

# '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. 55  
Editor and Publisher: Don Miller April, 1968

## May/June Short Calendar -- Clubs:

WSFA Meetings -- May 3 (annual elections), 17, 31 (party); June 7, 21; all but May 31 meeting at home of Doll & Alexi's Gilliland, 2126 Penna. Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C.; phone FE7-3759; across from Circle Theatre on Penna. Ave. Site of May 31 party meeting has not yet been decided. Meetings are informal, and start at 8 p.m.

BSFS Meetings -- May 10, 24; June 14, 28; usually at home of Jay Haldeman, 1244 Woodbourne Ave., Balt., Md.; ph. 323-6108. Meetings start at 8 p.m.

ESFA Meetings -- May 5 (Guest Speaker, Sol Cohen, Publisher of AMAZING & FANTASTIC); June 2 (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 -- May 10; June 14; at Central YMCA, Broad & Arch Sts., Phila., Penna., at 8 p.m.

NESFA Meetings -- May 12, 26; June 9, 23; at homes of various members; for info write NESFA, P.O. Box G, M.I.T. Branch Post Office, Cambridge, Mass., 02139.

OSFA Meetings -- May 26; June 30; in Auditorium of Central St. Louis Library, 1301 Olive St., at 2 p.m.

FISITFA Meetings -- May 10, 24; June 7, 21; at apt. of Mike McInerney, 250 W. 16th St., Apt. 5FW, N.Y., N.Y., at 9 p.m.

Lunarians -- May 18; June 15; at home of Frank & Ann Dietz, 1750 Walton Ave., Bronx, N.Y., at 8 p.m.; for guests of members and out-of-towners only; ph. TR8-8082.

Albuquerque S.F. Group -- May 5; June 2; at homes of various members; for info, contact Gordon Benson, P.O. Box 8124, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87108.

PenSFA (temporary name, at least) -- May 11, 25; June 8, 22; at homes of various members; for info, write Felice Rolfe, 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, Cal., 94301.

Little Men -- May 3, 17, 31; June 14, 28; at homes of various members; for info, write Alva Rogers, 5967 Greenridge Rd., Castro Valley, Calif., 94546.

ACUSFOOS -- May 14, 28; no info on June meetings, if any; in Room 387D, Loeb Building, Carleton University, Ottawa, Canada, at 12:00 noon.

## Weekly Meetings --

MoSFA -- Thurs., 7:30 p.m., basement of 813 Maryland, U. of Mo. at Columbia campus.

MITSFS -- Friday, 5 p.m., room 1-236, MIT, Cambridge, Mass.

Fellowship of the Purple Tongue -- Saturday, 2 p.m., home of Phil Harrell, 3021 Tait Terrace, Norfolk, Va.; ph. 853-1259.

Cincinnati Fantasy Group -- Saturday, at homes of various members; for info, write Lou Tabakow, 3953 St. Johns Terrace, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45236.

IASFS -- Thurs., 8 p.m., home of Owen Hannifen, 508 S. St. Andrews Pl., L.A.

MSUSFS -- Sunday, 6:30 p.m., dinner party at Bill Knapp's restaurant in Lansing, followed by meeting at 327 Hillcrest Dr. (from now until June).

## Conventions, etc.:

Second Brighton Arts Festival -- April 27-May 12, Brighton, England. "Last year it was all psychedelic. This time it will be partly science-fictional. . . ." (From LONDON NEWSLETTER #7, published irregularly by Jean Muggoch, 15 Balcombe House, Taunton Place, London, N.W.1, England. Free in London area, elsewhere for postage or news.) (Cont. on page 14)

MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY: Prozine Reviews  
by Banks Mebane

Serials by Harry Harrison and Larry Niven conclude in the April ANALOG and IF respectively. Niven's "Slowboat Cargo" is interesting, but I'm not quite sure why. It isn't the plot -- that's standard repressive-regime-overthrow -- nor the characters -- they're out of the stockpile. I think it must be Niven's inventiveness with detail; he's on top of current technological discoveries and quick to extrapolate them into his future societies. Harrison's "The Horse Barbarians" is a novel in the Deathworld series and carries Jason d'Alt, interstellar troubleshooter sans pareil, to yet another hell-planet. The action is furious, the characterization is adequate, the sociology is convincing, and it's rousing entertainment.

Why Brian Aldiss should choose to do a Philip Dick I don't know, but he has with "Send Her Victorious" in the April AMAZING (the magazine is misdated "June" on the cover). It has the Dick trademarks: the all-psychotic cast of characters, the intertwining sub-plots, the ambiguity about what is reality. Perhaps it's the only way to write a story in which Queen Victoria is the evil mastermind. Whatever the reason, having chosen to do a Dick, Aldiss has jumped in up to here: the characters are even more psychotic, the reality is even more ambiguous, the extrapolated world is even more hellish. It seems too straight-faced to be a take-off, too extravagant to be a pastiche, but whatever it is, it's great fun.

I got the second (June) issue of INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE-FICTION, again through the courtesy of Judy-Lynn Benjamin. I was amazed (pardon the expression) to find that Jack Gaughan has put me on the cover and sent me out into space (many thanks, Jack, for getting me up off my ... launch pad). The issue is an improvement over the first one, I think. The stories are still rather weak tea as far as sf ideas go, but they are better stories. I particularly liked "Ysolde" by Nathalie Charles-Henneberg (France), "The Last Door" by Parnov and Yemtsev (USSR), and Altow's "Heroic Symphony" (Poland). Don't expect replicas of American and British sf out of this magazine -- after all, its purpose is to bring us the different flavors of writing around the world.

Daniel F. Galouye's "Flight of Fancy", a novelet in the April F&SF, is deceptively simple. The protagonist brings to reality a sheer wish-fulfillment fantasy in a story that could so easily have been unconvincing but that is carried off by Galouye's deft characterization and underplayed action. The other novelet in the issue, K.M. O'Donnell's "Final War", is an allegorical attack on war in general and Viet Nam in particular that is well-written but tedious, still another Kafka-type fantasy. When this sort of thing is done superlatively well, its moving power is very great because it strikes in directly through the subconscious; but few writers can do it so well, and it takes more than competent craftsmanship.

Also recommended: John Brunner and A. Bertram Chandler in the April IF; R.C. FitzPatrick and Ron Goulart in the April F&SF.

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Editor's Notes --

As noted in TWJ #54, this issue is devoted in large part to news and reviews by and about overseas and Canadian fans and events. Because of space-limitations, we have, in the past, had to give top priority to U.S. events, which meant that foreign material was often squeezed out. With our new, post-DISCLAVE 30-page format, we hope to be able to devote a section in each issue to foreign news and reviews. To do this, of course, we will need a steady supply of material -- so we request our foreign readers to keep up a steady flow of news (both fanish and professional), reviews, articles, conreports, and the like, including LoC's. One or more overseas agents for handling JOURNAL subs. and back-issue sales will also be needed.

-- DLM

THE BRITISH SF MAGAZINES IN 1967  
by Phil Muldowney

If we followed the Chinese custom -- that is, if Comrade Mao has not abolished it yet -- I suppose one could call last year the Year of the Phoenix with regard to the British sf magazines.

Early in 1967, both NEW WORLDS and IMPULSE (the old SCIENCE FANTASY) suspended publication. Their distributor, Thorpe and Porter, went bankrupt, and the publisher, Roberts and Vintner, could not afford to continue publication. IMPULSE was doomed, but thanks to one of those brink saving acts that have happened several times in its long history -- and an Arts Council grant of 1,800 Pounds -- NEW WORLDS was able to survive.

Perhaps most know about the grant itself now, but it is probable that most of you are not clear about the Arts Council. The Council is a government-appointed body of worthies who decide on how to distribute about 5,000,000 Pounds of government funds among the "Arts". As literary grants go, the 1,800 Pounds was a very sizeable one.

The first four issues of NEW WORLDS were in the old small pocket-book style. The rebirth with the July issue, No. 173, produced a spectacular change in format, and one of the most attractive and superbly-produced sf magazines I have ever seen. The new size is about the same as that of ANALOG when that magazine tried to go "big" -- about 8 1/4 inches by 10 3/4 inches -- but in appearance it is rather like TIME or NEWSWEEK, with much better quality paper.

With the change, editor Michael Moorcock has seemed to want to broaden the outlook of the magazine and use the potentialities of the new format to the full. Thus the editorial has been replaced by a "leading article" on various subjects, most issues have had articles on abstract art, science (with a psychological slant), and literary criticism. This side of Moorcock's policy has succeeded. The articles on abstract painters like Richard Hamilton, Eduardo Paolozzi, Colin Self, and M.C. Escher have been particularly successful, using the potentialities of the high-quality paper to the full, with many photographs of the artists' work. The science articles have been equally interesting; maybe I have a prejudice against the sort of "hard" science articles that appear in ANALOG, or maybe it is because the NEW WORLDS articles are written better and are shorter, but they have impressed me. They have varied a lot from OFF-BEAT GENERATION to SLEEP DREAMS AND COMPUTERS. The literary criticism and comment have occupied a large space at the end of the magazine; while a little above my head at times, the comments and reviews have been stimulating and quite different from anything else found in an sf magazine. The "leading articles" have again been a successful innovation, getting away from the endless editorials that often become boring when the editor has said all he can; they have been on such diverse topics as War-games Theory and the The Languages of Science.

As I stated above, in this part of his design, Moorcock has been highly successful -- i.e., in creating the image of a mature "future-oriented magazine", escaping from the "pulp" heritage and image, and illuminating some of the other "speculative" developments besides those in fiction. However, NEW WORLDS is still a fiction magazine, and its success in this area has been far from marked -- at least in my opinion.

No longer is NEW WORLDS a "science fiction" magazine -- the new watchword is "Speculative Fiction", which appears in the front cover banner. This is not just hair-splitting -- it illustrates a significant change in the magazine and its writing which Moorcock wished to emphasize. NEW WORLDS has become the home of the "new wave" writers (an irritating term, that!), who have coalesced around editor Moorcock. (From what one hears, Moorcock is one of the most sympathetic, dynamic, and enthusiastic editors around.) What exactly the "new wave" consists of is difficult to pin down -- I wonder at times if even Moorcock himself knows. Suffice it to quote Moorcock from NEW WORLDS 173:

"We all stand in need of the 'new sensibility' that can enable us to handle experiences and ideas for which

nothing in our past lives has prepared us, and this sensibility can be won only by an act of sustained and informed imagination. It is to be hoped that this magazine can provide, in some degree, imaginative works that fulfil this need."

To do this, writers need to develop "new techniques" which are "future-oriented" instead of past- or present-oriented. Fine sentiments, but in practice it has been confusing. NEW WORLDS has at one and the same time produced some of the worst and some of the best sf that I read in 1967.

Let there be no doubt that there has been much good fiction in NEW WORLDS, especially the longer stuff. Two Disch serials, "Echo Around His Bones" and "Camp Concentration", were the best novels by one of the finest newer writers, and were well up among the best sf novels of 1967 -- in particular "Camp Concentration", which was an unusually realistic novel of the pacifist in a prison serving as a guinea pig for experimental drugs (even with a somewhat contrived ending, it was still far more "in touch" with modern trends than a lot of modern sf). "The Age", by Brian Aldiss, was a complete tour-de-force with some lovely writing, and one of the most "different" sf novels for a long time. "Daughters of Earth", by Judith Merrill, while not earth-shaking was still very good. "Report on Probability A", by Brian Aldiss in No. 171 (which, incidentally, he gave free, to support one of the two "bridging" issues of NEW WORLDS), was in manner and form entirely unconventional, yet within its own intentions a very successful short novel (some may not like it, but I did).

The shorter fiction has not been all bad, either. "The Day of Forever", by J.G. Ballard, although in more conventional form, was haunting and poetic. "Coranda", by Keith Roberts, was well-written and absorbing. "In the House of the Dead", by Roger Zelazny, was as usual up to the quality one has come to expect from Zelazny, and the beginning of a series that promises much. "Multi-Value Motor Way", by Brian Aldiss, was another good one.

While there has been much very good material, all too often an issue of the magazine has been spoiled by "non-stories" which read more like stylistic exercises than worthwhile stories. While I do not necessarily agree with Lester Del Rey that the story and the story alone is important, there must still be some thread for the reader to latch on to, to understand. While Moorcock's new techniques are all very fine, I would have thought the job of the writer is to take the reader along with him on the new paths that he is trying to tread. Too few of the stories in NEW WORLDS have even attempted to do this. While I might agree with Moorcock that the reader must also try, he cannot do this if there is nothing in the story to let the reader understand what it is all about. Thus I found incomprehensible stories such as J.G. Ballard's more introspective and obtuse offerings like "The Death Module", Gene Wolfe's "The Green Wall Said", James Sallis' "Kazoo", and "The Baked Bean Factory" by Michael Butterworth. FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION of a few years ago was the home of the Sentimental Nothing; NEW WORLDS has become the home of the Stylistic Exercise.

Much of older British fandom has rejected NEW WORLDS -- "It's rubbish" and "It's nonsense" are typical comments. Yet it seems to appeal to the young. Despite its faults it is a very worthwhile magazine -- above all, it is different. In American magazines like ANALOG and IF there seems to be all too much of a pattern, of a sameness, of a patina of accepted themes and cliches. This is not to say that all the U.S. magazines are like this, yet this is a vague impression that I have heard several times, and not just a personal quirk. NEW WORLDS has its faults -- and serious some of them are -- yet it is exciting, and stimulating, and perhaps there is even a touch of that old "sense of wonder".

IMPULSE, NEW WORLDS' companion magazine, was not resurrected, and will be sorely missed. It was the perfect forté to the more experimental writings in NEW WORLDS, and the direct successor to the old SCIENCE FANTASY. As well as containing a lot of straight sf, IMPULSE also retained some of the quality of SCIENCE FANTASY, which ran a "different" type of story, mostly in the fantasy line.

While NEW WORLDS was more adventurous, IMPULSE concentrated more on the "story", and succeeded in producing a sustained level of literary quality that has never been equalled in the British sf magazines.

Harry Harrison was the Editor-in-Chief of IMPULSE for the last five issues, with Keith Roberts as Managing Editor. How well this trans-Atlantic partnership would have succeeded will never be known; however, it promised much. Harry Harrison started to give a more "solid" and rounded character to the magazine, and this character was just developing when the magazine was axed.

There were only two issues of IMPULSE published in 1967, Nos. 11 and 12. The best story was "The Bad Bush of Uzoro" by Chris Hebron, which was haunting and unusual. And the conclusion of Michael Moorcock's serial, "The Ice Schooner", appeared in No. 11; while this novel had its weaknesses, it was very well written. A pity, but another good sf magazine died.

So Britain is now left with but one sf magazine. I suppose, though, that one should mention NEW WRITINGS IN SF, edited by John Carnell, which, in a sense, is also a magazine. This is published quarterly, and, up to issue #10, was published in hardback as well as pb; it has now reached No. 11. The quality of stories is a little higher, but similar to, those in NEW WORLDS when John Carnell was editor.

An eventful year. Despite its faults, I hope NEW WORLDS will survive in 1968. After all, it is better than nothing!

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The Ring of Gengis Khan  
by Alexis Gilliland

Gengis Khan wore upon his right hand an iron ring inscribed "rasti rousti", which translates to declare: "might is right". This is, of course, clear proof that Gengis was a tough, wrong-headed barbarian who enjoyed pushing people around.

There are two points to note here: the first is the similarity, homophonically, between might and right in both English and Mongol. The second is that, on a ring, "rasti rousti" may also be read as "rousti rasti", which is something else entirely.

Since the dawn of time men have noted a relationship between muscle and justice, namely, that them with the most muscle gets the best justice. Today, for muscle, read money -- money which hires a battery of lawyers for both defense and attack. It is also true that right -- in the form of a valid legal case -- greatly augments and enhances the might available to one.

And this is the point of Gengis Khan's ring. It can be read either way. One reading gives "might is (or makes) right", the other that "right makes (or is) might". It is not an oafish assertion of the superiority of brute force; it is a recognition of the fact that there is an equilibrium between might and right, and that the equilibrium point can be shifted by pressure from either side.

It is unlikely that Conan, the pale and feeble literary descendant of the great Gengis Khan, would appreciate these subtleties. Gengis Khan was an organizer, than which to read about is nothing duller, and it was his organization that won his battles for him, rather than the barbarian virtues of his soldiers. After all, he defeated his early rivals in what was essentially a civil war, and it was the conscript engineers from Cathay who destroyed the walled cities of Persia, fighting out of fear for the Mongul when they would not fight against him for love of their country.

No, Conan has no use for organization, and little need for subtlety. On his chest is tattooed ~~"The Negative Judgment is the Peak of Mentalitly"~~ "Might is Right", and might is on top where it belongs.

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THE LENS MAN: Movie Reviews  
by Alexis Gilliland

Planet of the Apes (Starring Charleton Heston with Roddy MacDowall, Kim Hunter, and Maurice Evans under an incredible amount of makeup).

You know, POTA is pretty good. The plot is a bit on the oldish side -- interstellar explorers crash-land on a planet 320 lightyears and 3 millenia from home to find that "humans" are mute, not very bright animals, and "apes" are mismanaging things as badly as humans did back at home. Out of four explorers, only Charleton Heston figures in the action, as the others are killed in various mishaps. Heston survives, learns the language, and (once his throat injury heals) indulges in some really good dialog with his captors. A most memorable scene is where he learns he is to be gelded, and (still mute) escapes from his cage and runs all over the city with millions of apes in hot pursuit. Several times he gets it in the neck, but breaks away, and when he is finally netted, and the crowd pushes in to watch him hauled ignominiously away, he has regained his voice and snarls at his captor, "Get your dirty paws off me you ugly ape!" Shock and pandemonium among the apes, wild cheers among the audience.

The animal psychologist who has "befriended" him, and her ape boy-friend who is an archaeologist questioning the scientific rigor of the ape-equivalent of the Bible, are now confronted with the head of the National Science Academy, who is also the Grand Inquisitor, charged with maintaining the purity of religious thought. Maurice Evans invests the role with considerable dignity and power, and the trial scene is both funny and rather harshly satirical. Heston keeps interrupting the proceedings and keeps getting shut up. No lousy, dirty man is going to interrupt apes at their deliberations. Finally, he starts writing notes for the defense.

Except for the makeup, the special effects don't amount to much, but the script is quite witty, and Heston has a good solid role which he gives a splendid portrayal. All in all, an entertaining, thoroughly enjoyable movie.

Guns For San Sebastian (Starring Anthony Quinn; a Franco-Italian-Mexican Production).

The film has the advantages of a good book and good photography. Also, Quinn has a fine, meaty role which was, potentially, at least, on a level with his Zorba.

Having praised the film thus extravagantly, we now come to its grievous faults and heinous sins. As for instance: The Yaquis are attacking. Quinn fires his flintlock musket, down go two Yaquis. And another two and another two and another two. You understand, this is not the domino effect; he fires one shot each time. Eventually it becomes unbelievable. Or Quinn as horticultural expert, building a dam. He had been a bandit and a deserter from the army. So he learned to build dams when he was Zorba the Greek? Or the heavenly choirs in the sound track which come on from time to time, indicating that God is taking an active interest in the proceedings. After the finale there are so many dead Yaquis around you wouldn't believe it, even though it was in technicolor. One gets the feeling of unreality early in the picture, and cloddish direction enhances this effect at every turn. Also, we have the Yaqui attack. They charge a walled city on horseback, in broad daylight, with the defenders sitting on the walls all ready and eager. Since they have a lot of Japanese extras in the film, perhaps this is understandable, but it is not the way the Yaquis -- the Viet Cong of Old Mexico -- used to fight.

Still, for the uncritically-minded, there is a lot of action and a fair amount of excitement. On the whole, GFSS is a good "B" picture.

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WSFA Nominating Committee's Slate for Annual Election on May 3 -- President: Jay Haldeman; Vice-President: Alexis Gilliland; Treasurer: Phyllis Berg; Secretary: Gay Haldeman; Trustees: Bill Berg, Alan Huff, Ray Ridenour. DLM

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

The Best SF From NEW WORLDS, edited by Michael Moorcock (Berkley X1513; 60¢; 150 pp.).

This, presumably, is what the New Wave is all about -- the presumption being that the New Wave is, in fact, about something. With the honorable exceptions of Zelazny's "The Keys to December" and Brunner's "Nobody Axed You", the collection is devoid of content, action, plotting, and characterization. The only thing the other five stories have going for them is technique, which ranges from good to quite bad.

Evidently the New Wave holds that telling a story, or involving the reader, or the creation of sympathetic characters (or the theft thereof...) is bhad, grubby, and paleohack. The writers strive for the approval of each other and a small band of critics, and being thus out of touch with reality, write precious drivel. A harsh indictment? Yes. And a deserved one. The New Wave has tried to turn a medium of entertainment into an artform while paying hack rates. Here are the specifics:

The Small Betraying Detail, by Brain Aldiss. A good example of technical excellence put to no use. Invalids whose minds wander -- even to the extent of shifting universes -- rarely engage my sympathy.

The Keys to December, by Roger Zelazny. Possibly a bit baroque in the writing style, maybe a bit self-derivative, it is still calves and ankles above the other (except the Brunner) stories in the book. Here we have men like Gods, like Demons, wielding a mighty technology to rend and shape a world -- and a legitimate question of moral responsibility.

The Assassination Weapon, by J.G. Ballard. This is quite difficult to read, but careful attention will not be rewarded. A flood of symbols and a gimmicky technique do not a story make, nor tired prose a Wave.

Nobody Axed You, by John Brunner. A funny-repulsive blending of the population explosion and daytime TV as seen through the eyes of the leading man. Badly overdone in spots, and untenable in conception, it still has the viscera of plot, action, and characterization which make it a standout in the present company.

A Two-Timer, by David I. Mason. Being the journal of a 17th-Century man in the 20th Century, it has at least the virtue of archaic charm in the writing.

The Music Makers, by Langdon Jones. Oddly enough, this is basically a Campbell-type story, in which musicology has been substituted for psience. Terribly talky about musical theory, wildly informative about how one ought to feel about Berg and Schönberg, and overly descriptive about the feelings of concert musicians, it is devoid of action unless you count the little night music at the end.

The Squirrel Cage, by Thomas M. Disch. This is very thin stuff, faaanish stream-of-consciousness, if you will. We lock Disch in a padded cell, see, with a type-writer (properly a teletype) and a toilet and a soup-spigot, and shove the NEW YORK TIMES under the door every day. A really great idea; the only trouble is: some fool forgot to disconnect the other end of the teletype.

Moorcock says that "The Squirrel Cage" is a "study in isolation". Perhaps.... If this is, indeed, the best of NEW WORLDS, it may explain why the magazine is becoming isolated from its readers.

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The Lords of the Starship, by Mark S. Geston (Ace Book G-673; 50¢; 152 pp.).

This is an interesting and exciting story by a young (age 20) author who writes like he never heard of the New Wave. We start with the premise that the World is rotten after three millenia of war, and that the people have lost something they used to have -- some zest or panache that let them do great things in the old days.

So General Torrington, whose coat of arms (a mailed fist and a Pegasus) is a recurring theme throughout the book, conceives a master plan. We will, he says, pretend to build a mighty starship -- 7 miles long, with a 3-mile wing span -- and the people of the Caroline Republic will be so enthused at the thought of going Home that they will transform this war-weary World into Home. A great point is made of such indices as a declining GNP, and the sloppy and inept engineering available to the decadent present. Things are really going downhill pretty fast.

However, General T. has discovered the Yards -- a fabulous Cape Canaveral Complex sealed up in plastic and cosmoline, just waiting to be used. "Strange", he remarks, "that it isn't known in legend." And although present-day labor is unskilled(!), they figure 250 years ought to be about right to build/fake this big bird. (Needless to say, over 250 years we skimp on character development.)

Well, the story is about how this is done, and, at last, why. It is one of the few "secret society" type stories I have read in science fiction where an off-stage secret society is made truly convincing.

I have two quibbles with the author, and the first can't be made without seriously compromising the suspense and tension which have been worked into the story-line. However, the second concerns the final battle. Accepting the somewhat shadowy motivations which move the armies and the curious notion that a senior officer can tell his prince (or congress) that 80 years from now there is gonna be a big war and they gotta git ready now, we still find a strategic blunder of epic dimensions caused by the author stepping in to push everybody on to center stage. Imperial Caroline has the central lines of communication, and armies numerically equal to the coalition raised against her. Since their object is the Spaceship, I.C. to defend, Coalition to destroy, it is utterly wrong for I.C. to retreat headlong to the Spaceship and fight there. Given their situation when they begin the retreat, the I.C. armies could have traded space for time, fought delaying actions, and engaged in siege warfare to keep the enemy away from the Spaceship. What's more, they would have.

Besides that, I am always a little uneasy about the anachronistic use of crossbows, swords, machine guns, tanks, and more sophisticated weapons. Nevertheless, the author at least pretends to explain why this should be, and the final battle is rather like watching a display of fireworks. It is great fun, and its own excuse for being, even if it leaves something to be desired as a battle battle.

TLotS is an ambitious space opera that comes off very well despite some flaws in execution, and you can't hardly get that kind no more.

Schoenherr has done a strikingly handsome cover in pastel blues and browns, while Gaughan has a spot and a two-page map. Verdict? Get it.

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#### Re Hugo Nominations --

Few WSFAns have received their BAYCON PROGRESS REPORT #2 with Hugo Nomination Ballot, and they are quite upset at this. We would have run off the ballots and sent them out with the JOURNAL, but the last word we had was that the deadline was April 15, and this issue would have been too late. Now we find that the deadline has been extended to May 1 -- but this is too late for this issue. So if you don't have a ballot, use a plain piece of paper (same categories as last year), and be sure to include your name, address, and Baycon membership number. They probably won't accept it, but you can always try.... After all, you are eligible to vote.... DLM



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DOLL'S HOUSE: Fanzine Reviews  
by Doll Gilliland

AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #11 (August '67) (John Bangsund, 11 Wilson St., Ferntree Gully, Victoria 3156, Australia. "Available by arrangement, in exchange for contributions or fanzines"; or 40¢, 6/\$2.40. U.S. Agent: Andrew Porter, 24 E. 82nd St., N.Y., 10028). This is a Cordwainer Smith memorial issue, and a fine one it is. Dr. Arthur Burns of the Australian National University, Canberra, writes a sensitive, revealing biography of Dr. Paul Linebarger (alias C. Smith) as he knew him. The glimpses of Linebarger as a psychological warfare specialist are remarkably thought-provoking, as well as entertaining, and his description of L's house in Washington makes me regret not knowing him. Burns also describes Linebarger's attitude toward religion, sf, etc. John Foyster draws a literary picture of Cordwainer Smith which is far less personal but gives an excellent view of his sf, his approach to such, and his writing style, illustrating the last by comparing opening and closing lines by Van Vogt, Sturgeon, Heinlein, Blish, Budrys, Vonnegut, Bester, and Smith (an interesting angle, but last lines out of context -- ech!). This is followed by a Burns/Foyster dialogue on Smith.

For those of you who are as yet unaware of the fact, I do not care for analytical critiques, principally because they invariably move me to criticize the criticisms, and I am faced with "An Admonitory Exercise" by William Atheling, Jr., wherein he takes Fred Pohl to task for his comments on critics. After reading Atheling, I can understand why Pohl said what he did, altho I'm sure this was meant to work the other way. The article was informative (didn't realize just how broad the spectrum of criticism to which a writer might be subjected), but I question the ability of a hunter who requires a machine gun for deer hunting.

Lee Harding discourses on the loneliness of the long-distance writer -- the Australian author's remoteness from where it's happening publishing-wise, also a possible break locally. The latter is expanded upon by Ron Smith of Horwitz Publications; John Carnell in London feels distance to be an advantage. Five people review books and stories from prozines, and there seems to be little to their liking, altho Stephen Cook liked Charles Harness' The Paradox Men (Four Square). Very apt comments on NEW WORLDS by John Bangsund -- that is to say its weakest point is its fiction (which I find curious, since NW is touted as a science fiction magazine -- Science/fiction would be more to the point), and a select guide to current fanzines. LoC's, index to the first 10 issues of ASFR, announcements, ads, etc.

#12 (October). Fabulous cover. "...ten years since Sputnik went up, thirty since JWC, Jr. took on ASTOUNDING, and 94 since Australia's senior sf fan was born: Happy Birthday, Sir Walter Murdoch!" Perhaps it is the more relaxed writing, but the editorial serves to bring John Bangsund into clearer focus (for me, anyway, and I am adding him to my people-I-want-to-meet list). Among other things, he discusses the Hugo awards, the '68 Worldcon, Karel Capek's The Absolute at Large (1927) (the only thing I've read by this author is War of the Newts, fantastic), sounds delightful. Following is Damon Knight's '67 Boskone speech wherein he discusses "sciencefiction", and that pet peeve, book distribution, with suggestions as to what readers can do about it. Comes "Eine Kleine Okie-Musik" from James Blish including the words of a "folk-song" from Blish's Earthman, Come Home, with a musical setting by G. Evans, and a sonnet by Karen Anne Emden, "The Okie Children". Harry Harrison responds to an earlier Brunner article on writer's economics, and undoubtedly feels the better for it. Reprinted article by William F. Temple on "Plagiarism in SF", is most refreshing. "Everyone plagiarises, consciously or not . . . Treatment is more important than originality." A response from John Wyndham to the article is followed by J.G. Maxwell's critique of The John Wyndham Omnibus.

George Turner tears into some conventions of science fiction regarding sub-space, robots, etc., which he suggests

scraping with hopes of stimulating fresh approaches to the basic ideas. As it happens, I already have seen fiction written on several of his proposed themes. Five reviewers this ish, including Brian Richards, enthusing over a number of books: Leiber's Gather Darkness and The Wanderer, Peter George's Commander 1, Philip Jose Farmer's The Gates of Creation, etc. (Don't know whether they were all exceptionally good this round, or whether he is an ardently appreciative SF reader.), and Norma Williams who does a devastating job on "The Kragen" by Jack Vance (FANTASTIC, July '64). John Foyster chews up ANALOG for 1967 snafus, lauds the writing of Philip Jose Farmer, lists his top ten short fiction authors. "The Name Is Martin McCoy" is a fun quickie by Jack Wodhams. Also, LoC's and announcements.

#13 (December). Elizabeth Foyster and Michael Gilbert receive illo credits. The ed. tells of his change of occupation and address, reminisces a bit over the old homestead, and ponders the problem of where to put his books. (John, have you given thought to compromising your wife -- Ha! -- by using the large room as a bedroom, but lining the walls with book shelves? You could always claim that you like to read in bed.) He also introduces The Hole in the Zero by M.K. Joseph (Gollancz; \$2.65) of which he says, "...it's a masterpiece, a milestone in sf...highly entertaining...a mine of memorable imagery...One of the book's special delights...is its profusion of standard sf plots and ideas, all sent-up in an almost gentle but completely devastating manner..." (High praise indeed, coming from Bangsund). One of this ish's special delights is a letter from said Michael Joseph, Associate Professor of English at the University of Auckland (New Zealand), discussing his book as well as his long-time enthusiasm for sf.

"SF In the Classroom" is an evaluation of sf by an impartial group of 15-year-olds as relayed to us by John Foyster. (Most frequently mentioned were Fred Hoyle's The Black Cloud, H.G. Wells' The Time Machine, and John Wyndham's The Day of the Triffids.) Lee Harding looks at Mike Moorcock and NEW WORLDS as a purveyor of "sf-oriented thinking rather than sf", and in this context his remarks are thought-provoking and, in my opinion, quite possibly valid. Included with the news items is a fascinating reprint from the Oct. 22 SUNDAY TIMES about Ballard and the Arts Council. (He seeks backing for a personal advertising campaign featuring "a nude on Westminster Abbey's high altar, a motor crash, and Princess Margaret's left armpit". Hm, yes, well....) John Foyster does the honors for Brian Aldiss' An Age (Faber. "(He's) taken Ballard's theme, time, and written, quite as well as Ballard, a novel which manages to say something as well as tell a story...."), Samuel Beckett's How It Is (Calder. "tho' making even less concessions to conventional language (omission of punctuation and no interest in the concept of sentences) is very easy to read...perhaps one of the best since WWII...and it is science fiction"), and belatedly Frank M. Robinson's The Power (feels it will outlast that year's Hugo winner, Double Star). Robert Gerrand gives the nod to Hayden Howard's The Eskimo Invasion (Ballantine). Diana Martin enjoyed John Christopher's The Little People (Hodder), dubs E.C. Tubbs' Death Is a Dream (Hart-Davis) great for sheer entertainment, turns thumbs down on C. Hodder-Williams' The Egg-Shaped Thing (Hodder), shrugs at Poul Anderson's Planet of No Return (Dobson) except perhaps for less sophisticated tastes, and OK's Maurice Owens' The White Mantle (Hale. Earth's last Ice Age.). Would you believe K.V.F. Widdershins? Such individual proclaims Samuel Delany's The Einstein Intersection (Ace) a fine piece of writing (me too -- T.E.I. for the Hugo!), and speculates that James Blish's "Faust Aleph-Null" (IF, Aug-Oct '67) will be even better in pb than in its present cut form.

The Guest Spot with reviews from overseas offers Jannick Storm on Sven Holm's Termush, Atlanterhavskysten (Termush, the Atlantic Coast); three Spanish works reviewed by Carlos Buiza in other pubs, translated by Fred Strochnetter; and Andy Porter extolling Ted White's The Secret of the Marauder Satellite (Westminster Press) and The Jewels of Elsewhen (Belmont), reprinted from Andy's SF CRITIC. Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Brian Richards lauds The Star Mill by Emil Petaja (Ace), and Lee Harding gives surprised commendation to John Brunner's Out of My Mind (Ballantine). This is an excellent

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collection, I quite agree; his story "The Totally Rich" still remains fresh in my mind tho' I read it last summer. Must say here and now that the more of John Brunner's work I read, the more impressed I become. He is prolific, but, unlike a number of others, this does not seem to have too adverse an effect on the quality of his writing.). John Bangsund castigates The Playboy Book of Science Fiction and Fantasy (Souvenir), and then teams with Alan Reynard for a few quickies. Fred Pohl responds to an earlier article criticizing his criticism of critics. John Foyster also tucks in some notes and comments on the 1966 Hugos, his own list of top authors, artists, short fiction, etc., Algis Budrys' "The Executioner" (ASTOUNDING, 1/56), the worst sf and competition for same -- closing date for entries 3/31/68, lines in praise of Leigh Brackett, and intro to two new mags -- BEYOND INFINITY ("lacks almost all virtues, saving only that the pages seem to be in correct order") and Fred Pohl's INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION ("the endeavor is undoubtedly worthwhile...hope the same can soon be said for the contents."). Here is 42 pp. of literate comment on sf -- recommended. Should be a Hugo contender, at the least.

HUGIN AND MUGIN #3 (Oct-Nov '67) (HaM is the official pub of ACUSFOOS (A Carleton University Speculative Fiction Organization Of Sorts). Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Rd., Ottawa, Ontario. Contrib, trade, LoC, 25¢.). Editor tells about ACUSFOOS -- 22 members, club, and library -- its meetings, HaM -- and proposes an annual Canadian convention -- with the speculative possibility of hosting a Continental Con in 1970 for those who couldn't make the European Worldcon. Also, words on UFO's. The fiction features a horrendous Feghoot by Jim McCryptic (really?), a nice little horror by Earl Schultz, a routinely-structured occult tale with a delightful twist ending, "Guess What?" by Charles Grey, and a very well-written Arthurian battle-tale by Dick Byers. There are also such things as an article by Roger Zelazny on sf films and the attitude of the general public toward sf, a NYConrep by Earl Schultz, a straight poem composed at said NYCon by George Klups, and a reprint from CØSIGN in which Labonte scans the European fanzine scene. (His comments on his search for NEW WORLDS in England bodes ill to my way of thinking; his review of same is quite akin to my reaction.) A good issue of 21 pp.

#4 (Jan-Feb '68). Fair artwork by Murray Long adorns the front and bacover, which are physically smaller than the contents. And Labonte lost all the LoC's (except for one from Ike Asimov) during his travels from Germany to Ottawa -- ah, the trials and tribulations of an editor. Couple of pieces of faanish fiction -- "Annulment" by Roger N. Tulk has the bones of an interesting idea, nice touches of humor at the start tho' totally irrelevant, but the writing progresses downhill, so that the dramatic ending is unfortunately predictable, hence anticlimatic; Robert Schwarzmann's "Assassination" is a fine conclusion to an exciting adventure story, which is missing. The factual possibility of time travel is the topic of a learned article by Earl Schultz. Ian McNair takes a look at H. Beam Piper as a conservative. A strong case is made by Susan Wood for a course in speculative litutature at Carleton. Miscellany includes info re whence cometh the name HaM (Odin's ravens, from Norse mythology) and FDA instructions on how to determine whether a cherry pie is in reality a cherry pie, with specifics as to how to count the cherries. Not a great 'zine, but its 20 pp. show that they're trying, and it has a nice personality.

SPECULATION #16 (Autumn, 1967). (Peter R. Weston, 81 Trescott Rd., Northfield, Birmingham 31, U.K.). Very fine cover by Bob Rickhard and expressive interior illos by Howett and Ivor Latto. A special 41-page Bristolcon '67 issue -- belated, but good nonetheless. Opens with the editor's personal conrep; then moves to Mike Moorcock's address on "The New Fiction"; the pro-panel -- featuring Brian Aldiss, James White, Judy Merril, Moorcock, Tom Disch, and John Brunner. (Question -- What hack novels do the panel think they have written? Says Brunner: "Do you want to count them? We would be here all day." All confess their guilt but none name names. Hm.); the Emsh film "Relativity", reviewed by Tony Sudbury (he rejects its argument, but likes the film "because of its organization, its irony, and interest of its photography --

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all the things that are ignored in an abstract discussion of its 'theme.'"); and John Brunner's fine GoH speech dealing with the fascinating quality of sf subject-matter, the mundane quality of its treatment, and what might be done about it. (Speaking of Brunner, that author recommends Penguin's edition in lieu of Signet's edition of his The Productions of Time. The latter made numerous unapproved changes -- would you believe 55 in the opening chapter alone?)

Among the books reviewed with approbation are Hayden Howard's The Eskimo Invasion (Ballantine), An Alfred Bester Omnibus (Sidgwick and Jackson -- "quite the most rewarding book on sale today in Gt. Britain"), Damon Knight's Three Novels (Gollancz), Fritz Leiber's The Wanderer (Dobson; 1964 Hugo winner), J.T. McIntosh's Time For a Change (Michael Joseph Ltd; appeared in IF as "Snow White and the Giants"), EPP by Axel Jensen (Chatto and Windus. Translated from the Norwegian, winner of a 1966 literary prize.), Heinlein's The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress (Dobson; last year's Hugo Winner), M.K. Joseph's The Hole In the Zero (Gollancz; favorable comment in the "General review section" of the DAILY TELEGRAPH; also, see remarks under AUSTRALIAN S.F. REVIEW), Jeff Sutton's Beyond Apollo (Gollancz), Thomas Disch's The Genocides, and such juveniles as Gordon Dickson's Space Winners (Faber & Faber), Lester del Rey's The Runaway Robot and Andre Norton's Victory on Janus (Gollancz -- "some of the best value in books today"). A fine issue.

SOL 43 (Thomas Schlück, 3 Hannover, Georgswall 5, Germany. Trade, LoC's, interest, etc.). The first issue in two years. Mario Kwait's artwork adorns the cover and interior. Tom comes alive to bring everyone up-to-date on what's been happening -- for one, he has moved; The Umbrellas of Cherbourg reawakened his interest in French (he does beautifully in English), and subsequently he has become a fan of Mireille Mathieu and French chansons; he attended the BristolCon (loves London), spent a day with Larry Niven while the latter was in Europe, visited Italy last summer, attending the Annual Trieste Science Fiction Film Festival, and, of course, the GerCon in Berlin. "Perry Rhodan", a weekly series of sf novels, seems to be Germany's answer to our "Star Trek" TV series, and it seems to be doing quite well, with some hundred-plus fan clubs now in being -- Gerfandom's first sub-fandom -- and he says that looks like trouble. Come the "Gamblers" (literal translation, the mouldies), not to be confused with the Hippies -- which movement has just gotten rolling. Notes to and about people and things (and he says hello to WSFA), and LoC's. Of special interest is an extended article by Wolfgang Thadewald on the 8-day Trieste S.F. Film Festival -- and we note that the Eastern countries are the ones producing quality sf films, which leads me to wonder whether they have a bigger, more sophisticated market or whether it's the result of something similar to an Arts Council grant? Anyway, Thadewald describes the activities, the awards, and the prize-winners -- with brief resumes of these films, as well as some of the non-winners. A very pleasant 'zine. Tom seems as comfortable writing in English as we.

HECKMECK #14 (Mario Kwait, 4400 Münster, Stettiner Str. 38, Germany). Letters from Jean G. Muggoch, Archie Mercer with comments and suggestions (shucks -- he beat me to it; I was going to suggest translations of interesting articles from various German fanzines), Harry Warner on why it is unlikely that a fan will ever attain the Presidency, and Danny Plachta announcing Roger Zelazny as the recipient of the first annual Nova award. Also comments quoted from FWJ. Reviews of AUSTRALIAN S.F. REVIEW #'s 4 and 8, YANDRO 168, HORIZONS 106-109, TZ 21, PASTELL 22, HAVERINGS 25, and LUNATIQUE 27 & 28. Excerpts from the Jan. '66 STONES OUT OF A GLASSHOUSE, and extended tongue-in-cheek definition of the typical fan. Also, out of deference to Archie's request, definitions of German terms and names used in an earlier article on Heidelberg (Gee, talk about an editor being responsive to his readers' wishes!), and continuing our tour of the environs, he starts us on a riverside drive toward Heilbronn. Sounds delightful. Tom Schlück reports on the BerlinCon -- winner of the German Hugo: Otto Basil's Wenn Das Der Fuhrer Wuesste... (If Hitler Had Won the War and Taken Over All of Europe...). Mario, by the way, won best fan-artist, and he has a couple of very clever cartoons in this ish.

BADINAGE #3 (Dec. '67) (Journal of the Bristol & District SF Group. Ed.: A. Graham Boak, % 10 Lower Church Lane, Bristol 2, U.K. Trades, contribs, LoC's & postage, 1/- plus postage). Light art by Moy Read, Harry Bell, "Ramblin' Jake", and Jay Kinney. Archie Mercer dashes off a fanmyth "BriAnhampton & the Green Machine". ("The spectacles...were opaque, rendering their wearer as blind as a bat, man.") Bryn Fortey comments on the Blues and American White/Black relationships. Heinrich R. Arenz, D-6000 Frankfurt, Schiessfach 5002. Germany, is looking for prospective members of the Off-Trail Magazine Publishers' Association (OMPA). (Applicants should be able to produce proof of activity, 20 sides for OMPA per year, and 7/- annual dues.) Bugleford is the site, a new home for a displaced ghost is the topic of a winning tale by Beryl Mercer. Also, there's a planetary exploration quickie by George Scantlebury. Poems, limericks, and LoC's. Roje Gilbert on the death of fandom in Chelmsford. All in all, entertaining reading.

HAVERINGS #31 (Jan. '68) (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, U.K. U.S. Agent: Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, Calif., 94701. 6/\$1.). Nine pages of fanzine reviews, in order of day received. Among her observations: AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW ("a must for any serious sf enthusiast"), EUROPEAN NEWSBULLETIN No. 1 (Jean Muggoch, 15 Balcombe House, Taunton Place, London, N.W. 1 -- news reports from Italy, Spain, France, Germany, Sweden, and Britain this ish), VULCAT #5 (FAPA -- Fred Patten -- "must reading this for would-be bidders for a world con...."), DYNATRON (one of her favorite fanzines), SPECULATION, vol. 12, #4 ("nice to see back"), MANTRAP ("I'm afraid our ideas of humour diverge..."), THE JDM BIBLIOPHILE (Len & June Moffatt, 9826 Paramount Blvd., Downey, Calif., 90240. "For the devotee of detective fiction."), TOURNAMENTS ILLUMINATED (she enjoyed it), etc.

LE SAC À CHARBON #2 (Michel Feron, 7 Grand-Place, Hannut, Belgium). A dittoed index of 'zines he has received but not reviewed -- German, Belgian, Canadian, Spanish, U.S., French, Italian, Norwegian, U.K., and Swiss -- the language in which they are published, and the type of fanzine (e.g., comic, general, sf, etc.). Names of European 'zines available in English that are news to me are ANOTHER ONE (Heinrich R. Arenz, 6000 Frankfurt 1, Postlschiessfach 5002, Germany), FENOMEN '66 (Aniara, Universitetsforlaget, Karl Johana, gt 47, Oslo 1, Norway), and FILMFORUM (Roar Ringdahl, boks 495, Drammen, Norway).

SCOTTISHE #45 (Ethel Lindsay, address above. U.S. Agent: Redd Boggs, address above. 4/\$1.). Delightful thematic illos and cover by ATOM, with equally charming Scottish poetry. Ethel reviews John Coates' entertaining mystery Time for Tea, discusses Hugo nominees and awards, and reviews Heinlein's The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress. Rob Wood describes the preparation of a BBC radio program; this same chap, who publishes COMPASS, would like to correspond with U.S. fen -- his address: 27, Rochford Ave., Shenfield, Brentwood, Essex. LoC's and editor on fandom. In the LoC's, John Boardman compares the American Indians with the Scots Highlanders, inspired here by Macaulay's History of England, while Ian Peters takes Boardman to task for his comments in an earlier ish on the present plight of the American Indian.

((Send fanzines for review to Doll Gilliland, 2126 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C., plainly marked "For TWJ Review" (oops! ZIP is 20037). A series review of VECTOR was squeezed out of this issue, and will appear in either TWJ #56 or 57. We also have several other recent issues of foreign 'zines on hand, which have not yet been passed on to Doll for review -- so if you don't see your 'zine here, look for it in a later issue. --ed.))

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A biographic and bibliographic study of the late John Russell Fearn, The Multi-Man, is now available from the author/publisher: Philip Harbottle, 27 Cheshire Gardens, Wallsend-on-Tyne, Northumberland, England. It is "professionally printed in vari-type photo-litho, with stiff, tinted card covers, and is vividly illustrated. Large size (9" X 7") . . . approx. 50,000 words . . . 15/- post free." --ed.

May/June Short Calendar -- Conventions, etc. (Continued):

"The Secondary Universe": A national conference devoted to science fiction, fantasy, science and literature, and criticism -- May 10, 11; at the University of Wisconsin, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Sponsored by the Union Theatre-Literary Committee of the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. Conference is free, but Saturday luncheon is \$2.50. Program: Friday, May 10 -- 4-6 p.m., Registration, Lobby of L-120, Fine Arts Complex; 7:30 p.m., Play, "To the Chicago Abyss", by Ray Bradbury, Fine Arts L-120; 8:30 p.m., Film, "Relativity", by Ed Emshwiller, followed by a discussion of the film by Ed Emshwiller, F.A. L-120. Saturday, May 11 -- 8-9 a.m., Late Registration & Coffee Hour, Lobby of F.A. L-120; 9-10:30 a.m., General Session: Keynote address by Dr. Clyde S. Kilby of Wheaton College on "The Lost Myth" (probably about C.S. Lewis); 10:30-Noon, Panels & Special Interest Groups: Science Fiction & Fantasy in Film & Television -- "Famous Horrors on Film", by Eugene DeWeese, and "Reality and Film: From Blow Up to Star Trek", by Ivor Rogers; J.R.R. Tolkien and Middle Earth -- David M. Miller and W.J. Hughes (titles to be announced); The New Thing In Science Fiction -- Panel discussion, with Samuel R. Delany, Laurence Yep, and Tim Hildebrand; Noon-2 p.m., Buffet Luncheon (\$2.50; reservations must be made in advance), Luncheon Speaker: Judith Merrill; 2-3:30 p.m., Panels & Special Interest Groups: Science Fiction in Poetry and Music -- "Science Fiction and the New Sound", by John Suess; "A Poet Looks at Space: Inner and Outer", by Dick Allen; The 20th-Century Romance -- "The Oxford Christians", by Glenn Sadler; Richard West (title to be announced); "The Worm, the Ring, and the Earl of Groan", by Bruce E. Pelz; Science and Literature -- "Literature and Science as Forms of Communication: an Inquiry into the Place of Literature in a Science-Oriented Society", by Lawrence Ianni; Rudolf B. Schmerl (title to be announced); 3:30-5 p.m., Panels & Special Interest Groups: Fantasy as a Revolutionary Activity -- Discussion, led by Mark Hillegas; (area to be announced) -- Discussion, led by Thomas D. Clareson; Mass Media and Science Fiction -- Discussion, led by Robert J. Hughes. For info about housing in Milwaukee, to be sure of a seat for "Relativity", to receive announcements re plans for future conferences, and/or to make reservations for the Saturday luncheon (reservation and check/money order for \$2.50 must be received NLT May 1, write to: Katherine M. Ettla, Cultural Activities Coordinator, UWM Union, 2200 E. Kenwood Blvd., Univ. of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 53201. ((Sorry about that long paragraph, folks! --ed.))

"Over the Brain's Brink" -- May 24-26; at the Janus 1, 1660 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C., at Midnight (May 24, 25) or 11:30 a.m. (May 26); program includes four films: Les Voyages Extraordinaires de Jules Verne, by Jeal Aurel ("A perilous expedition into the enormous imagination of Jules Verne."); Hocus, by Bernard Burger ("An ironic, depressing, sometimes hilarious free-wheeling odyssey of the 1964 Republican National Convention in San Francisco."); Mystery of Stonehenge ("... This enthusiastic TV documentary presents . . . fascinating theories intermixed with artificial confrontations, real-live professorial experts who could have only come out of British woodwork, and magnificent manufactured climaxes with appropriately soaring background music. . . Awe inspiring."); Wholly Communion, by Peter Whitehead ("In the excitement of this first huge Reading in London's Albert Hall living words communicated with impact. The unexpected kept happening. Flowers were distributed, weird papier-mache creatures strolled about the aisles. Bruce-Lacey's machine structures buzzed, shook, and flashed; the dry, eerie voice of Burroughs cracked from a tape-recorder. A girl in white danced under the pall of potsmoke with distant gestures of dream. And the last sight of Allen Ginsberg was one to cherish . . . .")

And remember the DISCLAVE (details in attached flier), May 10-12, in D.C.

Details of June Conventions, etc., in THE CON GAME in TWJ #56: STOCON VI, June 1-3, Stockholm, Sweden; Annual Dinner Meeting of Albuquerque SF Group, June 15; DALLAS CON, June 21-23, Dallas, Texas; Clarion Writers' Workshop in Science Fiction and Fantasy, June 24-August 2, Clarion, Penna.; MIDWESTCON, June 28-30, Cincinnati, Ohio; TRIPLE FAN FAIR, June 29-July 1, Toronto, Canada.

THE BOOKSHELF: New Releases

ACE -- May, 1968 Releases (Ace Books, 1120 Ave. of the Americas, NY, NY, 10036) --

The Lincoln Hunters, by Wilson Tucker (H-62; 60¢; 1st pb edition, with new Afterward by Tucker; "SF Special") -- "A time traveler from the future attempts a hazardous mission to record a famous lost speech by Abraham Lincoln...and the unexpected happens...."

World's Best Science Fiction: 1968, edited by Donald A. Wollheim & Terry Carr (A-15; 75¢) -- "Now in its fourth year, this annual anthology has been hailed by critics and fans alike as the most reliable and representative selection of the best sf of each year."

The Time Mercenaries, by Philip E. High (H-59; 60¢) -- "Aggression had been genetically bred out of mankind -- but now Earth faced war with an overwhelming alien force!" and

Anthropol, by Louis Trimble -- "Troubleshooter Vernay had a crucial assignment: start a revolution on the planet Ujvila before half the planet was wiped out!"

Star Hunter and Voodoo Planet, by Andre Norton (G-723; 50¢; reissue of two short novels from Ace Doubles) -- "Two exciting short novels by today's best-selling writer of interplanetary adventure: a safari on an unexplored jungle world, and an all-out battle against a planet of wizards!"

Carpathian Castle, by Jules Verne (H-60; 60¢; "Fitzroy" Edition of Jules Verne, edited by I.O. Evans) -- "A haunted castle...Count Dracula...in a novel by Jules Verne? Of course -- for Verne's imagination met all challenges. And even in a spooky terror-tale Verne managed to bring in a science fictional angle!"

The Flying Saucer Story, by Brinsley Le Poer Trench (H-64; 60¢) -- "The first book to give the complete, uncensored truth about UFOs on a global basis . . . ."

Also, The Legend of Baverstock Manor, by Nancy Buckingham (K-302; 50¢, "Gothic"); Beware the Night, by Jane Blackmore (K-303; 50¢; "Gothic"); Death In a Mist, by Elizabeth Salter (H-61; 50¢; "Gothic"); The Flying Nun #2: The Littlest Rebels, by William Johnston (G-725; 50¢); The Real Bonnie and Clyde, by Miriam Allen deFord (H-63; 60¢; illustrated with photos and map); Dead Man's Gold, by Lee Hoffman and The Silver Concho, by Don P. Jenison (G-721; 50¢; Westerns); Brand of the Gun, by Brian Wynne (G-720; 50¢; Western); My Favorite Nurse, by Gail Everett (G-722; 50¢).

BALLANTINE -- May Releases (Ballantine Books, 101 5th Ave., NY, NY, 10003) --

The Masks of Time, by Robert Silverberg (U6121; 75¢) -- ". . . A wicked and unsettling commentary on this world's end-of-century jitters (which could just as easily be cold war jitters), this is ostensibly a tale of the international uproar that ensues when a visitor arrives from 1,000 years in the future. While the tensions of the story proceed at a bone-shuddering pace, Silverberg uses his vehicle to provide a commentary on the passing show, political, religious and social -- and incidentally, to tell an oddly moving love story. For despite the large canvas scene, Silverberg deals primarily with people. And he is very, very good at it."

Star Surgeon, by James White (U2866; 50¢) -- "Here are all the strange and not-so-strange creatures who inhabit a hospital in space as both doctors and patients: the human doctor Conway, plus two-ton doctors with four-ton patients, creatures which are multi-legged and telepathic, gas breathers -- a wild and woolly assortment from all parts of the galaxy. . . ."

Also, A Helping Hand, by Celia Dale (U6122; 75¢; "A very sinister chiller in the Hitchcock tradition."); King of the Rainy Country, by Nicholas Freeling (U5112; 60¢; Mystery); The Flower People (U6128; 75¢; interviews with Henry Cross; "Twelve extraordinary portraits from the underground."; with 16 photos); The Leader, by Gillian Freeman (U5095; 60¢; ". . . the rise and fall of a would-be dictator. . ."); The Open Heart, by Nicolai Amosoff (U6123; 75¢; "Fascinating memoirs of a famous surgeon . . ."); Dando Shaft! (U7049; 95¢; "The funniest sex novel (or the sexiest funny novel) of the year."); A Boy Ten Feet Tall, by W.H. Canaway (U2865; 50¢; a Teen Age Book Club selection); and the first four titles of Ballantine's Illustrated History of World War II (at \$1.00 each): Afrika Korps, by Major K.J. Macksey (U7801; with

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maps, photographs, and scale drawings of principal German tanks), Their Finest Hour: The Story of the Battle of Britain 1940, by Edward Bishop (U7802; with over 100 photographs and scale drawings of German and British fighter planes), D-Day: Spearhead of Invasion, by R.W. Thompson (U7803), and U-Boat: Hidden Menace, by David Mason (U7804; with diagrams of submarine tactics, rare photos from German sources and detailed drawings of German submarines).

LANCER -- May releases (Lancer Books, Inc., 1560 Broadway, NY, NY, 10036) --

The Brain Machine, by George O. Smith (74-936; 75¢) -- No further info received.

The Coffin Things, by Michael Avallone (74-942; 75¢; horror) -- No further info.

The Magic Island, by William Seabrook (75-038; 95¢; non-fiction) -- "The famous guidebook to voodoo -- its strange and bizarre rituals, its heathen ceremonies, its incredible and frightening powers..."

Also, House on Somber Lake, by Alix de Marquand (73-751; 60¢; "Gothic"); The Knock at Midnight, by Charity Blackstock (73-740; 60¢; Mystery/Suspense & Spy); Explosion!, by Eva-Lis Wuorio (74-945; 75¢; Mystery/Suspense & Spy); Eros Pursued, by Kathleen Price (75-039; 95¢; non-fiction); Mistresses, by Dr. John Philip Lundin (75-025; 95¢; non-fiction); Modern Sex Techniques, by Robert Street (75-040; 95¢; non-fiction); Pussycat, Pussycat!, by Ted Mark (73-461; 60¢; Fiction); Dr. Nyet, by Ted Mark (73-477; 60¢; Fiction); The Man From O.R.G.Y., by Ted Mark (73-487; 60¢; F.); The 9-Month Caper, by Ted Mark (73-488; 60¢; F.); The Nude Who Never Was, by Ted Mark (73-489; 60¢; F.); The Real Gone Girls, by Ted Mark (73-490; 60¢; F.); Circle of Sin, by Ted Mark (73-620; 60¢; F.); A Secret Understanding, by Merle Miller (74-939; 75¢; F.); An Old Captivity, by Nevil Shute (74-946; 75¢; F.); The Man From S.T.U.D. in The Orgy at Madame Dracula's, by F.W. Paul (73-754; 60¢; F.); Rapture for Three, by Vivian Elmore (74-937; 75¢; F.); A Meeting by the River, by Christopher Isherwood (74-943; 75¢; F.).

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#### THE LUNARIANS

Minutes of the Meeting of February 17, 1968 --

The Meeting was called to order at 9:30. The minutes were read by Andy Porter. After some discussion, not really related to the minutes, Fred Lerner proposed the tabling of any discussion of cigarettes as the cause of cancer to the 227th meeting. The motion was seconded by Andy Porter, and defeated by a vote of 6 to 4. The minutes were then accepted by a vote of 9 to 1, with 1 apathetic.

The treasurer's report was read by Walt Cole and accepted by a vote of 7 to 0, 2 apathetic.

Under new business, Andrew Porter stated that a total of 14 pages of advertising had been reserved for the LunaCon Program Book so far. Porter was advised to call Richard Powers to see whether he would pay a \$50 fee for rental of a room at the LunaCon to hold his Art Show in. #### The possibility of a Banquet was brought up, with no definite details discussed. #### Fred Lerner proposed a motion to have the Lunarian minutes published in THE WSFA JOURNAL providing the maker of the motion assumed full responsibility for all additional work involved in carrying out the motion. The vote on the additional work clause was 11 for, 1 against, 1 apathetic. The entire motion was passed by a vote of 9 to 3, 1 apathetic.

A motion to adjourn for coffee and cake, made by Frank Prieto, was passed by a vote of 10 to 0. The meeting was adjourned at 10:12 p.m.

I swear that all statements in this report are true and accurate, except where they are not.

Andrew Porter, Secretary, *WVCPH 8*

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Note -- We still need cover art for post-DISCLAVE issues of the JOURNAL (black ink on white paper, please, suitable for photo offset or electrostenciling). ---ed.



Ron Smith, 644 S. Court St., Medina, Ohio, 44256

(12 March 1968)

Doll Gilliland's mass reviews of CØSIGN 6 through 14 and KALLIKANZAROS #1 have left everyone here in fine spirits I'm sure. Thanx muchly for the praise, Doll, tho' you made one error: about Frank M. Robinson, it wasn't "The Siren Sounds at Midnight" that was the PLAYBOY novelette worthy of the Hugo, it was "The Wreck of the Ship John B". The other story was in the August AMAZING. Another thought, who the hell IS Frank M. Robinson? Few facts have I been able to scrape up on this man. He wrote the novel The Power back in the middle fifties, which is now the basis for the new sf movie by the same name starring (???) George Hamilton. But that's it. Anybody know anything else? Perhaps I'd better consult the MIT Index.

Secondly, the letter excerpt from Andre Norton you printed in TWJ #53. She states that Sorceress of the Witch World will be the final part of the saga. If this story is merely, as she says, the story of Kaththea's fight to regain her powers, Miss Norton has left a few loose ends in the saga. The series is undisputably her finest, and is really the most fascinating series to be published in recent years -- but she just CAN'T end it here. All of you who read the third book, Three Against the Witch World, will remember that Simon Tregarth disappears at the beginning, and his wife, Lady Jaelithe, combines her power with that of the triplets to try and search him out. Then Lady Jaelithe rides off and that's the last we see of them in the series. But the whole thing involving the disappearance is as fascinating as the other books themselves. I quote from the beginning of Chapter II as Lady Jaelithe rides out in search of Simon:

"I saw him ((Simon)), she ((Kaththea)) said, 'when she drew upon us in the search -- I saw him -- all alone -- There were rocks, tall rocks, and curling water --' This time her shudder shook her whole thin frame.

"Where?' Kemoc demanded.

"Our sister shook her head. 'I cannot tell, but it was far -- and more than distance of land and sea lies between.'

"Not enough to keep her from the searching,' I said as I sheathed my sword."

I think you see what I mean. Miss Norton just can't leave it this way. Here she has Simon Tregarth trapped somewhere in an evil alien land far beyond natural traveling and Lady Jaelithe on a quest to find him. It wouldn't be fair to the reader to just leave it like this. Often I've pondered over this question in looking back on my collection of Norton pbs. I am going to be one frustrated sf fan if she doesn't write a concluding volume of the story of Jaelithe's quest and her finding Simon, providing the problem isn't solved in SotWW, of course. But SOMETHING must be done before we can count the series as concluded.

COLUMBUS (Øcon!!!) IN '69!

Alexis Gilliland, 2126 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C., 20037. (26 March 68)

In TWJ #54 Ted White makes the perfectly valid point that the only work of his which I have read is Sorceress of Qar, which may not form a fair sample of his writing style. As he says, I get a lot of freebies from Ace (and Ballantine and Berkley), and being naturally ~~cheap~~ thrifty, I don't buy books to review. The only exception, in fact, was the aforementioned SoQ, for which I paid out cold, hard (well, debased -- no fault of Ted's) cash because I wanted to review a Ted White novel.

Once bitten, twice shy is unfair and unkind. Ted's publishers don't send me copies, so he doesn't get reviewed. That's all.

Special offer to Ted White: send me a copy of one of your books you want reviewed and I'll give you the 48-hour special. Read the night it arrives, reviewed the next night and shot off to Don Miller with loud cries of "Stop the Presses!" and "Tear out the front page!"; it should make TWJ #56 if you act promptly.

As far as not liking Van Arnam and White's Sideslip, I imagine that Ted has read enough of my reviewing to know my likes and dislikes. If he thinks I won't like it, he is probably right. Since I'm not on Pyramid's list of reviewers, the question is moot. Wayman's World of the Sleepers got the review I felt it deserved, although I did think Wayman might be a Ted White alias. The review wasn't all that bad, either.

Steve Rasnic loyally defends Tolkien, while admitting that yes, Leiber is a contender, but.... Terry Carr promises Leiber's Swords Against Wizardry in the near future, so let us wait and see.

Nice to see Banks back, if only in the pages of TWJ.

Al Gechter, 1316 N. Francis Ave., Apt. 6, Oklahoma City, Okla., 73106 (24 Mar '68)

. . . I agree with Caz that ERB was not particularly "racist" in his attitudes by comparison to most other British and U.S. authors of the early 1900's. We are more "race-conscious" today than then.

. . . You may inform the irate Ted White that Al Gechter will accept responsibility only for errors made by himself and not for the numerous and manifold mistakes that frequently occur in the pages of Paperbound Books in Print. I will take note that Dave Van Arnam's surname is spelled with the aristocratic "particel" capitalized henceforth, but I really must point out that it was probably the fault of the people at Pyramid, not Paperbound Books, for saying that White and Van Arnam were doing a series of novels based upon "Lost in Space" and even announcing advance dates for publication release of the successive volumes in the set. Even though Ted didn't want his name used, Dave was the principal author, and no sequels were planned by either of them. How was I supposed to know these things? Of course, if I had written such a book as Lost In Space, I would have killed off Dr. Zachary Smith in the very first sentence on the very first page, and would only permit him to be resurrected on the last page -- and then it would be under protest.

Ted has only himself to blame for letting science fiction fans think he loved "Lost in Space" and hated "Star Trek". I'm sure he realizes how differently most of the "fen" feel about the rivalry between these two shows. My own belief is that "Star Trek's" continuing survival into a third year makes it much more likely that we will some day have other and better sf series on TV. And I sincerely wish that Ted White could and would sell some "Star Trek" scripts to Gene Roddenberry! Then he (Ted White) could hobnob in Hollywood with Harlan Ellison, Ted Sturgeon, Jerry Sohl, Bob Bloch, Richard Matheson, and the rest of the science-fictioneers who have "sold out" for that filthy long-green stuff. . . .

George Fergus, B-113 Armstrong Hall, MSU, E. Lansing, Mich., 48823 (3 April '68)

From now until June the MSU Science Fiction Society will have a dinner party every Sunday evening at 6:30 at Bill Knapp's restaurant in Lansing. Most times this will likely be followed by a meeting at Don D'Amassa's residence: 327 Hillcrest Dr. For further details contact B-113 or phone 355-5406.

The Asimov book A Whiff of Death that I mentioned in my last letter is merely a retitled hardcover edition of his 1958 Avon pb The Death Dealers, a mystery.

Re my article on 1967 pbs in TWJ #53: Budrys' Iron Thorn should be noted as from IF, not GALAXY. I have trouble telling the Pohlzines apart anymore. Also, I should have justified calling Tom Disch a British writer -- he seems, to me, to belong irrevocably to the British school, even though not so by nationality. Another matter I should have explained is my recommendation that the sections of Chthon be read in an order different from that in which Piers Anthony presents them. The reason is that the order I suggested facilitates assimilation of the plot (which I presume is the main concern of most sf-oriented readers) without sacrificing too much of the intended effect. If you are perceptive enough, say, to sort out Faulkner's Absalom, Absalom!, then by all means read Chthon in the way it's laid out and you may get more out of it.

My greatest apologies to Terry Carr and the Ace SF Specials. A news item last year said that he was starting a new high-quality line. This was immediately followed by the announcement that he had bought H-Bomb Over America, from which I drew the erroneous conclusion that it was one of them. As to the real specials, I find a rather uneven quality, but they are certainly head and shoulders above Ace's usual stuff these days. Even The Lincoln Hunters is better than Emil Petaja.

I find myself looking with extreme distaste at most of the new pbs. I could not bring myself to buy, much less to read the Belmont Double with Thief of Thoth by Lin Carter and ...And Others Shall Be Born by Frank Belknap Long. I'd be happy if Long went back to John Carstairs.

Maybe it's just because so many people I know castigate Ted White, but I keep running into indignant defenses of his novels at what seems to be the slightest provocation. In his letter in TWJ #54 Ted says that he's "just feeling a little huffy" when thoughtless reviewers apparently denounce him without having read many of his books, particularly his best efforts. This is encouraging, for it shows that at least one good man has not changed from sensitive fan to dirty pro. And in his role as maligned author, Ted makes some of the most informative rebuttals extant. So I can't decide whether to suggest tolerance or cheer him on! Some of Ted's work is superior to that of many big-name authors with recurring magazine serials. In fact, it seems that fewer and fewer of the magazine serials can compare with the best original books. Apparently the magazines have to publish "action" serials by A. Bertram Chandler and Mack Reynolds in order to stay alive.

Nebula Award Stories 3 will apparently read like a cut-down edition of Dangerous Visions. Note that well over half the winners and runners-up were published in books in the U.S. rather than in the prozines.

P.S. I presume (I hope!) that Alexis' review of Lords of the Starship will supply Bob Willingham with a plethora of reasons as to why I didn't consider it worthy of mention in my article. I tend to agree with Alexis a remarkable part of the time, and Banks Mebane as well, which is why I don't put any analysis in my annual articles (except for an occasional work I consider important that neither has reviewed up to that time).

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IEEE CONVENTION FAN DINNER: A Report  
by Bill Berg

On the night of March 19, 1968, the second annual dinner for sf fans was held at the Three Crowns Smorgasbord Restaurant, in New York City. This event is held during the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers (IEEE) Convention, and was organized by J.K. Klein. Nine persons were in attendance this year.

We assembled at about 6:30 p.m. in the lobby of the Essex House, and walked the few blocks from there to the restaurant. The dinner began with cocktails for all. We then proceeded to a revolving round table that was loaded with various kinds of food. Everyone filled his plate with what he liked, and came back as often as he wished. The dinner was completed with coffee and dessert.

Science fiction and other topics were discussed both during and after the dinner. J.K. Klein, acting as master of ceremonies, announced that there would be no eating award this year. J.K. then presented samples of G.E. transistors to all present. Marsha Brown, the only fem-fan there, was presented with a battery hooked up to a flash-light bulb. When a wire was depressed, the bulb lit up. Jay described this as the Mark I version, retaining the Mark II for himself.

J.K. ended the evening at about 10:00 p.m. by taking pictures of the gathering. Those attending the dinner were: Bill Berg, Charlie Brown, Marsha Brown, Joe De Cirto, Paul Herkhart, J.K. Klein, Pete Lefferts, Beresford Smith, and Fred Shunaman.

IN MEMORIAM:  
 DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.  
 15 January 1929-4 April 1968  
 "I have a Dream..."

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-- Don Miller

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Jack C Haldeman 11  
1244 Woodbourne Ave.  
Baltimore, Maryland 21212

See you in WASHINGTON

