

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

The official organ of the Washington Science Fiction Association ---- Issue No. 47
Editor and Publisher: Don Miller October, 1967

October-November Short Calendar (This will be rather short, because we have been out of touch with many of our informational sources because of our trip; we hope that those readers knowing of club meetings and/or cons not appearing on this calendar will send us information on them in time for the next issue):

WSFA Meetings -- October 6 (at home of Banks Hebane, 6901 Strathmore St., Chevy Chase, Md.; phone 652-9694; directions: from Washington, take Wisconsin Ave. towards Bethesda; turn left at the intersection of Wisconsin Ave. & Bradley Blvd.; Strathmore St. is on your right off Bradley Blvd. Banks' house is on corner on right); October 20 (at home of Joe & Gay Haldeman, 5611 Chillum Heights Rd., Apt. 301, W. Hyattsville, Md.; phone 864-0218; directions: from Beltway, take New Hampshire Ave. South exit; proceed towards D.C. to East-West Highway and turn left; go to Riggs Road and turn right; at first stop-light (Sgt. Road) turn left; at next stop-light (Chillum Road) turn left; proceed along Chillum Road to 16th St. and turn left; turn left again on Chillum Heights Drive (1st street); Haldeman's is in 2nd building on right); November 3 (at home of Alexis & Doll Gilliland, 2126 Penna. Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C.; phone FE7-3759); November 17 (at home of Joe & Gay Haldeman; address & phone number above).

The Gamesmen -- October 13, 27; November 10, 24; Diplomacy at home of Buddy Tretick, 3702 Wendy Lane, Silver Spring, Md., 20906; phone 942-8306; other games at home of Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Md., 20906; phone 933-5417. Buddy's house is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles further north along Georgia Ave. than Don's, in a small development on the left-hand side of Georgia Ave. (across from Kroeger's) known as "Harmony Hills". Don's is one block (NW quadrant) from intersection of Georgia Ave. and Randolph Road. Call as far in advance as possible if planning to attend; we must have prior knowledge of number of attendees.

BSFS Meetings -- October 14, 28; November 11, 25; at homes of various members; call or write Jack Chalker, 5111 Liberty Heights Ave., Balt., Md., 21207 (phone 367-0685) for information.

ESFA Meetings -- October 1; November 4; at YM-YWCA, 600 Broad St., Newark, N.J., at 3 p.m. October 1 Guest Speaker will be Frank Belknap Long.

PSFS Meetings -- October 13; November 10; at Central Philadelphia YMCA, Broad & Arch. Sts., Phila., Penna., at 8 p.m. And don't forget PHILCON November 11 & 12.

C/SFS Meetings -- October 26; November 23; general meetings, held at Columbus Public Library, 96 Grant St., Columbus, Ohio, at 7 p.m. Discussion meetings (attendance limited; call first): October 7 (Rod Goman, 160 Chittenden Ave.; ph. 299-6512); October 14 (Bob Hillis, 1290 Byron Ave.; ph. 235-0112); October 21 (Bob Gaines, 336 Olentangy St.; ph. 263-6089); Oct. 28 (Dale Davis, 1073 Fordham Rd.; ph. 267-9379; topic: sword & sorcery); Nov. 4 (Don Walker, 3157 Indianola Ave.; ph. 268-7491); Nov. 11 (Martin Buehart, 461 E. Beechwood Blvd.; ph. 263-5522); Nov. 18 (John Ayotte, 1121 Pauline Dr.; ph. 268-9372); Nov. 25 (Keith Lammers, 346 Crestview Rd.; ph. 263-6911).

OSFA Meetings -- October 29; November 26; at Main St. Louis Public Library, 1301 Olive St., at 2 p.m.

(Cont. on last page)

MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY

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The format of this column needs changing. The method of covering each magazine in 100 words or so and trying to fix every story with an adjective or two is unsatisfactory. I find it confining and tedious to write, and I imagine you find it equally tedious to read. From now on, I'll mention only the stories that strike me as the best, and I'll discuss them at greater length. Serials will be covered only after they're complete. Some magazines will seldom be mentioned, but perhaps that's just as well.

No policy should be too rigid to allow exceptions, and there's one issue I want to treat as a whole this trip, so:

October F & SF -- After a tame September, F & SF comes through with an All-Star Anniversary Issue that's good to the last page. ##### The two novelets are by Richard McKenna and Avram Davidson. McKenna's "Home the Hard Way" is one of the few unpublished stories he left behind at his death to remind us what we have lost; the plot is simple space-opera, but the writing makes it memorable. Davidson's "The Power of Every Root" is a tale of Mexican magic (but not really a fantasy at all); it has solid craftsmanship and a beautifully realized background. ##### The five short stories are all good, and among them Samuel R. Delany's "Corona" and J. G. Ballard's "Cry Hope, Cry Fury!" stand out. Delany writes about people with a controlled emotionalism that is intense but precise, and his people live. Ballard's story is another myth of Vermilion Sands (and one of his best); his characters move in ways alien to our reality that only intersect it obliquely, but they leave an indelible impression -- here, he has given the Flying Dutchman a new ship on a strange sea. ##### Of the remaining three stories, Fritz Leiber's "The Inner Circles" is a freezing surrealistic nightmare, while R. A. Lafferty and Joan Patricia Basch each have readable humor in the F & SF whimsical vein. ##### Few issues of any magazine are this good:

The big news this month is the conclusion of James Blish's serial, "Faust Aleph-Null", in the October IF. Blish posits a world in which Demonology is a real science and Black Magicians can call up devils. He investigates the effects of this on such psychological types as the man with the overriding will-to-power and the other-directed man with no inner moorings, but he also casts the whole story as a prelude to doomsday, recalling what his alter ego, William Atheling, wrote about the chiliastic crisis of the Twentieth Century in his review of Blish's A CASE OF CONSCIENCE. The story builds surely to a terrific crisis in which all Hell breaks loose, literally. The punch-line at the end is a real shocker; it isn't the sort of "one-punch" that Atheling has inveighed against, but the K. O. coming after a dazzling display of pugilism. There are delightful little side-touches such as thinly disguising some well-known sf writers and editors as a circle of White Magicians, but these (except for a parade of Demons that reminds me too much of a convention costume party) don't interfere with the steady build-up of the story. By all means, read it. Perhaps the most amazing thing about it is the fact that the hard-cover version will be a selection of the Catholic Book Club.

Also recommended -- Anne McCaffrey's "Weyr Search" in the October ANALOG is a novella set on a world where men ride flying dragons (phallic dragons, if you go by Schoenherr's cover); the basic idea sounds like Andre Norton, but Miss McCaffrey puts a lot more characterization and depth of feeling into it. In the October IF, C. C. MacApp's "Winter of the Llangs" is a readable novelet with all-alien characters, an adventure story with men (pardon me, krotos) fighting snow and wolves (llangs); the aliens are human but the alien details are handled well.

Banks Mebane

SAILING THE STAR WAYS

By John O. McKnight

Every so often, someone -- let's call him "George Lester Asinine" -- discovers that light exerts a measurable pressure on anything it touches. Although it is measured in figures, usually starting with a decimal point followed by a string of zeros and a one at the right-hand side of the page (we're starting with micro-milligrams), it can still be measured.

At about the same time, George Lester sees a sail-boat heading into, and actually making headway against, the wind. Now, G. L. knows that space has nothing to impede motion. He also knows that inter-stellar (the hell with short inter-planetary runs) distances are so great that a small, steady push will add up to quite a respectable fraction of the speed of light, if it's sustained long enough.

"Eureka!" yells G.L.A. (He does not run naked through the streets of Cambridge, because he's run out of LSD.) "We'll build a sailing space ship. The sail can be the lightest of material plated with metal -- it's no trick, today, to put a coating of metal about 20 millionths of an inch thick on almost anything. We'll make it a couple of miles square, to get some real push, and it will still fold up into pocket size because it's so thin. The solar wind is so light we can probably use nylon fish line for sheets, halyards, and braces. (To you landlubbers, sheets are the ropes controlling the sail, not the sails. Halyards are ropes raising sails up the mast. Braces control the spars, called yards, on the square-rigged ships.) We'll raise sail in space, and, after six months, will be traveling about $1/3$ the speed of light. Alpha Centauri, here we come!"

Suppose, G. Lester, you have to change course?

"Nothing to it. Just change the angle of the sail. I see sail-boats at Red Banks every day, tacking into the wind. Four of them will be going four different ways with the same wind. Let's get this thing a-building!"

Mr. Asinine, this is Jack McKnight speaking. "It ain't necessarily SO!" I'll not dispute your math, or the amount of pressure exerted by light, but if you are going in anything but a straight line outwards from the sun, you'd better have a rocket-powered dinghy. The ability of a sailboat to go in any direction except exactly with the wind is caused by the resistance of the hull, usually augmented by some sort of keel, to being pushed sideways against the water -- and as for tacking by changing the sail setting, forget it!

Sailing against the wind depends entirely upon a vacuum created by wind blowing across the sail. The air-flow makes the sail assume an airfoil shape, lowering the pressure on the front side of the sail. This pulls the sail towards the vacuum. There is no push on the back of the sail. In fact, if we can develop a one-sided sail, it will be more efficient, as we'll lose nothing in friction. But I'm afraid that's far in the future. The closest approach so far is the shoelace with only one end, that I'm always getting hold of.

The amount of drive we get from the wind when we head into it depends on two things: the airfoil shape of the sail, and the resistance to sideslip developed by the hull. Progress, in the direction you'd like to go, is a vector of these two forces. Illustration -- squeeze a slippery watermelon seed. Force "A", your thumb, opposes force "B", your finger. If the seed is perfectly flat, or if it's dry, nothing happens, except your hand gets tired. But normally, the seed shoots out at a right angle to the two opposing forces, hitting the teacher in the nose if your aim is good.

18th-century ships of war were square-rigged -- much better at sailing before the wind, but practically unable to sail at less than a right angle to it. The following is an edited excerpt from "Anson's Voyage Around the World", written by one of his officers, Richard Walter:

"On the Island of Juan Fernandez on the 21st of June, some of our people discerned a ship to leeward, but a thick haze obscured her. On this report, and no ship appearing for some days, we were all under the greatest concern, suspecting that her people were in the utmost distress for want of water, and so diminished and weakened by sickness as not to be able to ply up to windward: so that we feared that after having been in sight of the Island, her whole crew would notwithstanding perish at sea. However, on the 26th, we discerned a sail, and she approached so near, we could see she was the "Gloucester". Commodore Anson sent a boat, laden with fresh water, fish and vegetables which was a very seasonable relief to them as perhaps there never was a crew in a more distressed situation. They had already thrown overboard two-thirds of their complement, and had been for a considerable time on an allowance of one pint of water per man per day. "Gloucester" plied within 3 miles of the land, but the wind being contrary, could not reach the anchorage. In this tantalizing situation "Gloucester" continued for near a fortnight, without being able to reach the anchorage, though frequently attempting it. On the 9th of July she was blown away, reappearing on the 16th of July, but could not get within 4 leagues of the Island. Anson sent the ship's long boat, which was rigged fore and aft, with more provisions. It returned against the wind with very little trouble, carrying six of "Gloucester's" sick men, two of whom died on the way.

Our space sailing craft is in even worse shape than the "Gloucester". The space wind blows only one way -- directly away from the nearest star! (As for the "Gloucester", the wind finally shifted, and, after a month of beating back and forth -- most of the time in sight of the Island -- she sailed in.)

Since there is no pressure differential (in space) between the front and back sides of a sail, no hull or keel resistance, and nothing for a rudder to bite into, there is no possibility of directional control. Changing the angle of the sail will have no effect on the direction -- all it does is to reduce or raise the projected area to decrease, or increase, the number of photons hitting it, and so changes the amount of power we get from it. Mr. del Asinine, I fear you will have to use an auxillary. (This was done when steam first came in -- an engine was used to put the ship into the ocean (with the Home Office howling about the price of coal). Then the sails were set, for the long voyage across the Atlantic. This mongrel was never very satisfactory, though. Comment -- "They're brutes under steam and bitches under sail.")

Maybe we could use an ion-rocket drive to get on the exact line from Sol to Alpha Centauri. We'd raise steam, get a good fire in the boiler, have our ion paddle-wheels churning space, throwing up a foamy wake of disturbed vacuum, and, by Jupiter's orbit, heave to, disconnect auxillary, raise sail, and let her go.

Keeping the main brace well spliced (this is seafaringese for staying intoxicated), George O. Pohl dauntlessly faces all hazards. At the halfway point, the ship is turned around to use Alpha Centauri's light pressure for braking down. (This involves furling and unfurling a few square miles of sail, and, by this time, del Smith's beard is long enough to catch in all the pulleys controlling the sheets.)

After 20 years, our intrepid sailor reaches the end of his trip. Sure enough, an earthlike planet -- ships rising to meet him -- a gala celebration! But what's this? Every ship is marked "U.S.C.G.A." While George Lester Asinine has been out of touch for a fifth of a century (plus all the other fifths he has consumed),

Robert A. Kuttner has invented an outboard motor. It's so noisy that not only human tolerance, but space itself, is strained past the breaking point. Start one up on Earth, and space breaks, throwing outboard, boat, and occupants to Centauris One. Since this is mathematically impossible, it must occur in zero time. So no space ship is needed.

Returning is not direct. At least six Star Systems must be touched before Earth will tolerate the rumpus long enough to touch down. But since each jump takes zero time, this is no great drawback. (Having now inflicted American outboarders and their sisters and cousins and aunts on the Universe, I'm going into Hiding to escape well-deserved retribution!)

Oh yes -- George Lester Asinine made a museum out of his ship and crew. You may have seen him, beard and all, at the NYCON.

NYCON NEWS

For those of you who haven't yet gotten the word concerning the NYCON, we'll briefly run down the awards and a few highlights of the con:

- Best Novel, 1966 -- THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS, by Robert A. Heinlein.
- Best Novelette, 1966 -- "The Last Castle", by Jack Vance.
- Best Short Story, 1966 -- "Neutron Star", by Larry Niven.
- Best Pro Artist, 1966 -- Jack Gaughan.
- Best Prozine, 1966 -- IF.
- Best Dramatic Presentation, 1966 -- "The Menagerie" (Star Trek episode).
- Best Fan Writer, 1966 -- Alexei Panshin.
- Best Fan Artist, 1966 -- Jack Gaughan.
- Best Fanzine, 1966 -- NIEKAS (eds., Ed Meskys & Felice Rolfe).
- First Fandom Hall of Fame Award -- Edmond Hamilton.
- Big Heart Award -- Janie Lamb.
- Con Committee Special Award -- "21st Century Sub".

Highlights (thanks to S.F. WEEKLY, 11 Sept. 1967 -- Andrew Porter, 24 E. 82nd St., N.Y., N.Y., 10028; 3/25¢, 14/\$1): Total registration over 1,700, with 1,450 in attendance, making NYCON III the largest S.F. Con ever. Banquet attendance was about 600; speakers included Lester del Rey (GoH), Bob Tucker (Fan GoH), Harlan Ellison (Toastmaster). Ballot for site of 1968 Worldcon was won by Baycon over Los Angeles, by a vote of 341-202 (with Tokyo receiving one vote). In business session, "foreign" con was added to rotation, so that cycle will now be every four years instead of the current three-year rotation (i.e., West Coast, Mid-West, Foreign (Canada, Mexico, or overseas), East Coast). We do not yet know who the Art Show winners were, but the Costume Ball winners were as follows:

- Most Humerous -- Bill Osten, as the Satyr.
- Most Authentic -- John & Sherry Jackson, as Dian the Beautiful and Ghak the Hairy One from Edgar Rice Burroughs' Pellucidar series.
- Most Beautiful -- Sandra & Olga Ley: The Silver Apples of the Moon/The Golden Apples of the Sun (Yeats and Bradbury).
- Most BEHish -- Mike Gould, as Warlord of Thorne.
- Most Exciting -- Adrienne Hicks, as "The White Lady" (The White Goddess -- She Who Is Birth, Life, and Death, from Greek Mythology).
- Best Craftsmanship -- Frank Dietz, in an original costume designed and executed by Hannes Bok.
- Best Presentation -- "Star Trek" crew: Dana L. Friese, Alyse Pines, Gale Burnick, Liza Blaney, Bill & Sara Anderson, and Horta.
- Most Popular -- Lin Carter, as the Royal Necromancer of Acquilonia (R.E. Howard).

Details of con in reports by Joe Haldeman and J.K. Klein in TWJ's 46 & 48, resp.

TIDBITS

From Harriett Kolchak -- "The PSFS presents the annual PSFS S.F. Conference. Titled "Two Years to the Moon". A 2-day conversation about space-travel by people who were talking about it before it became a national policy. Willy Ley, James Blish, Hal Clement, Edward Dong, Frederik Pohl, Tom Purdom, Bob Silverberg and Ted White discuss 'Interplanetary Travel, Interstellar Travel, and Life on Other Worlds'. Date is 11-12th of November 1967 at the Sylvania Hotel, Locust and Juniper Sts., just off Broad St. Time is 1 p.m. on both days. Registration is \$1.50 a person. An annual event for over thirty years."

And she adds: "I will be on the registration desk, so look for me. Also for those from WSFA area who need a floor space, write quickly, as it is going fast. Also for WSFA fen -- I will have a private party here and hope to see you at that time. All extra bottles will be welcome, though."

A hasty run-through of a few recent British catalogues reveals the following additions to the Zelazny bibliography appearing elsewhere in this issue; we wonder how many more there are which we have missed....

THE KEYS TO DECEMBER, "Best S.F. Stories From New Worlds", Panther, 1967.

THE DOORS OF HIS FACE, THE LAMPS OF HIS MOUTH, "The Best From Fantasy & Science Fiction: 15th Series (ed. Edward L. Ferman), Gollancz, 1967.

The index in this issue is the first of a series covering all issues of the JOURNAL up to the present. To aid in the indexing, we have grouped the issues in blocks of six, and assigned volume numbers to them. This issue, #47, would thus be in Volume 8. In addition to the two complete sets we still have for sale (\$8.00 each), we still have a very small quantity of the following issues for sale from Volume I -- #1 (25¢), #2 (20¢), #3 (20¢), #4 (20¢), #5 (25¢), #6 (20¢).

A couple more recent paper-back releases from Al Gechter: IN THE DAYS OF THE COMET, by H. G. Wells (Berkley, 60¢); FABLES, by Aesop (Scholastic, 45¢); GILES GOAT-BOY, by John Barth (Crest, \$1.25); THE CENTAUR, by John Updike (Crest, 60¢).

Al has also provided the following info on forthcoming movies (from recent VARIETIES):

In production in England for 1967 release:

THE ONE-MILLION EYES OF SUMURU (Anglo-Amalgamated; Prod., H.A. Towers; Dir. L. Shonteff; starring Frankie Avalon, George Nader, Shirley Eaton, Wilfred Hyde-White; VENGEANCE OF FU MANCHU (Anglo-Amalgamated; Prod. H.A. Towers; Dir. J. Summers; starring Christopher Lee, Tsai Chin, Douglas Wilmer, Howard Marion-Crawford.

From United Artists:

THE VIKING QUEEN; Prod. John Temple-Smith; Dir. Don Chaffey; starring Carita, Don Murray, Andrew Keir, Donald Houston; THE MUMMY'S SHROUD; Prod. Anthony Nelson-Keys; Dir. John Gilling; starring Andre Morell, Elizabeth Sellars; SLAVE GIRLS; Prod. & Dir. Michael Carreras; starring Martine Beswick, Michael Latimer, Edina Ronay; FATHOM; starring Raquel Welch, Tony Franciosa; also coming, LOST CONTINENT, ROBIN HOOD, QUATERMASS AND THE PIT, THE DEVIL RIDES OUT, THE BRIDE OF NEWGATE JAIL, SHE -- THE AVENGER.

Coming from Walter Manley Enterprises: WILD, WILD PLANET; WAR OF THE PLANETS; THE SNOW DEVILS; PLANET ON THE PROWL; BATTLE BEYOND THE STARS; CURSE OF THE SHAM-MANSHARI; VAMPIRES, LTD; DEATH IN THE NORTH WING; THE GHOSTS OF NAGASAKI; ORESTES; CREATURES FROM THE NEGATIVE; DON'T BETRAY ME; THE HUNTED; FIRE IN THE SKY; EAR OF THE WOLF.

From Japan: KING KONG ESCAPES (Toko Films), with Rhodes Reason, Mie Hama; THE X FROM OUTER SPACE (Shochiku Co., Ltd.), with Eiji Okada, Peggy Neal, Toshiya Wazaki.

From MGM: BATTLE BENEATH THE EARTH; Prods., Charles Reynolds & Charles Vetter; Dir. Montgomery Tully; starring Kerwin Mathews, Viviane Venturi; THE EYE OF THE DEVIL; Prod. J.L. Thompson; Dir. M. Ransohoff; starring David Niven, Deborah Kerr.

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ROGER ZELAZNY

To be winner of three awards in a single year, two of them offered by fellow writers (perhaps more severe as critics), the other by well-read readers, is undoubtedly a record never before established. Yet in 1966, Roger Zelazny received such well deserved recognition for his work.

Perhaps what will strike the careful reader of his short stories, novelettes, and novels the most, is his versatility, and the wide range of subject matter always based on the very solid roots of painstaking research. One does not expect an author who can recreate Greece of the Gods and the myths, as in THIS IMMORTAL, to also give us that stark bit of perilous adventure geared firmly to a future comradeship between man and machine -- DEVIL CAR. He is as much at home in man-against-nature themes, as witness his edge-of-the-precipice tale THE MORTAL MOUNTAIN, or THIS MOMENT OF THE STORM.

A sure confidence carries the reader along, but not only good craftsmanship marks his work. He also offers this wide variety of plot.

No one can deny that among the younger writers in the field he stands at the van, or perhaps at the crest of the mountain. He has only his own work to best and there is little doubt he will do just that in the months and years to come.

--Andre Norton

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((The above tribute and bibliography were reprinted (the bibliography was condensed and updated) from the MARCON II Program Book, at the request and with the consent of Dannie Plachta. Roger -- is the bibliography up to date now, or did we miss something? --ed.))

PYRAMID BOOKS \$5,000 SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL AWARD

Open to All Writers -- American or Foreign -- Published or Unpublished. The sponsors will award advances, payments and prize money totaling \$5,000 for the best s-f novel submitted, in the opinion of the judges. . . The winning novel will be published by Pyramid Books and The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, and optioned for purchase by Kent Productions, Inc., of which Irwin Allen is Vice President. . . Runners-up in the award competition may be offered publication or purchase contracts by any or all of the sponsoring firms. . . Entries should be submitted to: SCIENCE FICTION AWARD, Pyramid Publications, Inc., 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York, 10022. . . Entries must be complete, original s-f novels between 40,000 and 70,000 words in length; typed double spaced, on one side of the paper, in normal professional form . . . All entries must be received in the office of Pyramid Publications, Inc., by November 15, 1967. The winner will be announced by December 20, 1967. . . No responsibility can be taken by the sponsors for the return of submitted manuscripts, but every effort will be taken to return those manuscripts submitted with proper return postage and instructions. . . ((Extracted from WIZARD #4, Alma Hill, 463 Park Drive, Boston, Mass., 02215; 4/31; for full details write Pyramid or Alma. --ed.))

VIEWS, REVIEWS, AND ARCHIMEDEAN SPIRALS

THE STOLEN SUN, by Emil Petaja, and THE SHIP FROM ATLANTIS, by H. Warner Munn
(Ace Double G-618; 50¢; 132 and 113 pp.).

THE STOLEN SUN starts with Wayne Panu, Ace of the TSF, top esper in the Terran sector of the universe, and exemplar of Terra's Corps d'Elite being bothered with his conscience. Fighting the Cloud-Monsters of the Mephiti with their stinking mercaptans and foul smelling amines requires an esper. But! He is beginning to empathize with the enemy. Yes indeed, he is sick of All-Kill, and crummy living conditions, and his psychiatrist, who has knowledge but not wisdom, and he begins seeing this little copper boat with rainbow oars flitting around in deep space. He doesn't tell anyone, but on the next mission his timing is 0.003 seconds off, and his wingman, who called him "buddy-boy" and meant it, flaks out. That does it. He sees that little old copper boat again, and he follows it back, back, BACK through time and space to ancient Finland, where the Evil Mistress of Pohyola, Land of Clouds the Color and Consistency of Diseased Liver, Louhi the Maleficent has really sunk the Vanhat this time.

It seems that the sun isn't going to come up this spring.

Wayne, a descendent of Wainomoinen the Wizard, who sorted through his card file of Vanhat heroes, past, present, and future to pick Wayne for the present emergency as the one best suited to deal with Louhi, is welcomed to the village of the Vanhat ...at first. However, he is very much a creature of his culture, and while he lets himself be educated, he is an auslander, he is a hero, and he has a mind of his own. Would you believe that he is not properly humble? Or that he is not well liked? How about being a scofftradition? Or a thief and a traitor?

The major thrust of the story is how he deals with Louhi and the situation, and his style is definitely 30th Century fox. Unlike Petaja's earlier stories, where the hero merges into the Hero, becoming the creature of legend, Wayne remains smooth, tough and...subtle. Of course Louhi distrusts him, but boy, could she use him...and so it goes.

This story differs from its predecessors in that the modern world may be revolting and unpleasant, but it is at least exciting. Also, Wayne's esp training and experience (with All-Kill, the 30th Century planeticide) are relevant to the main line of the story. Once into the mainline of the story, Petaja lets things rip, and TSS is quite up to his earlier efforts on that score. However, his writing is better here, and the chapters are more even, which means that even the Ussi (30th Century non-Vanhat) parts of the book are pretty good.

Jack Gaughan has a fine cover, showing the copper space ship with its rainbow oars. His use of color is very good, especially as the lettering picks up the copper hull. Also, a nice spot on the title page. A pity Ace doesn't illustrate more lavishly....

Now in THE SHIP FROM ATLANTIS he has a fine hot coppery sky, with a green sea dragon (?) charging a dragon ship on the horizon. The sun blazes out at you in the manner of Turner, and the blue-green lettering is just short of op art, but it resonates beautifully with the sea critter. One spot on the inside. A pity Ace doesn't etc., etc.

The story is good standard sword and sorcery, with a strong admixture of Indian lore, and a quite remarkable love triangle, involving hero, heroine, and swan boat. I really must read KING OF THE WORLD'S EDGE, of which this is a sequel. Doll says KotWE is much better than TSFA.

Basically, the story line is extremely direct, going from start to finish without digression or check, save for the insertion of large portions of Atlantean history, explaining how this or that came to be. The history stops the action, but without it the story would be a novelette, and the action moves fast enough so that a breather is welcome now and then. There is lots of well-detailed sword-play, and brawls, battles and ambushes all over the place. Also the wizardry of Merlin, and the pseudo-science of Atlantis. Blasters that fire six devastating thunderbolts when charged for one hour in the sun, living metal, and an expedition to rescue the denizens of Hell by digging a mohole...pardon, a tunnel. The writing is very good, the characterizations are excellent, and Munn has a sense of fun, as for instance, when the Hero, stranded in the Sargasso Sea, without water, drinks Merlin's Elixer of Life because he is dying of thirst. All in all, well worth reading. The double is an unusually good value.

THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION, by Samuel R. Delany (Ace Book F-427; 40¢; 138 pp).

Delany writes in essentially the same idiom as Zelazny, with the difference that where Zelazny is literate-erudite, Delany is literate-hip. Both are prose poets of a high order, both are young, and both are still growing. TEI is a shade better than THIS IMMORTAL, but this is almost certainly the reflection of my taste; they are unquestionably in the same league, however. I would also venture to bet that next year's Hugo winner is going to have to beat TEI, which isn't going to be easy, unless Delany wins the Hugo this year with BABEL-17. Even then it may not be easy.

The story is based on the Orpheus legend, with symbolic figures for Billy the Kid, Christ, and Jean Harlow among others. The action moves swiftly, but without haste, and the plot is both adequate and coherent. I remarked that Delany is a beautiful writer? No? Well, his writing is beautiful. Also lucid and powerful and deceptively simple.

As a matter of fact, the only flaw in the whole book is the hero's rather queer machete-flute. Practically, it would be nearly impossible to keep clean, rusting the weapon and spoiling the tone of the instrument. Symbolically it is ugly and incongruous and detracts from the story's remembered pleasure.

The chapter headings are a striking use of the author's reading, diaries, and conversation to show bits of the scaffolding that went into erecting the story. In effect, they are asides to the reader, giving insights into the author and his characters, and explaining how, for instance, Kid Death came to have red hair.

We also have a splattering of allusions, hip, negro, and Greenwich. The ones I caught I enjoyed, the ones I missed...if I missed any...didn't intrude.

Jack Gaughan has done a splendid symbolic cover, which catches the feel of the book better than any illustration could have done. Also a dragon spot on the title page. Don't miss this one.

DOLPHIN BOY, by Roy Meyers (Ballantine U-6100; 75¢; 224pp.).

Well, I thought it was pretty awful. Basically, this is Tarzan of the Apes transposed into the ocean, with dolphins for apes, whales for elephants and the rest. No equivalents for black Africans have turned up yet, but the series is still young, so be patient.

The oceanography is quite accurate; the author took the trouble to research his background, and this is part of the trouble. Dolphin Boy himself is impossible, worse, unbelievable, and against a realistic background, he comes on like Donald

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Duck in an Alfred Hitchcock movie. Incongruous, man, incongruous. I was turned off.

Now in justice to the book, the writing is technically much better than Edgar Rice Burroughs', and the dialog (among humans, anyway) is quite good. The scenes on land, Noble Savage trying to make it in Finky Society, are adequate, and the plot hews very closely to the master's line. For ersatz Tarzan, this is really excellent, if you happen to like that sort of thing. I read the complete Tarzan series at the age of 12, and reread it until I was maybe 15 or 16. I cherish the memory, but have no urge to go back.

A few minor points about the book. Dolphin Boy swims at 20 knots for hours and hours, in violation of all sorts of natural laws. He secretes oil from his skin when in the water, and he was born with a respiration rate of one breath per minute. Boy, is he ill-suited to live on land! Lucky for him that the explosion that killed his parents blew him into the ocean.

(How does he avoid getting the bends? He dives deep enough.) And would you believe that he rescues the daughter of the man who took over his late father's business? He is also of noble birth. English peerage, no less. By the time the plot creaked on to its heart-rending climax it was so obviously in the spirit of Burroughs that all I could feel was nostalgia...like, gee!, I could believe that, once.

AGENT OF T.E.R.R.A. #3: THE EMERALD ELEPHANT GAMBIT, by Larry Maddox (Ace Book G-644; 50¢; 157 pp.).

The format of this series is evidently pretty loose, but Hannibal Fortune remains a cheerful parody of the James Bond prototype, and he is greatly enhanced by Webley. (those shoulders had to be part pseudoflesh), his 15-lb. shapechanging partner. EMPIRE remains as shamelessly wicked as ever; Boss Gregor Malik is a big, black, ugly spider who tortures Fortune and Luise Little, the female field agent, for the fun of it when he has an infallible truth serum. Malik also advises his underlings to "stop thinking like common criminals and start thinking like uncommon criminals". The time-travel scheme, around which the action is carefully worked, is one of the best in the business, and is used in AoT #3 to provide a number of hairsbreadth escapes and nick-of-time rescues. It also furnishes an intractable deadline, which generates quite a bit of tension. There is less slapstick than in the first two of the series, and a greater reliance on dry wit. The most memorable pun concerned "changing Trojan horses in midstream", but there are others, ranging from good to awful. The female agent, and her "female" symbiote-partner provide a certain amount of love interest, but they are very well drawn, and are odds-on bets to show up in future books of the series.

The action in AoT #3 takes place in the last days of the Mohenjo-daro, as that 1,000-year-old civilization was about to be clobbered by barbarians. EMPIRE is out to grab off most of the loot which rightfully should go to the barbarian conquerers, and T.E.R.R.A. is out to stop them. The doomed civilization is merely suggested, but Sambara, the atheistic high priest, is very well done. He has nerve, wit, and wisdom, but is unable to deal with the invaders. The point is made very quietly that good will and honorable intentions are no substitute for an army. Needless to say, once Hannibal and Webley turn up, this is merely background for all sorts of slambang thud and blunder. The point is, the background is also very good.

AoT #3 is dedicated in part to E. Robert Chable, Ph.D., who may be the person on whom Hannibal Fortune is modeled. If so, Fortune is shedding the ersatz secret agent bit, and becoming more and more "himself" as the series goes on. This is

good, because he is beginning to show a quite distinct personality. The author seems to be relaxing as the series goes on, and #3 is better written than #2, if not quite as funny. It is excellent light entertainment, and I recommend it highly.

RETIEF'S WAR, by Keith Laumer (Berkley Publishing Co. X-1427; 60¢; 171 pp.).

This one ran in IF back in 1965, and in hardcover by Doubleday the same year.

Essentially, it is a fast-paced farce, a burlesque of the conventional action-type story, and it is done throughout with a tongue-in-cheek type of humor which I found quite enjoyable. There is lots and lots of action, set at a nice fast tempo, and the strangest set of aliens I've ever encountered. The denizens of Quopp, the Quopperini, are biological-mechanical hybrids, running around on wheels, stilts, rollers, and/or propellers. They come on like Frankenstein throwing custard pies, and Laumer has differentiated the Quoppian races by tagging them with assorted earthly dialects, and the character traits supposedly associated with the dialects. As the races of Quopp cheerfully fight, duel, riot and brawl among themselves, the tentacular Groaci plot world conquest with the lowly but numerous Voion. And as the Corps Diplomatique Terrestrienne, ably represented by Ambassador Longspoon, First Secretary Mangan, and Colonel Underknuckle, dithers in helpless futility, James Retief, second secretary, copes. Magnificently.

He rescues damsels in distress, fights guerilla warfare, leads cavalry charges, and suffers pratfalls. We even have a World War I type dogfight, albeit with ray guns, as we go flying around in(?) on(?) this enormous "bird". The villains are particularly nasty and it is a real pleasure to see them get their comeuppance. The idiots on our side get put properly down, also, but here I feel that Laumer has manipulated matters to get the effect he wanted. The way things worked out, Longspoon & Co. should get promotions and letters of commodation while Retief is given a (verbal) reprimand.

A nice cover, for which no credit is given, and mediocre if consistent writing. The caricature development draws heavily on the stock room, but the book is fun to read. Recommended. In fact, highly recommended.

Alexis A. Gilliland

NEWS FROM ACE

October, 1967 releases --

THE LOST MILLENNIUM, by Walt & Leigh Richmond (H-29; 60¢) -- "After the ten thousand year blackout, another day of decision was coming for civilization." and

THE ROAD TO THE RIM, by A. Bertram Chandler -- "A star-packed novel of space mutiny and interstellar rebellion." (Serialized recently in IF.)

CITY, by Clifford D. Simak (H-30; 60¢) -- "This Award-winning science-fiction novel of the days to come is one of the great classics of imaginative fiction." (Reissue) ((Highly recommended. --ed.))

BORN UNDER MARS, by John Brunner (G-664; 50¢) -- "Ray Mallin's secret star flight carried the hope of a hundred worlds and the anger of the other hundred." (Serialized recently in AMAZING.)

THE ARSENAL OUT OF TIME, by David McDaniel (G-667; 50¢) -- "Somewhere among the farthest stars was hidden the power to control the universe. . . ."

THE COMING OF THE TERRANS, by Leigh Brackett (G-669; 50¢) -- "Could the Earthmen stand against the forgotten science and legendary dangers of Old Mars?" (A collection of Mars stories.)

STRANGE PROPHECIES THAT CAME TRUE, by Stewart Robb (K-288; 50¢) -- "A collection of accounts which prove, beyond a doubt, that the future can be -- and has been -- foretold!"

DOLL'S HOUSE: Fanzine Reviews
by Doll Gilliland

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES (Ed. -- James Ashe, R.D. #1, Freeville, N.Y., 13068 -- News, contribs; Pub. -- Frank R. Prieto, Jr., P.O. Box 216, Syracuse, N.Y., 13209 -- 30¢, 12/\$3). A monthly newszine, covers SF names in the news and on TV; the folding and/or issuing of 'zines, books, record and photo albums, TV shows, etc. Announcements of changes of address, marriages, births, etc.; awards and competitions; advertisements and con announcements; a calendar of events; new book releases, fanzines, etc.; book reviews, and so on. Also editorials and special articles such as a glossary of terms currently used in fandom, the list of Hugo contenders with a copy of the ballot, etc. Using a newspaper format, with double-columned pages, it is fairly comprehensive in its monthly coverage, altho a bit obtrusive in its appeals for new subscribers. (Must remark on its extremely low instance of typographical errors -- the Washington Daily News should be so fortunate.) 12 pp. or so.

DEGLER (Andrew Porter, 24 E. 82nd St., N.Y., N.Y., 10028 -- News; 3/25¢, 14/\$1). A 2-page weekly newsheet, it is of necessity more current in some aspects than SF TIMES. Issue #181 included recent or soon-due publications, SF movie info, ads, news tidbits including an item on a "Hippie Seder for SF (San Francisco) SF Fans". ((Name of 'zine changed to S.F. WEEKLY with issue #182 or thereabouts. -- ed.))

SF CRITIC #3 (Andrew Porter -- Issued in conjunction with DEGLER). Two pages of extended and quickie book reviews, adequately done.

Speaking of movies, an article in a recent SATURDAY REVIEW made mention of an annual SF film festival in Trieste, but no details. Anyone know anything about this? ((Check with Albert Gechter. -- ed.))

RATATOSK (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Cal., 90024. News or 3/25¢). A 2-page biweekly news and commentzine. The editor keeps his readers entertainingly up to date on the doings of LA fans -- engagements, weddings, babies, changes of address, club election results, travels, parties, etc.

#44 (April 13) also contained an obit for Eric Jones, long-time British fan; a squib on the new Syracuse University collection of SF material; further info re the Pickering-Ackerman episode; and the Nebula awards.

#45 (April 27), among other things, briefly discussed the Feb. FAPA mailing, the SAPS mailing, the decline of Monster-APA, etc.; mentioned the possible formation of a national organization for Canadian fandom; and reviewed some of the consite bidders for the '68 Westercon and Worldcon.

#46 (May 11) contained a resume of an article in COIN WORLD on Walter Breen and the Institute of Numismatic Authenticators. Commenting on John Trimble's HUGO REPORT #1, the editor goes on to discuss the Ping -- proposed award for exemplary disservice to Fandom -- the 1st recipient, the NYConCom for the Pong. (Project has been scrubbed; better ways to spend their money.) More on the Pickering-Ackerman incident. Details re the International SF Art Show at NYCon III and the Westercon; also, re the '67 N3F Story Contest.

RATATOSK, altho a newszine, has remarkable "zing" -- attributable possibly to the editor, possible to his environs, probably to both. Informative and refreshing, I like it. ((Unfortunately, RAT is only bi-weekly in spurts, and is irregular the rest of the time. Issue #47, for example, came out with a May 25, 1967 date -- but we have yet to see #48 -- and it is now September 23, 1967.... When it does come out, though, it is fun to read. --ed.))

RALLY (Al Andrews, 1659 Lakewood Drive, Birmingham, Ala., 35804 -- News; and Lon Atkins, Box 1131, Canoga Park, Cal., 91304 -- 3/25¢). Here, too, I suffer from dated material, but here goes, anyway. The format is similar to RATATOSK; however, it is a monthly. Contains personal news, convention news, and announcements of proposed and new fanzines. ((We are sorry to relate that RALLY folded with issue #21. --ed.))

#18 (March) gave mention to the 23rd SFFA mailing, Colin Cameron (fan artist) receiving the purple heart for a leg injury in South Vietnam, and a push for Heidelberg in 1970, not to mention a report on the Hearts marathon in Birmingham on Feb. 18.

#19 (April). Another wild Hearts game, this time in Canoga Park; the possible demise of MAPA; and an addition to its regular format -- prozine reviews: WORLDS OF IF (Feb.) covered in detail by Al Andrews (with one to four star ratings for each story, no. of pp., illustrator, etc.); ANALOG (April), wittily reviewed by Ed Cox; and FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION (April) discussed by Lon Atkins.

FIRST FANDOM MAGAZINE #13, Spring 1967. (Lynn A. Hickman, 413 Ottokee St., Wauseon, Ohio, 43567). Evidently this fanzine has been revived only recently, and altho quite handsome in appearance, suffers from a lack of material. This issue includes J.K. Klein's report of the FF meeting at Tricon, an extended article (obit) on David H. Keller written by Don Miller (reprinted from TWJ), elaboration on the Syracuse U. SF collection by Richard Wilson, director of the university's News Bureau, an explanation by Lou Tabakow of the nominating and voting procedure for FF Hall of Fame award. Also Don McPhail's LOC, editor's report, and FF President's message.

THE VILLAGE IDIOT #4 (Paul C. Shingleton, Jr., 874 South Walnut St., St. Albans, W. Va., 25177). Let me quote from the editor here -- I like the way he puts it: "TVI is available for two 5¢ stamps per issue. DO NOT SEND MONEY! We also trade on a two for two basis. One copy of your 'zine for me, one for Milton (2nd Lt. Thos. Milton, 544th Transportation Company, APO San Francisco, Calif. 96238. Send air-mail). In turn, you receive two issues of TVI...not the same unless you request it. We will also accept old fanzines in return for TVI. Contributors receive TVI on a pretty much permanent basis.... Free masters and reproducing pencils to contributors who request them."

This was on the opening page, and admittedly I warmed to the editor without a glance at the 'zine. But will do that here and now. Art work varies in quality; I liked the cover and interior work by John C. Boland; illos by Stiles and DEA interesting. Should mention the full-page "middlecover" by Juanita Coulson, which is on the next-to-last page of the issue -- and most certainly "The Raider" -- a sexy, tough, action-packed comicadventure strip serial by Robert Legion (any relation to Foreign?). The editor's comments include comprehensive technical data for the issue, proposed increase in postal rates, etc. Bob Vardeman discourses on regulation of lethal weapons -- firearms, automobiles, pillows, etc. Here can be found a fable which Tom Milton wrote in '58, "Why the Atom Bomb Makes a Mushroom Cloud", and the first five chapters of "The Interminable Adventures of MJM" by Morris J. Minor (ain't that a car?), featuring Marksman Justice, agent of PEACE -- People of Earth Against Crime, etc. "...He was forced to leave one bag behind because of the weight limit, but she would get over it, he knew." Also, LoC's and Milton's bit on the "Paper Clip Purchase Determination Board", which is so real. Not necessarily the finest, but indubitably fun.

WARP TWO (David Chute, Box 401A, RFD3, Auburn, Maine, 04210 -- 15¢, 3/40¢). Sigh! The first thing that struck my eye as I broached WARP was: "Kingsly Amis, able SF commentator, has been cited as supporting the war in Vietnam. A letter to him from fans opposed to the action, would be both timely and appropriate." (WARPed view!)

I turned back a leaf and spot in the editor's apology for something he said in YANDRO: "This may sound a bit maudlin, but I really don't think I'm as big a stinker as my own words make me out to be." (WARPed writing!) Back another page and the editor is asking what's so bad about burning the American flag? "The flag is not the nation." (By the same token, why decry desecration of a church? The church is not the religion. WARPed thinking! Actually, he is a victim of his own words, because he does go on to lament Southern Congressmen advocating an anti-flag-burning law, while negating an anti-lynch law.) Back another page and we find him wanting to form an anti-war group -- well, to each his own, but Dave is proposing your opposition to U.S. involvement from your unique status of SF fan. (And now, all you Shirley Temple fans, let us take up the cudgel against wheat supports.) Hence, I may not be viewing this issue with a completely unjaundiced eye.

Except for Mingus's attractive pipe done in 4-color ditto on the opening page and his cartooned fable "Sunspots", I can't say anything for the art work, mainly because I couldn't really see it.... Yes, I am implying that legibility ranges from middling to mediocre -- sometimes on the same page. However, the front and back cover done in latest psychedelic poster-art lettering are good, as is the editorial on "Art as Revolt". I fear he has a tendency toward extremism in expressing his ideas, but he develops his theme well.

An article on Heinlein by Christopher Davies is prefaced: "What you are about to read is a prejudged (sic) essay, based entirely upon the authors subjective personal opinions; as such it claims no basis in absolute fact...." (There's an interesting statement for you.) Misspellings and/or typos abound; on one page of this article, you can see "prescious possecions...available...storys...pracitce...conservetive...and evan." However, I found the article interesting, especially since I had just finished reading Panshin. Fanzine, book, and movie reviews are quite adequate. WARP holds some promise; if they only could do something about the reproduction, the spelling, etc., and the editor were more careful in his choice and use of words.

BRONZE SHADOWS (Fred S. Cook, 7511 Erie St., Sylvania, Ohio, 43560 -- 35¢, 3/\$1; back issues, 50¢ each). I do believe this fanzine is getting through to me, though I know not whereof they speak. The reproductions of original illustrations, ads, etc., set the mood, of course, but I think it might be that Bob Jones series, which is proving quite illuminating.

#10 (June '67). Editor gives latest Doc Savage news -- reprints, upcoming filming, and meeting of the DS Fan Club at NYCON III. Bob Jones begins a series on "The Weird Menace Magazines". Part I covers the "Gothic Years"; here the author traces the development and progress of Popular Publication's HORROR STORIES, TERROR TALES, and DIME MYSTERY MAGAZINE, and their contemporaries. He discusses the publishers, writers, the market, fees, the Gothic formula, etc. Very well done. H.S. MacGregor continues his "Critical Analysis of the Doc Savage Novels". (I would consider this more in the nature of book reviews, but I suppose that if you put the whole series together and then combine the critical comments therein, you would have a critical analysis. I'm not complaining, understand; if Mac weren't doing it this way, I'd never know what he's talking about.) In this installment, Mac describes the cover, cast, and story, and concludes with critical comment for each of The Spook Legion, The Secret in the Sky, and The Roar Devil. (That last was a real blast.) Dick Myers begins Part Two of "The Case of the Elusive Author" with a discussion of why single-character pulps were so popular. (This, I cleverly deduced, is the area Myers is researching, hence his search for R.T.M. Scott, who wrote two Spider novels.) By means of a diary of his research efforts and thought processes, Dick reveals the origin of and discusses The Shadow.

The issue concludes with a nicely written discourse on "The Fright Syndrome". Had I been putting this issue together, I would have sandwiched Jones' article between MacGregor and Carr.

Anyway, I found this issue interesting and informative.

#11 (August '67). The cover is a successful collage by Bill Kline of Doc Savage ads. Looks like the D.S. Fan Club will hold its first annual meeting at the NYCON III on Sunday, Sept. 2, at noon. (I include this because the editor deplores the lack of publicity by NYCON.) ((Unfortunately, this review is not appearing until after NYCON III has become history. --ed.)) Following up the aforementioned Shadow article, this issue presents a copy of the list of winners of the Shadow description contest, the correct deduction, and the top three solutions. Bernie Wermer's "Checklist for THE PHANTOM DETECTIVE" verifies what Jones was saying about the popular use of horror words like "death", "murder", and "doom". In 1937, for instance, we find The Torch of, Hammers of, and Double-Stamped Doom; Henchman, Harvest, Cavalcade, and Minions of Death; and The Dancing Doll and Beast King Murders. There was also The Murder Caravan, leaving two issues which didn't have one of the three words in their titles. ("Doom" didn't appear again until 1946.) Part II of Bob Jones' "Weird Menace Mag." series deals with Variations on a Theme -- the uncanny. Jones is doing a fine job, enhancing his discussions of mags and writing styles with well-chosen illustrative excerpts.

MacGregor reviews The Quest of Qui, Spook Hole, and The Majii. I don't know about the Doc Savage novels, but I find Mac's synopses very funny. I admit I have a strange sense of humor, but I can't help laughing over passages like the one last issue where a capture was thwarted by the "appearance of an invisible man". Why? Was it a bizarre costume? Did mirrors on a feathered headdress blind the would-be captors? And in this issue, the villains who have recaptured the fair damsel and made a prisoner of Johnny, one of Doc's sidekicks, force him to talk to her. Why were they mad at each other in the first place? In The Majii, Rama Turi sells gems, "granting one-third of the proceeds to an Indian charity and two-thirds to an American charity. The Ranee appears and denounces him...." What did she want -- the whole take? (Please don't hit me, Mac. I lapse into these phases at times. I'm sure it will pass.)

The article reprinted from a 1939 Writer's Digest, with Lester Dent's formula for pulp yarns, bears repetition, It's a good one.

Find myself beginning to enjoy this 'zine, altho probably not the way it was intended. BRONZE SHADOWS is worthwhile for pulp fans, if only for Bob Jones' series, but its 20 pages are informative, and at times entertaining.

STAB 33 (John Koning, 318 So. Belle Vista, Youngstown, Ohio, 44509). What can I say except that this is a Diplomacyzine with a dittoed multi-color cover, chronicling seven games, and about to add Ron Bounds' ORTHANC? ((New address for Koning: 2008 Sherman Ave., Apt. #1, Evanston, Ill., 60201. --ed.))

DOL CIRITH UNGOL #1 aka Fantasy Rotator #198 ("It is published for the Cult and being distributed to Them, and also other beings of lesser Merit; albeit greater Stability.") What a waste of time! Evidently this thing changes publishers with each issue; evidently this Cult changes a goodly number of members (due to inactivity) with each cycle. Considering the lack of issues in this issue, I can understand the lack of activity on the part of the members...who may be in non-member status until such time as they make restitution for their lack of active correspondence, whereupon they become active members again, or something. Even they can't follow all the ins-and-outs of their cultstitution.

This issue's contents include reviews and comments re books and comics that are far less informative than my jottings on STAB (see above), some witty dirty limericks by John Boardman (the issue's only saving grace -- talk about unapt metaphors), and letters from various members. Even they complain about the lack of action. Sheer Dullsville! (Exception -- Ensign Milton F. Stevens writes a fine letter. Address: USS Coral Sea (CVA-43), FPO San Francisco, Calif., 96601.)

WITZEND (Wallace Wood, Box 882, Ansonia Station, New York, N.Y., 10023 -- \$1 per issue, order by number). Comiczine extraordinaire. An SF-strip a la Buck Rogers, appropriately illo'd by Al Williamson et al; a fable "The Hammer and the Feather" with art work by Ralph Reese; some really enjoyable poetry beautifully lettered by Bill Yoshida; Wood's fantastical new hero "Animan", Jack Gaughan's bit of whimsy, "Moon Critters". The latter seems to be the only one not deeply into the theme of man's inhumanity to man (or other creatures). I like the art work but can't say I appreciate the thematic material...unless this is meant to be a forum form for illustrators.

WITZEND #2. This issue is diverse, to say the least. Gray Morrow's "Orion" looks like great fun, what with mostly bare bosomy beauties, a Douglas Fairbanks-Errol Flynn type dashingy-handsome hero with his fabulous sword Thorbalt, a charming monocled sidekick Manba (a loquacious Mandrake's Lothar -- "Better the uncertainties of the black ranges before us than the surety of the combined furies of the cuckolded commander and his scorned wife."), sorcery, beasties certainly every bit worthy of Burroughs' Martian fauna, and of course Morrow's inimitable artistic rendering of what could turn out to be an enchanting enchanted serial. Also, "Hey, Look" -- Kurtzman's simple-minded farm humor; a feeble fable by Warren Sattler; a fine folio of ERB art by Reed Crandall; beautifully lettered and well-written poetry by Wood, Pearson, and Ralph (is the latter Ralph Reese?) -- I do like Pearson; a magnificent cartoon by Will Elder; an obscure strip obscurely executed by Art Spiegelmann; Steve Ditko's mad "Midnight Special"; some lesser Don Martin; and Further adventures of Wallace Wood's "Animan" -- sexy, action-packed, bloody -- the drawing is far superior to the writing... a statement that might be applied to the whole publication -- fine art and fannish prose.

HECKMECK #13 -- English edition (Manfred Kage, Schaesberg, Achterden Winkel 41, Niederlande; Mario Kwait, 44 Munster/Westf., Dahlweg 33, W. Germany). Cover critter looks like a Wally Wood creation. Interesting cartoons and illos but no credits. (I think it's Mario.) Major boost for GerCon 1970 at Heidelberg, this time with a tour in words of Heidelberg itself. Intriguing editorial putting world politics in the hands of fandom -- fanzine wars, fanzine weapons, etc. This issue devoted principally to fanzine reviews -- German, American, British, and a German one published in English, the latter evidently an OMPA 'zine. ((New address for Mario Kwait as of Oct. 1 -- Stettiner Str. 38, 4400 Munster, W. Germany. --ed.))

((Send fanzines for review, plainly marked "FOR TWJ REVIEW", to Doll at 2126 Penna. Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C., 20037; or to the TWJ editor. Note that Larry Smith will not be doing fanzine reviews for us, after all -- so we urgently need another reviewer to take some of the load off Doll. We regularly hand the Gillilands a two-inch stack of 'zines, and it's quite a job reading a two-inch stack of fanzines, let alone reviewing them! All persons whose fanzines are reviewed herein receive a "courtesy copy" of the issue in which the review appears.

We are sorry so many of the reviews in this issue are dated -- but our trip to Europe this summer threw our entire publishing schedule off, and Doll's reviews have begun to back up. Another issue or two and we'll be current once again. But newszine publishers, please note -- if you want a timely review of your 'zines, please send a copy directly to Doll for review; the ones which we subscribe to we keep for a couple of months in our files for reference before passing them on to Doll -- which means her reviews of your 'zines will always be dated unless you send her an occasional review copy. To our readers, we refer you to our survey of the newszines which appeared in TWJ #42 for further information on this still rather rare species of fanzine. --ed.))

SWORDS AND SUPERSCIENCE

Book Review -- WAR OF THE WING-MEN, by Poul Anderson (N.Y.: Ace Books, 1967; 160 pp.; 50¢; #G-634). (A previous edition was published in 1958.)

Three Terrestrials are stranded and distressed on the planet Diomedes, which is largely covered by water, when their space-cruiser crashes at sea and is wrecked and sinking beneath them. The three castaways are the fearless spaceman Eric Wace, the attractive blonde Lady Sandra Ramarin, heiress to the throne of the planet Hermes, and the fat, clever, scheming, resourceful Dutch trader, Nicholas van Rijn. (This novel appeared in ASTOUNDING as "The Man Who Counts", and the crafty, brainy, but ugly van Rijn turns out to be the man who counts in an emergency, rather more so than the brave, brawny Wace, who is, nominally at least, supposed to be the hero of the story. The Dutchman is smart enough to figure a way out of their problems, but Wace is simply a fighting-man, a hard-worker, and a good technician.)

In the nick of time they are picked up by a party of the native Diomedean, taken prisoners by them, and brought to their fleet. Now the castaways are still in very deep trouble. The biochemistry of Diomedes is drastically different from that of Earth, so the Earth people can't eat the same food that the natives eat. Their food supply is limited to the provisions salvaged from their wrecked cruiser, and these are running low. In order to survive, they must manage to get back to their own trading-post which is located on the other side of the planet Diomedes, but they lack transportation, and the natives won't help them get there.

The Diomedean are migratory winged men, resembling "flying squirrels" and bats; they have a barbaric civilization, but they lack iron and steel, relying instead upon lighter metals, wood, ceramics, and stone. They use swords, spears, etc., rather than guns. The Earth people find themselves involved against their will in a war between two opposing groups of Diomedean -- one group lives on the land and has a pastoral economy, the other group is maritime. Like most of the inhabitants of Diomedes, every nation and tribe is in a state of almost perpetual warfare with all outsiders. The Earth-folk find themselves obliged to take sides in this war which is no direct concern of theirs and intervene to end it, or they themselves will perish.

Anderson can always be relied upon to provide plenty of swashbuckling action and excitement, and his plots always sustain the reader's interest from first to last. Wace is typical of the sort of space Vikings that Anderson usually selects for his heroes, and Sandra turns out to be a rather conventional space-fiction heroine, but Nicholas van Rijn "steals" the spotlight of the story away from them and captures most of the reader's attention. Not surprisingly, Anderson has used this character again in other stories. Besides the trader, the interest of the story centers around the elaborate and detailed portrayal of the strange winged people with their peculiar customs and folkways and the natural history of the exotic world on which they live.

Altogether, this is a better-than-average novel for Anderson, which means, by comparison with most other SF tales, it is very, very good indeed, and not to be missed. It is hereby recommended quite strongly. Try it and see!

Albert E. Gechter

TOLKIEN FANS contact Capt. Rodney C. Walker, FV-3129356, 3345th Technical Training School (SAFM), Chanute AFB, Illinois, 61866, for information on the newly-formed Tolkien Division of the NFFF Games Bureau.

THE EASTERN SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

The next meeting of the Eastern Science Fiction Association (ESFA) will be held on Sunday, October 1, at 3 p.m., in the YM-YWCA at 600 Broad St., Newark, N.J. Guest speaker will be Frank Belknap Long. There will also be movies of the NYCON III, courtesy of Ted Engle. In addition, it will be the occasion of ESFA's semi-annual elections. All are invited.

Minutes of ESFA Meeting, August 6, 1967 --

The meeting was opened by Director Deckinger at 3:30 p.m., with 17 persons in attendance. There was no Treasurer's report. The Secretary's minutes for the June and July meetings were read and accepted. The Director announced that the next meeting would be held on Sept. 10, as the World Convention was being held on the regular meeting date. Andy Porter gave a few items of interest concerning the Convention, including the information that there was a registration of 930, and that there would be a special Richard Powers exhibit. Les Mayer gave the information that the room rent would be increased \$2.00 in September. The Treasurer felt that the club's income could accommodate this extra expense at present. It was also announced that the Harlan Ellison anthology, DANGEROUS VISIONS, would contain about 150,000 words, would sell for \$6.95, and wouldn't be out in paperback for another three or four years. Doubleday is giving this book a big publicity campaign.

The featured speaker was Tom Purdom, whose talk was a defense of good storytelling, and a summary of topics he felt were not being utilized by s-f writers to their fullest capabilities. He said that he came into s-f through an initial interest in space travel through reading a book by Willy Ley at the age of fourteen. His first attempts to sell stories were rejected by John Campbell. He finally made his first sale to FANTASTIC UNIVERSE many years later. Mr. Purdom said he is a full-time writer with a part-time job. He has sold everything he has written for the past four years. He is currently editing an anthology for Doubleday. This will have top s-f writers doing articles on science with a story-telling attitude. The working title is "True Stories of Science and Exploration".

Mr. Purdom feels that s-f stories should be entertainingly written, for they are not essays or tracts. A good story should make you feel and think, enlarge your experience and expand your awareness, but the author shouldn't push his own ideas on you. Ideas exist to provide the conflict around which the story turns, but the story exists for its impact on the reader. S-f needs originality, not necessarily in new speculative ideas, but in new story ideas. S-f should explore and exploit new pathways in old themes. Mr. Purdom says it is necessary for the writer to start thinking about them, think a little beyond them, and there is his story.

Among the story ideas Mr. Purdom feels are under-exploited is interstellar travel. He says the day of the space-travel story is just beginning. We are surrounded by a mysterious universe and are just beginning to become aware of how big it is. There is still plenty of room for ideas and the use of imagination. Other under-developed ideas lie in automation, computers, psychological control, economic growth, immortality, arms control, and education.

A discussion period followed and adjournment came at 5:20 p.m.

Minutes of ESFA Meeting, September 10, 1967 --

The meeting opened at 3:15 p.m. with an eventual attendance of 27 persons. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and accepted, as was the Treasurer's report. Various news notes were given, including the information that "Barbarella", a moving picture set 40,000 years in the future, was in production. The magazine RAMPARTS has an article by Paul Goodman entitled "1984", which has the hippie movement and other present-day phenomena presented against an Orwellian background.

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Les Mayer passed around a copy of Bob Lowndes' new magazine, WORLD-WIDE ADVENTURE, containing BLUE BOOK, ARGOSY, and ADVENTURE type stories. Guest Forrest J. Ackerman mentioned INFINITY, a 1-shot s-f magazine from California, due to be published shortly, and possibly aimed at a teen-age audience.

Under new business, Fred Lerner proposed a motion to make up a mimeo flyer containing information relating to the club. This would be sent out to likely names culled from prozines, fanzines, and club rosters as a possible means to boost club membership. Lerner was appointed by Director Deckinger in this capacity as public relations man. Sam Moskowitz read a letter received from the "Y" officially informing the club of a \$2.00 raise in room rent.

The featured speaker was Harry Harrison, who announced that he was the new editor of AMAZING and FANTASTIC. Mr. Harrison said that although it will take six months to clear the backlog before his hand will become apparent, changes will come. As the circulation goes up he hopes to eventually phase out all, or nearly all, reprints from the magazines. He intends for AMAZING to be a first-class magazine of the quality of the early GALAXY, with adult s-f and the best writers. It will also have a science column, different in approach from those of Isaac Asimov and Willy Ley. FANTASTIC will feature a new concept in action stories, including sword and sorcery, and possibly material to appeal to the Tolkien fan. There will be letter columns, but no fan columns. AMAZING will have book reviews, with special people to do special books. There will also be articles aimed at intelligent adult readers. Mr. Harrison also announced he is doing an anthology for Doubleday with an anthropological theme, entitled, APE MAN; SPACE MAN. In answer to a question Harrison said he will publish New Wave s-f in AMAZING if they are comprehensible, interesting stories.

This led into a lively exchange between Harrison and Moskowitz on old versus new values in s-f. Harrison called Moskowitz's qualifications as a literary critic into question and contended his horizons are too narrow. Moskowitz said that an older story isn't necessarily bad, and that it is too soon to weigh the influence and impact of the newer writers. He charged Harrison with being a member of a mutual admiration society, which includes Brian Aldiss, J.G. Ballard, and some others, who seem to think they have discovered something never before used in s-f and are determined to show that this is the only worthwhile writing being done. Various other attendees with something to say on the subject were drawn into the discussion.

The meeting was adjourned at 5:30 p.m.

Allan Howard, Secretary, ESFA

Al Gechter reports --

A few more recent science-fantasy paperback releases -- Robert Silverberg: THORNS (Ballantine, 75¢); Mort Young: UFO: TOP SECRET (Essandess, \$1.00); Willy Ley: BORDERS OF MATHEMATICS (Pyramid, 75¢); Mark Twain: GREAT SHORT WORKS (Harper, 95¢); Thomas Bulfinch: MYTHOLOGY (Dell, 75¢); Wilkie Collins: YELLOW MASK (Paperback Library, 50¢); Aldous Huxley: ISLAND (Bantam, 95¢); Robert A. Heinlein: STARMAN JONES (Dell, 60¢); Ned Hoopes, ed.: SPEAK OF THE DEVIL: 17 DIABOLIC TALES (Dell, 60¢).

Science-Fiction films shown at the Cannes Film Festival this year (source: VARIETY, May 3, 1967) -- "L'Iconnu 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; starring Jon Voight, Monique van Vooren, Severn Darden, and Joan Darling; in Technicolor and Techniscope.

Albert E. Gechter

FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK

Ted White, 339 49th St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11220

(20 June 1967)

...TWJ #43 arrived today, and seems like a good issue. There's not a great deal to provoke response, however, except for a couple of letters.

The first letter is George Fergus's, in which he asks if "it is true that Ace's rejects are sent on automatically to Paperback Library, which then sends its rejects to Belmont?" He adds, "From the number of original novels by Ted White and Lin Carter coming up from Belmont, this seems quite likely." In truth it is not at all likely.

Although I've had a couple of books rejected here and there, these were rejections from hard-cover houses, Gold Medal, and Ballantine, and have been retired for rethinking in my files. I submitted one book to Ace Books, a novel I called "The Murder Machine", they wanted to call "Frankenstein 2065", and we ended up compromising on as "Android Avenger". I was not happy with the editorial liberties taken by Ace, and have not submitted any of my works to them since. (Which is not to say I won't, in the future, if I can deal directly with Terry Carr.) (Only two of my books have been substantially altered by editors: the Ace Book and my Monarch collaboration with Terry Carr, INVASION FROM 2500.) Following my experiences with Ace, my next sales were directly to Lancer Books and Belmont Books. The Belmont (THE JEWELS OF ELSEWHEN) was made through my agent as a direct assignment from Belmont, was sold in December 1965, and, as it happened, largely written in January and February of 1967. It is the only book I've done for Belmont, although I may well do others.

This spring my agent told me that Paperback Library was crying for "good" sf (as opposed to the Gardner Fox "Bart Sommers" books), and I outlined a novel called "By Furies Possessed". For reasons inexplicable, Jerry Gross at P.L. thought it wasn't "adult" enough, and Evan Heyman at Banner Books (a new Hearst subsidiary, sister to Avon) snapped it up. Following this I decided that what Gross really wanted was something more Ace-ish, so I outlined a sequel to my Ace book and called it "Spawn of the Death Machine". Gross had it less than half a day before buying it. I leave it to you readers as to which was the more "adult" book.

That is the sum total of my experience with Ace, Belmont, and Paperback Library. However, let me point out that Ace, Belmont and Paperback Library normally pay the same price for a 60,000-word novel: \$1,500.000 advance against royalties. For my half of an Ace double, about 45,000 words, I received \$1,000.00. Belmont is presently paying that for 30,000 halves for its new doubles series. I got only \$1,250 from Pyramid for my first book for them, with the understanding that later books (if any) would go for \$1,500. Lancer started out paying me \$1,500. Paperback Library says it will go to \$1,750 for my second book, while Lancer is now offering \$2,000.

You see how the economics of it lies. There is really no reason to favor Ace over either Paperback Library or Belmont. All pay about the same. All feature semi-schlock packages. (Although my Belmont package was nice enough.) Nobody is passing on rejects. However, these three publishers probably account for close to 70% of the market for adventure-oriented sf, if not that percentage for overall sf. If you intend to make a living writing sf, and you choose to write paperback originals, you are going to deal with one or all sooner or later. Speaking solely for myself, I've never written down to a specific market. In fact, Belmont told me that they preferred their sf without sex only after I'd handed in my finished novel -- and in this case they decided not to make any cuts because they liked my handling. (Which isn't to say there aren't some bad typos.) If a book turns out well it is because I found myself grooving with it; if badly, because I was trying for something I didn't bring off or because I was out of tune with the book. It has nothing to do with the publisher.

I can't speak for Lin Carter, but we have the same agent, and I suspect the fact that Ace sat on one of his books for a full year before rejecting it may color the situation.

In any case, one book each for Ace, Belmont, and Paperback Library hardly constitutes "the number of original novels by Ted White...coming up from Belmont". I presently have books coming up from Lancer, Bantam Books, Banner Books (two, there), Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Westminster, and Pyramid, and I doubt that bolsters Fergus's theory at all.

Laurence C. Smith of Columbus needs about five years more experience as a fan before trying to put on a worldcon bid, as both his present letter and an earlier one here in TWJ indicate. For instance, one does not retain the same individual year after year as guest of honor for one's regional con, and then spring him as GoH for one's worldcon; the honor wears thin. Nor does one act as a front man for various behind-the-scenes maneuvers by older fans who for devious reasons prefer to manipulate the con from out of sight. Finally, one rarely wins a bid with such simply brash and juvenile behavior as Columbus fandom has thus far revealed in its short period in fandom as a whole. Personally, were I Roger Zelazny, I should be very embarrassed over the use that was being made of my name and the whole way that things are being handled. And, as Ted White, I find little thus far to capture my vote for Columbus next year.

David Chute, Box 101A, RFD #3, Auburn, Maine, 04210

(Undated)

Only one comment: on George Fergus' review of "Fahrenheit 451" -- I don't think he did the film justice. He lists it as one of "the ten best S-F movies to date"; can any one give me the name of a science-fiction film that even begins to equal F.451 for quality? The criteria for judging s-f films are somehow different, it seems, from those used to judge others. The skill of the director and actors is far more important in producing a good motion picture than the script or story. Any one who saw Oskar Werner in "Ship of Fools" knows that he is one of the finest actors on the modern film scene. Julie Christie is also first-rate; witness: "Darling". Francois Truffant is one of the world's most respected directors, with such fantastic films as "The 400 Blows" and "Shoot the Piano Player" under his belt. The reaction the film version of one of Bradbury's best novels has received has only served to convince me of something I've suspected for a long time: fans don't like anything too good. I'm going to vote "Fahrenheit 451" for the Best Dramatic Award Hugo this year, and I hope other fans will have the courage to do likewise.

Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Md., 21740

(24 June 1967)

No discrimination intended against THE WSFA JOURNAL. I hadn't sent it a LoC on the theory that a corresponding member ins't supposed to correspond, just as it explains in the Fancyclopedia that a regular correspondent is one whose letters you never answer. For that matter, I've written precious few LoC's to anyone for several months. Future fan historians will wonder and wonder why I fail to appear in the letter columns of so many fanzines that appear during the late summer and early fall of 1967, and present fan readers will be thankful for small favors during the same portion of this year.

In general, I'm very happy with the way the JOURNAL has evolved, as it represents my only trustworthy guide to professional science fiction while the stuff it covers may still be available. The absence of pictures and fancy format tricks also corresponds nicely to the miserly and spartan areas of my subconscious that have always felt wronged at splurging all that space on pictures and big lettering. even though my conscious mind delights in such luxuries.

Jay Kay Klein is improving very fast as a conreporter. This goes to support a theory I've had for a long time, that most of the people you see at conventions but seldom see as fanzine contributors have ample stocks of writing talents and never get around to drawing on it. I hope that Jay will branch out into other

kinds of fanzine writing besides conreports, or at least draw on his memories of the hundreds of worldcons he must have photographed as the basis for more articles.

I was amused at the review of the Neil R. Jones story. Alexis' attitude is about right for these old stories. A few of us, of course, are afraid to read them now, because they are among the small handful of artifacts surviving from our youth, unsullied by the disillusionment that has spoiled so many other things in the world since we have grown older and have learned more. I read the Professor Jameson stories when I was still small enough to sit with my back against one arm of the front porch swing and my feet resting against the other arm of the swing without bending my knees. Nothing in the world could persuade me to reread certain stories that impressed me at the time as among the greatest examples of English prose, and the yarns in this series are in that select group.

Some of the suspense is now relieved as a result of Doll Gilliland's review column. She does not react violently in either direction to that article by me in ODD. Hers is the first comment I've seen on something that made me worried that everyone would marvel over my sudden ability to write well or lament the disintegration of whatever talent I once possessed. That Wells review is old, old, how old I don't know and maybe nobody knows. I thought when I saw it in ODD that it was some kind of practical joke, then after a lot of thought suddenly recalled having written such a book review eons ago. It might conceivably have been written for Ray Fisher during ODD's previous incarnation, But I have a suspicion that it came into the world even longer ago than that. Now I have something else to worry about: if it doesn't strike people as unusual, I'll be forced to admit to myself that I'm really in a writing rut.

The editorial we has been banned from the newspaper for which I work. The action came because the society page editor of the afternoon edition stated in her weekly column: "We took a bath." This opened up too many avenues to speculation, in view of the unmarried condition of the middle-aged writer and the improbability that any bathtub in Hagerstown could be large enough to justify the plural pronoun after an individual of her bulk climbed in.

The high figures quoted for comic cons seem to indicate that the comic fans really do have quantities of cash. All along, I've been nursing a secret suspicion that no collector's item had ever changed hands for cash in comics fandom and that the \$18 and \$23.50 prices you find on this or that item listed in their catalogs are just arbitrary figures established for trading purposes.

Apparently there has been some action this year from the Tolkien Society of America, because the latest issue of HAVERINGS mentions a new issue of its publication which Ethel Lindsay received in late April. But I wouldn't be surprised to find a general slackening of organized activities in Tolkien fandom. The books have become too easily available, there have been too many reviews and articles in general circulation publications, too many neo-fans in college have made themselves known as Tolkien enthusiasts, and now some of the zest has gone. When a cause is lost or unrecognized by mundania in general, it's much more fun to promote it in fandom.

Sorry I didn't get to the Disclave, but I've been more of a hermit this year than I used to be in the days when fandom knew me as the Hermit of Hagerstown. As far as I can remember, I haven't been more than 45 miles from Hagerstown since the start of this year, not because of homesickness or a judge's sentence, but just because there have been too many things to be done around here on every free day. I've made hotel reservations for the Nycon, and have tentative hopes of breaking out of the enchanted circle of confinement before that weekend.

((And he did, too. Thanks for the most interesting letter, Harry. Your sudden appearance in the pages of the JOURNAL after so long a period of silence makes us realize all that we have been missing during that time, and makes us thirst for

more from the pen of HWJr, the most famous fan-columnist in U.S. fandom. So please try to get into the habit once again....

We, too, would like to see Jay write on some other subject -- just so long as he doesn't give up writing his excellent con reports to do so. We might note here that Jay has promised us a long report on the Nycon, which we hope to have in time for TWJ #48. And we like your idea, Harry, of Jay writing a few articles on past cons drawn from his memories and photos (maybe we could even run a few photos from his files to illustrate high-points and personalities from some of these past cons). Jay? --ed.))

Steve Johnson, 1018 North 31st St., Corvallis, Oregon, 97330 (25 June 1967)

A question: do you have any information on sf clubs in the Pacific Northwest (Oregon and Washington)? Portland used to have an active club around 1950, but I haven't heard anything about it in a long time. Do you have any information on Seattle's Nameless Ones, the group sponsoring the Seattle in '68 worldcon bid? The calendars in TWJ usually feature information on LASFS and Little Men, but these groups are a little far south for me. If you have any info on NW sf groups, would appreciate your adding it to calendar.

A few months back Mike Appel told me that Tom Dupree has "ditched fandom", so that bit about him walking off with the APA-45 money is very possibly true.

Being a perpetual stay-at-home fan, the con reports by Klein are a high point of TWJ for me. Along with the reviews and book news, they make the JOURNAL one of my favorite 'zines.

((We have no first-hand info on SF activity in the Pacific Northwest. Can any of our readers help Steve? We suggest, Steve, that you write to one of the following (or to all of them) for information on such activity; if you do find a source for regular information on this area, please let us know and we'll add this area to our Calendar: Richard Wald, 7744 S.W. 49th, Portland, Ore., 97219; Wally Gonser, 10257 Fifth Ave., S.W., Seattle, Wash.; Carol Murray, 2217 30th Ave. South, Seattle, Wash., 98144; Wally Weber, Box 267, 507 3rd Ave., Seattle, Wash., 98104 (oops! Gonser's ZIP is 98146). --ed.))

Kevin Maul, 7688 Marine Drive, South Glens Falls, N.Y., 12801 (Undated)

..."Fahrenheit 451" hasn't come to our little hamlet as of yet, but I was looking forward to it with enthusiasm until I heard some of the reports about it, George Fergus's included. Now I'm not so eager, altho I do plan to see it.

The con report seemed quite thorough. ((In TWJ #43. --ed.)) I read Ted White's "Star Trek" attack first-hand, and now he seems to have reached the height of hypocrisy by doing the LOST IN SPACE book. Ho boy! But, I guess one has to eat.

I'm glad James Blish is doing another ST book. Although the first one was enjoyable, and made me watch the show, the scripts did look better on the screen than in print. Hope he has more time to do a better characterization job this time, as well.

You seem to know of the existence of many fan groups. Do you know of anyone who lives in, around, or near the Albany-Schenectady area of New York State who has an organization that's active? Or even someone who might like to start a correspondence?

So Ace will be doing more adult, good stf. It's about time. I haven't seen an adult from Ace around here for quite a while, with the small amount of stf books the stores put out. My staple has been a broup of over 200 mid-fifties editions that I received from a former fan here in town, so my hunts for new stuff have been greatly stunted.

((Can anyone help Kevin? Harriett? Or maybe Michael Dobson of the NFFF Correspondence Bureau: 214 Lafayette St., Decatur, Ala., 35607. -ed.))

Laurence C. Smith, 216 East Tibet Road, Columbus, Ohio, 43202 (9 July 1967)

First off, a word of apology to Don Miller and TWJ. Several months ago I promised to review fanzines for the JOURNAL. For two reasons, this is no longer possible: 1. I have received exactly one fanzine marked for TWJ review, which tends to limit my effectiveness as a reviewer, and 2. I suddenly had the editorship of CØSIGN dropped on my fanac load when Bob Gaines fafiated for personal reasons. Sorry about all the fuss this'll probably raise, chief. The idea of having two independent reviewers was a good one, but things didn't seem to work out that way.

OK.

On to the knifework on this. ((TWJ #43, --ed.)) Banks' prozine reviews are done in his usual concise and entertaining manner. I only wish more reviewers would get the idea that the purpose of a review is information transference primarily and opinion-making as a very poor second. This implies maximum meaning content (i.e., is there anything in there worth reading?), preferably with minimum verbiage. Banks is still the only reviewer I've seen who can get this across well.

J.K.'s conrep is the third (?) version of the con I've read and the best because JK refuses to pursue any of his personal bugs in his reporting. And, like Banks, he sticks to getting the flavor of the affair over to the reader without waste motion. JK also manages to quote the speakers, apparently accurately, which is rare in other than professional reportage and shows that he's either got a darn good memory or an excellent system for taking notes.

I liked Prof. Jameson #1 well, which surprised the hell out of me. I'd sampled vintage Cummings, a bit of Binder and some odd old Campbell before and didn't really like it. Then along comes Jones, who has a way of writing so badly (without meaning to, I hope) that it's funny enough to a modern reader to be worth the time. As a matter of fact, I even bought #2, and found it equally good (in that special manner) for laughs. I wonder how many more of these Ace intends to resurrect? Anyone out there know? ((Terry Carr?? --ed.))

Doll's House is still good after three (yes?) ish, so I think she'll be able to keep it going. As I said earlier, I won't even be able to finish the reviews I had started, let alone do more, at least until I'm better organized as a faned (along with the other fanning I'm doing). So I'll just enjoy Doll's work and try not to let my conscience bother me.

On to the lettercol. To Mr. Randolph: Yes, there are some serious Tolkien fen alive. CØSFS can claim about six, including me. I first read tLotR about 13 years ago, and I manage to reread all four books about twice a year. I'm still discovering new shades of meaning and different methods of interpretation in the books, and I expect to be doing so with the 100th time through. If Mr. Randolph would like to correspond, I'd be delighted to answer him (or anyone else), and I can possibly get some of the other Tolkien fen here to do likewise.

Don, you and TWJ aren't the only places Harry Warner, Jr. hasn't had an LoC printed. As far as I can tell, CØSIGN hasn't had the honor yet, either. Harry? . . .

NOTE: The 1967 N3F Story Contest is now open to all amateur writers; entry fee is 50¢ unless the contestant is a member of N3F or BSFA, in which case no fee is required. Stories must be the original unpublished work of the entrant, must be less than 5,000 words in length, and must come within the field of science-fiction and/or fantasy in the opinion of the final judge (who is Frederik Pohl). Prizes are \$20, \$15, and \$10. Deadline for entries is November 1. Each story submitted must be accompanied by an entry blank, copies of which are available from Michael Viggiano, 1834 Albany Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, 11210. There is no limit to the number of stories which may be submitted by a single writer.

ODDS AND ENDS

Catching up on the recent news, courtesy of S.F. WEEKLY (Andrew Porter, 23 East 82nd St., N.Y., N.Y., 10028; 3/25¢; 14/\$1; weekly) --

E.E. Smith Lensman series now available in boxed set from Pyramid Books, 444 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y., 10022, at \$3.60 per set (6 books).

OZARKON 2 held in St. Louis on weekend of July 28-30 drew 64 fans; program included movies, auctions, and banquet with speech by GoH Roger Zelazny.

For those of you who missed it in the ESFA minutes or didn't hear it at NYCON, Harry Harrison is taking over the editorship of AMAZING and FANTASTIC.

The TOFF went over the top as a result of a very successful auction of S.T. material (sketches, costumes, etc.) donated by Gene Roddenberry; some of the material went for rather high sums -- the STAR TREK fans must have been the richest of the NYCON attendees.

October ACE non-SF releases: GAMES, by Hal Ellson (H-32; 60¢) -- "The unforgettable novel based on the chilling new movie starring Simone Signoret. The 'games' that enigmatic young couple played were played for keeps and paid for in blood...."

And -- OLD MRS. OPMANNEY IS DEAD, by Margaret Erskine (K-287; 50¢; an Inspector Finch "Gothic"); SLEEP IN THE WOODS, by Dorothy Eden (H-31; 60¢; romance); NIGHT OF THE STRANGER, by Jane Blackmore (K-289; 50¢; mystery/romance); WAYNESTON HOSPITAL, by Elizabeth Kellier (G-666; 50¢; romance); THE SILVER FLAME, by L.L. Forcman (G-665; 50¢; Western); A BADGE FOR A BADMAN, by Brian Wayne and DEVIL'S BUTTE, by Ray Hogan (G-668; 50¢; Westerns).

((We're sorry we missed the Sept. releases, Terry, but we sent them to Jay for the Sept. issue of the JOURNAL and he neither used them nor returned them to us for the Oct. issue. --ed.))

And while we're at it, we might as well apologize to those readers of the JOURNAL who received issues 45 and/or 46 late (some of you are receiving 46 with this issue!). Jay made incomplete distribution of #45, and just now sent us the list of the persons to whom he sent it so we could complete the distribution. He got #46 out a few days after the NYCON, sent it out to Regular WSFA members because of the change-of-meeting-place notice therein, but gave the rest of the copies to us to mail out (uncollated, with only enough page 1/2's to make partial distribution) -- we have just now received the remaining page 1/2's. These are some of the problems which occur when the editorship of a magazine changes hands temporarily. If any of you who were entitled to receive them failed to receive either issue, please let us know immediately; issue #45 is almost completely out of stock, but there are still quite a few 46's left.

And we repeat the same plea we made in the supplement -- if anyone out there knows of anyone who subscribed to the JOURNAL or joined WSFA at the NYCON, but hasn't received TWJ #46 or 47, please tell them to contact us -- we have misplaced or lost a slip of paper with at least one subscriber/Corresponding member's name and address thereon....

This issue, as you may have noticed, is a catch-up issue -- in it, we are attempting to catch up with the large backlog of material which has accumulated since we went overseas. We have a few more items left for next issue by Al Gechter, Doll Gilliland, and Alexis Gilliland, but otherwise are pretty well up to date now. So send more material!

Burt Randolph -- your LoC doesn't appear here because we don't have it. Please send another.

DLM

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3	May-June, 1965	8	B
4	July, 1965	10	A, C, D, F
5	August, 1965	10	B, D
6	Mid-August, 1965	6	B, C, F

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October/November Short Calendar (Cont. from page one) --

FISTFA Meetings -- October 6, 20; November 3, 17; at apartment of Mike McInerney, 250 W. 16th St., Apt. 5FW, N.Y., N.Y.; time unknown.

LUNARIANS -- October 21; November 18; 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 -- October 7, 14, 21, 28; November 4, 11, 18, 25; at home of Phil Harrell, 3021 Tait Terrace, Norfolk, Va., at 2 p.m. (ph. 853-1259).

CINCINNATI FANTASY GROUP -- Oct. 7, 14, 21, 28; Nov. 4, 11, 18, 25; at homes of various members; write Lou Tabakow, 3953 St. Johns Terrace, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45236.

LASFS -- Oct. 5, 12, 19, 26; Nov. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30; in the Silverlake Playground, Silverlake Blvd. & Van Pelt St., Los Angeles, Calif., at 8 p.m.

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Don Miller

6c



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Business Supplement to the official organ of the Washington Science Fiction Association -- Editor and Publisher: Don Miller -- October, 1967 issue

WSFA Roster

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Bridges, Philip N.	17910 Pond Road, Ashton, Md., 20702	(924-4096)
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Slavin, Jan	6308 Lenox Rd., Bethesda, Md., 20034	(654-0070)
Weston, Robert	4220 E-W Hwy, Univ. Pk., Hyattsville, Md, 20782	(927-0136)

Persons on the June-August roster who have not yet paid their dues (\$1.50) for the September-November quarter are: Jack L. Chalker, Michael S. Hakulin, Gay Haldeman, Joe Haldeman, Nancy Jane Webb, and Ronald J. Willis; also (even though we accidentally put him on the Active roster), Phil Bridges.

Persons on the Active roster who have paid their dues beyond the September-November quarter are as follows: Through February, 1968: Rick Cross, Alexis Gilliland, Alice Haldeman, Jack Haldeman, Mitchell Henson; Through May, 1968: Charles Derry, Albert Gechter, Jim Harper, Bob Weston (partial payment).

We also have a note to the effect that Jim Sanders has "paid dues", with no indication of the amount paid, the period covered, or his current address -- or whether he paid for Corresponding or Regular membership. Jay? Ron Bounds? Anyone?

Life Members (No dues; same privileges as Regular members)

Berg, Betty	2131 Keating St., S.E., Wash., D.C., 20031	(894-8048)
Cullen, Elizabeth O. ..	The Roosevelt, 2101 16th St., N.W., Wash., D.C.	(DE2-0800)
Kerkhof, Franklin	1211 Rockbridge Ave., Norfolk, Va., 23508	(-)
Madle, Robert A.	4406 Bestor Drive, Rockville, Md., 20853	(929-1712)
Swanson, Russell	(Address unknown)	(-)

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The Corresponding memberships of the following persons have recently expired, and they have not yet renewed. They will receive this supplement (47-1), and have received TWJ as shown -- but they will receive no more issues of either magazine unless they subscribe and/or renew their Corresponding memberships (50¢ for Corresponding membership without the JOURNAL; 5/\$1, 12/\$2, 20/\$3.25 for JOURNAL subs, with Corresponding membership for one year free to \$2 and \$3.25 subscribers if they request it): Expired June, 1967 (last issue received #43 unless otherwise indicated): Richard Brooks, Dave Kyle, Roger Phillips, Charles Reinsel, Roger Zelazny (44,46); Expired July, 1967 (last issue received #44 unless otherwise indicated): Thomas Bulmer, Paul Galvin, Jack Greene, Jr., Lloyd D. Hull; Expired August, 1967 (last issue received #45 unless otherwise indicated): Reza Behin, C/SFS (Exchange) (46); Expired September, 1967 (last issue received #46): Charles N. Brown; Ronald R. Eberle, John B. Gaughan, Jim Hitchcock, Jerry Kaufman, Chuck Kenison, Harry Manogg, Donald G. Martin.

In addition, the following Corresponding memberships expire in October, 1967, with their last issue of TWJ being #47: Don Hutchison, OSFA (Exchange), Andy Porter, Richard F. Wald. Expiring in November, 1967 (last issue of TWJ #48) are: H. Warren Felkel, Kaarla Haldeman, Reg Smith, Bruce Taylor. Expiring in December, 1967 (last issue of TWJ #49) are: Leigh Couch, George Fergus, Allan Howard, Fred F. Jackson, III, Richard Labonte, Dr. Burton W. Randolph, Beresford Smith, J. E. Svilpis. There won't be another supplement before January, 1968, so this is the only reminder the October-December expeerees will receive. Don't put it off -- renew now!

If anyone reading this supplement knows of anyone who subscribed to the JOURNAL or joined WSFA at the NYCON, but hasn't received TWJ #46 or 47, and/or this issue of the supplement, please tell them to contact us -- we have misplaced or lost a slip of paper with at least one subscriber/Corresponding member's name and address thereon....

Subscribers (and the last issue on their subs) are as follows:

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Subscribers receiving this supplement note carefully the number of the last issue you are scheduled to receive; this is the only issue of the supplement you will be receiving.

In brief --

No reports this time, as none are on hand.

Bill Berg is in Kafritz Hospital, and will be there for an undetermined period of time. Members desiring more information should call Phyllis (894-8048).

Members are reminded of the Halloween Party at the Gillilands' on Saturday, October 28. Party starts at 8:30 p.m. Light drinking material will be provided; serious drinkers bring your own.

We thank Harriett Kolchak and others who have written or otherwise expressed concern over Miss Cullen. A brief explanation of the situation: Miss Cullen, who is in her 70's, has been living alone in a fairly large house. She was persuaded by her relatives to move into the Roosevelt Hotel (which caters exclusively to the aged), where she would have some companionship and more safety. Her home is being sold by a bank, the proceeds to go into a trust fund to see her through her remaining years. She is not ill, and has already been visited by several WSFAns.

Future meeting sites are (see roster for addresses not given below): October 6: home of Banks Mebane; October 20: home of Joe and Gay Haldeman (5611 Chillum Hts. Rd., Apt. 301, W. Hyattsville, Md; phone 864-0218); November 3: home of Alexis and Doll Gilliland; November 17: home of Joe and Gay Haldeman; December 1: home of Mitchell Henson; December 15: home of Bob and Peggy Pavlat (9710 47th Place, College Park, Md.; 935-0756); December 29 (party): to be announced. And don't forget the Halloween Party at the Gillilands' on October 28.

The WSFA JOURNAL Business Supplement is free to all Regular, Life, and Corresponding members of the Washington Science Fiction Association. It is published irregularly, as needs dictate. Address Code: M, Regular member; L, Life member; P, Corresponding member; W, New subscriber; X, last issue, unless...

Don Miller

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