

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

The Official Organ of the Washington Science Fiction Association ----- Issue No. 51
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NEW JOURNAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES IN EFFECT

Effective immediately, new subscription rates for the JOURNAL are as follows: 5 issues for \$1.25; 10 issues for \$2; 20 issues for \$3.75; single-issue price remains at 25¢ (with occasional special rates for special issues). Also effective immediately, Corresponding membership will be a flat 50¢ per year -- no free Corresponding memberships to long-term JOURNAL subscribers. Corresponding members will receive JOURNAL supplements and any extra benefits voted them by the club.

We had hoped to avoid a sub-rate increase when postage went up, but a sizable increase in the price of mimeo paper at almost the same time as the postage hike made an increase in the sub-rate mandatory. The JOURNAL must operate out of the red if it is to continue to exist.

Dropping of the JOURNAL/Corresponding member linkage should clear up once and for all the confusion which has surrounded the JOURNAL and Corresponding membership ever since the JOURNAL was born. From now on, a JOURNAL subscriber is a JOURNAL subscriber, and a Corresponding member is a Corresponding member, pure and simple. (Persons who are already Corresponding members will remain so until the date specified in TWJ 51-1, the JOURNAL supplement which is being distributed to all Regular, Life, and Corresponding members along with TWJ #51; after that date, they will have to pay 50¢ a year to continue as Corresponding members.)

The "Corresponding Member" class is designed for those persons who have an interest in the Washington Science Fiction Association, but are unable to attend WSFA meetings with any frequency. They cannot vote and hold office, and receive the JOURNAL only through subscription, but otherwise have all the rights and privileges of Regular members, and are invited to express their opinions on club affairs and join in whatever club activities they can.

----- January/February Short Calendar --

WSFA Meetings -- January 5 (at home of Banks Mebane, 6901 Strathmore St., Chevy Chase, Md.; ph. 652-8684; directions in TWJ #50); 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; February 2 (site not yet announced); February 16 (site not yet announced). Meetings start at 8 p.m., and are informal in nature.

The Gamesmen -- January 26, at home of Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Md., 20906; ph. 933-5417; call at least 24 hours in advance if planning to attend; no dates set in February yet. Meetings start at 7:30 p.m. FRANCE: Muster on Jan. 26.

BSFS Meetings -- January 13, 27; February 10, 24; at home of Jack Haldeman, 1244 Woodbourne Ave., Baltimore, Md.; ph. 323-6108. Meetings start at about 8 p.m.

ESFA Meetings -- Jan. 7; Feb. 4; at YM-YWCA, 600 Broad St., Newark, N.J., at 3 p.m.

PSFS Meetings -- Jan. 12; Feb. 9; at Central YMCA, Broad & Arch Sts., Phila., Pa., at 8 p.m.

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MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY
Prozine Reviews: by Banks Mebane

November INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION -- I'll review this one in entirety, since it's Vol. 1, No. 1. It isn't available in Washington, D.C., but I finally found a copy in Wilson, N. C. Strange distribution. ##### ISF contains twelve stories from seven countries, plus articles about sf around the world. I found the fiction disappointing. The two stories from Germany are the most interesting as s-f stories, while the two Italian vignettes and the story from the Netherlands seem the best written. The French and Austrian entries are readable, as are the two British reprints from NEW WORLDS. The three Russian entries recall the Gernsback era when it was enough to present stfnal ideas with minimal fictional trappings. ##### Jack Gaughan did a deliberately old-fashioned spaceship for the cover. It brings back fond memories of Paul and Wesso and Buck Rogers. ##### I hope ISF improves with later issues.

"Dragonrider", Anne McCaffrey's serial, concludes in the January ANALOG. I like the background and characterization, but too much of the action takes place offstage, and the final solution is evident too early. Despite my carping, it's good.

Roger Zelazny's "He That Moves" (Jan. IF) gives full rein to his fondness for somewhat cryptic literary jokes. To really get the story, the reader has to recognize Shakespeare's epitaph and also know that Houdini's real name was Eric Weiss. And I suppose the Francois who shows up in the yarn was Villon himself. In the same issue of IF, Fred Saberhagen has a Berserker story that is an almost-too-literal retelling of the Orpheus myth. Looks like part of the "New Thing" in sf may be this use of myth and allusion.

"A Darkness in My Soul" in the Jan. FANTASTIC is Dean R. Koontz's third published story. It shows both his good and bad points, as have the other two. His faults seem to be over-emotionalism oddly coupled with a too-abstract use of metaphor. His virtues are ... well, you just don't forget his stories.

Poul Anderson's "A Tragedy of Errors" in the Feb. GALAXY is an excellent action yarn, set in a period that would be the distant future for Sir Dominic Flandry (even more distant for us) after the fall of the Terran Empire. Anderson introduces a new hero in what may be the first of a new series.

"Total Environment" by Brian Aldiss, also in GALAXY, is a strong story that seems incomplete. I suspect that it may be a segment of a novel or part of a series; it ends just as a number of character conflicts are ready to come to a boil. Aldiss displays his deft touch at building a strange society and showing its effects on individuals.

Vaughn Bodé did the cover and some interesting interiors for GALAXY. Gaughan had some outstanding GALAXY interiors for the Aldiss story in still another different technique; Gaughan's inventiveness is fabulous. Jeff Jones has been illustrating for the Cohen magazines -- another good fan artist turning pro.

Wha hopen to the Jan. F&SF? I haven't seen it yet, and it's overdue.

Also recommended: Fritz Leiber's "When Brahma Wakes" in FANTASTIC, Phyllis Gotlieb's "Rogue's Gambit" in IF, and everything in GALAXY.

NOTE -- In addition to those listed in TWJ #50, the following JOURNAL's have been returned recently because of COA's about which we were not notified; if you want them, send the amount indicated, in stamps: Brian Burley: Issue #49 (17¢); Margaret Gemignani: Issue #49 (17¢). Amount due includes postage due fees and new postage.

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PHILADELPHIA CONFERENCE -- 1967

by Jay Kay Klein

A notorious con addict, I took a day off work to get to the 1967 Phillycon early. I'd saved my last day's vacation. The con would start informally Friday evening, Nov. 10, and run through the afternoon of Sunday, Nov. 12. I reached the Syracuse airport at 11:00 a.m., a half-hour before departure.

My car stalled in the parking lot, and wouldn't restart. I jumped out of the car and desperately started to push it twenty feet into a parking space. If I hadn't had the presence of mind to place the gears in PARK position, I would have succeeded. Back in the driver's seat to release the gear, I tried starting once more -- and the motor coughed to life.

The plane was quite a surprise. It had two propellers and flew 250 mph at 7,000 feet. At last, I thought, Bob Madle's faith in AIR WONDER STORIES was vindicated. My return trip was to be a lot less like good, old science fiction. I wound up on a three-engine jet, traveling 580 mph at 20,000 feet. Instead of the hour and fifteen minutes it took to get to Philly, the return to Syracuse was to take just 35 minutes. And then I waited 40 minutes for my baggage.

I checked in at the Sylvania Hotel at 1:30 p.m. A Sylvania room key is shaped (as the Good Doctor said last year) like Isaac Asimov's conception of a chastity belt key. The hotel is old, but renovated and quite comfortable. It's also inexpensive and handy to many good restaurants. The auditorium is ideal (i.e., light for photography is excellent). Tom Purdom said that my last year's report on these facts helped influence the Phillycon's return to the Sylvania.

After the Nycon 3, I revelled in the luxury of the Sylvania elevators. There were twice as many (two) in general use as at the Statler-Hilton. They zip up and down automatically, and it was a pleasure to grab one on the fly. You have to be quick, or the doors open and close before you can get in. The controls are cranked up to "overdrive" position. Wheeee....

Having a couple of hours available before anyone else would show up, I walked three squares (Philly term for "blocks") to the American Museum of Photography. (Where else?) The curator's wife spent an hour showing me around, then introduced me to her husband. Dr. Louis Sipley is probably the authority on the history of photography, and we talked for more than an hour on the subject. Finally, I was shoed out the door a half-hour before closing time.

The Moscow Circus was in town, and chose the Sylvania as its headquarters. I had scarcely come back from the museum when one circus-struck young lady peered closely at me and decided I was with the Moscow Circus. Without hesitation she started on the most involved topic concerning the circus. The same thing happened the next day, with another young lady approaching me and asking, in an agonized tone, if I spoke English. I was tempted to answer, "Yoong laydee, I zbeek Eenglish lyk I vass boorn een Pheelydelphée." But I didn't.

I can only assume the young ladies were fooled by my rippling, rock-hard muscles and thought I must surely be an acrobat. With regret, I must report that my only souvenir of the circus is a one-kopeck piece, picked up in a hotel corridor. As I looked at the dented, battered coin. I thought of L. Ron Hubbard. I think it was in Philadelphia, before a science-fiction audience, that he attempted to say "kopecks", but didn't quite make it. His face turned as red as his hair, and he asked, "Did I just say what I thought I said?" The audience was already chortling, and assured him he did. It was several minutes before he could continue. So much for yoong laydees and kopecks.

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The first live fans I saw at the hotel were George and Sharon Heap, complete with matching guitar. That was at 5:45 p.m. The next set were Judy-Lynn Benjamin and Vaughan Bode at 6:25 p.m. As everyone should know, Judy-Lynn is Associate Editor of IF and GALAXY. Vaughan is inside and outside artist for same. He's a Syracuse resident, too. Roger and Judy Zelazny checked in soon afterwards, and then everyone started arriving.

Judy-Lynn, Vaughan, and I went to dinner around the corner, at famous Lew Tendler's restaurant. Afterwards, we walked through City Hall and over several squares to the YMCA, where the PSFS holds its meetings. The pre-Phillycon meeting is a tradition, but for some strange reason, never gets publicized. Unless someone already knows about it, he'll miss it completely. (Are you taking notes, J.B.?)

At the Y, Jeremiah Benjamin Post hastened to assure me that they had really intended to bring out a printed program this year, but a last-minute slip-up had prevented it. I gather that the Phillyconcom are a bit sensitive over my report last year in WSFA JOURNAL which said there wasn't any announced program. Tom Purdom said they had considered dedicating the printed program this year to me: Jay Kay Klein Memorial Program. Considering the connotations, it's just as well they slipped up.

J.B. called the meeting to order at 8:20 p.m. Or maybe it would be more accurate to say he called it to disorder. The 24 persons present were in a highly agitated state of mind. Star Trek was about to begin, and there we were stuck in some kind of a silly meeting. Unless Gene Roddenberry changes the broadcast night, the PSFS may break up.

Harriett Kolchak gave us the exciting news that the club treasury had the staggering sum of \$9.00 cash and \$19.47 in the bank. We were all duly staggered. Jack Chalker then announced the second Balticon, to be held February 9-11. Next, J.B. showed us a relief map of part of the moon. That ended the meeting.

At 8:50 p.m. Harriett announced she had secured permission for all of us to watch Star Trek in the Y's TV lounge. A mad stampede ensued, as all you Star Trek lovers can well comprehend. For the second time I saw the show in color. Mr. Spock is indeed green -- something I had never realized before. The other characters spoof his ears, his lack of visible emotions, and his high intelligence -- but they never tread on his color. The network is probably sensitive over the racial overtones involved. Green power....

At the conclusion of the program, we headed towards the Chuck Wagon. This is a new meeting place, and much better than the old Horn and Hardart's (and even better than the ancient Thompson's, circa 1947). This is a cafeteria-style delicatessen, with an incredible variety of imported beers. We broke into table-sized groups. I was with Judy-Lynn, J.B., Tom Purdom, and Charles McNamara. The last is a newspaperman, assigned to do a feature on the Phillycon for the PHILADELPHIA MAGAZINE. He seemed sympathetic, and drank his beer like a gentleman. Maybe we'll get a sober con review for once.

We sat around and talked for a couple of hours. Among other things, Judy told us that Fred Pohl had been at the previous day's Saturn V launching, guest of Wherner von Braun. I made it back to my room at midnight, and was all set for bed when the phone rang. It was Sheila Elkin and Cory Seidman, inviting me over to their room, opposite mine. Before stepping across the hall, I slipped into some clothing. It was just as well, since I found Charlie and Marsha Brown already there.

Life of the party that I am, I brought over an armload of pictures. These included the 42 stereo color pictures I had taken at last year's Phillycon. I also had all 804 photos taken at the Nycon 3. Charlie Brown countered with hundreds of slides

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taken at worldcon costume balls and fashion shows. I must say, I consider this unfair competition. Several other fans joined us, including a guitar-player. Naturally, I insisted that someone beg me to do a little folksinging. I finally straggled off to bed about 3:30 a.m.

Dawn came Saturday at 12 noon. There was quite a crowd of fans around the hotel registration desk, including Jack, Alice, and a very Gay Haldeman. To my surprise, Jan Trenholm was also there. At once I regretted having already promised my support to Dannie Plachta and Larry Smith for the Øcon. Now there was no need to bribe me.

The newlyweds Frank and Ann Dietz were present, too, along with Hal Clement. At half-past noon, Banks Mebane, Bob Madlé, and I went around the corner for some breakfast at the Automat. Bob was wearing a giant armpatch proclaiming "69". There's no telling what the other Automat customers thought. John Boardman came by and joined us, anyway. He's used to strange armbands, buttons, and placards.

At 1:10 p.m. I ran into an incredible sight. It turned out to be Dick Eney. This was a handsome, slender Dick Eney. When he left for Vietnam (voluntarily) I thought he may never come back, although I hoped for his safe return. I never dreamed that only part of him would come back, with the rest left permanently in Vietnam. L. Sprague de Camp told me that he'd received a letter from Dick, soon after his arrival overseas, recounting how he'd taken refuge from bullets behind an 18-inch tree, but was 24 inches wide.

Dick came back covered with buttons. What kind does a person wear who's been to Vietman instead of avoiding the place? As follows:

"Curse the Red Baron"

"Keep the Pope off the Moon"

"Forget OXFAM. Feed Twiggy"

Registration started at 1:15 p.m., with Lin Carter and Andy Porter heading the line. Alex Panshin wasn't far behind. Jan Trenholm and Elliot Shorter were there, too -- anxious to hand over the \$1.50 registration fee. Ossie Train was at a huckster's table, one of several set against a wall. Walter Kubilius turned up for the second year in a row. Ron Ellik failed to show, although he now lives in the Philly area. He had pleaded with his brother to get married any other weekend, but I suppose his sibling must be a non-fan. Ron had to be in California for the wedding. I've always felt it pays to be an only child.

I cornered Jack Haldeman and asked if he still really wants me to give a slide presentation at the Disclave next year. Without thinking, Jack said yes. There went his last chance to get out of it. Then I sprang my slide show title on him: "The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody".

J.B. Post started things off at 2:00 p.m. The first panel was a "nostalgia panel", called "It Ain't Got No Air To Push Against". In view of my venerable status as a former 14-year-old boy member of the PSFS, Tom Purdom asked me to participate. As I stepped on the platform, an incredulous Ted White asked if I were there to take pictures. I averred otherwise, and modestly took my seat. This was my second Phillycon panel. Three years ago Hal Clement, Banks Mebane, and I formed a panel. Now, I was alongside Alex Panshin, Jim Blish, Ted White, and Bob Silverberg, with J.B. Post as moderator.

Tom Purdom came to the microphone first, saying the entire Phillycon would be devoted to space travel. "Two Years to the Moon" was the official title. He said, "Jay Kay Klein last year said we didn't have a program because we didn't announce it". So he proceeded to detail the events of the next two days. In fact, as the

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program was changed because of circumstances, Tom immediately announced the fact. We had the best oral program bulletins of any convention.

The first panelist started off, "My name is Robert Silverberg. I'm 17 years old, and I've been reading science fiction since 1938." He discussed the events of his youth, telling about the unsympathetic public of that faraway epoch. Ted White was next, beginning, "It's remarkable, but I was born in 1938."

I was so interested in listening to what was being said, that I was taken aback when Ted finished and handed the microphone to me. My first impulse was to hand it quickly to Jim Blish. As I recall, I said something about being 21 years old, and mentioned that I had received a science-fiction book from my mother as a present on my eighth birthday: The Moon Colony by Warren Dixon Bell. My mother knew I was mad about science fiction, and chose the book for that reason. As a matter of fact, I helped in the selection -- right off the front stalls of Philly's own Leary's Book Store.

As soon as decently possible, I turned the mike over to Jim Blish. Sure enough, his reminiscences were older than mine. He said he'd been reading science fiction since 1931. "When I started reading this stuff, there were very few people who believed in it -- even the scientists!" He cited Life on Other Worlds by H. Spencer-Jones. This book detailed the vast, impassable distances involved and stated flatly that man's ever reaching other worlds was impossible. And this book is still in print! "This attitude was widespread." It was apparent in newspapers as well as in scientists. Jim mentioned that he had been a member of the early American Rocket Society, and presumably was looked upon as some sort of nut.

I spoke again, briefly. At least it seemed brief to me. Possibly some members of the audience had sufficient time for a nap or visit to the lounge. I told of how, when I was a child, adults considered science fiction strictly juvenile stuff. I had read in AMAZING STORIES before World War II that U235 would make a powerful atomic explosive, and kept wondering why it wasn't being used in the war. I had faith in AMAZING STORIES. When I opened the PHILADELPHIA RECORD on August 14, 1945, and saw the headlines, I felt vindicated.

Bob Silverberg discussed T. O'Connor Sloane's attitude towards science fiction. This ancient editor of AMAZING STORIES just prior to Ray Palmer thought that the stories were silly things, but he published them, anyway. Horace Gold, 17, sending manuscripts to Sloane, 87, was lectured on the impossibility of interplanetary travel. Bob raised audience chortles when he referred to Sloane's story blurbs as "senile reminiscences now available in reprint AMAZINGS". Among other faults of the editor was his habit of retaining stories without either publishing or paying for them. Charles R. Tanner wrote a series and waited year after year for them to be published and paid for.

Ted White said: the first science-fiction story he read was "Angry Planet" by a British writer. This was in 1946 when Ted was in the third grade. As he recalls, in the library system the children's books were segregated from the adult books, and a young person couldn't have access to older books. Thus, he was cut off from 90 to 100 percent of the then available science fiction. At age nine, he did get to read Rocketship Galileo, a juvenile by Robert Heinlein. In the late '40's, Ted picked up a copy of ASTOUNDING. It looked grown up and dull, so he bought a CAPTAIN MARVEL comic book. He concluded with a statement that today scientists and journalists report on expected happenings with the comment "this is not science fiction -- it will really happen." Ted pointed out that there is no credit given to science fiction for any of today's scientific achievements.

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"We were muddled prophets", said Bob Silverberg. He noted that we gave very vague details, and much of what was prophesied was inaccurate or completely off the mark. One thing that was wildly wrong was the prediction that rocket ships would be built in an inventor's backyard. Of course, it takes the entire resources of major countries to turn out our present-day rocket ships.

"The generation gap is an immense one", Alex Panshin stated. In the last ten years all the young folks have been exposed intensely to science fiction. In 1952, we still had "scientifically stupid interplanetary stories". This included such hoary chestnuts as "area of no gravity between Earth and Mars". Today, the writers and public cannot have gigantic cracks in their scientific structure. In the old days, science and science fiction just weren't popular fare. "It wasn't that we were laughed at, but that they didn't care." The difference today is that "the Establishment is working on space travel, primarily for military uses". Thus, the power elite has an interest in disseminating information and encouraging popular interest.

Very briefly, Jim Blish added that back in 1940 no less a person than Don Wollheim had an article stating that war rockets were impossible, even though the subject had been written about for years.

I had the mike next and cited a poem by Don Wollheim, "Ye Spays Flyghte", in the August, 1942 SUPER SCIENCE STORIES. The poem is in a pseudo-Chaucerian style, about the first interplanetary rocket. It "Bleugh up wi' smellie smoake". The moral: "Ys 'Tys ye will o Godde/ That homble Man should nevrer polke/ Hys noas too far fro' sodde." (Laughter.)

Bob Silverberg discussed PLANET STORIES, saying we have nothing like it any longer. Ted White said that in 1942 he didn't like PLANET STORIES comics -- but it ran nudes that appealed to him.

I then told about the first science-fiction magazine I ever had enough funds to purchase. I'd previously only had hand-me-downs from a science-fiction-reading uncle. As a little boy, I went into a candy store (in Philly) of the type where Isaac Asimov grew up. (Laughter.) I pointed up (I was a little boy, remember) to a copy of AMAZING STORIES and said I wanted to buy it. The storekeeper assumed it must be a comic book, since that's all a child would be interested in. Thus, he only charged me 10¢ (going rate for comics) instead of the actual 20¢. I've always thought it served him right for treating me like a child. (Laughter.)

Jim Blish said that PLANET STORIES comics, at least, had soft-breasted women, instead of the brass-plated breasts you saw so often on science-fiction covers. I pointed out that having read science-fiction magazines instead of comics, I grew up thinking girls actually had brass-plated breasts. I eventually found out otherwise. Quite a surprise.. (Laughter.)

Ted White than told what Bob Silverberg immediately alleged was a joke he had just imparted to Ted: Bergey's girls' breasts turned green. (Laughter.)

I presume we could have continued quite a while on that subject, but wisely elected to ask for questions from the audience. I took advantage of the opportunity to slip off the platform and take a picture of other panelists. There were good-natured cries that I couldn't be a panelist and a photographer at the same time. (I maintain that nobody's ever tried it -- so let's not knock it.) Anyway, Barbara Silverberg has had some experience handling my camera, and volunteered to take a shot with it. I climbed back into my seat, and was duly blasted along with my fellow panelists by my own flash unit. The picture came out so well, that I am appointing Barbara "Official Alternate Photographer".

Jim Blish went on to discuss television and science fiction. He said that the old Captain Video series was just horrible for the actors. Everything was done live, and the actors had only a half-hour to study their lines before facing the cameras. (I remember the series -- and they were just as hard on the audience. I preferred the fantasy show then offered: Kukla, Fran, and Ollie.)

Being asked so suddenly to be on a "nostalgia panel", I hadn't time to gather my thoughts. Otherwise I would have placed them all in a thimble and brought them to the platform. I remember the first Phillycon I attended -- the first one since 1940 and World War II, in October 1946. The weather in Philly is a lot milder in October, and if there isn't some rule about conflict with the worldcon, it would be pleasant to meet then.

Back in '46, Lester del Rey wasn't the patriarchal figure he is now. In fact, he looked downright boyish. He was dressed in a white tropical suit. The PSFS members met the New York contingent at the Market St. railroad terminal, approximately where Penn Center is now. Willy Ley was one of these early arrivals for the one-day affair. Lloyd Eshbach came in from Reading, Penna., and announced the formation of Fantasy Press. I was his first customer at the Phillycon, paying in advance for The Legion of Space by Jack Williamson. (Spacehounds of IPC was to come out first.) Lloyd promised me an autographed, numbered copy. The number was to be "3", right after Lloyd's and Jack's own copies. I actually received number 2; Jack and Lloyd argued over who should receive number 1 -- so they made two number ones!

And now, Tom Purdom should skip the next couple of paragraphs. The PSFS issued a 12-page souvenir publication! (Dull thud of Tom Purdom hitting floor -- I told him he should skip this part.) And on the back page -- a written program! Here it is, from Volume VI, Number 7 of the PSFS NEWS:

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|-----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Welcome | Milton A Rothman, Chairman |
| 2. Behind the Scenes in Proximity | |
| Fuse Research | George O. Smith |
| 3. Lovecraftania | Sam Loveman |

INTERMISSION

4. Messages from science-fiction fan organizations
5. Discussions, resolutions

INTERMISSION

6. Auction

You'll notice we went in heavily for intermissions in those days. We didn't have the evening parties then that we do now, and needed time to talk. Some things don't change, though. In the souvenir booklet, Chairman Milt Rothman thanked Robert G. Thompson and me for "assisting with the conference circulars". He went on to write: "Robert Madle and Oswald Train are supposed to get credit for working on the convention committee, but we're going to wait until they do some work."

One last item about that souvenir booklet. I used it to hold my seat, while I wandered around the convention hall -- just like I do today, except then I didn't have a camera. I wrote on the back: "Jay Kay sits here." This, I believe, anticipates all those "sits here" jokes that have popped up since the 1956 Nycon II.

So much for nostalgia. Back in the real world, Ted White made an announcement after the breakup of our panel. He said that there will be a new science-fiction magazine issued the end of November. It will have a cover by Jack Gaughan, and will sell for \$1.00 in bookstores, and 75¢ by subscription.

The main speaker of the day was Fred Pohl, who went on display at 3:15 p.m. He told briefly about his near-abortive visit to the Saturn V launching. He arrived at a motel in the wee hours, and stayed awake for a bus that was supposed to take him to

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the launch area. Came the dawn -- no bus. Wrong motel. By sheer good fortune, a high military figure sent a messenger back to the motel for some papers, and Fred hitched a ride to the launch site. He concluded, "Space travel is no longer science fiction -- it is here."

Fred said that's all he had to say on the subject of space travel, and announced he would rather talk about science-fiction magazine publishing, about which he knows a lot more. He said he'd lost \$25,000 on BEYOND and \$15,000 on WORLDS OF TOMORROW. "Inspired by this success, we are trying again." He was referring to INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION, and stated there would be a second issue. He may even try another fantasy magazine next.

He went on to declare that the real problem in running a science-fiction magazine is distribution. The publishers simply can't get enough copies on newsstands. The wholesalers don't care about science fiction, and think the small-circulation magazines a nuisance. Fred cited Damon Knight's proposal, first issued at the last Boskone, for fans to work with distributors in getting science-fiction magazines on the stands. Fred called for volunteers, and a number of hands went up, the most vocal of which belonged to J.B. Post -- stalwart Librarian for the Philadelphia Public Library.

Fred concluded that he would like to see 20 to 30 new science-fiction magazines. "This would make Norman Spinrad joyous." (Much laughter.) There were any number of suggestions from the audience, then, on how to help circulation. Jack McKnight suggested buying out Time-Life. (A glazed look on Fred's face, and snortles from the audience.) One particularly worth-while idea was the preparation of posters by GALAXY, which fans could use to promote interest in the magazine. Fred's whole appearance was contained in fifteen hectic minutes, and he left the platform to applause at 3:30 p.m.

Jack Chalker announced the second Balticon, which will be held at a Holiday Inn. The sound of this was encouraging, since the first Balticon was at a seedy, rundown hotel. An official Intermission was declared, which Jack Chalker utilized to auction off some material. He made a very quiet, soft-spoken auctioneer. SaM had been auctioneer at the Phillycon 21 years ago, and Jack could hardly be heard above the echoes.

Naturally, Bob Madle adjourned to the bar across the street, accompanied by Banks Mebane, Dannie Plachta, Charlie Watson, me, and many bottles of beer. At 4:35 p.m. the convention resumed with Hal Clement, Lester del Rey, and L. Sprague de Camp discussing "Possibilities of Intelligent Life in the Universe".

Hal said, "I'm morally and statistically certain there is life someplace." He made the slightest of hesitations and continued, "I'm excepting Earth for two reasons." (Laughter.) He went on to detail his reasoning why there should be life at many places in the universe, though he never did say why there obviously can't be any life on Earth.

Les believes that life must exist elsewhere, too. Intelligent life would undoubtedly be aggressive, he said. Sprague spoke about primates here on Earth that display intelligence. They use tools and kill animals for food -- contrary to previous popular belief. He said that life may very well originate on other planetary systems, but would be so far away we will probably never meet it -- unless interstellar voyagers would consent to being frozen for 50,000 years.

Hal said that hot stars rotate rapidly. Cooler stars are slower. This probably indicates that planets have absorbed the angular momentum. He postulated, "The essential element for life is hydrogen." He granted that carbon is useful, but felt that hydrogen is still the overriding necessity.

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Les agreed with Sprague and stated that even if mankind spent all his energy resources for one trillion years, he would probably never meet another intelligent life form. Later, he amended his position slightly, and said by sheer accident, man could run into life the first time he landed on another planet. Sprague in turn amplified Les' earlier remarks about intelligence and aggressiveness. Lower animals seldom kill their own kind; they use their natural weapons cautiously. Man was born with little lethal armament and has no inborn restraints. Now, his intelligence has armed him synthetically but he still lacks internal restraints.

The day's program ended about 5:30 p.m. Harriett Kolchak informed me that some 130 persons had registered. She also noted that GALAXY had made a \$5 CONtribution. Sprague de Camp and George Scithers left hurriedly -- they were unable to stay for the rest of the con. As he was walking out the door, George said my idea of convention competition hadn't worked out very well. I asked what he meant. He stated that as a result of the Nycon 3 bidding upset, there were numerous feuds going on. I didn't debate the subject, since he and Sprague were anxious to depart. However, I will say I don't see anything wrong in contending for a prize. It only gets idiotic when the contestants destroy the prize.

At 6:00 p.m., a group of us gathered in Les del Rey's room, for an hour of cocktails before heading to a restaurant. As I recall, Les supplied the liquid refreshments, Jim Blish fetched the ice, and I got the paper cups. Regular readers of WSFA JOURNAL will recall in the last thrilling installment of my convention mishaps how on the last day of the Nycon 3, Dan and Carmel Galouye and I were "bumped" from a big dinner party. Now, Bob Silverberg sat down on the bed opposite me, and Ev del Rey sat down on the bed beside me and proceeded to tell me how lucky we'd been.

They thought my recounting of how I'd missed that dinner party was the most unconsciously funny thing in the report. They said the dinner was even worse than one I'd reported on -- where Harlan bounced a meat popover against the wall and Les spread salad across the room. At the dinner I missed, fifteen persons wound up in a subterranean room, squeezed in by plumbing pipes overhead, and washrooms on two sides.

Naturally, I assumed Bob had picked the restaurant, since I'd followed him down many garden paths to Russian tea rooms, Argentinian pampas eateries, and other gustatory flameouts. This time he was innocent. While waiting several hours for service, the party disintegrated piece by piece, physically and psychologically. A.J. Budrys eventually left to catch his plane without ever having dinner at all. For lack of anything better to do, Gordon R. Dickson carried Harry Harrison around the room. Small squabbles broke out. In Evelyn del Rey's words, "Everything that could possibly go wrong -- went wrong."

At this point, Don Miller should really stop reading. You see, I've picked up so much more information about happenings at the Nycon 3, that I'm thinking of expanding my conreport. (Dull thud of Don Miller hitting floor.)

Banks Mebane had told me that Don Miller had received a four-page letter from Harlan Ellison, commenting on my Nycon 3 conreport. While talking to Bob Silverberg, I mentioned that I was worried over having Harlan mad at me. In fact, I might have to skip the next several worldcons. The first ray of light came when nearby Ted White looked up startled and said he didn't see anything Harlan could object to. Acid wit Silverberg added, "Possibly he's written four pages of fulsome praise." My astonishment over that thought cannot be rendered in words. If it should be true: dull thud of me hitting the floor.

At 7:00 p.m. we entered nearby Bookbinder's restaurant. Naturally, I took photos of the group. This didn't disturb anyone, since they've become used to it. However,

when I started writing in my notebook, there was a great deal of nervousness. It seems that my conreports have suddenly become notorious. I think it was that giant issue with nothing but pages and pages of Nycon 3 conreport that did it. (I told Don he should have run it as a three-part serial.)

Anyway, Judy Zelazny looked at me very sharply and asked what I was writing. I passed over my notebook, and she must have been reassured to find I had simply noted those present at dinner: Roger and Judy Zelazny, Fred and Carol Pohl, Ted and Robin White, Judy-Lynn Benjamin, Jim and Judy Blish, Bob and Barb Silverberg, and Les and Ev del Rey. Ev said, "If you can't remember those names, you ought to give up!" The roll call forms my entire notes for the whole three-hour dinner. I jotted down very few notes at a con -- I only take my notebook out to make people nervous.

Many of us had snapper soup, laced with sherry, and either lobster or a steak. My dinner came covered with two gigantic sprigs of parsley. Barb Silverberg, sitting next to me, leaned over and asked, "What did you order?" I replied, "Parsley -- and they threw some steak in with it." I recall that Barb and Bob had clams on the half shell, and Robin White had pickled herring. I will refrain from further details, lest Don Miller slash me with his blue pencil.

Afterwards, we all headed towards Charlie Brown's party. Alex Panshin and Hal Clement were already there. I stayed for a little while, then went down to the OCON party. There, I ran into Larry Smith, Jack McKnight, George and Sharon Heap, J.B. Post, A.A. Whyte, and Martin Lasko. I would have visited Harriett Kolchak's party, too, except it's a fair-size trip I hesitated to take through Philly's darkened streets. Bob Madle reports that Harriett's usual hospitality reigned, with beer, booze, cats, and food.

Back at the Charlie Brown party, I found more people had come in, including Banks Mebane, Gay Haldeman, Dannie Plachta, Ben Kiefer, and Sue Anderson. Naturally, I sat down next to Gay. After all, we make a rhyming pair. Barb Silverberg, sitting on the bed opposite, took several shots of us with my camera. Dannie got in the pictures too, but Gay came out looking better.

Going to my room briefly, I brought back my con pictures. Barb Silverberg and Carol Pohl looked through them. Barb exclaimed that in a couple of stereo pictures, she and Carol were looking at photos I had taken of them at a previous con. At that point I snapped their picture. Thus, I now have a convention picture of Carol and Barb looking at convention pictures of themselves looking at convention pictures. I can hardly wait until next year!

Charlie Brown's party continued to fill up, with the Boston group underwriting the refreshments. After a couple of hours a group of us went down to Lester del Rey's room and started a smaller party. We were short of glasses again, and Les noted that he had taken the supply of paper cups I'd brought earlier and furnished them to the Brown party. This leads me to the observation that it would be a good idea if everyone brought along a supply of paper cups to future cons. They're light enough to pack into a suitcase without noticing. There's no embarrassing gurgle, and they don't melt. Possibly, convention committees could lay in a supply and make them available for parties.

Staggering out at 3:10 a.m., I found Carol Pohl standing somewhat dazed at the door of her room, opposite the del Reys. She had gone to bed, but had wakened when Fred had tried to leave the room for a late snack. The antique Sylvania doorlock had jammed, and a houseman had to be summoned to take apart the entire mechanism. This was to happen to Banks Mebane later that morning, too. That's part of the Sylvania charm. (Several unidentified dull thuds.)

Heading for some breakfast on Sunday at 12 noon, I came across Gay Haldeman, Peggy Pavlat, and Hal Clement in the lobby. Normally, nothing swerves me from my meals, but I stopped to talk to Gay and Peggy, and took a picture. Hal is standing nearby, one hand cautiously in his pocket and the other clutching the wall.

At the nearby Harvey House I joined the del Reys, the Pohls, and Judy-Lynn Benjamin. Our Harvey girl was swamped with customers, but did a good job under the circumstances. As we walked back to the hotel, Les and I exchanged notes about our experiences as countermen. We both felt we'd had training in a job we could always fall back on if rough times should hit us.

The first panel started off at 1:50 p.m. This consisted of writers knowledgeable on interstellar travel: Roger Zelazny, Jim Blish, Tom Purdom, and Ed Dong. Tom Purdom led off: "There are two methods of space travel -- faster-than-light, and slower-than-light." (Everyone seemed to think this covered all possibilities very nicely.) He discussed the implications of both methods, but felt that slower-than-light would be more likely in the near future.

Since the most important item of commerce would be exchange of ideas rather than goods, a large volume of traffic would not be needed, and transports could be unmanned. Possibly, with a longer lifespan in the future, a five-year trip might seem bearable. Tom concluded with emphasis on the role of the computer. "The computer is as fundamental an invention as the rocket. Without the computer, we wouldn't be in space at this time."

Jim Blish said, "My name is Lester del Rey -- and in case you're wondering what happened to my beard: I got caught in Dangerous Visions by Harlan Ellison." (Much laughter.) "In Lester's absence, I will play Devil's Advocate, which is the role Les usually plays." Jim was pessimistic about interstellar travel. The distances are immense. In fact, we can't even imagine the distances involved. He pointed out that special relativity apparently limits travel to the speed of light.

In working up an involved analogy, Jim compared Isaac Asimov to Hal Clement, "who is surrounded by three or four of the prettiest girls in the convention". There was much laughter as all eyes swiveled to Hal, who was comfortably squeezed in between Gay Haldeman, Peggy Pavlat, and Judy Zelazny. Hal shrugged and pointed out: "Isaac isn't here!" (More laughter.)

Jim continued, "All the evidence shows that special relativity is sound as a rock -- it is here to stay." He stated that general relativity, which may not be completely valid, is not germane to the problem of interstellar speed limitations. Because of these limitations, Jim thought man's ability to extend himself politically in space was limited. "In the real world there will probably never be an interstellar empire. It's a completely dead issue." He concluded with a hopeful note, though. "This does not prevent us from speculating. There have been revolutions in physics before."

Roger Zelazny said, "I have to agree with Jim as far as he's gone. As a science-fiction writer, I can still see the possibility of falling back on devices used in the past." He went on to discuss voyages taking generations and trips employing cryonics. "These two seem about the only two possibilities open to us."

Rog's hopeful note was a citation from SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH, which has reported it is possible to conceive of a particle whose slowest speed is that of light. Negative energy states and backward running time are not accepted by modern physics, but the theoretical "tachion" particle is not "forbidden" by any known rules. Currently, detection methods are being worked out, involving a search for Cerenkov photons. (i.e., radiation caused by particles exceeding the speed of light in a given medium).

He concluded, "There is not too much I can say to refute Einstein, unfortunately." (Laughter.) "Over many, many eons, we could have a slow spread of mankind over the galaxy." Rog predicted a series of autonomous worlds, with no possibility of an interstellar empire.

Ed Dong's turn finally came. "I have to say that James Blish has stolen most of my thunder, but I can support some of what he's said. Under present technology, the maximum speed is 50% of the speed of light. At that speed the particles in space would be like radiation." He pointed out that slamming into particles would be like staying still and having the particles run into you. This would be very dangerous, and require more shielding than we could possibly manage at this stage of development.

Jim had the final word, and ended with a hopeful note for science-fiction fans. "The facts of nature shouldn't be allowed to put the science-fiction writers out of business."

Lester del Rey added to the discussion from the audience. After all, he invents a new method of faster-than-light travel for every interstellar story he writes. He said that we should have a project to get men on other stars to avoid some accident possibly wiping out humanity. At present, we are very vulnerable since we are all clustered on one spot. Les stated that World Wars I and II each cost more than an interstellar program. (Applause.)

Tom Purdom announced that Willy Ley was unable to attend the Phillycon. He had been scheduled as the Principal Speaker, but the NASA Saturn V launching he witnessed had thrown his lecture tour off by two days. Hal Clement would make the Principal Speech, instead.

To give Hal time to whip one up, Tom said there would be a one-hour and seven-minute intermission. Some confusion ensued when Tom was told someone wanted to make an announcement. Then they had to locate this person. While this was going on, Peggy Pavlat and Gay Haldeman came over to me, trailed by Hal Clement. Peggy said to me, "We'll sit next to you and give you a reputation, too!" I replied, "I don't need a reputation. I need substance." (Giggles.)

Finally, someone appeared to make the announcement. He was dressed in a Canadian military uniform, labelled "Intelligence Corps". Instinctively, I felt George Sciethers would never approve of such lax security. George wears civvies. The announcement: a special Baycon flight will leave Buffalo, N.Y., on a DC-9 the Tuesday before the worldcon and return the Tuesday after. Cost was announced as \$150. Additional information from Peter Gill, 18 Glen Manor Dr., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Andy Porter likes to make announcements, too. He plugged SF WEEKLY at 14 issues for one dollar. (Well worth it.)

Hal Clement's talk proved both entertaining and enlightening. He said he was "an astronomer by trade". He made the point that "we don't know what's in a 16 light-year diameter". There could be two to 200 ^{more} stars K5 and below than we have listed. We can see these, but would have to mount a massive parallax-measuring effort to sort these points of light out from those more distant on astronomical plates.

Even allowing for all the unknown stars, there is still a lot of empty space in those 16 light-years. Hal told how he laid out the solar system to scale on the school grounds where he teaches. With the sun marble-sized, the earth was a beaded glass speck umpteen feet distant. The whole solar system barely fit within the school grounds. And the nearest star would have to be placed miles away.

Next, he announced that he would confine himself to talking about the moon, the theme topic of the Phillycon. By fortunate coincidence, he happened to have in his car complete sets of lunar topography maps prepared by NASA from close-up photos taken in recent years. He uses these charts in talks before air force reserve outfits.

We know how far away the moon is, and have a good idea of its surface. Hal thinks the argument over the origin of selenological features will continue even after we reach the moon. This is evidenced right now by experts who point to the same close-up photos and claim support in these for conflicting theories. He recapitulated what we currently know about the moon, and what are the best thoughts on its origin. Hal concluded with a discussion of the Apollo program to land men on the moon.

The talk was followed by a 16mm filming of the Ranger photos, showing lunar close-ups. The initial attempts to get the film rolling were abortive. First all the lights could not be turned off. There was a misplaced switch somewhere. Then the film kept slipping off its sprockets. Finally, things settled down and an intriguing presentation took place.

Afterwards, Hal answered questions from the audience. In reply to one, he said that possibly lunar rays are formed by spherules of ejected matter. That is, little glass-like beads were formed when a meteor collided with the moon. Small molten drops froze and fell to the surface, littering the area around the new crater. The reflectivity of these spherules is very high, and only one per square meter would be enough to account for the rays.

At 3:20 p.m. Tom Purdom said there was a change in the program. Because of time difficulty, the previously announced wrap-up panel of all those who had been on the program was cancelled. Instead, he called on Lester del Rey to talk for 15 to 20 minutes on interstellar travel.

Les started, "Personally, I think this an excellent full panel!" (Laughter.) He spoke of the psychological effect upon persons leaving the solar system. As they see the earth grow into invisibility and the sun disappear, they will have an intense psychological reaction. Les implied that our intrepid interstellar voyagers may curl into fetal positions if we're not careful.

He went on to discuss the possibilities of preparing a 4,000-foot-long spaceship, in three sections, for travel to the stars. This ship was gone over in considerable detail. It would be powered by lithium deuteride fusion and would reach a tenth the speed of light. The original 4,000 persons would grow to perhaps 10,000 by journey's end.

Les denied there would be any danger of mutiny and forgetting the ship's purpose. He advocated leaving the interior of the ship unfinished, to give the occupants something to do. After all, he pointed out, that's what we're doing ourselves right here on Earth. Nor did Les see any danger of losing contact with Earth civilization. With a transmitter outside the atmosphere, and a good antenna, television contact could be maintained for many years and radio contact held indefinitely. There would be an increasingly great time lag, of course, but information would flow in a continuous pipeline.

Looking forward to the day when this ship reached another world, Les pointed out that we are bringing about ecological disaster here on Earth. We're actually starting another carboniferous age with our reckless consumption of fossil fuels, pouring carbon dioxide into the air and raising its temperature. He concluded: "We had better do better ecologically on other planets."

Les talked rapidly, and finished in fifteen minutes. He told me, "The man said fifteen minutes. I spoke fifteen minutes." Now, that's what I consider professionalism.

The program finished, it was time to head home. In checking out a couple of hours earlier, I had come across Patrick Kelly, who managed the feat of selling me something. This was a 45rpm record of Chuck Rein guitaring and singing a Tolkien ballad and an interplanetary saga. Available at 89¢ (plus postage, I suppose) from the Fantasy Record Co., 121 S. Wickham Road, Baltimore, Maryland, 21229.

A group of us headed to the hotel cocktail lounge for an hour's relaxation prior to the serious business of eating. There, I ran into Bob Madle, Gay Haldeman, Peggy Pavlat, Dannie Plachta, and Banks Mebane, already seated around a table. Bob invited me to join them, and I would happily have squeezed in between Bob and Gay if I hadn't already been part of another party.

We eventually headed towards dinner at the Sheraton Hotel. I went along in Fred Pohl's car because I was supposed to know the way. Naturally, we got lost. They even changed the name of the street I was looking for. Everything nowadays is called John F. Kennedy something or other. What was wrong with good, old "Pennsylvania Boulevard"?

The Pohls, the del Reys, the Blishes, Judy-Lynn Benjamin, and I made up this last Phillycon supper group. Fred mentioned his idea of publishing a science-fiction meeting calendar in IF. I said he could get information for it easily enough -- just subscribe to WSFA JOURNAL. Jim seconded the motion, saying the reviews were very worthwhile, too.

Service was slow, and I only had an hour and a half before having to catch an airport limousine. I gulped down a steak, and made the airport with 20 minutes to spare. There, I ran into Dannie Plachta. He stood with me at the gate. In line next to us was Cory Seidman. It's nice to have company.

This year's Phillycon was a solid success. The program was not as wild and wooly as last year's (i.e., Ed Dong didn't insult the ladies: "Girls don't think straight!") But it was varied and entertaining. The hotel was pleasant and handy to restaurants. The parties were gay and well stocked. A total of 168 fans registered, 25 more than last year. I hate to say it because Bob Madle will have me cashiered from First Fandom, but the Phillycons today are even better than those of twenty years ago.

Radio Hams, note: From Fumiaki Nukada, 4-9-7 Yahata Musashino Tokyo, Japan (Ham Station JA1QMJ), comes the following: "I am SF fan, and I've licence of radio ham. I was taught about your name, address and occupation which was radio operator of ships by SHIBANO TAKUMI. If you can operate on radio ham's band and you have Ham License, please report to SHIBANO 'Your call sign and on-air frequency and its time' as faster as you can. In Japan, there are going to set up 'Ham & SF club'. If you know some ham licensed SF fan in U.S.A., also report to SHIBANO. In order to close the SF fan activity between Japan and America, I proposed that to make the news gathering organization by radio hams. Will you help us? This plan is advancing among 'Ham & SF Club', SHIBANO TAKUMI and the like."

This plea was addressed to Bob Brown, 1484 Elm Ave., Long Beach, Cal., 90813, who forwarded it to us along with the following remarks: ". . . Do not have a ham license. Some merchant marine radiomen do have ham licenses but are not sci-fi fans. Somewhere in a fanzine read that some U.S. fans had formed a club similar to that mentioned on the card. Perhaps you can get the info with your wider contacts and get the two groups together. . . ."

We're not sure what SHIBANO is -- a magazine, perhaps? Anyway, give Fumiaki a call....

DOLL'S HOUSE

Fanzine Reviews: by Doll Gilliland

BADINAGE #2, June '67 (Journal of the Bristol And District S.F. Group. A Graham Boak, % 9 Cotsworth Rd., Bedminster, Bristol 3, Great Britain. Contrib, LoC plus postage, trades, 1/- plus postage. 1st issue free.) Opened the cover and I like it already.... The editor has listed "Stencils Cut by" and "Proofread & Duplicated by" among the credits (or maybe he's washing his hands of the responsibility). Judging by Beryl Mercer's description, I suspect that the BAD SF Group is as mad as any fan club. "brison '67" is a gem of a conrep -- 'Tony Walsh's subjective impressions engendered by activities, interspersed with wild dialogue ("One of my Convention highlights was the discovery that the 'hairy peewits' slogan all started when John Quattromini ate a Taxi."), outside proddings, etc. From Tony, the observation, "More important (to a good time than booze) is the right company, and at a Con the company is the nearest to right that I have ever found." Even the journey home, as dramatized by Bryn Fortey & Jon Williams, is a winner as a conrep. (Emsh's film "Relativity" seems to have created quite a stir. Could we get it for Disclave?)

Rob Johnson's "Particularity" -- a poetic particle of queer quarks and quites is quite a bit of all right. "Sun Gone", a story by Beryl Mercer, is stockly written but the page-plus conclusion is refreshingly original in this particular context. (Wonder if Paul Willis would consider something like this for ANUBIS?) And would you believe a two-page biographical sketch of Herman Goering? Simone Walsh promises an article on his wartime activities if people are interested.

Evidently a previous issue included an Archie Mercer article suggesting that Bob Dylan's singing was not as clear as might be expected. "Return of the Tambourine" features readers', author's, and editor's comments on same. This ish has Mike Ashley going ape over Jimi Hendrix Experience. ("Jimi . . . plucking away at the guitar with his teeth . . ." -- maybe it's Jimi going ape?), including very brief biographical background and reviews of all the Hendrix records available to date. ("3rd Stone from the Sun" reflects Jimi's interest in SF, ostensibly.)

There are entertaining LoC's followed immediately by an item concerning the Bristol 24-hour pedal car race. (I kid you not -- they prefer females for pedalling since they are allowed a team of 12 women vs. 6 men. However, they need any help they can get to build the thing, too.) "BADMAN", who resembles nothing so much as a belimbed, betailed peanut plus mortarboard, appears thruout the 42-page issue with various comments and asides.

The BAD SF Group's fanzine reminds me of the St. Louis publications, albeit the latter have it going away as far as art work is concerned. Very readable.

ERBDOM #21 (July '66) (Camille Cazedessus, Jr., P.O. Box 585, Breckenridge, Colo., 80424. 50¢, 4/\$2.) And so we come to ERB and the Silent Screen, Part II. Great fun -- full of magnificent ads, stills, and posters, interesting insets, tantalizing tidbits (e.g., "This was the last bare-chested scene for Elmo -- he claimed the censors were responsible."). This installment of K.C. Lahue's extended article is more entertaining of itself than the preceding one, but possibly it's the story; after all, Lahue is writing it the way that it was. Read the behind-the-scenes lowdown on Elmo and the safety pin, the Tarzan that almost became a 9-year-old boy, and the first call of the wild. Lahue also gives casts of characters, plot resumes, etc. This is followed by Roy Hunt's description of Frank Merrill (I think he came just before Weissmuller) in a personal appearance during some drum-beating for Tarzan. Caz reviews The Big Swingers by Robert Fenton (Fenton has big feet), with lesser ones on John Coleman Burroughs' Treasure of the Black Falcon and Roy Meyers' Dolphin Boy (my own opinion is that the latter was far better than the former), and of course the "House of Info" brings ERB fans up-to-date on what's happening. Also included is "Burroughs Bazaar" for ERB collectors -- offering stills, posters, press books, TV promotion pkgs., Sunday pages, books (1sts & reprints), and comics. A definite must for ERB fans.

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VIEWS, REVIEWS, AND ARCHIMEDEAN SPIRALS

Book Reviews: By Alexis Gilliland

Warlock of the Witch World, by Andre Norton (Ace Book G-630; 50¢; 218 pp.).

Well, we had Witch World, Web of the Witch World, Year of the Unicorn, and Three Against the Witch World, all dealing with the Estcarp Universe, and the strange races therein. Now comes Warlock of the Witch World, a direct sequel to TAtWW; the latter was told in first person by Kyllan, the former by Kemoc. Presumably Son of Witch World (or whatever) will be told in first person by Kaththea, their fraternal triplet sister.

Needless to say, the present story is encumbered with quite a bit of baggage in the form of anecdotal history that must be inserted for the story to make sense. It provides coherence to the plot, and rationality to the motivations of the characters. Thus, in the context provided, Kemoc is an honorable man...without it, he is driven by his incestuous love for his sister. So make your way through the slow, intricate, many-peopled passages that lead into the story. It isn't long before bits and scraps of excitement begin to penetrate the prolog, though it is quite awhile before the last bit of history is fed in. By that time we have sorted out the good guys from the bad guys, and have met the Krogan, a race of amphibious humanoids that wants to remain neutral, although one of their wise women, Orsya, favors siding with the good guys. She plays a considerable role throughout the story, and emerges as a variation of the Norton virginal tomboy. Orsya is very well done, however, and it is a pleasure to have met her. The Villian-in-Chief, Dinzil, is quite adequate in his role, which, alas, keeps him off stage most of the time. The other characters we have met before.

There is, or should be, a balance struck in sword-and-sorcery stories, so that neither the sword nor the sorcery is wholly decisive. Norton chooses the figurative meaning of "sword", and the present story is filled with the clash of spells and the ensorcelled sweep of contending illusions. Personally, I lean more to the literal intepretation of "sword", and would be inclined to call WotWW straight fantasy.

Andre Norton fans will be enthusiastic, for the book is well done, even for Norton. The anti-fans will miss it, of course, but I think people who are neither nay nor yea might enjoy this one.

The cover is by Gaughan, and is one of his lesser efforts, principally because of the uniformly reddish sky. Had the red sky shaded into orange and yellow, to break on darker red hills, the cover would have been great. As it is, the background looks like a painted backdrop. The title page is excellent, and there is a first-rate beast-thing at the head of chapter one.

A final word. The story winds up with a bloody and spectacular climax, and stops, although the momentum is not dissipated. A further sequel is clearly intended, and it should be a honey.

The Last Castle, by Jack Vance and World of the Sleeper, by Tony Russell Wayman
(Ace Double H-21; 60¢; 71 pp. and 180 pp., resp.).

The Last Castle won the 1967 Nebula Award and deservedly so. This depiction of a decadent, rigid society which would rather fight than switch is morbidly brilliant. The story is trivial: Terra, after being nearly depopulated in an interstellar war, is recolonized by an Interstellar Elite, who build castles operated by lower orders of non-human lackeys. Seven hundred years later, the Meks -- the non-human technicians -- revolt, and bring the castles down in ruin, but the last castle of the title, Castle Hagedorn, resists, and defeats the Meks even as the social order goes to hell.

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The meat of the story is how the social order goes to hell, and this morbidly fascinating process rings utterly true in every detail. Vance has borrowed extensively from various eras of history (I almost said "human history" -- talk about fannish brain rot), but his synthesis is convincing and the anachronisms are not obtrusive.

Jack Gaughan has a mediocre cover and three excellent black and white spots.

Now World of the Sleeper has one Gaughan spot, which should have been set a little lower on the page, and a much better Gaughan cover which seems just a trifle dark. Nag, nag, nag.

The story itself starts off as a hippie-psychedelic thing, with strong faanish overtones, and then switches (via psyche-transfer) to a parallel universe in the past. Complete with swordplay, stock villians, and lots of swucklebosh.

The story, at 160 pages, was evidently picked to fatten up the lean and elegant The Last Castle. Judicious editing, say blue-penciling out about 40 or 50 pages, would have greatly improved matters. Wayman, incidentally, has quite evidently taken Ted White for his model, because his style, plot construction, description, and characterization are amazingly similar to Ted White's. A sample which I marked in passing: "It was still well before dark, however, when the path abruptly disgorged them into a large clearing, at the other side of which the semi-jungle thinned out, and in the center of which stood an enormous pile of boulders, evidently the results of the elements' erosion of the jagged chunks of rock that thrust themselves out of the ground like gigantic teeth." One, pardon the expression, sentence.

The action takes place around Malaya during the time of Marco Polo, with the immediate future scene serving as a kind of frame and excuse to call the story "sword and science". It was not my dish of tea, although there were a number of good action scenes. There was also a continuing scene in a torture chamber, which becomes unintentionally very funny. The idea of improving the Chinese water torture by letting the drops fall on the (blush) nude belly button of the Proud Princess is farcial.

If you like Ted White, you'll like this.

Worlds of the Imperium, by Keith Laumer (Ace Book M-165; 45¢; 129 pp.; copyright 1962).

This story is set in an infinite-sequence universe, in which the Imperium (an Anglo-German amalgamation made prior to 1900) has discovered the means to travel at right angles to entropy. Evidently this is a very dangerous discovery because the parallel world-lines for miles around are laid low. Lots of distantly diverging world-lines are available, however, and two islands are relatively close in, the newly discovered B-I-three and the sinister, war-ravaged B-I-two. The Warlord of the ramshackle North African Empire which dominates B-I-two has somehow obtained entropy hoppers, and is raiding the Imperium and its allies. And since he has atomic bombs, the raiding is more than just a nuisance. So the Imperium, which doesn't have atomics, begins operations against him.

Enter our hero, Brion Bayard, an American diplomat recruited on B-I-three (which happens to be here) for a Dangerous Mission. A very nice touch is having Hermann Goering and Manfred (Curse you, Red Baron) von Richtofen as ranking functionaries of the Imperium. They add a touch of speculation about what-might-have-been which greatly enhances the story. (Personally, I found the speculation as entertaining as the action.) Anyway, complications abound and before Brion rightly knows what is happening, he has to fight a duel. Hermann and Manfred are his seconds, and here,

it seems to me, that Laumer went astray. After getting shot in the side and the foot, our hero walks up to duellist #2 and socks him in the jaw. Damn it, the least he could have done is bashed him on the head with the pistol butt. Or started shooting at #2's feet to set the man dancing. Oh well, the hero, who is supposedly an American, betrays his English origins in other places as well, notably at the climax. Which suggests that in addition to all the other wheels-within-wheels going around in the book, Brion was also a British secret agent in the American diplomatic corps.

Anyway, he makes it to B-I-two, and complications continue abounding all over the place. There is a lot of agitated running around which has been very carefully plotted. Our hero moves with the precision of a trapeze artist through some very good action-adventure writing. The love interest is a bit perfunctory, but in 129 pages where do you find the room?

The cover is unsigned and uncredited and probably dates from the '62 edition. Gaudy and a bit trite, it might be an early Gaughan.

I like this one and recommend it. Well written, witty, and entertaining.

The Weirwoods, by Thomas Burnett Swann (Ace Book G-640; 50¢; 121 pp.).


Swann writes extremely good fantasy. In TW we have, for a setting, a little Etrurian city on the edge of a forest inhabited by Centaurs, Water Sprites, Fauns, and Panisci, who coexist in a kind of uneasy truce. A weakness of the book is that this takes place at the time Rome revolted against the Tarquin Kings, and allusions are made to historical incidents in the story. A fantasy requires the gentle light prehistory, and the casual reference (by a Water Sprite) to the rape of Lucretia and her subsequent suicide kind of threw me.

The outstanding strength of the book is that the people who inhabit it are really superlatively well done. The action, which ranges from a chilling massacre to a wildly funny seduction of an innocent male, is used to develop as well as deploy the people it shuffles around. In a sense, what happens when Lars Velcha, Etruscan Nobleman, breaks the treaty by wandering off the path looking for a drink is predestined. You know what is going to happen, and it does happen, but Swann has put the accent in an unexpected place, so that while the expected is happening, the story-line is fresh and surprising.

Did someone say "Treaty?" or "Path?" or "Hah?" The City of Sutrium traded with the Weirpeople on Thursdays, letting them into their marketplace, and in return were permitted the use of a road through the Weirwoods. It was strictly against the treaty for human types to leave the road and even worse to mess with the Weirpeople on their home territory. Lars Velcha (who was new to the area) found water and also found a young male Water Sprite which (whom?) he seized and took into Sutrium with him as a slave, in the hopes that the fellow might cheer up his daughter who had been rather depressed since the death of her mother.

Things go on from there, and I may remark that Swann evidently is not a cat person, because cats are too noble to play the role he gives them and too individualistic to do so en masse.

Gray Morrow has turned out a really stunning cover which catches the mood of the story almost perfectly. Technical note: Morrow's drawing of the man's left hand is bad because the ring and little fingers are too long. Also, the man is holding the pipes like they weighed something. I mention this because Morrow has had exactly the same kind of trouble with hands before. The hand should have been done as shown to the right.



A very fine story; or, $\frac{1}{2}$ an Ace Double standing comfortably all by itself. Get it.

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THE CON GAME

BALTICON -- February 9-11, at the Lord Baltimore Hotel, Baltimore, Maryland. Guest of Honor, Samuel R. Delany. Parties Fri. & Sat. nights. Rooms \$13 and \$18. No info yet on registration fees or program. Sponsored by BSFS (Baltimore S. F. Society).

Second Annual Dinner Get-Together for S-F Fans at the March 18-21 IEEEcon -- March 19, at the Three Crowns Smorgasbord Restaurant, 12 E. 54th St., N.Y.C., at 7 p.m. Full details in TWJ #52. Arranged by J. K. Klein.

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 S. F. Association). To register or for info write: Paul Galvin, 219 Harvard St., Cambridge, Mass., 02139.

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 OSFS. Registration will be \$1.50, and banquet tickets will be about \$3.50. Sponsored by OSFS (Olentangy S. F. Society, Inc.). For further info on either MARCON III or the Con (the Columbus bid for the 1969 Worldcon), write Larry Smith, 216 E. Tibet Rd., Columbus, Ohio, 43202.

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. 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.

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 (Washington Science Fiction Association).

F-UN CON -- July 4-7, in Los Angeles, Calif. Theme, "Future Unbounded", with program including "talks, panels, and discussions of things to come", "films of today's science...and tomorrow's world", "Speculative Arts", "Fashions Unlimited", and "a full social program with open parties and activities which range from armed combat through Diplomacy, and include a masquerade ball". Advance memberships (rates will be higher at the door): Full Membership, \$2.00 (all convention privileges, admittance to all displays and functions, all convention publications); Supporting Membership, \$1.00 (all convention publications, right to convert to full membership at the door at reduced rates). For membership or more info: Charles A. Crayne, 1050 N. Ridgewood Place, Hollywood, Calif., 90038.

OZARKON III -- July 26-28, at the Ben Franklin Motor Hotel, 825 Washington, St. Louis, Mo., 63101. Guest of Honor is Harlan Ellison. Room rates are \$7 for singles and \$9 for twins, and hotel registrations should be made directly with the hotel. \$2 con registration should be sent to Norbert Couch, Route 2, Box 889, Arnold, Mo., 63010, who will furnish further info re program, banquet, etc. Sponsored by OSFA (Ozark S. F. Association). (Thanks, Joyce Fisher)

BAYCON (& WESTERCON XXI?) -- August 29-September 2, Hotel Claremont & Ashby Aves., Oakland/Berkeley, Calif. No info yet on GoH. Convention memberships \$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 (see TWJ #50 for info on room rates, P.R. deadlines, WESTERCON XXI, etc.).

Info needed on OPEN ESFA (March), MIDWESTCON (June), DEEPSOUTHCON (August), PHILCON (Nov), & any other cons omitted above. Also, more info needed on WESTERCON XXI.

THE CLUB CIRCUIT: News from the Clubs

At the December 15 WSFA meeting, Banks Mebane made the surprise announcement that he would be moving to Florida at the end of January. He said that the January 5 meeting at his apartment would be a "White Elephant" meeting -- everyone attending must take something with him as he leaves the meeting. #### WSFA Treasury at the end of December held \$57,32. On the membership rolls at the end of the year were 27 Active Regular members, 5 Life members, 3 Club-Exchange Corresponding Members, and 55 Individual Corresponding Members. There were 85 JOURNAL subscribers, of which 48 were also Corresponding members. (Source: TWJ 51-1)

NESFA Treasury as of December 10 had a balance of \$269.84. It was reported that the BOSKONE Committee had invited Messrs. Roddenberry, Sagan, and Lettvin to speak at the BOSKONE V (no word on acceptances as of Dec. 10). The NESFA club genzine, THE PROPER BOSKONIAN, needs book and fanzine reviews. (Source: INSTANT MESSAGE #7)

At the ESFA meeting of December 3, it was announced that Will F. Jenkins (Murray Leinster) had accepted an invitation to attend the March ESFA Open Meeting as Guest of Honor, celebrating 50 years of s-f writing. The program will probably be built around the speaker, details of which will be announced later. A special plaque will be presented to Mr. Jenkins. Registration fee will be \$1.25. (This information was received after "The Con Game" was prepared.) Ch, yes -- date of the Open ESFA will be March 3; site will be the Newark YM-YWCA. (Source: Allan Howard, Secretary ESFA)

The NFFF officers for 1968, as a result of the election just concluded, will be: President: Donald Franson; Directors: Stan Woolston, Elaine Wojciechowski, Ned Brooks, Wally Weber, and Gary Labowitz. Winners in the N3F's 1967 Story Contest are: 1st Prize (\$20), "The Feline Technique", by Doris Beetem; 2nd Prize (\$15), "The Seeding", by Evelyn Lief; 3rd Prize (\$10), "The SAH Effect", by Chet Gottfried. Membership has passed the 400 mark. Dues are still \$2 per year for new members, \$1.75 per year for renewals. Dues and requests for membership should be sent to Janie Lamb, Rt. 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tenn., 37754. (Source: Michael Viggiano)

From OSFA comes the news that ODD, STARLING, and SIRRUIISH will all have an issue out during December. Club officers are Joyce Fisher, Pres.; Hank Luttrell, Vice-Pres.; Rich Wannan, Treas.; Lesleigh Couch, Sec.; Leigh Couch, SIRRUIISH editor; Hank Luttrell, OSFAn editor. OSFA dues are \$3/year attending membership, \$1.50 per year non-attending membership (both include receipt of OSFAn & SIRRUIISH). (Source: OSFAn #31)

The Society for Creative Anachronism, which is a kind of spin-off of fandom, will hold its Twelfth Night Revels on, oddly enough, Twelfth Night, January 6. There will be a wedding (a real one), crowning of a King for the Society, and other medieval activities, which are made as authentic as possible. For info on the Society, contact Dave Thewlis or Don Studebaker, 1585 Arch St., Berkeley, Cal., 94708. NOTE: For attendance at Society tournaments or other occasions, pre-1650 costume is mandatory (except at BAYCON). (Source: Felice Rolfe) ((The Society also publishes a most interesting magazine, TOURNAMENTS ILLUSTRATED. --ed.))

Two new New York area clubs -- One, which is envisaged as a Long Island affiliate of the Lunarians, will meet on the 2nd Saturday of every month; for information call Estelle Sanders, 516-587-3783, or write to her at Apt. G-11, Grover House, 131 Edmondton St., North Babylon, L.I., N.Y., 11703. For details on the second, which deals principally with fantasy rather than sf, contact Fred Phillips, 1278 Grand Concourse, Bronx, N.Y., 10456. (Source: LEFTOVERS #3 (John Boardman))

((We'll have info on overseas activities, and more U.S. news, in TWJ 52; and we'll knock off about half of this huge pile of news and announcements we have in front of us -- if your news item doesn't appear in this issue, look for it in #52. --ed.))

January/February Short Calendar (continued from page 1) --

NESFA Meetings -- January 7, at home of Marilyn Wisowaty, 295 Harvard St., Cambridge, Mass.; January 21 (site uncertain); February 11, 25 (sites uncertain); meeting time 2:30 p.m. For info write: Sue Hereford, 67 Toxteth St, Brookline, MA, 02146

C/SFS Meetings -- January 25; February date uncertain; General Meetings, at Columbus Public Library, 96 Grant St., Columbus, Ohio, at 7 p.m.

OSFA Meetings -- January 28; February 25; in auditorium of Main St. Louis Public Library, 1301 Olive St., at 2 p.m.

For details on meetings of other clubs, see TWJ #50 or TWJ #52; space prohibits our providing a complete listing in the current issue. For info on forthcoming cons, see "The Con Game" in this issue. Note that "The Con Game" contains several corrections to the section of the same name published in TWJ #50; we're sorry about those errors -- we've got Gremlins loose up here in the den....

While we're making announcements, we might also note that FANSTATIC & FEEDBACK, the JOURNAL lettercol, was squeezed out of this issue. It will return in TWJ #42 (hopefully, we'll also have some letters to print by that time....).

DLM

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The JOURNAL is published at least monthly. Sub rates: 5/\$1.25, 10/\$2, or 20/\$3.75; individual copy prices vary, but are generally 25¢. For club exchanges, back-issue info, and membership info, write the editor. Deadline for material for issue #52, Jan. 19; for #53, Feb. 9. Address code: C, Contributor; 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....

Don Miller

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

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