see L.C. Smith's letter in this issue of TWJ for complete details.

Cincinnati Fantasy Group -- July 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; August 5, 12, 19, 26; at homes of various members; for info write: Lou Tabakow, 3953 St. Johns Terrace, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45236.

OSFA -- July 2; dates of future meetings as of this date uncertain; location also uncertain (at homes of various members). For info, write: Mrs. Lesleigh Couch, Secretary (Route 2, Box 889, Arnold, Missouri, 63010).

LASFS -- July 6, 13, 20, 27; August 3, 10, 17, 24, 31; in the Silverlake Play-ground, Silverlake Blvd. & Van Pelt St., Los Angeles, Cal., at 8 p.m.

Conventions, etc. --

WESTERCON XX -- July 1-4, Sheraton West, 2961 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal., 90004. Membership, \$2, mailed to P.O. Box 75192, Los Angeles, Cal., 90005.

WSFA 4TH OF JULY PICNIC -- July 4, at Jay Haldeman's: 1244 Woodbourne Ave., Baltimore, Md., 21212 (ph. 323-6108), from 12 noon 'til ?

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

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MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY

July ANALOG -- Harry Harrison's "The Man from P.I.G." (what hath Mithter Waverly wrought?) is a very funny novelet about an interstellar undercover agent and his herd of superhogs. The other novelet, John T. Phillifent's "Aim for the Heel", is also undercover work -- in this case, fast-paced assassination. ##### "Bite" by Lawrence A. Perkins is the best of the three short stories; it's an amusing account of the possibly disastrous consequences of curing a disease. Christopher Anvil's "Compound Interest" is a sequel to an earlier story about the planet Marshak III and its tiger-like natives; the idea is good but too much time is spent re-hashing the previous story. E.G. von Wald's "Something Important" isn't, very; it's a fair one-idea yarn. ##### "Computer War", the serial by Mack Reynolds, ends. It's hero is an utter flat (to use Reynold's jargon), and the other characters spend pages giving him political lectures. Ho hum. ##### Schoenherr's cover is striking; there are good interiors by Schoenherr, Freas, and Rudi Palais.

August GALAXY -- Poul Anderson's "To Outlive Eternity" ends, after carrying its runaway spaceship through the collapse of the universe, through the monobloc, and into a new phase of the oscillating universe. To make his strong man seem strong, unfortunately Anderson makes all his other characters seem like petulant infants. This one didn't pan out as well as I had hoped. ##### Robert Silverberg's "Hawk-bill Station" is a novelet about a prison camp located in the distant past -- the Cambrian epoch -- where political undesirables are dumped by time machine. It is a thoroughly competent job. ##### Of the fat crop of eight short stories, R.A. Lafferty's "Gimmy Wrapped in the Sun" is the most successful; it deals with a sur-realistic kind of devolution. Roger Zelazny's cover story, "Angel, Dark Angel", has some fascinating concepts, but too many for its brief wordage -- it should have been longer, so that the action wouldn't be interrupted between the penultimate and ultimate high points for lengthy explanation. Richard Wilson's "9-9-99" is delightful. Ted Thomas, Linda Marlowe and Miriam Allen deFord all have good stories. K.M. O'Donnell's "We're Coming Through the Window" is slight but faintly amusing. Jack Sharkey's "Mother Goose" is just that -- Mother Goose rhymes tiredly redone for robots; it does have some amusing illustrations by Gray Morrow.

August AMAZING -- Jack Vance's "The Man from Zodiac" (these titles are getting out of hand) is the first in a new series about a galaxy-hopping town-manager (or something of the sort) who, like Retief, comes out of every trouble-spot smelling better than you would imagine. Not bad. Not bad at all. ##### Harry Harrison has book reviews, and there are reprints by Bester, Bixby, Neil R. Jones, Kostkos, and Sturgeon.

August IF -- James Blish's novel "Faust Aleph-Null" starts in this issue. It is a fascinating story of workable Black Magic being applied to today's business and politics. I regret that this installment was so short -- only eighteen pages, barely enough to get the complex characters and situations unfolded. This is going to be a knock-out, I think. ##### The other serial, Philip Jose Farmer's "The Felled Star", ends with Mark Twain in prospect of getting his steamboat. I'd prefer to read the Riverworld series all at once, rather than in these bits and pieces. ##### The two novelets are series stories, and good ones: a Retief by Keith Laumer and a Berserker by Fred Saberhagen. ##### Roger Deeley and Burt K. Filer have funny, readable short stories. ##### Now that WORLDS OF TOMORROW has folded, it has theoretically been incorporated into IF; one consequence of this is that Sam Moskowitz's articles now appear here.

Banks H. Mebane

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Remember, all material for issues 45 (August; deadline July 20) and 46 (September; deadline August 20) should be sent to temporary editor/publisher Jay Haldeman, 1244 Woodbourne Ave., Baltimore, Md., 21212; plainly marked "FOR TWJ".



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THE PROBLEMS OF THE SUPERRACE  
by Alexis A. Gilliland

I -- The Genesis

So you want a genetic program for humans, eh? Improve the breed, eh? All right. We'll play your silly game.

In breeding dogs or fish, the breeder has the advantage of a long life-span in respect to the gene pool he is manipulating. With guppies, for instance, several generations can be racked up in a single year. There is another advantage. Nobody objects if the breeder flushes the guppies that don't make it down the toilet.

Now for humans. First, it costs a great deal of money to breed a human to maturity. It also takes a lot of time and a lot of trouble. To do it right, estimate \$50,000 for the cost of raising a child from scratch to college graduation. Assume we are breeding 200 people a year over an indefinite period. This amounts to an annual expenditure of \$10,000,000 a year, far beyond the resources of anyone or anything except the Government. Assume further, that the program (financed by CIA funds) continues for a century -- essentially four generations. What do we have? About 15,000 people of varying ages and varying talents for which we have paid out a total of one billion dollars.

Ah, says you, but if we pick up one Leonardo da Vinci or one Albert Einstein, it's worth it! Phooie. The chances of getting a transcendent super-genius are just as good if you don't bother. Besides -- what qualities are you selecting for? Size? Intelligence? Fleetness of foot? The composite that makes the ideal policeman or the ultimate second lieutenant? Just better?

Do you suppose whoever is footing the bill might change his mind from time to time? The Russians have this or that...! We need one too! Waugh!

Just suppose you do fix on one type and stick with it? What then? When the project runs out, you have a few hundred superior individuals and a few thousand culls scattered through the few hundred million unselected population. Maybe a few of them get together for the fifth generation, but after that, they vanish like a shot of whiskey in the Pacific Ocean, and all your work has gone for naught.

Clearly, it is not enough to breed a selected sample of humanity up to some standard of excellence; some provision must be made for keeping them there. Several methods suggest themselves. Geographic isolation, for instance, such as a remote valley or an island or even an elite suburb. In today's world, none of these expedients works too well. Transportation is too easy, and -- how do you keep your superior human in his place? Our experience with the Negro problem indicates that breeding in an easily-identifiable trait so that our superior humans are marked and set apart is simply asking for trouble. A more likely approach would be to foster a group identity, perhaps with religious reinforcement, so that the group would be coherent of its own accord.

This last is actually the only feasible method. A race, defined in part by a religion, preferably with a slight -- though not too slight -- physical badge of some sort, combines all the techniques for isolation. If only we can breed them up to where we want them in the short time available to us....

Of course, if you have the isolated gene pool, time is not a factor.

And if you have, say, 1,000 generations instead of four, your methods can be far gentler and much less strenuous. It would be enough to create a predisposition in



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favor of the type or set of qualities that you favor. Or to create a mild antipathy to their opposite.

A slow rate of autoselection in a consistent direction over a long period of time will produce a genuine genetic drift, which in turn leads to a population in which the desired qualities are strongly marked and in the top one percent or so extremely marked.

All that you have to do is figure out how to incorporate your bias into the format of their culture.

If you want nuclear physicists, you may have a hard time, unless you can find some less disturbing use for the talents which make a nuclear physicist.

And the long term has disadvantages, also. A very desirable combination, which, in the short term, would be no problem, might over the long haul be destructive to the group, or itself, or both. The Irish breeding their multiplicity of kings, for instance, and laying themselves open to conquest. Or the tendency for some specific fraction to get killed off in youthful duels.

What's that? You want a measly ten-year program? So you can see the results? And you don't know exactly what you want either, I'll bet. All right. With the techniques presently available, here is one procedure.

First, the selection of parents. The genetic parents, not the physical ones. We pick out people at the top of their field, who have displayed conspicuous talent, say Ted Williams and Ayn Rand, and persuade them, if possible, to give a bit of themselves for a worthy cause. The fertilized ovum is then transplanted into the host mother -- a volunteer, whom you may be sure, is well paid -- and the resulting child brought up in a system adapted to handling him.

This has the advantage that you do not have to pick the traits that interest you, but the areas where the traits function best. You also may find out whether children of successful parents, brought up in a neutral environment (so they are free from advantages and disadvantages of having, say, Robert Oppenheimer for a father and Jacqueline Kennedy for a mother) will do better than a control group, thereby putting the argument of heredity versus environment on an experimental footing.

Obviously, a ten-year project will give answers to a lot of scientific questions, but it will raise at least as many questions as it answers, and, as far as the race goes, it won't do anything. Still, you would have some interesting combinations. Yves St. Laurent and Twiggy, Richard Burton and Maria Callas -- you can make up your own list. The possibilities, particularly for people who would produce interesting progeny but would (a) never meet (Lenny Bruce and the Singing Nun), or (b) refuse to live together (Henry Ford II and Esther Peterson), or both, are quite striking.

The problem of raising children deserves to be handled in a separate article. After all, you don't train a hunting dog to jump over fences carrying a knight in armor, but a human thinks, and that is partly learned, partly innate, and not visible. Naturally, we have to develop our genetic material so we know what we have. And we will have to do something about the environment. Once we whip that heredity tangle (in ten ho-ho years), we'll go out and lick air pollution. No, no. I mean environment environment.

Like, having "made" all these cats equal, we give them a levelled opportunity to make good -- even if we infringe on their civil liberties. After all, it's for the



benefit of science. We are asking big questions, and you shouldn't mind putting up with a little harassment so I can get my big answers.

Will that left-wing radical stop throwing rocks? Thank you. Where were we?

Oh yes. It is obviously impossible to experiment with human beings in this manner in our present culture. Good public relations is simply out of the question, and the subjects of the experiment are almost certainly going to be a bunch of damned ingrates.

You still wish to persist in this mad scheme? Very well. I have here a little chick -- ah -- check-list. When you are contemplating marriage run down it and see how your partner rates. If she scores less than 70%, forget her. If you score less than 70%, you might be doing the race a favor by foregoing the joys of parenthood.

What's that? You scored 69% and have a good opinion of yourself? Don't tell me your troubles. That is a scientific test you just flunked, buddy, and you were the one who was so all-fired hot to improve the human race in the first place. Put your practice where your preach is, why don't you?



NEWS FROM ACE

July, 1967 releases --

THE WEIRWOODS, by Thomas Burnett Swann (G-640; 50¢) -- "The marvel-tipped pen of Thomas Burnett Swann presents a brilliant, fantastic novel of alien races and their impact upon humanity."

WORLDS OF THE IMPERIUM, by Keith Laumer (M-165; 45¢) -- "The classic novel of parallel worlds, by one of today's top-selling SF writers."

BRIGHT NEW UNIVERSE, by Jack Williamson (G-641; 50¢) -- "On the far side of the moon, Adam Cave discovered the chilling truth about Earth's project to establish contact with the stars."

THE LAST CASTLE, by Jack Vance (H-21; 60¢) -- "The award-winning tale of an alien revolt against Earth's last human stronghold." and

WORLD OF THE SLEEPER, by Tony Russell Wayman -- "Tired of his over-mechanized life in the future, Albert Jones went back into a past filled with deadly danger."

AGENT OF T.E.R.R.A. #3: THE EMERALD ELEPHANT GAMBIT, by Larry Maddock (no price or number given) -- "Hannibal Fortune had to fight to ensure a bloody conquest of a great ancient civilization... while vicious looters from the far future tampered with history."

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. #11: THE INVISIBILITY AFFAIR, by Thomas Stratton (G-645; 50¢) -- "Napoleon Solo and Illya Kuryakin are plunged into the strangest adventure of their careers, fighting a deadly THRUSH weapon they can't even see!"

FLYING SAUCERS ON THE ATTACK, by Harold T. Wilkins (A-11; 75¢) -- "A brilliant study of UFO's which puts into perspective the most important question of all: If, as the evidence indicates, beings from outer space are invading Earth, do they come as Friend or Foe?"

- CATSEYE, by Andre Norton (G-654; 50¢; reprint).
- STAR GATE, by Andre Norton (M-157; 45¢; reprint).
- WITCH WORLD, by Andre Norton (G-655; 50¢; reprint).

Also, THE WINDS OF NIGHT, by Anne Maybury (K-282; 50¢; "Gothic"); SAVERSTALL, by Jean Vicary (G-643; 50¢; "Gothic"); CLOUD OVER MALVERTON, by Nancy Buckingham (K-283; 50¢; mystery/romance); CROSS COUNTRY NURSE, by Suzanne Roberts (M-164; 45¢; romance); THE WOLVER, by Ray Hogan (M-163; 45¢; Western); ECHO OF A TEXAS RIFLE, by Kyle Hollingshead and STANDOFF AT MASSACRE BUTTES, by Louis Trimble (G-642; 50¢; W).



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VIEWS, REVIEWS, AND ARCHIMEDEAN SPIRALS

Book Review -- ENVOY TO THE DOG STAR, by Fredrick L. Shaw, Jr., and SHOCK WAVE, by Walt and Leigh Richmond (Ace Double G-614; 50¢; 123 pp and 123 pp).

ENVOY is a first-person narrative in which the story is told by a dog. A member of Canis Superior, he is now merely a brain in a can, serving as a biocomputer to take care of exploration, contingencies, and emergencies for the first starship. His body remains under TLC back on Earth, and should his mission (to seek, perchance to find, habitable planets for Terra's teeming trillions) be successful, psyche and soma will be reunited once more. He has a deadline -- a pseudo-hyperspatial tube will be open at this interval only -- but he finishes up the space end of exploring nearly a week in advance, so he goes to land on a strange but promising planet. There are, it seems, four planets in orbit -- the same orbit -- the same planets -- except that only one of them is inhabited.

At this point it might be well to remark that the writing suffers from cuteness. The narrator thinking of himself as a this or that so-and-so should not have been repeated. Going exploring in a human-type body, complete with belly-button, etc., starts off as mildly funny, but to stick in a "romantic" episode is cuteness in doubtful taste.

The local race of humans -- immortal, a bit decadent, served by the local variation of Canis Superior -- makes for some interesting if superficial social comment. They have some understandable reservations about letting Terra come barging into their system, and figure the best way to delay matters is to detain the scout. He contacts the doggy underground to attempt to arrange an escape, and they have reservations too. But.

This one is pretty good. Rate it a B or a low B-plus. The action is good, the writing is good (except as noted), and the plotting is competent enough, although also disposed to cuteness. The cover lacks pizzazz, although Birmingham is a good technician. A couple of nice decorative spots on the inside, at least one by Gaughan. Yay Ace! I, for one, would cheerfully pay an extra five cents for a couple of full-page black-and-whites and spots at the chapter headings.

SHOCK WAVE has one Gaughan (?) spot and a cover by Hoot von Litzewitz. A collage with photos and painting, it is an attractive design, but a bit on the busy side.

The writing is quite good in the sense that it never comes between the reader and the story, and this enables one to devote full attention to the plot...which, may I point out, is a bit intricate.

Thus, there is a bit of Van Vogtian wheels churning around, and Great Organizations with Mighty Purposes working at cross-purposes, but these are very wisely kept in the background.

The pace is quite brisk, although the action, actually, is rather leisurely. This is done by working out a series of ideas in considerable detail, so that a trivial bit of action conveys information as well as biff-sok-kapow!

Our hero is trapped by a sinister matter-transmitter, and finds himself in a kind of computerized Grand Central Station with no people, no trains, and no outside world. What's going on here, anyhow? Gradually, he gathers about him a Saurian, an autonomous repair robot, and a female assistant. They work and study, but is the female what she says she is? He wonders. The authors plant gross hints. Then, all of a sudden, Our Hero Knows Too Much, and matters come to a head.



The notion of a hidden race of manipulators "forcing" a planetary population to breed geniuses so they can be siphoned off to maintain a "true civilized race" is ingenious. The disastrous consequences to the forced population are entirely logical, and explain the opposition. But a whole race of geniuses? Who would raise the children? This is not a trivial point, believe me. What genius would have the time or the patience? Where would they find baby sitters? Maybe that is why they need continuous recruitment.

The disaster that overwhelmed the old regime -- the shock wave of the title -- is a really fine concept. Even the conventional materials are used intelligently, and the authors take us a bit beyond the conventional stopping-place for a yarn of this sort, and let us see the problems the hero has in his "In" box.

Alexis A. Gilliland

Book Review -- KING OF THE WORLD'S EDGE, by H. Warner Munn (Ace M-152, 191 pp, 45¢, copyright 1939).

During a discussion led by L. Sprague de Camp at the recent DISCLAVE, the question arose as to the knights of the Round Table, since knighthood was nonexistent in the days when Arthur was leading men to battle. It wasn't until a week later that I suddenly recalled KING OF THE WORLD'S EDGE by H. Warner Munn. The author presents that part of the Roman Sixth Legion (now Romano-Briton, after three generations of fighting, recruiting, and dilution) who still maintained a last stronghold in Britain. After meeting a superior force of Saxons and triumphing in the first great pitched battle to break their power, Arthur formed his noble band of knights from the troop survivors (according to this account). Bronze-knobbed leather armor gave way to plate; stronger horses were bred to carry the extra weight, and as Arthur's continuing successes drew him more and more supporters, he was named emperor.

KotWE concerns itself with the adventures of Ventidius Varro, "centurion under Arthur the Emperor of Britain", and some 100 survivors of the Roman Sixth Legion, who sail forth with Myrdhinn to carve a new life in the New World following the fatal battle between the Sixth and the Saxons at Camlan. Their course takes them eventually to Mexico, and they are immediately off and running into, from, or with the Mias (Mayas), Toltecs, Tlapallanicos, Chichamecs, etc., and some more northerly tribes.

The author provides an insightful glimpse of these early Mexican cultures, in a manner reminiscent of Mary Renault's approach to the people of preHomeric Greece. History, such as we have, is blended with local legend and the author's own invention to create a fascinating historical fantasy, climaxed by the Aztec uprising against the Mayas.

The diverse and variegated cultures are depicted magnificently, as are the battles, with careful attention to the minute details of dress, armor, weapons, warpaint, and the like...to say nothing of war cries, tactics, and military psychology...and an amazing amount of action-packed excitement. The conflict between leadership of mature wisdom and youthful activism, as personified by Myrdhinn (who is destined by Munn to go down in legend as Quetzalcoatl) and Ventidius (the future Huitzilopochtli), is delineated superbly. (The author's approach to Merlin is ingenious, yet logical. Raised a Druid and master of Druidic wizardry, M has converted to Christianity and is loathe to use what he now regards as black knowledge.) The characters are well developed, complex, and interesting.

As for the cover, I suspect Jack Gaughan enjoyed doing this one. It is an exciting mystical scene, wonderfully suited to the writing, as is the interesting interior artwork -- the title page, a small study of Myrdhinn, and four illuminated maps.



Thoroughly enjoyable.

Doll Gilliland

Book Review -- THE SUNLESS WORLD, by Neil R. Jones (Ace Book G-631; 50¢; 183 pp).

Gray Morrow has a very handsome cover illustrating one of the innumerable crises that beset Professor Jameson and his fellow Zoromes.

In a sense, this archaic and antiquated adventure story is highly avant garde. Modern, even in 1967, and derivative from Sartre, Camus, and the Marquis de Sade, none of whom had started writing at the time TSW first saw print (Ace doesn't give the original copyright, but probably 1776 is close).

The exalted concept of the detached intellect framed in a powerful and unfeeling body which goes around killing, killing, killing...killing all manner of entities is the central core of existentialist theory. The Zoromes travel around the universe like great berserk machines, passing moral judgments and killing ruthlessly to enforce them. This is the only way they have of knowing that they are still alive. "I think, therefore I am" no longer convinces an organic brain locked in a mighty metal case. "I kill, therefore I am" -- the great existential idea -- has enough force to stir even metallic viscera. And so it goes, mighty philosophy masquerading as pallid fiction and feeble adventure stories written in really awful prose.

The comments on the first book of the series apply here as well. Really really bad, and quite entertaining.

Plotwise, we have the Zoromes liberating the Plekne fish-men from the alien Uchke, who have also enslaved the Qwux, a race of morally decadent scientists. One Qwux, the Werner von Braun of his race by virtue of heredity, is taken along, so that the Uchke will leave the Plekne alone on their water world. Naturally, with all their spaceships smashed, and the only repairman removed, the Uchke and Qwux are now forever incapable of spaceflight.

The Qwux scientist, bored in exile, invents a time machine, and the Zoromes watch Prof. Jameson going into orbit seven years before sputnik (Damn taciturn New Englanders -- why didn't they say something?), some 40,000,000 years in the past. There is an accident, and the Qwux dies, having foolishly refused the metal exoskeleton of the Zorome.

Then we flit off to another planet to rescue the humanoid race of Aytans from a horde of lemming-like predators which the Zoromes inadvertently loose upon them. Etc.

Great stuff. A few quotes to ~~pad~~ round out the review.

"They are howling for my blood!" cried Ielee, who, nevertheless, still maintained his onward pace with the machine men.

"You are a prophet, Ielee," said Professor Jameson, and a prophet, it seems, by some universal rule of psychology, generally lacks the esteem of his own people."

(A bit later), "I fear that we are about to see an entire world and its inhabitants snuffed out in one mighty blow," said 41C-98.

"The last thing we shall ever see," 76H-385 added. "A magnificent, cosmic spectacle reserved for our exodus from life."



(Flitting about in the remote past), On the planet Mars they discovered a highly developed civilization, but the entire globe seethed with war and destruction.

"If they keep that up very long, they will be making no more space expeditions," prophesied 744V-21.

Like I said, great stuff.

Alexis A. Gilliland

Fanzine Review -- FANTASY ILLUSTRATED #7 (Bill Spicer, 4878 Granada St., Los Angeles, Calif., 90042; 75¢; offset; 48 pages).

This magazine has, in the past, featured excellent amateur sf, fantasy, and superhero comic strips, but it has been steadily going downhill the last couple of issues. This issue starts off very well, but falls down miserably after you open the front cover. The cover is definitely the best thing about the 'zine. It's a beautiful surrealistic s-f scene by Dan Adkins and Wally Wood, in color. Since the mag is printed by offset, the cover looks much better than most of the things I've seen on the prozines lately. But, unfortunately, it's just about the only good thing in the magazine.

The main feature is a 20-page comic strip called "Captain Egg", which is about a superhero chicken (the poultry type), and to call it trash would be high praise indeed. The art in the strip is not bad, but the idea of wasting almost half of an expensive 'zine like this on a funny animal strip is really ludicrous.

The next piece is a well-written analysis of the Fantastic Four by Richard Kyle, which should be of interest to the Marvel comics fan. It is the only good thing in the issue besides the cover. Kyle's writing style seems to be sort of a modified Stephen Pickering, but I can't be too sure since I've read hardly any of Pickering's articles. It appears to me, though, that phrases like "anti-heroworshiping years of masochistic disillusionment" and "materialistic orgies of mass consumption" would not be uncommon to Pickering. But don't misunderstand me -- I'm not saying that Kyle is another Pickering -- I'm merely stating that Kyle uses a style moderately similar to Pickering's. Nevertheless, Kyle's article is totally readable, and should be of enjoyment to the average comics fan, even if Kyle did throw in a little Freudianism on the side.

The rest of the issue is made up of a bad s-f strip; another funny animal strip called "Superdinosaur", which tells you all you have to know about that; a few minor articles; and the usual letter column.

Taken as a whole, it is definitely not worth 75¢. I'll say this, though -- with the offset covers and the beautifully neat offset printing, it's the best-looking crud I've seen in a long time.

Henry Gross

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A Matter of Definition --

Venusian -- This is journalistic jargon, frowned upon by both scientists and linguists. This adjective is not derived from the noun through the Latin or Greek root, as are all the other adjectives pertaining to the rest of the planets, as for example Jovian, Martian, Uranian. The correct adjective should be derived from either Veneris or venustus, of which the latter is more suitable for the planet. The proper form is Venustian, not Venusian!

Philip N. Bridges



## THE EASTERN SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

The next meeting of the Eastern Science Fiction Association (ESFA) will be held on Sunday, July 9, at 3 p.m., in the YM-YWCA at 600 Broad St., Newark, N.J. Guest speaker will be George Ernsberger, Science-Fiction Editor at Avon Books.

### Minutes of ESFA Meeting, June 4, 1967 --

The meeting was called to order by Director Deckinger at 3:25 p.m. There was a total attendance of 28. Some news notes and items of interest were mentioned by Deckinger and Les Mayer. Brian Burley made a motion that the Director appoint a Parliamentarian to be responsible for familiarity with, and to answer questions and generally interpret the club Constitution. Sam Moskowitz felt that a Parliamentarian wouldn't be needed, for the Constitution had been written especially to avoid Robert's Rules of Order, and that interpretation was usually handled by vote of the membership on the rare occasion when one was needed. After some discussion a motion by Moskowitz was passed by majority vote, with one opposed, to appoint a committee to go over the Constitution for ambiguities and to generally close any loopholes. The committee, consisting of Brian Burley, Sam Moskowitz, and Allan Howard was further authorized to spend money to make copies of the Constitution for distribution to the membership.

The Director introduced Guest Speaker Donald A. Wollheim. Instead of a formal talk, Mr. Wollheim asked for questions from the floor, but prefaced this with some biographical data on his s-f career. He said that he had been active as a fan and writer since 1933, and had sold his first story to Hugo Gernsback. His first editorial job was in 1941 with STIRRING SCIENCE STORIES and COSMIC STORIES. After these magazines folded he went to work as a general pulp editor for A. A. Wyn. On the strength of editing THE POCKETBOOK OF S-F and THE PORTABLE NOVELS OF SCIENCE, he switched over to Avon where he edited some early s-f paperbacks and the AVON S-F READER for that house under editor Herbert Williams. After three months he suddenly found himself in charge when Williams resigned. In 1952 he helped A. A. Wyn make up his mind to start a general paperback line. Mr. Wollheim said that with the eventual falling away of detective and other fiction, s-f has taken over so that now Ace is the largest paperback s-f publisher.

During the question period it was brought out that Ace has the feeling that since series stories, such as the Professor Jameson stories, are very popular, the "classic" type has been temporarily dropped. Edmond Hamilton is doing a new series of space opera in the Captain Future tradition instead of the original, which Wollheim feels was deliberately written-down. Fritz Leiber will revive the Grey Mouser stories and Jack Vance will do a series in a setting similar to his BIG PLANET novel. Ace has no specific plans for the Burroughs-type story at present. The Burroughs non-fantasy MAD KING went fairly well, but there is no desire to try this type again. There may be no further "Kioga" stories from Ace, since neither William Chester nor his agent can be located. Andre Norton is always a big seller, and there is still an audience for Cummings. Ace will do Zelazny whenever they can, but Eric Frank Russell and Sturgeon do not seem to be writing at present. Mr. Wollheim said that Ace is always looking for new writers and cited Samuel Delany as one who "came in over the transom".

Mr. Wollheim said that a new writer is faced with the decision of balancing prestige against money. A hard-cover book sale will bring him about \$750 advance with possible publicity and prestige, but a paperback will sell for \$1,000 to \$1,500, but no prestige or reviews. He also mentioned Ace's new quality line of adult s-f, of which the first will be out in January. These books will be the tall-size paperback, as it is felt they will get better newstand representation, being easier to find. Also there will be more wordage and larger type where possible. The reader will get more for his money, but it will also cost him more.



Mr. Wollheim defends title changes from magazine stories, since he feels that a person buys a magazine as such, and not particularly for the stories and authors in it, whereas he buys a book for the story or author. Ace is trying to improve covers and titles, but this is always a compromise since they are designed to catch the reader. It is found that even corny titles sell books. Distribution is always a problem, with some 300 competing paperbacks being published a month. It has been found that out of an edition of 100,000, some 20,000 copies will unaccountably disappear. Some of these seem to find their way into used book stores with their covers torn off.

In answer to a question about Ace taboos, Mr. Wollheim said that they consider their line to be quite clean and are proud of it. They will do the sex angle if it is proper and belongs, and not just thrown in for its own sake. Ace has never been in a spot where they had nothing but junk to run, and if they were they could always go to the classic s-f for that month.

The meeting adjourned at 5:05 p.m.

Allan Howard, Secretary, ESFA

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SCIENCE-FANTASY PAPERBACKS

June, 1967 --

ACE -- John Macklin: STRANGE AND UNCANNY (50¢); David Grinnell: EDGE OF TIME (45¢); Philip K. Dick & Ray Nelson: GANYMEDE TAKEOVER (50¢); Prederik Pohl, ed.: THE IF READER OF SCIENCE FICTION (60¢); Kenneth Bulmer: KEY TO IRUNIUM and Alan Schwartz: THE WANDERING TELLURIAN (60¢); Edmond Hamilton: WEAPON FROM BEYOND (50¢); AVON -- John Christopher: NO BLADE OF GRASS (60¢); Murray Leinster: SPACE GYPSIES (50¢); AWARD -- Brad Steiger: FLYING SAUCER MENACE (FRIEND, FOE, OR PHENOMENON) (\$1); Brad Steiger: FLYING SAUCERS ARE HOSTILE (60¢); BANTAM -- Robert Louis Stevenson: DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE (50¢); Mary Shelley: FRANKENSTEIN (50¢); Frank Edwards: STRANGER THAN SCIENCE (60¢); Otto Binder: THE AVENGERS BATTLE THE EARTH-WRECKER (50¢); Ray Bradbury: THE ILLUSTRATED MAN (60¢); BALLANTINE -- Roy Meyers: DOLPHIN BOY (75¢); BERKLEY -- Alden H. Norton, ed.: HORROR TIMES TEN (60¢); Poul Anderson: THE TROUBLE TWISTERS (60¢); Robert A. Heinlein, ed.: TOMORROW, THE STARS (75¢); BELMONT: Ivan Howard, ed.: NOVELLETS OF SCIENCE FICTION (50¢); CREST -- John Christopher: Sweeney's Island (60¢); DOVER -- Andrew Lang: THE CRIMSON FAIRY BOOK (\$1.50); Andrew Lang: THE GREY FAIRY BOOK (\$1.50); Andrew Lang: THE PINK FAIRY BOOK (\$1.50); Ananda K. Coomaraswamy & Sister Nivedita: MYTHS OF THE HINDUS AND BUDDHISTS (\$2.50); DELL -- W. H. Hudson: GREEN MANSIONS (60¢); GROVE PRESS -- William S. Burroughs: THE SOFT MACHINE (95¢); LANCER -- Ellery Queen: A STUDY IN TERROR (60¢); Peter Heath: ASSASSINS FROM TOMORROW (60¢); H. P. Lovecraft: THE COLOUR OUT OF SPACE (60¢); HARPER -- Nathaniel Hawthorne: GREAT SHORT WORKS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (95¢); MACFADDEN -- John Lymington: FROOMB! (60¢); PAPERBACK LIBRARY -- FATE MAGAZINE editors: STRANGE, BUT TRUE (50¢); Michael Moorcock: THE FIRECLOWN (50¢); Charles Birkin, ed.: THE HAUNTED DANCERS (50¢); POCKET BOOKS -- Frederik Pohl, ed.: THE NINTH GALAXY READER (50¢); PYRAMID -- Jack Williamson: THE COMETEERS; Aime Michel: THE TRUTH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS (75¢); SIGNET -- F. A. Javor: RIM-WORLD LEGACY (60¢).

July, 1967 --

AVON -- Robert A. Heinlein: STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND (95¢); BERKLEY -- John Garforth: THE AVENGERS #3 (60¢); Keith Laumer: RETIEF'S WAR (60¢); DELL -- H. G. Wells: THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON (50¢); Thomas Sugrue: THERE IS A RIVER (?); NEW AMERICAN LIBRARY -- Carol & Jim Lorenzon: FLYING SAUCER OCCUPANTS (75¢); POPULAR LIBRARY -- John Tiger: I SPY #5: COUNTERTRAP (60¢); Philip Wylie: THE MURDERER INVISIBLE (60¢); PYRAMID -- Keith Laumer: THE INVADERS (60¢).

Source: PAPERBOUND BOOKS IN PRINT, June, 1967.

Albert E. Gechter



## SPIES AT LARGE

Book Reviews -- THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. #'s 5 (THE MAD SCIENTIST AFFAIR, by John T. Phillifent; N.Y.: Ace Books, 1966; 159 pp, 50¢; G-581), 6 (THE VAMPIRE AFFAIR, by David McDaniel; N.Y.: Ace Books, 1966; 159 pp, 50¢; G-590), 7 (THE RADIOACTIVE CAMEL AFFAIR, by Peter Leslie; N.Y.: Ace Books, 1966; 159 pp, 50¢; G-600), 8 (THE MONSTER WHEEL AFFAIR, by David McDaniel; N.Y.: Ace Books, 1967; 159 pp, 50¢; G-613), 9 (THE DIVING DAMES AFFAIR, by Peter Leslie; N.Y.: Ace Books, 1967; 159 pp, 50¢; G-617); THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.'s ABC OF ESPIONAGE, by John Hill (N.Y.: Signet Books, 1966; 128 pp, 50¢; D-3045); THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E. #'s 1 (THE BIRDS OF A FEATHER AFFAIR, by Michael Avallone; N.Y.: Signet Books, 1966; 128 pp, 50¢; D-3012), 2 (THE BLAZING AFFAIR, by Michael Avallone; N.Y.: Signet Books, 1966; 127 pp, 50¢; D-3042); THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.: THE COIN OF EL DIABLO AFFAIR, by Walter Gibson (N.Y.: Wonder Books, Grossett & Dunlap, Inc., 1965; 48 pp, 50¢; #7903); THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.: THE AFFAIR OF THE GENTLE SABOTEUR, by Brandon Keith (Racine, Wisc.: Whitman Pub. Co., 1966; 210 pp, 59¢; #1541).

In the last few months, new novels and stories about Napoleon Solo ("The Man from U.N.C.L.E."), his friend and aide Illya Kuryakin, their female counterpart Miss April Dancer ("The Girl from U.N.C.L.E."), her partner and associate Mark Slate, the eager and youthful student-trainee Randy Kovac, and their boss, Mr. Alexander Waverly, the director and operations chief of the U.N.C.L.E., have been pouring from the presses of four different and competing book-publishers so rapidly that it's been difficult to keep up with them all. There now seems to be a slackening off of production of these yarns, and that gives me a chance to summarize and discuss the recent and current items in this cycle of material.

A few columns back, I was complaining that the U.N.C.L.E. novels I had read so far were mostly lacking in the elements of wit, humor, comedy, and satire, so characteristic of the movies and TV shows that inspired them, although they definitely did provide a great deal of action and adventure, a considerable amount of science-fictional and fantasy ingredients, and a very slight amount of sex and romance. I noted that the initial novels by mystery-novelist Michael Avallone, mystery-and-western novelist Harry Whittington, and some writer I'd never heard about before named John Oram were passable but undistinguished. But I praised warmly the emergence of an extremely promising newcomer, novelist David McDaniel, better-known to s-f fandom as "Ted Johnstone", a pen-name used for fan activities.

Well, the publishers seem to be leaning in the same direction as I. Mr. Avallone has improved his work quite a lot, we've had no more from Messrs. Whittington and Oram, but McDaniel has written two more of these books, other new writers are emerging to participate, and one of them named Peter Leslie displays a great deal of aptitude and talent. The amount of scientific and fantastic material used in these stories is increasing, the humorous side is no longer so overlooked and neglected, and Walter B. Gibson, the famous author of "The Shadow" series, has had a try at writing an U.N.C.L.E. story.

In THE MAD SCIENTIST AFFAIR, we finally get a semi-humorous U.N.C.L.E. comedy-adventure novel with a bit of light romance for good measure. The problem confronting Solo and Illya in this case is created by a millionaire Irish beer-making tycoon and biochemist, Michael ("King Mike") O'Rourke, who brews bottles of and sells Irish beer in tremendous quantities in many different European countries, his product being especially popular in Great Britain. However, King Mike is a dangerous radical extremist and militant Irish nationalist who cherishes a most violent hatred for the English and intends to get "revenge" for various real and imaginary wrongs that they and their ancestors are supposed to have committed against dear old Ireland. So, lately, a new ingredient has been added to the yeast in O'Rourke's beer, his own discovery, a powerful new plastic explosive --



which makes this liquid especially potent and lethal, and he's sending this stuff to Britain as an Irish export, to kill the English. He is, of course, negotiating an alliance and partnership with the enemy organization called THRUSH, masters of international crime, intrigue, and espionage, and they, of course, are already planning to double-cross him and thus further their own scheme for world-conquest.

The investigations of Solo and Illya uncover the fact that O'Rourke's new plastic, when processed in a different manner, will combine with sea-water and turn it into a solid, colloid mush. O'Rourke and THRUSH plan to dump it in large quantities into the Irish Sea and then into the North Atlantic and thus extort huge amounts of money from the great nations of the world, who will face the possible loss of the earth's oceans! The yarn gets wilder and funnier as it goes along, and, besides a lot of Irish local color, seemingly authentic, it includes a considerable amount of interesting and "useful" (?) information, such as, for instance, how to escape when trapped in quicksand, how to break out of an Irish jail, how to convert beer-bottles into Molotov cocktail bombs, and so on -- all matters of vast, world-shaking importance, about which (I'm sure) you were just dying to acquire some knowledge. The story also includes two beautiful Irish colleens, daughters to The O'Rourke, who provide some love-interest for our two heroes. Read this one! It's an amusing romp.

With THE VAMPIRE AFFAIR, matters are still amusing, but decidedly more sinister, as the struggle between U.N.C.L.E. and THRUSH continues. The former province of Transylvania, now located mostly inside the borders of Communist Rumania, is the next scene of action. In previous years, secret agents for Western intelligence and law-enforcement agencies such as U.N.C.L.E. had to operate there entirely under cover and in opposition to the Red regime in power, but now, due to a lessening of Cold War conflicts and tensions, it is sometimes possible for international trouble-shooters like Napoleon Solo and Illya Kuryakin to come out in the open and function as regular detectives in cooperation with the local authorities instead of sneaking around like a pair of spies. Of course, Illya has a certain amount of difficulty explaining to the Communists why he, a Ukrainian, is working for the Americans and has changed his citizenship! At any rate, an U.N.C.L.E. agent has been mysteriously murdered in Transylvania, under strange and bizarre circumstances that recall the local legends of vampires and werewolves. The Reds are unable to solve the case, and Solo and Illya come there to investigate. Also in the neighborhood is an American tourist conducting some scholarly research on the subject of ancient Transylvanian folklore about supernatural horrors; he came over to attend the International Science-Fiction Film Festival at Trieste, Italy, and decided to go on into the Balkans and prowl around a bit -- it is, in fact, none other than the distinguished fantasy-fiction expert, Mr. Forrest J. Ackerman, editor of FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND!

Solo decides to consult "Forry" as an expert on the subject of spectral phenomena and macabre happenings, and "Forry" gladly shares his knowledge with the great counterspy hero. But then Solo and Illya are confronted with a three-pronged dilemma: to wit, will the real Count Dracula please stand up and identify himself? Our heroes are confronted with a multiplicity of vampire suspects! First of all, there is the actual present-day inheritor of the name and title of Count Dracula, once so important in Balkan history many centuries ago. We can scratch him off our list at once, since he's obviously quite harmless, inoffensive, and innocent -- a meek, mild-mannered, humble, inassuming personage, proud of his ancestry -- he wouldn't hurt a fly. However, because of his family-name and its notoriety, he is continually being chased and harassed by angry lynch-mobs of superstitious citizens who want to shoot him with silver bullets, choke him with garlic, burn him at the stake, or drive a wooden stake through his heart. Several times Solo and Illya must intervene to rescue and preserve him. Secondly, there is a THRUSH chieftain called Peter operating clandestinely in the area and trying to scare off intruders and frighten the peasantry by himself impersonating the dreadful, long-ago legendary



Count Dracula. Solo manages to discover what Peter is really up to, and why he's doing it, in some splendid scenes of stirring action. Thirdly, hovering around somewhere out of vision, on the rim of these events, is the spectral figure of a much more sinister and elusive figure than any mere THRUSH agent...! Again, author David McDaniel gives us some echoes of the style of Conan Doyle, paraphrasing THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES in this bit of dialogue: ". . . He is believed to have died in 1704, but there were rumors he was a demon, and the village did not rest easy for many years. He left his men while on a hunt in the forest, and disappeared. His trail ended in a pool of blood, with other tracks leaving. Mr. Solo, they were the footprints of a gigantic wolf." (Instead of those of a gigantic hound, my dear Holmes?) This one contains a bit less science-fictional material than its predecessor, THE DAGGER AFFAIR. I think Bram Stoker would have enjoyed it, especially the last chapter, provided he could face the fact of no royalties for himself from this Dracula story.

I simply cannot praise Peter Leslie's novel, THE RADIOACTIVE CAMEL AFFAIR, highly enough. It is just plain brilliant from start to finish; it is a really excellent novel of international intrigue and espionage and high-adventure in North Africa, with Napoleon Solo assuming Arab disguise for the occasion. Large amounts of uranium-235 have recently been stolen in various parts of the world, have been smuggled into North Africa, and are being taken by camel caravan across the Sahara and deep into the southern Sudan, beyond Khartoum, to an unknown destination for an unknown reason. Solo and Illya suspect that THRUSH is involved, and Mr. Waverly thinks that somebody, somewhere, must be trying to make H-bombs from the stolen and smuggled material. In Casablanca, Solo and Illya meet a strange, flamboyant Irish-Arab half-caste fat man called Habib Tufik, alias Manuel O'Rourke, who is an international wholesale dealer in secret information, and whose services are available to U.N.C.L.E. -- for a "reasonable" price, of course. Guns blaze, knives and scimitars flash, bombs are thrown, men die, other men disappear; journeys are made over deserts, mountains, and jungles; Arabs and Nubians are at each others' throats in Sudan, and THRUSH is backing a secessionist movement; Solo and Illya find an uncharted city in the interior, and the action becomes increasingly furious as the tale nears its conclusion. Leslie has written a splendid novel in this one.

Since David McDaniel has himself written a rather long synopsis of THE MONSTER WHEEL AFFAIR for an s-f fanzine, I shall try to make my discussion of it briefer than usual. Like his two previous books, it's a dandy yarn. THRUSH agents on a mysterious, remote volcanic island in the Indian Ocean sink a passing merchant steamship with guided missiles. Not long afterwards, rockets from that island put an artificial satellite space-platform into orbit around the earth; it begins broadcasting threats and warnings in various languages to the people of the world and announcing that its crewmen will launch massive nuclear attacks unless cash payments are made to buy "protection". Solo and Illya suspect that all is not exactly as it seems, since there are numerous peculiar and suspicious circumstances about this case that don't make very much sense, and so they start investigating. The trail takes them to South Africa and beyond. Armed with gyrojet rocket-pistols and conventional firearms and equipped with a miniature high-speed submarine for transportation, our two heroes land on the enemy's island stronghold with sabotage in mind and discover that the colossal, wheel-shaped, orbital satellite constructed by THRUSH in collaboration with the government of Egypt is really just a money-making hoax, fake, and bugaboo -- a gas balloon! Its purpose is extortion and propaganda to make THRUSH wealthier and make everyone else frightened to death, so THRUSH will be able to construct a real armed space-platform to menace the world in actual fact!

While Peter Leslie's new novel, THE DIVING DAMES AFFAIR, is not nearly as good as his previous story, THE RADIOACTIVE CAMEL AFFAIR, it's good enough to be worth reading. It's an entertaining and enjoyable yarn, barring some far-fetched, im-



plausible situations and highly improbably events; it just isn't a masterpiece this time, that's all. Habib Tufik, alias O'Rourke, has transferred his news-peddling and secrets-selling information-service activities from Casablanca to Rio de Janeiro, after THRUSH made North Africa too hot for him -- but Brazil, as it happens, isn't much safer, since he's now on the U.N.C.L.E. payroll -- and THRUSH has a long memory for those it opposes, and for those who fail it. In the latter category are two beautiful American girls employed by THRUSH as receptionists and as skin-divers at the big new secret underwater hideout and submarine base that THRUSH has just built for itself deep in the interior of Brazil. The two girls get hurt in an automobile accident, courtesy of their dissatisfied employers at THRUSH; hospitalized in Rio, they are murdered in the hospital by THRUSH assassins to keep them from talking to the police. The girls were supposed to be employed by the Daughters of America Missionary Emergency Service (abbreviated D.A.M.E.S. and usually pronounced "dames"), an organization similar to the Salvation Army, but they never heard of them, and the American F.B.I. says the dead girls (on the basis of fingerprints) had previous criminal conviction records.

Since international crime is involved, U.N.C.L.E. is notified by the F.B.I., and a connection between the murder victims and THRUSH is established. Would you believe that Solo and Illya are sent to Brazil to look into it further? Would you believe that a THRUSH nuclear missile-launching sub is going to destroy many of the bigger cities in South America? Well, would you believe it's located in a fresh-water lake at a dam-construction site in the Brazilian interior, especially created for that purpose only by THRUSH? And would you believe further that U.N.C.L.E. tries to stop them with a minisub dropped into the lake from a helicopter flying overhead? You would! Well, would you believe also that D.A.M.E.S. sends a trouble-shooting lady-missionary secret agent of its own down to Brazil to conduct her own investigation? Besides being beautiful, she's a regular supergirl-sleuth in the Honey West-Cathy Gale-Emma Peel tradition -- crack-shot with firearms, expert at judo and karate, and all the rest of it. And she adores our lad Illya and wants to give him some religious instruction. Oh, come on, Ace Books, quit pulling our legs! It's fun to read, but please don't expect us not to laugh at it. This is just TOO MUCH.

The back cover has a picture of Solo inspecting his new U.N.C.L.E. Special sports-car; you didn't think he'd do without a trick automobile when James Bond, Matt Helm, Batman, and The Green Hornet have gadget-and-gimmick-laden supervehicles, did you? Now, he's got this kind of status-symbol, too!

(To be concluded in issue #45 of the JOURNAL)

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**Al Gechter reports --**

Science-fiction films shown at the Cannes Film Festival (Source: VARIETY, May 3, 1967) -- "L'Inconnu de Shandigor" ("The Unknown of Shandigor"): Swiss; Frajea Films; starring Marie-France Boyer, Ben Carruthers, Daniel Emilfork, Howard Vernon, and Jacques Dufilho; "Frank's Greatest Adventure": U.S.; Jericho Films; in Technicolor and Techniscope; starring Jon Voight, Monique van Vooren, Severn Darden, and Joan Darling.

Two British films released May 17 (in color) were "They Came From Beyond Space" and "The Terronauts", starring, respectively, Jennifer Jayne, Robert Hutton, Zia Mohgeddin, and Bernard Kay, and Simon Bates, Zena Marshall, and Charles Hawtrey.

George Pal will produce Frank Robinson's THE POWER. American-International is filming "Rocket to the Moon", and Paramount is making Stuart J. Byrne's (John Bloodstone) "Monster in Thy Blood".

Japan Films is releasing two thrillers: "Gamera Vs Gyaos" and "Gappa, the Tri-  
 phibian Monster"

Albert E. Gechter



## THE 1967 DISCLAVE

The Washington Science Fiction Association held its annual Disclave on May 12th and 13th, at the Regency-Congress Inn, in Washington, D.C. The Regency is a new motel, and was very well appointed and comfortable. The convention was held in one of the Regency's basement rooms. It was isolated from the rest of the motel, so no matter how much noise we made, it bothered no one.

My wife, daughter and I arrived at the Regency on May 12th at 8 p.m. The party was under way when we arrived, WSFA supplying a sufficient quantity of drinkables. The Guest of Honor was Jack Gaughan, the artist. We were entertained by a trio consisting of Ray Ridenour on the trombone, Alan Huff on the tuba, and Don Wolz on the cornet; it played loud and at times very well, sounding somewhat like a German band. There was also group singing of fannish-type folk songs. Dave Ettlin was selling S-F books and artwork. We left the party at about 1 a.m. I understand it continued until about 3:30 p.m., with everyone seeming to enjoy themselves.

The formal program started about 2 p.m. on Saturday, May 13. Jay Haldeman, the Program Chairman, conducted the program, there being nothing in print as to what it was to be. He announced that the first thing on the program was a panel consisting of Roger Zelazny and L. Sprague de Camp, its subject being whatever the two of them wanted to discuss. Sprague told of his various travels around the world and of the various books he is writing and has written. Roger talked, among other things, about some of the difficulties he has encountered in writing some of his stories. The panel discussion, including questions from the audience, ended at about 3 p.m.

This was followed by an announcement by Ted White of the successful nominations for the Hugos and Pongs to be given at the forthcoming NYCON 3.

Next on the program was an auction of S-F books (mostly British) and artwork by Jack Gaughan, with most of the proceeds going to the WSFA treasury (which needed it badly).

At about 4 p.m., the floor was given over to the Guest of Honor, Jack Gaughan. Jack spoke for about an hour, discussing artwork in general and answering questions from the audience.

The final panel was formed at approx. 5 p.m., consisting of Fritz Muhlhauser III (yes, Virginia, there really is a Fritz Muhlhauser!), Ted White, Andy Porter, and Banks Mebane. The subject was Fritz's attack on SF. Although Andy Porter was appointed moderator, little was heard from him. In fact, little was heard from anyone on the panel except Fritz, who managed to drown out most of the opposition. Fritz was of the opinion that fandom should have some great purpose; the rest of us seemed convinced that fandom's purpose was to have fun and enjoy ourselves. Personally, I think Fritz likes to get into these arguments merely for the sake of argument. The program ended at about 5:30 p.m., at which time Alexis Gilliland presented Fritz with a caricature of himself, with sword in hand, saying, "Bring on the damn fans!".

The Saturday party began at 8 p.m. There was the same brass trio of the previous party, and folk-singing to the accompaniment of Chuck Rein's guitar. The Reins also contributed a 10-gallon garbage can full of popcorn. Don Miller had about 2,000 S-F books and magazines for sale over in one corner. Mike McInerney and Frank Prieto had the concession on selling buttons. The most frequently seen button was one inscribed TANSTAAFL, standing for "There Ain't No Such Thing As A Free Lunch".

My daughter discovered a so-called "Recreation Room" located down the hall from the meeting room. It has a pool table and a couple of pin-ball machines -- one of which was defective (the steel ball would hang up on one of the bumpers, thus running up the score -- and the number of free games won; this pleased the players no end).

I left at about 1 a.m., and my wife left at about 3:30 a.m., with the party still going strong. I under-



stand that over 70 attended and everyone seemed to have enjoyed themselves and to have had a very good time.

Bill Berg

(extract) It was Roger Zelazny's birthday, and they gave him a can of beer and a bottle of Alka-Seltzer. Side remarks made it good for a laugh. ##### L. Sprague de Camp and Roger led off with a discussion on Sword & Sorcery:--Pro and Con. Roger said he liked to write about people who felt strongly toward each other. They discussed "Love". ##### Sprague said people read for various reasons. They read novels to learn behavior patterns, and westerns, etc., for escape. He said the Colt pistols were the most inaccurate items ever devised by man, but people get a thrill from reading about these things, escaping all the ills they would get if they went in for the real thrills (such as dysentary, etc.). ##### Roger said he wrote his Dilvish Stories for FANTASTIC, but that he intended to uphold the boycott on Cohen's magazines. He said that NEW WORLDS had been subsidized by the Arts Council, but that the first issue was not very good. ##### Sprague has written up the Scopes Monkey Trials for October, 1967 release. He said that theory is a lot of hogwash, and described how a group had proven that the world was flat by theory. ##### Roger came up with the fact that LIFE uses sex in their Cro-Magnon stories. ##### There was a lot of discussion on the fine lines between science, scientifact, occultism, SF, and pseudo-science. . . . ##### Next was Gaughan and Roger on art. . . . G. said he does his work out of sheer instinct for survival -- reads the book, picks what he thinks will sell, and does 3 illos, one of which is picked for the book. For covers you remit some rejected sketch, and someone writes a story to it. He likes to work for F & SF because they have character, and so does his best work for them. GALAXY lacks character. He went on to explain some of the things which go into making a good work of art, and some of the pitfalls of being an artist. ##### Finally came a panel with Fritz Muhlhauser, Andy Porter, Banks Mebane, and Ted White, called "Is Fandom Going to Hell in a Bucket?" I got no sense out of this at all, and I'm sure most of the panelists didn't understand what Fritz's beef was, either. It was short, not so sweet, and far from the point.

Harriett Kolchak

In brief --

From Dannie Plachta: Roger Zelazny was awarded the first annual Nova Award at the recent Triple Fan Fair for ". . . his achievements in science fantasy". The trophy included an engraved likeness of the popular author, taken from a sketch by noted artist Jack Gaughan.

From Tom Schlück: Concerning the reprint of my short TRICON report. I was sort of surprised to find it here and should like to point out that it was written for professional purposes. It was published on the editorial pages of a science-fiction series over here, thus having been aimed at non-fans solely. That I gave it to Alfred Beha for inclusion in his STREIFLICHTER-fanzine is due to his repeated request that I write a fan-report for him. I didn't have time then . . ., so I gave this piece to him. My Trip Report is still forthcoming.

From Bill Berg: Directions to his home (site of June 30 WSFA party) -- From Wash., go out Penna. Ave., S.E., to Branch Ave. (Rt. 4). Turn right on Branch Ave. Continue on Branch Ave. 1.3 miles past the D.C. line. Turn right (at 2d red light) at Iverson St. (there is a Jr. Hot Shoppe at this turn). Go for 1 mile on Iverson St. to 22nd Ave. Turn left on 22nd Ave (which is one block past the Hillcrest Hgts. Shopping Center), go one block, crossing Jameson St; when you cross Jameson St., 22nd Ave. changes its name to Keating St. We are the 2nd house on the left (2131 Keating). ##### Coming from the Beltway, get off at Exit 36 (Branch Ave.) headed toward Silver Hill. Go 2 miles to Iverson St. (past the Marlow Hts. Shopping Cen.). Turn left on Iverson St. & continue as per directiona above. ##### For public transportation, take W.M. & A. bus line (Marlow Hts. Bus). Get off at Iverson St. & 23rd Parkway (Hillcrest Hts. Shopping Center) and follow above directions thence.



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FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK

Laurence C. Smith, 216 East Tibet Road, Columbus, Ohio, 43202 (4 June 1967)

My, but you're getting prolific! If I counted right, I got 80 pages of TWJ in less than a month, which must be some sort of a record for you. Fortunately, the quality shows no signs of diminishing....

To begin with, does the appearance of a cover herald the appearance of art on the pages of the JOURNAL? I rather hope so, providing that you don't have to omit some of the text to make room for it. Y'see, I've this pet peeve about fan art (and pro also) -- it's all well and good if it's cleanly done and not too trivial in content (unrelated faces, or BEM's or rockets, etc.), but I get much more out of a good meaty discussion uninterrupted by filloes which merely serve to break the monotony of a solid page of typescript. And I've always felt that any art that is on the same page with a story should relate to the fiction somehow. This last, though, seems to draw fire from the faneds and artists I've discussed it with. Comments, anyone?

Banks does his usual finely-machined prozine reviews again. I'd like to know how he manages to say so much about a zine in so few words. Take, for example, his comments on Andre Norton's "Wizard World" in the June IF. To any one with even a one-book acquaintance with Miss Norton's work, these brief remarks give a very concise and yet sufficient description of the story to let the reader relate it to what he already knows of the author's style and content.

"The Pioneers of S.F." was a very well done article. Mr. Train does an excellent job of detailing the early authors who, unlike Wells and Verne, never achieved much in the way of reprint popularity. From the remarks that Mr. Train makes, it appears that several of the writers he mentions would be well worth the search required to resurrect their works to see what other ideas and styles were popular at the dawn of modern SF. I'm thinking primarily of Serviss, England, Giesy, and Arnold, although Ace is beginning to reprint some of their books (Giesy's PALOS OF THE DOG STAR PACK and Arnold's LT. GULLIVER JONES OF MARS are the only two out, to my knowledge). The article itself was long enough to convey some of the flavor of the author (instead of being a mere biographical and/or bibliographical sketch) without becoming repetitiously boring as some of the more worshipful articles of this nature are wont to do.

When I saw Mao's book listed on the contents page, I wondered about the ed's slippery fingers. But then I found that Alex makes a good case for including the QUOTATIONS -- good enough to make even I, who am rather apolitical, interested in reading on. Which, after all, is the primary service a reviewer can offer....

I'm glad to see that Alex still likes the AGENT OF T.E.R.R.A. series. I commented on #2 in my LoC in TWJ #41, and he more or less confirms my opinion. AoT #1 drew rather poor criticism in the fan press, and it'll be interesting to see how #2 fares. Now then, just who is Larry Maddock?

The Brunner review was excellently handled -- Alex states his problems and then goes on to prove that they are solvable without excess verbiage.

I like Roger Zelazny -- he's probably the best of what I consider the American "New Wave" (Roger, Larry Niven, Fred Saberhagen, and Keith Laumer). And FOUR FOR TOMORROW is a fine example of intelligent selection by an erudite editor to give some idea of the growth and development inherent in any good writer. So far, I haven't been too badly puzzled by Roger's excursions into non-English (and untranslatable) phrasing, because the context the words appear in enables me to get a fairly clear shot at their meanings. But I do think that Roger's appreciative audience will likely diminish in size as those who hate having to struggle to read a book discover other authors, some perhaps imitative, and go off to seek easier enjoyment. Those of us who do endeavor to grow along with Roger will find it an illuminating education, in all probability, but the path will be a long one and a hard one to follow.

Ah ha -- TWJ really is becoming a genzine. First a cover, and now fan fiction. "Wine in Time" is rather well developed; but just to provide a vehicle for a ghastly



punny ending? "Explosion on Mars" was competently written, with a plot idea that was, for me, new. But I want to pick a scientific hole or two in it, and see what sort of an argument I can start. An anti-matter (CT) planet in this solar system would be an utterly disruptive influence, since CT is also presupposed to have negative time and gravity. The G- would seem to lead to orbital perturbations of a magnitude sufficient to wreck the stability of the system in something less than a gigayear, and this story sounds like it could date back no more than perhaps a megayear or so at best. I would have thought that extra-systemic placement of our CT planet would have been more logical. This all, of course, assumes that Planet IV is the CT world, and that the rest of the system is terra-normal in its makeup and polarity. But the possibility does make for a fascinating train of thought -- it's even more disasterous than assuming, for example, that all of the planets have undetectable bacteria, or massive charges of induced electrical charge, or something on that order.

"The Adventures of St. Philip, etc." -- no comment. It seems to be a straight Biblical type of adaptation, but perhaps I'm missing something. "Unbeliever" was trite -- the ending was telegraphed to me along about the sixth paragraph. As a general rule of thumb, I've always thought that most fan fiction could stand at least doubling in length (as long as the author is not just filling in blanks in his mind) to permit a little more detailing. Any idea small enough to be expressed in 200 words or less is, it seems to me, too small to be worth writing about. And that last statement should draw lots of curses to my head!

For a non-fan, Doll has extremely perceptive ideas about what is good (and what isn't) in a fanzine, and she has a neat way of expressing herself. If there's nothing really redeeming about a particular zine, Doll lets you infer so by not making any comments on the contents -- a sort of negative criticism that many more verbose reviewers would do well to emulate. Incidentally, when will CØSIGN rate coming beneath her scrutiny? I've got reviews going on several of the zines Doll picked . . . when they're finished you out there can compare them and see how viewpoints differ.

I read Ted Sturgeon's VOYAGE before I saw the film (I never did see the movie) and was rather impressed by it. It isn't vintage Sturgeon, but it's far superior to most script novelizations (except Ike Asimov's FANTASTIC VOYAGE). I can vaguely remember the first two episodes of the TV series which, when compared to the book, were so far inferior that I haven't seen any since. So I'll forbear to comment on the rest of Al's article, except to say that it seemed a very good introduction to the whole set of VOYAGE fare.

Jay Kay Klein's ESFA report was hilarious. J.K. seems to have a writing style very closely approximating Ike Asimov's speaking style, which I've always enjoyed. I heaped my plaudits on J.K.'s head in my last LoC, so I won't repeat them here. Now, if I can only persuade him to write for CØSIGN....

Ken Slater's British book reviews gave an oddly different flavor to some of the books I've read lately. Does the JOURNAL intend to run his material regularly, dare I hope?

I'd comment on the lettercol, but this thing is far too long already and I've a couple of small requests and announcements to make. Don, I wish you'd print a cut-off date for about three JOURNALS in advance in each TWJ -- it'd make LoC'ing easier if I knew which ish my letter'd show up in. And what are the ad rates for the JOURNAL? The ØCon Committee definitely wants to publicize our Worldcon bid plans, and the JOURNAL is an ideal place in which to do so. Last LoC, I gave you a list of just the official meetings of the Society, so this time I'll update it with a complete listing of all meetings. They're listed as follows: date/host/address/phone/attendance limits/topics of discussion:

- 1 July/Center of Science & Industry/280 E. Broad St., Cols./none (call me at 614-268-1185 after 4)/open/business and social
- 8 July/No meeting scheduled yet
- 15 July/COSI/same/none or call me/open/social
- 22 July/Bob Hillis/1290 Byron, Cols./325-0112/open/discussion of CODE 3



- 29 July/Dick Byers/495 Village Dr., Cols./262-1547/open/fencing practice & discussion  
 5 Aug/Cosi/same/none/open/business & social  
 12 Aug/Dale Davis/1073 Fordham, Cols./267-9379/15/Sword & Sorcery  
 19 Aug/COSI/same/none/open/social  
 26 Aug/Keith Lammers/346 Crestview, Cols./263-6911/open/no set topics  
 2 Sep/No meeting scheduled -- many of us will be at NYCON III  
 9 Sep/COSI/same/none/open/business & social  
 16 Sep/No meeting scheduled yet  
 23 Sep/COSI/same/none/open/social  
 30 Sep/No meeting scheduled yet

The meetings at COSI are the official meetings of the Society. They'll open the doors for us at 6 p.m., and the meetings start at 7. The head charge is 50¢ for refreshments plus a pro-rata share of the cost of the meeting room. These meetings are open to any and all fans without prior notice. The private meetings (any with a host and a phone listed and not at COSI) start at 7 p.m., have a basic 50¢ refreshment charge, and DO require prior notice, because the host of the meeting has full choice of who attends and how many he can comfortably accomodate. Please write at least a week in advance to check with each host; or call me -- I keep a running idea of how much space is left, and I can give directions if needed.

And that definitely wraps things up for now . . .

((Yes, 80 pages in a month is a record for the JOURNAL -- our personal record is 80/ pages in 10 days, right before the TRICON; never again!! If we get some decent artwork, we'll have some art in the JOURNAL. (Jack Gaughan said something at the DISCLAVE about sending us some) -- but not at the expense of omitting material which should otherwise go in. We will eventually settle down to a 20-page format, and this doesn't allow much room for anything but the printed word. We will probably incorporate some artwork into the larger issues, such as the DISCLAVE issues and other special issues which will pop up at times -- but we doubt if it will become a regular feature. We have been trying to get a couple of portfolios of artwork, with no success to date, which we planned to reproduce via offset. We are not particularly good at stencilling art -- which is another reason why we run so little artwork. Nevertheless, covers and interior illos would be welcome from anyone out there wishing to donate same.

Re "Explosion on Mars" -- we understand this was written for a sophomore creative writing class some 15 years ago. The writer says he has long since forgotten anything he knew then about CT matter and physics in general -- and we are in pretty much the same boat, so will refrain from discussing your arguments. How about one or more of our readers who are well versed in modern physics taking up the discussion? (Maybe we should send a copy to John Boardman?)

Ken Slater's comments were extracted, with his permission, from his monthly catalogues. He doesn't comment very often on the new books, so "The English Scene" will continue to be a sometime feature (unless we can induce him, while we are in England this summer, to write a regular column for us). We don't print a cutoff date more than a couple of issues in advance because we are uncertain of our future schedule at the moment. However, LoC's reaching us within a reasonable time after receipt of an issue will almost certainly (with rare exceptions when we have too many letters or are really hard-put for space in an issue) appear in the next issue while we are on our monthly schedule, and in the next-issue-but-one if and when we return to our biweekly schedule. --ed.))

Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit, Michigan, 48234

(6 June 1967)

. . . For newsnotes from Detroit, I might say that half of it I can't repeat and half of the remainder would result in a knife in my back if I were to repeat it, but then that's Detroit fandom for you. A friendly little group, all for one, etc., etc., etc.



Howard Devore has managed to get most of his stock transferred out to the garage he got built this winter, and now he's trying to figure out where he's going to get any pulps to replace the ones he's selling like mad. Anything and everything is going, in the pulps, he says. Get 'em while they're hot.

Mary Young is definitely divorcing George; no date has been set yet, but the court appearance will probably be sometime this summer. She's leaving the kids with George, and is not going to fight for them.

Martin Alger has a Volkswagon now; he said that Packards were getting harder and harder to get so he decided to switch rather than fight. He's working in some tool and die shop in Royal Oak right now and drawing lots and lots of boola, as he also has an interest in the shop (of an unspecified amount).

Dannie Plachta has sworn off drinking again, this time prompted by a visit to a head shrinker, who told him to skip the juice from now on. It hasn't lasted. At any rate Dannie and Roger Zelazny are collaborating on a work (wordage unspecified) at present, and Dannie has hit the tripewriter again after many many moons of abstinence.

Lynn and Carole Hickman drove up to Detroit the Memorial Day weekend, and a party was held at Roger and Pat Sim's. At least, most of us partied. . . .

Hal Shapiro recently completed an OEO Truck Driver's School, and is now working for a local food-chain as a dairy-truck hauler, pegging down good bread as he goes. After a bit more experience, he plans to switch to steel haulage or long-range, since the better jobs are in that field. His wife, Sandra, is going to Practical Nursing School soon, too. Still in bad health, though, unfortunately.

Dean McLaughlin is fit and chipper and working on a new novel.

Lloyd Biggle is mad at someone, but that's one of the unquotables.

Ben Singer was in town this spring, his usual wordy self. He sounds a lot more like a genius-type than he is, but he seems to be doing well enough as a Professor at a Canadian University in London, Ontario. He's still married. To the same one.

. . . Columbus for '69? It's an idea....

((News from the Detroit crowd, for those of you who know some of the fans in that area. Dick also sent news about the Triple-Fan Fare, but as the con will already have been held by the time this magazine is distributed, we have deleted it from his letter. --ed.))

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MORE SCIENCE-FANTASY PAPERBACKS

August, 1967 --

BALLANTINE -- E. R. Eddison: THE MISTRESS OF MISTRESSES (95¢); DELL -- Robert A. Heinlein: STARMAN JONES (50¢); DOVER -- Joseph Jacobs: MORE CELTIC FAIRY TALES (\$1.50); Joseph Jacobs: MORE ENGLISH FAIRY TALES (\$1.50); PYRAMID -- H. T. Wilkins: FLYING SAUCERS UNCENSORED (60¢); Ted White & Dave van Arnam: LOST IN SPACE #1 (60¢); Anthony Boucher: ROCKET TO THE MORGUE (60¢); Murray Leinster: TIMESLIP (60¢); FAWCETT -- John Barth: GILES GOAT-BOY (\$1.25); PAPERBACK LIBRARY -- Edmond Hamilton: THE STAR KINGS (?).

September, 1967 --

BERKLEY -- John Garforth: THE AVENGERS #4 (50¢); DELL -- Allen Drury: CAPABLE OF HONOR (?); Judith Merrill, ed.: ELEVENTH ANNUAL S-F (?); Isaac Asimov: THE NEUTRINO (?); AVON -- T. H. White: THE MASTER (60¢); PAPERBACK LIBRARY -- A. E. van Vogt: MONSTERS (?); Dennis Wheatley: THE EUNUCH OF STAMBOUL (?); PRENTICE-HALL: La Fontaine: FABLES (\$2.50); PYRAMID -- Keith Laumer: THE INVADERS #2 (60¢); Ted White & Dave van Arnam: LOST IN SPACE #2 (60¢); Theodore Sturgeon: THE SYNTHETIC MAN (60¢); SCHOLASTIC -- Freya Littledale, ed.: ANDERSON'S FAIRY TALES (45¢); Rudyard Kipling: KIM (45¢); TEMPO -- William H. Johnston: DICK TRACY (60¢).

Source: PAPERBOUND BOOKS IN PRINT, June, 1967.

Albert E. Gechter



July-August Short Calendar: Conventions, etc. (Continued from page 1) --

OZARKON 2 -- July 28-30, Ben Franklin Motor Hotel, 825 Washington, St. Louis, Missouri, 63101. GoH: Roger Zelazny. Registration fee \$2 to Rich Wannen, Rt. 2, Box 889, Arnold, Mo., 63010. Program will include GoH speech, luncheon banquet, Friday night welcome party, some movies, and probably more.

GATEWAY CON II -- August 4-6, Downtowner Motor Inn, 12th & Wash., Sts., St. Louis, Mo. Registration fee \$4, plus \$4 for the banquet. For more info., send SAE to Robert Schoenfeld, 9516 Minerva, St. Louis, Mo., 63114. A Comicon.

ISLAND-CON (Gefandom Con) -- August 4-7, in Berlin. For information, contact Reinhard Horschberger, 1 Berlin 12, Schlueterstrasse 49, Germany, or (later address, in June SFT), Dieter Ploger, 1 Berlin 65, Müllerstr. 96, Germany.

DEEP SOUTH CON V -- August 26-27, Dinkler Plaza Hotel, Atlanta, Ga. For info write: Jerry Page, 193 Battery Pl., N.E., Atlanta, Ga., 30307.

ANNUAL OPEN MEETING of Ontario S-F Club -- Sat., August 26, in Toronto, Ontario, Canada. For info on it & EXPO '67, write OSFiC, 1054 Coxwell St., Toronto, Ont, Canada.

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Don Miller

THE WSFA JOURNAL  
% D. Miller  
12315 Judson Rd.  
Wheaton, Md., 20906

Return Requested

TO:

*7/1* Dick Schultz, (w-48)  
19159, Helen  
DETROIT, Mich 48234  
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