

'THE W S F A JOURNAL

The Official Organ of the Washington Science Fiction Association ----- Issue No. 49
Editor and Publisher: Don Miller December, 1967

December-January Short Calendar --

WSFA Meetings -- December 1 (at home of Alexis & Doll Gilliland, 2126 Penna. Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C.; phone FE7-3759; across from Circle Theatre on Penna. Ave.); December 15 (at home of Bob & Peggy Pavlat, 9710 47th Place, College Park, Md.; ph. 935-0756; from Capitol Beltway, take Route 1 exit towards Wash. -- turn left at the first intersection (stop light) -- turn right at very first street (47th Place) -- Bob's house is on right, about 2 or 3 blocks down; coming out Rt. 1 from Wash., turn right at last stop light before Beltway and follow above directions); December 29-January 2 (5th-Friday Party and New Year's Eve Party; at home of Mike Hakulin, 701 Stewart Ave., Glen Burnie, Md., 21061; phone, 761-8026; directions in next issue of JOURNAL); January 5 (no meeting place decided as of yet; see next issue of JOURNAL); January 19 (at home of Bob Rozman, 9704 Belvedere Place, Silver Spring, Md.; phone number and directions in next issue of JOURNAL). Meetings start at 8 p.m.

The Gamesmen -- December 8, 22; January 12, 26; 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 Rd., Wheaton, Md., 20906; phone 933-5417. Call as far in advance as possible if planning to attend; we both need to know no. of attendees in advance of meeting date. Meetings start at 7:30 p.m.

BSFS Meetings -- December 9, 23; January 13, 27; at home of Jack Haldeman, 1244 Woodbourne Ave., Baltimore, Md., 21212; ph. 323-6108. Meetings start at about 8 p.m.

ESFA Meetings -- December 3; January 7; at YM-YWCA, 600 Broad St., Newark, N.J., at 3 p.m. No information on guest speakers yet.

PSFS Meetings -- December 8; January 12; at Central Philadelphia YMCA, Broad & Arch Sts., Phila., Pa., at 8 p.m.

OSFS Meetings -- General meetings on December 28 and January 25, at Columbus Public Library, 96 Grant St., Columbus, Ohio, at 7 p.m. Discussion meetings on Saturdays, at homes of various members (write Larry Smith (see LoC this issue for address) for info).

OSFA Meetings -- December 31; January 28; at Main St. Louis Public Library, 1301 Olive St., at 2 p.m.

FISTFA Meetings -- December 1, 15; January 5, 19; at apt. of Mike McInerney, 250 W. 16th St., Apt. 5FW, N.Y., N.Y.; time unknown.

LUNARIANS -- December 16; January 20; 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 -- Every Saturday at 2 p.m., at home of Phil Harrell, 3021 Tait Terrace, Norfolk, Va., at 2 p.m.; phone 853-1259.

CINCINNATI FANTASY GROUP -- Every Saturday (time unknown), at homes of various members; write Lou Tabakow, 3953 St. Johns Terrace, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45236, for info.

LASFS -- Every Thursday at 8 p.m., in the Silverlake Playground, Silverlake Blvd. & Van Pelt St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Persons having knowledge of meeting times and places of MITSFS, MSUFSF, QSFS, NESFA, Little Men, and/or any other club not listed above please furnish said info. Also, please correct the above list if necessary. Info on forthcoming cons also needed.

Remember the BALTICON (Feb. 10-12) and the DISCLAVE (Mother's Day Weekend). DLM

2

THE DESTRUCTION OF HARLAN ELLISON
by Alexis Gilliland

A certain fan, who shall remain nameless, came upon a djinn bottle, sealed with the Seal of Solomon. Being a rash, impetuous fool he opened it, and to his skeptical amazement, there appeared before him a large and repulsive djinni.

"Yar", said the djinn, "whattya want, mortal?"

"Wealth, women, more wishes!" said the greedy, randy, crafty fan.

"Come off it, bub", said the djinn, "we got a strong union, and nobody messes like that wit' the contract any more. Besides, what wit' the balance of payments, wealth is out. One wish is all you get."

"Oh!" said the fan, and thought about his one wish.

"I am a malevolent spirit", the djinn added helpfully, "and I like to hurt people." The fan had a sudden vision of himself drowning in a vat of beer, or having to satisfy a harem of aged English teachers, and swallowed with some difficulty.

"You like to hurt people?" he muttered as he thought about whom he would like to revenge himself upon. "Well, how about destroying Harlan Ellison as a writer!"

"Haw!" laughed the djinn and vanished.

Harlan Ellison suddenly felt the hairs on the back of his neck prickle.

"Haw!" roared the djinn, and evil forces blazed from his fingers, destroying Harlan Ellison as a writer.

"So", murmured the wicked spirit surveying his handiwork, "you are now 6'5" tall and you weigh 240 pounds. You can run 100 yards in 9.2 and turn on a dime without making change. Magnets in your fingers will pull a football down when it's three feet overthrown, and you have a fumbleproof grip. Keep on writing, baby, and it all turns to flab!"

Exit djinni, laughing.

A year later, the fan met the djinn in a bar. On the television set, the announcer was counting down the final seconds of the Jets-Packers game. "Seven, six... there goes the bomb, it's for Ellison, two men on him..." his voice rose to an excited squeak. "he leaps into the air, makes a fantastic one-handed catch, and drags the defenders into the end-zone! The Jets win 34 to 33...."

"Cheez", said the fan in disgust, "a nice job you did on Harlan Ellison, djinni. Thanks a lot, sport!"

"Well, now", replied the evil spirit, "didn't I destroy him as a writer?"

"Ye-es", conceded the fan reluctantly, "but that wasn't exactly what I had in mind."

"I told you I was a malevolent spirit", the djinni reminded him.

"You should destroy me as a writer sometime!" grumped the fan.

"Haw!" bellowed the djinni, and the whole bar turned to look. "Who said you was a writer?"

A MATTER OF DEFINITION

Due to -- This is a much-abused phrase. "Due to" should not mean both "because of" and "caused by". This degrades the language, reducing its preciseness. Due to should modify a noun, but not a verb. If you can substitute "attributed to" or "caused by" you are correct, but if you need "because of" in the sentence then "due to" is wrong.

Transpire -- This does not mean "to happen", regardless of the way it is often used. It means to become known, to leak out. "It transpired yesterday that it had happened the day before" is a perfectly good sentence. Since transpire is the only word meaning to become known, it is a shame to dilute its meaning. There are plenty of words meaning to happen, without usurping this one.

Philip N. Bridges

3

VIEWS, REVIEWS, AND ARCHIMEDEAN SPIRALS

Book Review -- DANGEROUS VISIONS, Edited by Harlan Ellison (Doubleday & Co., 1967; xxix plus 520 pp; \$6.95).

We're so used to extravagant advance publicity about everything from Presidential timber to a new toothpaste that we discount it automatically. When something comes close to justifying its ballyhoo, we're shocked. I'm happy to report I got the shock from DANGEROUS VISIONS.

It isn't the sort of shock Harlan Ellison meant in his many statements around fandom about his anthology of "shocking stories". He wanted stories too strong for the usual publishing media -- stories that would, every one, shock the reader. I think that was an impossible goal. Modern readers are shockproof. If any area, good or bad, of the human potentiality remains unexplored by writers, I don't know of it (and I doubt if I'll be shocked when somebody points it out to me).

Whether these stories are really shocking or not is beside the point -- Ellison's introduction lets us in on the nitty-gritty of his intention. He's excited by what's been happening in science fiction (dirty words -- he prefers "speculative fiction"), and he wanted to give the writers a chance to let themselves go, free of editorial taboo. The result is a good book, but one with its own editorial bias. Ellison as writer turns out work that's intensely emotional and pessimistic; as editor, either he has picked dark, keyed-up stories or the writers have slanted them toward him. The book's full of typhoons, with few moments of serenity.

It's a thick, thick book -- thirty-three new stories by thirty-two writers (David R. Bunch is the duplicate). It's packed with extra paraphernalia besides the fiction: illustrations by Leo and Diane Dillon for each story, two (count 'em, two) Forewards by Isaac Asimov, a general Ellison Introduction, individual Ellison introductions to each story except his own (Robert Bloch does that), and individual afterwords by the authors. All this takes up about 130 pages and sometimes overloads the stories, which could readily stand by themselves. As a fan, I enjoy Ellison's chit-chat about the writers, but I doubt if the general reader cares.

To discuss the stories I'll have to group them, but don't consider the groups to be pigeonholes.

Only two stories strike me as really experimental. Philip José Farmer's 30,000-word "Riders of the Purple Wage" is the longest one in the book, and the most ambitious. He pours together fifty years of mainstream way-out, from James Joyce to William Burroughs, and distills it into a mad comedy of a psychedelic Welfare State. Sonya Dorman is a true innovator -- the theme of her "Go, Go, Go, Said the Bird" is conventional, but she tries strange things with the method of narration.

Some of the others will be called "experimental" (How I hate that word!), but all that will be meant is that they depart from objective narrative into subjective techniques that have been around as long as literature. David R. Bunch's two brief stories work out inner symbols: one is a tale of Moderan (and all these are variations on a theme like an old sonnet sequence); the other I don't understand at all. J. G. Ballard has one of his intense subjective visions, and Carol Emshwiller is as surrealist as Kafka and much further out. Philip K. Dick's novelet is way-out too, but I think that's from inner necessity, not experimentalism; his story is typical of him (which means excellent), and if any of these writers shocks me, he's the one. Fritz Leiber is a potent myth-maker and proves it with "Gonna Roll Them Bones".

The writers who did answer Ellison's plea to violate taboos turned to sex or religion, but all fences have been down there for years, except in the still-Victorian

4

field of sf. Theodore Sturgeon and Poul Anderson each wrote stories -- darned good stories -- about societies in which some here-and-now illegal form of sex is the norm; each tried to keep his secret for a punchline but had to give it away to tell the story. Lester del Rey and Damon Knight dispose of God in short little stories that are slight work for such good writers. John Brunner invents a robot Christ (or Antichrist) in a strong story, and Jonathan Brand has a comic confrontation between Man and God.

Even in this benighted century, man's inhumanity yields a little shock value. Robert Silverberg does a fine job with it, while Frederik Pohl and Miriam Allen deFord use it for moralizing. Robert Bloch takes Jack the Ripper into the future, and Harlan Ellison, in a sequel to Bloch's story, shows how that future makes Jack look like a Sunday-school teacher. Ellison can invent more convincing Hells than the Devil himself.

Some stories are simply top-flight variations of standard sf and fantasy themes. James Cross, a writer from outside the field, uses the wish-granting genie whose blessing is a curse, and John T. Sladek, only slightly in the field, does a potent machines-destroy-man piece. Joe Hensley has one of the best mutant stories ever written, Henry Slesar does a nightmare of atomic doom, Kris Neville dehumanizes the automated, bureaucratic future, and Keith Laumer shows, in a harrowing story, that power corrupts.

This book has little overt tenderness or sentiment. Howard Rodman, another outsider, does a brief one, and R. A. Lafferty brings the Gypsies home in a delightful story not the least of whose wonders is the abduction of Los Angeles. If you want any more whimsical sentiment, you'll have to get a copy of F & SF!

The book's general tone is grim and dead serious; the few bits of comedy are black and biting, or hectic as in Farmer's novella and Brand's short story. Larry Eisenberg has a hilarious farce involving a mad scientist and sudden death, and Brian Aldiss does a very funny yarn, called "The Night All Time Broke Loose", all about the end of the world.

I've left the stories of four writers for last. They belong to the most recent group to become established in the field, and they're the ones who're getting the comment and the awards these days -- Samuel R. Delany, Larry Niven, Norman Spinrad, and Roger Zelazny. In "The Jigsaw Man", Niven amalgamates future medicine and penology into a strong story. Spinrad's "Carcinoma Angels" is about a successful man -- a man who conquered Life, who conquered Death, who should've stood in bed. Zelazny's "Auto-da-Fe" is a bullfight yarn with automobiles for bulls; it's really what literary scholars call an "extended conceit", meaning an elaborated metaphor. For "Aye, and Gomorrah...", Delany invents a new sexual perversion of the future (its social consequences resemble a present one) and uses it as the take-off point for an exuberant, biting story. It's hard to imagine four writers differing more among themselves, yet if there's a "New Thing" in sf (as so many people say, including Ellison), then they must be part of it. It's not a Movement, and let's be thankful for that, because sf needs diversity.

DANGEROUS VISIONS isn't as Ellison hopes, a revolution in itself. It's not going to turn the field upside down and bring in a New Era, but it is, as Ellison knows and says, "one helluva good book full of entertaining stories". There isn't a real stinker in the lot. A few are trivial, but it's a very few. I won't try to decide which are best, but my own favorites are the stories by Delany and Leiber -- they're the ones I'll remember longest.

If you're really interested in sf ("sf" meaning "science fiction" or "speculative fiction", cut it either way), then read this book to find out where it's at.

-- Banks Mebane

5

Book Review -- TO OUTRUN DOOMSDAY, by Kenneth Bulmer (Ace Book G-625; 50¢; 155 pp).

Well, we have this planet, see? And all it takes to get something is to make a little mockup and pray to Pe'Ichen (who is not God) and zap! there it is. No food, water, or living things, but any artifact you can think of, practically, you can have for the asking. Nineteen years ago, however, the houses stopped repairing themselves and no more children were born. What does that sound like to you?

Enter Jack Waley, via a shipwreck -- a spaceship wreck for which he was in part to blame. Blade about the galaxy, citizen of Solterra, professional pratfall taker, he has also had a cram course on selling gimcrack computers to the local yokels. Of course, whatever he touches turns to garbage, and a recurrent joke in the book is that just as he is about to make it with a pretty chick, he gets hit on the head and/or dragged off to some more or less routine adventure. Supposedly, his character is being developed, but he remains a simp from start to finish. Eventually, he and his buddy Krotch (who is stock, but not stock cardboard) set off with a party of nobility and sages and so forth, to ask Pe'Ichen about this new birth control policy. We're off to see Pe'Ichen, the wonderful ???????? of Kerim. Will Jack Waley, boy shlemiel, be able to use his Solterra education and salesman's cram course to save the planet from a tragic fate? There is room for genuine doubt.

Bulmer's writing is good enough, but the plot leaves something to be desired. I would say that the trouble is that he is laying this heavy-handed slapstick-type of humour over a situation which is truly tragic. For the Kerimese, there will be none like us to follow after us, and than this there is no tragedy greater. Nevertheless, Bulmer is often funny, and our introduction to Waley is extremely so.

A few points: the system of exchange is contrived and unworkable, prisoners who can pray up saws, files, and battleaxes would be very difficult to keep, and having slaves provide motive power for ships is ridiculous; why not pray for a twisted rubber band?

Kelly Freas has a very handsome cover. Red sky, red ground, but depth has been drawn in, and it looks hot. TOD gets a rating of fair-but-funny, a so-so book you might enjoy.

-- Alexis A. Gilliland

(I thought it was great fun, in a Rabelaisian sort of way. --Doll Gilliland)

Book Review -- MISTRESS OF MISTRESSES, by E. R. Eddison (Ballantine U7063; 95¢; 401 pp).

I suppose you could stretch a point and call MISTRESS OF MISTRESSES sword-and-sorcery. It would be far more precise to describe it as medieval dynastic politics and metaphysics. If the book were cut to about 200 pages and rewritten just a little to smooth out the holes, you would have a first-rate thud-and-blunder story with a few sorceries thrown in for window-dressing. The "great" love story -- which I (a) couldn't follow, (b) found stylized and dated, and (c) eventually started skipping -- would be totally excised. The descriptions of innumerable ornate costumes and grossly overdecorated rooms, fancy balls and magical gardens would be much cut and simplified, and the metaphysics (courtesy of Spinoza) would be reduced to a little bit of special-effects sorcery.

What would then be left would be a power struggle between the great lords of the kingdom, featuring, as a special attraction, the Vicar of Rerek, who keeps going off the deep end only to be rescued by his super-cousin, Lessingham. Everybody asks Lessingham, "Why do you remain loyal to this mean, evil, treacherous wart hog of a Vicar? You could do far, far better with me, or me, or even by yourself." By the

end of the book, this loyalty to Vicar is given its just reward, but long before then Lessingham's relationship to the Vicar has become unbelievable.

If the book were cut to this essential core, however, enough is happening to keep you from wandering about that, or anything else, except, maybe, who is doing the dirty work, and to whom.

It is a measure of the quality of MoM that I worked my way through all the metaphysical garbage and trashy description (skimming, to be sure) to follow the story.

Other miscellaneous remarks: Eddison uses the convention of handsome is good, ugly is evil, and sticks with it fairly closely. His people are exactly described, warts, bristles, and all, but Lessingham (who, in a mystifying preface has just died in our world) is simply too much, and nobody else -- even the Vicar -- really comes alive. Well, Lessingham doesn't come alive, either, but at least he twitches a little.

The cover blurb speaks of Eddison "forging a mighty prose". This makes him a prose-forger, because in MoM his prose -- generally -- is mighty bad. One might even say overwritten, since he takes a difficult passage and polishes and rewrites it until it becomes unintelligible. This could be forgiven if he stuck closer to the action, but he has a Message to convey, worse luck, and wallows in murky and romantic concepts interminably.

The plot, which is encumbered with an army of extras, becomes very involved as it twists and turns along, and during the interludes of metaphysics and description, you forget what was going on back at the ranch. At least Eddison doesn't write his own poetry; an appendix gives citations for the verse he used.

Conclusion? Despite a beautiful cover by Brem, MoM is a good book not to read.

-- Alexis A. Gilliland

NEWS FROM ACE

November, 1967 Releases --

MOON OF THREE RINGS, by Andre Norton (H-33; 60¢) -- "An eerie tale of dreams and visions, of metamorphoses and extra-sensory perception, of timelessness and limitlessness....The singing prose rings with the cadence of legendary literature." --THE HORN BOOK

NEW WORLDS OF FANTASY, ed. by Terry Carr (A-12; 75¢) -- "Fifteen worlds of wonder and magic, in stories of modern fantasy by today's finest writers, all published here for the first time in paperback."

LORDS OF THE STARSHIP, by Mark S. Geston (G-673; 50¢) -- "Was this giant spaceship really what it was claimed to be? Or was there a secret behind it that was so strange no man dared reveal it?"

THE SECRET VISITORS, by James White (G-675; 50¢; reissue) -- "They had to stop a war which was originating in the farthest stars -- or else surrender the Earth unconditionally!"

COMPUTER WAR, by Mack Reynolds (H-34; 60¢; recent ANALOG serial) -- "The charge of the math brigade." and

DEATH IS A DREAM, by E. C. Tubb -- "Conquer death -- and make life the eternal victim."

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. #13: THE RAINBOW AFFAIR, by David McDaniel (G-670; 50¢) -- "Illya and Napoleon fight their way through the international underworld in a search of a criminal genius who could be THRUSH's key to world conquest."

THE ENIGMA OF REINCARNATION: WE HAVE LIVED BEFORE, by Brad Steiger (K-291; 50¢; in "Amazing Fact" series).

--DLM

It's been six or seven weeks since my last column, so the stack is thick, including two issues of IF and F&SF. There's so much good stuff -- particularly in the December issues of F&SF, IF, and GALAXY -- that I can't talk about it all.

J.G. Ballard's "The Cloud-Sculptors of Coral D" in the December F&SF is the one that hit me between the eyes. It's another Vermilion Sands story with a mysterious woman and a love-hate relationship. That sounds as if they're becoming formula, and maybe they are, but I like the formula. Ballard's imagination cuts deep, and his images are unforgettable.

"To Behold the Sun" by Dean R. Koontz in the same issue of F&SF is his second published story. His first, last August's "Soft Come the Dragons", impressed me, and this one reinforces the impression. It's a tale of a trip to the Sun, and it packs an emotional wallop that's carefully built up to and controlled. Not as ambitious as the first story, it's far better realized. If he keeps on this way, you'll soon be seeing his name on the Nebula and Hugo nomination lists.

"Ocean on Top", Hal Clement's serial, concludes in the December IF. Clement applies his customary careful analysis of alien environments to the problem of men living -- really living, not just visiting -- in the ocean depths. This is hard science fiction, and you can't hardly get that no more.

It's a pity that Fred Saberhagen's "Brother Berserker" (November IF) had to be set in the Middle Ages of another planet because of the exigencies of the series. The story's so obviously about Galileo and Earth that it shouldn't have been transplanted.

Ron Goulart has novelets in the November issues of FANTASTIC and F&SF. They're both slight action stories set in his hippie-satiric future, but the bright-brittle surface of his writing and the sly digs he takes at our contemporary foibles make them worthwhile reading.

Piers Anthony has started a new series with two stories, a short in the November ANALOG and a novelet in the November IF. They're light-hearted comedy about the tribulations of a dentist with alien patients, and they're good fun, even if they don't measure up to Avram Davidson's "Help! I Am Dr. Morris Goldpepper".

Jay Kay Klein's first-published story appears in the December IF. It's called "On Conquered Earth" and is about a particularly gruesome way of staving off an alien invasion. Keep it up, Jay Kay.

The December issues of IF and GALAXY bear a fine crop of entertaining novelets, solid and readable work. Poul Anderson's "Outpost of Empire" (GALAXY) shows the Terran Empire meeting another crisis; Sir Dominick Flandry isn't on hand this time, but John Ridenour (Hi, Ray) takes his place to foil the evil Merseians. Larry Niven's "Handicap" (GALAXY) and C.C. MacApp's "When Sea Is Born Again" (IF) are both about alien-human cooperation, and "Swordsmen of the Stars" (IF) by Robert E. Margroff and Andrew J. Offutt gives an interesting picture of future political possibilities.

Charles L. Harness makes the scientific booboo of the year in "The Million-Year Patient" (December AMAZING). He has his characters "disprove" Einsteinian relativity by assuming that velocity transforms according to Galilean relativity. If this story is a Campbell reject (as I suspect), I'm surprised that JWC didn't point out the flaw to Harness.

Artwork: Jack Gaughan has been varying his style with some interesting results. His F&SF cover for "The Cloud-Sculptors of Coral D" might be called "Homage to Powers", and two of his IF interiors for "Brother Berserker" are done to resemble old wood-cuts and are most appropriate to the story. Vaughn Bode's interiors in IF for "In the Jaws of Danger" (November) and "When Sea Is Born Again" (December) show a lot of individuality; he's developing a sort of way-out wildness that reminds me a little of Edd

8
Cartier, although their styles are utterly different. He also did the striking Pop-type cover on the November IF.

ALSO RECOMMENDED: Kit Reed (highly!) and William M. Lee in the November F&SF; Guy McCord and Joe Poyer in the November ANALOG; Fritz Leiber and Terry Carr in the December IF; everything in the December issues of GALAXY and F&SF.

Banks Mebane

ODDS AND ENDS

ACE September releases (not covered in previous JOURNALS) were: THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. #12: THE MIND-TWISTERS AFFAIR, by Thomas Stratton (G-663; 50¢); THE WINDS OF GATH, by E.C. Tubb and CRISIS ON CHEIRON, by Juanita Coulson (H-27; 60¢); BIG PLANET, by Jack Vance (G-661; 50¢); WHEN THE STAR KINGS DIE, by John Jakes (G-656; 50¢); THE BEST FROM FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION: 13th Series, ed. by Avram Davidson (H-26; 60¢); THE UNIVERSE MAKER, by A.E. van Vogt (G-660; 50¢); CHALLENGE TO SCIENCE, by Jacques & Janine Vallee (H-28; 60¢); STAR GATE, by Andre Norton (M-157; 45¢; reprint); KEY OUT OF TIME, by Andre Norton (M-156; 45¢; reprint); plus two "Gothics", two romances, and three Westerns (one single and one double).

Additional ACE releases for November included two "Gothics", two romances, and three Westerns (a single and a double); also released were four boxed sets: "Andre Norton Series" (CATSEYE; WITCH WORLD; QUEST CROSSTIME; STAR GUARD; WARLOCK OF THE WITCH WORLD; LAST PLANET; and STARS ARE OURS -- 7 titles -- \$3.40); "Amazing Facts Series" (LO!; STRANGE GUESTS; STRANGE BONDS BETWEEN ANIMALS AND MEN; MYSTERY MONSTERS; THE STRANGE AND UNCANNY; and BOOK OF THE DAMNED -- 6 titles -- \$3.20); "Dorothy Eden Series" (7 titles -- \$3.50); and "Georgette Hyer Series" (6 titles -- \$3.20).

ACE December releases included TURNING ON, by Damon Knight (G-677; 50¢) (13 stories); THE BIG JUMP, by Leigh Brackett (G-683; 50¢); CYCLE OF NEMESIS, by Kenneth Bulmer (G-680; 50¢); THE WRECKS OF TIME, by Michael Moorcock and TRAMONTANE, by Emil Petaja (H-36; 60¢); PROFESSOR JAMESON SPACE ADVENTURE #4: TWIN WORLDS, by Neil R. Jones (G-681; 50¢); THE ENIGMA OF THE UNKNOWN, by John Macklin (K-292; 50¢); plus two "Gothics", two romances, and three Westerns (a single and a double). Details in the next issue of the JOURNAL.

We don't get much time for letter-writing, so we'll buy 25¢-worth of space here and answer those persons who have written asking about our other publications. Besides TWJ, we publish the following: THE GAMESLETTER (N3F Games Bureau o-o) (Regular membership in Bureau is \$1 per year); THE GAMESMAN (general games; 35¢, 4/\$1); YE FAERIE CHESSEMAN ("fairy" games; 35¢, 4/\$1); RULESHEET PORTFOLIO SERIES (35¢ each; only #1 out so far); SENA (Amerind lore and apa mc's; 25¢, 5/\$1); DIPLOMANIA (Diplomacy genre; 20¢, 10/\$1.50); DIPLOPHOBIA, DIPSOMANIA, SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALIDOCIOUS, and FANTASIA (Diplomacy gameszines; 10¢; 10/\$1 ea. 'zine); KITTLE PITCHERING HUBBLE DE SHUFF (apa mc's, so far). We may also be publishing THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN for the N3F during 1968, and will be acting as OE for N'APA this December.

Harry Manogg reports that: "A friend of mine, who wishes to remain anonymous, has informed me that SILMARILLION is finished, Five volumes! But that the publisher is doubtful about it as it is "different" from LOTR, Tolkien's English publishers are George, Allen and Unwin, Ltd." also, "Another Tolkien fan, Mr. David L. Greene, 128 S. 39th St., Phila., Pa., 19104, writes me that he has the impression that SILMARILLION is being held back to 'wait until the current Tolkien fad is over.' Mr. Greene also says that in the last issue of the JOURNAL OF THE TOLKIEN SOCIETY OF AMERICA Dick Plotz announced that he was retiring as 'Thain', and that Ed Meskys, co-editor of NIEKAS, is taking over that job."

DLM

DOLL'S HOUSE: Fanzine Reviews
by Doll Gilliland

Comes a time, now and again, when I get curious about fanzines I see mentioned, but have not read as yet. Don Miller, coming thru in true Miller fashion, drew from his extensive collection a mass of back issues of some of the better known publications (Larry, your COSIGN is one of these), into which I shall plunge as time and energy permit and furnish you a glimpse of what has gone before -- as well as what is happening now. Ergo, ERBDOM.

ERBDOM (Camille Cazedessus, Jr., P.O. Box 585, Breckenridge, Colorado, 80424; 50¢) came as some surprise. I had the impression that its award as best fanzine was the sole result of partisan politics. However, having read thru several issues, must state that I do not think it undeserving of the award. One keeps coming back to the question of what constitutes a fanzine and what is its purpose. ERBDOM is a Burroughs fan publication, and as such fulfills its purpose most admirably. The covers, in color as a rule, are strikingly handsome, the format attractive, the contents informative and entertaining -- the interior art and articles well done, photos and illos quite apt, news tidbits remarkably thorough (no doubt due in part to the editor's policy of paying for the best news tip). All in all, ERBDOM impresses as a fine quality publication, albeit dedicated to Burroughs. Generally runs about 11 pp. Must remark this 'zine to be lacking the offensive intensity characteristic of Burroughphilian earnestness.

#14 (Oct. '65). Color cover of John Carter and the Thark by Larry Ivie, who also does an excellent column on Burroughs illustration and illustrators and a magnificent full-page illo of Tarzan at the tender mercies of La. (Oo-la-La!) John F. Roy compares the book and magazine versions of Tarzan and the Castaways (retitled The Quest of Tarzan in ARGOSY). Jeff Jones draws a hip strip of John Carter. Caz writes on Burroughs artists -- his subject this issue, Jesse Marsh; also knocks Canaveral Press for poor dust jackets, but follows this with four pages of constructive suggestions -- St. John paintings, a really beautiful illo by Reed Crandall, and a powerful Frazetta. (I believe I am correct in stating that Caz has received permission to print and distribute dust jackets with the above-mentioned designs.) Also, LoC's, a supplement to A Golden Anniversary Bibliography of Edgar Rice Burroughs by H.H. Heins, and the "House of Info" column with late news.

#15 (Feb. '66). A Pellucidar issue. Crandall's color cover is from At the Earth's Core; bacover and interior illos by R. Krenkel. John Roy discusses Pellucidar -- its peoples, possible sources of names, "quotable remarks", contradictions, and paradoxes. This is followed by a Glossary of Terms Used in the Pellucidar Books. (It's fun perusing such for the sheer joy of finding such creations as Sloo the Mate of Scurv, or Kanje of Tanga-Tanga appointed High Priest of the Temple of Pu, not to mention Gluck's mate Glula, man of Oog.) Also included is a two-page map of Pellucidar designed by Bob Barrett with Reed Crandall drawn from notes and sketches by Gordon Benson and Roy. Peter Ogden discusses The Goddess of Atvatabar or the History of the Discovery of the Interior World by William R. Bradshaw, published in 1892; Mike Resnick goes into the problem of Pellucidar's lack of time sense; and Caz does an article on Dick Lupoff, author of Edgar Rice Burroughs: Master of Adventure. Also the usual editor's "Table Talk", Heins' supplement to ERBibliog, LoC's, and "House of Info".

#16 (April '66). Another Pellucidar issue. Once again Krenkel uses the Thipdar for his subject, on the bacover. The color cover of a beautiful blonde is the work of Larry Ivie, whose column this issue discusses illustrating Savage Pellucidar, with his diagram of the machine used to bore its way to the earth's core and Reed Crandall's magnificent two-page Pellucidar battle scene. George Fowler discusses

the structure of the Pellucidar books, while John F. Roy delves into the languages of that world. The last page is devoted to PLUCK, an English weekly magazine of 1923 which serialized At the Earth's Core in its March 31-June 9 issues. My compliments to Caz on his excellent lay-outs.

#17 (May '66). The last of the Pellucidar specials features a dramatic Thipdar conflict in full color on the Neal MacDonald cover, while Frazetta's wild animals adorn the bacover and inside pages. Reed Crandall has a large interior illo (which I do not like) depicting the scene on arrival at Earth's core. Dr. Hamilton M. Johnson discourses on hollow-earth theories (Delightedly learned of Capt. John C. Symmes, who in 1818 sought to outfit an expedition to find the polar opening and explore the inner surface, petitioned Congress, and got 25 affirmative votes.), with various diagrams taken from referenced texts. Caz does an illustrated bibliography of Pellucidar mag covers; Mike Resnick discusses loose ends and unanswered problems of the Inner World -- possible material for unwritten Pellucidar tales; and John Roy studies the glossary and comes up with a speculative Pellucidar-English dictionary.

#18 (Aug. '66). A Tarzan issue. Color cover by R.M. (or is it R.G.?) Powers, subject of a Caz article, which includes one of Power's powerfully masculine illos. (I liked it better than the cover.) Magnificent flora in Ivie's bacover. Did I mention that in the LoC column, they've been discussing the size of Tars Tarkas? In this issue Rick Norwood observes: "A fifteen-foot man on a ten-foot mount would be like a six-foot man on a four-foot pony, only worse." "Greystroke" (sic) written by Roland Trenary for his high school's annual literary publication, has a Conan-esque feel to it. G.M. Farley seeks to recapture the Tarzan mood on his recent visit to the West Coast of Africa. (Would you believe there are no Tarzan books in the natives' book stores?) Ye gads, all that fuss over an acorn -- is it or is it not the sign of the true first edition? That is the question. George Fowler continues the controversy. And did you know that Tarzan's best human friend was a Frenchman? No, not De Gaulle, but d'Arnot, John Roy's topic this issue. Larry Ivie's illustration commentary touches on Tarzan. Tarzan and the Valley of Gold is given excellent coverage: book review by Roy, background on both the movie and the book by its (the book's) author, Fritz Leiber, and Caz's review of the movie. Then, too, an article on the Tarzan TV series, introducing cast members, etc. Also, regular features.

#19 (Dec. '66). A comparatively serene color cover by Albert F. Marino, with a nicely conceived and executed bacover by Jeff Jones commemorating ERBDOM's Hugo fanzine award. Lots of interior illos and artists -- MacDonald, Krenkel, Jeff Jones, Crandall, Ivie, George Barr, and Jim Cawthorn. (The latter two are new to these pages, but I believe I've seen both in AMRA. Jack Gaughan, how am I doing?) The supplement to the ERBiblio by Henry Hardy Heins is the last, since he is retiring from active fandom, and his contributions are duly acknowledged by Caz. However, Heins goes down swinging, his LoC jabbing at both Fowler and Vern Coriell re the notorious spinal acorn, even as Fowler continues to press his case in this issue. Roy theorizes on Burroughs having drawn his names and background for Jungle Girl from Cambodian history and customs, with an accompanying Jeff Jones drawing (based on a Gordon Benson sketch) of The Land of Hidden Men placed within Cambodia's 1966 boundaries, and Roy's glossary of names and terms in J.G. In 1934, ERB wrote the Melbourne, Australia, police department that an imposter might show up there. Allan Tompkins relates his experiences trying to document same.

Altho Burroughs' writing shows him somewhat of a racist, it was a respectable attitude in his day. Ballantine is evidently striving to maintain his respectability by deleting disparaging racist remarks, substituting more acceptable expressions -- discussed in detail by John Roy. George Fowler does a comparative study of The Prisoner of Zenda (1894) and The Mad King (Part I) (1913), Rupert of Hentzau (Zenda's sequel) and The Mad King (Part II). ERB runs a poor second in this genre, and it is nice to know that there is a Bur-

roughphile who admits to an ERB weakness. Leiber contributes interesting addenda to his comments in #18 on Tarzan and the Valley of Gold. Glenn Lord writes a timely article on the resurrection of Robert E. Howard's works -- Conan et al. A new series dealing with authors who offer the same type of rousing adventures as ERB is inaugurated in this issue -- Stuart Teitler presents three fantasies by Richard Tooker (which appeared between 1929 and 1936), with critical comments and cost estimates. Resnick writes on ERB's satirical side. MacDonald's map of the Cave Girl's Island accompanies Roy's comments and glossary re the book.

#20 (May '67) is a screen gem -- "ERB and the Silent Screen", with an appropriately black-and-white cover featuring a still of Elmo Lincoln as Tarzan. The lay-out is remarkable, incorporating articles, mag ads, movie stills, poster facsimiles by G.M. Farley, newspaper ads, and quotes from interviews (e.g. from THE N.Y. SUNDAY NEWS: "...we got Elmo Lincoln. 'He was so hairy', Griffith said, 'they had to shave him twice a day....'"). And how about Gene Pollar (nee Joseph Pohler), New York fireman, who was recommended for the Tarzan role because he was an excellent athlete (sic) and had won many championships in "shell" rowing! The writing is good, but it is Caz's extra touches that really make this issue what it is. Yep, ERBDOM #20 is something else. Feeling nostalgic or looking for laughs, you'll find this one a honey, Tarzan fan or no.

QUARK #4 (Oct. '67) (an APazine; Lesleigh and Cris Couch, Rt. 2, Box 889, Arnold, Mo., 63010; this "QUARK-afield" issue available for a letter, contrib, etc.). Lesleigh (the pink pages) quite evidently enjoyed her New York stay, as evidenced by the NYCon report. Judging from her further writings, I strongly suspect she has the capacity to enjoy almost anything (even suffering through Lawrence Welk or good/bad puns. The latter are scattered thruout the issue, including some terrible contrivances of Mike Montgomery.). "Usui Non Esse" by James A. Schumacher is a story presented a la the Czech pavilion's movie at Expo, in that you can change the story at given points by choosing the desired mood and turning to the designated page. A good idea, which is more than I can say for the writing. The report by Greg Shank and Dick Byer on "How We Saved Roger Zelazny's Career in Science Fiction" bears out Harlan Ellison's plaint re book distributors. A quickie glimpse of the city of Cleveland is afforded as viewed thru the eyes of Jerry Kaufman. APA mailing comments by Lesleigh are pleasant; her views on specific topics of controversy are commendably sane. Chris's mc's are much more pointed. Stylized art figures in black, blue, purple, or red enhance the beige pages. The bacover is by Gene Klein a la Walt Kelly's Pogo; the interesting front cover, the work of Richard Flinchbaugh. Chris Couch and Ken Fletcher contribute a couple of whimsical illos. The typing leaves something to be desired, but the writing is fair, art repro is good, and the format attractive. Lesleigh, by the way, has created a new pronoun to accompany such as "everybody" or "someone" -- it is "themselves" (p. 39). Light, warm, chatty.

A very attractive four-color (five, if you count the title) by Mike Skadowski introduces THE NEW NEWPORT NEWS NEWS #2 (Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St., Newport News, Va., 23605). Sharon Ann Towle contributes some interesting poetic efforts. "Claustrophobia", tale and art by Pat Perrin (who also did the whimsical bacover), is quite acceptable in its own small way. Herman King writes on Algernon Blackwood, followed by Limericking on Pickering, and Brooks' discussion of sub-world fantasies and their illustrators. Brief but good fanzine reviews. (A number are in remarkable agreement with some of my earlier ones, but there are a few I've yet to see.) (Ho, Don, have you Willis' THE INFO JOURNAL?, or maybe GOLANA?) Pleasant reading.

GENOOK #2 (Aug-Sept. '67) (Bill Kunkel, 72-41 61st St., Glendale, N.Y., 11227. 25¢, 3/65¢; 6/\$1.25; contribs -- art, reviews, con reports, articles, etc. -- or LoC's.). Still in its birth throes, I fear, but showing some improvement. Altho the art is not the greatest, it is used well, reproduction is excellent, and the lay-out good,

12
making for eye appeal. The contents are also lacking in quality but do range across a broad spectrum. The editorial concerns itself with Emmy awards, and the Hugo nominees for Best Dramatic Achievement, Science vs. Speculative Fiction, etc. Articles offer not-so-interesting treatment of a couple of interesting topics -- other galactic "races" and formation of new societies. LoC column is shaping up well; would suggest to the editor that he get Al Morrison to do him a column. (After all, Bill, the Capitol newspaper ROLL CALL has a numerology column occasionally; why shouldn't you have an astrology column?) David Shea has a good job on TV and S.F. book and fanzine reviews, including TV KEY MOVIE GUIDE. Harriett Kolchak furnishes a personal glimpse of a private "con" at Ann and Jim Ashe's. Am still reserving judgment; however, GENOOK may hold some appeal for the younger fans or those with less sophisticated tastes, just as it stands.

TRUMPET #6. (June '67) (Tom Reamy, 2508-17th St., Plano, Texas, 75074. 60¢, 5/\$2.50. Also, contribs, printed LoC's, and trades.). Exceptional visual appeal, both format and art work -- fine black-and-whites by Dennis Smith on cover and full-page illo; charming bacover furry-feet (is this hobbitual?) by Jim Cawthorn; Tom's adaptation of Poul Anderson's Broken Sword is exquisitely rendered by George Barr -- his pictorial characterizations of the troll-woman, goblin, and most especially the faun and the screaming dryad, his moodscapes, his general execution is lyrical -- as befits the tale. One can hardly condemn him for letting up slightly at the very end of this extended segment. A drawing and letter from Barr on his problems with Broken Sword can be found at the end of the LoC column.

Don Hutchison's weird tale "Let the Serpent Beguile" is faced with a psychedelic poster-type illo by J. Gardner. Mel Sepulveda does a similar service in a totally different idiom for John Boardman's waggish twin-sickle "Double, Double, Toil and Trouble". "Mr. Tambourine Man" features fascinating photographic impressions by Earl Noë. Hollis Williford is the illustrator for a rather poor parody of James Bond, "Blowfly" by A.J. Offutt. The Hallway Ranger cartoon is a pictorial sick joke. Rob Pudim and Irwin Lawrence contribute cartoon strips in radically differing styles. As a matter of fact, this seems to be characteristic of all the art and illos in the 'zine, witness the Al Jones painting which heads the LoC column.

Stuart Oderman has contributed a remarkable piece of fiction, "The Death of Solly's Warren". Would think it could make it on the commercial market. On the debit side we have a ponderous nit-Pickering "sociological" study of fandom. Whereas a few pages later, in a film column by Dan Bates, we get an excellent insight into SF and horror movies and its fandom -- and it is entertaining. For a switch from peaceniking that is so prevalent of late, TRUMPET offers a discussion of democracy -- "The Bohemian Tory" by Jerry Pournelle. And then there's a poem by Steve Furman, and the editorial page, with a scintillating movie review of the great put-on Warhol's "The Chelsea Girls", and LoC's from Lerner, Warner, White, and Offutt, as well as Barr.

The format, lay-out, reproduction -- well, almost everything about this ish of TRUMPET rates a fanfare.

HYBORIAN TIMES #1 (August, 1967) (George R. Heap, Box 1487, Rochester, N.Y., 14603. For distribution with SCIENCE FICTION TIMES. Extra copies -- 20¢. Future in doubt.). Devoted to the sword/sorcery and sword/science publishing fields, accenting events current and future. Info sources: Ballantine, Ace, and Avon, L. Sprague de Camp, Andre Norton, Dick Lupoff, Lloyd Alexander, and George Scithers. Lin Carter contributes an article on the Carter and de Camp Conans, also King Kull and Thongor. George does an exciting review of Mistress of Mistresses, by E.R. Eddison (author of The Worm Ouroborus). If the book comes up to the review, it's a winner (but Alexis hints otherwise). Norton's Witch World also comes under a brief scrutiny. Very palatable press releases.

((Send fanzines for review, clearly marked "For TWJ Review", to Doll Gilliland, 2126 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C., 20037. --ed.))

FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK

Laurence C. Smith, 216 E. Tibet Road, Columbus, Ohio, 43202

(9 July 1967)

. . . Alex's article on "superior racial upbreeding by genetic manipulation" ((in TWJ #44 --ed.)) is all too true, and it's a shame that someone didn't tell Adolf the Aryan of the problems mentioned herein (granted he had other psychoses, the Aryan pure blood bit always struck me as the funniest, in a grim sort of way). The last half of the thing is done in a delightful tongue-in-cheek style that still contains the bitter truth that most of the prophets of a superrace are themselves utterly unfit to participate, and can't seem to realize that this is why they fear and hate the products of their program. Alex also has either a very firm grounding in the biological and sociological sciences or he reads like hell, since I couldn't find any technical flaws in his material, and I'm a confirmed nit-picker.

I happened to have read all the books reviewed in V,R&AS this time, and I couldn't pick any quarrels with the reviewers. I'm glad to see that both Alex and Doll agree with me that the inclusion of interior art is one thing that might make people willing to shell out the extra 5¢ per book Ace is now getting.

And that brings me to another gripe on pb art. Photo-montages. These seem to be more and more prevalent lately from several publishers (Ace, Berkley, and Signet to start with), and, to me, all they indicate is that the cover artist was too lazy to prepare a full cover painting. This isn't to say that all full paintings are superb examples of art, but most of them do convey either some valid information about the story within or at least give me something pleasant to look at. A photo montage does neither. I'd appreciate some discussion on this point, since I could well be speaking out of turn, but that's the way I feel.

The ESFA minutes had two useful things in them for me. Whycome ESFA doesn't wish to use Robert's Rules? I've always thought they were the neatest solution available for any parliamentary problem (and the possession of a constitution implies that someone was preparing to have some support on just this sort of thing), and they're generally accepted. C/SFS has found by experience that letting arguments about parliamentary law come up for general discussion is one of the surest methods of boring the outsiders (anyone not a die-hard infighter in love with this sort of thing) to the point of losing their future attendance. And, before the cry of "over-organization" comes back to haunt me, I'll ask this question: If the members of the club concerned don't object, what's wrong with an organized structure? Granted, it can be overdone (and we did so in our early days), but some reasonable amount of formal organization is necessary in any group of over 10 people so that the necessary minimum of work can be done with certainty. It's nice to know if the club is facing instant bankruptcy, or if the fanzine is falling flat on its face, or if the officers are having a feud, and so forth. Would someone in WSFA care to comment on your experiences along these lines?

The other item was the remarks that Don Wollheim had to make about Ace Books' plans. I like series novels, and I'm glad to see that Ace intends to keep them coming (even Prof. Jameson). I'm presently trying (with the invaluable assistance of Howard De Vore's SF Sales) to complete my collection of older Ace books, and it's interesting to see how their editorial policy has changed over the years. Incidentally, I need 34 doubles to bring me up to date, and some 106 singles, so I've got a way to go yet. It's also nice to know that Ace hasn't a paid censor on the staff, and I can see their point that sex should be relevant to the story and not just tossed in to titillate the prurient-minded.

Alas, my TMFU.N.C.L.E.

set stops at #5, so I couldn't really appreciate Al's comments on the others. However, having read his reviews, I think I'll try to pick up the back copies. Several of them sound quite interesting, and it should prove interesting to see if any of the ideas from U.N.C.L.E. work their way into "hard-core" SF novels.

14
The Disclave reports were disappointingly brief. I guess I've grown used to seeing JK's long and informative summation of the activities, and this has spoiled me for anything else. Will there be a longer, more comprehensive conrep coming in a later ish?

Local news: I am deeply sorry to have to announce that Bob and Betty Gaines lost their third child, a daughter, only 18 hours after birth. My condolences to the Gaines' go with those of the rest of C/SFS. . . .

((And we offer ours and WSFA's, too. ##### No, no more Disclave reports. -- Jay Kay wasn't there, so no report from him -- maybe next year, Jay? --ed.))

Bruce MacPhee, 38 Lenox Ave., Norwalk, Conn., 06854 (15 July 1967)

. . . After reading the ed's answers to Fergus and Smith in TWJ #43, it seems to me that you still have a problem with time vs. number of issues, since the 12-ish sub is less than one year (do you get a one-year Corresponding membership for @ sub?), and the 20-ish sub will either be one-year or just over (in that case, does a new sub have to be taken out, or will the old one be stre-e-etched for that slight part beyond one year?). It looks as tho you're still going to have bookkeeping troubles!

((Yes, we are, Bruce! As it stands now, there is no relation between the length of a JOURNAL sub and the length of a Corresponding membership, other than the fact that the 50¢ one-year Corresponding membership fee is considered to be subsumed in the \$2 or \$3.25 JOURNAL sub rate. If Corresponding members received any real benefits, then this wouldn't be true. As it is, except for an occasional supplement, Corresponding membership as it currently stands means only a name on a membership list. However, we are very much in favor of completely divorcing Corresponding membership fees from JOURNAL subscriptions.-- i.e., having Corresponding membership be 50¢ per year for anyone who wants it, with no "free" memberships to long-term JOURNAL subscribers. If this is done, of course, it would also be necessary to give Corresponding members something for their money -- which is where WSFA Business Supplements come in. As it stands now, the whole thing is very confusing! --ed.))

Burton W. Randolph, 5423 Maniwac Dr., Palos Verdes Peninsula, Cal., 90274 (Undated)

((Excerpts from three letters)) Hold the presses on TWJ 45! Felice Rolfe has indeed replied to my inquiry. She deserves to be unmaligned. My TWJ 43 remark is now obsolete and happily untrue. . . .

. . . Allow me to augment my other comment about Felice by saying that she writes with depth, sensitivity, and freedom of style. Her letter to me is worthy of publication as it stands.

Already a professional mathematician, she aspires to become an author. And she now has the only previously missing ingredient: something real to say. She plans to learn and write the truth about the hippies in Haight-Ashbury. I don't see how she can miss.

. . . The only point of importance I made ((in the two letters excerpted above -- if you remember, there was some confusion about them, and we asked Burt what he had said in them --ed.)) was that Felice Rolfe deserves to be unmaligned because, contrary to my earlier letter, she did respond most graciously to my request for Tolkien material. I find NIEKAS a top-drawer fanzine but what a fantastic amount of work! How that gal manages to publish NIEKAS, be active in a little theater group, do research for writing, and take care of Joe and the kids and the house is beyond understanding... unless she is an absent-minded alien who carelessly reveals she has no need for sleep.

. . . I was in the D.C. area on a lightning trip and dropped over to see Alexis and Doll. After dinner I said I would like to meet Banks because he is a Tolkien enthusiast. So Doll called him and found he had retired early. End of story? No. Banks got up, got dressed, and whipped over, and we had a fine evening.

. . . Now re TWJ #47:

Well said, Banks, do it your own way. Which ends up well done. Keelhaul the mainmast! Captain McKnight will make space sailors out of us yet. As if John's points weren't more than adequate, I might toss in the distressing $(1/r^2)$ decrease of radiation pressure with distance. Better we find a dandy way to harness the tiniest fraction of the energy a quasar sprays around in such staggering amounts.

Anybody see the recent TIME TUNNEL where Tony whipped back to '41 and met himself as a child? This is carrying conservation of mass (and who knows what else) a bit far.

Alexis reviews beautifully as usual. Re The Stolen Sun, I wonder if Petaja is Hungarian. The word "Vanhat" (assuming Alexis didn't coin it for posterity) in the form "van hat" means "it (or he or she) is six", and not in the sense of dinnertime. Could be a coincidence.

Re Tarzan, in 1937 at the advanced age of 3-score-less-4-dozen, I pondered over the height and weight of the bronzed giant and settled on 6'5" and 235 lb., which would make him a little guy in the NBA today (anyone under 6'6").

Enjoyed Doll's DH:FR. Lest anyone think I am politically neutral, I confess I suggested to Felice Rolfe in a recent note that she and some other bay fans make a midnight foray and paint "The Good Ship Lollipop" in big pink letters on Mr. Black's roof. Maybe this makes me de facto accessory before the fact or some similarly threatening thing.

To L.C. Smith (let's make it Burt and Larry), I will write you and Rod Walker and Ed Meskys, who is taking over the Tolkien Society of America's Journal, eventually. Us Tolkien enthusiasts survive!

I am starting a new collection of items for the Vital Information Dept.; they must be multi-faceted and true. My first two items are: (1) Rasputin's daughter, Maria, was mauled by a Himalayan bear in Peru, Indiana, in 1935. (2) A blue whale calf is weaned at the age of seven months when he(he) is 52 feet long.

George Fergus, B-113 Armstrong, MSU, E. Lansing, Mich., 48823 (9 October 1967)

In case no one noticed, on page 5 of TWJ #47 the Nycon Committee's Special Award should read "The 21st Century" (CBS-TV) rather than "21st Century Sub". I'm sure that Frank Herbert appreciated your good intentions, however.

In the same issue is a misleading article on Solar Sailing by John O. McKnight, in which he argues (rightly) that sunjammers won't be able to tack "into the wind" (that is, toward the sun) as do sea-going ships for roughly the same reason that airplane wings won't work in outer space. However, he then goes on to state that "Changing the angle of the sail will have no effect on the direction" in which the sunjammer will be pushed. Mr. McKnight is, apparently, a sailor and not a physicist. In fact, any billiards player will tell him that the direction of recoil depends on the striking angle, in spite of the absence of rudder or keel. And, in striking a metal sail in interplanetary space, photons behave near enough like billiard balls as makes no difference. In point of fact (ask Arthur C. Clarke if you don't believe me), a sunjammer should be able to move in almost an entire 180° arc, depending on the angle of the sails.

This reminds me of a misconception that SF authors and fans appear to have taken to their hearts ever since it appeared as the result of some fuggheaded mathematician's misinterpretation of some of the theories which led up to Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity. I am referring to what is sometimes called in SF the Lorentz-Fitzgerald Contraction: the longitudinal contraction, mass increase, and time dilatation observed for an object whose velocity approaches the speed of light. In SF terms, for example, if you watched a spaceship zooming by the earth at 98% of the speed of light, the people on it would appear to be moving five times as slowly as normal and the ship would also measure to be shorter and heavier than it was in

drydock on Earth. However, these changes are only apparent, resulting from the limitations of our means of measurement in dealing with speeds comparable to that of the light, radio, etc. waves by which we obtain our data. To the passengers on the ship, it is the earth which appears to be zooming by and which appears to undergo the same uncanny changes: things on Earth appear to move slowly, etc. A further complication is that these effects depend not only on the relative speed of object and observer, but also on whether they are approaching or receding from each other. The upshot of lots of mathematical calculations with the appropriate formulae is that by the time a spaceship returns from a speedy trip to another star system and lands, all the kookie "apparent" changes iron themselves out and the shipboard clocks give the same elapsed time for the voyage as the clocks that stayed on Earth. So, despite the glamor of returning from a space voyage of six months to find that your twin brother has aged 20 years while you were gone, it has no basis in fact (despite the maunderings of a few diehard geocentric physicists who never managed to grasp the basic principle of Einstein's General Relativity). But Time for the Stars still makes good fantasy, right?

To Ted White: Sorry I offended you and Lin. My conjectured route of rejects among book companies was meant as a joke. . . .

Leigh Couch, Route 2, Box 889, Arnold, Mo., 63010 (13 Oct. 1967)

. . . The usual excellent issue ((#47 --ed.)) and I approve Banks' shortened version. I will be more interested in seeing what interests Banks. Most of us read these magazines and a story-by-story account really isn't necessary. A certain percentage of stories are so ephemeral that they vanish from your mind as soon as you put the magazine down.

Who is this John O. McKnight and where do you find these people? First Muhlhauser and now this boy. Well, you got a letter from Asimov and perhaps now you'll get another from the thinly-veiled pro featured in this Amazing Article!

The Einstein Intersection, ah yes! Beautiful! I've read it twice and will probably do so again. One highlight of Nyxon was Zelazny and Delany on stage together talking in such a cool, relaxed way. Two incredible talents, and two great people.

The voting for the con site was something to see. The charisma that Harlan has is too much -- he had half or better of that audience in his hand. I won't go into the results, except to say that I am now more than ever convinced that man is a political animal. I almost believe that the drive for power ranks above sex as a gut-impulse.

Compliments to Jay for a good job during your absence.

Small recommendation: I Never Promised You A Rose Garden by Hannah Green is the story of a young girl afflicted with schizophrenia. The interesting thing about it is her imaginary world, the Kingdom of Yr, peopled by strange gods and demons such as Lactamaeon and Anterrabae, the endlessly falling one. Since it is a reprint, you may already know of it.

((For the record, the McKnight article was originally given as a talk during the first part of 1967 before the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society. --ed.))

Jay Kay Klein, 302 Sandra Drive, North Syracuse, N.Y., 13212 (17 Oct. 1967)

I guess your open question in THE WSFA JOURNAL #47 calls for a reply. . . After that monster of a conreport I sent you, I really feel as if I had better lay low for a while, till the shock wears off.

Harry Warner's kind comments, and the others, are very pleasing to me. I'm glad to find out that what I write has some interest. I've already mentioned in a previous letter how I got into the conreport business -- used to write them as personal letters to friends who couldn't make the cons. I wrote some pretty long letters!

I always mean to take notes, and conscientiously bring along a notebook. Then I get so busy taking pictures, talking to old friends, and meeting new ones, that I forget to use it. However, I do jot down some items from the program, so that I can make direct quotes. Most of my conversational quotes are from memory, but are reasonably accurate.

One nice thing about having lots of photos -- I can tell where I've been, and with whom I was. Unfortunately, this nearly always turns out to be with Bob Madle at the bar. Sometimes, I'm lucky enough to be with Charlie Brown and the girls.

Actually, I suppose you could say I am a trained reporter, since I have a degree from the Syracuse University School of Journalism. After graduation, I even received offers to run three different small-town newspapers. But I just couldn't face the thought of a deadline every day. Probably that's why I wound up putting out a fanzine that appears once a year. Even then, I often miss the deadline -- and bring the thing out a year late.

Of course, my conreports are told as I see it happen. Mostly, I talk about the people I associate with. I even have a running gag about Bob Madle's age and beer drinking. I'd like to go on record that I did not know Bob Madle when he was a boy. I knew Bob Madle when I was a boy.

There seems to be some sort of myth, too, that I've been taking pictures since the third issue of WEIRD TALES. The first convention I photographed was in 1950, with my first camera, that I'd had only a few months. It really wasn't equal to the task, and I knew it. It hurt. I simply couldn't afford good equipment. It wasn't until I'd left college in 1960 that I finally managed to buy camera equipment I could really use. I photographed the Pittcon and brought out the first Convention Annual.

Assuming I could ever finish last year's Con Annual (Tricon), I'd be pleased to write some articles on science fiction. I've had occasional pieces, including science fiction poetry, in fanzines as far back as 1946. I even did a series of reviews for Jimmy Taurasi's SCIENCE FICTION TIMES. Now, the last thing THE WSFA JOURNAL needs is more reviews. Alexis Gilliland and Banks Mebane do a fine job already. They are a pleasure to read.

Considering my special interests, I've been thinking about the following articles:

- "How to Photograph Science Fiction Conventions"
- "How to Find Parties at Science Fiction Conventions"
- "The Care and Breeding of Girl Fans"

However, I've decided it would be best not to reveal my trade secrets.

When I get caught up on my commitments to suffering Con Annual subscribers, I'll see if I can think of some suitable article material. Or the editor can supply a topic. And I'd be happy to provide photos of conventions for THE WSFA JOURNAL.

((Let us know when you're caught up, Jay, and we'll talk about topics. And as for con photos, we'd very much like to print some, if the reproduction obstacles can be overcome. Perhaps some of our readers can make some suggestions along this line? --ed.))

Douglas Cheshire, Rt. 1; Box 648, Woodbridge, Virginia, 22191 (18 Oct. 1967)

Just a brief note to tell you how much I enjoy TWJ. The reviews and news of forthcoming books are especially helpful. ##### One addition to the Roger Zelazny bibliography: "For a Breath I Tarry" and "The Keys to December" appeared in World's Best SF: 1967, Ace Books, 1967. . . .

((Our thanks to Douglas and those other kind readers who have dropped us a brief note of appreciation for the JOURNAL along with their subscription renewals. We do not generally print such notes, however, unless there is something of general in-

18
terest contained therein -- but rest assured that your comments are appreciated. It is always a pleasure to know that one's efforts are appreciated. --ed.))

Don Hutchison, 147 Leacrest Road, Toronto 17, Ontario, Canada (22 Oct. 1967)

. . . The JOURNAL is very useful, very entertaining; it must surely be a kind of focal point for fandom by now. It's one of the four fan magazines that I keep as a permanent reference to almost all that's going on in the sf field. My only requests are on the negative side: please do not use fiction or artwork in THE WSFA JOURNAL -- I like it the way it is, and as an excellent journal of news and reviews and tidbits it makes for easier reference -- artwork and fiction only take up space that could be better allotted. I like the letter column, tho. The JOURNAL is much more than a newszine and the letters form an interesting dialogue. . . .

((Thanks, for the egoboo, Don. Re fiction and artwork: we plan to use fiction and artwork only in special, oversized issues, like the DISCLAVE issues and the 100th-issue (if we do a special issue for the 100th-issue). In this manner, instead of leaving something out to make room for fiction or artwork, we simply tack on more pages to accomodate same. The problem is, though, to find half-way decent artwork and fiction.... --ed.))

Harlan Ellison, 3484 Coy Drive, Sherman Oaks, Cal., 91403 (30 Oct. 1967)

Thanks for the recent JOURNAL with Jay Kay Klein's truly exhaustive and entertaining report of the NYCON 3. One tends to forget, in the flash and scamper of Jay Kay's convention photography, that he has an eminently retentive mind working behind the shutter, and is clocking all the action for later retelling. However, there are several small discrepancies in his reportage, as it applies to me, that I politely tender herewith, more to keep the record straight than for any inclination to footnote Jay Kay's excellent tour de force de histoire.

1: The fight I encountered in Milford (p. 3 of Jay Kay's report) was not in a bar. I don't go into bars, very often, as I don't drink. It was early in the morning, and it began in the Milford Diner. I had two eggs, sunny side up, a rasher of bacon, a glass of orange juice (canned), and a cup of coffee. The other guy didn't wind up in the hospital, nor was he arrested. He did get a broken nose, I am led to believe, by his appearance shortly after the fracas, at the door of the local medico.

2: It was by no means a group who won the bidding for me at the auction. Jan Trenholm was prepared to go as high as several hundred dollars, she told me (a classic example of caveat lector), and it was only as a kindness that she allowed the Columbus Group to add the last of the money to her winning bid, in return for 15 minutes of the hour. As it turned out, they never collected that 15 minutes, and since it was only valid at the NYCON, we will have to conclude that they performed a truly humanitarian act, by supporting TAFF without hope of recompense. But it was Jan -- one of the most truly remarkable girls I've ever encountered -- who was doing the bidding, all by her lonesome, and by specific intent prior to the convention.

(A footnoted aside. My thanks for Jay Kay's kind comments on my "glamour", "impressiveness", "generosity", "sex appeal", "dashing, off-hand manner", "attractiveness", et al. I am only confused about his feeling that because I possess glamour (his term), there is no justice in this world. I merely suggest to Jay Kay that if he had been as poor and ugly and bashful and insecure as I was, for as many years as I was, he might think there is justice in the world; and that if you think lovely thoughts long enough -- as I did -- eventually you get your just desserts, which obviously in my case are "talent", "success", "glamour", "impressiveness", "generosity", but...why go on...Jay Kay has said it all for me.)

3: Somehow, inexplicably, Jay Kay and others have decided that the failure of the Hilton to live up to its contract was not the Con Committee's fault, or Ted White's fault, or God's fault, but my fault, because I seconded the

bid at the Tricon. This is patently foolish. I had stopped at the Hilton in years past, and when I seconded that bid, I had only my past knowledge and the assurances of the bidding committee to work with. That seemed more than sufficient. I had no way of knowing -- nor, obviously, did Ted White and his troupe -- that the hotel was going to begin the implementation of new elevator construction during (insanity!) the Labor Day weekend, nor that the regular operators, foreseeing their jobs vanishing when the new automatics were installed, would all decide to call in sick so that the Hilton would have to lay on what subs they could. (It is my contention that, like Henry Miller working for Western Union in Tropic Of Cancer, they hired every epileptic, waterhead, dolt and criminal in the final stages of paresis they could find.) I freely admit the service at the Hilton was the most execrable I have ever encountered in any hotel, anywhere in the world. But how in the world either Ted or myself can be blamed for this, I do not understand. If such is the case, then Roddenberry, Bjo, Lester del Rey, Zelazny, Tucker and all the hundreds of bidders and seconders who have gone before me are equally as culpable, for most of the hotels worldcons have used have in one way or another been disappointing. It is a rule of thumb that they promise the world and deliver something less when nitty-gritty time rolls around. I don't know of any way to prevent this, save by making ironclad contracts with enormous penalties in them for failure to perform. But I'd certainly not like to think that because I made a seconding bid for a city that fans thought I was steering them wrong. If a bidding city asks me to second, I inquire as deeply as I'm able into the hotel arrangements, and the program, for I feel those are the two most salient promises made to a voting audience. I think it is safe to say that I suffered at the hands of the hotel management as much as anyone. There was no collusion, only circumstances. This, I feel, does not make me some sort of culprit.

In closing, there seem to be ripples of deep dissatisfaction at the way White and his people ran the Con. I wish I could concur. After having attended cons where no program was scheduled, where programs were scheduled and started so late that everyone went down to the bar, where programs never came off, where house dicks rounded up fans and threw them into rooms as early as midnight, where bars were closed unexpectedly, where bills were padded and promises as to room prices were ignored, where banquets were exorbitant and gave nothing in return, where con committees created public scandals, where bad times were had by all -- I feel that the NYCON 3 was a success. All I can say to those who had a dreary time is that a person carries his own scene with him wherever he goes. If someone waits for others to make his happiness for him, he will go to his grave bemoaning the dreadful life he led. I had a helluva good time. I saw more pros I hadn't seen in years at the NYCON, I spent my time in good company, laughing and scratching, really wailing. And that, even despite the fact that I was in constant pain from a severe fist beating, being served with horrendous lawsuit papers by Miss Merril, receiving several phone calls from a past I would rather forget, and having to edit a book of Gerald Kersh short stories, all during the days of the Convention. If I could have a ball under those circumstances, it seems fair to expect others with smaller problems to have a reasonably good time without carping. But then, I suppose some people are constructed in such a way that they would bitch at the perfection of Utopia.

Needless to say, this doesn't include Jay Kay, because he seemed to be having his usual good time, and his report reflects it.

I hope these little bits of addenda help in making Jay Kay's report more unified for posterity.

((Yes, they did, and Posterity thanks you, Harlan. --ed.))

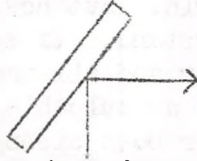
Hank Davis, 361 Linden Walk, Lexington, Ky., 40508

(1 Nov. 1967)

One correction to Jay Kay Klein's fine NYCon report: I believe that the telegram congratulating Lester del Rey was from Theodore Sturgeon, rather than Ray Bradbury.

John O. McKnight is wrong. A ship driven by the solar wind need not be limited to traveling in a straight line parallel to the rays of light. Light does not behave like a wind. A sailboat steals kinetic energy from a large moving mass of air. The molecules which collide with the sail and impart a portion of their kinetic energy to it do not lag behind, however, for their neighbor molecules impart energy to them; and the neighbors of the neighbors impart some of their energy to the neighbor molecules, and so on. Since the mass of the body of air is formidable, the loss in kinetic energy, thus spread over the entire air mass, is negligible.

Light rays don't behave that way. Each photon is independent of its neighbor. Imagine a perfectly plane mirror with a photon impinging upon it so that its path is at a 45° angle to the surface:



The reflection of the photon has two phases. First:



Second:



The thick arrow represents the thrust which the mirror has to receive in order for momentum to be conserved. Now, since the mass of a photon is constant and the velocity of light is a function of the medium of propagation, the photon has as much kinetic energy going away from the reflector as it did when it was approaching the reflector. Hence, the thrust that the mirror received when it "stopped" the photon is equal to the recoil when the photon leaves the surface of the mirror. Therefore, the two thrust vectors are equal and the net thrust is perpendicular to the surface of the reflector; i.e., at a 45° angle to the path of the photon:



(But where does the energy imparted to the mirror come from, if the photon loses no kinetic energy? Would the light be redder after reflection? Or is there a flaw in my reasoning?)

The solar sail-ship can even move toward the sun. If it is in an orbit around a star, it need merely direct the reflective thrust vector opposite to the direction of its orbital motion.

Don Martin, West Main Road, Little Compton, R.I., 02837

(4 Nov. 1967)

. . . I also like the news of forthcoming p.b.'s. I do wonder, though, if it's your policy to list only s.f. in forthcoming releases. There have been a great many fantasy and supernatural p.b.'s issued recently (including some very good ones). I know that at least a few of your members prefer fantasy to s.f. (as I do), so it would be nice to get news of forthcoming fantasy p.b.'s. Could also save money, too. On a recent visit to a newsstand I spotted 4 fantasy novels in p.b., 2 of which are rare in hardcovers, and a 3rd which is often offered for sale, but still expensive. I grabbed that 3rd one, but had long since bought the other 3 in hardcovers. . . .

((We list all releases reported to us. We are trying hard to expand our coverage of forthcoming books, but publishers seem curiously reluctant to supply advance info.--ed))

21

THE EASTERN SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

The next meeting of the Eastern Science Fiction Association (ESFA) will be held on Sunday, December 3, at 3 p.m., in the YM-YWCA at 600 Broad St., Newark, N.J. No information is available at this time concerning the program.

Minutes of ESFA Meeting, October 1, 1967 --

The meeting was called to order by Director Deckinger at 3:30 p.m., with an attendance of 32 persons. The Treasurer's report was given and accepted, as was the Secretary's minutes. Under old business Fred Lerner announced that the information flyer for prospective new members had been drawn up and would be run off for distribution in the coming month.

Bob Weinberg gave the information that 3.5 million dollars had already been spent on the space epic, 2001 A.D. Richard Roberts spoke of a tentative charter flight to the 1968 World Convention, and Fred Lerner said there might possibly be a convention train, with group reductions. Sam Moskowitz called attention to an article in the Sept. 14, 1967 issue of the DOVER (N.J.) ADVANCE by John R. Pierce, Jr., commenting on Lester del Rey's NyCon 3 talk, "Story Telling vs the New Wave". Moskowitz also mentioned Frank Gruber's new book, The Pulp Jungle, a history of the pulps in the '30's. Other announcements mentioned that John Bowen's 1958 novel After the Rain would be presented at the John Golden Theatre on Oct. 9, and that Forrest J. Ackerman had a short role in George Pal's THE TOWER.

With Mike

Deckinger declining nomination for Director, Bob Weinberg was elected by acclamation. Mike Deckinger defeated Sandra Deckinger 14-6 for Vice Director. Secretary Allan Howard and Treasurer Paul Herkart were re-elected without opposition. A three-way run for the two-man membership committee found Sam Moskowitz and Fred Lerner elected over Sherna Comerford.

Ted Engel showed films of the highlights of NyCon 3, which proved to be excellent coverage of all important activities.

The guest speaker was

Frank Belknap Long, who began by speaking of his early writing career, which started in WEIRD TALES in 1927. Although he considers most of his early stories melodramatic and overwritten, he finds that these are the ones best remembered by the fans. His hard-cover novel John Carstairs, Space Detective, which he doesn't think too much of, sold over 8,000 copies. He went on to say that from the time he sold his first story he never held a regular job, except in editorial capacities. In the early days his income was small, but the pulps were a good market. Writers wrote all kinds of stories to make a living, and pot-boilers sold without trouble. The top rates were 3¢ a word, with some writers making up to \$100,000 a year. Mr. Long said that Arthur J Burks' statement that a pulp writer had only seven good years was ridiculous.

Mr.

Long still considers himself more of a supernatural horror writer and would like to do this in preference to sf. However, the market is small for this type of writing. He finds sf harder to write, since he is not technical-minded, and must do research for his s-f yarns. He believes sf and fantasy are more closely related than most people realize, and some of the best sf has a horror element. Most writers do both.

Mr. Long said the sense of wonder was most prominent in the old stories, although crude and naive. He feels that sf has lost something, for he would like to see a sense of wonder combined with the modern realistic technological sf. Mr. Long sees no new departure in sf since the '40's, but if there should be one this is the way it may well go. He considers the New Wave just a fad, but admitted that he hasn't read Zelazny and Delany.

The meeting adjourned at 5:50 p.m., after which Philip Donnelly and Helmut F. Geiger were admitted to membership.

Allan Howard, Secretary, ESFA

TABLE OF CONTENTS

DECEMBER-JANUARY SHORT CALENDAR -- clubs and conventions pg 1

THE DESTRUCTION OF HARLAN ELLISON -- satire (by Alexis Gilliland) pg 2

A MATTER OF DEFINITION (by Philip N. Bridges) pg 2

VIEWS, REVIEWS, AND ARCHIMEDEAN SPIRALS -- book reviews:

Dangerous Visions, by Harlan Ellison (reviewer, Banks Mebane) pp 3,4

To Outrun Doomsday, by Kenneth Bulmer (reviewer, Alexis Gilliland) pg 5

Mistress of Mistresses, by E.R. Eddison (reviewer, Gilliland) pp 5,6

NEWS FROM ACE -- NOVEMBER RELEASES -- book news pg 6

MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY -- prozine reviews (by Banks Mebane) pp 7,8

ODDS AND ENDS -- misc. news and announcements pg 8

DOLL'S HOUSE -- fanzine reviews (ERBDOM #'s 14-20; QUARK #4; THE NEW NEW-
PORT NEWS NEWS #2; GENOOK #2; TRUMPET #6; HYBOREAN TIMES #1) (by
Doll Gilliland) pp 9-12

FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK -- lettercol (Laurence C. Smith, Bruce MacPhee,
Burton W. Randolph; George Fergus; Leigh Couch; Jay Kay Klein;
Douglas Cheshire; Don Hutchison; Harlan Ellison; Hank Davis; Don
Martin) pp 13-20

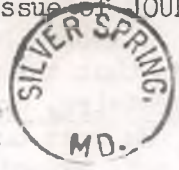
THE EASTERN SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION -- minutes (by Allan Howard) pg 21

TABLE OF CONTENTS and COLOPHON pg 22

The JOURNAL is published monthly. Subscription rates are 5/\$1, 12/\$2, or 20/\$3.25; individual copy prices vary. Persons subscribing at the \$2 or \$3.25 rates may, at their option, be Corresponding members of WSFA for one year. For club exchanges, back-issue information, and advertising rates, write the editor. Deadline for issue #50 material, December 1; for issue #51, December 29. Address code: C, Contributor; G, Guest; K, something of yours is reviewed herein; L, Life member; M, Regular member; N, you are mentioned in this issue; P, Corresponding member; R, for review; S, Sample, W, Subscriber; X, last issue, unless.... (Date or number following code indicates last month of membership or last issue of JOURNAL remaining on subscription.)

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

Return Requested



TO: Dick Schultz (W-58)
19159 Helen
Detroit, Mich. 48234