

SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL

WSFA JOURNAL Supplement: News/Reviews, etc. ----- 3rd May, 1971 Issue (#22)

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In Brief --

This is right on the heels of #21, to get out the AFI Info; all persons listed on the Roster of WSFA members & local TWJ subbers (in SOTWJ #23) should already have received a copy of the schedule from AFI. Remember, to go on the 22nd, contact Ron Bounds; to try to arrange an outing on another night, call Don Miller.

To recap the results of the WSFA election, new officers are: President, Jay Haldeman; Vice-President, Ron Bounds; Treasurer, Bill Berg; Secretary, Alice Haldeman; Trustees, Jack Chalker, Alexis Gilliland, & Chick Derry. Our congratulations to them all.

SOTWJ #23 will probably be mostly "news", and #24 all book reviews (unless we decide to make #23 a general issue and hold the news until #25); at any rate, there will be at least two, and maybe three, more SOTWJ's during May.

Remember, TWJ/SOTWJ bac -issue prices go up on June 1!

SOTWJ is approx. bi-weekly. Subs (via 1st-class mail): 20¢ ea., 6/\$1, 12/\$1.75. Free to contributors, traders, & to WSFA members if picked up at WSFA meetings. Also avail. as part of pkg. incl. THE WSFA JOURNAL, in bi-monthly Mailings at 75¢/Mailing, 4/\$2.50, 8/\$4.50 (UK: 30p ea., 4/112p, 8/200p). TWJ also avail. w/o SOTWJ (write ed. for rates). Lone TWJ's & Mailings sent 3rd-class. For names & addresses of Overseas Agents, Air-mail rates, or trades, write the ed. ~~###~~ Address Code: A, Overseas Agent; C, Contributor; E, Club Exchange; H, Honorary WSFA Member; K, Something of yours is mentioned/reviewed herein; L, WSFA Life Member; M, WSFA Regular Member (thru month shown); N, You are mentioned herein; R, For Review; S, Sample; T, Trade; W, Subscriber (thru # shown)(1st-class mail); X, Last issue, unless....; Y, Subber via 3rd-class Mailings. ~~###~~ Receipt d-line for #25: May 21.

-- DLM

THE WSFA JOURNAL (Supplement)
% D. Miller
12315 Judson Road
Wheaton, Maryland
U.S.A. 20906

TO:

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HUGO NOMINEES

Have just received ballot for voting for Hugos to be awarded at NOREASCON (29th World S.F. Convention, Sept. 3-5 1971, Boston, Mass.). Voting deadline: 15 July.

BEST NOVEL -- Ringworld, by Larry Niven (Ballantine).

Star Light, by Hal Clement (ANALOG, June-Sept. '70).

Tau Zero, by Poul Anderson (Doubleday; Lancer).

The Tower of Glass, by Robert Silverberg (GALAXY 4-6/70; Scribner's; Bantam).

Year of the Quiet Sun, by Bob Tucker (Ace S.F. Special).

BEST NOVELLA -- "Beast Child", by Dean Koontz (VENTURE SF, Aug. '70).

"Ill Met in Lankhmar", by Fritz Leiber (F&SF 4/70; Swords & Deviltry, Ace).

"The Region Between", by Harlan Ellison (GALAXY 3/70; Five Fates, Doubleday).

"The Thing in the Stone", by Clifford Simak (IF, March '70).

"The World Outside", by Robert Silverberg (GALAXY, Oct/Nov '70).

BEST SHORT STORY -- "Brillo", by Ben Bova & Harlan Ellison (ANALOG 8/70; Partners in

"Continued on Next Rock", by R.A. Lafferty (Orbit 7, Putnam & Berkley). /Wonder,

"In the Queue", by Keith Laumer (Orbit 7, Putnam & Berkley). /Walker & Co).

"Jean Dupres", by Gordon Dickson (Nova 1, Delacourt & Dell).

"Slow Sculpture", by Theodore Sturgeon (GALAXY 2/70; Sturgeon is Alive and Well..., /Putnam).

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION -- "Blows Against the Empire" (record RCA LSP-4448).

Colossus: The Forbin Project (motion picture).

"Don't Crush That Dwarf, Hand Me The Pliers" (record Columbia C-30102).

Hauser's Memory (motion picture made for television, NBC-TV).

No Blade of Grass (motion picture).

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST -- Leo & Diane Dillon.

Frank Kelly Freas.

Jack Gaughan.

Eddie Jones.

Jeff Jones.

BEST PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINE -- AMAZING.

ANALOG.

FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION.

GALAXY.

VISION OF TOMORROW.

BEST FANZINE -- EMERGUMEN.

LOCUS.

OUTWORLDS.

SF REVIEW.

SPECULATION.

BEST FAN WRITER -- Terry Carr.

Tom Digby.

Elizabeth Fishman.

Richard Geis.

Ted Pauls.

BEST FAN ARTIST -- Alicia Austin.

Steve Fabian.

Mike Gilbert.

Tim Kirk.

William Rotsler.

VISIONS OF THE FUTURE

The American Film Institute is sponsoring a series of science fiction films, to be shown in the American Film Institute Theatre, 429 L'Enfant Plaza, S.W., Wash., D.C., 20024, during the period of May 12-23, 1971. The program has been timed to coincide with the First General Assembly of the World Future Society, being held in Washington on May 11-14. Tickets are \$1.25 per showing for AFI members, \$1.75 for guests, and 50¢ for children under 14. AFI memberships are \$10 per year (\$5 for students); temporary memberships (good for one month) are \$1.50 at door, up to 7:30 p.m. on evening of performance. For membership, or information, write to address given above, or call 554-1000 from 2:30 to 7:30 p.m. daily. (All WSFA members and others whose addresses are listed in the roster to appear in SOTWJ #23 should be receiving a copy of the AFI brochure describing the films in detail; it is probable that a WSFA outing to one of the showings will be held (most likely to the showing on May 22); for info, call or write Ron Bounds, 13 Brookes Ave., Gaithersburg, Md., 20760 (phone 926-3609). Also, since the purchasing of one-month memberships on the part of at least one member of the attending group will save money, it would be desirable to coordinate attendances by individuals to showings other than the WSFA outing; for this you can call Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Md., 20906 (933-5417). (We would particularly like to arrange something for the May 19 showing.))

Wednesday, May 12, 8:00 p.m. -- Metropolis (Fritz Lang's classic. 1926. Starring Gustav Froehlich, Brigitte Helm. 100 mins.); also, an episode from the serial, Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe.

Thursday, May 13, 8:00 p.m. -- "70 Years in Outer Space" (George Melies' 1902 Trip to the Moon and a segment of 2001; rare NASA footage and excerpts from Fritz Lang's Woman in the Moon (made in 1923 and seized by the Nazis to protect the secrets of their rocket research; George Pal's Destination Moon, 1951).

Friday, May 14, 8:00 p.m. -- Seven Days in May (1963. Starring Kirk Douglas, Fredric March, Burt Lancaster. 118 minutes); also, The Airship Destroyer, a spectacular short by Charles Urban that in 1909 predicted aerial bombardments.

Saturday, May 15, 8:00 p.m. -- War of the Worlds (H.G. Wells' classic on film. 1953. 85 mins.); also, The Day the Earth Stood Still (1951. Starring Michael Rennie & Patricia Neal. 92 mins.).

Sunday, May 16, 8:00 p.m. -- Alphaville (A Godard film. 1965. 98 mins.); also, George Lucas' THX 1138, the original 15-minute short he made at UCLA and expanded into the feature of that name (now showing in the D.C. area).

Monday, May 17, 8:00 p.m. -- When Worlds Collide (1951. With Richard Derr, Barbara Rusn. 81 mins.); also, Universe, a thrilling 30-minute documentary on the wonder of the heavens, made by the National Film Board of Canada.

Tuesday, May 18, 8:00 p.m. -- Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1956. Starring Kevin McCarthy & Dana Wynter. 80 mins.); also, Things to Come (another H.G. Wells' classic. 90 mins. 1936).

Wednesday, May 19, 8:00 p.m. -- Brazil, Year 2000 (1970. 95 mins. Unconfirmed as this is being written; will try to get confirmation before this is pubbed).

Thursday, May 20, 8:00 p.m. -- On the Beach (1959. Starring Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Fred Astaire, Anthony Perkins. 135 min.; dir. Stanley Kramer).

Friday, May 21, 8:00 p.m. -- Fahrenheit 451 (112 min.); also, La Jetee, a 30-min. classic by Chris Marker about a group of survivors from a nuclear catastrophe.

Saturday, May 22, 8:00 p.m. -- This Island Earth (1955. 86 min.); also, Forbidden Planet (1956. Cinemascope. 98 min.).

Sunday, May 23, 8:00 p.m. -- "Computer-Animated Films" (a program of animated films generated by computer).

REPORT ON THE 1971 WSFA ANNUAL MEETING

The annual WSFA Election of Officers meeting was held at the Bergs' on May 7, 1971. Thirty-three were present: Phyllis, Bill, & Betty Berg; Mark Owings, Chick & Jan Derry; Ron Bounds; Don Miller; John Duggar; Bruce & Karen Townley; Don Cochran; Paul Bixby; Randy & Mike Shoemaker; Dave Halterman; Doll, Alexis, & Charles Gilliland; Ray Ridenour; Jack Chalker; Kim Weston; Jackie, Jim & Tod Harper; Irene Reddick; Ted Pauls; Charly Ellis; Libbie Barker; Barry Newton; & Jay, Alice, & Lorrie Haldeman.

The meeting was convened at 10:15 p.m. Ron Bounds read the minutes of the last Regular meeting, which were approved as read. The minutes of the last annual meeting were not available.

Next order of business was: Officers & Committee reports, as follows:

The Treasurer, Wm. B. Berg, reported: (1) On 1 May 1970, the WSFA Treasury stood at \$233. During the club-year, the Treasury took in \$556.64 and spent \$445.74, for a net gain of \$110.90. As of 1 May 1971, the WSFA Treasury stands at \$343.90. (2) WSFA Treasury funds are distributed as follows: (a) \$250 is invested in a savings account with the National Bank of Washington; this has earned WSFA \$6.77 in interest over the last six months; (b) \$50 is in the Treasurer's checking account; (c) The remaining \$43.90 is in cash. (3) Since its inception, on 3 Oct '69, the WSFA Equipment Fund has taken in \$288.92 and has spent \$281.46, leaving a cash balance, as of 1 May 1971, of \$7.46.

Don Miller gave the Publication Committee report, as follows: In the past year, the Publications Committee has put out four issues of THE WSFA JOURNAL, about 15 issues of SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL, and eight Supplements to THE WSFA JOURNAL.

Ted Pauls gave the Membership Committee report: In the past year, WSFA has taken in 20 new Regular members and two new Corresponding members.

Under Old Business, Alice Haldeman announced that she was accepting pre-registrations for Disclave at \$2.50/member. It will be \$3.50 at the door.

Under New Business, first was the election of officers for the coming year. The new officers take office at the first meeting in June. Present and eligible to vote were 28 members. ##### The Nominating Committee had nominated the following: President, Jay Haldeman; Vice-President, Dave Halterman; Treasurer, Bill Berg; Secretary, Karen Townley; Trustees, Ron Bounds, Alexis Gilliland, Ted Pauls. ##### Jay Haldeman was elected unanimously for the office of President. ##### Contending for Vice-President were: Dave Halterman (Nom.Com.) & Ron Bounds (Nom.from floor). Ron Bounds was elected. ##### William Berg was elected unanimously for the office of Treasurer. ##### Contending for the office of Secretary were: Karen Townley, Alice Haldeman, and Jack Chalker. Alice Haldeman was elected. ##### Contending for the offices of Trustee (three to be elected) were: Ted Pauls, Alexis Gilliland, Ray Ridenour, Jim Harper, Betty Berg, Chick Derry, Jack Chalker, & Dave Halterman. Jack Chalker was elected on the first ballot, Alexis Gilliland on the second, and Chick Derry on the third.

Next order of business was New Business & Announcements; (1) Jay Haldeman reported on the Disclave. (2) Jack Chalker gave a report on the Ron Ellik Memorial Poker Game, to be held at Disclave. (3) Jay Haldeman announced that there will be all-night movies at Disclave. (4) Jay Haldeman announced that the next WSFA meeting will be at the Harper's, on May 21. (5) Ron Bounds attempted to organize a group to attend the American Film Institute Theatre on May 22nd. (6) Jay Haldeman announced that Don Miller & Alexis Gilliland are planning an "Artists' Portfolio" in connection with the Disclave. \$50 will be needed to implement this, from the WSFA Treasury; Don Miller guarantees the return of the \$50 to the Treasury, from sales of the Portfolio. There being no objection, \$50 will be given to Alexis Gilliland from the WSFA Treasury. (7) A discussion of comic books took place. (8) Jay Haldeman announced that the WSFA Constitution will be reprinted shortly.

At twelve midnight the meeting was adjourned--again, unanimously. This was accompanied by a rendering of "God Save the Queen".

-- William Berg, WSFA Treasurer

S. F. CINEMA: Film Reviews
by Richard Delap

TROG (Released by Warner Bros. In Technicolor. Directed by Freddie Francis. Screenplay by Aben Kandel; story by Peter Bryan & John Gilling. Photography: Desmond Dickinson. Editor: Oswald Hafenrichter. Music: John Scott. Running time: 93 minutes. Code rating: GP. Starring: Joan Crawford, Michael Gough, Bernard Kay, Kim Braden, and Joe Cornelius as Trog.)

TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA (Released by Warner Bros. In Technicolor. Directed by Peter Sasdy. Screenplay by John Elder, based on the Bram Stoker character. Photography: Arthur Grant. Editor: Chris Barnes. Music: James Bernard. Running time: 95 minutes. Code rating: GP. Starring: Christopher Lee, Geoffrey Keen, Roy Kinnear, Linda Hayden, Peter Sallis, Anthony Corlan, Isla Blair, Ralph Bates.)

Who said the "B" picture is dead?

While it may be true that most of the low-budget time-killers of yesteryear have lost ground with the advent of the progressively-reprehensible milieu of television, the "B" picture has managed to maintain one guarded niche in the moviehouse outlet--namely, the horror flic. Advertising campaigns have become a monument to hardsell tastelessness--the "Dracula" ads this time feature a gigantic closeup of the vampire with blood-smeared mouth open to the jaw limit and fangs smeared with messy gore--but the profits are, if not in the million-dollar bracket, enough to keep companies such as Hammer Films working steadily within a healthy profit margin. By double-billing two very saleable items, both of which carry ratings not to exclude the lucrative young people's trade, Warner Bros. is almost guaranteed to bulge their money bags with profits and can likely afford to ignore the probable critical barbs (if any major critics still bother with this type of film).

Trog is a study in simple-mindedness, too illogical to interest the sf connoisseur, too crude to attract the pure-cinema buff, but just right for fascinating the minimally-critical under-10 crowd.

With a string of poorly-written and -acted, sock-'em-in-the-gut monstrosities (Horrors of the Black Museum, Black Zoo, etc.) to his credit--if one can call such a backlog "credit"--producer Herman Cohen can add another "distinction" to his irreputable list: digging the grave to bury the already-destroyed career of Joan Crawford. If Miss Crawford brings a weary professional competence to her dimensionless role of Dr. Brockton, an anthropologist who discovers Trog (troglo-dyte man) hidden in an English cavern, her stature as an actress is demolished not so much by appearing in a low-budget production (which many fine actors have done with no career damage) as by appearing in such a mediocre one. It's difficult to watch the lady without grimacing as she coaxes Trog to play with a doll in her experimental laboratory, giving the audience an awareness of the man-beast's childlike mentality by speaking such drivel as "Here, Trog", "Nice Trog", and "Good boy, Trog". It's enough to make the hardest filmgoer gag on his Coke.

Freddie Francis has directed many, many horror films over the past ten or so years, but he is a director of whom I have never really approved. He lacks subtlety, has no ear or eye for mood, and directs casts as if they were emotionally crippled, nearly inanimate objects. Michael Gough, who tends to overact no matter what role he's playing, is the village fanatic intent on forcing the destruction of Trog, and Francis lets him capitalize the script's poorly-conceived characterization into an abominable mess of scene-stealing and eye-boggling facial gymnastics replete with flying spit and inarticulate growls. Trog, inexplicably

hairy-faced (Halloween mask variety) but bodily hairless and animal skin-clad, comports himself like a cartoon escapee on an alternating diet of uppers and downers.

From the cartoon stereotypes to the unattractively-garish color and under-complicated plotting, the film has nothing to offer, and nothing to convince me that the responsible people would appreciate a copy of de Camp's The Gnarly Man to show them what they missed.

Surprising that the film didn't form an advertising tie-in with the nationally-advertised product whose slogan would apply equally well to this film. Trog . . . is for kids.

* * * *

Taste the Blood of Dracula again features Christopher Lee in the role that has brought him fame and, if not fortune, at least a reasonably-lucrative profession. But nowadays the Count is not quite the same creature who produced such delightful chills in the expertly-mounted and polished Horror of Dracula over a decade ago. He is not the menace who, once introduced, imbued every frame of film with a residing, inescapable evil; now he just sort of pops in and out of scenes to interrupt the innocuous babble of the rest of the cast and to provide a visible excuse for everyone to pretend (usually badly) to be extremely frightened.

John Elder's script alters the background for this outing by moving all the cliches to Victorian England, with scenes ranging from an abandoned church to upper-class drawing rooms to a colorfully-designed and utterly ridiculous whorehouse. The plot concerns three prosperous and to open appearances respectable businessmen who by night sate themselves with orgies of hedonistic pleasures. Seeking newer and ever more exciting activities, they find themselves expensively involved in a young man's efforts to revive Dracula by drinking from a vial of powdered blood, purportedly that of the expired Count. But the revivification ceremony is too vile even for these lechers, so they kill the disciple and flee before realizing the intonation has already gone too far. Eyes bloodshot and rather sleepy-looking, Dracula vows revenge for the destruction of his manservant and proceeds to destroy the offenders one by one (as well as batting after some pretty girls to keep the bosom-oglers occupied).

Considering that the script doesn't vary an inch from the many-times tested formula for such pictures, the credit for creating an at least adequate programmer belongs to debuting director, Peter Sasdy. Battling a script which produces too many awkward and mood-shattering giggles, he manages to keep most of the film in line and moving along the desired channels. With very helpful assists from Arthur Grant's color cameras and James Bernard's eerie music, Sasdy gets more mileage out of a routine script (in spite of the often dawdling pace) than anyone has a right to expect.

The film is packaged and exploited to seduce the money from the pocketbooks of already-converted fans, and as such this film will get by. But maybe someday Dracula will die the most grisly death of all, boxoffice poverty, which will give us all a few years' peace until some "innovative" young producer decides (once again!) that Dracula will never die.

BREATHES THERE A FAN WITH JUDGMENT SO POOR
THAT HE'LL NOT VOTE FOR D.C. IN '74.....???

S. F. PARADE: Book Reviews

The Shepherd Is My Lord, by Dimitri V. Gat (Doubleday & Co.; 208 pp.; \$4.95).

Mr. Gat has produced a first novel reminiscent of Edmond Hamilton or E.E. "Doc" Smith at the height of their space opera hey-days. While quite readable in toto, Shepherd still contains some pretty passe characterizations. That is, people, situations and corporate entities are all blacks and whites (colors, not race), with little in between.

Galactic Enterprises, for instance, the monstrous industrial combine that controls all the known galaxies, is all evil-black. Its ruthless disregard for personal worth smacks of dyed-in-the-wool villainy of a style not seen since Blacky Dusquene spaced around zapping anything that seemed the least bit good. Galactic even condones crude physical torture--scientific, of course--and uses inquisitor-types who get their kicks from such jolly fun and games as grinding down the teeth of our pure-white-good-guy-hero with a slow drill and no anesthetic.

Yet Shepherd has a definite, though mystically naive, moral. Protagonist Agar, an Advance Examiner opening up a new planet for Galactic's exploitation, stumbles on an unmanned, but indestructible, sensor outpost planted by the Shepherds. This superrace, ancient beyond counting, warns that Man must not infect the rest of the Universe until he learns restraint, humility and compassion. Until then, he is restricted to the sphere of galaxies which he now controls. Galactic, unbelieving, attempts to destroy the Shepherds, but is turned back with contemptuously irresistible power. Agar, however, is invited to join the immortal race as one of them.

Man's fate is left dangling. Obviously, we're still a plague virus. The unanswered question is: Will we ever get out of quarantine?

-- James R. Newton

Once Departed, by Mack Reynolds (Curtis Books, 1970; 128 pp.; 60¢).

If Leslie Charteris or Richard Frather had written this, it would've been blurbed as a mystery thriller. But it's by Mack Reynolds and his rep is as an sf author, so it says here it's sf. Actually, it's a borderline sf/horror murder mystery, with the whole secret agent bit, set in the jet-set foreign colony in Madrid. Quint Jones is a newspaper columnist, a cynical would-be Hemingway, who discovers that a refugee Hungarian scientist being feted at a swank cocktail party is the object of close interest by agents of the CIA and KGB, and an ex-Gestapo man. The only reason MI5 isn't there is that their man has just been murdered by a slobbering monster. More murders follow, hints are dropped about the security of World Peace being at stake, and Quint eventually finds himself the only one in possession of just the right combination of facts to realize what's going on--which naturally makes him the next number One on the victim list. All clues point to a believed-dead top Nazi scientist who may be trying to rejuvenate the aging uncaught Nazi war criminals for another attempt at power.

As sf, it's pretty bad. If you like the fast-paced, hard-boiled 'tec novel of the Milo March or Shell Scott school, it's pretty good. The book's main problem is totally misleading packaging. Reynolds cuts the sociopolitical philosophy remarkably thin for one of his books, and concentrates on keeping up the action and mystery. I think he's bent facts in a couple of places for the convenience of his plot, though. Hitler wasn't that badly mutilated in the '44 assassination attempt, and it doesn't seem likely that cremating a corpse less than completely would really disguise the fact that the brain had been surgically removed from the skull.

-- Fred Patten

The Silkie, by A. E. Van Vogt (Ace #76500; 60¢).

The cover is real Gaughan. It suits the story perfectly, and is so good that I'd like the original.

The silkie was a creature in folk legend that came from the sea. They were the strange men, with the water in their hair, and the strangely wet cuffs on their trousers, who came from the sea to seek a bride; and who, betimes, returned to the sea with their sons. The song on "Joan Baez, Volume 2" (Vanguard VSD-2097) is perhaps the best version of the legend.

The Silkie is a creature that can exist in three forms--man, fishman, and living spaceship. They also have the ability to detect and control energy flow, and, essentially, to read minds. (The shape-changing, I suspect, is what suggested the name to the author.)

Cemp, the Silkie protagonist of this story, has another basic ability, the knowledge of the Logic of Levels--the ability to utilize the basic drives, and conditioned responses, of a creature.

Using this basic knowledge, plus his native Silkie powers, Cemp battles various foes--the Kibmadine, the Glis, and the Nijjan, all of whom were his erstwhile superiors. In the course of events, he learns what the Silkies really were, and manages to give Earth a whole new solar system, with a great new sun, and 1823 neighbors.

The whole story is reminiscent of the author's earlier story, Voyage of the Space Beagle, more than anything else that comes to mind, but seems more polished. In quality, I'd rate it slightly ahead of VotSB, but behind Slan.

Van Vogt has a tendency to make his stories so complex that he sometimes seems to confuse himself. This story, while complex, and demanding of close attention, is eminently readable. Recommended.

-- David A. Halterman

To Your Scattered Bodies Go: Science-fantasy by Philip José Farmer (G. P. Putnam's Sons; 221 pages; \$4.95).

Nowhere in literature is there more fertile ground than in science fiction/fantasy for the exercise of imagination in treating the concept of an afterlife. Almost all men are rooted in the religious doctrine that assures us when the coils of this terrestrial existence are shuffled off some afterworldly reward (or punishment) will be each individual's reward. Science fiction/fantasy is full of speculations on the form such an afterlife might take. And since no return from beyond the pale has been authenticated fully enough to vouchsafe a positive yea or nay, the speculations continue unabated.

Philip José Farmer, among the most revolutionary of science fiction's family of well-known rebels, has let out a good many stops to create this bizarre, yet strangely-satisfying story of a never-never land near to plausibility despite its unashamedly obvious unreality--vis-a-vis the observable universe as we know it, that is.

Richard Francis Burton is alive yet knows he died. He finds himself in Riverworld, a limbo hemmed in by towering mountains and seemingly stretching on infinitely, which is populated by the bodies--and possibly the souls--of all the world's dead--billions upon billions from Neanderthal to far into the future. Although sustenance is provided Eden-like, the resurrectees display the same ungodly traits they possessed in life. Many suffer and die again and again, each time rising Lazarus-like from each successive death. No, Riverworld is no heaven, Burton discovers. What else he finds, and how, makes fascinating reading in this first book of Farmer's trilogy on the Riverworld. I look forward to seeing the second and third volumes, whether or not they answer any questions about the Afterlife.

-- James R. Newton

disclave '71

May 28, 29, 30

GUEST OF HONOR:

TERRY CARR

WRITER, EDITOR, FAN

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Jay Kay Klein

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SPECIAL DISCLAVE FEATURES:

- MOVIES:** We won't be showing King Kong (unless we can get the uncut version), but we will have an unusual assortment of films on hand. We will be showing a series of short experimental films by people who are investigating new approaches to the medium.
- ART SHOW:** The Shoreham Hotel has unusually good facilities for our Art Show. Artists are invited, cajoled, arm twisted, and otherwise induced to enter. There will be a \$20.00 "Best in Show" award, to be voted by con attendees. Write Jackie Harper (5203 Shires Ct., Clinton, Md. 20735) for entry forms and details.
- MIDNIGHT MADNESS:** On Saturday, at the stroke of midnight, Joe Haldeman and Gardner Dozois will somehow sober up and present an adult panel entitled "This Panel is Rated X". It will consist of them reading excerpts of a year's worth of obscene letters to each other. Find out what hidden thoughts run through these demented minds.
- HUCKSTERS:** There is plenty of space left in the huckster room. Our rates are the lowest on the East Coast. Only \$7.50 per table for the weekend (Sat. & Sun.). The huckster room is located right next to the meeting room.
- PARTIES:** Friday and Saturday nights the con will sponsor parties with *FREE* beer, wine and set-ups. As is traditional with DISCLAVES, muchies will be available while they last.
- SCA EXHIBITION BOUT:** The Society for Creative Anachronisms can't believe the the Maryland Medieval Mercenary Militia uses real swords. The Maryland Medieval Mercenary Militia can't believe that the Society for Creative Anachronisms pounds each other with such big clubs. They will show each other how it's done.
- RON ELLIK MEMORIAL POKER GAME:** This traditional event will run nonstop from Friday night to Sunday. See Jack Chalker.
- RESTAURANTS:** There are three restaurants in the hotel. Within easy walking distance there are a variety of restaurants of all types and prices.
- POOL:** The hotel has a very nice outdoor pool. If the weather is nice, we assume that it will be used. Hopefully it will be full of water.
- MONDAY:** Memorial Day would be a nice day to see Washington. Bars are open that day, as well as Sunday. Nothing formal is planned for Monday, but local fans will be available for sightseeing.
- SAVE MONEY:** If you register in advance, you will save a dollar. Advance registration is \$2.50.