

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

The Official Organ of the Washington Science Fiction Association ----- Issue No. 50
Editor and Publisher: Don Miller Mid-December, 1967

Mid-December/January Short Calendar --

(WSFA meetings start at 8 p.m.)

WSFA Meetings -- 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; ph., 761-8026; from D.C., take Balt.-Wash. Parkway to Dorsey Rd./Glen Burnie exit -- turn right towards Glen Burnie -- go thru blinking, red, and blinking lights -- 2 miles east on left-hand side is Piper Flying Service -- one mile past that is Stewart Ave -- take it to right (just before you come to overpass) -- go to stop sign and make left-hand turn (you are on Stewart Ave. proper now) -- go about 3 blocks -- house with large white "X" on fence is Mike's (Stewart & Dogwood Drive); from Baltimore, take Beltway down to Md. 3 exit -- follow Md. 3 to 176 exit (Dorsey Road) -- take 1st turn to left and follow above directions from stop sign); January 5 (at home of Banks Mebane, 6901 Strathmore St., Chevy Chase, Md.; ph. 652-8684; from Wash., take Wisconsin Ave. towards Bethesda -- turn left at the intersection of Wisc. Ave. & Bradley Blvd. -- Strathmore St. is on your right off Bradley Blvd. -- Banks' house is on corner); January 19 (at home of Bob Rozman, 9704 Belvedere Place, Silver Spring, Md.; ph. 588-9333; from Wash., come north on Georgia Ave. -- turn left at first traffic light north of Beltway (this is Forest Glen Road) -- go 3 or 4 blocks to Belvedere Place and turn left -- Bob's house is on right, about 3/4 way down block).

The Gamesmen -- December 22; January 12, 26; Diplomacy at home of Buddy Tretick, 3702 Wendy Lane, Silver Spring, Md, 20906; ph. 942-8306; other games at home of Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Md., 20906; ph. 933-5417. Call as far in advance as possible if planning to attend; we both need to know # of attendees in advance of meeting date. Meetings start at 7:30 p.m. FRANCE: Muster on Dec. 22.

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

ESFA Meetings -- January 7; at YM-YWCA, 600 Broad St., Newark, N.J., at 3 p.m.

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

NESFA Meetings -- We are not sure they have a regular date established yet; last meeting was held Dec. 10, at home of NESFA member; we'll keep you informed.

C/SFS 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 Sats., at homes of various members (write Bob Gaines, 336 Olentangy St., Columbus, Ohio, 43202, for info.).

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

FISTFA Meetings -- December 8, 22; January 12, 26; at apt. of Mike McInerney, 250 W. 16th St., Apt. 5FW, N.Y., N.Y., at approx. 8 p.m.

(See page 18 for more info on club meetings and forthcoming conventions)

MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY
 Prozine Reviews: by Banks Mebane

Vol. 1, No. 1 of a new magazine, BEYOND INFINITY, has come out with a Nov.-Dec. date. Five of the stories are minor works by known names -- Christopher Anvil, Ben Bova, John Brunner, John Christopher, and James McKimney. The other seven are by names unfamiliar to me, and the only by-line I could identify as having been used before, according to the Don Day and MIT indices, was that of Douglas and Dorothy Stapleton (Douglas is also the editor). Judging from a fondness for platitudes and a quick hand with cliché, common to all seven stories, I wouldn't be surprised to learn that the Stapletons did them all. At the Philcon, I heard from a proverbially Reliable Source that no second issue of BEYOND INFINITY will appear. Small loss.

The first issue of INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION, Frederik Pohl's new magazine of imports, is out, but I haven't seen a copy yet. Review will have to wait until I locate one (which I hope to do on my next trip out of town -- apparently, like the last few issues of WORLDS OF TOMORROW, it won't be distributed in the D. C. area). At Philadelphia, Fred Pohl said that it would continue for at least one more issue.

Bob Lowndes has brought out another reprint magazine -- WORLD-WIDE ADVENTURE. There may be some fantasy in it, but I didn't buy a copy so I can't say for sure.

The only regular magazine on hand and unreviewed is the December ANALOG, so I'll cover it in toto. John Schoenherr has done a striking cover and interiors for Anne McGaffrey's serial "Dragonrider"; I'll discuss the story when it concludes in January. Jack Wodhams' novelet "Whosawhatsa?" is an amusing discussion of the legal points that might arise if sex-changing ever becomes widespread; it has a lot of ideas but not much story. Alexei Panshin's vignette, "The Destiny of Milton Gomrath", adds a logical ending to the standard sword-and-sorcery beginning. Piers Anthony has an F&SF-type short story, while those by Christopher Anvil and Mack Reynolds are more typically ANALOG. R. S. Richardson does a good article on the rotations and revolutions of Mercury and Venus.

 Featurette -- EXCERPTS FROM THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE (?) EDITION OF THE GUADALAJARA TOURIST NEWS, GUADALAJARA, JAL., 12/2/66:

BALLET INTERNACIONAL. Famed inside-outside "iron curtain" Bolshoi Ballet will perform in the Degollado Theater on December 11 and 12....This group of over eighty elements will present "Swan Lake" and "Giselle" completely. ((Soviet science triumphs again -- tk))

"AVALOS". Mexico's Most Traditional Blown Glass Factory.

LA TOMA. Near TEQUILA, practically impossible to find, but worth it! 2 kilometers past TEQUILA....Picture view- lovely waterfall--swimming beneath it. Bring bathing mit.

FIREWORKS. Often planned at last minuto, precluding incl. here, but always case sky, particularly on week ends, at 10 p.m. for rockets bursting....P.s. Nitely when Virgin of Zapopan is in city (ciudad.).

HOSPICIO CABANAS. Orphan's home (see map), has ORCZCO mural, but big! World famous, hundreds of kids. Can buy them ice cream for \$ 15 bucks. Send them a fheck. What bigger thrill?

TOP DINING SOPT: LA COPA DE LECHE ((and the final word...))

DONT' MISS. Info disseminated in sheet timetried & proven! Read as carefully.

T.D.C. Kuch

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MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY: 1967 AUTOPSY REPORT

By Banks Mebane

Aside from a few entries in the vital statistics column, the magazines didn't change much in 1967. WORLDS OF TOMORROW folded to make way for Fred Pohl's INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION. BEYOND INFINITY was born, gave one gasp, and expired. Lowndes brought out a new magazine. Harry Harrison took over as editor of AMAZING and FANTASTIC and hopefully will bring on a renaissance, but that'll have to wait for '68.

Since my '66 survey of editorial personalities is still valid, I'll treat '67 in terms of writers and artists rather than magazines.

The big event first: after establishing his reputation with novels for Ace, Samuel R. Delany finally turned to writing shorter fiction for the magazines, with spectacular results. The year saw a novella, "The Star-Pit" (WOT), a novelet, "Drift-glass" (IF), and a short, "Corona" (F&SF). Delany's characters are real people with a tremendous zest for living no matter how hopeless their situation. Few writers, in or out of sf, can swallow the world whole and come back for more the way Delany does. Come award time, consider these three stories.

Roger Zelazny is another one to consider. His novella, "Damnation Alley" (GAL), was an unforgettable experience for me, and his novelet, "This Mortal Mountain" (IF), also hit me hard. His two short stories, "The Man Who Loved the Faioli" and "Angel, Dark Angel" (both GAL) were good if slight, and two segments of his novel Lord of Light were published as novelets: "Dawn" and "Death and the Executioner" (both F&SF). The latter are in a different vein from much of his work: less immediate and sometimes subtler, with the biting Zelazny irony muted but present -- fantasies told in a lush, incantatory style.

Everybody is talking about a "New Thing" in sf. No one agrees on what it is, but J. G. Ballard is usually mentioned as part of it. What Ballard does is not really new, except in sf. Somebody like Moskowitz can probably trace it back to the Gilgamesh epic or whatever, and with little effort we can push it back through the symbolists to people like Novalis, or in this century up through the Absurd Theater. It is a literary technique of objectifying and dramatizing subjective meanings and motives. I think Ballard does it well; he's just a little old storyteller like Franz Kafka (to paraphrase Roger Zelazny). Of Ballard's three entries in the American magazines this year, I preferred "Cry Hope, Cry Fury!" and "The Cloud-Sculptors of Coral D" (both F&SF). Those who don't usually care for him may like "Venus Smiles" (IF), which is less Ballardesque. His influence has been strong in England, and Peter Tate's two stories in FANTASTIC are examples. No comparable Ballard school has grown in America, and while Kit Reed's excellent "The Vine" (F&SF) could own something to him, I rather think she got there independently.

Among 1967's new writers, Dean R. Koontz strikes me as having the most potential. His two stories, "Soft Come the Dragons" and "To Behold the Sun" (both F&SF), suffer from a self-conscious artiness but nevertheless have power. Jack Wodhams is a new writer from Down Under who had four stories in ANALOG; he's good, but such a froth of ideas and wisecracks bubbles up in his writing that the story itself is almost forgotten. Burt K. Filer had two shorts in IF, one a first publication; they're minor, but they show he can write.

Larry Niven is one of the most inventive minds operating in sf. He writes within the traditional sf forms and gives them new life. None of his seven '67 stories seems outstanding to me, but together they make an impressive body of work.

R. A. Lafferty, an increasingly good and individual writer, published five stories -- three in GALAXY and one each in F&SF and MAGAZINE OF HORROR. Of these I liked "Ginny

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Wrapped in the Sun" best, but they were all good. Larry Eisenberg is another writer with a lot of individuality (read oddball) who had several good stories; he alternates between the sfzines and more prestigious outlets.

Robert Silverberg is writing better sf now that he does it as a low-paid hobby than he did when he was one of the volume leaders in the field. His output this year was the strong novelet "Hawksbill Station" and three good shorts, "By the Sea-wall", "Bride Ninety-one", and "King of the Golden World", all in the Pohlzines.

The mainstays of the magazines, in 1967 as always, were the writers who can turn out consistently competent action sf. Poul Anderson is one of the best; he produced a serial (GAL), two novellas (ASF), a novelet (GAL), plus an ASF short under the name of Winston P. Sanders. Keith Laumer had a serial and eight other stories ranging from a short to a novella, mostly in the Pohlzines. Mack Reynolds dominated ANALOG with two serials, a novella, a novelet, and three shorts appearing there, plus stories in WOT and F&SF. C. C. MacApp wrote eight yarns, all in IF or GALAXY; he seems to have dropped Gree and is producing good alien adventure, as in "Winter of the Llangs" and "When Sea Is Born Again", and humor, as in "Spare That Tree".

Other less-prolific writers also published solid work. Jack Vance's GALAXY serial "The Palace of Love", lapped over into the beginning of the year, and he had novelets in AMAZING and FANTASTIC; none of it was his best work, but the level was high. Fred Saberhagen turned out four Berserker stories for the Pohlzines, and Harry Harrison had a serial and a novelet, both humorous, in ANALOG, plus a short or two. Frank Herbert had two important serials in AMAZING (one running into '68) and an ANALOG novelet.

Some of the top authors were absent or present in too small quantity. Philip K. Dick had just one short story, "Return Match" (GAL), and Harlan Ellison was represented only by "I Have No Mouth, and I Must Scream" (IF). Fritz Leiber had three shorts (IF, GAL, F&SF) and Thomas M. Disch two minor things in F&SF. John Brunner, aside from the wind-up of his serial "Born Under Mars" in AMAZING, published only a short or two, as did Brian Aldiss.

These drop-outs were somewhat compensated for by welcome appearances from writers we rarely see these days. H. L. Gold, Phyllis Gotlieb, Andre Norton and George O. Smith each published a story. Hal Clement had the serial "Ocean On Top" in IF, and Algis Budrys produced a serial, "The Iron Thorn" (IF), and a short, "Cerberus" (F&SF). Ron Goulart and Richard Wilson both wrote more than usual.

The remaining highlights I'll cover briefly, although some of them are near the top. James Blish's "Faust Aleph-Null" (IF) was the major serial of the year; he can make exciting fiction out of the oddest material. Avram Davidson's "The Power of Every Root" (F&SF) was outstanding. Guy McCord's "The Coup" (ASF) was good action in the Poul Anderson manner, and Anne McCaffrey's "Weyr Search" (ASF) was impressive (a serial-sequel, "Dragonrider", started in December). I liked Simon Tully's "Whose Brother Is My Sister?" (WOT), Bob Shaw's "Burden of Proof" (ASF) (although it wasn't as good as "Light of Other Days"), Arthur Jean Cox's "The Sea-Change" (F&SF), and James McKimmey's "The Young Priests of Adytum 199" (GAL) (Terry Carr doesn't agree with me on that last one).

Gaughan and Schoenherr strike me as the best artists; I like them on both cover and interior. Freas is also good, Virgil Finlay is still around, and Vaughn Bodé is coming up fast. Gray Morrow had some good F&SF covers.

The magazines may be dying, as we hear so often at conventions, but they look full of life to me.

VIEWS, REVIEWS, AND ARCHIMEDEAN SPIRALS
Book Reviews: By Alexis Gilliland

For the Christmas season this year, Ballantine has a box of goodies for you:--a lovely lavender box filled with Arthur C. Clarke books: Childhood's End (60¢, 216 pp.; U5066; copyright 1953); Earthlight (50¢, 155 pp.; U2824; copyright 1955); Tales From the White Hart (50¢, 151 pp.; U2113; copyright 1957); Expedition to Earth (11 shorts; 50¢, 165pp.; U2112; copyright 1953); Reach For Tomorrow (12 shorts; 50¢, 166 pp.; copyright 1956). This is about 1/8 of Clarke's total output and represents his earliest work, including "Rescue Party" from ASTOUNDING in 1945.

My own feeling about these books is that they are old enough so that everybody has had a chance to read them, and so current that they should have been read (or re-read) recently. They are very very good. Clarke's conceptions are in no way inferior to Heinlein's, his science is on a par with Asimov's, and he can write rings around Ballard (to mention an English writer). The Tales From the White Hart is the funniest collection of science-fiction stories that was ever written. Childhood's End is my choice for the best s-f novel ever. Earthlight is a blend of very superior space opera and spy story. The other two are short stories from STARTLING STORIES ("The Fires Within" and "History Lesson"), THRILLING WONDER STORIES ("Breaking Strain", "Technical Error", and "A Walk in the Dark"), ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION ("Rescue Party", "Loophole", "Inheritance", and "Hide and Seek"), and many other strange and extinct species of magazine that flourished in those days.

The whole collection sells for \$2.60, and should make a dandy gift. If you haven't read them, drop heavy-footed hints to your friends, and if you haven't read any of them, shell out the shekels for a real bargain.

City Of Illusion, by Ursula K. LeGuin (Ace Book G-626; 25¢; 156 pp.).

Organically, the book is divided into two parts; first, a long march through the wilderness, where the hero's character is shaped; second (from page 86), where the hero seeks to solve an intricate puzzle that has its roots in the time prior to the start of the story. The story is well put together, since the first half of the book clearly leads into the second half, and the second half is solidly based on the first.

The incidents of the trip are good, and the pace, while not fast, is not slow, either. There is a certain lack of tension, brought about by the knowledge that Falk has a mission to perform, and a hundred-odd pages to go, and he is going to get out of this jackpot somehow. The characters he meets are very well done, and Estrel, All Alonio, and the King of Kansas are memorable. In the second part, the **author** poses an insoluble problem, and evades it with some neat sleight of hand. No complaints there.

What I must question is the basic assumption upon which the plot rests. It seems, in the remote, happy past, that humanity mastered telepathy, and gave up telling lies. And there they were, happy as a pig eating truffles, pushing out into the starry heavens, when along came the Shing. THE SHING FROM OUTER SPACE!! They divided and conquered, and stomped humanity flat because they could tell lies.

Now first, telling the truth, even augmented and reinforced by mindtouch, is not going to prevent ambiguities, misunderstanding, and misinformation from getting passed around. Nor will it prevent a firm "no" from becoming a firm "yes" five minutes or five years later. Nor will it prevent people from believing what they want to believe, and selecting the parts of the truth that please them best. And if you can do that, who needs to lie?

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Second, the ability to lie and be believed is not an unalloyed advantage. You often have to tell the same story to different people at the same time -- like the Russians telling the Egyptians how they'd be supported, so the Chinese would be impressed.

Third, humanity would be bound to turn up telepathic liars of their own, and they would probably find themselves in positions of importance.

Gaughan's cover is symbolic and quite attractive. The book is not particularly exciting, but it makes good, solid reading. Worthwhile.

War of the Wing-Men, by Poul Anderson (Ace Book G-634; 50¢; 156 pp.).

This is a reissue, having been put out by Ace in 1958, the same year it appeared in ASF. It was, as I recall, the second story featuring Nicholas van Rijn, the rump-snorting apotheosis of the wheeler-dealer businessman, and it is one of Anderson's best efforts. Certainly van Rijn must rate as the most memorable character in recent science fiction, and Anderson continues to use him from time to time just as Tarzan was continued. WotWW is where van Rijn is most fully delineated, and if you have enjoyed the later van Rijn yarns without having read this one, you have a rare treat in store. In one sense, the book is a gigantic character study of the man, and this in no way is a reflection on the book.

The plot is "simply" how to survive in an utterly hostile environment, and since the help of the wing-men is needed, and they are involved in a messy war, why we, also, are involved. Anderson throws in everything but the kitchen sink. Winston Churchill's frozen aircraft carriers, air battles, skulduggery, sea battles, fug-heads in high place, land battles, van Rijn exhorting the disheartened Lannachi, combined operations, intrigue, counter-intrigue and all the rest of that good stuff. It all blends marvelously well, and (to mix a metaphor) Anderson has done it to a turn. There are no loose ends, soft spots in the writing, or gross scientific errors. Motives are consistent, ambiguities are either deliberate or quickly clarified, and the supporting cast is well delineated. A point: in dealing with aliens, character has to be drawn by action. "His pale greenish gill slits flapped pallidly..." doesn't tell a thing about the entity in question, but if he acts, then he becomes real. In WotWW this is done very well, and van Rijn has an able cast supporting him.

The book is a pleasure, and you should read it; on my honor, I recommend it highly.

The cover is very good, but no name is given. It may be the one they used nine years ago, and you'd think that after all this time they would have dug up who the artist was. Oh well....

To Open the Sky, by Robert Silverberg (Ballantine Books U6093; 75¢; 210 pp.).

The action in this novel ranges across the solar system, and covers a span of 87 years, from 2077 to 2164. It is structured in the form of five short stories (each able to stand by itself), which may have been published in magazines somewhere, although no copyright data is given. The central characters change from story to story, and the continuing characters change as the result of a 20- to 40-year interval. Thus, the youthful, pushy Christopher Mondschein in "The Warriors of Light" (2095) becomes the serene, competent missionary on Venus in "Where the Changed Ones Go" (2135), and the wary administrator in "To Open the Sky" (2164).

I was surprised at the coherence of the plot, and how tightly the stories hand together; the book is a novel. More than that, it is quite a good one. The basic

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unifying that that Silverberg uses is the quasi-immortal Noel Vorst, who acts quite openly as the deus ex machina, or at least as the Prophet of the Deus ex Machina. His aim is to get mankind to the stars, and his chosen method is to found a religion, Vorsterism, which makes technology a central part of its ritual. The promise of Vorsterism is "Eternal Life -- ASAP*", and it supports a long-term biological R&D program with part of the contributions of the faithful. How Vorst works biological research into interstellar flight, and how he manipulates people to gain his ends, is what makes the novel. The people he (sometimes) manipulates and their situations are what make the short stories.

In "Blue Fire" (2077) the background is set out -- the overpopulated world with its pressures, and Vorsterism beginning to catch on. We meet Reynolds Kirby, a government exec, who gets religion in rather trying circumstances.

In "Warriors of Light" (2095) we encounter Mondschein and the Harmonist heresy, while Kirby has a walk-on part.

In "Where the Changed Ones Go" (2135), Mondschein is a Harmonist missionary (with gills) on Venus, and we encounter Venerians with psi powers.

In "Lazarus Come Forth" we run into Kirby again, and Mondschein again, and for the first time Vorst begins to show his hand. It also comes to light that Vorsterism has for all practical purposes taken over the government of Earth and its ten trillion people, while the Harmonists are solidly entrenched on Venus.

And finally, in "To Open the Sky" (2164), everything is tied together, and the lost or hidden motivations are revealed, and the story can still stand as a short.

Silverberg has put together an intellectually consistent future world for a background, and a carefully worked out plot which provides for all sorts of action. This is one of the best examples of classical science fiction as opposed to mainstream fiction that has come out recently, and it has both the strong points and weaknesses of that genre. The book is highly entertaining and provides a fair bit of intellectual stimulation. There are a lot of ideas here, ranging from good to mediocre -- no bad (in 1967) ideas, and nothing stock.

This will probably be in contention for the Hugo next year, so you should read it.

((All five stories in the book appeared in GALAXY, in the same chronological order as in the book, in the June '65, Dec. '65, Feb. '66, April '66, and June '66 issues. They bore the same titles in magazine form as they do in the book. --ed.))

Thorns, by Robert Silverberg (Ballantine Book U6097; 75¢; 214 pp.).

This book is probably the best Silverberg has ever done. It is a better book than To Open the Sky, but TOTs will be in contention for the Hugo, while Thorns will not, because the one is a fine example of a classical science-fiction story and the other is an excellent yarn that doesn't fit anywhere. You might describe Thorns as part character study, part social comment, and part allegory set against a science-fictional background.

The plot is basically the interactions of three characters. Duncan Chalk, the deus ex machina, is the apotheosis of a television producer. He is enormous (600 pounds), rich, powerful, and a vampire feeding on human emotions. Pandering to the base appetites of his clientele in television land, he brings together Minner Burris and Lona Kelvin, who are each unique freaks. Burris is a spaceman who has been surgi-

*As Soon As Possible

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cally made over by alien beings in rather drastic fashion. Lona is the mother of 100 children as the result of a scientific experiment. She is 17 and a virgin, but the 100 babies weigh on her mind. (She furnished the ova which were artificially inseminated, etc.)

From Chalk's point of view, the two are eminently newsworthy, and even better, they are horribly mismatched. Throw them together, and after awhile they come bitterly apart with lots of emotional juice for his private enjoyment. He will simultaneously get his profits and his kicks.

There are two or three excellent secondary characters: Elise Prolisse, the pneumatic widow of one of Burris' crewmates on the ill-fated voyage, and Chalk's sidemen, Aoudad and Nikolaides, lecher and athlete. All come across quite nicely. There is also quite a lot of sex, tastefully handled and related to the plot. So you have sex, and the vampirish sadism of Chalk, and the science which provides the background music, so to speak. As a bonus, Silverberg is writing over his head. Normally, he isn't this good.

However, I am not at all sure that what he has here is science fiction. Maybe it isn't mainstream fiction either, but if you read it without expecting familiar formulas you will be well rewarded.

The cover, illegibly signed and uncredited, is a symbolical depiction of Lona and Burris in the photographic style of recent Dali. Probably a photomontage with transparent coloring, but very attractive. The varicose veins on Lona seem a bit dubious; after all, she was never pregnant.

The Double Invaders, by John Rackham, and These Savage Futurians, by Philip E. High (Ace Double G-623; 50¢; 116 and 130 pages, respectively).

TDI begins with the remark that Terra fell from the paths of righteousness upon learning of the wicked foreign policy of Zorgan. Cut to the invasion of Scarta, a peaceful, bucolic planet with incredibly fast reflexes. By page 45 the Scartanni have smashed the invaders utterly flat, and we are ready to get on with the story.

It is a very interesting story, with good, even brilliant, ideas, a lot of fast action, sexual tension (as opposed to mere sex), and one well developed character. It is a pleasure to think about afterward, and Rackham's writing is professional and quite competent. Nevertheless, the whole is less than the sum of its parts in this case, and the book is somewhat less than a joy to read.

I have not been able to figure out why this should be so, exactly. One reason might be the author's strategy in telling the story. Told directly, with the reader adequately clued in, the story would be flat and insipid as it moved towards an utterly predictable climax. On the other hand, the reader would never have any doubts as to where his sympathies were. As Rackham tells it, there is suspense, and tension born of not knowing what's going on. There is a very good mystery about the planet Scarta and its people, which is plausible and fairly clued, and a gimmicky mystery about the invaders which is strictly sleight of hand. However, Denzil Bragan, the main character, is a bit of a puzzle. When his comrades changed sides en masse at the first chance, he remained loyal to Zorgan. He holds out alone as a matter of principle, defeated but heroic, until he finds himself in the presence of a pretty girl...cheez! We are being asked to sympathize with a man who is turning his coat for seemingly base reasons, as he retreats from a noble pose. Probably Rackham failed in trying to keep too much up his sleeve. By revealing a little more, or telling the story a little differently, he might have been able to turn the ambiguity of Bragan's character into an asset.

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Anyway, this is by far the better half of the double, and for all that the book could have been a lot better, it is still quite good.

Ermoyan's cover is handsome and quite effective in its use of color. There is also a spot by Gaughan, which he may have contributed for free.

For These Savage Futurians, by contrast, Gray Morrow has a badly drawn hand with sick colors which are pretty, but weak. It is symbolic but obscure, that cover, and not very good. A Gaughan spot inside, tho'.

One could say the same about the story, which is best described as a random collection of hack plot elements casually thrown together. The background material includes The Mad Scientist and The Little Band of Scientists Taking Refuge Against the Impending Crisis. As the book begins, one rather has the impression that they were huddled together on a sort of Texas Tower. This impression changes for bigger and better as the book goes on, and by the end we have Atlantis Refloated. The crisis. (pardon, Crisis), the collapse of the overstrained supply and distribution network, has been given a sketchy and incredibly banal treatment. The gadgets left behind... ay di me! They never stop working, and solar energy is made to provide a million times more power than it should.

Well, that takes care of the good parts. The story suffers from being at once loosely plotted and predictable. The author even gives the impression of counting his words periodically to see if it's time to stop, yet. The characters are low-grade cardboard, from the British middle class, and are notable only for their excessive self-righteousness.

The conflict is fake. Side A, the cells of survivor scientists, are hiding from side B, the cult scientists on the Island, when A has superior technology and greater numbers. Side B is conducting a genetic breeding experiment on humans, using crack-not political criteria. They are so obviously, incredibly wrong from the beginning that you know it's going to be a case of no contest.

The hero is a genetic fluke, a gadgeteer par excellence, when gadgeteers are what are being bred away from. He starts off with inventing an automatic crossbow, and ends with micro-micro robots that go about zapping individual virus molecules. Then a landing craft tank shows up in a microphotograph of a soil sample, and we are all set for The Invasion of the Virus Men, but the author doesn't know what to do with them, so the virus critters (surely humanoid in shape, at least) get written out.

And finally we have Nearly Beaten Villians Kidnap Wife of Hero to Get Him. These of course are the highlights; I haven't mentioned a number of lesser themes.

This is a dull book, enlivened by flashes of mediocrity.

I have some extra space, so let me note that Ace has recently sent me: Cloud Over Malverton, by Nancy Buckingham -- a first-person narrative by a female BEM (Beautiful English Maiden) who finds herself an heiress surrounded by grasping heirs (2 ea.) in an old and mysterious house. Urp. Gothick 'orrer. (I don't like Goths.) ## The Winds of Night, by Anne Maybury, is the same thing on the edge of a cliff. ## Saverstall, by Jean Vicary, is BEM held prisoner in redecorated castle by handsome, wicked boss and his evil aunts and uncles. "One of my failures I do not regret," he replied with crazy gallantry, "I assure you, my dear, if I set out to kill you again, there will be no mistake." Will she come across? Will she even have a chance to come across? Who knows? ## Cross Country Nurse?! The literate or hemi-semi-demi-literate version of a serial that would have run in TRUE CONFESSIONS if TRUE CONFESSIONS ran serials. By S. Roberts. ## Also Westerns. Also Men From U*N*C*L*I*E. The latter I am turning over to my co-reviewer Mr. Gechter. ## Cross Country Nurse?? Orch 'ya chornyeh....

NEWS FROM ACE

January, 1968 releases --

Why Call Them Back From Heaven?, by Clifford D. Simak (H-42; 60¢) -- "This first novel in Ace's new series of Science Fiction Specials -- top-quality books designed for the growing college-age and adult science fiction market -- presents one of the field's acknowledged master writers with an exciting, challenging story of a strange future."

PLANET OF ADVENTURE #1: City of the Chasch, by Jack Vance (G-688; 50¢) -- "A lone Earthman is stranded on an alien planet, in this exciting and fascinating new strange-world series by one of science fiction's premier adventure writers."

The Swords of Lankmar, by Fritz Leiber (H-38; 60¢) -- "The first long novel about the fabulous sword-and-sorcery adventures of Fafhrd the Barbarian and his partner in risk and booty, the Gray Mouser...beginning an action-packed new series."

Eye in the Sky, by Philip K. Dick (H-39; 60¢) -- "'Glorious...it takes off madly, in wild hyperbolic sweeps of unabashed imagination. Two guys ride to heaven on an umbrella, and there's a house which eats people. The earth comes to an end more than once. It's worth eleven times the price and all your rereading time. I like it.'" -- Theodore Sturgeon"

C.O.D. Mars, by E. C. Tubb (H-40; 60¢) -- "Space Detective Slade was offered a million solars for the delivery of the crew of the spaceship Hope...and he should have refused...." and

Alien Sea, by John Rackham -- "Violet-eyed Venusians were avenging their ancestors' exile by Earth, and Dennis Billard became one of the first victims."

The Lively Ghosts of Ireland, by Hans Holzer (H-47; 60¢) -- "The first comprehensive volume about Ireland's psychic phenomena . . ." "True tales of the supernatural -- authenticated reports of interviews with disembodied denizens of the Shadow World...Plus many psychic experiences in the ancient seat of Ghostlore..."

December, 1967 releases --

Turning On, by Damon Knight (G-677; 50¢) -- "'These 13 stories are science fiction at its best...Damon Knight is a master of the way things will be in the future.'" -- ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH"

The Big Jump, by Leigh Brackett (G-683; 50¢) -- "Comyn, tough space-bum, set out to find what had killed his friend in the first Big Jump to another sun-system."

Cycle of Nemesis, by Kenneth Bulmer (G-680; 50¢) -- "A stunning novel of time and space, as a small band of valiant men fight the shattering power of an extragalactic nemesis."

PROFESSOR JAMESON SPACE ADVENTURE #4: Twin Worlds, by Neil R. Jones (G-681; 50¢) -- "In the double-world system of Dlasitap, the Zoromes fight to free one planet from the tyranny of another."

The Wrecks of Time, by Michael Moorcock (H-36; 60¢) -- "Faustaff and his ultra-secret crew must battle a force that threatened to destroy Earth in all its parallel time-lines." and

Tramontane, by Emil Petaja -- "Snatched from death by the immortal Louhi, he sought revenge against the legendary tribe who were his ancient enemies."

(See ODDS AND ENDS elsewhere in this issue for more ACE information.)

DLM

DOLL'S HOUSE: Fanzine Reviews

By Doll Gilliland

St. Louis is making a bid for the 1969 World Con. Well, there may be some argument about that, but there's no denying the Missouri Muse.

For the professional touch in the fantasy field, there's ANUBIS, Vol. 1, No. 2 (Spring, 1967; 60 pp.) (The Golden Goblin Press, Box 323, Arlington, Va., 22210; 50¢, \$2/year -- \$2.50/year overseas. Mss. of stories, articles, poems, and artwork -- with self-addressed envelope -- should be submitted to the editor Paul J. Willis, Rte. 1, Box 156, Festus, Mo., 63028; payment by arrangement.). Paul Willis is an accomplished writer, artist, and editor; add to his talents those of Ron Willis and R. Edward Jennings, as well as various contributors, and you're bound to have an entertaining publication. Paul launches this ish with an editorial on fantasy per se and includes a topical fantasy "Take a Giant Step", with an appropriately fanciful Gaughan illustration. (His other artwork is just as delightful, but all seem to have a different feel about them. Possibly JG was having fun. Hey, Jack, was that dragon for me? It's definitely my type.) Ron Willis offers the eerie "The Black Bishop" -- very well written; predictable, but nonetheless enjoyable -- as well as "Dust", which might well be a poetic synopsis of a yet-to-be-written s-f story. For flavor, there is a repro of the frontispiece of a 1563 edition of the Thierbuch von Conrad Gessner and Ms. leaf from a medieval Koran in the Thuluth script. (Honest, that's what it says in the art credits; for further remarks, see Jack Gaughan's LoC.) The leaf follows background info on the Necronomicon, and with Philip Canning's poem "Irem" and the quote from Washington Irving's "Legends of the Arabian Astrologer", sets the stage for Canning's exotic "A Knight of Uther Pent". "Arizona's Lost Death Trap" by V.H. Gaddis is an abrupt switch in locale and writing. N.G. Markham contributes a haunted hunting tale, followed by "The Bookseller's Tale" by W.J. Wentz... and then the enchantment of R.E. Jennings' "Fulfillment", not to mention his cover and interior art. Henry Vandervort's traditional classical prose provides the horror of "The Inheritor". R.B. Johnson's article on Charles Fort, the now-defunct Fortean Society, and Tiffany Thayer serves to introduce the reader to the International Fortean Organization and INFO (of which Paul Willis is sec/editor). Illos and lettering by the latter and Chester Malon certainly deserve a nod. If you like the strange, the eerie, the weird, the fanciful, you'll like the quarterly ANUBIS.

On the other side of the spectrum, we have STARLING 10 (Hank Luttrell, Rm. 49B, Donnelly Hall, Blair Group, Columbia, Mo., 65201; 25¢, loc's, trades, contribs, etc.). Characterized by interior illos in red, green, blue, or black, the artwork could be better; however, Robt. Schoenfeld is pleasing, G. Klein is all right, Ann Chamberlain draws a nice pussycat, and Ray Fisher's vehicle definitely has zing. Editor discusses the Hugo nominee for the Drama award, and pushes the St. Louis bid for the '69 Worldcon. Richard Gordon contributes a drolly entertaining article on English university life. Leigh Couch does well by the subject of censorship, in response to an earlier editorial on the Ginzburg case. Harry Warner's letter also touches on this, and his distinction between the pornography ~~bit~~ and censorship per se is welcome; people are too inclined to equate the two. John Kusske's loc points out that the purpose of censorship is to regulate distribution, not reading. (Someone should tell that to the National Rifle Association in re the gun laws.) Shades of RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, here is a commendable comparative review by Joe Sanders of Eugene Zamiatin's We (1924), Huxley's Brave New World (1931), and Orwell's 1984 (1948). Sanders applies Northrop Frye's words to Huxley's works as not being novels but another part of prose fiction, "/differing/ from the novel in its characterization, which is stylized rather than naturalistic, and presents people as mouthpieces of the ideas they represent". (Joe, behave yourself. It's bad enough getting caught up in the question of what is science fiction, without adding what is a novel. I might continue this further and ask "What is fiction?" Look at Capote, etc.)

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Gordon and Sanders make this issue of STARLING. Cannot predict what is to come, but it probably will be interesting.

Have to hand it to the Ozark Science Fiction Association. They have not one but two club organs: OSFAN -- with club news, fan news, etc. (Hank Luttrell, ed.; somewhat akin to TWJ's supplement), and that gem SIRRUISH (Leigh Couch, Rt. 2, Box 889, Arnold, Mo., 63010; available to members -- \$3 local, \$1.50 for fans far removed, per year -- or 25¢ per issue, published contribs and loc's, etc.) for entertainment. As might be expected, the latter is the superior publication. ((It should be noted here that the last couple issues of OSFAN, which Doll had not seen when she wrote this review, evidence a widening scope; OSFAN has broadened its coverage to include news of forthcoming publications, fanzine reviews, etc., and is definitely worth getting for its information value. --ed.))

SIRRUISH #4. Magnificent Lemminkainen -- a Gaughankreation -- mans the cover. Would be happy to say something on the interior artists, but that tricky Leigh Couch, after listing the credits, neglected to number the pages. I recognize Alexis' Roman legionnaires manning the tommygun at the bottom of the Colophon page. Richard Flinchbaugh's interesting "scribbilloing" is Steinberg derivative, perhaps. Page 8, with Harold Steele's "Lucifer" and Chris Couch's background illo, is a winning layout. (Which reminds me, Chris, you forgot the "lumps" on the LoC Ness Monster.) Wade and Diane Scherrer do some fanciful doodlin' on Bill Bower's philosophical fantasy "Incident Beside the Gafia Tree".

This issue marks Leigh Couch's debut as SIRRUISH's editor, and as her first, it is quite good. Her editorial is a novel appeal for support. Ron Whittington writes a tale of a sci-fi fan who became a comicaddict. Jim Hall contributes an introduction to the fantasies of James Branch Cabell...a bit of biography, a bit of bibliography; unfortunately, the article fails to convey the charm of Cabell's writing, but it does clarify the relationship of his several works as parts of a Biography of Dom Manuel and his descendents. Warren James writes on Bradbury's "The Fireman", Fahrenheit 451, and "Bright Phoenix". "Phoenie's First Mine" by Jerry Kaufman still puzzles me, but that may be because I know not of whom he speaks. (For that matter, I didn't know what BNF meant until I just asked Alexis. Who or what or why is John Phoenie?) Among the gems to be found in the LoColumn are a Lovecraftian rumble from Robert Gersman, Ron Whittington's recipe for a standard LoC, Jack Gaughan's reminiscences about his early attempts to break into pro illo field (complete with a "go-go" girl by going going Gaughan),

SIRRUISH #5. (Hey, this is fun. I can carry on a remote-control correspondence with JG while doing my column.) This ish of SIRRUISH contains a 6-page folio of Gaughan sketches -- hoddamn. (Jack, wodinell is that first illo, or isn't it?) Also, a loc from same, and a clever apologetic gesture from Leigh for misspelling Jack's name. Speaking of loc's, there is a magnificent outpouring from Bob Vardeman responding to Leigh's question "Why is it considered bhad, grubby, and neo to subscribe to fanzines with MONEY?" (Actually, Leigh, there's nothing wrong with money. But there'd be an awful lot more wrong with a lot more fanzines if they didn't get those contribs.), not to mention his very lucid comments on Bob Dylan's social comments. A strong cover by Gene Klein, who also did a couple of the interior illos. Art work improving each issue -- this month's other art contributors: Chris Couch, Cyanide, Richard Davis, R. Flinchbaugh, George Foster, R.E. Gilbert, Alexis Gilliland, Doug Lovenstein, Jim Reuss, Jim Schumaker, and Rick Seward.

Alexis, you scoundrel, you inflicted a mad scientist upon them, but they got their revenge by misspelling our last name (...or does this put him on a par with Gaughan?) Hank Davis is represented by a glorified Feghoot-type punstory and some excellent book reviews. Other book reviews by Bob Vardeman (and I'll take issue with him. Starwolf is certainly readable space opera, but Agent of T.E.R.R.A. swings.). Jim

Reuss' review of the film "One Million Years B.C." is thorough, altho his closing paragraph still eludes me -- I can't decide if he's serious or kidding ("Turak had obviously never seen a tear before, perhaps no one until then in the history of man. They marked the evolution from beast to man..."). W.G. Bliss does an extended review of "thin magazine" WONDER WART HOG #1. James Schumaker's "The Gaff" is a stale tale with a slightly different twist, very faanish writing. Chris Couch, Hank Luttrell, and Lesleigh Couch collaborate in pairs to produce Midwescon and Ozarkon reports. Roger Zelazny's Ozarkon GoH speech is printed herein (so tell me, after getting all those tough ones right like Aeschylus, Nietzsche, etc., how come you misspell Apollo?), followed by Rich Wannan's review of the two early sci-fi films shown -- "Flash Gordon" and "Metropolis". An entertaining 64 pages.

And then there's ODD #17 (Ray Fisher, 4404 Forest Pk., St. Louis, Mo., 63108; 4/\$2.). What a pleasure. Ray has strong feelings about his publication and he expresses them. (Hey Ray, I had an English teacher who impressed upon me that there ain't no such word as "irregardless". I mention this because it's the only nit I could find to pick with your editorial.)

Issue #17 displays an unusual array of art and art styles -- beautifully conceived, beautifully executed...several cuts above the usual fanzine material. One would suspect that many of the artists are saving their more original efforts for the Fishers. This issue features fine front and bacover and a folio (as well as a brief but sparkling autobiographical sketch by Margaret A. Dominick (Why does she use DEA rather than MAD?)). I most certainly enjoy the otherness of R.E. Jennings' ODD art. There are a pair of lesser Gaughan sketches, and a pair of little whimsys by T. Jeeves. For topical humor, you'll find Ray Nelson's comic "Sugar Joe, The Acid Freak"; for wit, Kalergy's space cowboy on his mechanical mount. Continuing the ANUBIS efforts, Chester Malon and Paul Willis display great skill and creativity in their title renderings. Oh, those lucky Fishers...All this and Mickey Rhodes, too, whose full-page poetry illos are something else. And speaking of poetry and something else, there's "The Possessment" by EOS. Some may consider it overly emotional, but who can blame the creator? Philip Canning is represented here by his philosophical "Encounter"; and then there's Joyce Fisher's refreshing poeticism, "1040-A".

Bill Bowers does his bit, "It's a Soldier's Job" -- a two-mind thoughtalogue on the war front and the home front...a good idea, but the language is banal. Ted White is interesting on the topic of "Paranoia in Science Fiction". While I cannot attest to the accuracy of his statements, I can say that they are presented well. Paul Willis' essay this issue is on his preference for Today rather than the Good Old Days or maybe even the Golden Tomorrows. In "Man and the Mammoths in the Americas", reprinted from PW's THE INFO JOURNAL, there is another Willis heard from. Ron discusses the possibility of Man and mammoths being contemporaries, with illos and fotos, as well as references for those whose curiosity has been piqued. Extremely well done.

Ray Nelson's "The Art of Morality" is interesting and morbidly fascinating, to say the least. If it is truly autobiographical, the above adjectives are about the best that can be said for the author as a person...but he does write well. Dick Gordon discourses breezily on the British scene -- who's making it musically, late Harold Wilson jokes, Charlton Heston's movies and others like "The Bible", "Ulysses", etc.

Fanzines are reviewed by Arnie Katz, who evidently knows of whom he writes (which is more than can be said for this columnist, except for certain isolated instances), furnishing fan background whence cometh the various editors. Extended and able remarks in the LoC column by Stan Woolston, Dan Johnson, Ray Nelson, Roger Zelazny (the value of trivia), Mike Deckinger (the "persecution of peace-seekers"), John Christopher ("living courageously?"), Harry Warner (his old Wells article featured

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in the previous ish), Keith Otter (bureaucratic forms), Judi Sephton (and Ray Fisher -- psychological tests and character ratings), H.L. Gold's philosophical aside, Jim Gardner and Dick Lupoff and Don Wollheim et al going ape for Gaughan; Ray Nelson (Superman theories and Joyce Fisher's poetry), Dan Johnson (ODD should include more sci-fi material, and Joyce Fisher's poetry), etc.

Writing is good, topics diverse, art artistic, reproduction superb, layout remarkably effective, as are the occasional touches of color. With a winning vehicle such as ODD to carry the message, St. Louis's bid for the '69 Worldcon can't help but impress.

DYNATRON #32 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd., N.W., Albuquerque, N.M., 87107; five 4¢ stamps (no subs)). Always fun to read, it isn't profound, but who cares? Bob Vardeman has a column on visual sf; this time he covers the new TV season in his usual blithe manner; from the looks of things, his comments are probably more entertaining than most of the shows. While we're on the subject, Kay Anderson's loc describing "Voyage's" last original episode is hilarious -- or perhaps it was the episode. The film "Robinson Crusoe on Mars" comes in for its lumps via Bob Tucker's loc -- marvelous. He also touches on anthropological matters, as does Carmie Lynn Toulouse. Other loc's from Stan Woolston, Phil Muldowney, Yukiko Yasuoka, Takumi Shibano (TOFF rep.); and Milt Stevens. Diana Tackett contributes a heat-struck "Straw Horse". The Huckster Dept. offers old fanzines. And then there's Roy's "Writings in the Sand", touching on such themes as the Radical Center (inspired by Mack Reynolds' yarn), D.C. Holmes' book The Search For Life on Other Worlds, Federal regulations on acceptable radon gas levels for workers in uranium mines, and the alienness of Mr. Spock (subject of DEA's cover). Well-written, friendly 19 pages.

SAPSAFIELD 7, June (John F. Kusske, Rte. 2, Hastings, Minn., 55033; a SAPS, APA mailing; also, trades, loc's, favorable reviews, acceptable contribs, 10¢ first issue, 25¢ per additional). Kusske's article on "Professional Wrestling -- American Folk Drama" is clever, going beyond the hero-villain bit to delve into the Arrogant Intellectual, Muscular Pervert, and other inter-relationships. Good fanzine and mystery book reviews. The story idea of "Alton the Arrgh" has charm (as does the character), but the way it is executed.... "Love, too is a Four-Letter Word" is the pleasant poetical penning of Lee Carson. Good egoboo provided. Fairish-fannish.

LORE, Vol. 1, No. 8, April (Jerry Page, 193 Battery Pl. N.E., Atlanta, Ga., 30307. Contribs, published answers, and letters; 25¢, 4/1.00 -- make checks payable to Jerry Page, but send to Jerry Burge, 1707 Piper Circle, S.E., Atlanta, Ga., 30306.). Basically an info 'zine for serious fans, containing indices (e.g., Cockcroft's compilation of H. Bedford-Jones' Fantastic Tales in the Munsey magazines), an extensive review of The MIT SF Society's Index to the Science Fiction Magazines, with partial list of omissions and mistakes; August Derleth's reviews of Reg Smith's Weird Tales in the Thirties and Nebula Award Stories: 1965, ed. by Damon Knight. Questions about stories, authors, artists, etc., and answers by the editor or from readers. Also, fair to fine art work by Jeff Jones (who did the cover), Atom, Joe Staton, Jerry Burge, Barbara Powell, Alan Greene, Jurgen Wolff, and George Puckett.

THE GRIDLEY WAVE #22 (May) (House of Greystoke, 6657 Locust, Kansas City, Mo., 64131; Free to Burroughs Bibliophiles). A flyer, it announces retirement of Hulbert Burroughs from ERB, Inc.; new VP is Robert Hooks, who starts off by flying to Moscow to try and do business there for ERB. TV news. News column reports that Ohio U. at Chillicothe has selected Tarzan of the Apes for assigned reading! Al Howard reviews Treasure of the Black Falcon and does a very extended one on Fenton's The Big Swingers (viz. that picture of Fenton aping the Ape Man, I still say he has big feet. Alexis says why shouldn't Tarzan have big feet? It would help him walk in the swamps.) Also, reviews Tarnsman of Gor.

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

SPIES AT LARGE

Book Review: by Albert Gechter

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. #10: The Assassination Affair, by J. Hunter Holly (Ace Books: N.Y., 1966; 158 pp.; paperbound; 50¢; #G-636).

It would seem that Thrush Central Committee members have been reading The Silent Spring by Rachel Carson and applying its lessons to their plans for world-conquest. Be that as it may, these nefarious gentlemen are going to kill off the vegetation in many of the rural areas of the world by the use of a chemical poison they possess; they also have an antidote for it; both of these formulas are Thrush secrets, quite unknown to the rest of the world, so their scheme is quite practical. Crop failures and famine in the farmlands will result from this man-made plague, so the livestock, wild-life, and human population of the earth will be starved into submission and capitulation to the will of Thrush -- or perish. (Sounds rather familiar, doesn't it? It's basically the same idea as that used in the recent I SPY #4: Wipeout by John Tiger; only the means by which it is to be achieved differs -- chemical instead of bacteriological.)

Anyway, Thrush has given the code name "Operation Breadbasket" to this project. At the bottom of it all are an obscure botanist named Dr. Abel Cain Adams and a mysterious, brilliant chemist named Dundee. Adams is a crazy, ambitious, dangerous underling, who's trying to impress his superiors in Thrush with his ability. Dundee is the bigshot and mastermind, who gives rise to Adams' jealousy. So Adams decides to hire some thugs to assassinate Solo, Illya, and as many other U.N.C.L.E. agents as they can.

Our hero Napoleon Solo becomes desperate, frustrated, and furiously angry as he finds persons unknown are gunning for him and trying to rub him out. Even worse, it's interfering with his numerous amours! Illya Kuryakin takes it all much more coolly, but even his composure becomes ruffled badly before this particular nightmare is over.

The trail leads from New York to Chicago and on to Michigan, with several beautiful girls, a balloon, a theatrical company, a helicopter, and some rather strange U.S. Department of Agriculture agents involved in it. The most memorable episode occurs when Adams manages to kidnap Solo and puts him to an extremely fiendish ordeal.

Throughout the story, Solo and Illya take turns saving each other's lives from the enemy, while Napoleon keeps flirting with one girl after another, amid a succession of fights, perils, and chases. All in all, it's a routine spy-melodrama, good of its kind, and about average in quality for this particular series; fans of the U.N.C.L.E. yarns will have to get it for their collections, but other people won't be much interested, as Solo and Illya again manage to save the world as usual.

((This review may be the last appearance of Albert Gechter in the JOURNAL for some time to come. With it we complete publication of the backlog of material he left with us before his departure from the D.C. area (with the exception of a few very short news items). Albert moved to Oklahoma City, to take up a new position with the Government -- but since his departure, we've had no word from him -- so we don't know when, or if, we'll be receiving more material from him. To keep the series going, we would welcome reviews on mysteries, spy novels, adventure yarns, and similar off-beat areas, from any of our readers with special interests in said areas. We would also welcome reviews of works in the weird, supernatural, or horror genre -- and we still need an additional fanzine reviewer to take some of the pressure off Doll Gilliland. Articles, satirical material, and the like are always needed. --ed))

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THE EASTERN SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

The next meeting of the Eastern Science Fiction Association (ESFA) will be held on Sunday, January 7, 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, November 5, 1967 --

The meeting was called to order by Director Bob Weinberg at 3:25 p.m. with an attendance of 17 persons. The Secretary's Minutes were read and accepted. Weinberg announced that the newly formed Stevens Tech SF Club of Hoboken, N.J. would hold a meeting on Dec. 10 at 2:00 p.m., with Lester Del Rey as guest speaker. He also reported that BEYOND INFINITY, the new s-f magazine from California, seems to be a very poor and amateurish publication. Weinberg also mentioned that it is rumored that Fred Pohl will move to Europe. Various other news notes and items of interest were given by several members. The financial report was then read.

Under old business Fred Lerner announced that the publicity flyers for prospective new members were now ready for distribution. Several members took copies for posting on library and school bulletin boards. The Director announced that in the future he intended to start meetings promptly at 3:15, and late-comers would have to take their chances on missing out on important parts of the program. Sam Moskowitz stated that he had a copy of the Constitution, as revised by Brian Burley. It was given to the Secretary for checking and will eventually be printed for distribution and approval by the membership.

New business concerned itself with suggestions for the March Open Meeting, but was prefaced by the Director's mentioning that he needed new stationary for writing to prospective speakers. He was authorized to have new letterheads printed up. Sam Moskowitz said that he has a tape of the panel on Henry Kuttner, consisting of L. Sprague de Camp, Larry Shaw, Cyril Kornbluth, and Thomas S. Gardner, as presented at the March, 1958 ESFA Open Meeting. Some consideration was given to the idea of devoting the forthcoming Open Meeting to a tribute to Kuttner. Sam also read a letter from Will F. Jenkins (Murray Leinster) who mentioned that this January will mark his fiftieth year as an s-f writer, dating from the appearance of his story "Atmosphere" in the Jan. 27, 1918 issue of ARGOSY. This also seemed a good idea upon which to put together an Open Meeting. The Director will look further into the possibility of having a program built around the "Dean of Science Fiction".

An s-f quiz put together by Weinstein and Mike Deckinger was presented for participation in by the attendees. Based mainly on characters in recently published paperbacks, the quiz was won by Les Mayer. Another contest saw a team of those under 25 years of age pitted against members in the "twilight zone". The younger team consisting of Stephen Silverberg, Sherna Comerford, Tom Bulmer, Fred Lerner, Charles Eckhaus, Philip Donnelly, and Carl Frederick, battled to a 22-22 tie with Sam Moskowitz, Les Mayer, Allan Howard, Paul Herkart, Helmut Geiger, Rocco Manzo, and Bill Benthake.

The meeting was adjourned at 5:35 p.m.

Allan Howard, Secretary, ESFA

NOTE -- As announced some time ago, we will no longer forward JOURNALS which have been returned because of change-of-address or the like. Members and subscribers must inform us of address changes, and do so promptly, if they don't want to miss an issue. The following have had 'zines returned recently; if you want them, send the amount indicated, in stamps: Rick Cross: Issue #48 (15¢); Margaret Gemignani: Issue #'s 47 (17¢), 48 (15¢); David Chute: Issue #'s 45 and 46 (19¢), 47 (17¢), 48 (15¢); Dan Brannan: Issue #'s 43 (19¢), 44 (17¢), 45 and 46 (19¢), 47 (17¢). Amount due includes postage due fees and new postage. If you want any of these issues, send for them soon, or they'll be returned to stock. DLM

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THE CON GAME

BALTICON -- February 10-12, in Baltimore, Md. (exact site not yet announced). Guest of Honor, Samuel R. Delany. No info yet on registration fees or program.

BOSKONE V -- March 23 & 24, at the Statler Hilton Hotel, Boston, Mass. Guest of Honor, Larry Niven. Registration fee, \$2. No info yet on program, but the March General Meeting of the Tolkien Society of America will be held in conjunction with the BOSKONE. Sponsored by NESFA (New England Science Fiction Association). To register or for info write: Paul Galvin, ConComm Chairman, 219 Harvard St., Cambridge, Mass., 02139. (Thanks, S.F. WEEKLY.)

MARCON III -- March 30 and 31, at the Holiday Inn East, 4801 E. Broad St., Columbus, Ohio, 43213. Guest of Honor, Frederik Pohl. Program will feature fan and pro panels, a banquet, GoH speech, and an open party to be given by ØSFS. Registration will be \$1.50, and banquet tickets will be about \$3.50. Sponsored by ØSFS (Olentangy Science Fiction Society, Inc.). For further info on either MARCON III or the ØCon (the Columbus bid for the 1969 Worldcon), write Larry Smith, 216 E. Tibet Road, Columbus, Ohio, 43202. (Thanks, Larry.)

LUNACON/EASTERCON '68 -- April 19-21, with EASTERCON parties evenings of 19 & 20, LUNACON program afternoons of 20 & 21. Guest of Honor, Donald A. Wollheim. Consite, Park-Sheraton Hotel, 56th & Seventh Ave., N.Y.C. (free parking for hotel guests). Combined membership is \$2. No program info available yet. Sponsored jointly by The Lunarians, Inc., and FISTFA. For further info write to Frank Dietz, Jr., 1750 Walton Ave., Bronx, N.Y., 10453. (Thanks, Frank.)

DISCLAVE '68 -- May 10-12, Regency Congress Inn, 600 New York Ave., N.E., Wash., D.C. Guest of Honor and program not yet announced, except that J.K. Klein will be present with a slide-talk; if you like his conreports, you'll like his slide-talks even more! Sponsored by WSFA.

WESTERCON XXI -- ~~1968/1969/1970~~ Advance registration fee, \$2; after June 1, 1968, fee is \$3. For more info, write WesterCon 21, P.O. Box 261, Fairmont Station, El Cerrito, Cal., 94530. (Thanks, S.F. WEEKLY.) (We'll confirm the dates and have more info for you in the near future.) SEE BELOW

OZARKON II -- July 28-30 at the Ben Franklin Motor Hotel, 825 Washington, St. Louis, Mo., 63101. Guest of Honor is Roger Zelazny. Registration fee is \$2. Program includes a slide-talk, numerous films, auctions, and other items. Banquet is planned for Saturday afternoon, with cost being \$4.50. Room rates are \$7 for singles and \$9 for twins. For further info write Rich Wannan, 541 Sheffield Ave., Webster Groves, Missouri, 63119. (Thanks, S.F. WEEKLY. S.F. WEEKLY, incidentally, is available at 14/\$1 from Andy Porter, 24 East 82nd St., N.Y., N.Y., 10028. Subscribe now, as sub-rate goes up when postage is increased. For those who want the news while it's still news.)

BAYCON -- August 29-September 2, Hotel Claremont, Claremont & Ashby Aves., Oakland/Berkeley, Calif. Guest of Honor not yet announced. Program runs Fri-Mon, and includes, in addition to the usual items, a Medieval Tournament. Convention membership \$1 Overseas, \$2 Supporting (non-attending U.S.), \$3 Attending; make checks payable to "J. Ben Stark", and mail them to BAYCON, P.O. Box 261 Fairmont Sta., El Cerrito, Calif., 94530. PROGRESS REPORT #1 is already out; P.R. #2 deadline for ad copy (full-page, \$8; half-page, \$5) January 15; deadline for #3 is May 15. See P.R. #1 for info on PROGRAM BOOK rates and ad specifications. Room rates \$10 single, \$14 Twin/Double; some dorm-type rooms at \$6 per person. Rollaways \$4 each.

Hold the phone! Later info indicates WESTERCON XXI may be held at same time & place as BAYCON. Anyone? Also, info needed on MIDWESTCON, DEEPSOUTHCON, OPEN ESFA.

ODDS AND ENDS

In addition to those listed on page 10, other ACE releases for December are: The Enigma of the Unknown, by John Macklin (K-292; 50¢; "Extraordinary adventures in the mysterious world of Psychic Phenomena . . ."); Beauty That Must Die, by Barbara James (G-684; 50¢; "Gothic"); The Gilded Sarcophagus, by Charlotte Hunt (H-37; 60¢; "Gothic"); The Plundering Gun, by L.L. Foreman (G-678; 50¢; Western); Bandit Brand by Tom West and Ride For Vengeance, by John Callahan (G-682; 50¢; Western); Nurse at Mystery Villa, by Willo Davis Roberts (G-679; 50¢; Mystery/Romance); Dangerous Holiday, by Elizabeth Ford (K-293; 50¢; Mystery/Romance); also announced were the following boxed sets: Andre Norton Series (7 titles; \$3.40: Catseye, Witch World, Quest Crosstime, Star Guard, Warlock of the Witch World, Last Planet, Stars Are Ours); Amazing Facts Series (6 titles; \$3.20: Lo!, Strange Guests, Strange Bonds Between Animals and Men, Mystery Monsters, The Strange and Uncanny, Book of the Damned); Dorothy Eden Series (7 titles; \$3.50: The Pretty Ones, Bridge of Fear, The Deadly Travellers, The Brooding Lake, Night of the Letter, Listen to Danger, The Sleeping Bride); Georgette Heyer Series (6 titles; \$3.20: Venetia, April Lady, Arabella; Sylvester or, The Wicked Uncle; Sprig Muslin, The Reluctant Widow).

Additional Ace releases for January are: Into the Niger Bend, by Jules Verne (H-41; 60¢) and The City in the Sahara, by Jules Verne (H-43; 60¢) -- "Two exciting adventures which, taken together, form the crowning achievement of Jules Verne's famed career -- a danger-laden trek into the heart of Africa, and a super-science mystery at the end..." (the "Fitzroy" edition, edited and newly translated by I. O. Evans); The Woman at Belguardo, by Margaret Erskine (K-295; 50¢; "Gothic"); Beware of the Bouquet, by Joan Aiken (K-294; 50¢; "Gothic"); My Brother John (F-685; 50¢; Western); Stranger in Rampart, by Dan J. Stevens and The Hanging at Whiskey Smith, by Eric Allen (G-687; 50¢; Westerns); The Quiet Gentleman, by Georgette Heyer (H-44; 60¢; Romance); The Odds Against Nurse Pat, by Ray Dorien (G-686; 50¢; Romance).

Additional club info: Lunarians will meet on Dec. 16 and Jan. 20, at the home of Frank & Ann Dietz, 1750 Walton Ave., Bronx, N.Y., at 8 p.m. For guests of members and out-of-towners only. MoSFA meets weekly, at 7:30 p.m. on Thurs., in the basement of 813 Maryland, University of Missouri at Columbia campus. MITSFS meets every Friday at 5 p.m. in Room 1-236, MIT, Cambridge, Mass. Fellowship of the Purple Tongue meets every Sat., at 2 p.m. at the home of Phil Harrell, 3021 Tait Terrace, Norfolk, Va., at 2 p.m. (ph. 853-1259). Cincinnati Fantasy Group also meets every Sat. (time unknown) at homes of various members (write Lou Tabakow, 3953 St. Johns Terrace, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45236, for info.). LASFs meeting place has, we understand, been changed -- we'll try to have the new meeting place listed in the next JOURNAL. Is MSUFSF meeting this year, George? Corrections and additions to the list of clubs in this issue would be greatly appreciated. THE CLUB CIRCUIT will reappear shortly with an expanded listing of U.S. and overseas clubs.

As we are sending this issue of the JOURNAL through the Neffer Amateur Press Association's 35th mailing, we ought to say something about the group. N'APA is the APA of the National Fantasy Fan Federation. It has had its problems recently, with a succession of appointed rather than elected Official Editors, and an attrition in membership which has resulted in its mailings plunging from almost 500 pages to 88. However, an election is about to be held, and there is a recent influx of new blood, so the APA is about to surge forward again. If you're looking for an APA to join, and are too impatient to wait for years on the SAPS and FAPA waiting-lists, join N'APA -- there's no waiting-list there, at the moment. To join, you must first join N3F (send \$2 to Janie Lamb, Route 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tenn., 37754); then send \$1 and 6 pages (in 35 copies) of your own material to Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Md., 20906 (Dec. deadline is the 15th; next mailing deadline is March 15).

Sorry FANSTATIC & FEEDBACK is so slim this issue, but this issue is coming out ahead of schedule, and there has been little time for comments on #49 to reach us. DLM

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FANSTATIC AND FEEDBACK
(Lettercol)

Robert Willingham, 21934 Millpoint Ave., Torrance, Calif., 90502 (30 Nov 67)

. . . "MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY" . . . I think I like this the best out of the other features. (Probably because I read most of the zines mentioned and I like to see what other people think of same.) Banks is not exaggerating when he said Dean R. Koontz will soon be on the Nebula and Hugo nomination lists. However, I disagree with Mebane on the Saberhagen story; "Brother Berserker" had to be on Sirgol instead of Earth because this is the only planet in the Berserker series where time travel is possible, because of a "time fault". Other Time Operations-vs.-Berserker stories are "Stone Man" (novelette, WOT May '67), and "The Winged Helmet" (complete short novel, IF Aug '67). If anyone knows of some other Berserker story of this type, please let me know.

I've been seeing Gaughan's work everywhere, lately; he did all the illoes in INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION, a new zine (Frederik Pohl, editor); a lot for IF; and even an F&SF cover. I'm not complaining! His work isn't as individualistic or as easily identified as Bodé's, but I like it better.

TWJ has a good lettercol. (Harlan Ellison, yet.) I hadn't seen McKnight's article on solar sailing, but what I did see in the letters of Fergus and Davis was informative. I'll take this next time I'm out sunjamming. The last piece I saw on this mode of travel was H.H. Hollis' novelette in the May, 1967 IF, "The Long, Slow Orbits", for any of you who want to read it. . . .

Fred Lerner, 98-B, The Boulevard, East Paterson, N.J., 07407 (1 Dec 67)

TWJ #49 was excellent as usual. FISTFA meetings are informal things, and usually begin about 8 or 8:30 p.m.

Emil Petaja is of Finnish extraction, not Hungarian as Burton W. Randolph suggests. Finnish, of course, is closely related to Hungarian -- both are Finno-Ugric languages. Petaja's Saga of Lost Earths and its sequels are set in a Kalevala-based future; the Kalevala is the Finnish national folk-epic. Of the two English-language editions easily available, the two-volume Everyman Library version preserves the 8-syllable metre from which Longfellow got the inspiration for Hiawatha. The other edition, edited by a Harvard professor, is in blank verse, and isn't nearly so much fun! (The Kalevala was also the setting for DeCamp/Pratt's The Wall of Serpents.)

((We're still trying to obtain a copy of The Wall of Serpents. Anyone have a copy they're willing to sell?? Or trade?? Fred, we might mention, is in charge of the History Division of the N3F Games Bureau, for which he edits and publishes a 'zine called THE AMATEUR HISTORIAN (the second issue of which is due out soon). He is looking for material -- anything, even only a couple of lines in length -- which might be of interest. He also requests that anyone knowledgeable in this area send him the name, location, and theme of any world-of-if stories. --ed.))

Jay Kay Klein, 302 Sandra Drive, North Syracuse, N.Y., 13212 (3 Dec 67)

I was pleased to see Harlan Ellison and others taking the time to provide some corrections to my Nycon 3 conreport. I gather the impression that they generously realize I put the report together mostly from memory. Fortunately, I feel I may still claim, "'Twere mainly so."

More difficult even than nailing all the facts down is the structuring of humor. Sometimes sheer clumsiness wrecks everything. And then, there are items to which involved persons are so sensitive that no adroitness in telling can render humorous to them. I've been lucky so far, in that only one person permanently hates me to pieces.

My non sequitur comment about "no justice" concerning Harlan's really well merited popularity was actually meant as a joke on

me. After detailing Harlan's outstanding successes with girls of the opposite sex, the concluding remark was intended as an unconscious ironic contrast between Harlan and me. A third person reading this would be expected to smile at my green-with-envy jealousy. Trouble was, I didn't realize Harlan would be reading a fanzine. To an involved second person, the humor in the situation isn't necessarily apparent.

Harlan is quite right about not being responsible for the failure of recommended hotels to fulfill their expected bargains. I agree I did lean too heavily on this. What I really was concerned with, but didn't say well, was expressed very aptly in WSFA JOURNAL #49 by Leigh Couch: "The charisma that Harlan has is too much -- he had half or better of that audience in his hand."

He is too effective when seconding a bid. I'm certain, for example, that he personally was the difference when Syracuse lost to New York by 49 votes. The vote was more lopsided between Los Angeles and Berkeley, but would have been a lot closer had Harlan refrained from participating. Had he seconded Los Angeles, we'd all be heading there next year.

If this continues, opposing bidders will have no choice but to secure some big guns, too. They will have to shoot off Isaac Asimov, or release a deadly cloud of Bob Bloch laughing gas. To shore a crumbling defense, a desperate bidder may throw Manly Wade Wellman into the breach.

Eventually, weary fankind may have to sign a non-proliferation treaty and declare Harlan "a weapon too horrible to use".

But I digress. I will prepare a revised and expanded Nycon 3 report. I fear, though, that because of its stupifying length it will never find a publisher. The ms. will be found in my effects, after my demise from overexposure to too many conventions.

((Well, the JOURNAL could always run it serially, Jay... we were thinking about going back to bi-weekly anyway.... Jay's Phillycon '67 report, incidentally, is in, and will appear in TWJ #51. It's about 8,000 words in length, so will take up a major portion of #51 -- and #52 will come out earlier than planned to make up the material omitted from #51. Ah, this is an editor's paradise -- so much material we can't help but double up on our schedule to get it all out within a reasonable time after receipt! Of course, we could put out monthly 30-40 page issues -- but this would play havoc with the budget, as sub-rates were designed to cover 20-page issues -- so, even though our colophon reads "monthly", for all practical purposes we are moving back towards bi-weekly (or tri-weekly) publication. But don't let this stop you people out there from sending in material -- we can always use more (would you believe weekly?). We are particularly interested in running more "feature" material -- articles, featurettes, and such -- both light-hearted and serious. If you can't write an article, write an informal LoC. And we always need more news -- we would especially like to develop a network of "reporters".

There will be another special DISCLAVE issue in 1968. For this we need material of all kinds -- including good fiction, poetry, artwork (check with ed. before sending), and the like.

Jay Kay, it should be noted, is still hard at work on the Tricon edition of the Convention Annual. If you've liked his conreports in the JOURNAL, you'll like his Convention Annuals even more -- they're extra-long conreports, complete with hundreds of natural-to-life con photographs taken by science fiction's "Mr. Photographer". We don't off-hand remember the cost of the Tricon edition (something like \$3 or \$3.50 -- check with Jay before ordering, or check TWJ 51 or 52 -- we'll try to get the correct price for you by then), but there are still three other editions in print and ready for mailing (order from Jay): Pittcon Edition (\$2.00), Chicon III Edition (\$2.50), and Discon Edition (\$2.50). These are all well worth the price. If you attended the subject con, the corresponding Annual will be priceless for its memories; if you didn't attend, buy the Annual and attend now. --ed.))

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