

# THE WSFA JOURNAL

The official organ of the Washington Science Fiction Association ----- Issue #46  
Editor and Publisher pro tem.: Jack C Haldeman II ..... September, 1967

## PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Starting with the meeting on September 15, WSFA will no longer meet at Miss Cullen's house. It seems sad, after all these years, to leave. The house seems to echo from all the noisy fan gatherings there. I met my wife at WSFA. Sigh.

But the care and feeding of such a large house is a giant job for someone living alone. Miss Cullen has moved to smaller quarters - the Roosevelt Hotel.

It was decided that WSFA would rotate meeting places for the next few months. The locations are noted on page 10. Meetings start at 8:00. Star Trek starts at 8:30. Locations for meetings after October will appear in the Journal.

I would like to thank Miss Cullen for providing WSFA with a home for so many years. I'm sure I speak for the membership as a whole.

Don Miller is back, and this is my last issue (stop cheering). This issue is a short one, to be sent out mostly first-class to announce our change of meeting place. Don will put the JOURNAL back on its regular schedule in October. Deadline for material intended for issue #47 is October 6. Thank you for being patient with me.

Jack C Haldeman II  
President, WSFA  
Ex-editor, Ex-publisher  
Aljae Press #44

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## MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY

September ANALOG -- Mack Reynold's novella "Fiesta Brava" is more spyplay in the stute and cloddy universe. It's fast-paced and amusing. ##### Christopher Anvil winds up the Paradise series (although there's provision for more stories at a slightly different angle) with the novelet "The King's Legions". If you like light action stories with a few ill-tempered barbs directed at the Twentieth Century from the far future, maybe you'll go for it. ##### Of the three short stories, "The Pearly Gates of Hell" by Jack Wodhams is the best; it invests an old idea with some inventive detail and salts it with a wry touch at the end. The other two, by E.G. von Wald and Verge Foray, are typical ANALOG one-idea stories. ##### There are no surprises here for the JWC fan.

September F & SF -- Richard V. Corben's astronomical cover is wrapped around an uninspiring issue of F & SF. ##### Two of the stories deal with ~~West African con-~~ juring in routine ways. Shamus Frazer's "The Cyclops Juju" brings a sinister idol to a British boys' school and William Sambrot's "Night of the Leopard" puts Peace Corpsmen in conflict with an evial witch-doctor. Both are well written trivia. ##### J.T. McIntosh's "The Saw and the Carpenter" is a detective story in a future space installation in which the butler did it. George Collyn's "Out of Time, Out of Place" ruins a good idea with a contrived plot and flat narration. Susan Trott's "Donny Baby" attempts whimsical irony; I can't tell if the last page of the story was left out or if it was supposed to end where it does. I. Yefremov's "A Secret from Hellas" translated from the Russian, is charmingly old-fashioned. ##### Also included is a reprint of Jack London's almost-first-published story, "A Thousand Deaths". It should have been left in peaceful obscurity.

October GALAXY -- Roger Zelazny has done it again with "Damnation Alley". I know . I can't hold my breath all the way through a long novelet, but it seemed that way. Read it. ##### In "The Transmogrification of Jamba's Revenge", H.L. Gold has written a beautifully ironic version of a world-saving takeover. Ther other novelet, George O. Smith's "Understanding", is interesting and inventive spyplay. ##### Besides the excellent fiction, the issue is packed with interesting features: a non-fact article by Poul Anderson, a galaxy of fashion by Carol Pohl, and of course the usual things by Willy Ley, Algis Budrys' and Fred Pohl. ##### Don't miss it.

September IF -- James Blish's serial "Faust Aleph-Null" unfolds its many richnesses in this second installment. Like most of Blish's best work, the basis of the conflict is intellectual but it generates more excitement than any dozen space epics. I can hardly wait for the end. ##### The five novelets are a mixed bag. Philip Jose Farmer has a powerful, bitter fantasy in "A Bowl Bigger Than Earth". J.G. Ballard's "Venus Smiles" is a Vermilion Sands story, and in my opinion one of his poorest. Perry A. Chapdelaine's "To Serve the Masters" is a promising first story. C.C. MacApp has some light action with space pirates and what-not, and old-timer Harl Vincent returns. ##### The lone short story, Robert Silverberg's "Bride Ninety-One", is highly competent PLAYBOY-type science fiction. ##### Read the Blish novel, whatever you do.

Banks H. Mebane

HUGO GERNSBACK

1884 - 1967

## NYCON 3 CONVENTION REPORT

by Joe W. Haldeman

We got into Grand Central Station about 9:00 Thursday night, and, after half an hour's fruitless searching for a taxi, manhandled our luggage through the subway system and the labyrinth of underground Penn Station. At ten we checked into the Statler Hilton and waited a mere three minutes for an elevator to the registration desk. This later turned out to be a convention record.

After signing in, we Haldemans went our separate ways, searching for some sort of action. I was after Ray Fisher, a Missouri fan (or Superfan) who puts out the excellent fanzine ODD. Finally found him in the Los Angeles semi-bidding party, and spent a couple of interesting hours discussing fanning, fiction, and physics. During this time my wife had the misfortune of running into Harlan Ellison, who insulted her most obscenely to her delight and everyone else's). My brother was out doing whatever N3F people do, with his wife Most Grievously tagging along to keep an eye on him. We Haldemans finally got together at the LA party, which was reaching critical mass.

Grabbing Ray by the thirst (the party had run out of punch several hours before), we left the party and ventured out into Fun City. We lapped up some inexpensive brew at McCann's and went back to the hotel to build up a small backlog of sleep.

Next morning I staggered down to the lobby in search of something to eat. Found Jack Gaughan similarly employed, and made an enemy for life by suggesting we try the hotel coffee shop. Jack had Cold Scrambled Eggs a la Army, and I had Cold Greasy Danish Muffin with Congealed Lard. I believe the total bill, with dilute instant coffee, came to \$25.36. We later found that anything else would have been contrary to the Hilton Image, which included foul-mouthed telephone operators, elevators that go up and do not come down, surly sales people, belligerent house dicks, etc, etc...

You who are conservationists will be relieved to know that the slow loris, once headed for extinction, saved itself by devolving to the humanoid Hilton Waiter.

Parenthetically,(), it's only fair to note that two groups of people, the maids and the freight elevator operators, were most friendly and usually efficient. Why this is, I don't know. Maybe they were only part-time help.

Anyhow, back to the convention. At noon there was a most amusing invocation by ~~the~~ John Boardman, who dressed up as a convincing wizard, stood in the middle of an authentic chalked double circle and pentagram, and, black candles guttering, read several pages of incantations in Latin and King James English. A two-foot-high demon materialized (well, stepped out of hiding), who turned out to be John's lovely little daughter, Dierdre.

After the official opening and introduction of notables, Terry Carr and Dick Lupoff gave an interesting discussion on Fandom as a stepping-stone to professionalism. Terry is, of course, an excellent example of the phenomenon; and Dick may be as well, having just sold a novel of 120,000 words.

Terry noted that the beginning writer in science fiction has (numerically) as good a chance of selling a novel as he has of selling a short story. The number of novels published each year is almost as great as the number of original short stories. What Terry was tactful (or wily) enough not to mention was that

both categories seem to buy about the same proportion of pure, unalloyed crud. You, out there with the blunt pencil and lined paper. You, too, can break into the big time.

After the panel the Haldeman contingent accidentally caught an elevator and went up to the room of Ed Chamberlain, Pennsylvania fan, to fill said room with smoke and song. As a public service, Ed tried to sabotage my singing voice by passing me an innocent-looking drink compounded of 151-proof rum flavored with Southern Comfort. The attempt, no matter how well-intentioned, failed; the fiery liquor slid down my callused throat with no effect other than a paroxysm of hoarse coughing. Most people thought I was still singing.

We went downstairs in time to see Harlan Ellison be auctioned off by Bob Silverberg. A lovely femme-fan got an hour of his time for what Harlan thought was a ridiculously low price. Harlan retaliated by seizing Bob's tie and auctioning it.

After the Ellison auction, Harlan ran the regular auction. Included in the items were paintings by Frazetta, Freas, Gaughan, Morrow, and Shoenherr, and several manuscripts. The auction was followed by the "Dinner Break", which did not take place in the hotel.

The next item on the program was the Galaxy of Fashions show, sponsored by Galaxy magazine because Fred Pohl Has A Dirty Mind. The costumes were even more beautiful and more daring than the previous year's. The acreage of epidermis in this show and the masquerade ball led to the formulation of Haldeman's Skin Law, which is as follows:

Average percentage of  
skin exposed in fashion show and masquerade = 100 - (1990-year of Con)

The Pasty-con of 1989 will be surpassed in pulchritude only by the Con of 1990, where the masquerade will be held in a huge Sauna-bath and contestants will be judged by the expressions on their navels. After 1990 there will be a sign-change and by 2089 the contestants will also be judged by their navels, which will be the only thing showing.

But I digress (constantly). After the fashion show we went up to our room for the Worldcon WSFA meeting. With 37 in attendance, we could barely scrounge up a quorum of regular members, most in attendance were corresponding members. Honored to meet the Emmons, who were members of WSFA when it started, 20 years ago.

After the meeting adjourned we went up to the party thrown by the Columbus group. As they were saving their booze for Sunday night, we would have gone thirsty except for the kind offices of Ron Bounds, who supplied Kahlua and vodka and faanish song sheet. Ed Chamberlain entertained us with some original eery songs done in his eery bass voice. For accompaniment I abused a guitar. There was a meeting of the Avengers fan club, who watched that worthy show in the other room. We left rather early (ca. 2:30) to garner sleep for Saturday night's frenetic partying, which was a mistake.

Saturday morning, however, started out very well. Harlan Ellison and Ted White engaged in a dialogue over the so-called New Wave. Harlan took the position that it was Avant Garde, Ted defending the Rear Guard definition.

The next panel was another dialogue, between Norm Spinrad and Fred Pohl, about magazine publishing. Spinrad wanted to see more markets for short fiction in the magazines, but Pohl contended that he's lucky to get one decent short story a week; most of what he and the other editors publish is low-quality material - if the market were expanded, the extra pages would have to be filled with even lower-quality garbage. Spinrad supported the possibility that more of a market for short fiction might induce the better writers to bang one out between novels (writing novels being the only way to get cigarette money in SF).

Next was yet another dialogue, between Judith Merrill and Ben Bova, on science in Science Fiction. Bova, of course, defended science, while Merrill defended the new-Wavish soft-core SF.

Next panel was billed as a dialogue, but was actually a kind of off-the-cuff question/answer session with Roger Zelazny and Samuel R. Delany. The two "new" writers talked about their writing habits, origins, opinions on literature and SF (neither Zelazny nor Delany named the other as a favorite author - when this was pointed out there was a moment of trapped silence followed by some good natured kidding).

Then came the bidding for next year's convention site. LA was supported by Gene Roddenberry, who drew a tempting picture of programs possible with the cooperation of Star Trek and LA aerospace industries. San Francisco countered with Harlan Ellison drawing cutting parallels between the Baycon plans and our experiences at NyCon III. At the Baycon, no non-SF people would be registered and, as Harlan put it, there would be nobody but "weirdo freaks like yourselves."

Well, Baycon won, hands down, which surprised a lot of fens who had been impressed with LA's preparation. There was some grumbling about the way the con site is selected, at a time when all trufen are asleep or down at the bar, but I didn't hear any concrete suggestions for improvement.

Next was another auction, but our stomachs told us to skip to the next item on the agenda, "Dinner Break".

After dinner, the convention hall was packed with fans waiting to see an advance showing of the first Star Trek episode of the new season, "Amok Time" by Theodore Sturgeon, courtesy of Gene Roddenberry. One of the better episodes: Spock indeed runs amok, trying to kill Cap'n Kirk with some very ingenious weanons. Roddenberry also supplied some clips of mistakes made in the filming (taping?) of Star Trek programs - such as the ever-rational Herr Spock fluffing a line and giving out a very audible "f%& \*".

After the film there was a special auction for the Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund, materials for the auction donated by Roddenberry. The collection of Spock uniforms, autographed scripts and manuscripts brought in \$800, putting the TOFF fund over the top.

The program was concluded with a showing of some experimental films by someone whose name I can't recall, but who may have been a Chicago fan (Lewis Grant was in some of the pictures). He showed a chilling - slightly nauseating - horror vignette, directed by Salvatore Dali, followed by the hilarious "prevues of coming attractions" of what has to be the worst SF movie of all time, Monster A Go-Go. Then there was a ~~sex~~ very experimental army training flick, followed by a collection of mistakes made in filming army movies.

Then he showed some of the things he had done himself, and, ladies and gentlemen, this was fandom's lowest hour. These were experimental, but without the

leavening effect of sex or violence employed in the earlier ones. Thus did some neos (I hope they were neos) commence to hiss and boo and stamp their feet and shout such witticisms and "T'row the bum out", etc.

I didn't think they were very good, myself, except in a few places (and he had warned us they were unedited), but if they had offended my sense of esthetics as they did some fen's, I would just have left to seek other entertainment.

When they were over, I did leave to seek entertainment, having turned in early the previous night in order to be able to stay up and party Saturday night, and guess what.

That's right. Not a single one. Not a drop of booze. We did eventually gather a bunch of joke-tellers and folksingers outside the convention hall. I left after a while to get some sleep for the final night, which turned out to be a good idea.

We got up in the morning in time to catch most of the interview with Jack Gaughan, What's Right and What's Wrong in the Science Fiction Package. There were microphone problems, though, and we heard very little of it. Let me assure you that Jack gave a good panel. He always does.

Following Jack's panel was (guess what?) a dialogue, between Sid Coleman and Isaac Asimov, on Should There Be More or Less Science in Science Fiction? The Good Doctor defended science, and Sid Coleman defended William Burroughs. Asimov essentially reiterated what he said in the guest editorial in Galaxy a couple of months back; science fiction with a strong science content draws young people to the pursuit of science, and is therefore a Good Thing. Well, I can't deny that it draws you thence; SF was the primary stimulus for my getting a (one measly) degree in astronomy. As to whether it's a good thing ...

Coleman believes that science is all right in its place, but that it should take a back seat to literary values in the writing of science fiction. I have to agree, and maybe most SF writers would also agree. Otherwise they would be scientists.

We broke for drinks after the panel, and came back to the auction, again conducted by Harlan Ellison. From the balcony, we bid on, and bought, a Gaughan sketch, which looked better 100 feet away than it did close up. Jack therefore inscribed it "How many fingers am I holding up, Joe?" Great guy, that fink.

After dinner we went to "the Costume Parade", which is a better name for it (who dances at "the costume ball?"). Much flesh and a lot of imagination. The Haldemans improvised a costume as "The Invaders", i.e. little fingers sticking out. We didn't win a prize, but many worthies did, including the caveman couple, the female member of which Harlan described as "the girl with her \*\*\* hanging out." (Family fanzine.)

After the show we went to the "St. Louis in '69" party. This was the first place I went to that had booze and beer for everyone. We would have had a grand time except for the fact that it was the only open party; there was about one foot per square person. It was cleared out somewhat when someone called to say that the Assyrians (fellow conventioners) had dancing girls on the second floor. I stayed because my wife was standing on my foot.

We left when the party (sponsored, I believe, by the Fishers) was broken up by one of the 750 house detectives on duty. Gay and I went to the party in 1209 (given by Maureen Bourns), where we listened to Elliot Shorter doing folk and blues until sunup. Very, very good.

Next morning we barely got up in time for the Hugo banquet. After an uninspired meal of chicken (why? why?) and brocolli (why? why? why?), we got down to the nitty gritty; Harlan Ellison. Harlan enumerated with glee everything that was wrong with the hotel and the Con committee. He presented Ted White with an award consisting of a gilded ping-pong paddle on a board, inscribed with something like "To Ted White, for arousing interest".

After talks by Bob Tucker and SaM, the guest of honor, Lester del Rey, gave a short and incisive speech lambasting the "new wave" and calling for a return to honest science fiction. Though I think his point was over-done, it was well-taken; too much of what is new in SF is crud masquerading as art. Much of science fiction is out of mainstream because it is better than mainstream.

Then Harlan awarded the Hugos. For details, see elsewhere in this issue. Suffice it to say that I was wrong in all but three categories; viz., Jack Gaughan, best artist and best fan artist, and Mekas, best fanzine (only because ODD wasn't on the ballot - wait'll next year). I was especially disappointed when best novel went to Heinlein rather than Delany. I think Heinlein is the better writer, but Babel-17 was a better book than Moon. What is the Hugo given for, anyhow?

Well we left right after the banquet and started hoarding money for the Baycon. See you all there!

Appendix I: Good idea to have dialogues rather than monologues. Hurray Ted White.

Appendix II: The acoustics in the convention hall were horrible. The only thing that saved the panels from oblivion was Elliot Shorter standing at the door to keep it closed and keep out excess noise. The only recognition Elliot got was a seat at the end of the the head table at the Hugo banquet. Boo Ted White.

Appendix III: The convention was the largest one yet; with 1500 attending, almost twice the size of the second largest. It was most enjoyable. Hurray for Ted White and the Conventkon Committee.

-- Joe W. Haldeman

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Minutes of WSFA September 1, 1967 in room 1242 of the Statler Hilton in New York City.

Present: Harriett Kolchak, Coke Kimbrough, Don Miller, Jay, Alice, Joe, Gay, and Lorena Haldeman, Jim Latimer, Fleetwood Jones, Tracie Brown, George Fergus, Lloyd D. Hopson, Albert Gechter, Irene and Alfred Emmons, Ralph S. Fellows Jr., Mike Glicksohn, Don D'Amassa, Ronald Jones, B. Lockhardt, Alan Huff, Jerald Jacks, Chris Martin, B. Chandler, Jan Slavin, Don Sobwick Jr., Ed Chamberlain, Nancy Webb, Banks Mebane, Jim Harper, Rikki Patt, Mark Owings, Judi Sephton, Bob Whalen, Rick Brooks, Jerry Kaufman, J.B. Bogart, Larry Smith.

Jay welcomed the Emmons, two of the first WSFans. This meeting marked the club's 20th Anniversary.

New business and announcements:

Banks announced that the 25th World Science Fiction Convention is being held.

Jerry Jacks announced that the Oakland party was in room 710A.

It was decided that we would go over to Miss Cullen's house on Sat. to make up for all the messes we've made over the years by cleaning her house.

Jay stated that New York is a summer festival. Lorena added that New York is a fun city.

Jerry announced the Great Wall club would meet. Joe announced that the entertainment committee would lead 10 verses of the Orc's Marching Song immediately following the meeting.

Jay invited everyone to the Disclave in May.

Adjourned 9:15

SCIENCE - FANTASY PAPERBACKS

Boris Vian, Empire Builders, Grove Press, \$1.75  
 Philip Wylie, The Murderer Invisible, Popular Library, 60¢  
 H. Rider Haggard, She, Airmont, 60¢  
 Thomas Sugrue, There is a River, Dell, 95¢  
 Lewis Carroll, Alice in Wonderland, Scholastic, 50¢  
 H.G. Wells, The First Men in the Moon, Dell, 50¢  
 John Garforth, The Avengers #3: "The Passing of Gloria Munday", Berkley, 50¢  
 John Tiger, I Spy #5: "Countertrap", Popular Library, 60¢  
 Thomas Stratton, The Man From U.N.C.L.E. #11: "The Invisibility Affair", Ace, 50¢  
 Ian Fleming, Octopussy: The Last Great Adventure of James Bond 007, Signet, 60¢  
 Edward S. Aarons, Assignment - Black Viking, Gold Medal, 50¢  
 F. van Wyck Mason, Maracaibo Mission, Pocket Books, 50¢  
 Brad Steiger, Beyond Unseen Boundaries, Popular Library, 60¢  
 Coral & Jim Lorenzen, Flying Saucer Occupants, Signet, 75¢  
 Harold J. Wilkins, Flying Saucers on the Attack, Ace, 75¢  
 James Reynolds, Ghosts in American Houses, Paperback Library, 50¢  
 Borderline Magazine, editors, Strange Horizons, Paperback Library, 50¢  
 Larry Maddock, Agent of T.E.R.R.A. #3: "The Emerald Elephant Gambit", Ace, 50¢  
 Jack Williamson, Bright New Universe, Ace 50¢  
 Piers Anthony, Chthon, Ballantine, 75¢  
 Clifford Simak, Cosmic Engineers, Paperback Library, 50¢  
 David Whitaker, Dr. Who in an Exciting Adventure with the Daleks, Avon, 50¢  
 Louis Charbonneau, Down to Earth, Bantam, 50¢  
 Simon Majors, Druid Stone, Paperback Library, 50¢  
 Brian Aldiss, Earthworks, Signet, 60¢  
 Jules Verne, From the Earth to the Moon, Airmont, 50¢  
 Hans Stefan Santesson, editor, Gods for Tomorrow, Award, 60¢  
 Jack Vance, The Last Castle, and Tony Russell Wayman, World of the Sleeper, Ace Dbl, 60¢  
 Harry Harrison, Make Room! Make Room!, Berkley, 60¢  
 J. Hunter Holly, Mind Traders, Macfadden - Bartell, 60¢  
 Jack Williamson, One Against the Legion, Pyramid, 60¢  
 Keith Laumer, Retief's War, Berkley, 60¢  
 Kenneth Robeson, Sargasso Ogre, Bantam, 50¢  
 Gordon R. Dickson, Soldier Ask Not, Dell, 60¢  
 Robert Heinlein, Stranger in a Strange Land, Avon, 75¢  
 Murray Leinster, Timeslip, Pyramid, 50¢  
 Groff Conklin, editor, Twisted, Belmont, 50¢  
 Thomas Burnett Swann, The Weirwoods, Ace, 50¢  
 Keith Laumer, Worlds of the Imperium, Ace 45¢  
 Keith Laumer, The Invaders, Pyramid, 50¢ (Aug.15)  
 John Wyndham, The Day of the Triffids, Crest, 60¢ (Aug.15)  
 Harlan Ellison, Doomsday; Lee Hoffman, Telepower, Belmont Double, 50¢ (Aug.10)  
 Thomas Purdom, Five Against Arlana; Emil Petaja, Lord of the Green Planet, Ace, 60¢  
 James Nelson Coleman, Seeker from the Stars, Berkley, 60¢  
 E.R. Eddison, The Mistress of Mistresses, Ballantine, 95¢  
 Wyman Guin, Living Way Out: Choine Suburbs of Our Galaxy, Avon, 60¢  
 Neil R. Jones, Professor Jameson Space Adventure #3: "Space War", Ace, 50¢  
 Murray Leinster, S.O.S. from Three Worlds, Ace, 50¢  
 William F. Nolan, editor, Pseudo-People: Androids in Science Fiction, Berkley, 75¢  
 Paula Allardyce, Witches' Sabbath, Paperback Library, 50¢  
 John Brunner, World Swappers, Ace, 50¢  
 Edmond Hamilton, Star Kings, Paperback Library, 60¢  
 Talbot Mundy, Tros, Avon, 60¢ (Aug.20)  
 Andre Norton, X Factor, Ace, 50¢

Source: Paperback Books in Print July-August 1967

Albert E. Gechter



## VIEWS, REVIEWS AND ARCHIMEDEAN SPIRALS

THE WORM OUROBOROS by E. R. Eddison, Ballantine Book U7061, 95¢, xxii plus 520pp.

This is an old work (copyright 1926) of fantasy-adventure, in the genre of THE LORD OF THE RINGS, and with which it does stand comparison. On the one hand, TWO lacks the integrated plotting and development of character that mark TLoTR, on the other, the action is easily level with Tolkien's, and thematically it is superior, because the battles are the essence of the conflict, and not a sidelight to the quest. Descriptively, TLoTR is superior, principally because of Eddison's tendency to go overboard; his interiors are beautifully described, but tasteless and grossly over-decorated. The imaginative elements in TWO are not inferior to TLoTR, but they tend to be a bit less relevant. A case in point is episode of the three armies under a curse, X chasing Y chasing Z chasing X, forever and ever, logistics notwithstanding.

Eddison's writing is not uniform, and sometimes the quasi-archaic manner he affects seems precious. Of course, when he is writing action, it really comes across as Heroic Fantasy, and his best passages are probably better, taken out of context, than Tolkien's.

In the matter of conflict, both books feature a great war against Evil, but where Tolkien's villains remain faceless and almost nameless, and his "heroes" spring into brilliant life, Eddison's heroes, The Lords of Demonland, are curiously flat and similar, while his villains, the Witch Lords, are vividly portrayed, human, and memorable. There is this difference. In TLoTR we see the characters change and grow, in TWO we see static portraits developed. Nevertheless, they are not without considerable interest, and Lord Gro, the exiled Goblin prince, is a highly interesting, complex personality with a lot of pizzazz. Cast him as Wormtongue, and he would ride to battle with Theoden's seemingly doomed army, and then, confronting Saruman, a prisoner in the ruins of Orthanc, he would rejoin his former master and get the operation going again.

In one sense, Eddison has written a tragedy, The Fall of the House of Gorice, and taken from this point of view, the book makes sense, because the Demon Lords are merely the means by which proud Carce is humbled, and the true focus of attention is on the Witch Lords, the great Corund, of whom Gorice XII was envious and distrustful, the flashy and lecherous Corinus, Corsus, dogged and vindictive, and of course, their Ladies, who are characters in their own right. Gorice's strategy is shaped by the intrigues in his court, and Corsus is sent against Demonland, while Corund languishes in the boondocks of Goblinland; to the ultimate loss of Witchland.

The book is splendidly illustrated with the Keith Henderson drawings that graced the 1952 Dutton edition. Six full page illos, and spots at the ends of the chapters. The cover is really great, but no credit is given; possibly Brem?

Anyway, TWO is great. If you liked TLoTR, you'll like this...and you can argue the merits with your friends. My own opinion is that you are less likely to re-read TWO, but will be equally grunted while reading. Recommended.

-- Alexis A. Gilliland

P.S. Adverse comment from better half; TWO moves faster, is less ponderous, but is NOT as well written, and NOT as good as TLoTR. She didn't like it nearly as much as TLoTR, but I still recommend THE WORM OROBOROS. --A.G.

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## SCIENCE FICTION ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS

New York - 1967

NOVEL - The Moon is a Harsh Mistress - Robert Heinlein

NOVELETTE - The Last Castle - Jack Vance

SHORT STORY - Neutron Star - Larry Niven

BEST MAGAZINE - If

BEST ARTIST - Jack Gaughan

BEST DRAMA - The Menagerie, from Star Trek

BEST FANZINE - Niekas

BEST FAN WRITER - Alexei Panshin

BEST FAN ARTIST - Jack Gaughan

IMPORTANT NOTICE -- Meetings will no longer be held at  
the home of Miss E.O. Cullen.

September - October Meeting places:

September 15 - Jim Harper  
3416 Curtis Dr. Apt 104  
Suitland, Maryland  
423-3597

September 29 - Bob and Peggy Pavlat  
9710 47th Place  
College Park, Maryland  
935-0756

October 6 -- Banks Mebane  
6901 Strathmore St.  
Chevy Chase, Maryland  
652-8684

October 20 - Joe and Gay Haldeman  
5611 Chillum Heights Rd., Apt. 301  
W. Hyattsville, Maryland  
864-0218

Directions:

To Jim Harper's apartment from the Capitol Beltway. Take the exit for Silver Hill, Maryland, up Branch Ave. toward D.C. to Curtis Drive (on right) opposite an Esso Station. First apartment on right, park on first lot.

To Pavlat's house from Capitol Beltway. Take the Route 1 exit towards Wash. Turn left at the first intersection (stop light), turn right at very first street (47th Place). Bob's house is on the right, about two or three blocks down. ---Coming out Rt. 1 from Wash, turn right at last stop light before Beltway and follow above directions.

To Banks' house from Washington. Take Wisconsin Ave towards Bethesda. Turn left at the intersection of Wisconsin Ave. and Bradley Blvd. Strathmore St. is on your right off Bradley Blvd. His house is on the corner.

-- Jack C Haldeman 11

THE WSFA JOHURNAL  
% Don Miller  
12315 Judson Road  
Wheaton, Maryland

TO:  
≡