

# 'T' H' I' E' W' S' F' A

# JOURNAL

The Official Organ of the Washington Science Fiction Association ----- Issue No. 54  
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## April/May Short Calendar -- Clubs:

WSFA Meetings -- April 5 (at home of Gay Haldeman, 5611 Chillum Hts. Dr., Apt. 301, W. Hyattsville, Md.; phone 864-0218; directions: from Beltway, take New Hampshire Ave. South exit; proceed towards D.C. to East-West Hgwy and turn left; go to Riggs Rd. and turn right; at first stop-light (Sgt. Rd.) turn left; at next stop-light (Chillum Rd.) turn left; proceed along Chillum Rd. to 16th St. and turn left; turn left again on Chillum Hgts. Dr. (1st street); Gay's is in 2nd bldg. on right); April 19; May 3, May 17. All meeting from April 19 on will be at home of Doll and Alexis Gilliland (yes, WSFA has a regular meeting place again!), 2126 Penna. Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C.; phone FE7-3759; across from Circle Theatre on Penna. Ave. Meetings begin at 8 p.m. In addition to the above regular meetings there will be party meetings on March 29 (at home of Jay & Alice Haldeman, 1244 Woodbourne Ave., Balt., Md.; ph. 323-6108) and on May 31 (site not yet announced).

BSFS Meetings -- April 12, 26; May 10, 24; usually at home of Jay Haldeman, 1244 Woodbourne Ave., Balt., Md.; ph. 323-6108. Meetings start at 8 p.m.

ESFA Meetings -- April 7 (Program: "Science Fiction and the Arts", by Guest Speaker, Baird Serles, Director of Literature and the Arts, Radio WBAI-FM; also Elections of Officers); May 5 (program not yet announced). Meetings are held at YM-YWCA, 600 Broad St., Newark, N.J., and begin promptly at 3 p.m.

PSFS Meetings -- April 12; May 10; at Central YMCA, Broad & Arch. Sts., Phila., Penna., at 8 p.m.

NESFA Meetings -- April 14 (and theatre party -- "Space Odyssey: 2001"); April 28; May 12, 26; at homes of various members; for info write NESFA, P.O. Box G, M.I.T. Branch Post Office, Cambridge, Mass., 02139.

OSFA -- April 28; May 26; FISTFA -- April 12, 26; May 10, 24; Lunarians -- April meeting at LUNACON (see below); May 18; MoSFA -- Weekly, on Thurs.; MITSFs -- Weekly, on Friday; Fellowship of the Purple Tongue -- Weekly, on Sat.; Cincinnati Fantasy Group -- Weekly, on Sat.; LASFs -- Weekly, on Thurs.; Albuquerque S.F. Group -- April 7; May 5. For additional info, see TWJ #53. Expanded listing will appear in TWJ #55, so please send info on clubs not listed above (whatever happened to COSFS?).

## Conventions and Special Meetings (See, also "The Con Game" in TWJ #55) --

WSFA "Space Odyssey: 2001" Theatre Party -- April 3; for further info contact Alan Huff, 7603 Wells Blvd., Adelphi, Md., 20783; phone 422-3559.

Melbourne S.F. Conference -- April 12-14; attending membership \$2.50; non-attending, \$1.00. For further info contact Melbourne S.F. Club, 19 Somerset Place, Melbourne, 3000, Australia, or U.S. agent Andy Porter, 24 E. 82nd St., N.Y., N.Y., 10028.

Thirdmancon -- April 12-15, St. Anne's Hotel, Buxton, Derbyshire, England. GoH, Kenneth Bulmer. Membership, \$1.00. For info write Harry Nadler, 5 South Mesnæfield Rd., Salford 7, Lancaster, England, or U.S. agent Andy Porter (address above).

Sweden and Holland may also be holding April conventions. For info on the former, write to Leif Andersson, Dag Hammarskjölds Väg 4D:206, Lund, Sweden; for info on the latter, write Billy Pettit, Control Data Holland NV, Stadhouderslaan 114, The Hague, Netherlands.



MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY: Prozine Reviews  
by Banks Mebane

GALAXY will go monthly again with its June issue, which is the big news of the month. That will considerably enlarge the market for short science fiction, and let us hope that the supply of good sf will expand to fill the space.

GALAXY's April issue has some good stuff. Damon Knight's novelet, "The World and Thorim", is a segment of a peripatetic novel in a science-fantasy setting -- the sort of thing that has been much in vogue of recent years; Knight does it well. Clifford D. Simak has a serial that I'll cover when it's finished, and Ross Rocklynne reappears.

Harlan Ellison's "World to Kill" in the March IF is a return to more standard writing techniques for him, but it wouldn't be an Ellison yarn without some shock value -- the basic theme is that the end justifies the means, but it's hell, baby, hell.

In the same issue of IF, David Redd has a story, "Sunbeam Caress", that Fred Pohl (in an editorial attack on sf's New Wave) points to as an example of the non-literary values of sf (as opposed to preoccupation with writing techniques). As a dramatic story the novelet fails, being told as flat narration and exposition with little or no characterization or involvement of the reader's emotions. Its attraction lies in a proliferation of ideas about the future world described, and the general effect is old-fashioned, reminding me of the early days of magazine sf or of Olaf Stapledon. I like this sort of thing, but I like a bit more writing along with it, and there are writers who can do it -- Brian Aldiss's Hothouse series comes to mind as an appropriate example.

"The Shapes" in the March F&SF points up the old-fashioned quality of "Sunbeam Caress". This story by J.-H. Rosny aîné, translated from the French by Damon Knight, dates back to the turn of the century and details in a leisurely narrative the defeat of an alien race by prehistoric nomads before the foundation of Ur of the Chaldees. Drama is virtually absent, the reader's emotions are not touched, the story is interesting, and the writing (or the translating) is good. It's certainly at the opposite pole from Harlan's theory of sock-pow shock value in the New Thing.

"The Egg of the Glak" by Harvey Jacobs, the other novelet in the March F&SF, is typical of much of the writing, in or out of sf, done during the last twenty years or so. It's well-written, trivial, overlong, slightly cynical, and amusing.

The March ANALOG shows the Campbell story in full flower. You know the drill: the heroes have caught hold of some simple-minded idea (usually a psidea) that gives them the royal road to health, wealth, and mastery of the universe; they spend the entire "story" trying to convince their incredibly obtuse opponents (and the reader) that they are right. Even Poul Anderson is doing it this trip, and Joseph P. Martino has one that overflowed into GALAXY. I'm bone-tired of this sort of thing. The only complete story in this ANALOG that isn't like this is "Birth of a Salesman" by James Tiptree, Jr., which is the same kind of incident-packed farce that Jack Wodhams has been writing.

ALSO RECOMMENDED: Gold, Hollis, and Niven in GALAXY, and (mildly) the four short stories in F&SF.

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In brief --

Bernie Harrison, of THE WASHINGTON POST, reports in the March 19 issue that "Star Trek" has finally settled into the 10 p.m. time-slot on Friday night. The "Rowan and Martin" show simply wouldn't budge out of its new-found Monday evening time-slot.

Among the many intriguing films being shown this season by the Janus Film Society in Washington, D.C. is Ed Emshwiller's frequently-praised film, "Relativity". Dates of showing are April 19-21; it will appear along with three other "Underground" films.



## HISTORY OF SPY-SUSPENSE NOVELS

by George Fergus

There are occasional instances of spy stories written previous to the 20th Century, such as James Fenimore Cooper's novel The Spy which is set at the time of the American Revolution. However, the traditional spy novel may be said to have its origins around the time of the First World War with the works of John Buchan and E. Phillips Oppenheim. Buchan's 7-volume Richard Hannay series is very well-known, especially the classic The 39 Steps (1916). Oppenheim's most famous work is probably The Great Impersonation (1920).

A few years later W. Somerset Maugham wrote Ashenden (1927), a collection of tales based on some of his own experiences as a British Agent during and after World War I. Other writers of stature in the contemporary field have also turned their pens on occasion to the genre. Graham Greene is the author of several tales of international intrigue, including The Orient Express (1933), The Confidential Agent (1939), The Third Man (1949), and the spoof Our Man in Havana (1958). John P. Marquand has written Ming Yellow and the 6-volume "Mr. Moto" series (1935-1956).

Around 1937 the big guns of espionage and intrigue writing started in: Eric Ambler and Geoffrey Household. They popularized the innocent-hero-in-a-deadly-international-fix plot. Each has produced about a dozen books and both are still writing today. Their most famous novels are Household's Rogue Male (1939) and Ambler's Journey Into Fear (1940).

British spy Tommy Hambledon was introduced by Manning Coles in 1940 and attained classic status with the second novel A Toast to Tomorrow. The stories, which now run to over two dozen, feature some outrageous foolery and a light touch reminiscent of Leslie Charteris' "The Saint". (Eight are in print from Berkley, and two from Pyramid.) It used to be the longest spy series until Award Books started putting out two of those terrible Nick Carter novels every month. For the sake of completeness I will mention the undistinguished Col. Hugh North series by F. van Wyck Mason which started in the 30's and continues to the present. Helen MacInnes' slow-paced romantic suspense novels (repr. Crest) started in 1941 and have been bestsellers ever since. Martha Albrand writes novels of the same type which are much more tedious.

Surprisingly, no great new novelists came immediately out of World War II, though a fair number of novels of international intrigue appeared. There were occasional stories presaging the new wave to come, but it wasn't until the early 50's that the shapers of the modern spy novel started up: Ian Fleming in Britain (James Bond) (repr. Signet), Edward S. Aarons in the U.S. (Sam Durell) (orig. Gold Medal), and Jean Bruce in France (Herbert Bonisseur de la Bath) (repr. Crest). It may be argued that they were merely adding a debonair manner and international scope to the already well-established hardboiled detective. In any case, this was the first flowering of the sex, sadism, save-the-world-from-destruction that is characteristic of most spy novels today.

A handful of British writers has managed to escape the stigma of the Bond-type superagent. Some, in the manner of John Creasey's Gideon of Scotland Yard, focus on the director of a spy organization such as William Haggard's Col. George Russell (starting 1958) or John LeCarre's Smiley (starting 1961). Back in 1953 Lindsay Hardy's Major Gregory Keen began that way but was soon subverted into another roving agent. The major anti-superagent trend is the "dreary details, little man, dingy office" type epitomized by LeCarre's The Looking-Glass War. He has also popularized the tired-disillusioned-doublecrossed spy, and recent inferior entries such as Derek Marlowe's A Dandy in Aspic owe much to his excellent and well-known The Spy Who Came in From the Cold (1963).

Since 1959, of course, many competent spy novelists have arisen, but most of the novelizations from TV series and other paperback originals hacked out by Michael Avallone, Bill S. Ballinger, Norman Daniels, Joseph Milton, John Tiger, etc., are poorly written and highly derivative minor entertainment. The great exception is Gold Medal's excellent line: Donald Hamilton's



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Matt Helm, Philip Atlee's Joe Gall, etc. etc. Also notable for their originality are the novels by John Quirk (from Avon, then Signet) featuring the cold-blooded Peter Trees. Robert Sheckley's Stephen Dain series from Bantam, Cameron Rougvie's Robert Belcourt series from Ballantine, and David St. John's Peter Ward series from Signet are mildly interesting for some of their incidental items but aren't particularly well-plotted.

Much of today's best work comes from across the Atlantic. The John Craig novels by James Munro (repr. Bantam) are the best current British series, particularly the first one: The Man Who Sold Death. Also good are Gavin Lyall's adventure-intrigue novels (Midnight Plus One, The Most Dangerous Game, etc.). Len Deighton (The Ipcress File, Funeral in Berlin, etc.) (all repr. Dell) is fairly successful but tends to obscure the plot with his unending flow of small talk about the spy business. The two best-known adventure-thriller writers have both done excellent spy novels: The Black Shrike and The Satan Bug by Alistair MacLean (under the name Ian Stuart) (repr. Popular Library) and The Quiller Memorandum and its sequel The 9th Directive by Hammond Innes (under the name Adam Hall) (repr. Pyramid). Kingsley Amis' The Anti-Death League and Anthony Burgess' Tremor of Intent (both repr. Ballantine) demonstrate the intensive treatment given the spy story by eminent modern novelists. Philip McCutchan's Commander Shaw series (repr. Berkley) and Desmond Cory's Johnny Fedora series (repr. Signet, then Gold Medal) are competent though uninspired. The Charles Hood novels by James Mayo (repr. Dell) are worth reading for their astounding sex and gore content.

Humerous spy novels are seldom particularly funny, whether featuring a reluctant, inept, or incongruous spy (Boysie Oakes, Dr. Jason Love) or spiked with sexy swingers (Man from ORGY, Agent.0008). Exceptions are Robert Sheckley's The Game of X, Donald Westlake's The Spy in the Ointment, and more Gold Medal originals: the Manny DeWitt series by Peter Rabe starting with The Spy Who Was 3 Feet Tall, and the great Evan Tanner series by Lawrence Block starting with The Thief Who Couldn't Sleep. Peter O'Donnell's Modesty Blaise is the best of the female spies, which provide some sparkle to the menu but contribute little of importance to the field. I make no attempt to cover the amusing concoctions for the movies like Goldfinger and Our Man Flint. Up-and-coming as best new U.S. series is The Cold War Swap and its sequels by Ross Thomas (repr. Avon).

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#### NEBULA AWARDS FOR 1967

Samuel R. Delany won two major science fiction awards tonight ((March 16 --ed.)), for best novel and best short story of 1967. Fritz Leiber and Britain's Michael Moorcock were the other winners in the third annual Nebula Awards, earned by vote of the 300 members of the Science Fiction Writers of America (SFWA).

The winners were announced at SFWA banquets in New York and Berkeley, Calif. The eastern awards ceremony was at Les Champs Restaurant, 25 E. 40th St., and the west coast banquet at the Hotel Claremont.

Delany's winning novel is The Einstein Intersection, published by Ace Books. His prize short story, "Aye, and Gomorrah. . .", appeared in Dangerous Visions, a Doubleday anthology of original stories.

Leiber won his Nebula Award -- a clear lucite block enclosing a spiral nebula suspended over a rock crystal landscape -- in the best novelette category for "Gonna Roll the Bones", also from Dangerous Visions.

Moorcock, editor of the British science fiction magazine NEW WORLDS, was judged to have written the best novella. His story, "Behold the Man", had its first U.S. publication in Ace Books' World's Best Science Fiction: 1967. Nebulas are given for science fiction published in the United State in the previous year. Moorcock's story did not qualify when it was originally published in NEW WORLDS in 1966.

Delany has now won his third Nebula in two years. Last year SFWA balloting for best novel resulted in a tie between his Babel-17 and Daniel Keyes' Flowers for Algernon and duplicate awards were made.

--An SFWA News-Release.



ESFA OPEN MEETING -- 1968

by Jay Kay Klein

Every year without fail since 1946 the Eastern Science Fiction Association invites outside fans to spend a day at an expanded ESFA meeting. Last year, I was on the program with lots of slides and 22 funny jokes -- out of 346 I told. This year, I wasn't invited back -- a fact I can only attribute to undue influence in high places. Also to those other 324 jokes.

Having had experience with Newark's only Sunday restaurant, I wisely elected this year to eat lunch in Manhattan. Afterwards, a bus quickly carried me through the beautiful mud-and-garbage flats of Secaucus and other lovely areas surrounding Newark. It was just half-past noon on Sunday, March 3 when I entered the downtown YMCA/YWCA building, home of the ESFA.

As you may suppose, I spent a happy hour and a half greeting fans and telling them why the Tricon memory book wasn't done yet. But I definitely promised it by Lunacon time, or maybe the Disclave.

Sandra Deckinger relieved me of \$1.25, handing me a piece of paper and a straight pin. I was now officially registered. I noticed Frank Dietz had anticipated the lack of comfortable name badges, and had brought along his own. He was handing out Lunacon invitations, which nearly everyone thought was the day's program. This caused several of us some small confusion, since we "read" Don Wollheim was guest of honor for the day's event. But we quickly caught on that Don is being held in reserve for the April Lunacon, and that Murray Leinster (Will Jenkins) was being honored by the ESFA.

I wasn't there more than twenty minutes and only had time for fifty or sixty pictures when Naomi Postal said there was a young lady who wanted to meet me. To my great delight this turned out to be Jane Ann Tortorello, sitting next to Henry Shoates. A loyal subscriber to WSFA JOURNAL, she hadn't been able to escape my con reports, and was curious to see who it was that padded the issues for Don Miller. I have a feeling I unimpressed her favorably.

Julius Postal came by and said he'd received and liked the first three CONVENTION ANNUALS I'd recently sent him. I managed to unload them by telling him they contained pictures of his son-in-law, who is Robin Postal's famous husband. (When Julie sees how many shots of Robin and Ted are in the 4th CON ANNUAL, he will surely buy two copies!)

Ossie Train had come up from Philadelphia. Jack Chalker was on hand from Baltimore. I was on hand from Syracuse. Most of those present, though, were from the immediately surrounding areas of New Jersey and New York City. Total attendance was about 100, as reported to me by Sandra Deckinger. This filled the auditorium comfortably, but was far from the sell-out of last year (140) when Isaac Asimov was on the program. He is noted for Games & Jokes.

I noticed Elliot Shorter standing over Frank Belknap Long and thought this most curious: Shorter was longer, and Long was shorter. Don and Grace Lundry had brought along their new baby. Grace was stuffing it with baby food, and pointing at Elliot. I said, "Eat hearty and you'll grow up like him." There was some merriment, but it was pointed out the baby was a girl. Hastily, I cried, "Stop eating!"

The program lurched to its opening at 2:05 p.m., with Director Bob Weinberg welcoming us. He quickly turned us over to Lin Carter. Lin announced: "I'm going to talk about Conan -- a character created by Robert E. Howard." The speaker detailed some of Howard's life. "He killed himself at 30 with a shotgun. His entire writing



career lasted 10 years." Howard started writing while in college, and never finished school. "Almost immediately he became a full-time professional writer." Sprague de Camp said Howard made a sale four months after he first started writing.

He came into the field when Lovecraft and Clarke Ashton Smith were at their absolute height. At first, Howard was heavily in the C.A. Smith style, but laid his stories in the dim, distant past. His first great character, in 14 stories, was King Kull. (I trust I heard Lin correctly on Kull -- I tend to get mixed up with Kull, Kane, and Conan.) These were submitted in "one shaggy pile" to Farnsworth Wright, who reluctantly pulled out three for WEIRD TALES and rejected the rest.

Sprague de Camp had never read WEIRD TALES, thinking it was "ghost story" tripe. Years later, he ran across Howard's stories and fell in love with them. Don Wollheim was at that time editor of AVON FANTASY READER, and printed "Witch from Hell's Kitchen" in the last issue. Astounded at seeing a brand new Howard story, Sprague got in touch with Don. Excitedly, Sprague enquired where Don had got the story.

Don: "Oscar J. Friend has a whole boxful." (Crash!)

In 1951 Sprague got hold of these from Oscar Friend. Lin went on to point out that writers jot things down on pieces of paper and save them. "After years, you wind up with thousands of pieces of paper and never throw them away."

Mrs. Carter, from audience: "And he never files them, either." (Laughter.)

Lin was trying to make the point that Howard's literary legacy was a mass of often unrelated material. Further, Howard would "steal" whole scenes from unpublished stories to put in later stories. Thus, a lot of editorial work is required in bringing out Howard's unpublished works.

Glen Lord, too, has discovered enough Solomon Kane stories, completed by Howard, for "one or two more books".

Lin and Sprague have just written the first Conan story -- when the hero was 15. Now, they are writing the last story -- when the hero is 63. "We didn't kill him off -- he goes out of sight over the edge of the world."

Lin went over the story line of the last one: lots of crude physical fun with swords and girls. He declined to tell the whole story: "I don't want to drive you away from buying it." He did let us in on the fabulous ending: hordes of dragons fighting in the streets, two giant gods battling in mid-air, the world's first atomic bomb exploding, and several other such three-ring effects.

In answer to questions from the audience, Lin said he heard that between one and two million Conan books had been sold. He pointed out that Larry Shaw was in the audience and could verify or deny that figure.

Another question: "This recently-discovered batch of Solomon Kane stories: when did you find the time to write all of them?" (Laughter.) Lin denied any connection with, or personal knowledge of, the genesis of these stories.

Lin discussed future ideas in the Conan series that he and Sprague are considering, themes prompting Jack McKnight to ask, "When are you going to do 'Conan at the Earth's Core?'" (Laughter.) Lin considered this thoughtfully and said, "I like the idea...."

Jack Chalker stated that Don Grant was bringing out the Solomon Kane books shortly.

Sandy Meschkow asked how Howard's hometown people thought of him. Lin replied that Sprague had made a "field trip" there. The townspeople didn't think anything special



about Howard. He was "just one of the gang".

With Lin retiring to his seat at 2:55 p.m., Bob Weinberg announced that Otto Binder wasn't able to make the meeting and that Larry Shaw would substitute. This was okay with me, since much as I like Otto, Adam Link & Co., I'm rather cold to discussions of flying saucers, the announced topic. I particularly hate the resulting press notices (if any): "Science Fiction Fans Endorse Flying Saucers".

Larry hastened to play down the Conan sales. "No -- I'm afraid the two million figure is an exaggeration. We have about 300,000 of each (four books) in print and expect to sell all of them." He commented that this is still a very respectable figure. "It's ironic that all of us are enjoying his stories, and profiting, now that he's dead."

Backing a statement of Lin's, he said that Sprague and Lin complement each other. Sprague is a meticulous craftsman and researcher, with a tremendous sense of humor. Lin has verve and enthusiasm the reader can feel immediately -- a quality needed in books of the Conan type.

Larry has the true First Fandom spirit. He let us in on his boyhood ambition to get to New York and become a pulp editor. Of course, by the time he finally neared his goal, the pulps disappeared. As editor of their successor, the pocket-book, he is about as close to his goal as you can get nowadays. He stated that "we need magazines' continuity, where new writers can break in with short stories instead of having to write novels in competition with established authors."

Next on the program was Fred Pohl, who had arrived at 3 p.m. simultaneously with Bob and Barb Silverberg. At that hour, SaM was nervously looking for Chris, who had not yet shown up with the slide projector and screen.

Fred handed me a program titled "Sixth Coddard Memorial Symposium". Listed as the Keynote Speaker on Monday, March 4 was none other than Fred Pohl himself! Last year, Arthur C. Clarke had been the keynote figure. Also, this year, John Campbell was a speaker on the program.

Bob Weinberg announced that Fred would talk on "anything". As a matter of fact, Fred can just about do that. Having started off in life as a great and talented writer and editor, he has now become a great and talented talker. Because of his unfailing good nature towards fans, Fred is almost always a featured speaker at any eastern fan gathering.

On the platform, Fred apologized for being late. He said he was delighted that the ESFA meeting was honoring Will Jenkins. He then proceeded to give us news of the Galactic Publishing Empire. "The next issue of GALAXY is going monthly." (Cheers!) "I've been trying to do this for eight years." (More cheers!)

Also gratifying to everyone was the announcement that he would be publishing two new magazines. "We drafted Lester del Rey to help out. One new one will be Lester's -- a fantasy magazine. One of the conditions is that Lester have complete charge."

This was welcome news indeed! The only good fantasy magazines since the demise of UNKNOWN and the departure of Farnsworth Wright from WEIRD TALES were Lester's own very fine FANTASY MAGAZINE and Galaxy's BEYOND.

Fred also electrified everyone by saying, "We're trying to give away money." He's establishing an annual GALAXY award of \$1,000 cash to authors, chosen by random panels of subscribers. Fred thought this method would produce a science fiction rarity: an honest award.



At 3:15 Fred threw the floor open for questions. Fred Lerner asked, "You surely know the name of the new magazine?" Referring to Lester, Fred answered, "He hasn't told me!" (Laughter.)

Another piece of news: "Lin has regretfully decided to sever connections with us. He wants to have more time for writing novels, I guess."

Inevitably, the topic shifted to Fred's difficulties in getting newsstand distribution. INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION is having particular difficulties. Jack McKnight stated there were several copies in Landsdowne, Pa., and said, "I suggest you move all your readers there." (Laughter.)

At 3:25 Bob Weinberg announced an intermission. As people started to rise, he said that first there would be a couple of announcements. Ed Meskys invited everyone to the Boskone V to be held March 22-24. Then Jack Chalker took over. He went on for some considerable length of time discussing a proposed publishing venture that he was contemplating and thinking of asking help from various fans who felt they had some ideas to offer him, etc. In short, he wants fans to suggest short stories for a Murray Leinster anthology.

Chris had finally arrived about 15 minutes after SaM had given up all hope. She told me that she needed someone with photographic experience to operate the slide projector. Naturally, I volunteered Charlie Brown. At Chris' request, he agreed to be the projectionist. Good old Charlie Brown is always doing helpful things for fandom. He's a sort of one-fan community service.

At 4:00 p.m. SaM began his presentation on Murray Leinster's writing career. As he showed various front covers, and some first pages, he cited dates of publication and went over the story lines. The first slide was a very old photo of Will Jenkins. The second slide was the Jan. 26, 1918 ARGOSY, with the first fantasy story by Murray Leinster. This was "Atmosphere", whose first page was shown in the next slide.

The second story of interest to fans was the subject of the fourth and fifth slides, showing the cover and title page of "Oh, Aladdin", in a 1919 ALL-STORY WEEKLY.

Somewhere in the middle of 1919, Bob Weinberg came reeling to the back of the auditorium. He had been near SaM for the first five slides. Bob muttered, "I see no reason why he needs a microphone at all." I cheerfully agreed. That's why I was already at the back of the auditorium! SaM has been referred to (by Bob Bloch, I think) as the modern Stentor.

Back in the real world of 1919, SaM showed "The Runaway Skyscraper" in the Feb. 22 issue of ARGOSY. This was Leinster's first outright science fiction story. A second story, "The Mad Planet", appeared in the June 12, 1920 issue.

SaM continued detailing every notable story, and finally reached AMAZING STORIES, which didn't start publishing until 1926. Stories in WEIRD TALES were discussed, along with those in ASTOUNDING STORIES. A perfectionist, SaM also delved into non-science fiction pulps, such as FIGHTING ROMANCES for Jan. 1929.

A special highpoint was Leinster's completion of the famous "Cosmos" serial in the Sept. 1935 FANTASY MAGAZINE.

Eventually, the more recent years were reached, with SaM stating, "As trends began to change in the 1940's, Murray Leinster stayed right along with them." For an example, he showed the Sept. 1944 STARTLING STORIES with "Black Galaxy".

SaM told how he had requested a story for SCIENCE-FICTION PLUS, and even furnished a story idea. Leinster ignored this, though, and turned in a completely original story.



More or less capping Leinster's career, SaM stated: "In the March 1956 ASTOUNDING this decrepit old man could still write well enough to win a Hugo for "Exploration Team". Naturally, SaM didn't mean Leinster was physically frail, but wanted to show how great a writer he was to capture honors after fifty years of story telling.

SaM mentioned the latest era of paperbooks, and skimmed quickly over the last 12 years to end the slide show at 4:45 p.m. With the lights on, SaM awarded Murray Leinster a plaque from the ESFA in which he is called "The Dean of Science Fiction". (Applause.)

Will Jenkins began his talk in a very slow, rambling way. He is a great writer, not a great talker. He stated, "I've always said if I got one more trophy, I'd get a trophy room." (Laughter.) He started telling stories of the old days. SaM wisely came to the platform and asked questions. This served to direct Will's reminiscences.

SaM: "How did you first make connection with WEIRD TALES?"

Will: "I had some stuff I couldn't sell anywhere else." (Laughter.)

He told the story of Farnsworth Wright's visit to a New Orleans sporting house. When the ladies found out who he was, they made him a special guest, with everything on the house. They even produced a special show for him. Will explained that for some reason WEIRD TALES was the favorite reading matter of sporting women. (Brundage covers?)

SaM kept trying to get Will to tell the audience how much he used to be paid for his stories. Will kept dodging. He said that as a young man he was quite broke, but wanted to get married. He proposed after a play he wrote in one week was accepted by the Schubert Brothers. Then he found out that the play had to have backers before it would be produced.

The play never got off the ground. In order to raise cash, Will rewrote English stories for American publication. At  $\frac{1}{2}\phi$  a word, he churned out reams of the slush and turned it in just as it left his typewriter. In three days he made \$100 -- enough to get married.

As Louisa Carter Lee, Will was one of the favorite lady novelists of America. He finally got sick of being a lady novelist. Even when offered an increase to first  $1\phi$  a word and eventually to  $6\phi$  a word, he just couldn't bring himself to write the slushy love stuff he did before his marriage.

Will is prouder of another phase of his career. "I was in the first issue of ASTOUNDING." The first editorial director of the magazine was blind -- Dr. Douglas Dold. Will told an anecdote with the following moral: "If you ever want to have trouble, start out the evening with a blind man who gets blasted." (Laughter.)

His association with the early ASTOUNDING came to an end in 1933. "When Clayton collapsed, I was left with a note for \$750 I could not cash."

Will has been in practically every general circulation magazine except PLAYBOY. A particularly high-paying market was COLLIERS, where he placed 50-60 stories. This magazine paid \$700 for 600-word shorts. One was turned down, and had to be sold to LIBERTY, for \$100. Later he was informed the story was being considered for a special short story prize. Thinking so little of his chances, he told his wife she should have anything he won. This turned out to be \$1,000. The story was reprinted many times, once for a payment of \$250.

A particularly amusing anecdote of Will's early life concerned his job in Newark for the Prudential Life Insurance Company. He was already adding 50% to his income by



part-time writing. On his 21st birthday, his boss called him in and told him the company did not like his outside activities and he would have to give them up. However, he could have a \$3 raise if he told on employees who criticized the company. Will quit on the spot with great pleasure. (Applause.)

Will explained how he started using the pen name of Murray Leinster. He had been selling to SMART SET, a highly sophisticated magazine (1915), when he was just 17 and looked younger. Editor George Jean Nathan "nearly fell out of his chair" when he got a look at the author. The editor asked him not to use his name on pulp magazines, to avoid cheapening it. Eventually, "Murray Leinster" became so well known, it was more valuable than his real name. And finally, when he started reaching "better" markets, he had to use "Will Jenkins" again.

Asked about his reflex projection system described in ANALOG, Will said that he had so much difficulty over the patents, that he couldn't get protection outside the United States. Instead, someone else got the foreign patents. Arthur Clarke's Year 2001 makes extensive use of the system. Will is going to see if he can't make the movie company pay him royalties or face a court injunction against exhibiting it in the United States.

Will said he is still writing. He planned on finishing a new novel the next day for Pyramid.

At the conclusion of Will's talk, SaM presented him with a "personal" award, aside from the ESFA plaque. The meeting promptly dissolved at 5:15 p.m. I failed to hear any announcement of a dinner meeting. I presumed that everyone sort of filtered over to Child's restaurant a couple of blocks away. However, Bob and Barb Silverberg and I elected to try our luck in New York.

Since I've been writing conreports for WSFA J., people have become increasingly sensitive over what they say to me. If this keeps up, I will have to put on a beard and pretend I'm Jock Root. Bob made it plain that we were going to try an experiment and eat in a new restaurant. It seems I've previously mentioned that Bob has on occasion selected an eating establishment that failed to serve anything edible. In all truth, Bob's taste in food is impeccable (it agrees with mine!). However, he does have a certain wanderlust that leads him to explore unknown regions. He really ought to write a series on little-known-places-I've-eaten-at (and what-happened-there) for HOLIDAY.

After many wrong turns on Bronx streets, travelling variously East, West, North, and South, we finally located the Israeli Steak House. The ditto'd menu on the window failed to reveal any steak, but they did feature a very nice tuna sandwich for 95¢. We piled back in the Silverberg family bus and headed for Jackson's Steak & Lobster House.

During dinner we had a million laughs over our respective houses that had caught fire. I'd almost gotten over my conflagration, but Bob and Barb were a lot closer to theirs. I blanched when Bob mentioned a COMPLETE set of WEIRD TALES that had been water-soaked. This is more than the human mind can take, and I will not detail any more horror stories. The Silverbergs did say how fans had been very kind, and the very night of the fire started arriving to help guard the gutted house and salvage possessions.

The ESFA Annual Open Meeting is a modest one-day affair. In that sense it is somewhat archaic, since nowadays weekend gatherings have become the general rule. It's really quite a wrench to leave the afternoon's program and not have an evening's party to look forward to after dinner with your friends. As a result, not many people from out of town attend any more. As a matter of fact, there are many local fans who do not attend. I expect to see them at the Lunacon in April.



11  
VIEWS, REVIEWS, AND ARCHIMEDEAN SPIRALS: Book Reviews  
by Alexis & Doll Gilliland

Chthon, by Piers Anthony (Ballantine Book; 1967).

Chthon is a fantastic underground garnet mine, where the galaxy's incorrigible prisoners are condemned to labor without hope of escape or reprieve. The economy is simple: food comes down, garnets come up. Hot, stinking winds blow from uncharted tunnels, and phosphorescent algae grow on the walls to provide dismal light. On the fringes of Chthon lurk salamanders and chimerae, but in the depths are some original -- and terrifying -- monsters, and at the bottom old Chthon himself (itself? Himself?) dwells, as a fair parallel to Satan in Hades.

The protagonist, Aton, could probably be described as a black hero. Not an anti-hero, or a villain, but a strong man at war with himself and the world for excellent and compelling reasons. In the process of living he racks up his environment -- and his women -- with a callous brutality which is repaid somewhat by the environment. He may not be the master of himself or the situation, but he makes things happen, and he may be a bastard, but he is not passive. Aton is, in fact, one of the very few characters in science fiction who, after being described as hard, strong, ruthless, egotistical, and self-centered, is actually so depicted.

The story falls into three natural sections. Aton's boyhood and youth, the prolog and epic Hard Trek in Chthon, and the post-Chthon resolution. Since they were awkward to tie together -- the bridging matter would have telegraphed a lot of the punches, and probably weakened the book -- Anthony has sliced the sections up and stacked them together in six chapters, 1A&1B, 2A&2B, 3A&3B, 1C&4A, 2C&5A, and 3C&6A, where A is in Chthon, B is boyhood and youth, and C is postlude. This allows a lot of resonant effects, and makes the three sections into a unified whole, but also causes a certain roughness in the narrative.

Sex is used very judiciously, and almost entirely as a means of delineating Aton's character, or/and the character of his women. Nevertheless, there is quite a lot of it, ranging from the first encounter with a female leg at 14 to a rape in the mines to really hairy stuff. Actually Anthony -- and all authors -- are faced with the problem of how to use sex, and why. To have sex or anything else out of context with the story is bad writing, and sex, like garlic powder, is such a powerful ingredient that discretion must be exercised in its use. My own opinion is that Anthony has exercised such discretion, but since he is dealing thematically with passion -- a rare thing in SF -- he has cooked up a garlicky stew which may not be to everyone's taste. Still, the book contains word-play and wit as well, and the plot is logically built on the character and habits (and cohabits) of the minionette (female inhabitant of the proscribed planet Minion), which is certainly an extrapolation from the known in 1968.

The writing is excellent, and the plotting is lucid and very tight, a point which makes difficulties for the reviewer who would like to give some indication of what's going on without tipping the author's hand. In TWJ #53 George Fergus rates Chthon as #1 for the year. My own inclination would be to put it in a tie for #2 with Silverberg's Thorns, and give #1 to Delany's Einstein Intersection.

AG

Psychic phenomena is the subject of a number of books released by Ace. The latest we received from them are Warren Smith's Strange Powers of the Mind (Ace K296, 192pp., 50¢) and Hans Holzer's The Lively Ghosts of Ireland (Ace H-47, 191 pp., 60¢). The first is the usual type thing, wherein the author reconstructs events from accounts by eyewitnesses and documented case histories, differing in that a number of the incidents are of more recent vintage than is normally to be found in a book of this type. However, the latter is something else. Hans Holzer is a psychic researcher of another ilk -- an active "ghost hunter" if you will, and on the expeditions recounted in this



book, he was accompanied by his wife (who, I believe, is the Catherine Buxhoeveden who did the illustrations) and his remarkable "British psychic friend Sybil Leek. The results are fascinating. Holzer writes of their adventures in Ireland in 1966, following up on tips which he had received prior and during his trip. The author describes the houses and general setting, the local legends, and also what he felt, what Sybil "saw", what they found, the way in which they "exorcized" a few of the spirits they encountered, and/or what they didn't or failed to find -- also, what they learned afterwards. His breezy style is factual, fast-paced, unadorned, even understated, with light touches of humor and drama -- and the glimpses of the Irish countryside, people, and pubs are inviting in themselves. The illustrations of the sites of the tales which are unfolding are a valuable mood factor. The Lively Ghosts of Ireland make easy, entertaining, interesting reading -- and provide something to think about to those who may not be confirmed believers or skeptics. Would welcome information on Hans Holzer and/or Sybil Leek; found the book charming.

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DG

Moon of the Three Rings, by Andre Norton (Ace Book H-33, 60¢, 252 pp.).

This book has a number of strong points, not least that the author has made one of her pet themes -- the intelligent, talented animal as a side character -- central to the story line. For another, we alternate chapters between the "I" of Krip Korlund, a youthful Free Trader, and that of the witch Maelen (who has a wandering show of trained animals), so that each describes events with enough overlap to give a textured, three-dimensional effect to the narrative. For a third, the writing is sustained at a high level throughout, and the balance between plot, action, and atmosphere is much more nearly in line with the "classical precepts" than, say, the "Witch-world" series, which was extremely strong on atmosphere and mood.

The principal drawback is the matter of Maelen's motivation. Altogether too much is a matter of either Divine Inspiration or adherence to the Standing Words, the legal/moral/ethical code of the Thassa. As a result, she never makes an unconstrained decision (although there is the suggestion that she sent Vorlund's soul into a barsk's body because she wanted to be the first master of "little People" to tame the fierce, wily barsk), and the net effect is to give the feeling that she is being directly manipulated by the author, despite a trial scene where her motives are explored at some length.

A minor complaint is that there is a backstage conflict going on which looks absolutely spectacular, but all you see are knights -- sword-sworns, as they are called locally -- riding around on urgent missions, and here and there a hint of strenuous action as interstellar combines spin their wheels by night.

The switching of souls from body to body when the third ring showeth on the mystic moon is eerie and effective, and Vorlund's description of what it feels like to suddenly be a barsk is memorable. The Thassa, with their Old Ones, are pretty much a stock Elder Race, but include some nice touches (which is, let's face it, about all you can do, short of writing a Silmarillion).

MotTR comes across as a well-executed adventure story, with the characteristic Norton flavor. A must for Andre Norton fans, it is recommended for everyone.

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AG

Editor's Notes --

Material still urgently needed for DISCLAVE (May) issue -- deadline April 15. We need material of all kinds, especially material which is too long for regular issues. Cover art (black ink on white paper) is still needed for this and future issues, and good fiction, etc. is needed for the special fiction section.

Also needed are Associate Editors to assist in screening and obtaining art and fiction for the DISCLAVE issue and for future issues of the JOURNAL. More on this later:--

DLM



DOLL'S HOUSE: Fanzine Reviews  
by Doll Gilliland

For some months I've been promising our illustrious editor that I would review a SAPS mailing which he furnished me last year. Never having read a mailing before, I have nothing with which to compare same except other fanzines I have read. Keeping that in mind, here we go:

What's this? A SYSTEM OF CANONICAL FORMS FOR RINGS ON A DIRECT SUM OF TWO INFINITE CYCLIC GROUPS by Burnett R. Toskey, a pamphlet reprinted from the PACIFIC JOURNAL OF MATHEMATICS, Vol. 20, No. 1, 1967. Lots of luck.

Ah, a clue.

Here is SPECTATOR 79, v. 19, no. 4, official organ of the Spectator Amateur Press Society (SAPS), edited by Wrai Ballard, 4230 University Way N.E., Seattle, Wash., 98105. Front page lists the contents of the 79th mailing, the deadline for the 80th mailing, the new Official Editor (Dave Hulan). Next come the SAPS rules, the Pillar Poll and OElection Results, Waiting List, Treasury Report, and Roster.

Comes the 20th

anniversary issue of SPACEWARP (Arthur Rapp, 1700 Park Drive, Baltimore, Md., 21222). Art's mailing comments are entertaining and offer good hooks for further comment. Roy Tackett discusses "Six Great Classics of Science Fiction for \$1" (reprints from WONDER) and does a hilariously memorable synopsis of Pansy E. Black's The Men From the Meteor, followed by a story and a lyric reprinted from a 1953 and 1957 SAPS mailing, respectively. (Art Rapp's song on the Michigan Science Fantasy Society is probably as applicable today as a decade earlier, if you substitute Viet Nam for Korea.) Whee -- a multi-color title page by Nancy Rapp with a sexy purple giantess introduces a delightful extended contale "The Great STF Holocaust", as conceived by Ed Cox, Len Moffatt, Art Rapp, Rick Sneary, and Roy Tackett, reprinted from the Official Organ of the Carboniferous Amateur Press Alliance, 5/65-3/66. The final page has two poetic reruns -- "Fragments" from HODGEPODGE #6 and "Pleasure" from IGNATZ #1. Quite entertaining 51 pp.

The four-page TTR #3 by C. Lee Jacobs, Lon Atkins, and Ed Cox (aren't they the ones who are always playing cards?), tho done by ditto, is remarkably clean and legible. If Lee's description of Lon's activities his first 10 days in SCal is true, it beats Welcome Wagon hands down. Both Lee and Lon comment on the similarity of LA fandom and bygone Atlanta fandom, except that LA has topless bars where Lon studies Stress Dynamics. Ed Cox comments further on this subject, and then all three discuss the question of whether Beer is the only true ghod. EdCo concludes with a paragraph on the proliferation of SF paperbacks.

GOLIARD

841 (Karen Anderson, 3 Las Palomas, Orinda, Cal.). Cover sketch is of Poul, Karen, and Astrid costumed for the medieval tournament. Karen discusses same, and her attempt to pack a strictly medieval lunch, including French rolls, Gouda and Edam cheeses, sausage, whole roasted chicken, a stoneware bottle of Rhine wine, and beef potpies...which leads to a slight diversion on traveling by British railway -- and pasties, piroshki, tacos, etc. Also some clerihews (thumbnail sketch of a person in verse form), based on characters associated with StarTrek, and finally a piece of a poem "The Blazing Stars". Refreshing 6 pp.

RESIN 2?/1 (Norm Metcalf, P.O. Box 336, Berkeley, Cal., 94701). Two pp. of mc's.

SPELEOBEM 35 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, L.A., Cal., 90024). Nice cover -- Dian Pelz, at a guess. Bruce discusses SFandom ephemera like decks of cards with Finlay or Emsh illos on the back, jewelry, "Moon Postage" stamps, etc. Also fanzine oddities like carbonzines. He introduces some of the LASF's poker players, with a paragraph on the individual's long and shortcomings, won-and-lost status, favorite games, etc., and discusses a never-realized 1960 project -- filming "The Musquite Kid" -- casting, fotos, etc. 5 pp. Also included the 6-page SARDONICUS 2 (Ensign Milton F. Stevens, USS Coral Sea (CVA-43), FPO San Francisco, 96601).



SAPRISE! #9 (Dave Van Arnam, 1730 Harrison Ave., Apt. 353, Bronx, N.Y., 10453). I thought that name was familiar. Dave explains why he missed a mailing -- his progress as a pro, his new acquisitions -- i.e., piano, a kitten, another kitten, a wife, etc. His mc's are certainly wide-ranging -- E.E. Smith in Swedish for the "immense glorious sweep", Frazetta's Conan covers, the stature of Sibelius vs Prokofiev, the Lovin' Spoonfuls (Should that be Spoonsful? Or maybe Spoonfools? Oh well...), etc. A delightful touch the closing pages -- FIRST DRAFT #159 being written the day before his wedding, and #160 giving details of the memorable day. A subtle salute to Cindy.

DINKY BIRD 22 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis, Minn., 55417). Ditto repro quite good. Cover by Joe Staton and Ken Fletcher. A page of mc's and 3 pages of poetry, "Translations from Catallus".

MURIAS 5 (Jean Berman. Same as above). More artwork but copy repro not up to Ruth's. Jean opens with a description of her California visit with John and Bjo Trimble. Am puzzled. She says, "The Tournament was sponsored by the Society for Creative Anachronisms, a non-fannish Berkeley group." What means "non-fannish"? With a name like that, they must be fans of something. Interesting personal mc's -- including instructions for the cardgame "Blackout". Also a half-realized bit of fiction. Illos scattered thru the 10 pp.

DEADWOOD SAP #10 (Burnett R. Toskey). Wow, what a cover! Tones of green and blue and aqua and yellow, orange, red, fuschia, purple, and what have you! Pointed ears, carpet-tack teeth, prominent Adam's apple, etc. All very confusing because it's ostensibly a self-portrait, and BRT would never be permitted to teach in a public institution (at least not yet) if he looked like that. Then again it may be an expressionistic work, venting the emotion felt as he views himself (undoubtedly in the early morning sunlight -- I can't stand viewing anything, especially sunlight, early in the morning). Besides personally-revealing mc's, Burnett reviews works of the Scandinavian composers Sibelius, Grieg, and Nielson; also the movie "One Million Years B.C.", and books, including Baum's Emerald City of Oz and several by Marie Corelli, i.e., Boy, The Murder of Delicia, Ziska, etc.

TAIL OF THE TATTERED DRAGON  
(Nancy Rapp -- see SPACEWARP). Eight pp. of cartoons.

THE LAST OF THE JUST (John Foyster, 12 Glengariff Dr., Springvale North, Victoria 3170, Australia). Some of the dittoed pages are hard to read. John is set to ship out on a pleasure cruise or some such to England. Discourses on bookshops, comments on Alain Resnais' film "Muriel", LSD, McLuhan, and Wfff'n-Proof. Part 2 of the Australian Convention Author Panel -- wherein they are trying to distinguish SF from current literature if possible. After quite awhile trying to define acceptable boundaries, Dick Jenssen remarks, "I'd just like to point out that SF is not literature. . ." and Colin Bell says SF is simply a grown-up fairy tale for people who still like fairy tales, etc. -- followed by mc's. Attached is

THRU THE PORTHOLE #1 (Bob Smith) with comments on the Australian Army and SAPS, as well as a copy of "Drouin High School Term III 1966 Form One Math (ID) Test" from Foyster.

SAPSAFIELD 6 (John F. Kusske, Route #2, Hastings, Minn., 55033). Also available for LoC, favorable review, trade, contrib, stenciled artwork). Raunchy paunchy cover creature by Ken Fletcher. Editorial reveals John's diabolical scheme to move to the Twin Cities area and reform Minneapolis fandom. ((He was living in Morris, Minn., when his 'zine was written. --ed.)) (Note to Burt Randolph: John mentions a Tolkienist by name of Dorothy Barber, a teacher at UMM.) In his mc's, he discusses Minnesota fandom and the two Minneapolis clubs, among other things. JFK adds another to his tale of Arrgh's, this one a sexy, spicy "The Wizzard's Way", and Chapters 14 and 15 of Faandation V. LoC's from Harry Warner, Ken Fletcher, and Bob Coulson. Reviews of John MacDonald's newest Travis McGee book One Fearful Yellow Eye and APA45 #10. "The Bormakor Horror" is a light occult spoof. Also comments on Mahler's Symphony No. 1.



BANDERSNATCH #2 (Creath Thorne, 717B Hudson Hall, Columbia, Mo., 65201). Springtime and Missouri, "Fahrenheit 451" and "A Man and a Woman" reviews -- very nicely written. Mc's interesting...the approach to art -- escape from or return to life, C.S. Lewis, Jeanne Dixon, Tolkien on college campuses, fanatic, fandom, and apa's. (Things have certainly changed since Creath wrote, "So far there are relatively few fanzines distributed from fans in the (St. Louis) club." Offhand I can name ODD, SIRRUIISH, OSFAN, STARLING, QUARK, KALKI, ANUBIS -- well, maybe that last doesn't could as a fanzine.)

STUMPING #20 (Jim Webbert, 4028 161st Ave. S.E., Bellevue, Wash., 98004). Six pp. of mc's with little to contribute except something about the amount of pipe needed to get a good sample of sea water. Wha'?

PLEASURE UNITS #17 (H & A Gordon Eklund). Gordon discusses parodies and his unauthorized preliminary orientation to civilianhood. Mc's loaded with quotables...sleeping -- "(which) is so lacking in true memory value"; boos for the Blue Magoos -- "Electronic effects are not all there is to such music"; folk music -- "How can folk music be dying when folk music is, by name, music made by folks!"; SF -- "A perfect science fiction writer should be of the same level as the stature of Raymond Chandler in the detective field. At least he should be a decent writer"; guns -- "I don't think that the mere owning of a gun makes somebody 'dangerous and irresponsible' but I do suppose it could make an irresponsible person dangerous".

FROM SUNDAY TO SATURDAY (Don Fitch, 3908 Frijo, Covina, Cal., 91722). Six pp. of mc's. Many of the fanzines I've read herein have extended welcomes to the new Swedish member, Carl Brandon. Don adds discussions of the various attitudes in the U.S. on our involvement in Viet Nam, the methods of growth of U.S. fandom (personal contact most successful), the fact that there are also some good TV programs in the U.S despite the general hue and cry, that smoking seems less popular among the Younger Set, etc. Also conveys helpful gardening hints to budding SAPS botanists.

EPORQUE? #33 (Doreen Webbert. See STUMPING) features an 8-year-old cover photo of the editor towel-clad. Her coverage of the 30x18" color print of Clydesdale team and brewery wagon incident is delicious. Reading her mc's, I would not have guessed she was writing about the same 'zines as the preceding editors. I guess it's all in how you look at it.

POTPOURRI #48 (John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast, BT43FL, Northern Ireland). An informational and instructional leaflet on what to do during an Alien Emergency greets the reader when he turns the cover. Ingenious but oh come now, think I until I reach the end and discover what inspired John in the first place. Now I think -- Clever, that Berry. (Shucks, he could have called his penning the Berry Patch -- conducted polls in the Strawberry Patch, done reviews in the Raspberry Patch, reminisced in the Elderberry Patch, mc'd in the Gooseberry Patch, and hid out in the Blackberry Patch.) "Dog-Gone" is a waggish autobiographical glimpse which John wrote in 1963 and is reprinted from THE SCARR. His book review may just lead me to buy Fred Basnett's Travels of a Capitalist Lackey. Interesting mc's -- touching on "The Avengers", "The Rat Catchers", the Beatles, fingerprints, etc. John Berry has been at the top of the Pillar Poll for a number of years, and with good reason -- judging from POTPOURRI #48.

COLLECTOR (Howard DeVore, 4705 Weddel St., Dearborn Hgts., Mich.). Activities at home and mc's rather mundane. But then there are his FAPA pages GRANDFATHER STORIES, in which he reminisces about the Detroit SF group called the Misfits -- one paragraph as they are today, the rest on the good old days as teenagers and such. Hoo-hah, better than Elliott Ness, And it looks like those days are not gone forever, judging from the last page.

THE CHARLOTTAN #12 (Len Bailes, Box 474, 308 Westwood Plaza, L.A., Cal., 90024). Conversation after a LASFS meeting typically far out. In his mc's, Len discusses Asimov's Foundation series, Gilbert & Sullivan, the closed circuit TV lesson on frog dissection during his high school days (so impressive I interrupted Alexis to read it to him), Cabell,



etc. Also included is

GRO 3 (Lon Atkins, Box 444, Northridge, Cal., 91324). Refreshing mc's on intriguing topics, e.g., SF's "escape" value -- ". . . it's an escape that stretches the imagination into new shapes and rips peepholes in the fabric of reality . . ." (Wonder how that translates into Swedish; it was addressed to Carl Brandon); cliches; over-population; fandom, etc. (Is it safe for me to assume that these attachments to others' fanzines are by prospective members?)

NIFLHEIM 19 (Dave Hulan, Box 1032, Canoga Park, Val., 91304). Very clear repro on attractive gray paper, fronted by an orange cover bearing a Terry Jeeves illo. Contains the new OE's new rules. A Ferdinand Turdfoot (and he complains about Lon Atkins' puns!), and a two-page letter from Kris Neville about The Mutants and The Unearth People (originally titled The Baths of Malneen), deploring the fact that so many people were taking them seriously instead of in fun as intended. So now he has written a couple of serious novels and 18 shorts and novelettes, each serious to some degree, and is having a hard time selling them.

MEST (Ted Johnstone, 619 S. Hobart Blvd., L.A., Cal., 90005). Except for a picturesque news item on RITEFINE stencils, a plug for a couple of his upcoming books, his TAFF candidacy, and the Westercon (all right, so I'm a little late), the 'zine is comprised of 15 pages of mc's touching on the complete previous mailing -- apa's, hotels vs. motels for Cons (Ted says he'd "rather wait five minutes or even 10 for an elevator" . . . hey, Ted, did you make NYCon III?), the possibility of time repeating the same year (say, 1951), and us giving it a new number each time around (so we've reached 1967, but Time hasn't; Nice!), guns for combat; more mention of his Man From U.N.C.L.E. books (penname David McDaniel), LA fan activities, double-dactyls with a couple of samples, etc.

SPY RAY (Dick Eney, 6500 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Va., 22307). Biting mc's -- or should I say hookers, from Viet Nam. Witty -- "Why should the Beatles' split be a final comment on their lasting power vs. Christianity? After all, Christianity has been split up since at least 30 A.D. and just look."

MISTILY MEANDERING #20 (Fred Patten, 1704-B S. Flower St., Santa Ana, Cal., 92707). Strikingly handsome cover (at least for this SAPS mailing) by Jim Cawthorn. Extended eulogy for 1825 Greenfield Ave., Fred's former address and famous fen den. Mc's include discussions of what constitutes being "in fandom"; the latest Formula for children's fantasies, Stan Freberg's commercial for Butternut Coffee; stfnal dates; his high school Science class menagerie, etc.

OUTSIDERS 67 (Wrai Ballard, 4230 University Way N.E., Seattle, Wash., 98105). Discusses his environs -- Hippie territory, Carol's activities (bet I'll have to read everything from this area to find out who Carol is), the lack of receipts of contribs for the mailing a week before the due date, etc. Mc's have a kind word for our postal service; Get Smart, Star Trek, and The Avengers; Gilbert & Sullivan; the art of rat-handling; notifications of address change; mad scientists around his lab, etc.

RETRO 44 (F.M. Busby, 2852 14th West, Seattle, Wash., 98119). This fellow deserves a pat on the back; he tabulated the Pillar Poll (taking 5 times as long as preparing his income tax return). Mc's -- the stfnal aspects of Ayn Rand's Atlas Shrugged, school finals, Catch 22, security clearance, school bussing; Seattle fandom, etc. Also, "Education of a Sap" by Art Rapp, featuring Wrai Ballard and Carol. (Who is Carol?)

GOSLING 4 (Elinor Busby). Very literate, well-written mc's -- on Valentine Smith's death in Stranger in a Strange Land and self-sacrifice; the conclusion of Glory Road (wonder if Elinor has had a chance to read Kazantzakis' Odysseus?); The Lord of the Rings in Swedish; favorite books; Heinlein and Twain; comedy; mystery writers; religion; the sex habits of geese (ah, to be a greylag goose -- but Alexis wants to be the one with a harem if there are going to be multiple mates around here); G.B. Shaw's plays, dachshund owners; Harlan Ellison's Star Trek episode "The City on the Edge of Forever"; names;



The Story of O; housekeeping and reading; Beau Brummel's linen; school bussing; Tom Wolfe's writing; smoking. Also

BASINGSTROKE 4 (Carol Murray -- aha, is this THAT Carol? Den mother? Asst. scout leader? Yes, it is!). Weight is always a handy topic -- especially when everyone else is trying to lose, while she is trying to gain. An ardent Avengers fan -- this seems to be typical of the Seattlites (Seattalions? Seattlers?). Wrestling Wrai's attention -- the truth will out; he's going steady with her, I assume.

And there it is -- last April's SAPS mailing. Let me stress that many addresses (possibly members) may no longer be current. For instance, Burnett Toskey is now here in D.C. In any event, this seems to be a group of nice, friendly people, who write well, often wittily. But save for John Berry, hardly exceptional.

((We have corrected most of the above addresses, Doll -- except that Ruth Berman is now at 3905 W. 1st St., L.A., Cal., 90004. For any of our readers who may not happen to know what an APA is, we hope to have an article on the subject of APA's in general and today's APA's in particular in TWJ in the near future, if someone will write such an article for us (HINT!!). --ed.))

ERBDOM 22, Nov. '67 (Camille Cazedessus, Jr., P.O. Box 550, Evergreen, Colo., 80439. 4/\$2.). Magnificent Venus/Amtor cover illo by Jeff Jones, who also did the five unused interiors for I Am a Barbarian which are reproduced herein, courtesy of ERB, Inc. Other fine art work by Neal MacDonald, Roy Krenkel, Jim Cawthorn, and bacover by Al Williamson. Frank Brueckel discusses and maps the geographical configuration of Venus/Amtor. (A footnote tells us that "Cytherean" is coming into increasing usage in scientific literature, because of the stigmatic suggestiveness of the proper term "Venerian". Cytherea is another alias of the Love Goddess. I don't see why they can't just settle on the incorrect "Venusian".) Caz taking orders for a Fra-zetta folio (16 large prints of illos intended for At the Earth's Core and Pellucidar) (\$7...to be distributed January '68). Books and pulp orders now being handled by the Sargasso Book Shop, here represented by a two-page listing of ERB goodies for sale, and another page of works by such as Rider Haggard, Talbot Mundy, Otis Adelbert Kline, C.E. Scoggins, etc.

Henry Hardy Heins speculates that accounts of the sinking of the Titanic may have furnished "source material" for the shipwrecks that appeared in ERB's succeeding books. Caz offers helpful suggestions for building a Burroughs collection, with an intro to first editions and books in print. A review of the film "Tarzan and the Great River" (Up with Mike Henry!) and the works of C.E. Scoggins. Also, report of DumDum and NYCon by John F. Roy. My nomination for most fascinating news item -- Japan has a foot-high mechanical Tarzan that walks and gives the yell!

THE GRIDLEY WAVE (House of Greystoke, 6657 Locust, K.C., Mo., 64131). In #17 (May 1965), front page reports that Russ Manning will take over the art work for Gold Key's Tarzan of the Apes starting in October. #24 (Oct. 1967) front pages that Russ Manning will take over the daily and Sunday adventures of Tarzan starting in November -- and the center page shows a sample of his work. Page 3 of #17 reproduces an article on Mike Henry; p. 4 of #24 features an ad for "Tarzan and the Great River" starring Mike Henry. #17 has Dick Lupoff writing on ERBooks issued by Canaveral Press; #24 introduces ERB's I Am a Barbarian, published by ERB, Inc., Tarzana, Cal. -- "a history of the life of Caligula as seen thru the eyes of his personal body slave".

HOLY EDDY #1 (Mike McInerney, Apt. 5FE, 250 W. 16th St., N.Y., N.Y.). Sloppy cartooning, sloppy dittoing, sloppy writing, sloppy thinking. Well, theoretically you get what you pay for, and this is free.

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



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

(Undated)

. . . I'm curious: how many of my books, aside from The Sorceress of Qar, has Alexis Gilliland read?

Now, I haven't read World of the Sleeper, so I have no idea whether or not it bears any resemblance to my sort of stuff. It's kind of flattering (if true) that someone else has "taken Ted White for his model", but I can't help wondering where Alexis got the notion that I write in sentences nearly five lines long. Maybe once in a long time, but usually not. Certainly it's no characteristic of my writing.

I guess i'm just feeling a little huffy because the tone of the review (of World of the Sleepers) (TWJ #51 --ed.) is more of Putting Ted White Down than of reviewing the book at hand. "If you like Ted White, you'll like this," indeed.

Each year the New York Public Library system publishes a list of recommended reading for teen-agers. This list, a small booklet actually, is considered prestigious. It circulates throughout the system itself, and encourages orders for the listed books within the system, but it is also used by many libraries across the country for their own purchases. Naturally, "making the list" is something a lot of writers hope for.

This year, in the 1968 list, top of page 31, is a listing for my Secret of the Marauder Satellite -- a book I doubt Gilliland has read, despite the fact that it has received glowing reviews in both F&SF and ANALOG, since Ace didn't send it to him for free review.

Around the same time that book was published, Belmont published my The Jewels of Elsewhen, which I note Gilliland has not read or reviewed. I have my doubts he's read Phoenix Prime, or Android Avenger. It seems unlikely he's read any of my short stories (the newest is in the February F&SF).

So where does Gilliland get off, sneering at poor Tony Russell Wayman (whom, by the way, I do not know and have never met) because, supposedly, he writes like me? How would Alexis know?

To change the subject a little, I'll mention that the cover for Worlds of the Imperium is indeed a reprint from 1962, but it is hardly "early Gaughan". It's hack Valligerski, unless my eyes deceive me.

Jack did do the cover, though, for Sideslip, which is the new, approved title for When in Rome, by Dave Van Arnam and myself. It's due out in April, now, and I guess it will be, since I already have a proof copy of the cover, and I edited the galleys a week ago. (Mostly, I changed references from 1965 to 1968, which will give you an idea how long this book has been in Pyramid's files.) Real vintage stuff, Dave and I started writing it in fall of 1964, and finished it a year later, after selling it to Pyramid in May or June of 1965. It's got some nice points to it, but I think I can safely predict Gilliland won't like it...

Terry Carr, %Ace Books, Inc., 1120 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y., 10036 (1 Mar 68)

Latest WSFA JOURNAL just in, and I got quite a shock as soon as I opened it. ((TWJ #53 --ed.)) George Fergus, reviewing Ace's 1967 publishing, says, "Terry Carr starts new whiz-bang quality SF series: first special selection is H-Bomb Over America by Jeff Sutton."

Oog.

I did announce the Ace SF Specials last year, but the series didn't start publication till January of 1968, with Simak's Why Call Them Back From Heaven? The Jeff Sutton book, while it was one of my projects on the editorial end, had nothing to do with the SF Specials; it wasn't intended as an sf book at all, in fact, but simply as one of the genre of Seven Days in May/Fail Safe/Red Alert/etc. This is borderline sf, I suppose, but its appeal is to a much different audience.



I'm concerned about this little note because Sutton's book is nowhere near the kind of thing I want identified with the SF Specials, either in kind or quality. The Specials are intended to be superior novels that will appeal to intelligent sf readers; while Sutton's book was fine for its genre (a fancy word for "bag"), it doesn't rate with the Specials.

I'm excited about the Specials project, and I hope fans will pay attention to it as the books come out. Early sales reports show that the series is off to an excellent start commercially; apparently a combination of well-known writers' bylines and a striking, different cover design. I hope the books will get the critical attention they deserve too, both from the pros and the fans. So far I've had beautiful cooperation from the pros. The first original novel in the series (February's book, The Witches of Karres by James H. Schmitz, is of course reprinted from the Chilton hardcover) has just been published as I write: Past Master by R.A. Lafferty. For this I tried the experiment of sending advance galleys to a number of well-known writers in the field and asking for comments I could quote, if they liked the book; Harlan Ellison, Roger Zelazny, Chip Delany and Judy Merrill all responded with enthusiastic letters, from which I quoted on the book. I'm not sure why this hasn't been tried before by paperback sf publishers; it's a standard technique among hardcover publishers, and it seems to me to be worthwhile, provided you have the book in each case to draw good comments. I intend to continue the practice with future originals in the series.

But meanwhile I hope people will review these books in fanzines -- and, naturally, I hope they'll like them. But basically, just the attention of fandom should be enough: it would assure the authors that any book they publish as an Ace Special would have a fair shot at Hugo votes, rather than just getting lost in the proliferation of paperback science fiction. Probably not all the Specials will appeal to any given fan, critic or whatever, but I think the general, overall quality and aims will be quite apparent.

For a brief preview: The April book in the series will be The Revolving Boy by Gertrude Friedberg, reprinted from Doubleday; in May it'll be Tucker's The Lincoln Hunters, originally published by Rinehart and unaccountably overlooked by pb publishers; June will bring Alex Panshin's first novel, Rite of Passage. The latter part of the year will feature original novels by John Brunner, Bob Shaw, Roger Zelazny and a number of other goodies by big-name writers and small -- but some of these aren't completely under contract yet, only verbal agreement, so I'd better not name them.

Re the Silverberg fire: It turns out that the first estimate of loss of books and such was unnecessarily pessimistic. Bob's fanzine collection did go completely -- it was in the attic, where the fire apparently started -- but Bob hadn't collected fanzines as such for many years; he kept a complete file of FAPA mailings dating back into the 40's but only selected subzines. Still, these are just about irreplaceable. His prozine collection was, I believe, about as complete as anyone's; I remember being fantisted and awed when he showed me the room in which he filed the magazines, because it was a comparatively small room and I found it hard to believe that all the sf and fantasy mags ever published could be put in there -- but I checked for a number of comparatively rare magazines -- early WEIRDS, NEW WORLDS, NEBULA SF, etc. -- and yes bigod they were there. This room was on the third floor, and was fortunately not completely destroyed; as a result of the tight packing of the magazines in their shelves, only the spines of most of them were scorched. Additional damage came from the water used in putting out the fire, but Bob says most of the magazines are still readable, though hardly mint. The only portion of the SFWA files lost was the stack of current letters and other papers; anything older than a week or three at the time of the fire was in a separate place and was saved. As for Bob's really extensive rare book collection, this was on the ground floor in a separate wing of the house, and was completely untouched. . . .

Glad Alexis liked The Swords of Lankmar as much as I did. The series novels are my province too (DAW can't handle everything, now that he's Editorial Vice President), and I'm especially pleased with the Fafhrd-Gray Mouser books. The second, Swords Against Wizardry, will be out in July.



20  
Robert Willingham, 21934 Millpoint Ave., Torrance, Cal., 90502

(2 Mar 68)

The more issues of TWJ I receive, the more I realize just how indispensable it really is. Book reviews that are excellent because they contain reasons why the reviewer liked or disliked a particular book, charming fanzine reviews, book releases -- just what a fan like myself needs.

Number 53 was as useful as any other ish ("useful" because I buy books after I've a fair sampling of reviewers' opinions, and Mr. Gilliland's extolling thoughts of Leiber's The Swords of Lankmar has caused me to spend sixty cents), but I do have one nit to pick. Why didn't George Fergus mention in his "The Paperbacks in Perspective: 1967" Geston's Lords of the Starship. Perhaps he hasn't read it; if he has, he has made a mistake in not including this Ace novel with the "almost-made-its". ((Strangely enough, Alexis has reviewed LotS for the next issue of TWJ. --ed.))

LotS (Ace Book G-673; 50¢; 156 pp; copyright 1967) by Mark S. Geston is an original as well as the first novel of the author (its being a first novel is a little hard to believe, but I suppose it is possible). The cover is a beautiful and smooth Schoenherr. On pages 8 and 9 there is a map (by JG) with such things written upon it as "The Dark Powers" and "Great Plains"; but don't let that scare anyone from reading it. I think it highly probable that this book will be a Hugo nominee.

Too bad Superhero (\$) comes but once a year. I remember the previous installment in TWJ #37....

Steve Rasnic, Box 267, Jonesville, Va., 24263

(3 Mar 68)

Re TWJ #53 -- Granted that Leiber is a superb writer. Granted that the Fafhrd and Gray Mouser stories are very entertaining and superior to most (I'm a big fan of their myself). However, I still don't think they can compare with Lord of the Rings. I think Alexis himself put it well when he said, ". . . Leiber hasn't bothered to go into the meticulous and painstaking background development that Tolkien has done." This background work made Tolkien's characters really live. Leiber hasn't anything to compare with it. No matter how funny and entertaining Leiber's book may be, I still don't believe it can be placed on a par with Tolkien's works. The characterization, background, etc. are all superior (in the latter). I might add though that it seems to me that Leiber is the only author presently capable of succeeding the "throne" of Tolkien.

I found the criticisms given Star Trek by both Ted White and George Fergus to be perfectly valid, although I will still choose to remain a Star Trek supporter. Star Trek hasn't provided the best sf, but it should be remembered it's all we have. I think they do come up with some remarkable stories now and then, making the whole existence of the show worthwhile. We won't be getting any better sf, at least for a few more years yet...so we should try to hang on to this as long as we can.

I can see no reason why an author's criticism or dislike of a show should provide a bar to his writing a good, interesting book based on the show; that is if he is a truly good writer. I think the Lost in Space book only shows the versatility of writers Ted White and Dave Van Arnam.

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Still More In Brief --

Ron Smith, your letter will appear in the next issue of TWJ; it arrived a bit too late for this one. Burt Randolph, yours will appear as an article, either in the next issue or the one following.

The next issue will be devoted in large part to overseas fandom, while we clear up a backlog of material by and about our overseas friends. From then on, we hope to keep up, with a regular section on overseas activities.

NEW WORLDS may be finished -- full details in TWJ #55.

What's up with BAYCON? No Progress Report #2, no word of any kind except that which we read in S.F. WEEKLY. No WSFAN has received anything that we know of since joining at the NYCON. And we understand the Hugo nominations close Apr. 15....

. DLM



THE BOOKSHELF: New Releases

ACE -- April, 1968 Releases:

(Ace Books, 1120 Ave. of the Americas, NY, NY, 10036)

The Revolving Boy, by Gertrude Friedberg (H-58; 60¢; "SF Special"; reprinted from Doubleday edition) -- "An idea I have actually not read before...Combines sound speculation with good writing and effective story-telling." --Judith Merrill.

Bedlam Planet, by John Brunner (G-709; 50¢) -- "Everything about the planet Asgard seemed to indicate that it was a world that could be a second Earth. Then why was the pioneer colony there suddenly plunged into disaster?"

Solar Lottery, by Philip K. Dick (G-718; 50¢; reissue) -- ". . . "As elaborately exciting as vintage van Vogt." --N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE.

Space Chantey, by R.A. Lafferty (H-56; 60¢) -- "A galactic Odyssey, with Capt. Roadstrum leading his band of heroes into one outrageous adventure after another." and

Pity About Earth, by Ernest Hill -- "In a universe ruled by assassination, Shale found himself the first target in a plot to conquer the stars!"

Professor Jameson Space Adventure #5: Doomsday on Ajiat, by Neil R. Jones (G-719; 50¢) -- "The Zoromes are imprisoned on a planet facing destruction at any moment as its sun goes nova!"

They Walk by Night, by Michael Hervey (K-300; 50¢) -- "In book form for the first time, the spine-tingling, true accounts of creatures from 'out there' . . ."

Also, The Laughing Ghost, by Dorothy Eden (K-301; 50¢; "Gothic"); Fear of a Stranger, by Rae Foley (K-299; 50¢; "Gothic"); Rendezvous in Black, by Cornell Woolrich (H-57; 60¢; Mystery); A Partnership with Death, by Clifton Adams (G-708; 50¢; Western); Marshal of Sangaree, by Louis Trimble and The Face Behind the Mask, by Tom West (G-710; 50¢; Westerns); Nurse Stacey Comes Aboard, by Rona Randall (G-711; 50¢; Romance).

BALLANTINE -- March and April Releases: (Ballantine Books, 101 5th Ave., NY, NY, 10003)

Citizen in Space, by Robert Sheckley (U2862; 50¢; March) -- "A collection of twelve short science fiction stories from the author of The Tenth Victim and Untouched By Human Hands who is one of the top authors in the field."

Neutron Star, by Larry Niven (U6120; 75¢; April; Original) -- "The lead title in this remarkable collection won the Hugo Award for Best Short Story of the Year. Larry Niven is probably the fastest rising star in the field of pure science fiction (as opposed to science fantasy): that is, he postulates a given kind of world, or planetary group, or galaxy, and builds a story logically from his own creation. In Neutron Star, he has created several worlds, each a separate story, with one, two or more of the same characters appearing in each. His ingenuity is extraordinary, his writing tight and tense."

Also, 15 titles in Ballantine's non-fiction WW-II histories (75¢ each) in March, and, in April, The Best American Short Stories 1967, edited by Martha Foley and David Burnett (U7067; 95¢); The Silent Adventure, by Peter L. Dixon (U7090; 95¢; "The Complete Book of Scuba Diving"); Maiden's Prayer, by Joan Fleming (U5075; 60¢; Mystery); The Monsters of the Moors, by John Deane Potter (U7081; 95¢; "The full account of the Brady-Hindley Murder Case"); Bob Dylan: Don't Look Back, by D.A. Pennebaker (U7089; 95¢; "an intimate portrait . . . with over 100 photographs from the film"); One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding, by Robert Gover (U7000; 95¢; "sassy little satire").

LANCER -- April Releases --

(Lancer Books, 1560 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y., 10036)

I, The Machine, by Paul W. Fairman (73-735; 60¢) -- "Brand-new science fiction novel by a master. . . A frightening, super-real epic in the same tradition of 1984 and Huxley's classic tales. I, The Machine is a world that could happen...a world run by a giant computer. . . ."

Zanthar at the Edge of Never, by Robert Moore Williams (74-941; 75¢) -- "In the womb of time itself, men battle for the future!"

Great Science Fiction Adventures, edited by Larry Shaw (74-944; 75¢) -- Four novels by John Brunner, Harry Harrison, Edmond Hamilton, and Robert Silverberg.

Bluebeard's Daughter, by Marion Zimmer Bradley (73-739; 60¢; Horror) -- "Terror and insanity lurk in the suspenseful tale of Bluebeard's Daughter . . ."

(over)



Of Time and Space and Other Things, by Isaac Asimov (74-930; 75¢) -- ". . . contains 17 science essays which explore and discover new concepts with no limitations, and will be of particular interest to school groups as well as to millions of his fans. . . ."

Master of the Undead, by Hugo Paul (73-746; 60¢) -- "Horror followed horror, as the living corpses walked!"

Also, Valley of Shadows, by Dalphine C. Lyons (74-929; 75¢; Gothic); Death Has Many Doors, by Susan McKenzie (73-743; 60¢; Gothic); A Scent of Sandalwood, by Clara Coleman (73-744; 60¢; Gothic); The Devil's Box, by Walt Sheldon (73-736; 60¢; Spy); The Case Against Paul Raeburn, by John Creasey (74-934; 75¢; Mystery-Suspense); Wife Swappers, by John T. Warren (75-037; 95¢; Non-Fiction); Inside the FBI, by Norman Ollestad (74-932; 75¢; Non-Fiction); Abnormal Sexual Behavior, by Louis S. London, M.D. (78-607; \$1.25; Non-Fiction); The Eliminator, by Andrew York (74-931; 75¢; Fiction); The Dissent of Dominick Shapiro, by Bernard Kops (74-927; 75¢; Fict.); & others.

April/May Short Calendar (continued from page 1) --

LUNACON/EASTERCON '68 -- April 19-21, Park-Sheraton Hotel, 56th St. & 7th Ave., New York City. LUNACON program afternoons of April 20 & 21, from 1-6, in the Mezzanine. GoH Donald A. Wollheim. EASTERCON parties evenings of April 19 and 20, beginning at 8 p.m.; cash bar; hosted by FISTFA. Combined membership is \$2.00. Convention room rates \$12 single, \$16 twin or double. For further info or advance membership, write Frank Dietz, 1750 Walton Ave., Bronx, N.Y., 10453.

DISCLAVE '68 -- May 10-12, Regency Congress Inn, 600 New York Ave., N.E., Wash., D.C. GoH Bob Silverberg. Saturday program includes GoH speech, pro-panel, J.K. Klein slide-show ("The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody"); parties Friday and Saturday nights. Advance registration, \$1.50 (\$2.00 at door). Motel rates: \$14 single, \$18 double; \$2 ea. add'l. person. Make motel registrations in advance (mention club when doing so). For info, motel registration cards, and con memberships write Jay Halderman, 1244 Woodbourne Ave., Baltimore, Md., 21212. Hope to see you there!

If this reaches you in time, remember MARCON III, March 30,31, in Columbus, Ohio.

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THE WSFA JOURNAL

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