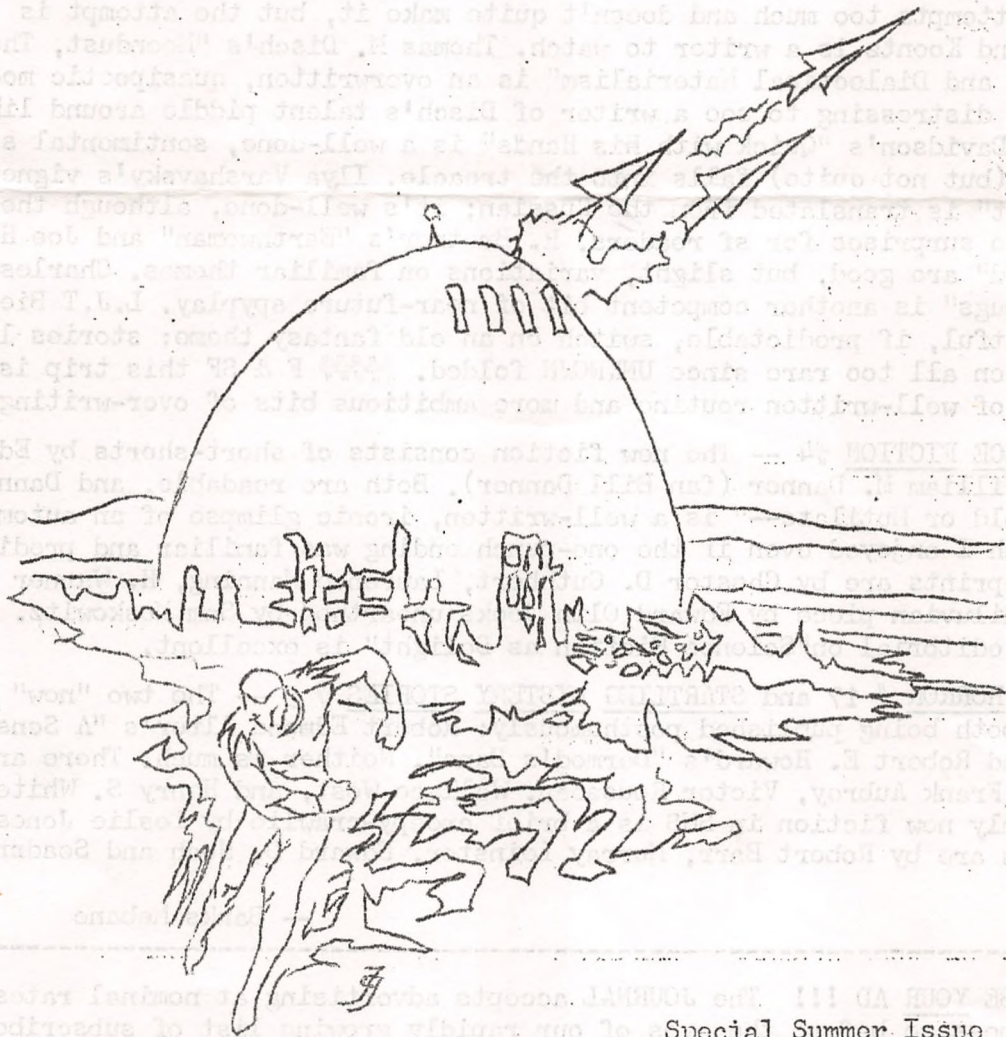


THE WSAF JOURNAL

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Special Summer Issue
Contents on page 19

MEBANE'S MAGAZINE MORTUARY

August ANALOG -- Bonestell's astronomical cover didn't reproduce well; it illustrates Poul Anderson's novella "Starfog", a fairly interesting story including an extremely interesting astronomical concept. Unfortunately the plot of the story itself is routine. ##### Frank Herbert's novelet, "The Featherbedders", is a well-written yarn about still another alien invasion of shape-changers, with a bit of a twist to spice it up. ##### The three shorts are readable if uninspired. "Depression or Bust" by Mack Reynolds turns the Nineteen-Thirties into science fiction. Walt and Leigh Richmond's "Cows Can't Eat Grass" is an acceptable marooned-spaceman gimmick yarn. Christopher Anvil's "Babel II" is a typical Campbell-slanted story; it applies a thin fictional coating to some of JWC's editorial fulminations, seasoned with a pinch of psi. ##### It's a typical ANALOG issue for addicts only.

August F & SF -- Ronald Walotsky's symbolic "whatisit" cover turned me off. It seems to be intended for Tom Purdom's "Reduction in Arms", a near-future novelet of international spyplay involving inspection teams looking for secret biowarfare installations. The story is weakened by being told at second hand. ##### The other novelet, J.W. Schutz's "The Bubble", is an improbable and tedious story about launching a satellite. I can just see the SEC allowing a stock issue to be floated that fast. Ha. ##### There's a full crop of eight shorts. "Soft Come the Dragons" by Dean R. Koontz is a poetic-philosophic parable set on an alien planet; it attempts too much and doesn't quite make it, but the attempt is worthwhile and Koontz is a writer to watch. Thomas M. Disch's "Moondust, The Smell of Hay and Dialectical Materialism" is an overwritten, quasipoetic mood piece; it is distressing to see a writer of Disch's talent piddle around like this. Avran Davidson's "Quick with His Hands" is a well-done, sentimental story that almost (but not quite) falls into the treacle. Ilya Varshavsky's vignette "The Conflict" is translated from the Russian; it's well-done, although the basic idea holds no surprises for sf readers. R. Brotnor's "Earthwoman" and Joe Hensley's "Argent Blood" are good, but slight, variations on familiar themes. Charles Harness's "Bugs" is another competent bit of near-future spyplay. L.J.T Biese has a delightful, if predictable, switch on an old fantasy theme; stories like this have been all too rare since UNKNOWN folded. ##### F & SF this trip is a combination of well-written routine and more ambitious bits of over-writing.

FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION #4 -- The new fiction consists of short-shorts by Edward D. Hoch and William M. Danner (fan Bill Danner). Both are readable, and Danner's "--Do Not Fold or Mutilate--" is a well-written, ironic glimpse of an automated future, which I enjoyed even if the one-punch ending was familiar and predictable. ##### The reprints are by Chester D. Cuthbert, Laurence Manning, H. Warner Munn, and an antediluvian piece by Edward Olin Weeks unearthed by Sam Moskowitz. ##### The Lowndes editorial on "Science Fiction as Delight" is excellent.

MAGAZINE OF HORROR # 17 and STARTLING MYSTERY STORIES # 5 -- The two "new" stories in MOH are both being published posthumously: Robert Edmond Alter's "A Sense of Crawling" and Robert E. Howard's "Dermod's Bane". Neither is much. There are reprints by Frank Aubrey, Victor Rousseau, Wallace West, and Henry S. Whitehead. ##### The only new fiction in SMS is a brief creepy-crawlie by Leslie Jones. The reprints are by Robert Barr, Murray Leinster, Edward D. Hoch and Seadry Quinn.

-- Banks Mebane

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MINUTES OF EASTERN S.F. ASSOCIATION MEETING

July 9, 1967

The meeting was called to order at 3:30, with twenty-one persons present. In the absence of both the secretary and the treasurer, Bob Weinberg collected the dues and Sandra Deckinger took the minutes. No financial report was given nor were the minutes of the June meeting read. Director Mike Deckinger reported that Murray Leinster's wife had died approximately two months ago. Since then Leinster had been spending most of his time in Virginia, although he was occasionally in New York on business. Vice-director Bob Weinberg stated that Frank M. Robinson's novel, "The Power" was being filmed by George Pal, with George Hamilton in the lead. He also mentioned that "The Vengeance of She" is being filmed. Sherna Comerford noted that Mr. Spock will be outfitted with a mating drive, on STAR TREK next season, and find it necessary to return to his planet Vulcan once every seven years. Ed Meskys announced that the new Niekas is out, and he would accept subscriptions. It was stated that the new Arthur C. Clarke/Stanley Kubrick movie would probably be released in 1968 around Easter time. It was also noted that the Nycon 3 committee had announced the discontinuance of the proposed "Pong" awards.

The guest speaker was George Ernsberger, the science fiction editor at Avon books. He began his talk by saying that Avon books now has four editors handling their output. He alone has charge of science fiction releases, both original and reprints. He stated that Avon was broadening its publishing schedule of science fiction, a fact which will become apparent around the beginning of 1968. Among the reissues that will appear, are: "Jack of Eagles" by James Blish, "Vor" by James Blish, "Little Fuzzy" by H. Beam Piper, "The Dragon in the Sea" by Frank Herbert, "Invaders from Earth" by Robert Silverberg, and "Costigan's Needle" by Jerry Sohl. The most ambitious project planned by Avon is to release "Tros of Samothrace" by Talbot Mundy, the four volumes. Avon is also considering other works by Mundy. "The Black Flame" and "The New Adam" both by Stanley G. Weinbaum, are also possibilities.

Among the newer books, Mr. Ernsberger spoke of Avon editions of "Snow White and the Giants" by J.T. McIntosh. "The Heaven Makers" by Frank Herbert, and a collection, "Anything Box" by Zenna Henderson. He feels that "Final Progress" an original novel by Michael Moorcock will be well received. There are also other novels by the same author in the works. Robert Silverberg, who is a good seller will be represented with a new novel, too. Mr. Ernsberger spoke of the Avon juvenile series, known as Camelot books, and the possibility of working science fiction into these titles. One item already bought for such a project is "The Man from P.I.G." by Harry Harrison, in a version 5000 words longer than the Analog novelette. He feels that the Narnia books by C.S. Lewis are fine volumes and admitted that Avon was actively looking for "modern fairy tales".

In response to questions Mr. Ernsberger said that the biggest problem Avon faces is one shared by all paperback publishers, that of adequate and equitable distribution. Avon is fortunate to have a good distributor in New York but in other large cities, with numerous potential buyers, the distribution is poor and spotty, and many sales are lost because the volumes are never seen. Agents have also provided needless difficulties, according to Mr. Ernsberger. The early Robert Heinlein juvenile novels published by Scribners are impossible to obtain because of the refusals by agents and publishers. The same is to be said of many Henry Kuttner stories.

Mr. Ernsberger discussed other facets of the publishing business, including covers, book size, and tinted pages. The meeting adjourned at 5:25 PM.

- Sandra Deckinger

MINUTES OF THE WASHINGTON SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

May 19, 1967.

Present: Bob and Peggy Pavlat, Ray Ridenour, Nancy Webb, Bob Weston, Fritz Muhlhauser, Phil Bridges, Jim Harper, Mitchell Henson, Don Miller, Fred Cisin, Rick Cross, Alexis Gilliland, Bill and Phyllis Berg, Joe Vallin, Miss Cullen, Bill Bakeman, Jay, Alice, Joe, Gay Haldeman.

Called to Order: 9:01

Membership Committee: New Corresponding member, Frank Clark; New Regular member, William H. Bakeman.

Treasurer: \$25.24 on hand, not including the Disclave.

Publications Committee: There will be one issue of the Journal in June. The supplement with the by-laws etc for members will be out soon.

Disclave Obituary: \$147.50 was taken in, \$153.45 was paid out. Therefore we lost \$5.95. The motel invited us back!

Old Business: Amendments to the Bylaws. 1. Resolved that Article I, Section 1(b) be deleted and that sub-sections (c) and (d) be renumbered (b) and (c) respectively. Carried unanimously. The other amendments to make the rest of the bylaws agree with the new amendment also carried unanimously.

2. Resolved that Article I, Section 1 (a) (d) be amended to read "Regular membership -- annual dues, \$6.00 (\$4.00 for persons under 18 years of age; \$9.00 for married couples). DEFEATED.

Announcements: The picnic at Ray Ridenour's will be June 4. Mark Owings announced the first American production of Gilbert and Sullivan's Thespus. Don Miller announced that Wayne Hoheisel is being transferred to Texas. Joe Haldeman announced that J.K. Klein says the Tricon Yearbook'll be out before the NY Con.

Adjourned: 9:34.

June 2, 1967

Present: Banks Mebane, Alan Huff, Phyllis, Bill and Betty Berg, Bob Weston, E. Cullen, Joe Vallin, Ray Ridenour, Bill Bakeman, Jay, Alice, Joe, Gay and Lorena Haldeman, Mitchell Henson, Jan Slavin, Fred Cisin, Mike Mattingly, Alexis Gilliland, Nancy Webb, Fritz Muhlhauser.

Called to Order: 9:20.

Entertainment Committee: Joe says he is campaigning for its chairmanship and will do as well as he has been.

Publications Committee: The JOURNAL will be out by next meeting.

New Business: New Committees:

Membership: Bill Berg, Chairman, Banks Mebane, Mark Owings.

Publications: Don Miller, Chairman

Program: Joe Haldeman, Chairman, Fritz Muhlhauser, Alan Huff

Announcements: Banks mentioned the Midwestcon, Cincinnati, June 23-24.

Ray noted that 1 teaspoon of nutmeg in water is supposed to cause hallucinations. Jan says that she wants Math fiction for Tesaract.

Adjourned: 9:40

July 7, 1967

Present: Bob Weston, Alan Huff, Banks Mebane, Bill Bakeman, Nancy Webb, Phil Bridges, Bill, Phyllis and Betty Berg, Al Gechter, E. Cullen, Mitchell Henson, Jack Chalker, Alice Jay, Joe, and Gay Haldeman, Jim Harper, Alexis Gilliland, Peggy Rae Pavlat.

Called to Order: 9:12

Treasurer: \$64.28 on hand.

Membership Committee: No new members.

New Business and Announcements:

Banks announced the Ozarkon will be July 28-29 in St. Louis. GoH is Roger Zelazny. Jay said that Fritz Muhlhauser had departed for home. He had a haircut and shave when last seen.

Banks is campaigning for Columbus in '69. Alan wondered about having a Viet-con. Banks said that the Hugo ballots should be here soon. He suggested that anyone wanting to vote for Star Trek vote for The Menagerie, so that the vote wouldn't be split and Star Trek would be sure to receive an award.

Adjourned: 9:35

July 21, 1967

Present: Phil Bridges, Jim Latimer, Nancy Webb, Al Gechter, Bill Bakeman, Rick Cross, Ray Sweeney, Bill and Phyllis Berg, Fred Lerner, Jay, Alice, Joe, Gay Haldeman, E. Cullen, Alexis Gilliland, Mitchell Henson, Jack Chalker, Bill Osten, Mark Owings, Judi Sephton.

Called to Order; 9:09

Membership Committee: Four new Corresponding members; Ronald Jones, Bruce McFee, Ray and Joyce Fisher.

Treasurer: \$71.28 on hand.

New Business and Announcements:

Phyllis announced that Leonard Nimoy has a record about Bilbo Baggins coming out. (Thanks to SF Weekly)

Joe mentioned that Soldier Ask Not by Gordon R. Dickson has been expanded to a novel.

Jay announced that Mitchell Henson has been appointed librarian.

Adjourned: 9:19

Gay Haldeman, Secretary WSFA

1967 DISCLAVE ATTENDEES

Jack Gaughan, Rifton, N.Y.
L. Sprague de Camp, Villanova, Pa.
Roger Zelazny, Baltimore, Md.
Judy Zelazny, Baltimore, Md.
Ted White, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Robin White, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Jack C Haldeman II, Baltimore, Md.
Alice Haldeman, Baltimore, Md.
Bill Berg, Washington, D.C.
Phyllis Berg, Washington, D.C.
David Ettlin, Baltimore, Md.
Volica Ettlin, Baltimore, Md.
Alexis Gilliland, Washington, D.C.
Doll Gilliland, Washington, D.C.
Gay Haldeman, Hyattsville, Md.
Joe Haldeman, Hyattsville, Md.
Jim Harper, Washington, D.C.
Alan Huff, Adelphi, Md.
Banks Nebane, Chevy Chase, Md.
Don Miller, Wheaton, Md.
Bill Osten, Baltimore, Md.
Mark Owings, Baltimore, Md.

Andy Porter, NY, N.Y.
Steve Patt, Baltimore, Md.
Frank Prieto, Syracuse, N.Y.
George Nims Raybin, Bronx, N.Y.
Jim Sanders, N.Y. (nonattending).
Paul Schauble, Baltimore, Md.
Judi Sephton, N.Y., N.Y.
Kim Weston, Hyattsville, Md.
Judy Lovaas, College Park, Md.
Ray Ridenour, West River, Md.
Beresford Smith, Princeton, N.J.
Rikki Patt, Baltimore, Md.
Franklin Kerkhof, Norfolk, Va.
Betty Berg, Washington, D.C.
Edwin Dallas Kennedy, Adelphi, Md.
Bob Pavlat, College Park, Md.

Peggy Rac Pavlat, College Park, Md.
Patrick Kolly, Baltimore, Md.
Cynthia Whitten, Bethesda, Md.
Donna Shields, Bethesda, Md.
Debi Hinton, Bethesda, Md.
Brian Burley, Dover, N.J.
Ron Wolz, Laurel, Md.
Clint Kleon, Laurel, Md.
Nancy Webb, Bethesda, Md.
Robert Rozman, Silver Spring, Md.
Bob Whalen, Ringwood, N.J.
Albert Gechter, Washington, D.C.
Harriett Kolchak, Phila., Pa.
Barbara Dodge, NYC, N.Y.
Mike McInerney, NYC, N.Y.
William Bakeman, Takoma Park, Md.
Robert Wayne Hoheisel, Washington, D.C.
Mitchell Henson, Alexandria, Va.
Dannie Plachta, Detroit, Mich.

Dawn Rein, Baltimore, Md.
Chuck Rein, Baltimore, Md.
Cathy Lasarko, Baltimore, Md.
Ron Bounds, Baltimore, Md.
C. Wayne Fleming, Bethesda, Md.
Ronald J. Willis, Arlington, Va.
Jack Snider, Washington, D.C.
Fritz Muhlhauser III, Chicago, Ill.
William Greyces, Greenbelt, Md.
Tim Barnoll, Riverdale, Md.
Kerry Fahey, Hyattsville, Md.

.....These are all the names I have. Others didn't fill out cards, didn't pay, or just plain wandered in and out. - jch

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all those connected with this year's DISCLAVE. Most of all, a special thanks to Jack Gaughan, whose excellent talk, artwork, and general good-naturedness made the DISCLAVE such a success. Thanks also to Roger Zelazny and L. Sprague de Camp who, on very short notice, spun a wandering tale about what they write and why people read what they write. Also to Ted White for bringing down the latest NyCon 3 news, and continuing the tradition of announcing the Hugo Nominees at the DISCLAVE. Panel members also deserve something more than thanks for attempting to dislodge Fritz Muhlhauser from his ideals. I must not forget Chuck and Dawn Rein for donating a trash-can full of popcorn. The Motel management served it to me for breakfast the next morning, with a side order of dirty looks.

If you don't already know, I am doing this issue of the JOURNAL because Don Miller is in England. So bear with me, Don will be back soon enough. If you happen to get a copy and you don't deserve one, just keep quiet and consider it a gift from WSFA.

Jack C Haldeman III (Jay)
President, WSFA

SCIENCE - FANTASY BOOKS

Macfaddon - Bartell Books:

June 1967 Titles:

Dorothy L. Sayers, Tales of Detection and Mystery, 60¢

A.E. van Vogt, Masters of Time, 50¢

Damon Knight, ed., Cities of Wonder, 75¢

July 1967 Titles:

John Franklin Bardin, Devil Take the Blue-Tail Fly, 60¢

J. Hunter Holly, The Mind Traders, 60¢

Jess Stearn, The Door to the Future, 75¢

August 1967 Titles:

Clifford D. Simak, They Walked Like Men, 50¢

Avon Books:

July 1967 Titles:

Robert Heinlein, Stranger in a Strange Land, 75¢

David Whitaker, Doctor Who: Adventure with the Daleks, 50¢

AL Gechter

The 18th Midwestcon was back in its old home - the North Plaza Motel, Cincinnati. I arrived June 23rd about 5:00 p.m. after a quick plane trip. This was my first flight to the Midwestcon and it was quite a change from the 12 hours' driving time of previous years. Of course, driving with a carload of fans can be a small convention in itself. The last two years I went with Dave Kyle. We talked all the way out and back about convention-getting strategy and what we would do when we got the convention. A total of 48 hours down the drain.

It had been two years since the Midwestcon had been at the North Plaza. The motel had been scheduled for sale to a poverty program experiment. In 1965 the con was held at a Holiday Inn, and in 1967 was moved to the Carrousel. The motel sale fell through, and 1967 saw us back at the North Plaza.

The intervening years had seen a minimum of maintenance, and the motel was obviously run down. Especially so in contrast to the very plush Carrousel located a few hundred feet away. Unpatched cracks had appeared in the walks, and the rooms were well worn. Still, I was very comfortably situated in a single. Even more comforting was the room rate of \$8:00 per day. I told Frank Dietz in view of the rates, we ought to hold all local conventions here - especially the Lunacons. Frank thought Cincinnati was a little far to hold a New York City convention. Such a stickler for details!

I spent a few minutes settling down in my room. This consisted of uncrating my photo equipment. This year I brought a stereo camera. Equipment in hand, and over my shoulder, and in my pockets, I stepped outside. The first sight I saw was Ben Kiefer and the Coulsons. Right away I knew I was at a science fiction convention. This was confirmed a few seconds later by an automobile full of Browns - Charlie, Marsha, and Sheila. They explained they were on their way to pick up liquor. Yes, I was at a science fiction convention!

Everyone else was around the pool. Ed Hamilton and Leigh Brackett were there. I sat down next to Ed and we started a marathon four-hour talk, interrupted once by dinner. We touched on science fiction from time to time, and lingered over Ed and Leigh's trips to the Near East. But mostly we talked about photography. Ed and Leigh are ardent photo bugs and we exchanged information and notes. We even own nearly identical Leica equipment. I took the opportunity to ask Ed about a brief incident that had occurred in one of the Captain Future stories. He identified it immediately. Not bad after a quarter of a century.

Most of us around the pool eventually decided to get some dinner. The old Howard Johnson restaurant across the street had been turned into a low-price steak joint, and we all went there. Lou Tabakow, John Millard, Larry Smith, Mike Lalor, and I sat at one table. I asked for ice cream and was told only vanilla was available. Lou said it was quite a comedown for the place, from 28 flavors to just one. Still, the steak was edible. Lou said it was tough but tasty.

I was pleased to meet Larry Smith, since he had written a letter to the WSFA Journal saying he liked my con reports. It's always nice to have a fan. Only - how come he didn't ask me for my autograph? Back at the pool, I ran into Donna Young, a long-suffering subscriber to the Tricon Edition of the Convention Annual. It seems that she failed to receive my letter explaining how come I was behind schedule in production. I told her I was still struggling with it, and will eventually have it finished. Basically, I took too many pictures and tried for too large a book. I'm sure John Campbell could explain how things get more complicated and time consuming as the cube of the amount of the work involved. I have a feeling my math is inadequate to the subject.

Banks Hobanc and Bob Madle were there. I noticed that Bob had changed from the pleasant, easygoing beer drinker he used to be. No longer a resident of Belgrade St. in Philadelphia, but a highly placed government bureaucrat in Washington, he is now an accomplished, polished Scotch guzzler. Possibly this change will explain why Bob has stopped being a top fan writer. He's been ruined by the luxury of no longer being poor.

The main party was in the Cincinnati suite. It was hot and crowded. The old subterranean party room was closed. As a result, the partying facilities were very noticeably inferior to last years accommodations at the Carrousel. Not that I'm advocating a return there, especially in view of the room rates. I just wish the North Plaza were kept up better.

Because of the lack of a good party room, and because it is the pleasantest spot at the motel, many fans gathered around the pool. Some were even in it. The Ray Beam and Bob Tucker children were scurrying around, playing tag among old beer cans and Coke bottles. A small party was going on in Charlie Brown's room. I saw Dannie Plachta there, looking like his old self, with dark glasses and a Sheila nearby. As veteran con goers will realize, the crowd started thinning out after 1:00 a.m., with a scattering left around the pool as late as six in the morning.

Saturday morning I woke up at 1:00 p.m. My room was nice and cool, with a well functioning airconditioner. Outside it was quite warm, but far below the murderous heat of the usual Midwestcon weather. It seems a heatwave had just passed and a new one hadn't arrived yet. Wearing the darkest sunglasses I could afford, I stumbled into the sunshine. Fortunately, I quickly came up against Joni Stopa. Unfortunately, she was with Jon Stopa. We were joined by Bill Mallardi Dean McLaughlin, Marsha Brown, and Ben Solon for a trip to nearby Frisch's Restaurant - a glorified malt 'n burger place with a wide assortment of such delicacies. I will refrain from regaling you with the sundry details of who ate how many french fried onion rings. Even Larry Smith might feel this was going too far.

I got back at the pool at 2:30 p.m., just in time to meet Roger and Judy Zelazny making their appearance at the con. I was so startled, I asked Roger if he was aware he wasn't guest of honor. He said that he wasn't. Apparently, it's such a relief not to be guest of honor, Roger went to the Midwestcon for the novelty. The Zelazny's arrived in their new car at 5:00 a.m. that morning. Their old car had broken down on the trip to this year's Lunacon and had to be replaced.

Speaking of cars, the Stopa's "exploded" while crawling in a traffic jam. The airconditioner popped open like a bomb under the hood. This stalled things for several hours until it was established the rest of the car was still in one piece. Unfortunately, car trouble is very common with congoers. Dave Kyle always finds out what's wrong with his car on trips to the Midwestcon.

At 3:00 p.m. I walked into the First Fandom meeting. Fourteen members were on hand. This must have been organized sometime during my breakfast, because I hadn't heard a word about it. If it had been earlier, I'm sure President Bob Madle would have taken fiendish delight in beating in my bedroom door to get even for all the times I've shaken him out of bed at con. I came just in time to hear the results of the mail balloting for the 1967 First Fandom Hall of Fame award. This will be publicly announced at Nycon III.

Bob Tucker was present, having finally joined what he considers the younger element in fandom. Dale Tarr presented me with my membership card in First Fandom. The tears brought to my eyes were exceeded only by the dent in my wallet, since Dale also collected my dues.

Word arrived during the meeting that a car carrying Jim and Anne Ashe and Joni Markwood and husband had broken down. They had to break off the trip to the Midwestcon. Frank Prieto was driving. Dave Kyle phoned too. He said that it was

too far for him to drive alone and he didn't trust airplanes - especially when one out of Syracuse had just crashed that morning. (Hey, Bob Madle - how come Air Wonder Stories didn't mention things like that?) This was the first of several calls Dave made during the day to keep in contact.

A knock on the door came from several teenagers, who asked about the science fiction convention they heard was going on. Everyone thought this was funny - since they were even younger looking than me, the junior member of First Fandom. Lou Tabakow played the part of the Kindly Old Gentleman and directed them courteously to the youths of Charlie Brown's age at the pool. Before adjournment, it was announced that Lester del Ray had joined. His beard will be a valuable asset to the organization.

Just as the meeting closed Roger and Judy Zelazny came in. The room was then converted to an ordinary gathering place for conventioners. Bob Tucker got on the subject of the Pong. He said, "I've just started a new feud with Ted White and I'm carrying a hangman's noose in my suitcase. Ted chickened out over the fanzine editors and now he will have to tangle with me." I think he was kidding - but then, with Tucker you're never sure, since he says humorous things seriously, and serious things humorously. He had more to say on this subject at the banquet.

Anyway, Bob indicated he had been pleased with an award named after him, and thinks it should have been retained. Me, I have a feeling the award was incorrectly named. Consider the "Hugo" and the "Edgar". First names, right? Therefore, by analogy, the award should have been "Hoy". Unless Bob's fan name of Hoy Ping Pong is truly Oriental, in which case "Hoy" is the last name, and "Ping" is the first. Thus, the award should have been called either "Hoy" or "Ping", but definitely not "Pong". See?

I spent the rest of the afternoon watching Charlie Brown's harcm in Bikinis, not to mention Joni Stopa in her peck-a-boo swim suit. The view was spectacular. After the poolside display, a private showing was held in the Brown suite. I must add that my stereo color slides came out well exposed.

At 6:30 p.m. I rode with Fred Jackson to the banquet at David's Buffet. For \$350 you get all you can eat of a smorgasbord-style spread - midwest variety. A total of 129 banquet tickets had been sold, with 115 registered conventioners. The difference represented children.

Nancy Moore and husband were the only other persons present when Fred and I arrived. I induced Nancy to pose artistically by the heaped up smorgasbord table and took an exceptionally nice stereo color photo. The fans started pouring in, and I made part of a dinner group with Bob Madle, James Hevelin, George Price, John and Joni Stopa, Banks Mcbane, Leo Hoffman, Buck and Juanita Coulson, Larry Smith, Dannie Plachta, Jim and Leo Lavell, Joe and Charlotte Hensley, and Mike McInnerney. You may think this is a large number to form an intimate dinner group - but we were squeezed pretty close together.

Rosemary Hickey came by with her fan table cloth. She collects signatures written on the cloth, which she then embroiders permanently. I was about to sign, when I recalled I had already done so in Chicago at the Hickey apartment in Old Town. Sure enough, there was my signature already stiched in place.

Bob Tucker was master of ceremonies. He supervised the dinner arrangements, seeing that each table went off in turn to the chow line. The last tables may have had to wait a bit, but no one went hungry. I have a particularly fine stereo picture of Ray Beam eating his weight in hors d'oeuvres. He had a whole pound heaped on his plate.

Bob Tucker started off the program. He said, "The Midwestcon is unique - the only science fiction convention without Roger Zelazny as guest of honor." He told us that professional writers can charge off their convention outlays

as business expenses if they make a public address. Therefore, he invited Roger to say a few words. Roger faced the audience and said, "A few words. Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I came completely unprepared. Any questions?" There was laughter, but no questions, and Roger sat down, having saved umteen dollars on his income tax.

Bob took the floor again, saying, "The next character has been picking feuds with everyone, and now he has one with me." He explained that Ted White had backed off on the "Pong" because of the fanzine editor complaints. He rocked everyone with the mock announcement that the name had been changed to the "Forry". He glared at Ted and said, "I've checked on the best method of hanging." Then he turned the floor over to Ted White.

Ted said, "Tucker, you cheated me!" He whipped out a rifle, but didn't fire. It was actually a water gun. He went on to explain his position about the Fan Achievement Awards. The point he made was that the majority of fans are ignored in conventions. They're not on the programs, and so forth. He and Dave Van Arnam decided to make the worldcon a fan's con. They have avoided any local publicity to discourage attendance by nuts, Flying Saucer buffs and other undesirables.

Ted explained he thought Hugo awards for fanzine editors were unjust in that writers and other fanzine workers were excluded from any awards. He said that many persons had complained unfairly about the change to "Pong". "One of them is sitting directly in front of me," he said. (A feeling of apprehension went through the audience.) He continued, "Bill Mallardi, your fanzine only received six votes. That's how much your readers think you need an award!" (The audience gasped and hands started shooting up for recognition.)

He continued, saying he's given into the public clamor and restored the Hugo. However, he's angry over the criticism. He also spoke about plans for the Nycon III: party Thursday night, no panels or individual speakers, and interviews for shy writers.

Lou Tabakow spoke next, saying he's all for editors and writers, but disagrees with Ted White. The Hugos were conceived by fans for the awards they wanted. To separate fans arbitrarily from pros is not a good idea. The word "Hugo" has become tradition. "These are fan awards carried on by fans - the pros have nothing to do with them."

Ted made his rebuttal, saying the name is meaningless in itself. The award has meaning only according to the number of persons voting it, and the new way will get greater participation. Ted made the statement that three committees falsified Hugo balloting. When he specifically mentioned Philadelphia, the founder of the Hugos, Bob Madle stiffened up across the table from me. He had been on the Philcon II concom. He raised his hand for recognition to deny Ted's allegation.

However, Bill Mallardi was given the opportunity to address the banquet. He said, "I agree mostly with what Lou said. I don't think replacing a Hugo fanzine award is legal. They are breaking the rules. I'm not against fan awards. I'm for them all the way." After the banquet, Bill explained to several of us that he feels the Nycon III committee has been too arbitrary, and that any changes of the magnitude proposed should be submitted at a worldcon Business Session and voted on.

Bob Madle talked to Ted after the banquet, and emphatically said that the Philcon II in 1953 was absolutely scrupulous in counting Hugo ballots. Ted told Bob he didn't have first hand knowledge, but had repeated something someone told him about the balloting. Still, Bob feels upset that nearly 150 persons heard a charge based on hearsay without any public rebuttal. He also wanted to point out that fans have always been on panels at worldcons. Possibly the best ever

was the fan panel at Detroit in 1959. This started at midnight and carried on to 4:00 a.m. Pitchers of beer were carried to the panelists. And Bob took issue with another statement made by Ted.

Ted said Hugo Gernsback was embarrassed over the use of his name for an award. Actually, those present at the ESFA celebration of the 35th anniversary of Amazing Stories in 1961 heard Gernsback say how pleased he was over the use of "Hugo" for the science fiction awards.

Bob Tucker broke off the banquet debate, realizing it could get out of hand. He brought to bear some of the famed Tucker humor. He pointed out that the 1967 Midwestcon had more people than the first convention he attended, Chicon I in 1940 (135 versus 120). And at Denver in 1940 there were less than 100 fans. Saturday night parties were announced by the St. Louis and Columbus worldcon bidders. Then as usual, Bob asked the Cincinnati group to stand up for a hand.

Howard Devore was called upon to give a sales pitch. He merely said in his usual big hearted way that his truck was backed across the exit and fans could make their purchases on the way out from the banquet. The banquet was adjourned at 9:30 PM and everyone went back to the motel from some hard partying. Except Stan Skirvin. He kept glancing anxiously at a sheaf of papers brought from the office, and finally took off early to get them done. There's a fine fan gone wrong - done in by the horrors of work.

The motel was completely sold out that night, same as the next-door Carrousel was at the Midwestcon last year. I heard several persons turned away at the desk. There was an unusually high number of young married teenagers staying overnight at the motel. I think a high percentage of them may have been on their honeymoons. Several non-fan teenagers spent the night in a car in the motel parking lot, one sleeping on the hood. All three party rooms - Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Columbus - were hot and crowded. Nearly airless, I must add. In retrospect, the parties at last year's Midwestcon were physically pleasanter. Not that the convention this year poor. It just wasn't the best ever.

Remembering that Charlie Brown wasn't having a party, I went there to enjoy the clear air, cool atmosphere, and spectacular view. Marsha Brown, Sheila Elkin, Cory Seidman, and Joni Stopa were all there in bathing suits. Banks Mebane, Bob Madle, and Rusty Hevelin joined us for a while. Bob said he now understood why I hang out with Charlie so much. Marth Beck was there, too - a refugee from a folksinging party in her room.

The non-party broke up after several delightful hours. Bob Madle, Banks Mebane, Rusty Hevelin, and I adjourned to Bob and Banks' room, where we went over ancient history until 5:45 AM. On my way to my room I came across George Young in search of Ray Beam, who had the key to George's room.

Sunday dawned bleary eyed. As I recall, I started life off with a hamburger at Krisch's. I think I was in the company of Cory Seidman and an assortment of Browns. Cory and I discussed semantics for several hours, around the pool and in the Cincinnati suite. We were eventually parted by Lou Tabakow, who organized a small dinner party at a downtown Chinese restaurant - a traditional event. The Browns preferred to stay behind - the cosmopolitan New Yorkers didn't think too much of midwest Chinese cooking. In retrospect, I think they were correct. But then, anything was better than three days of Frisch's hamburgers. I wasn't feeling any too well by this time, I must add. Next year, I hope I get organized well enough to walk one block to the now Howard Johnson's opposite the Carrousel.

The die-hard party that evening included Bob and Vern Tucker, Dave and Cindy Van Arnam, Ted and Robin White, Banks Mebane, Lee Hoffman, Cory Seidman, Marsha and Charlie Brown, Sheila Elkin, Bob Madle, Bill Mallardi, and Mike McInnery.

It was a very subdued group, and I think my feeling of having more than enough con was shared by most everyone. We really didn't accomplish anything more that night than we did in the two previous evenings.

I stumbled off to bed relatively early, since I had to catch a plane to Chicago the next morning. It was several more days before I flew back to Syracuse. I was lugging my precious 81 stereo color photographs taken at the Midwestcon. The 56 developed so far are quite good. I hope to continue taking these at local cons and arrange a mass viewing sometime.

-- Jay Kay Klein

SPIES AT LARGE

Albert E. Gechter

Unwilling to allow Ace Books to enjoy a monopoly on U.N.C.L.E. books, the competition over at Signet has gotten in on the act with three volumes of their own. First, we have The Man From U.N.C.L.E.'s ABC of Espionage by John Hill. The contents seem to indicate that it is reprinted from a previous edition written and published earlier in Great Britain, where the U.N.C.L.E. movies and TV series are extremely popular, even more so than here in the States. This particular book is, however, not a fiction story at all. It is instead an elementary, introductory discussion of the real-life, true facts of international intrigue, intelligence, espionage, and sabotage, as conducted in recent years by the intelligence services of the Americans, British, French, Germans, Russians, etc. - all strictly true, accurate, factual and non-fiction all the way - there's only the very slightest connection with U.N.C.L.E. here. The author makes occasional mention or allusion to this fictional organization as operating in a similar manner to various real-life intelligence and law-enforcement agencies engaged in undercover work. And he has included a foreword by Napoleon Solo and Illya Kuryakin, reminding us that the information in the book is all quite correct, is generally available, and has mostly been published before elsewhere. Coverage includes the recruitment, training, techniques, and notable exploits of secret agents in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. It appears to be aimed at providing some factual background data for the younger, teen-age fans, and taken as such it's not bad at all. In fact, it's a rather good little book of its sort, even if it doesn't actually have much included about U.N.C.L.E.

Michael Avallone, who wrote the first novel about Napoleon Solo, "The Thousand Coffins Affair", has similarly begun to chronicle the exploits of America's "Girl from U.N.C.L.E.": - Miss April Dancer, beautiful and adventurous female secret agent; and her male friends, Mr. Mark Slato (formerly a British R.A.F. flying officer and Olympic skiing champ, also an amateur rock-and-roll musician and singer, and now himself an U.N.C.L.E.) and Randy Kovac (an American high-school pupil recruited for trainee internship at the U.N.C.L.E. staff offices at New York Headquarters and probable duty as a secret agent himself after graduation and completion of the training course), not to mention Solo and Illya, who frequently participate as characters in the stories about Mark and April. Suffice it to say that "The Girl from U.N.C.L.E." stories are almost identical with "The Man from U.N.C.L.E." adventures, except for some slight differences in personnel, since these are about Mr. Waverly's second-echelon of secret agents instead of his first team of troubleshooters. In Avallone's novel "The Birds of a Feather Affair," April is trying to rescue Mark, who's been captured and imprisoned by the cruel and elusive Thrush leader, Miss Egret, or Dr. Egret, one of the world's most dangerous female criminals. In this story and its sequel, "The Blazing Affair," Thrush turns out to be working in temporary alliance with Communists and neo-Nazis in Europe and South Africa. In "The Blazing Affair," a neo-Nazi organization called "Torch" (The Order of Reich)

Crusade Hierarchy) has captured April, and this Mark must rescue her in return. These stories get better as they go along, and I wouldn't mind seeing more of them.

The U.N.C.L.E. books discussed above have all been intended for adult readers, more or less, with only one possible exception as noted. Now here are two others from different publishers that are frankly presented as juveniles. Grossett & Dunlap have gotten Walter B. Gibson, Jr., to write for them "The Coin of El Diabla Affair," and it is fairly good, but nothing to rave about, and much too short for adequate presentation of the complicated and melodramatic plot, historical background, and geographic setting. Early in the last century, there was a Caribbean island dictator called El Diablo I, Emperor of Puerto Bueno, who ruled by military tyranny and voodoo terror from a huge, impregnable castle up in the mountains. Now a Thrussh leader named Bragdon Lowdley (nicknamed "Brag Loudly"), styling himself El Diablo Segundo, has set himself up as the present-day counterpart, reincarnation, and successor to the original despot of the Antilles. (Any resemblance to Henri Christophe of Haiti would seem to be intentional, although his fictional portrayal here differs somewhat from its historical prototype - El Diablo is white instead of Negro, and his background is Spanish rather than French.) At any rate, Solo and Illya become aware of this international scoundrel and renegade when he begins minting his own coinage and using the coins as recognition signals for Thrussh agents. So our two heroes travel south to the islands to trace the coins to their source. There are voodoo rituals, armored guardsmen, swordfights and shooting, secret messages, castle dungeons, beautiful girls, and so on. I found it mildly amusing but rather pallid. Gibson used to do much better work than this.

Whitman has assigned Brandon Keith to write an U.N.C.L.E. novel for youngsters, just as he did with the "I Spy" series, so he's written for them "The Man from U.N.C.L.E. and the Affair of the Gentle Saboteur," as it reads on the book's title page; the front cover reads, "The Man from U.N.C.L.E.: 'The Affair of the Gentle Saboteur'." Be that as it may, with or without a conjunction in the title, this book is competent and entertaining light fiction for young people. Thrussh sends its ace saboteur, Albert Stanley of London, a deceptively harmless-looking individual, to the United States to initiate a campaign of destruction and terrorism here that will embarrass our government and help the Reds, the neutralists, and the pacifists in the Cold War, and create a favorable climate for troublemaking on the international scene. Stanley's mission is to blow up and destroy a large number of our important landmarks, structures, shrines, and national monuments - starting with the Statue of Liberty itself. Fortunately, U.N.C.L.E.'s men are quick to identify and arrest him, so Thrussh must try something different instead. Therefore their alternate plan is begun; they kidnap the young son of the British ambassador to the United Nations, they capture Illya Kuryakin, and, holding these two captives as hostages, they prepare to start the next phase of their nefarious and dastardly conspiracy against the United States, But Alexander Waverly and Napoleon Solo strike back - with predictable results. Curse, Thrussh has been foiled again! - When this series began, Thrussh usually had the upper hand and kept the advantage most of the time, even though U.N.C.L.E. usually managed to come from behind and spoil Thrussh's particular scheme or project of the moment in each story. As the stories continued, the struggle became more evenly matched, U.N.C.L.E. began to fight offensively and aggressively, carrying the fight to the enemy, and itself initiating the action as often as not, rather than passively defending itself and the Free World against enemy onslaughts. Now the tide has definitely turned, U.N.C.L.E. has an almost perfect record, and Thrussh is turning into a regular and consistent loser in the secret warfare between these two secret organizations. Perhaps the Ultimate Computer is malfunctioning and giving bad advice nowadays to the council of leaders at Thrussh Central.

- Albert E. Gochter

VIEMS, REVIEWS, AND ARCHIMEDEAN SPIRALS

Book Review -- THE BIG TIME, by Fritz Leiber (Ace G-627, 50¢, 125pp)

This is a very interesting book in a number of ways. For one thing, it adheres to the classical dramatic unity of time and space in that all the action takes place in one room in one "day". This despite the fact that the Change War ranges over a billion years in time and across the whole galaxy.

For another, the people are not realized as individuals, but as the embodiments of various ideas. This is almost always fatal. Lacking personal density, characters turn into caricatures, insubstantial ghosts boiling up from the author's subconscious, and the reader yawns. However, here is a brilliant success, partly because the people are their ideas, partly because the ideas themselves are arresting, vivid, and alive.

You also see very little action. An inconclusive duel, a few bits of party, a sock on the jaw. The rest is talk, and Gerta Forzane's stream of consciousness telling you what the talk is about. This also is difficult to do, and to do well is nearly impossible. Shaw's "Don Juan in Hell" interlude from "Man and Superman" is one example, and O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night" is another. Leiber may not be a Shaw or O'Neill, but in TBT he has come up with a winner.

For all that the people are shadowy, for all the talking and lack of action, for all the reliance on ideas and theatricality, TBT moves, and it builds, and by damn you can't stop reading!

Good thing it's short.

Which also suggests that the story is more a play than a novel. As a play, the actors embody the people, give life to the lines (if the lines can be given life) and, when they can, take fire from the ideas. There would be no difficulty for lack of bravura gesture or fine rhetoric, and the ideas are there.

Of course, making it a play would have problems also. Leiber has you straining to keep pace, and in a play a good bit of the explanatory material would be left out.

TBT ran in Galaxy in 1958 and won the Hugo. Nuff said?

- Alexis A. Gilliland

Book Review -- THE GANYMEDE TAKEOVER by Phillip K. Dick & Ray Nelson
(Ace Book G-637, 50¢, 153pp)

One of the themes of the book is the realization of self, so on Gaughan's cover, there is Jack, staring out at you. Symbolic and quite handsome (the cover of cuss). An alternate title for TGT might have been "The Psychedelic 'ar", and as the alternate title suggests, everything in the book is flat, shallow, brightly colored and surreal. Of the characters, only Gus Swenesgard shows any signs of life; the rest are not stock, exactly, nor cardboard, but they are completely predictable and when they suffer, who can believe it? No motivation is offered for the conflict, the plot is a brilliant construction of whats and hows, but there is no why; and the science is Dr. Balkani pontificating off the top of his head.

Dr. Balkani, by the way, is the head of the Psychedelic Research Institute, and he takes drugs because he has "looked to the bottom of his soul" and this is the only way he can live with himself. Also he is a genius, and the PRI takes his ex cathedra pronouncements and makes weapons out of them. Including, finally, a psychedelic doomsday machine. I can accept that he is lazy, amoral, traitorous, egotistical and mean, but he is also presented as lacking discipline. Talk about unbelievable surrealism.

The book in fact becomes most real when it is dealing with illusions, and the battle scene in which illusion projectors are used for a big raid is the best in the whole story.

Despite this, the plotting is brilliantly done, and the writing is somewhat better than good, so the story moves, and it builds, and if the people are predictable, it is to the authors' credit that the story is not. TGT is a likely candidate for the Hugo, because it is intriguing, witty, and very, very hip.

The action takes place after the conquest of Earth by Ganymede. All resistance has ended, save in the bale of Tennessee, where heroic Negro partisans, Neeg-parts, under the inspired leadership of Percy X, a lonely superman trained in telepathy by Dr. Balkani, fight on - the last resistance to the forms of Ganymede on the whole damned planet. The white race is a bunch of spineless wiks (worm kissers), the yellow race is ignored, and most of the Negros are Toms, but the Neeg-parts persist. Gus Swensegard gets Mekkis, the local gauleiter, to give him a free hand in fighting Percy X, while plotting to topple the worms at the first chance. Joan Hiashi, psychedelic girl folk-singer, is out to turn Percy in, and Paul Rivers is working for an anti-Balkani, anti-form organization of head-shrinkers who want to make a martyr of Percy to soothe the collective soul of humanity. Needless to say, the story is essentially Percy's struggle against the world; small wonder he hates worms, whites and wiks.

After reading TGT, and thinking about it for awhile, I began to experience an almost visceral revulsion. The mental aftertaste is so bad that I regret having read the thing in the first place. I emphatically do NOT like the book, but I recommend it, sick as it is.

- Alexis A. Gilliland

Space Age Nomenclature:

A few years ago in Analog SF&F John Campbell had an article on the choices with which we will be faced concerning the names for orbital points for the other planets and for our moon. For example, should we refer to the nearest point of approach to the moon on a conic (ellipse, parabola or hyperbola) trajectory as "perilune", "perimoon" or "periselenion"?

This grave problem set me to musing about a similar and most profound question. We will doubtless send a probe to Jupiter eventually. We may elect to orbit this probe about one of Jupiter's major satellites rather than the planet itself. In particular, we may choose Io. If we do this, we must face up to naming the periapsis of Io as well as other expected, every-day derivative expressions. To this end, I offer the following list:

1. Just as the periapsis of the sun is the perihelion, the periapsis of Io is the: periionion.
2. An atom, located at this point, losing one or more valence electrons due to energetic solar radiation or to cosmic ray interaction is a: periionionion.
3. An onion charged with such ions is a: periionionionionion.
4. A native of the islands of Greece who sold such onions would be a: periionionionionionionean.

The immense merit of this nomenclature will become obvious to all as its utility grows exponentially.

- B.W. Randolph

D.C. in '73.....or is it '74?

Problems of the Superrace
Part II

All right. By some fell stroke we have a planetful of Homo Superior. Really, really superior: Supermen in every sense of the word, physically, mentally, morally and emotionally.

But they are still men, you understand. You look at one and he strikes you as human. Prick him and he bleeds, etc. Very probably what makes H. superior superior is the synergistic action of quite a number of small improvements rather than a single drastic change, so that if you measure only one trait at a time, you get superior performance that is still on the scale of humanity rather than a quantum jump. Holding his breath, H. superior is a pearl diver rather than a porpoise. For X-ray vision he uses an X-ray machine. Nevertheless, the total is greater than the sum of its parts, and the totality is definitely superior.

So are the women.

Nietzche never considered that point. The Nietzchean superman stands frozen at an instant of time, without past, without viable continuity, and without supporting process. He is, just as Nietzche set him up. A sort of lonely super Nietzche, to whom the thought of having superchildren never occurred.

To have a superrace, it is perfectly obvious that you need not only supermen, but also superwomen. A normal woman is bad enough, but add the improvements and the synergism that we have poured into the superman and you have a woman who is really a world beater.

And here is the crunch. A woman who can be a Supreme Court justice, or an Astronaut, or an opera singer will want to be. And generally, what a superwoman wants, she gets. Even if someone else collects a set of bumps in the process.

The superman can take care of himself. He is well matched to his wife. The bystanders are also H. superior; they won't get hurt. That leaves the children. The children superwoman won't have because she won't take the time. Don't blame her, now; having them is no problem, but bringing them up is something else again. Does papa superman wish to raise them? of course not. He has far more important things to do. So does she, unfortunately, and the kids don't get raised. And since, being H. superior, both are endowed with a measure of foresight and responsibility, not only do the kids not get raised, they don't even get born.

Of course, there are accidents. And some women will combine family and career if they can find a baby sitter. However, unless some drastic change is made in the family structure, our superrace is going to die out in about two generations.

After all, a superchild deserves a superupbringing and if the race is to continue, and the parents are unable to do the job themselves, an alternate means will have to be found.

This is not as drastic a step as it at first appears.

For centuries the children of normal parents have been sent out of the home for their education, and in the sense that the tribe, or pack, or extended family educates the children, this has always been so.

With H. superior, the societies capabilities have been extended in one direction, while the individual, in extending societies capabilities has fore-

shortened his own. Which is to say, H. superior, playing a greater role in society the society of his race - has had to give up a lesser role in his home. Namely, raising and supporting his children.

The conclusion I had been heading for was that the superpeople who had children would inevitable be less super, and that the race would run downhill until it would be indistinguishable from H. sapiens. On reflection I am not so sure.

The prodigious array of gadgetry, the facility with which organizations are devised, the sheer demonic energy which drives present day American society suggests that a race of supermen would derive from a system which somehow made possible the raising of superior children in a superior manner.

Did someone say it would take a genius to devise such a system? No. It would merely require a genius to work out the details. The broad outline is really quite simple. Take the children away from their parents at an early age - permanently - in such a manner that they suffer no loss of security. Provide them with an environment containing the essential elements of living at home, and an education which includes not only the academic values, but also the moral and ethical values you wish to perpetuate. And do it on the cheap, because the taxpayers are supporting it, and people aren't that important, after all.

One format that seems promising is the kibbutz system in Israel. The children are put in groups, and the groups are kept permanently together, while the nurses, overseers, teachers and similar adults come and go. The family bond is formed between the child and his peers, while his parents are out of it. Blood may be thicker than water, but shared experience is thicker than blood.

Another, a bit farther out, is to build child raising robots. After all, it ought to be possible eventually. Since 1949 we have developed robots that play chess (poorly), read the mail, and carry heavy objects from one place to another. In another 20 years why shouldn't we have built a true volitional robot?

After all, if the baby sitting robot wants a career and the superwoman of the house doesn't intend to stay home, who do you think gets reprogrammed?

The third possibility is to keep some ordinary people around for child raising. Of course, this is what we've been doing all along, and the trouble is that the ubermensch have to rely on the untermensch to raise the brats in a properly uber manner. Another trouble is that you don't know who is who, and as the ruling class gets fat and lazy, there is likely to be a revolution. And miscegenation.

Anyway, you can ask the question: Which came first, the superrace, or the method raising superchildren in a supermanner. The answer gets tangled up with heredity environment and semantics, but as a first approximation I would have to say that matters will proceed stepwise. That is, just as H. superior will probably be the result of many small improvements, the System will probably be developed over a long period of time, without conscious direction. When, as, and if the people start to change, the System will also change.

Eventually, some sort of equilibrium will be reached, and then you can point and say: "Look! relative to what we were, we are now supermen!"

The thought occurs to me that perhaps the civilization we are building - which demands more and more training and more and more - I guess you'd call it "getting and spending" - has already made it desirable for both parents to work, and at least in some places mandatory. As of now, the children are a fundamental drag, proventing the parents from living the good life of high consumerism which they could otherwise afford. If someone were to set up the System (formally, to

some extent tax-supported, and available to those who wanted to use it) as a boost to the economy, or an alternative to suburbia it would probably be a smashing success.

Then, as matters continued to get further and further out of hand, the System would writhe and mutate, and eventually take its true form.

It would be entirely appropriate if H. superior was brought into being because H. sap. wanted to make money.

- Alexis A. Gilliland

NSFA'S HUGO BALLOT voted 4-August-1967

NOVEL:

1. Babel 17
2. Too Many Magicians
3. The Moon is a Harsh Mistress
4. Flowers for Algernon
5. Day of the Minotaur
6. The Witches of Karres

NOVELETTE:

1. For a Breath I Tarry
2. This Moment of the Storm
3. The Last Castle
4. Call Him Lord
5. The Alchemist
6. Manor of Roses
7. The Eskimo Invasion
8. Apology to Inky
9. An Ornament to His Profession

BEST ARTIST:

1. Jack Gaughan
2. Kelly Freas
3. John Schoenherr
4. Gray Morrow

BEST FANZINE:

1. Nickas
2. Habakkuk
3. Yandro
4. Lighthouse
5. Trumpet
6. Riverside Quarterly
7. Australian S.F. Review

BEST FAN WRITER:

1. Harry Warner Jr.
2. Paul J. Willis
3. Bill Donaho
4. Alexei Panshin
5. Norm Clarke

SHORT STORY:

1. Comes Now the Power
2. Mister Jester
3. Neutron Star
4. Light of Other Days
5. Delusion for a Dragon Slayer
6. No Award
7. The Secret Place
8. A Man and His Time
9. Rat Race

BEST MAGAZINE:

1. If
2. Analog
3. No Award
4. Galaxy
5. New Worlds

BEST DRAMA:

1. The Menagerie
2. The Corbomite Maneuver
3. Fahrenheit 451
4. The Naked Time
5. Fantastic Voyage
6. No Award

BEST FAN ARTIST:

1. Steve Stiles
2. George Barr
3. Jeff Jones
4. Arthur Thompson

NYCON 3 -- 25th World Science Fiction Convention
September first, second, third and fourth.
Statler Hilton, 33rd and Seventh Ave, New York
New York is a summer festival.
See you there!

BERKLEY BOOKS:

July 1967 Titles:

- John Garforth, The Avengers #3: "The Passing of Gloria Munday" 50¢
- Harry Harrison, Make Room! Make Room! 60¢
- Keith Laumer, Rotiof's War 60¢

PYRAMID BOOKS:

July 1967 Titles:

- Murray Leinster, Time Tunnel Adventure #2: "Timeslip" 50¢
- Jack Williamson, One Against the Legion, 60¢

LANCER BOOKS:

July 1967 Titles:

- Marvel Comics editors, The Fantastic Four Return, 50¢
- Marvel Comics editors, Here Comes.....Daredevil, 50¢
- Jack Williamson, Golden Blood, 60¢
- Jack Williamson, The Humanoids, 50¢
- Irving A. Greenfield, The U.F.O. Report, 60¢
- Isaac Asimov, Building Blocks of the Universe, 60¢
- H. Rider Haggard, She, 50¢
- Robert Silverberg, Recalled to Life, 50¢
- John Boynton Harris, The Secret People, 50¢
- Peter Hoath, Assassins from Tomorrow, 60¢

-- Albert Gechter
Source: Publishers' catalogs

Some regular features of the JOURNAL were cut this time. The lettercol will appear next issue, as will Doll's House fanzine reviews. I couldn't fit Doll's reviews into this one and I thought that Don ought to answer the letters.

Change of address: Jim Sanders, 2010 N. Charles St., Apt 14, Baltimore, Maryland.

I didn't run the usual list of meetings, because I'm not sure what effect the worldcon will have on them.

Baltimore Science Fiction Society meetings are now held at the home of Jack C Haldeman 11, 1244 Woodbourne Ave, Baltimore Md. (301-323-6108). Second and forth Saturdays as usual. Except the meeting on 22 Aug will be at Jim Sanders' apartment.

- Jack C Haldeman 11

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Cover by Jack Gaughan

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The new WSFA Librarian is Mitchell Henson.

MEETINGS

Meetings are held on the first, third, and fifth Fridays of each month at 8:00 p.m., at the home of Miss E.O. Cullen, 7966 W. Beach Drive, N.W., Washington, D.C. (Phone number RA3-7107). Meetings are usually quite informal, with those held on fifth Fridays mostly party. If you are coming in from the north, come down 16th Street to Kalmia Road (between East-West Highway and Alaska Ave.) and make a right on Kalmia Road; from the south, make a left on Kalmia. Stay on Kalmia for about three blocks, and make a right immediately after crossing a small strip of parkway, onto W. Beach Drive. The house is red-brick, on an abrupt terrace, on the left about thirty yards before the first road on the left (Sudbury Lane). Guests are always welcome.

The JOURNAL will be published monthly until September. I am planning on publishing one more issue, the week after NyCon 3, and then everything gets passed back to Don, who will put TWJ back on its regular schedule. Subscription rates are 5/\$1.00, 12/\$2.00, or 20/\$3.25; individual copy prices vary. Corresponding membership is 50¢ per year. However, persons subscribing at the \$2.00 or \$3.25 rate may, at their option, be Corresponding members for one year at no additional charge. A few back issues are available from Don at various prices.

Jack C Haldeman II,
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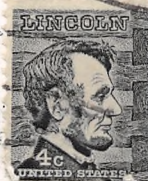
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