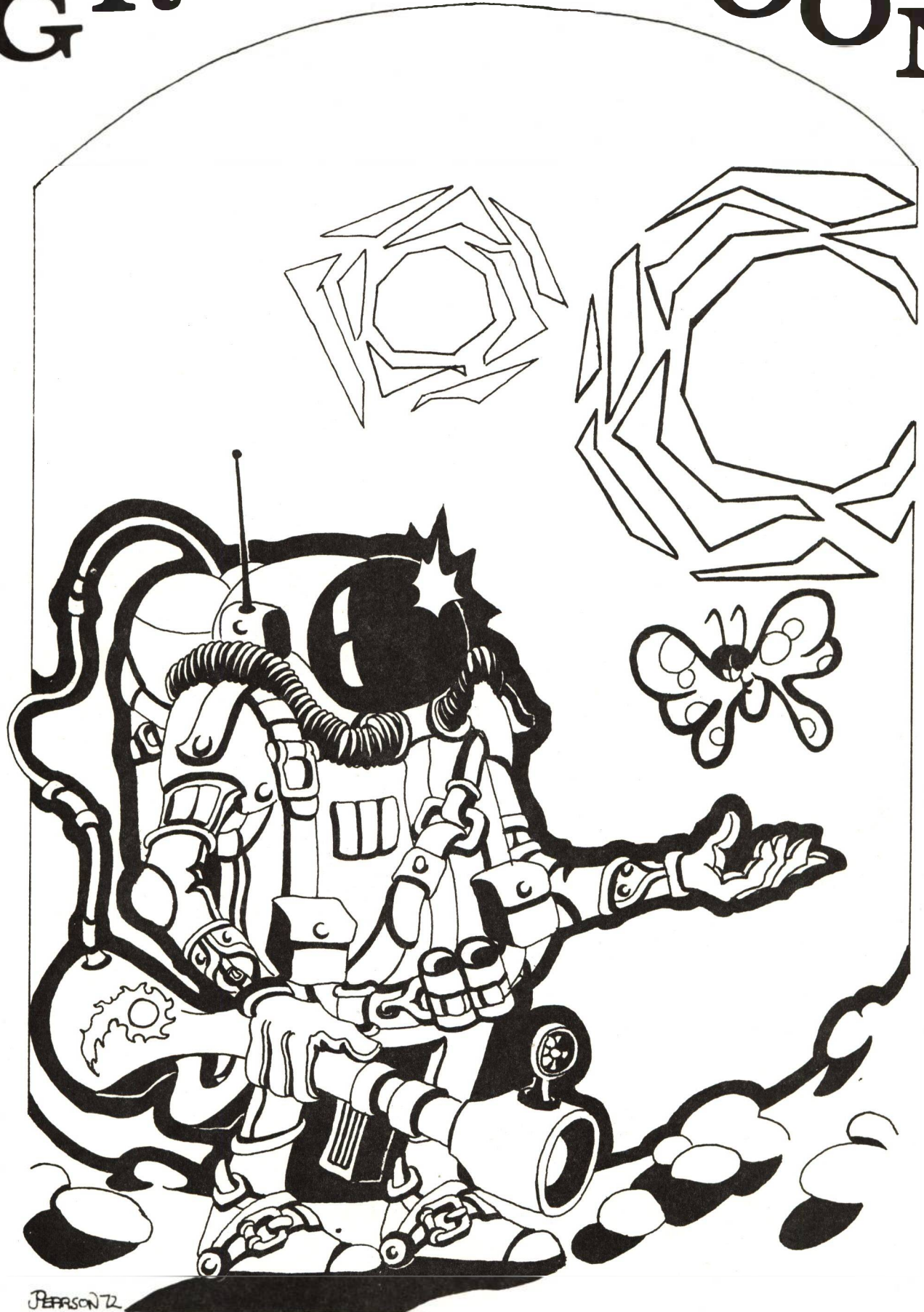


GRANFALLOON



GRANFALLOON

CONTENTS

CALL OF THE KLUTZ	2
Linda Bushyager	
A SMILE IS A FROWN UPSIDE DOWN	8
Susan Glicksohn	
AS I SEE IT	13
Tony Lewis	
FANZINE REVIEWS	19
Linda Bushyager	
IMAGINATION BOOKSHELF	26
John Curlovich, Cy Chauvin, Angus Taylor, and Don D'Amiassa	
CORFLU COOKERY	43
Sandra Miesel	
OMPHALLOPSYCHITE - lettercol	46
WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS	58

ARTWORK

covers by Joe Pearson
art folio by Jay Kinney and Grant
Canfield

Cy Chauvin - 11
Gregg Davidson - 41
Ken Fletcher - 23,45
Mark Gelotte - 40
Mike Gilbert - 42
Jonh Ingham - 51
Terry Jeeves - 46
Frank Johnson - 3
Jay Kinney - 30, 31
Bill Kunkel - 47
Joe Pearson - 35
Bill Rotsler - 4,12,24,45
Jim Shull - 7,9,56,57
Dan Steffan - 2,26,27,43

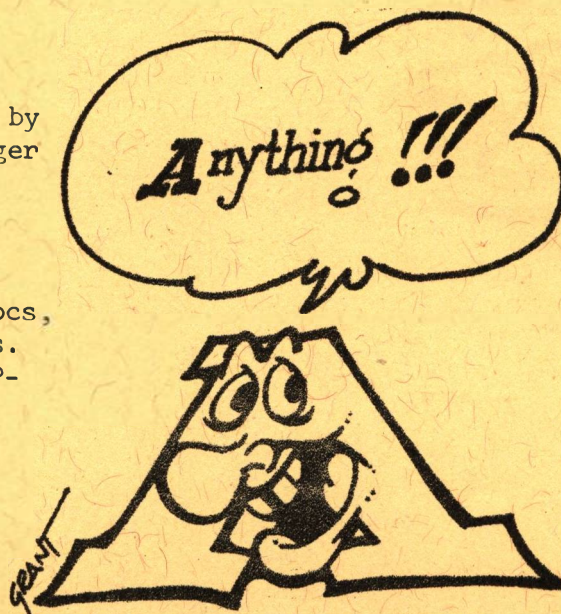
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CALL OF THE KUTZ

BY

LINDA

BUSHYAGER



As you may have noticed, Granny seems to be coming out more and more infrequently. It seems that with a full-time job, housework, normal fanac, and sleeping, I just don't have time to work on such a huge fanzine. So it takes me 6 to 8 months to put out an issue. Still I enjoy the work, but I would like to do a more frequent fanzine. As a result, I've decided to publish a much more frequent, much smaller fanzine, in addition to the infrequent Granny. So Granny is not folding, but you may not see an issue until next November. I will no longer accept long term subscriptions, however.

I haven't as yet decided what direction the new fanzine will take. Or even what its name will be. But I'd like to include art folios, news items, fanzine and book reviews (short, written by me to begin with), with occasional longer reviews by others, and possibly one humorous article per issue.

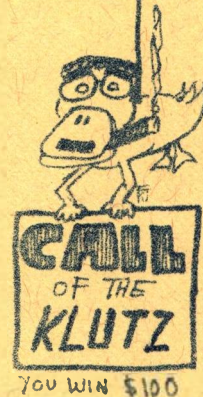
The first issue will be sent to everyone on the Gf mailing list and will spell out information on subs, trades, and so on. It will be more than a personalzine or newszine, but less than a genzine. Meanwhile, I can still use articles for the next Granny.

APOLOGIES

The klutz strikes again. Last issue, as many of you noticed, had one cover by C. Lee Healy, but the front cover was by Mark Gelotte. I'm very sorry Mark.

I also owe an apology to Charlie and Dena Brown for overestimating the profits of LOCUS. I really should have written to them to ask about costs and subscribers. Charlie wrote to Bill Bowers explaining costs (the letter appeared in OUTWORLDS and was reprinted in Mike Glycer's PREHENSILE 10 [50¢ from Mike at 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar Calif. 91342] which explains that an average issue of 1425 copies only ends up with 1375 good copies of which 1200 are mailed to North America and 100 overseas. Of the North American copies, 900 were subscriptions at 23¢ each, 300 were non-subs to publishers, editors, contributors, etc. Postage was \$96. Of the overseas copies, 60 were subs at 30¢ each and 40 were freebies. Foreign postage was \$29.75. Individual copies cost 42¢ to mail. Expenses I didn't consider included \$15-\$20 for refreshments for collators, telephone (\$50), typewriter rental of \$21.30, mimeo repairs, advertising, office supplies, etc. All of which decrease profits to nearly zero. There is still the fact that LOCUS is a business for Internal Revenue and that many of its subscribers are pros and its aim is toward pros. But it is not making much, if any, profit.

Evidently John and Bjo Trimble and several others took my article to mean that I thought they were doing a bad job with the art show and were raking in huge profits. I'm sorry they had that impression. What I was trying to say, and what many others did understand, is that I think the art show is excellent and the Trimbles do an excellent job. They spend plenty of time and effort to make it the success it is. What I was concerned about is that many people, including some artists, don't realize that the Trimbles do receive the profits, if any (and I did mention they probably lost money for several years). This has been confirmed by the fact that the Philadelphia in '77 committee evidently learned of the arrangement only through my article, and many other long time **fans**, including Lester del Rey, were as surprised as I initially was. My worry is that the art show has the potential to earn large profits. I'm sure the Trimbles lost money at Torcon, which was a small show encountering difficulties with customs and so on. I'm equally sure they could make a lot of money at the next huge U.S.-held Worldcon. It's fine with me, and it's fine with many of the artists too. After all, the Trimbles have lost money in previous years, and they do an enormous amount of work. But I still feel that people should know what is going on. If everyone knows the facts and then approves, great. My major concern was that many fans (especially fans who've only been in fandom for 5 years or less) did not know. Fandom is so huge now one cannot depend on "common knowledge" for communication.

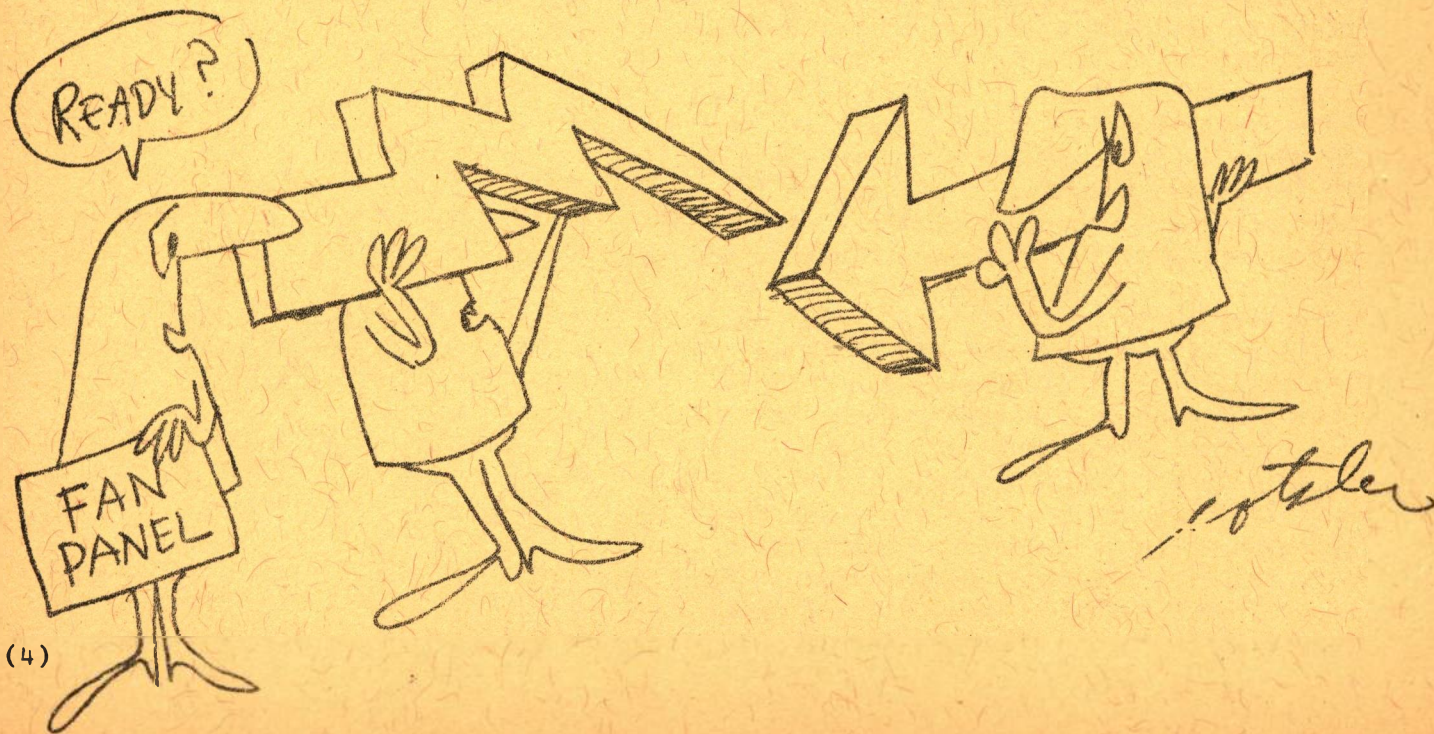


COMMUNICATION

At Torcon I was, for the first time (egoboo), asked to appear on a panel. The topic? "Commercialism in Fandom" - what else? As I tried to shape my thoughts on what I should say to panel members such as Milt Stevens, Chuck Crayne, Ted White, and Lester del Rey without receiving a punch in the nose, I realized that the basic problem is communication. That's one reason I'm planning to put out a more frequent zine which will include news as a major topic. There is really no central fanzine for fan communication. In fact, with our loose organization (if any), fans often have trouble communicating with one another. Sure, there is the Worldcon. But it is so huge and confused that you may totally miss the people you are trying to meet. Large circulation fanzines like LOCUS, ALGOL, and THE ALIEN CRITIC don't cover fan news. And places which do have fannews, like INWORLDS and ORGANLEGGER have small circulations. The result is that communication between the 3000 or so fans often is relegated to rumor.

At last Midwestcon I found myself surrounded by rumors. Rumors about L.A.Con finances, about past Worldcons, and about the Don Davis/NESFA hangings/Trimbles controversy. Suddenly I heard a new rumor from Ted White - the 1977 bidding committees had gotten together a deal whereby no matter who got the bid, the winning bid would pay for the bidding expenses of both the winning and losing bid. Now I knew exactly where this rumor had come from and I knew it was false. Just a half hour earlier I had been with a group of fans who had been talking about L.A.Con's financial report (which included paying Bruce Pelz and Fred Patten about \$1300 to attend Heicon for bidding). Someone had jokingly said maybe the 1977 committees should get together and agree to pay for each other's bidding expenses. And so, a half hour later, what had been an obvious joke was now an official rumor.

Listening to the rumors about how much money the L.A.Con made I had the feeling the same thing had happened. Someone had accused Bruce Pelz or other committee members of making off with huge profits. Understandably Pelz had been mad. In a moment of anger he sarcastically said, "Sure I made \$5000!" or something to that effect. But what was merely sarcastic was taken to be serious by his listener, and before you knew it, half of fandom had heard the rumor that Bruce and friends had made off with \$3000, \$5000, \$10,000 or more. Let me emphasize, this rumor is TOTALLY UNTRUE. I don't think any of the L.A.con committee got any of the profits.



But unfortunately rash statements on both sides and publication of the incomplete L.A.Con financial report exacerbated the controversy. L.A.Con should have been commended for putting out the first financial statement in years, instead it was condemned for seeming inconsistencies in the report. Communication failed. I'll never know why no one had the sense to put one sentence into that report - "This report is incomplete due to uncollected monies and some unpaid bills." But no one did.

It seems to me that two things hamper communication. First, people tend to hear what they want to hear; they listen with only one ear and then open their mouths as loudly as possible to protest. I've been guilty of this on more than one occasion. And several people read my editorial last issue and ignored some of the qualifying statements (like profits, if any). And no doubt several more people will misread what I'm saying here. Secondly, if someone doesn't agree with what's being said, he'll tend to get mad. And in anger say things he may later regret, or make rash statements which further confuse the issue instead of trying to see things logically and objectively and present facts which clear up the issue. An example of this is GRAND BALLOON which some of you may have seen. Obviously some people got mad at my editorial and decided to strike back. But instead of explaining what really had happened at L.A.Con and so on, they chose to fight back with a funny, but sometimes nasty, satire. The satire served to focus their anger, but did nothing to clear up the basic issues my editorial tried to bring out. (GRAND BALLOON may be available from chief perpetrator Lois Newman or Bjo Trimble. The address is listed at Binda Bushwacker, PO Box 24560 Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. I'm not sure if this is Lois's real address or not)

Certainly my editorial left plenty of room for disagreement. In fact, I was very much hoping to receive some good replies from chairmen of past Worldcons (and regionals) explaining why they feel and do as they do. Lois Newman, for example, gave me a quite convincing argument at Torcon for paying con committee members a salary based on the number of hours they worked; she also explained the discrepancies in the financial report to my satisfaction. Yet instead of writing me a nice, publishable letter explaining this to everybody, she chose satire to present her points. And satire is really a pretty poor method of communication because it can have several interpretations. The only really good replies to my editorial were by Tony Lewis (who disagreed and agreed with some points) and Lester del Rey (who eloquently presents the case for not paying the pros). These appear later in the issue. Unfortunately, the people I criticized the most got mad and wrote angry, uninformative replies, or didn't bother to write.

I'm sorry to have gotten people mad, but at least it has opened some lines of communication and has gotten people talking about the problem. As I tried to get across in last issue's editorial, I don't believe there have been any gross improprieties in convention running in the past, but there is the potential in the future. Especially as our Worldcon hits the 3000 attendees mark and as regionals become as large as the Worldcons once were. In fandom as in the mundane world, where there is the potential for large profits and large sums of money, there is also the potential for commercialism at its ugliest and possibly even misuse of funds. Certainly we've already seen some mismanagement of money. And I think this is an important question fans must consider now, while we are still in control of the situation. We are at a crossroads where we must consider what we want out of conventions, fanzines, and fandom in general. And we must consider what we are willing to give up money-wise and time-wise and effort-wise for it.

At Torcon it was decided to give my motion requiring that Worldcons publish a financial report to a special committee to investigate changes in the Worldcon rules in general. I'm on the committee, along with Jack Chalker, Chuck Crayne,

George Scithers, Dave Kyle, Jerry Lapidus, and Ken Smookler. If you have any suggestions for changes in the Worldcon rules, simplification of rules, or any interest in being on a mailing list of the WSFS Constitution Committee, write to Ken Smookler at Suite 600, 45 Charles St. East, Toronto, Ontario M4Y 1S2. I'm not sure how much, if any, we will be able to accomplish consulting by mail, but we can try.

By the way, GRAND BALLOON accuses me of the heinous sin of I*D*E*A*L*I*S*M. I can't think of anything I'd rather plead guilty to.

NEO-FAN'S GUIDE

Bob Tucker's wonderful introduction to fandom, complete with fannish slang, fan history, and definitions, has been revised by Linda Lounsbury and me. It was published by Torcon (it's lithoed) and handed out with great success for sticky quarters at the Torcon Fan History Room. [I might put in an aside here to say that Susan Glicksohn did a fantastic job with "All Our Yesterdays" Fan History Room. It was brilliant, enjoyable, and fascinating (and amazing and fantastic too). I'm sure that everyone who saw the room would like to thank Susan, especially, for the wonderful job, along with Linda Lounsbury, Jerry Kaufman, and all the others who helped and all the wonderful people who lent material to the exhibit. I hope other Worldcons will put up similar exhibits.]

All the remaining copies are being sold for 25¢, with profits going to TAFF. I've already mailed about \$15 to TAFF. There are lots of copies left, so if you want one, write me. In any case, be sure to fill out the enclosed TAFF ballot. Granny supports Peter Weston, publisher of SPECULATION and all-round good guy.

MISCELLANIA

At Torcon I learned of a book binding business that specializes in binding old SF mags and comics. It will also bind fanzines for a cost of \$10.00 per volume. I'm having a complete set of Grannys bound, for instance. If you are interested in finding out about it, write Bote Productions, Inc., 411 West End Ave., New York, N.Y. 10024.

Lou Zocchi (388 Montana, Victorville, Calif. 92392) is selling a fascinating and fun Alien Space game for \$4.00. It may be a bit overpriced for a printed booklet, but you have to remember it is not mass produced.

One of the best places to buy SF and fantasy books is still the F&SF Book Co., P.O. Box 415, Staten Island, N.Y. 10302. They are amazingly prompt and very reliable. I'm sure they will send you a copy of their book list. Minimum order is \$3.00, but a 10% discount is given on orders of \$10.00 or more and 20% on those of \$25.00 or more.

After several mixups (communication-wise) it turns out I am not running an Australian charter or group flight after all. Several people have said they are interested in starting one, but the only person I am sure is working on arrangements is good old Don Lundry. He is insane enough to do it again (he ran the Heicon charter). Don is interested in hearing from you if you want info on the proposed group. Let him know what sort of trip you want (duration of stay, stops in other countries such as New Zealand, interest in hotels, etc.). Write him at 18 Karen Dr., Cherry Hill, N.J., 08034.

To join Aussiecon send \$3 supporting or \$10 attending to AUSSIECON, G.P.O. BOX 4039, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia. It will be held Aug. 14-17, 1975. GoH is Ursula K. Le Guin; fan GoHs are Michael and Susan Glicksohn.

LIFE WITHOUT A CAR

The more I hear about the fuel shortage, the happier I become about not having a car. As others sob about how they can't live without a car and question how they will get to work, the store, the hairdresser, the post office..., I thank my lucky stars that I married a neurotic nut who refuses to even consider the possibility of owning a car. As a result, we live within walking distance of a train to work, three groceries, two post offices, and a shoe repair shop.

But there is an advantage to having friends or parents with a car. They can visit and take us shopping - enabling us to load up with all those heavy items like pepsi, cat food, or cat litter which are a real drag to drag home in our twin shopping carts. So we do one or two months shopping at a time.

Have you ever bought 50 cartons of 16-ounce pepsi? Two hundred cans of cat food? AT THE SAME TIME?

We told the checkout clerk that our lion drinks pepsi.

We have found that the store personnel now recognize us when we shop. As we enter the store, we are treated to looks reserved for visiting royalty, or for escaped lunatics.

While my mother buys the 50 cartons of pepsi, my father will check through 5 25-pound bags of kitty litter, and Ron will clear the shelves of cat food. Meanwhile, I load up on other necessities, such as 10 boxes of kleenex, a dozen stewing chickens, 10 cans of tuna, a dozen cans of tomatoes, several 3-pound boxes of spaghetti, and one sirloin steak. Then we'll go to another store for the rest of the load.

We do have a freezer. But occasionally we run out of shelf space and have to form a pyramid of pepsi in the living room. We are saving the empties to build a tower to the moon.

As we check out the order, the clerk often stops to inquire "Are you sure you can pay?" Eventually the manager comes over to join the crowd of onlookers who "ooo" and "ahhh" as the three-figure total is rung up. The clerk turns to us - face pale, hands shaking, eyes protruding. "Can you pay?" "Ron, pay him." "But Linda, you have the money..." So I reach into my purse and count out 20,000 pennies.



A SMILE IS A FROWN

UPSIDE DOWN

"You've got to get up every morning
with a smile on your face
And show the world all the love in your heart
Then people gonna treat you better
You're gonna find, yes you will
That you're beautiful as you feel."
"Beautiful" by Carole King

I loathe "happy faces."

Obnoxious little dayglo smiles, pinned to lapels beneath sour faces. Phony cheeriness on T-shirts and children's vitamins, cheap coffee mugs and plastic shopping bags, garbage cans and assorted garbage. Idiot grins, accompanied by meaningless messages, like the billboard I saw on the way to Malton airport this morning: a big yellow blob, a squiggle meant to be a smile, and the words "Have a nice day!"

Ha! Thanks a lot, billboard. I've been sitting here for 45 minutes in a grounded DC-10 at O'Hare airport. The wait's getting longer, the air's getting stuffy. The air conditioning isn't working, but the ground crew is, trying to find what's wrong with the cooling system. Every few minutes our chatty pilot, sounding a little more harried, tells us to be patient; no one knows what's wrong, or how to fix it, or how long we'll be delayed, BUT EVERYTHING IS JUST FINE! The stewardesses (pardon, 'flight attendants') move about dispensing cold drinks and the mechanical smiles they learn in the airlines' training school. They take turns standing in the doorway of the tiny galley behind us, biting their nails, looking harried and human until the captive crowd gets restless. Then out come the "happy face" professional smiles once more.

The only good thing about the situation is that the man beside us, smoking in a non-smoking area, stopped when Michael and I, politely and with a smile, asked him not to do so.

And that's why I dislike "happy faces." I object to that billboard, for example, not because I'm not having a "nice day" but because it was meaningless, an impersonal gesture to the human courtesies and contacts everyone admires, and no one has time to practice. At best, those inane grins flooding the schlock market look silly; a teller in our bank wore a blue-green-yellow "happy face" maternity smock through what appeared to be her ninth month, and I have never seen anything so grotesque as that great speckled bulge! At worst, they trivialize and debase the idea of happiness, and the human courtesy and friendliness which promotes it. Pin a smiling button that says "have a nice day" on my shoulder, and I've done my human-relations duty. I'm free to use that shoulder to elbow everyone else aside as I jam my body into a subway car full of snarling Torontonians. Sure.



Or go into my local supermarket, part of a chain which features Mr. Sincerity-and-Social-Virtue himself, William Shatner, telling us all in TVland about the courteous efficient service it provides. Now management at the local level had the sense to hire a Polish checkout girl, for this predominately middle-European neighborhood -- and the cheapskatedness to leave her, usually, on duty alone. She stands, harried and hassled as the lineups lengthen past the seven closed cash registers, trying to bag groceries, give milk-jug refunds, sell cigarettes, check mis-marked prices, make change, and explain for the hundredth time that no, she hadn't rung up the total wrong, milk had gone up again.

A nice girl, Ritva-in-the-supermarket, working under conditions hardly favorable to the exchange of human courtesy and politeness. So I was interested to note that her bosses, in their new concern with customer relations had helped both her and their new image.

They had given her, not an assistant, but a dayglo pink happy-face button that said "have a nice day."

She wasn't smiling.

Neither was the stewardess behind me, who's just opened the aircraft door to coax a breeze in, because, as she confided to her assistant, "People're gonna start gettin' sick an' faintin', soon." Then, smiles back in place, both trundled off to dispense magazines and reassurance.

SUSAN GLICKSOHN

I know those smiles are necessary. They are big "Everything-is-FINE!" signs meant to keep the captive passengers contented through this increasingly Bad Scene. A smile was standard equipment for the girl who searched my purse when we returned to the departure lounge after ten minutes spent exhausting the glories of the O'Hare terminal. Her grin and "Hi honey let's see whatcha got just the usual stuff ok over there through the detector and have a good flight" patter humanized the whole impersonal, but necessary, process.

Nevertheless, the smile remains plastic, the courtesy mechanical, and they know we know it's not a human response, just part of the job. That degrades everyone.

When Richard Labonte, Canfan Legend, was Carleton University's student council president, he and some fellow freaky-student-councillors flew to Toronto for a conference. Unimpressed by phoniness, they merely grunted at the stewardess's "Goodbye sir, have a pleasant stay, Goodbye sir have..." exit ritual. The smile vanished, the woman said firmly: "Say goodbye to the plastic stewardess!" Shocked, they did say goodbye-- to a human being, asserting her own individuality.

Which brings up the problem again: courtesy and friendliness and happiness, exploited and made meaningless, plastic-laminated on buttons or on faces, can make you believe all happy faces are phony.

Some people believe that already. A smile on a woman's face, for example, can be misinterpreted as an invitation. Or maybe I just over-reacted to the spontaneity of convention-going, and the life in a central-city university neighborhood after a rather dour civil-service town. For a year, I bopped happily down the streets to classes or stores, smiling when I felt happy, grinning at folks with their gurgling babies on their backs and their big dogs romping along. And then we moved to our Ethnic Neighborhood, where winos are an accepted part of the fauna but young people are regarded suspiciously as hippie-degenerates, where women stay home, hidden away cooking while their men visit the taverns, where almost everyone seems to be a grim middle-European peasant determined to disenjoy every moment of life.

So I went bopping out for milk, happy-faced, and routinely got hassled. Picture: winter snow finally melted, buds sprouting on the branches, the first robin singing, dead-rat-brown city finally turning green. I smile with the sheer relief only a Canadian spring can bring. And immediately: "Hi there, cutie, where 'ya goin'?"

Furious, brought down, I snarl, "I wasn't smiling at YOU!" And I put on my best secular imitation of the Wrath of God, to walk home in.

Learning that the high-rise canyon one block east sheltered a large segment of Toronto's call-girl population only made me feel more hassled. So my perfectly natural smile was just a for-sale sign?

I became quite paranoid. Smile, I concluded, and the world frowns back.

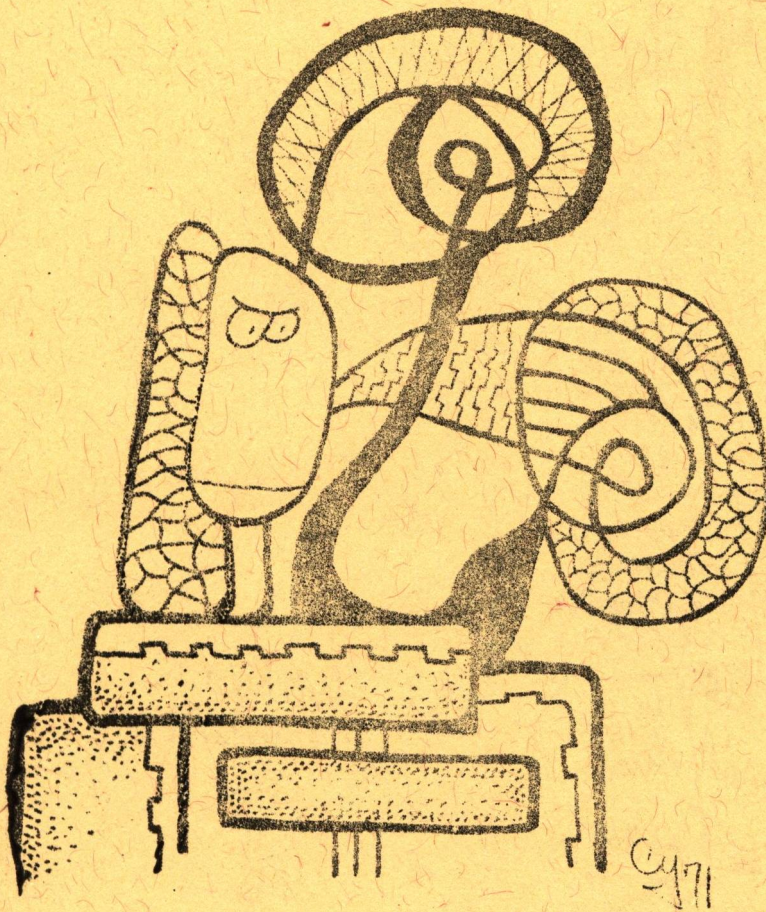
"What's she grinning about?" it wonders.

"Is she laughing at me?" it demands.

"Hippie weirdo, must be on drugs," it glares.

"Stop being happy when I'm miserable!" it glowers.

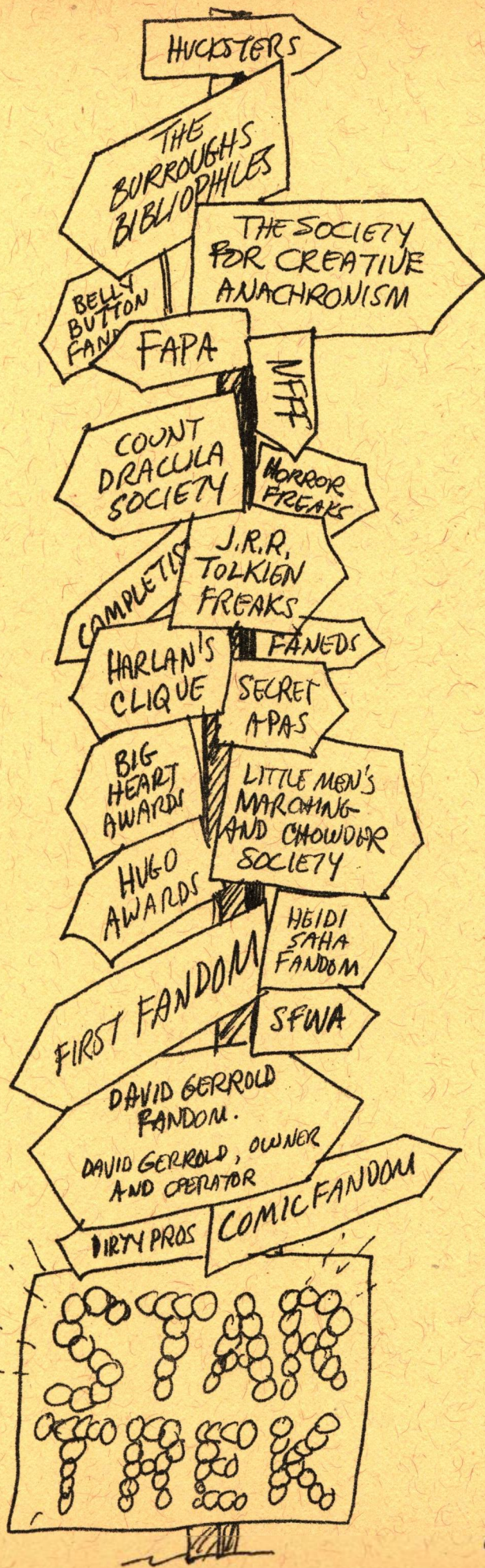
I like to smile and wiggle my nose at babies I encounter while riding streetcars and subways. I like babies -- quiet ones, other people's, with Mummies to change their diapers. I also have a private bet. At least 50% of the infants will stare suspiciously at me before bursting into tears -- whereupon their mothers glare at me. Approximately 40% will look puzzled or bored. Perhaps 9 1/2% will actually, with a great sense of discovery, smile back. Even chortle, cautiously. Whereupon their mothers glare at me. The remaining 1/2% are smiling already, as are their happy, relaxed parents, whose proud looks say "Yeah, it's a great kid, isn't it?" They're precious people. They let you share their enjoyment.



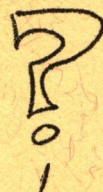
A few months ago, life seemed to be going straight down, with no bottom in sight. On a cold, windy, grey March day, I felt as miserable as I could possibly feel, surrounded by grim-faced Torontonians all, apparently, suffering through unhappy love affairs, hemorrhaging stomach ulcers, the slow deaths of close friends, or all three. And then, as I fought the wind howling between the city's largest, most impersonal office towers, I saw him. I prim and proper financier type. Greysuited, briefcased, bespectacled. Licking a pink ice cream cone. And smiling his own primate salute to the Spring that would come again.

I grinned. He grinned back. No one else noticed.

A million plastic "happy faces" mean nothing beside that happy, human moment.



WHITHER
FANDOM



AS I SEE IT...

- Tony Lewis

The following was sent in reply to my editorial of last issue. Its points are so interesting I felt it deserved treatment as a separate article. Other comment on the editorial can be found in the lettercol. Tony Lewis was chairman of NOREASCON and of several Boskones.

First I should like to refer all people to the article by Jo Freeman in the July 1973 issue of Ms. "The Tyranny of Structurelessness" which I think has a lot to say about fandom as well as the specific groups she is actually considering.

I'm going to jump about a bit and not take the points in the order you have considered them. I'm going to talk first about the art show since my name was mentioned there (O! egoboo). Speaking as the chairman of a worldcon (Noreascon in 1971) my feelings (and the feelings of almost all of the committee) were that the Art Show is a positive benefit to the convention, it contributes greatly to the enjoyment of the attendees. For this reason the convention did not charge the Art Show for its room (we did not charge Jeff Jones for his room nor Powers). We did this since we did not have to pay for these rooms nor for the set up. However, we did expect these people to contribute proportionately to help defray the cost of security guards to prevent thefts in these art exhibition areas. (Much of the huckster room money also goes to pay for security guards).

The fact that the Art Show makes a profit should not be considered a prima facie reason for the Worldcon to run it rather than having it run by the Trimbles (or some other independent group). It has been suggested that the profits from the show could be used to cut registration fees, but this would mean that the artists would be subsidizing, through the commissions, a large portion of the convention expenses which is not fair to the artists (nor to the fans who want to buy original artwork; although we tend only to remember the prominent works sold at high fees, we should remember that many items are sold at under \$30 and that almost every fan I know has some sort of original SF artwork hanging on the wall).

Hangings obtained professionally are expensive - extremely so. I would estimate (based on my discussions with professional display companies in Boston that I contacted before Noreascon) that the amount of hangings used at Noreascon would have cost in excess of \$2000 if obtained professionally (remember that the rental fee includes set up and dues for unions; you can't rent without set up - this may be different in other cities). At Noreascon NESFA bought and constructed hangings, with the feeling that they would be used at future Boskones (as has been the case) and rented them to the Art Show at the Noreascon for \$100. Actual cost of construction and material was in excess of \$300. Still, this was the cheapest way.

I guess I was naive but I thought that everyone knew that the Trimbles ran the Art Show and received part of the profits. However, if someone who has been as

active in fandom as yourself just found out and if many of the artists don't know, I suppose that perhaps a majority of the fans don't. I see no reason why this should not be mentioned in the Art Show information sheets and the Worldcon program books as you suggested. If it had occurred to me at the time it would have gone into the Noreascon Program Book. That's spilt milk under the bridge.

One thing you might also consider is the competition between the Art Show auction and the worldcon auction. With the decrease in manuscripts, books, etc., much of the worldcon auction material is also artwork and there is a direct competition there. It was particularly noticeable at L.A.Con where the art show auctions were held at the same time as the worldcon auction (that was on Monday, I believe). At least the scheduling should be such that both potential buyers and sellers can get a fair break.

Re: auctioneers. Jack Chalker and I do not get paid for auctioning and we do not expect to. We are given beer or some other beverage to keep us going and we like to be thanked. For myself, I like to do it; it is a lot of egoboo, it is fun to be up there in the spotlight playing a major role in a major worldcon activity and it gives me a good feeling to know I am helping out the artists as I try to get them as much money as possible for their creations. I am certain that Jack's motivations are essentially the same. If we were professional auctioneers we would get 10% of the gross of what we sold. I don't want that, and I'm sure that Jack doesn't either; what we want is the egoboo and the respect of our fellow fans for having made an important contribution to the worldcon (I think that most people who help at a worldcon are doing it for that reason).

I agree with you that the people who work on the art show should get something from the art show, but it doesn't have to be money. I could be a card saying that they had helped by doing X. Major contributors could get a certificate which they could put on their walls. This would mean much more to most fans than a token payment of money.

Some people at NESFA have been bothered by the artists' subsidization of the cons and sundry other problems from conflicting auctions and so on. A new approach was tried out at Boskone 10 this year which we think was very successful. The section below is what Leslie Turek (who ran the Boskone 10 Art Show) wrote up about it. I think your readers might be interested. We are talking here about regionals, but adaptations to worldcons are possible.

Why should the Art Show have a separate auction in competition with the convention auction? Why should a con waste its precious manpower resources by staffing both and doing the scheduling and bookkeeping for both separately?

For these reasons the last two Boskones have merged the auction with the Art Show and we have found that it simplifies things. This last Boskone Art Show took advantage of this new organization to completely revamp the usual Art Show fee system. We feel that the artist gets a better deal this way, and hope other cons will use what we have discovered as they can, depending on their own situations.

In most SF art shows, the artist pays a percentage of his sales to the show - usually 15% - and in most auctions (here Leslie is talking of auctions separate from the art shows) the artist usually also pays a percentage - usually 40%. In our experience this has resulted in a profit to the convention or art show. We feel that it is unfair for the artists to subsidize the rest of the convention, so we decided to charge a flat fee which would

represent the actual cost of putting on the art show. Our basic fee was \$12/hanging panel (a space large enough for about 12-16 average-sized pieces), half- and quarter-panels were also available. For this basic fee, the art show provided the specified display space, security, and agreed to conduct a WRITTEN BID (bid-sheet) sale of the artwork. If the artist averaged only \$7 for each piece, this would be equivalent to the 15% rate, however, few pieces go for this little, even from the least experienced artists. Since it was impossible to auction every art show entry in the time available, we imposed an additional \$2 fee for each entry to be auctioned in the regular convention auction during the main program. We intended that each artist would choose his best pieces for auctioning, and this is generally what happened (although a few artists preferred to save the money and not have any of their works auctioned). If the artists average \$8 for each piece this would be about equivalent to the usual 40% auction rate. Again, few auction items go for this little unless they are not artwork.

That was our philosophy and in practice it worked very well. With a gross of \$2844, the art show collected a total of \$292 in hanging and auction fees (about 10%). The fees just barely covered our expenses of \$285 (for a professional guard, pro-rated cost of the hangings and room rental, award ribbons, postage, tools, and supplies), which was our aim. We have received many favorable comments from the participating artists and so we intend to continue using this fee structure.

* * * *

A few points not mentioned above. A quarter-panel was made available free to anyone to hang works that were not for sale whether or not they were renting space to hang salable works. People who had only one picture to hang (of reasonable size) were charged a flat fee of \$1 - period. Partial rebates were made to people who did not sell any of their works. As Leslie has pointed out, this fee system encourages the artists to pick their best works to be sold. There are still some minor bugs in the system but we expect to work them out with time and experience.

PAYING THE PROS - Generally I am against it. Like you, I feel that it destroys the family feeling of fandom. In a more practical mode: many professionals who come to the conventions and speak for nothing are registered with the speakers bureau (and have contracts with them). They have convinced these people that they can speak for nothing at our conventions because they are, in a major sense, professional conventions and that NO ONE is paid a fee for speaking. If anyone gets paid, then they must honor their contracts and request their fee or not speak. And, in many cases, the fees are HIGH. Asimov and Clarke, for example, get in excess of \$2000 for speaking to non-SF groups. How many speakers of this sort can the average SF convention pay? Not many if any. I think that the big fuss has come mostly from the new "writers" who think that there is lots of money at SF cons and want "their cut." I think that most pros want the same thing out of cons as do the actively working fans - respect and egoboo. I think that many cons have been quite remiss in the respect field with a number of pros. If you can't get respect and honorable treatment, you might as well demand money.

The Guest of Honor is being honored and that means special respect and going out of your way to be nice to him. At Noreascon and Boskones we have tried to arrange to have groups of fans to have dinners with the GoH. This is, of course, at the GoH's wishes, but I know of more than one case where the Guest of Honor at a con ate most of his meals alone because he did not know anyone and was too shy to ask (seriously, some of our best writers and best people are extremely shy, modest, and self-effacing). This is not respect - to let the GoH fend for himself at the convention. If at all possible, many items on the program should be built around the GoH, he should not just be trotted out for a speech and then dismissed. The man is being honored for his contributions to the field - bring them out, tell people about them, let them know just what this GoH means to them.

The bare minimum that a convention can do for the GoH is to pay for his room at the con and for his meals and other reasonable expenses (perhaps a call home, drinks at the bar for himself and some friends) and a plaque or some other permanent record of his status at the convention. (In reference to expenses, a frank talk with the GoH as to what the con's financial situation is should be sufficient to determine what reasonable expenses are - it is dishonorable, wrong, etc. not to trust your GoH - if you feel that way about a person you should not ask him to be the Guest of Honor. There are very few people in SF who will abuse your trust.) It is also a bit gauche to expect your GoH to pay for registration at the con.

Other things that can be done: a bibliography and/or biography of the GoH can be compiled and put in the program book (if no program book, it can be mimeoed up and given out at registration. Philcon, I believe, gives a gift to each of its GoHs (called Principle Speakers) appropriate to his interests, etc., which is a pleasant thing and something that will be remembered. If there is an art show, a separate category can be devoted to the works of the GoH (this has been done at Boskones). The GoH can judge this exhibit. Perhaps the committee might buy one of these works to present to him.

A more elaborate thing has been done at the last two Boskones (and will be done again this year). The idea was originally proposed and carried through by Bill Desmond (who was also responsible for the Noreascon Film Program). NESFA has published a souvenir book of material written by the GoH which would not normally have a commercial market (perhaps verse, essays, early stories, anecdotes, etc.) We have sold sufficient copies to cover the cost of printing and then turned over the remainder to the author to be done with as he pleases. This is EGOBOO SUPREME - a book being brought out especially to honor this person at what he comes to think of as his own convention. Autographing sessions can be held and all manner of fun things. The actual financial gain to the author is not that great with such a short run, the costs of production are high, and the author generally gives away a large portion of his copies to friends. But the GoH has gotten a lot more out of this exercise than just a little money.

I really think that Harlan was more concerned with respect than with cash. He has not been treated too kindly at some conventions. He may have an abrasive personality, but he is certainly one of the major craftsmen in our field and deserves to be treated with respect for his work.

I don't think you have taken the matter far enough. If you start paying people who are on the program you should also have to pay the people who are on registration, announcing, manning information tables, etc. and also then pay the people who have been working before the con - laying out program books, writing to speakers, compiling bibliographies, negotiating with the hotel, typing letters, etc. The whole thing becomes unbelievable when you take it to its logical conclusions. I don't want to be paid for working on a con and I don't think that very many people do in our field. Perhaps we should just do without those who want the money. I do think that everyone who works on a con deserves to be treated honorably and with respect. Everyone should have some recognition: name in program book or a mention at the banquet, or sometime during the program. "A little respect, a little consideration for others makes all the difference."

WORLDCONS - I agree with you that no one should put on a worldcon for profit. As a matter of fact, no one in his right mind could make enough profit from a worldcon to make it worth the time and trouble put in. One could easily get another job and earn more money doing less work in much less time. However, a person putting on or working on a worldcon is putting in a lot of time; in fact, a large portion of his free time for two or three years in addition to a tremendous investment of

emotions. To expect this person to also lose money, to pay out of his own pocket is ridiculous.

Yes, the committee should be reimbursed for legitimate expenses, i.e., the expenses necessary to put on the con: guards, postage, etc. We are a bit tighter than you in what we considered legitimate expenses - we do not consider that any of the bidding expenses are expenses of the worldcon; and we were not reimbursed for them. Since the defeated bidding committee had similar expenses and since they will not put on a worldcon, I find it hard to see how such expenses can be considered part of the worldcon. Most expenses are for self-aggrandizement; i.e., flyers to puff up one's own bid, parties at regionals, travel to regionals, and so on.

I agree with you that the con committees should be financially responsible to their members but not to members of succeeding conventions which is what your motion would do. It also interferes with the independence of the con committee's managerial functions which is wrong, because if the con loses money it cannot compel its members to kick in. It is most improper to assign responsibility without authority. I feel that priorities of a worldcon committee are:

1. to the people attending the convention. This is the main one and the most important one because it is what the committee was organized to do.
2. to the members of the convention who do not attend.

Any excess money, if any, should be funneled back to those people NOT to attendees at future conventions. Sure, it's nice to turn money over to TAFF, but that's not why the people who joined the convention joined the convention. The primary responsibility of a worldcon committee is to the members of its own convention. There is obviously a need to preserve continuity of the convention with some pass-on funds, but why should the members of the X+1th con benefit from the good financial management of the Xth con committee rather than the members of the Xth worldcon.?

Even with your rules there are chances for people to divert funds to their own pockets. Unless you want to pay an independent auditing company to come in and check the books, the check books, the receipts, the bills, etc., there is no way of preventing this by rules inserted in the program book. You have to take into account the worth of the people on the committee when you vote for the worldcon site.

I feel that a worldcon is responsible to its members as is any convention where the attendees select the future con committees (true also of Westercons and Deepsouthcons and Southwestercons). A con put on by a club or group is a more diffuse responsibility. It is selected by that group and people may attend as they please or not. I don't think that these cons should aim at making a large profit (a good figure to aim at is \$100 profit, as that will generally allow for a contingency expense), but that is my opinion. People putting on other regionals may want to make a profit - I think the real criterion to use is: do you get your money's worth? I think that paying \$3 and getting \$1 worth of convention is a cheat; but paying \$5 and getting \$5 worth of convention is not.

What makes it difficult is that the worth of a convention is extremely subjective and varies from person to person. Still, since attending is on a personal basis, each person must make the choice himself whether the con is worth going to.

Another valuable use of good financial reports from previous worldcons is that would enable future worldcons to make more reasonable estimates of what they are going

to have in the way of resources. Remember that your profit figure of \$500 comes to less than 20¢/person. \$500 is not a large amount of cushion when you are talking about an attendance of more than 2000 people (with a large number of supporters). An unexpected jump in postal rates could wipe this out quite easily.

FANZINES - Amateur versus professional is a religious argument that has been running about in every field, not just SF. It hasn't been solved elsewhere and there is no reason to expect that it will be solved here. I am always dubious of people estimating expenses of other peoples' publications. Charlie and Dena may have expenses that you don't consider (amortization of duplicator and typewriter, for example; cost of going to Post Office to deliver LOCUS, etc.). I don't think the profit or loss of the zine is the factor to consider, but rather whether one makes one's living from it. I think that is the only criterion that can rationally be applied. If we are going to ask for non-profit status, then who is going to determine whether a fanzine makes or loses money? You would have to set up rules for what expenses are justified and what are not (e.g., if you rent a table in the hucksters' room to sell your zine, is that a legitimate expense). You would have to get hold of these income and expense figures. I do not think that many fans keep such records, or do so correctly, or accurately, or would want to have them made public. (If you trade for other fanzines, then you must consider their sale price as income for your fanzine; but if you get a copy for a LoC, is this to be charged as income to your zine or to your personal income?).

Actually, a large number of people do not vote in the fan categories. I don't have figures at hand for L.A.Con, but I do for Noreascon. For the 732 final Hugo ballots received (56.1% of the membership at the time of closing), the following held at Noreascon:

<u>category</u>	<u>voted</u>	<u>did not vote</u>
Novel	694	38
Pro Magazine	694	38
Pro Artist	658	47
Novella	658	74
Short Story	658	74
Fanzine	631	101
Fan Artist	627	105
Drama	615	117
Fan Writer	567	165

I'm not sure that some of the fan categories are really meaningful to most of the con members, but that is up to the members to decide.

By the way, the Hugos are, in general, a meaningful award - much more meaningful than the Nebulas because the factor of personality is not quite so heavy (although it does exist), because there are more voters, and (sad to say) the Hugo voters read more SF and are more conversant with the field than many of the Nebula voters.

F A N Z I N R E V I E W S

BY LINDA BUSHYAGER

Unfortunately, Jeff Glencannon seems to have returned to the Glades of Gafia, so I've returned to the tiring, but rewarding job of reviewing the myriad fanzines which clog my mailbox and give the mailman a hernia.

While giant genzine production has dropped to a mere handful of titles, lately it seems as though twice as many personalzines and small sercon and general fanzines are now being produced. With NERG gone, ALGOL buying stories and aiming for a mass readership of over 2000 (and thus ineligible for the fanzine Hugo in my opinion), Bruce Gillespie touring the U.S. and thus

unlikely to put out too many fanzines for awhile, GRANNY fading into once a year publication, and even LOCUS succumbing to a more infrequent pubbing schedule, I am beginning to wonder if there will be any Hugo-quality zines next year. As for the 1974 ballot (which covers zines published during the calendar year of 1973), ENERGUMEN and SF COMMENTARY appear to me to be the major contenders. NERG had several great issues at the beginning of the year, including the fabulous final issue. SFC had several large good issues and a few smaller, but no less excellent ones. ALGOL had two or three very fine issues, but to me it seems it is aiming at being a professional zine, and as such, I intend to nominate Andy Porter as best Pro Editor. Similarly THE ALIEN CRITIC (alias RICHARD E. GEIS alias SF REVIEW alias PSYCHOTIC) is definitely aimed at being a prozine, as Dick Geis himself says. Although LOCUS and many other fanzines put out excellent issues and worked hard, I personally don't think they deserve a nomination this year. Nor do I think these two issues of GRANNY qualify it for a nomination. Donn Brazier's TITLE is the only other zine I'd consider nominating.

THE WORLD OF FANZINES: A SPECIAL FORM OF COMMUNICATION

By Fredric Wertham, M. D.

Southern Illinois University Press

P. O. Box 3697

Carbondale, Ill. 62901

144p.; \$10.00

It seems most appropriate to review the first scholarly book about fanzines in this column. As you may know, Dr. Wertham is an internationally recognized psychiatrist and a leading authority on violence. He has written several books including *THE SHOW OF VIOLENCE*, *A SIGN FOR CAIN*, and *SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT*, the highly controversial book about comics. Evidently Dr. Wertham began receiving comics fanzines after publication of *SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT* and became fascinated by them. He began collecting both SF and comics fanzines; and eventually he decided to do a descriptive and analytical study of fanzines.

Dr. Wertham's main thesis is that "Fanzines are not part of this established communication apparatus. They are a successful way to communicate not to the mass but to small groups. In a way they are the opposite of mass communications. Although mass media such as movies, television, radio, comics, and records are extensively discussed in them, fanzines at their most typical remain essentially unprocessed and on a small scale.... Fanzines are intensely personal publications. They constitute a vivid and vital kind of method of interchange of thoughts and opinion." The spontaneity, freedom of expression, idealism, ability for anyone who wants to to publish a fanzine, and most of all, communication make fanzines unique and commendable.

While I, as both a science fiction fan and a fanzine editor, found *THE WORLD OF FANZINES* fascinating, I have several major criticisms. First, this book is aimed at scholars and the general public, not SF fans. And as such, I feel it should have described the history and background of fanzines to a much clearer extent in the beginning of the book. A page or two from Bob Tucker's *THE NEO-FAN'S GUIDE TO FANDOM* describing the beginnings of fandom in general and of fanzines in particular would have been much clearer to the SF-layman than Dr. Wertham's generalities. I found it hard to visualize what a fanzine really is from Dr. Wertham's descriptions until about halfway through the book. An introductory chapter should have described the contents, appearance, method of reproduction, and other characteristics of typical fanzines as well as the history of fanzines in a concise, logical manner.

Secondly, Dr. Wertham makes few distinctions between SF and comics fanzines. I can understand the reasoning behind this, for most fanzines are produced in essentially the same manner, have similar types of articles, and have similar aims, whether comics- or SF-oriented. However, since SF fans are generally not comics fans and since comics fans are generally not SF fans and since fanzines of the two fandoms generally are not seen by the opposite fandom as a whole, I think there is a distinction between the two. After all, SF fans do read SF and comics fans do read comics and there is a distinct difference in the intellectual levels of the two media. This is emphasized in the fact that the average age of comics fans is lower than SF fans. Nor does Dr. Wertham distinguish between the similar, but distinct fandoms and fanzines loosely classified as Star Trek, horror, SF & fantasy, film, Tolkien, and sword and sorcery, to name a few. Admittedly, the distinctions are sometimes unclear and the fandoms do overlap, but I think a true picture of fanzines would necessitate some attempt at classifying the types of fanzines, based on the type of fandom, in a clear manner. Once the differences and similarities in types of fanzines had been pointed out, the entire field of fanzines as a whole, and their similarities, could have been discussed with far greater clarity and understanding.

Perhaps Dr. Wertham did not see real differences between the types of fanzines since his contact with the overall aspects of the fandoms (such as conventions and clubs) has been minimal. But his status as an 'outside observer' does allow him to draw some interesting conclusions about fanzines that we who are too close to the subject might never draw. Dr. Wertham's best moments come when he discusses the whats, whys, and whos of fanzines and when he tries to determine the significance of fanzines. Even here I felt his treatment was too superficial. He asks "Who are the fanzine fans?" but he never made a statistical analysis of fanzine editors. Just who are they anyway? What is their age, occupation, goal in life? Which brings me to the crucial, only partially answered question, "Why fanzines?" What makes a bunch of people who read SF join together in the first place in a loose, unorganized group unlike any other people with a hobby? A mixed up group with diverse backgrounds, educations, and occupations, aged 8 to 80, from all over the entire world - why? And many of us publish fanzines, even though we lose money, time, and energy. Why? Dr. Wertham has partially answered this: communication. We want to communicate with each other. Yet he doesn't take the question and answers far enough. Why do we want to communicate? Why aren't we able to communicate through regular channels provided in the mundane world? Why do we want egoboo? Why do people gaffiate? Why do fans publish a few issues of a fanzine and then never are heard from again? Why does Dick Geis keep publishing reincarnations of Psychotic?

So while I feel that Dr. Wertham has made a good start, I definitely was disappointed at the total impact of the book. Dr. Wertham's initial description of fanzine content and the SF and comics fields is superficial. His final chapters are quite good, but don't cover the material completely. There are minor mistakes (like mixing SF and comics slang terms together, listing a number of fanzines by location without giving complete addresses or analyzing them by location, and mentioning the anti- pornography, and drug abuse material in fanzines without mentioning any of the pro- material), but there are also good insights. I hope someone will do a truly analytical study of fanzines and probe more deeply into the whys, rather than just describing the results.

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LOCUS (Charles and Dena Brown, Box 3938, San Francisco, Calif. 94119, 18/\$6.00 in North America; 18/3.00 pounds in England from Peter Weston, 72 Beeches Dr., Erdington, Birmingham 24, U.K.; 18/\$8.00 (in equivalent funds) in continental Europe from Michel Feron, Grand Place 7, B-4280 Hannut, Belgium; 18/A\$6.00 in Australia from Robin Johnson, Box 4039, Melbourne, Vic 3001, Australia; individually mailed copies are 18/\$10.00 anywhere in the world, money should be mailed directed to the Browns).

Due to various production problems (most notably that Dena, who does most of the work, is going back to school) the once bi-weekly incredibly-on-time newszine has now gone to less frequent production. The Browns have also eliminated much of the fan news and concentrated on presenting market reports, book news, and pro news, which might be of more interest to pros than fans. But it is still the best, most consistently published of the newszines. People news, convention listings, and general SF news make it invaluable to me. If you haven't seen a copy, I suggest you subscribe and see if it provides the news information you may want.

CONTACT (Newsletter of the Philadlepiia in '77 Bidding Committee; Ted Pauls, 821 E. 33rd Street, Baltimore, Md. 21218; \$1.00/10)

This monthly newsletter might serve your purpose if you are interested only in fan and convention news; its about half the size and a lot cheaper than LOCUS and carries much of the news that LOCUS now ignores. But it doesn't carry the pro and book news that LOCUS does. A typical issue contains con reports, a long list of conventions, people news, news of Worldcon politics, and so on. Valuable, but not frequent enough.

ORGANLEGGER (Mike Glycer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, Calif. 91342; 25¢ each, 7/\$1, 14/\$2.00; free for locs, news, or trades)

It seems as though if you combined LOCUS, ORGANLEGGER, and CONTACT you'd cover all the news of fandom. But unfortunately these are all separate zines and to keep in touch with what is going on one would need all three. ORGANLEGGER covers yet another aspect of fandom, controversy. The latest issues have presented various aspects of the Milt Stevens/Andy Porter hassling over the veracity of the L.A.CON financial report, information of the Nasfic, and the latest on the NESFA hangings/Trimbles/Don Davis mess. It seems to me ORGANLEGGER fulfills a real need to get all the facts straight and to present a forum for communication. The financial report and NESFA hanging controversies both appear to be the result of poor communication between the various parties. The interested fan who hears about these goings on may hear one, both, or none of the various sides and end up totally confused or totally convinced of the veracity of one set of facts. Without a forum to clear up the misunderstandings, the controversies tend to go on and on, expand, and create lifelong feuds. By allowing opinion to be discussed as well as news, ORGANLEGGER has made a considerable contribution to clearing the air, and I hope Mike continues to publish it. This is basically a people news and fan politics newszine.

PREHENSILE 10 (Mike Glycer, as above, 50¢, or contribution). One of the last surviving genzines, PRE is nicely offset on cheerful yellow paper. Interesting material ranging from a sercon Cy Chauvin article attempting to define SF to Jerry Pournelle's rational explanation of what he expects conventions to do for authors to book and movie reviews, to an extremely good lettercol which includes Charlie Brown's explanation of LOCUS finances. Recommended.

KWALHIOQUA 10 (Ed Cagle, Route 1, Leon, Kansas 67074; 50¢, locs, trades, contribs.) Typical example of what I'd call a small, general zine. 21p of uninteresting editorial, interesting articles by John Bangsund and Jodie Offut, letters, and miscellanea. Generally dull with a few good pieces, like the Offut article thisish.

SMALL PRESS REVIEW (Len Fulton, 5218 Scottwood Rd., Paradise, Calif. 95969; \$1.00; \$5.00/year) Interesting look at small press magazines (fanzines could be considered a part of the small press); Issue no. 1, vol. 5 contains an article by Albert Drake on fanzines as well as a survey of film magazines, a comix review, an ethical code for little magazines, and other articles of interest. Interesting for a look through, but I wouldn't get a year's subscription.

ALGOL 20 (Andy Porter, P. O. Box 4175, N.Y., N.Y. 10017; 80¢, 6/\$4.00; Make checks payable to Andy; twice yearly) The best in sercon articles done with impeccable offset repro, professional binding, photos, and justified margins. Next issue will feature ads, a circulation of over 2000, and some bookstore sales. Its great, Andy, but is it a fanzine? Highly recommended for those of you who like to read about science fiction.

THE ALIEN CRITIC 6 (Dick Geis, Box 11408, Portland, Oreg. 97211; \$4/year in the U.S.; \$4.50 (U.S.) in Canada; \$3.15/year Australian to John Foyster, 6 Clowes St., South Yarra, Victoria, Australia 3141; 1.98 pounds/year in U.K. to Wm. Dawson & Sons, Ltd., Cannon House, Folkstone, Kent, U. K.; other foreign \$4.50/year.

You can't convince me its not SF Review. Remember Ted White's "The Trenchant Bludgeon" and those lettercols with Bloch, Asimov, Rotsler, Panshin, Silverberg, Dick, Coney, and Lowndes? At least Geis admits its not a fanzine any more; in fact, he wants to make his living from it! If you liked SFR, you'll like this. Serious articles, controversy, book reviews.

WOODEN NICKEL (Arnie Katz, 59 Livingston St., Apt. 6B, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11201; letter). The true personalzine - 2 mimeoed pages of personal ramblings with an occasional rambling from some letter writer. Occasionally humorous. Arnie's talking about putting out another newszine; I wish he'd bring back FOCAL POINT which is one of my all-time favorites for good writing. And Joyce, where are you?

BY OWL LIGHT (Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave., S. W., Seattle, Wash., 98166; apa-zine) Personalzine; enjoyable chatter about Frank's life.

KYBEN (Jeff Smith, 4102-301 Potter St., Baltimore, Md. 21229; 35¢, 3/\$1.00) Enjoyable natterings including a hilarious funny phone conversation Jeff had with a wrong number, assorted operators, and a recording. Rolling Stone review, Darrell Schweitzer article, good book reviews, and letters round out this 24-pager.



GODLESS (Sp4 Bruce D. Arthurs, 527-98-3103, 57th Trans Co., Fort Lee, Va. 23801; the usual or 35¢; irregular). Dull-good editorial, reviews, letters.

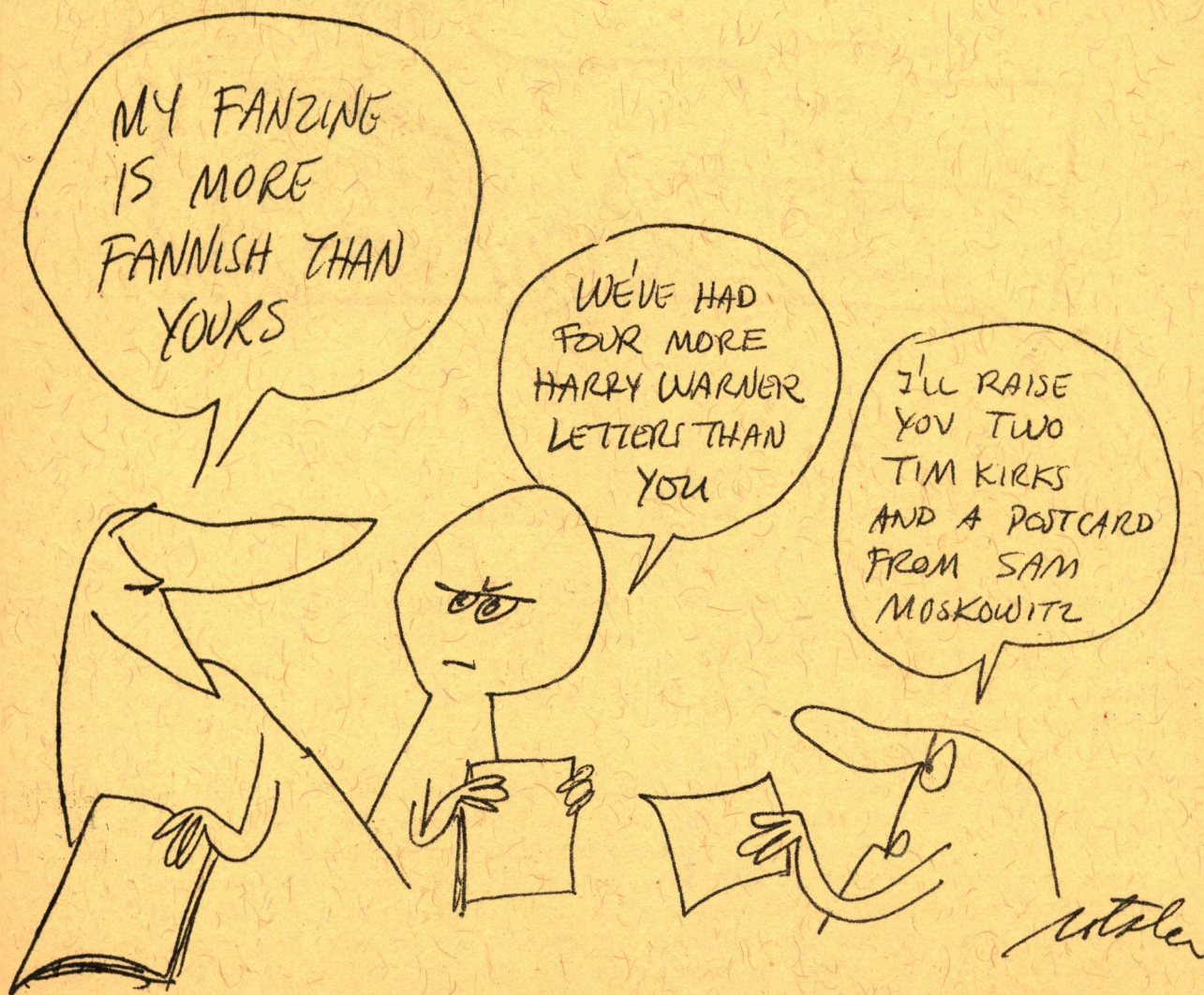
MASIFORM D (Devra Langsam, 250 Crown St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11225; usual, 50¢; 2/\$1.00) About the best Star Trek-zine with nice artwork, spotty repro (needs more ink), poems, very good ST fiction, a ST puzzle, and a very good transcription of a fan writing panel (with Sherna Burley, Debbie and Devra Langsam, Joyce Yasner, and a cast of hundreds). Enjoyable.

SF COMMENTARY (Bruce Gillespie, GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia) To my mind, the best of the serconzines, as proved by the huge (145 p.) issue (no. 35-37). No artwork, spotty mimeo in places, but excellent writing featuring some of the top pros and fans. Recent issues have tended to concentrate on one author, and this biggie concentrates on Stanislaw Lem with lots of very good letters and Bruce's good editorial. Issue 39 published here in America is just out; its short and sweet, consisting of reviews (including an excellent one on THE FIFTH HEAD OF CERBERUS by Gene Wolfe) and Bruce's comments on his trip. Highly recommended.

SF ECHO (MOEBIUS TRIP LIBRARY) (Edward C. Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, Ill. 61604; 75¢ prior to publication, \$1.50 afterwards). Unbelievable, this is really a book! Because Ed had difficulty convincing the post office his fanzine could be sent book rate, he bound his issue as a book - its 224 pages and is the size of a paperback. Really, wouldn't it have been easier to take the zine to a different post office or to the head of the p.o.? Aside from the uniqueness of the size, its a typical mimeoed fanzine with lots of good articles including a Walt Liebscher humorous piece, a good article on Russian SF, interviews with Paul Walker and Ben Indick, fanzine and book reviews, and the like. Well written and interesting material.

FILM INDEX (John Howard Reid, 2E Mosman St., Mosman Bay, Australia 2088; \$10/12) John is attempting to run an index of most major films, listing cast, screen credits, notes, and critical review remarks for each film. Its well done, lithoed professionally, and contains photographs too. Unfortunately, each issue is only about 18 pages long, so it has taken him 16 issues to go from Aa to An in his listing. By the time he hits the film "Z" in 1984 he will have to start all over again. For the real film fan.

ZIMRI (Lisa Conesa, 54 Manley Rd., Whalley Range, Manchester M16 8HP, Lancashire, ENGLAND; usual or 20p/copy, 3/50p) This is the best English zine I've seen since SPECULATION disappeared. Though 11x14, it actually has artwork; contents include poetry, book reviews, fanzine reviews, and locs. General material adequate writing. I enjoyed it though.

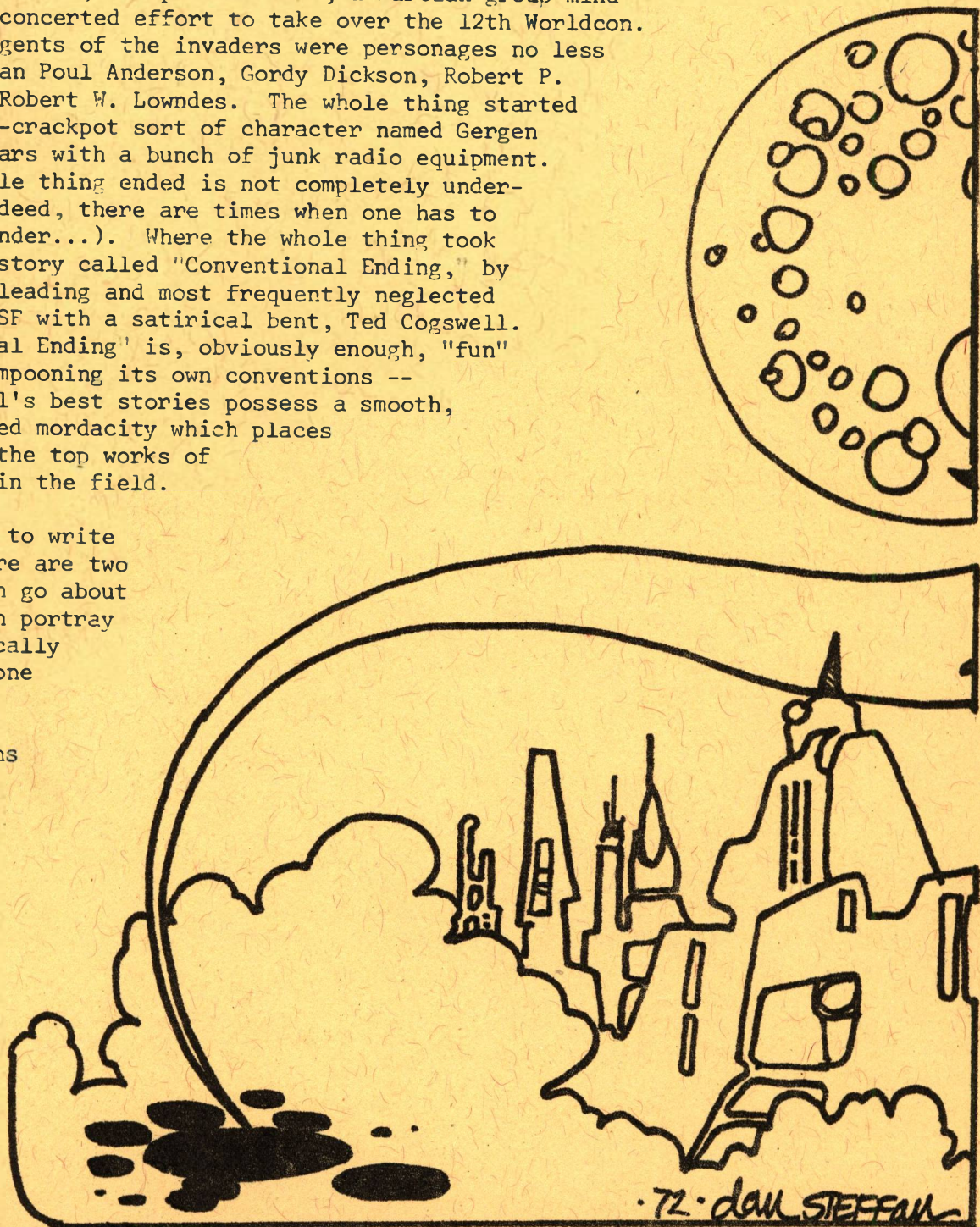


IMAGINATION BOOKSHELF

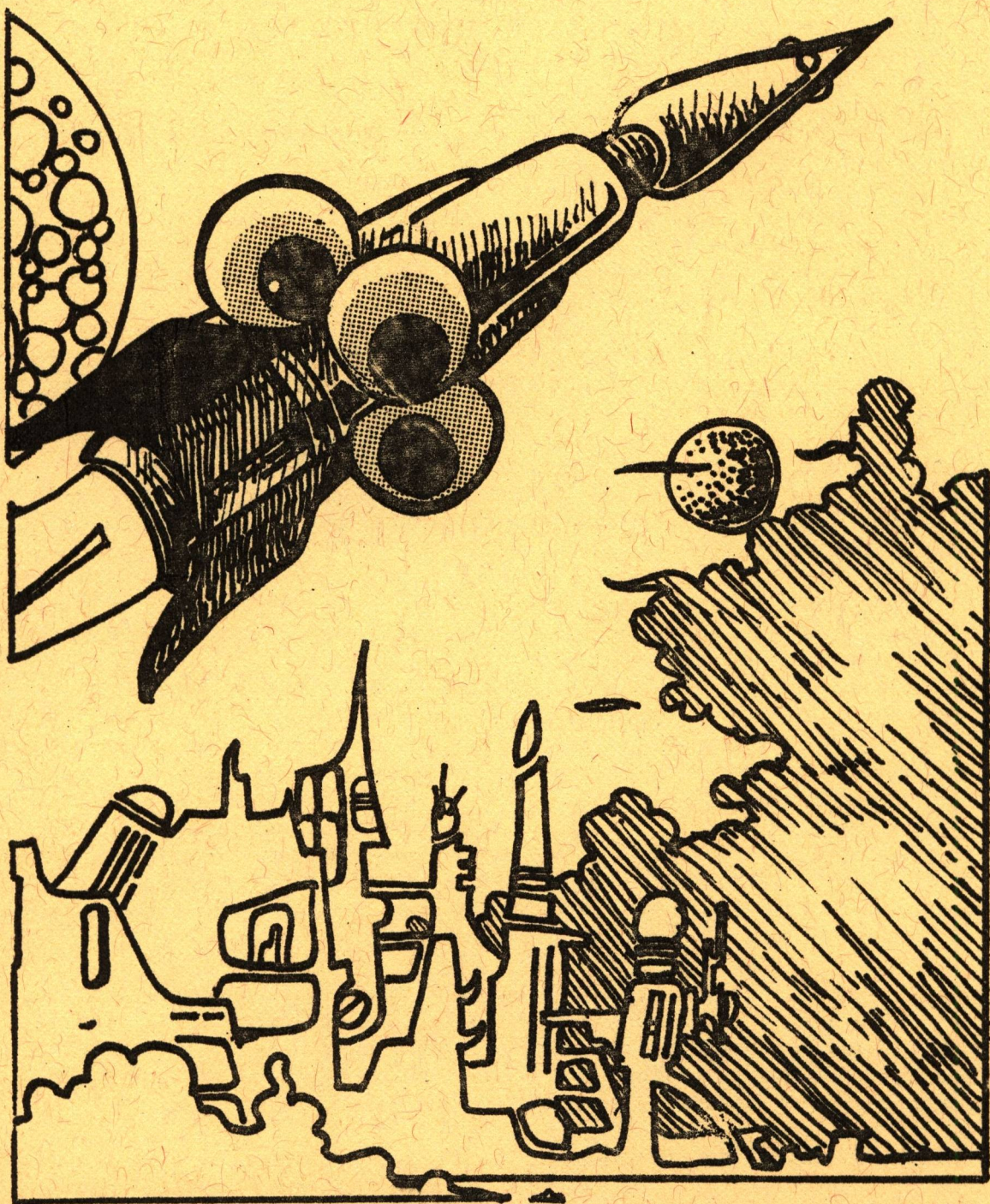
RETROSPECT: THE COGSWELLIAN UNIVERSE by John M. Curlovich

It may be indicative of the degree to which the history and traditions of fandom are being ignored that virtually no one remembers how, in April of 1954, a Martian group-mind launched a concerted effort to take over the 12th Worldcon. Among the agents of the invaders were personages no less imposing than Poul Anderson, Gordy Dickson, Robert P. Mills, and Robert W. Lowndes. The whole thing started when a semi-crackpot sort of character named Gergen contacted Mars with a bunch of junk radio equipment. How the whole thing ended is not completely understood. (Indeed, there are times when one has to stop and wonder...). Where the whole thing took place is a story called "Conventional Ending," by one of the leading and most frequently neglected writers of SF with a satirical bent, Ted Cogswell. "Conventional Ending" is, obviously enough, "fun" SF -- SF lampooning its own conventions -- but Cogswell's best stories possess a smooth, well-polished mordacity which places them among the top works of their kind in the field.

If you want to write satire, there are two ways you can go about it. You can portray man as basically good but prone to various follies and imperfections and so on.



Or you can show mankind to be corrupt, a pack of morons and hypocrites who strive valiantly to prevent any change which might force them to behave more responsibly. Few, usually just one, of the characters in this sort of story are in any real sense admirable, and hence they win the reader's sympathy almost automatically. Cogswell offers morons and hypocrites aplenty. His stories are filled to overflowing with confidence men, political scientists, industrialists, aunts, militarists, high school athletes, and unsavory types of every other description. To make matters worse, they all seem to have names like Flugnet, Whutzle, Thwiskumb, Schninkle, and Blotz. Somehow though, even Cogswell's sympathetic characters are a bit less savory than one might wish. There is "Machine Record," for instance, about the mad scientist,



Arnspiegle (yes, he has a beautiful daughter), who threatens to destroy the world unless everyone complies with his wishes, but who can't get anyone to pay attention to him. It seems that in the last 6 months, 14 major nations have also made the same threat. So, sad and a bit disillusioned, he retreats to his lab to work on a more constructive way of commanding the world's attention. The frustration poor Arnspiegle feels is universal; but so are his motivations. Rumor has it that just such universals as these are the makings of art.

Cogswell's vision is of the absurd. The universe, he suggests, is a vast absurdity; and man's efforts to create a lasting, worthwhile civilization, foredoomed by his own nature, are the greatest single absurdity within it. His characters are grotesques. They are bizarre in meaningful and recognizable ways, and are viewed with amusement and occasional affection, but never contempt: Mervyn Peake shot through with S. J. Perelman. If the stories convey a sense of belief in anything at all, it is in a sort of Cosmic Justice. Things nearly always turn out well; the bad guys find their worlds collapsing about them. Never mind that it happens, often as not, by sheerest accident. Just hope that things work out better next time around.

Typical of all this is "No Gun to the Victor," a rather grim story about juvenile violence which begins by presenting a new definition of consumer:

a person who destroys, uses up, or wastes industrial production in order to control the size of the population and make possible the full employment that is necessary for a healthy economy... any person under twenty-one.

It seems that to keep the economy -- and the war factories which are its mainstay -- on its feet, it has become necessary to "condition" every teenager in the country into living in a constant state of semi-organized warfare with all the others. This system is fostered in both home and school, and it is, of course, actively promoted by the federal government. No one worries about it too much because, after all, it is the duty of everyone, kids certainly included, to support the country. Most of the kids are driven into a state not far from catatonia, but don't let that bother you; when they turn 21 they will be reconditioned.

The hero of the story is a boy named Alan. Like most of Cogswell's heroes, he is intelligent, sensitive, a bit ingenuous, and a bit too trusting. In an uncanny foreshadowing of things to come, he is described at one point as a "clockwork mannequin." He suspects -- or more accurately feels -- that there is something wrong with the way he is living, but he isn't quite sure what to do about it. The story follows him through a typical day: He goes out to fetch the mail, under machine gun fire from the Higgins kid across the street. He talks with his guardians, an aunt and uncle (we never learn what happened to his parents, but it's not hard to guess), who are concerned that he isn't as good a consumer as he might be. And he plays in the big game with North, a game which is carried on with machine guns, tanks, mortars, and hand grenades. (Alan received two sample grenades of a new type in the mail that morning, and he is excited by the prospect that they might be especially destructive.)

There is material for mordant satire here, and Cogswell makes full use of it, baring the most smug and petty kind of viciousness in the adults in the story. As Alan is leaving for the big game, for example, his aunt gives him a warning: "If you get a hit tonight, mind that you see that they do a proper job of patching you up at the aid station. I don't want my sheets all messed up like last time."

At the stadium, Coach Blauman lets off steam to a sympathetic reporter: "That damn PTA...I go to them and ask for four mortars, four stinking mortars, and all I get

is the brush-off. Three thousand bucks they got salted away, and it's all going for new body armor for the band. I say, 'What's the use of having a pretty band when the team's so hard up for equipment that a bunch of sandlot grade school players could knock them over.' So old Stevens gives me the fish eye and throws me a line about how it ain't whether you win or lose but how you play the game."

"Don't let it get you down, Blauman," said the reporter. "Think of all the character you're building."

The description of the game itself is a brilliantly sustained bit of madness. To wit: "Alan was halfway to the hastily dug trenches that marked his team's position when a mortar shell exploded forty feet away and knocked him off his feet. There was a sudden outraged blast from the referee's siren, and then the enemy captain bobbed out of his foxhole. 'Sorry, sir,' he yelled. 'One of my mortar crews was sighting in and accidentally let off a round.' The referee wasn't impressed. 'That'll cost you exactly twenty yards,' he said."

Things continue this way until, almost by accident, every kid in the arena becomes deconditioned. A bit sad and a bit horrified at the world they've been living in, they begin making plans to dispose of all their weapons. There is no contemplation of vengeance against their elders, just an implicit desire to do a lot better.

Cogswell's most affecting hero is a 3'4", 36 pound, bashful, nearsighted reptile. He is His Malignancy, Count Thwilbert Whutzle, Hereditary Warlord of Hun, and he is the protagonist of the best piece of fun SF ever written, "A Spudget for Thwilbert." The story opens with Herman Panzel and Reuban Arnot, two petty con men, bemoaning the facts that (a) no good marks have drifted their way of late, and (b) they have somehow gotten stuck with a factory which manufactures SQUIGGLES, The Breakfast Food of Supermen, which not only snaps, crackles, and pops -- it also wiggles while you eat it, and which are also UNFIT FOR HUMANOID CONSUMPTION. SQUIGGLES, alas, are not selling very well, mostly because their principal competitor offers a more attractive premium: SNERPSES is giving away bombs. At this point, as if in response to the decree of a Divinity, Thwilbert comes stumbling into the lives of the pair. He has come in answer to an ad which explains how H.P. of Arcturus made 400 univs his first day without any previous experience. The Warlord biz, Thwilbert says, has not been kind to him ("Nobody ever has wars on Hun."), and he wants to try his hand at being a galactic trader. Unfortunately, all he has to trade -- and all there is on Hun which is not food or people -- is spudget eggs. (A spudget is a dwarf huxle.) To Panzel and Arnot, all this seems too good to be true, and before he knows what's happening, Thwilbert has handed over his money, his cargo of spudgets, and a first mortgage on his spaceship to boot.

It is the cargo of spudget eggs which particularly delights the thieves. Spudgets are cute, they sing beautifully, and they love children. They seem to be just the kind of premium that might turn SQUIGGLES into a going concern. Needless to say, things do not work out as planned; the spudgets do not remain dwarves very long. And not much later, the swindlers find themselves penniless, hiding out on a dingy planet somewhere in the far reaches of the galaxy, and greedily eyeing an ad which tells how T.W. of Hun made 150 univs in his first half hour on the job.

Pained thoughts, someone wrote, often find the honey of peace in old poems. Surely, this brilliant vision of Cogswellian justice must accomplish something similar. After all, if things can work out so well for a poor little guy like Thwilbert, then you and I certainly have a chance at finding success and contentment.

"A Spudget for Thwilbert" is at once typical Cogswell and archetypical SF-for-the-heck-of-it. The ingenuous hero, the corrupt antagonists, the cynicism -- all are elements

which occur again and again in Cogswell's stories. The villains, particularly, ring a bell. Their prime interest is in manipulating the people around them for their own ends. They share this with, for example, the adults in "No Gun to the Victor," and, for that matter, with the preponderance of people in most of Cogswell's tales. Meddling with the lives of others is the greatest sin in Cogswell's universe; Thou Shalt Not Hassle. Moreover, "Thwilbert" is a remarkable precursor of at least one much better known piece of fun SF. Both stories deal with galactic traders and the curious creatures they deal in, and both have mock-ecological themes about the dangers of removing seemingly harmless beasts from their native habitats. It is edifying to note, however, that Cogswell has thus far had the dignity not to manufacture artificial spudgets and sell them at a profit to con attendees.

Perhaps the most effective way of revealing the absurdity and grotesquerie of human society is simply to portray people as they are, with little or no exaggeration for comic effect -- emphasizing irony rather than comedy in one's satire. That Ted Cogswell wrote several masterful stories of this more subtle type only strengthens the claim that he is one of the finest satirists SF ever produced. He wrote, for instance, a short but quite carefully wrought story called "The Cabbage Patch." It is at once a strange, disturbing, psychosexual glimpse of an alien culture and a curiously sympathetic portrait of a young girl awakening to the pain and horror of life in a grown-up world, a world which seems more alien to her than hers does to us. And all of the qualities which make "The Cabbage Patch" a good story -- sympathy, feeling, insight, and of course strong irony -- operate to make Cogswell's best short story, "The Wall Around the World," a great one.

"The Wall that went all the way round the World had always been there, so nobody paid much attention to it -- except Porgie.

Porgie was going to find out what was on the other side of it -- assuming there was another side -- or break his neck trying. He was going on fourteen, an age that tends to view the word impossible as a meaningless term invented by adults for their own peculiar purposes. But he recognized that there were certain practical difficulties involved in scaling a glassy smooth surface that rose over a thousand feet straight up. That's why he spent a lot of time watching the eagles."



Thus, in five economical sentences, the framework is set for a brilliantly executed study of persecution and freedom.

Porgie's world -- the world within the Wall -- is one where the rules of sorcery are in force as rigidly as the laws of physics in our own. (What has become something of a cliché in fantasy novels is used for quite a different purpose here; "Wall" is one of the earliest stories, perhaps the very first, to deal with forced evolution and problem solving -- mankind pulling itself up the evolutionary scale by its own bootstraps.) Young Porgie Mills is not happy in that world, though; he is flunking Alchemy and

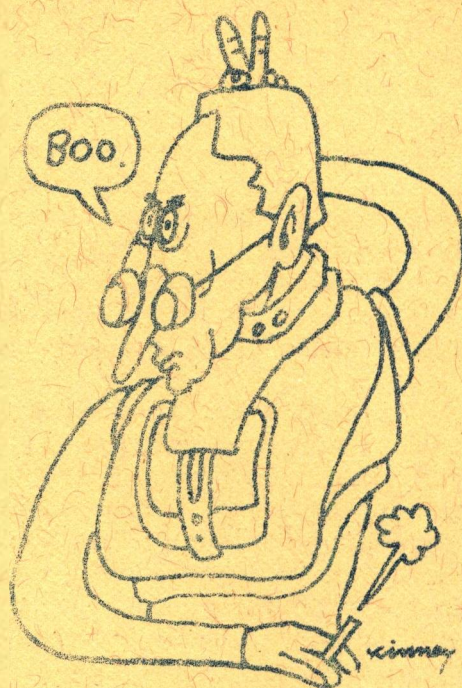
can just barely concentrate on Practical Astrology. The Wall that surrounds everything fascinates him, and he can think of little else. How might one reach the top? The best broomsticks will fly only halfway up its face, and levitation is even less effective. The only way to do it seems to be to build a machine of some sort, and people take dim, sometimes hostile views of machines and those who build them.

Cogswell is treading familiar thematic ground here. His story is about dogmatism, meddling in the most intimate way possible, meddling with thought. Porgie is discouraged from his plans by nearly everyone: his playmates, his aunt and uncle (his father is said to have found a way over the Wall himself, many years ago), and old Mr. Wickens, the schoolmaster. All are both bizarre and utterly believable in their orthodoxy. Porgie is forced to work alone, in secret, by night to create...a glider. A machine to carry him into the air

like the birds; to, he hopes, a freer world beyond the Wall. Like the other characters, Porgie has a universal quality about him. As he carefully reasons the kind of structure that will give his machine the most stability in flight, and as he slowly pieces together the rudiments of aerodynamics, he wins our sympathy as few characters can. And when he finally leaps into the air and reaches freedom at the Wall's top, our hearts go out to him as they seldom do to Lear or Macbeth. "The Wall Around the World" is, ultimately, a retelling of the myth of Daedalus, a lyric tribute to man's higher passions, and to his inventiveness. It is a Song of Ourselves, a clear and moving statement about those things in man which indicate that there is, after all, a chance that we might make a worthwhile and lasting mark upon the universe. All of the satire implicit in the story remains carefully under check, subordinate to the story's theme.

Which brings us to Cogswell's finest work, the carefully structured and flawlessly written novella, "The Specter General." The principal structural device is an old and still effective one, the double plot. Two different sets of characters in situations and events which are not directly related to each other act in two separate and complete plots, even though the two become entwined in the latter parts of the tale. Each half of the novella takes on more depth and significance as it is viewed through the events in the other half, by a kind of compare-and-contrast process. The result is a work much more insightful than a similar story with a conventional plot and structure. (The range and flexibility of double plot structure is attested to by works as widely disparate as MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING and CHILDHOOD'S END.) The style of the novella is standard Cogswellian, with polished, sardonic views of both characters and events; but the tone is more subtle, as befits the themes being treated.

The 427th Light Maintenance Battalion of the Imperial Space Marines were stranded on an outpost planet 500 years ago, at a time when, unbeknownst to them, the Empire disintegrated. Their descendants' lives are not easy; although their progenitors were stranded with a vast store of technical knowledge, they had few things of practical use in establishing a stable life style. There was no farming machinery; the strongest



men are put into harnesses and made to pull plows. To help insure survival, the Battalion has modeled its social order on one which had an absolute genius for scratching a living out of hostile earth -- that of the American Indian. While this has great practical value, it also has a rather absurd aspect, and Cogswell has a great deal of fun playing with the elements of a society of sophisticated engineers who are caparisoned in war bonnets, breechclouts, and tomahawks, and who are forced to organize hunting parties to survive. The principal activity of the Battalion is the conducting of tech schools in which the technical knowledge which is the Battalion's legacy may be passed from each generation to the next. This important practice continues even though the Battalion has few machines of its own, and most of its members would have difficulty recognizing any piece of apparatus they might happen upon. The current Commanding Officer is a colonel named Harris who is intelligent, responsible, sensitive -- everything, in short, that one might expect in a good C.O.

One of the colonel's problems concerns Sergeant Kurt Dixon, the story's hero. He is teenaged, ingenuous, reflective, and a bit impetuous. He has just made a foray into a forbidden area north of the base and discovered that the land to the north is one of plenty. By moving a few miles, the Battalion could assure itself of a life of ease virtually forever. This would not at first glance seem to be a problem; but to Harris it is a grave one. He explains -- to Kurt's surprise -- that he knows all about the forbidden lands (he has even visited them) but he cannot move the Battalion. An easy life would quickly wear away the spirit that holds the people together; this cannot be permitted. Kurt is soundly chewed out for venturing off limits and ordered not to repeat his story. Then, to his astonishment, he is given a promotion. Such enterprising men make good leaders.

Meanwhile, Colonel Blick, Harris' executive officer, is trying to win control of the Battalion. His aim is to do away with what he regards as pointless traditions: Why waste the time of children by teaching them about devices they will never see? They would be better employed on hunting and farming details. Blick does not worry Harris, for Harris has an ace in the hole. Once a year, as has every C.O. before him, Harris pulls an old suit of powered space armor out of hiding, crawls into it, and makes a public appearance as the "Inspector General." The I.G. stays around just long enough to make certain that everybody understands just how the Emperor expects them to behave; then he goes off to complete his tour of inspection. The I.G. is a brilliant sociological tool, the perfect way of solidifying behavior patterns in a stable society. Echoes of Shakespeare's "significant nothings" spring quickly to mind.

Another civilization in another part of the galaxy, the Protectorate, which succeeded the old Empire, is currently falling apart. The technological wherewithal to administer a system of galactic proportions is missing. One character summarizes the situation nicely:

"...as long as you have a situation where technicians are sent to the uranium mines for making mistakes, it's going to be an unpopular vocation. And as long as the Lord Protector of the moment is afraid that Number Two, Number Three, and so on have ideas about grabbing his job -- which they generally do -- he's going to keep his fleet as strong as possible and their fleets so weak they aren't dangerous. The best way to do that is to grab techs. If most of the base's ships are sitting around awaiting repair, the commander won't be able to do much about any ambitions he may have. Add that to the...fact that our whole technology has been on a downward spiral for the last three hundred years...

A Roman Empire in the sky. The Protectorate is a pure Cogswellian hell, a rat race in which everyone constantly harasses everyone else as a matter of simple survival.

Conrad Krogson, commander of War Base Three, is far from happy with his lot in life. In addition to the usual headaches and troubles, General Carr, the Lord Protector's former number two man, has disappeared and is rumored to be readying an attempt to seize power: another phantom general, this one only serving to generate further instability in his culture. The Lord Protector is upset about the rumors and has ordered the military to find General Carr and crush him. The military, after an appropriate amount of buck-passing, boils down to Krogson's fleet. So a search is begun.

The contrasts between the Battalion and the Protectorate are many, and they are carefully developed in the story. Among the most significant are: stable versus unstable social order; order vs. chaos; pastoral vs. urban life; and pure theoretical knowledge vs. mindless, ill-controlled technology. As a more specific example, compare the "punishment" Kurt receives after displaying some initiative (i.e., his promotion) with the fate that would probably be met by someone displaying similar initiative in the Protectorate (shipment to the mines). So when the two cultures meet -- or rather when a Flight Officer named Ozaki encounters an apparent technical genius named Kurt Dixon -- the stage is set for a strange confrontation. Events progress quickly and Cogswell dishes up a number of interesting problems for us to ponder. Thus far, the story has had strong resemblances to the short version of "A Canticle for Leibowitz," through its concluding chapters, it takes on overtones of Murray Leinster's "First Contact," for the concern is with the logistic, sociological, and philosophical problems arising from the interface of widely dissimilar cultures. The resolution lies in a marriage of the two, and the climax of the tale is a brilliant reaffirmation of the value of knowledge and learning -- one of the themes that made SF great.

In his fairly brief professional career (most of his stories appeared during the first half of the 1950's) Ted Cogswell produced some of the most stimulating and entertaining SF ever written. Evolutionary supermen, time travel and the attendant paradoxes, psionics -- these and nearly every other stock theme in the genre were treated in succinct, incisive, witty stories. And his satiric stories are among the finest ever done. It just may be indicative of the degree to which the history and traditions of SF are being ignored that not a great many people remember them.

A BEAST OF A STORY: DEAN R. KOONTZ'S "BEASTCHILD" by Cy Chauvin

Every year, the fateful time approaches when scores of good little fen shuffle down to the nearest mailbox, their beanie caps whirling, and sent in their ballots to determine who shall get on the Lucky List. And every year, as the results are announced, I turn a sickly shade of green and I turn an even sicklier shade of purple as I read down the list.

"What?! I WILL FEAR ROBERT WILLIAMS NO MOORE got nominated???! Oh, good grief, it has to be a joke, it's not true, nobody in their right mind would nominate it. I betcha it's all those damn little neofans' fault."

And, just as inevitably, the worst of my wrath is reserved for the short fiction categories. While all the other categories are discussed, at least superficially the short fiction always tends to remain in a sort of mindless, neglected limbo. Oh, there are a few exceptions now and then, such as Harlan Ellison's controversial "The Region Between" and "A Boy and His Dog," and whether these stories are worth nominating or not, they will at least be discussed. But most aren't -- and the result is that many fine stories (especially by unknown writers) are passed over, and inferior ones are nominated in their place.

Dean R. Koontz's novella "Beastchild" (Venture, August 1970), which was nominated for a Hugo in 1971, is in the latter category, I'm afraid. It is a poor piece of fiction written by a writer who has produced much better material in the past. This, then, is the study of a failure, written in the hope that by pointing out the flaws in this story, failures such as it will be more easily recognizable in the future. I am not criticizing the people who thought "Beastchild" was worthy enough to nominate for a Hugo. It doesn't matter that much if a poor story is published, or even liked by a number of people; but it is something else again if a poor story is thought to be one of the best stories of the year.

Hank Stine, in SF REVIEW 33, called Dean R. Koontz a "new wave hack." I don't know how useful that term is; "new wave" is so vague that it means a different thing to nearly every person who says it; and "hack" only means that a writer writes for money more than he does for the sake of Art, and you could probably apply that to 80% of the SF writers. But perhaps Stine meant that Koontz is "new wave" in the sense that he isn't reworking the tired old space cadet routines of the 50's, but rather the more recent material developed in the 60's. Koontz may be a "hack," but he is a hack with pretensions. Robert Silverberg originally wrote solely for money, and then had a metamorphosis; perhaps some time in the distant future Koontz will go through a similar transformation.

"Beastchild" itself is set on a war-ravished earth. The naoli, an alien race, have invaded and nearly exterminated mankind. But the story focuses not on the war but on its aftermath -- as one might expect if Koontz is following "new wave" rather than "old wave" traditions. The main character in the novella is Hulann, a naoli archaeologist with the occupation forces who has some hidden guilt feelings about the war.

Hulann is in charge of an archaeological team excavating the ruins of Boston when the story opens. He has been contacted by the naoli Propaganda Department and told that he has an abnormally high "guilt index," and is ordered to make an appointment with the chief traumatist immediately.

Already, within the first few pages of the story, numerous tired concepts and cliches occur. The medium the Propaganda Dept. uses to contact Hulann, for instance, is called the Phasersystem, a StarTrekish term. Hulann is also revealed to have an "overmind" which he can detach from his conscious mind at will, reminiscent of STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, as well as many other stories. None of this would matter if Koontz used this material in an original way, but he doesn't. Nor does Koontz make Hulann into a real, believable alien. Part of the reason for this flaw is that Koontz has made the mistake of focusing the story on Hulann. Aliens, to remain truly alien, must be strange, mysterious, and enigmatic. It is impossible for an SF writer to create a truly "alien" thinker since the author is himself only human. So he either must make his aliens both alien and human (as in Ursula K. LeGuin's THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS), or disguise his alien's thinking so that none of the character's "humanness" shows through. But Koontz, by putting Hulann in the limelight and revealing all his thoughts and feelings, destroys whatever strangeness, mystery, and alienness Hulann may have. He becomes nothing more than a standard stock character stuck in a pair of alien green longjohns.

Later in the story is a scene in which Hulann digs into the rubble and discovers a Terran boy hiding in an underground room. But instead of turning in the boy to be destroyed, as would any normal patriotic naoli, Hulann decides to let him continue hiding in the ruins. Hulann's guilt about the war has now turned from a subconscious influence into a motive for action. It has been suggested that Hulann's guilt feelings about the naoli-human war parallels many people's guilt feelings about the Vietnam war. The revelation in the latter part of the story that the

"inhumaness" of (earth's) astronauts (who are bred to be emotionless) has caused the war has also been suggested as a "relevant" parallel with our present day society. I don't know if Koontz had either of these things in mind when he was writing the story, but they seem like rather narrow interpretations to me. The guilt feelings Hulann has could be felt in any war, in Vietnam or elsewhere, and the "inhumaness" of the present-day astronauts is certainly something that can be debated. "Relevance," or lack of it, does not in any case determine the true worth of a piece of fiction; craftsmanship, originality, etc., do.

In another scene in the novella, Hulann and Leo -- the Terran boy -- are forced to



steal a hovercar and escape from the naoli camp if they wish to stay alive. But while trying to escape from the naoli camp, Hulann finds it necessary to run over a naoli guard -- to kill him in order to prevent the guard from giving off an alarm which will set the other naoli after them.

This raises a contradiction: Hulann kills one person (of his own kind) to prevent the killing of another person (of a different race). How can Hulann be any more

justified in his actions than the other naoli? Koontz touches on this contradiction quite briefly -- in the space of a paragraph -- and then drops the idea. Yet, it is an important factor in the story, and could have been used to intensify Hulann's guilt. Koontz could have made Hulann realize that his actions were no more justifiable, "right," than those of his fellow naoli: the end never justifies the means. But Koontz simply fails to develop this theme, and instead emphasizes the story's action-adventure elements.

Another, related element in the story that could have been used to make Koontz's portrayal of Hulann's emotional conflict even more effective are the Hunters. The Hunters are the naoli supermen, taken from their brood holes at birth and genetically altered so that they possess little emotion, great strength, and superior senses. The purpose of these genetic alterations is to make the Hunters superior crimefighters -- so that they can track down fugitives from the law like Hulann and Leo.

Simplistically, Koontz pictures the Hunters as being all-evil, and the Terran astronauts who caused the war are equated with the Hunters, for the astronauts were also genetically altered for the job they had to perform, bred to feel little emotion, etc. Koontz makes quite clear that it is both the Hunters' and the astronauts' lack of ability to feel emotion that makes them evil. They have no humanity; and at the very end of the novella, Koontz even reveals that the Hunters are "soulless," even more an obvious indication of this fact. But Koontz never realizes the logical implications of his idea; after all, who make the Hunters soulless? Who took away their emotions, their humanity? Who did the same for the Terran astronauts?

The other naoli and terrans did; or, if one wants to attribute it symbolically to specific characters in the story, Hulann and Leo. By "shifting" the blame onto the Terran astronauts, and through implication perhaps the naoli Hunters, Koontz has attempted to make the terrans and the naoli "innocent," when they have obviously brought on the war themselves through their manipulation of other people's genetic makeup. Koontz could have used this idea to intensify Hulann's guilt even more: not only has his race nearly exterminated another, but they have also destroyed the humanity (really their "naolianity") of other members of their own race. The Terran astronauts and the Hunters are victims of circumstance, and Koontz's casting of them as evil villains only shows how superficial a story "Beastchild" is. Koontz could have made a far more effective statement if he had stressed the moral dilemma created by the possibility of genetic manipulation. Is it right to destroy another's "humanity" in order to make that individual more fit to serve society, keeping in mind that the individual will probably never feel that he is "lacking" something?

But "Beastchild" never explores any of this; it remains a simple action-adventure story with Good Guys and Bad Guys, and if examined any closer the poor writing and the cracks in the logic show. This is not a very good story, and I hope people will think twice in the future before nominating a story of similar quality for a Hugo.

ARTHUR C. CLARKE'S RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA by Angus Taylor

Mankind has always been fascinated by the unknown, and has looked toward the emptiness beyond its own confines with fear and hope, trembling and expectation. It has populated the void with all manner of creatures and spirits -- gods, angels, devils, and monsters. Today the planet is mapped and explored, and the realm of the unknown is outer space -- and, as always, inner space. The gods and monsters we expect and imagine are extraterrestrial beings. Mankind longs for what Robert Plank, in *THE EMOTIONAL SIGNIFICANCE OF IMAGINARY BEINGS*, calls "the epiphany of the humanoid."

Again and again SF has revealed to us gods and monsters from space. In his latest novel, Arthur C. Clarke -- not content with CHILDHOOD'S END -- has another go at it.

RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA is vintage Clarke, with the successes and failings of writing that implies. It is the story of man's first contact with alien civilization -- in the form of an enormous and mysterious starship which passes briefly through the solar system. The ship is a huge cylinder, dozens of kilometers in length, with a whole world constructed around its inner surface. I won't give away the story ending, partly because -- in typical Clarke fashion -- there isn't one. Clarke succeeds in capturing our imagination by refraining from doing what most other writers in his place would do. That is, he doesn't attempt to describe the indescribable. Most SF portrayals of aliens fail because they either make the aliens out to be all too human (as in the usual space opera), or else so nebulously alien and mysterious as to be beyond not merely adequate description but also beyond any reader sympathy or interest. (Some writers, like Clifford Simak, have a bash at both these strategies at once.) Clarke is a master here: he never lets us see his aliens, or know their purposes. RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA is an elaborate strip-tease, with the morality squad front row center to see that the curtain comes down just before our lady gets down to the bare facts.

Where Clarke is less than masterful is in his grasp of culture and politics. Clarke is one of those naive optimists -- like Buckminster Fuller -- who seems to think that if we just ignored the whole messy business of politics and got on with the job of building a better world, things would be a lot easier all around. When problems crop up it's the job of scientists to solve them; and to add excitement there's usually some cranky elderly scientist who's become too stuck in his ways to see the sweet light of reason as explained by his younger colleagues. "Politicians" are stereotypes who go around bellowing out speeches and threats -- the Ambassador from Here, the Delegate from There; there's absolutely no sense of their being connected to the peoples and cultures they claim to represent, no sense of social movements, of great issues, of teeming multitudes struggling to express themselves. In the solar system of the future, apparently, the masses of humans are much too reasonable -- or perhaps apathetic -- for that. Except for the Hermians (the settlers of Mercury), who are so unreasonable as to be quite unbelievable. They decide to H-bomb the alien ship -- the most exciting and valuable object ever to come within ken of the human race -- simply to liven up the plot a little. And all this nonsense in a kind of pre-World-War-One political atmosphere, where the planets (or moons) of the solar system are squabbling sovereign nation-states. The planet Earth is apparently united into one big happy family, with one government for its billion people (effective birth control) -- but it has to get in there and push and shout on an equal basis with all the little colonized planets and moons with their tiny populations. (What we have here, Arthur, is a failure of the imagination.)

More objections: Clarke never explains why most of his characters have anglicized names -- though he does toss names like Boris Rodrigo and Ravi McAndrews at us on occasion, just to remind us that he does in fact realize, even if rather vaguely, that other cultures have existed on our globe and contributed something to the general mix. No one has any trouble understanding anyone else, so presumably everyone speaks English -- in fact, a not too unreasonable assumption, though Clarke might have attempted to justify this in some way. His intrepid explorers in the starship name the cities they find New York, Rome, London, Paris, and Moscow. Now really, Arthur, couldn't these representative of a world society have thrown in Shanghai or Tokyo or Buenos Aires or Sao Paulo or Bombay or Djakarta or Nairobi, if only for better geographical distribution?

One thing you have to give Clarke credit for -- he doesn't have a one-track mind. He thinks about sex as well. He's in favor of bigamy and women's liberation, it seems.

There are women crew members on the human spacecraft -- including a very competent medical officer, and a sergeant who knows how to take charge when an emergency situation arises during exploration of the alien ship. Clarke also thinks of things which NASA may never have considered: "One of the nicest things about weightlessness, he often thought, was that you could really hold someone all night, without cutting off the circulation." And if there is anything to be said against women in space, it has nothing to do with ~~any~~ lack of competence: "Some women, Commander Norton had decided long ago, should not be allowed aboard ship; weightlessness did things to their breasts that were too damn distracting. It was bad enough when they were motionless; but when they started to move, and sympathetic vibrations set in, it was more than any warm-blooded male should be asked to take. He was quite sure that at least one serious space accident had been caused by acute crew distraction after the transit of a well-upholstered lady officer through the control cabin."

When all is said and done, RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA is well worth your attention, primarily for the way Clarke handles the alien theme. He knows where to begin and where to end, and he can make the universe a wonderful place again, even for tired old SF readers.

A MICHAEL G. CONEY ISLAND OF THE MIND

By Don D'Amassa

Over the last five years, Michael G. Coney's name has become increasingly familiar to SF readers, although it was not until 1972 that his first published novel, MIRROR IMAGE, appeared. He has reportedly sold three others at this writing, however, so it is probably long overdue that a deep look was taken at his earlier work. Many of his stories have been published in England and are relatively inaccessible to American readers, but over a dozen have appeared in this country.

Coney is fond of the "gimmick" story, one in which a startling bit of information is dropped right at the end of the story. Unfortunately, he is often clumsy in execution, telegraphing his blow. For example, "The Sixth Sense," which appeared in the English VISION OF TOMORROW in 1969. The setting is a British holiday village - a setting with which the author is familiar; he manages a resort in Antigua - set in the apparently distant future. All humans have highly developed telepathy and no longer communicate by speech. During the unraveling of an adulterous affair among the guests, a young girl disappears. The search is unsuccessful until the manager, in some unexplained fashion, locates her. At the conclusion of the story we learn that he has freakishly retained his sense of hearing, which has atrophied in everyone else. The premise of the story is patently absurd. Loss of hearing would not be a survival characteristic no matter how telepathic mankind might become. And even if we granted that possibility, why would the vocal chords not also atrophy?

There is a second flaw. The wandering wife in the lovers' triangle has just become mysteriously reconciled to her husband when the young girl's absence is noted. After she is rescued, the manager notes that a crisis often has the effect of making people come to their senses. No other explanation for this reversal is offered. If Coney meant this to be the motivating force, then he has placed effect chronologically prior to cause.

In 1969, Coney's "Symbiote" was published in Carnell's NEW WRITINGS IN SF series. The story is a trifling piece rife with misunderstandings of fact. Coney implies that IQ designations are absolute rather than relative, and assumes that gross evolutionary change is possible "after a few centuries" with no genetic manipulation. The following year Coney published "The Troubleshooter" in IF, which was a routine problem story about cyborg breakdowns in spaceships. The solution hinges on the idea that organic

guidance systems pick up erroneous instructions because their telepathic sense is unable to distinguish between the pilot's waking and dreaming state. "Whatever Became of the McGowans?" from GALAXY is much better. A colonial family on the planet Jade is being slowly converted to fit into the ecological structure of the planet. The nature of that adaptation (they are changing into trees) is not very credible, but it is handled well.

"Discover a Latent Moses" also appeared in GALAXY that year, followed by its sequel "Snow Princess" in 1971. The two stories deal with a small group of humans living parasitically in the ruins of a small English town during the next ice age. Although the stories are well written, they also abound with anachronisms. Why did the glacierization leave most buildings intact? If the glaciers cover so much of the world, how can one of the survivors be old enough to remember the world before they came? How could the predatory Pads have mutated to telepathic intelligence from their apparently canine origins within the lifetime of a single man? How could man's eyesight have mutated within a single generation?

"Beneath Still Waters" was Coney's second appearance in IF, and a definite improvement. It concerns the embittered father of a mongoloid boy who agrees to host a visiting alien. The alien cures the boy and restores the father's faith in Good. Sentimental, but for the first time, Coney's writing rises above his subject matter. The character of Roger Streng is particularly well handled.

Perhaps Coney's best known story is the "Sharks of Pentreath" from GALAXY. Mankind has been split into three shifts. At any one time, two-thirds of humanity remains inactive, fed intravenously. To relieve boredom, they may tour the world via robot transmitters. The central character runs a gift shop in Pentreath and ruthlessly vies for the tourist trade. The story has yet another gimmick ending, but leaves a powerful afterimage in the reader's mind. The story is superior to Philip Farmer's recent treatment of the same concept.

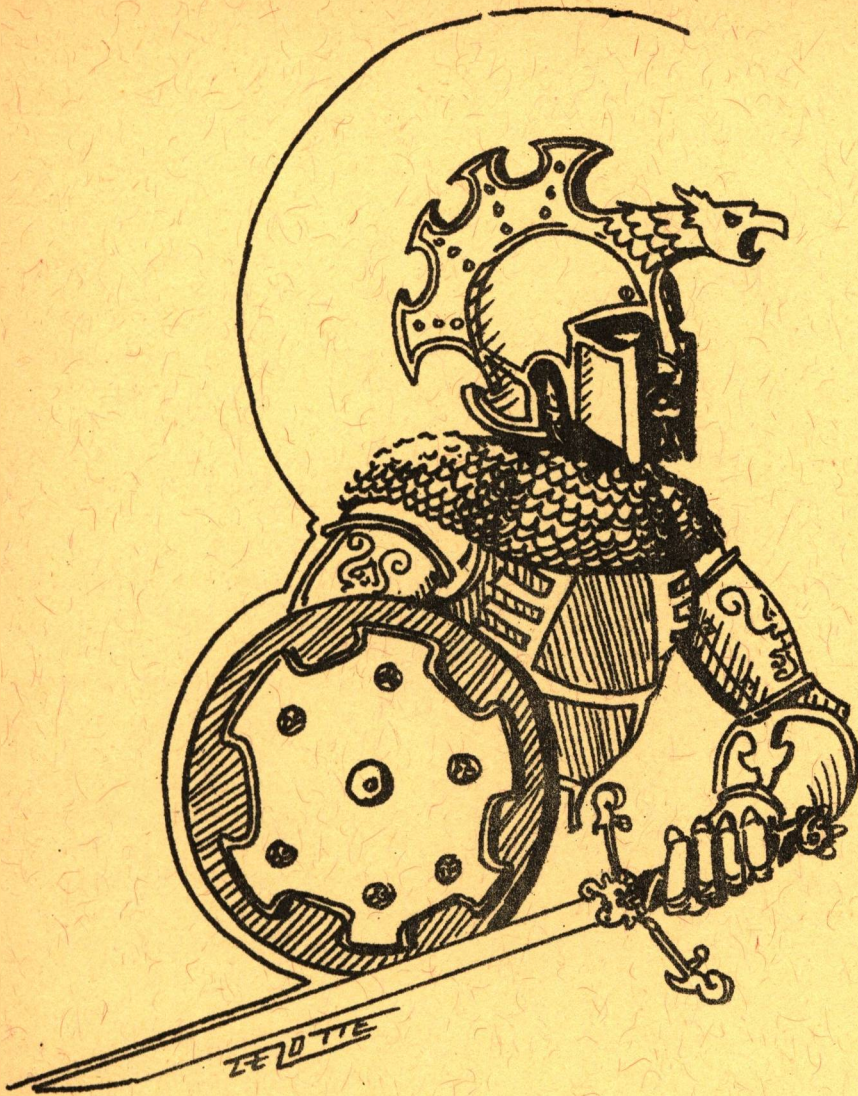
Coney's sole appearance in WORLDS OF TOMORROW was "Hold My Hand, My Love." Again we are presented with a planet that seeks to incorporate humans into its own ecological structure. But this time the ecology we are presented with is so simple-minded (there are only five life forms) that it is totally incredible. The story concludes by telling us that everything was an illusion; perhaps this is because the author was unable to believe in his own creation.

"Monitor Found in Orbit," which appeared in NEW WORLDS QUARTERLY #2, is written with missing capitals, non-standard punctuation, and stream-of-consciousness imagery. At first it is quite effective as the elderly persona revisits scenes from his past. But when the plot intrudes itself, an incredibly mundane spy story, the style becomes stilted, difficult to follow, and worst of all, unnecessary.

Also appearing in 1971 was "The Mind Prison," in NEW WRITINGS IN SF #19. This is another total environment story in which mankind has sheltered from the polluted atmosphere for so long that it is afraid to venture out. Naturally, this trend is completely reversed in the story. It's readable, but trivial.

In 1972 "Esmeralda" appeared in GALAXY. It is a reasonably well done story of two aging women faced with compulsory euthanasia. A far better story is "Susanna, Susanna!" from F&SF, which deals with transference between parallel universes. Coney has reportedly sold Wollheim a novel in the setting of this story.

"The Never Girl" appeared this year in IF. Its another formula story, dealing with a young girl with no legal existence in a brain transplanting future society. She is discovered, raped, and threatened with death, but everything turns out all right in the end.



F&SF also published "The Manya," which is the first of a series. It concerns the adventures of a young man who is transported 3000 years into the future. He is proclaimed a god by the primitive culture which he encounters and sets out to teach them that peace is better than war. He fails. But the story has flashes of sarcastic humor that were missing in his previous stories.

MIRROR IMAGE, his first published novel, tells of an expedition to exploit the mineral resources of the planet Marilyn. The complement consists of equal numbers of men and women. The men have all the technical training; the women tend the fields, or in this case, rice paddies. The expedition encounters "amorphs," blobs of telepathic protoplasm who can change shape. Naturally they begin to imitate humans. Eventually they resent their virtual enslavement and start a rebellion, which is promptly crushed. They win out in the end though, for they give birth to a new messiah.

This novel has the most blatant examples of an attitude that colors all of Coney's work. He is not a woman hater, but he feels that women should remain in

their place. The stereotypical subservient woman is almost universal in SF, even among female writers. Marion Zimmer Bradley, for example, refers to women's liberation as an aberrant reaction to overpopulation in DARKOVER LANDFALL. But Coney's attitude is downright patronizing. For example, in MIRROR IMAGE, the leader of the expedition, Alex Stordahl, a widower, who "chose" his late wife, has an assigned girl, Joan. Joan is his straight man; she spends most of the novel waiting for him to decide to marry her. Her naivete is demonstrated when she blushes after chancing upon a pair of copulating dinosaurs.

There are an abundance of subtle digs. One character is a psychiatrist whose patients are all society women, mostly hypochondriacal. Another is a crackpot minister, whose congregation consists entirely of little old women. When the amorphs begin imitating humans, one character remarks: "...the women had better watch out. They may find themselves replaced." (p. 27) Whenever a female character performs an admirable act, the oddity of the situation is emphasized. Not content with subtlety, Coney slips in the following remarks: "Their husbands being male and therefore susceptible to reason..." (p. 10) and "A man can see the possibilities, whereas a woman tends to view with suspicion..." (p. 13)



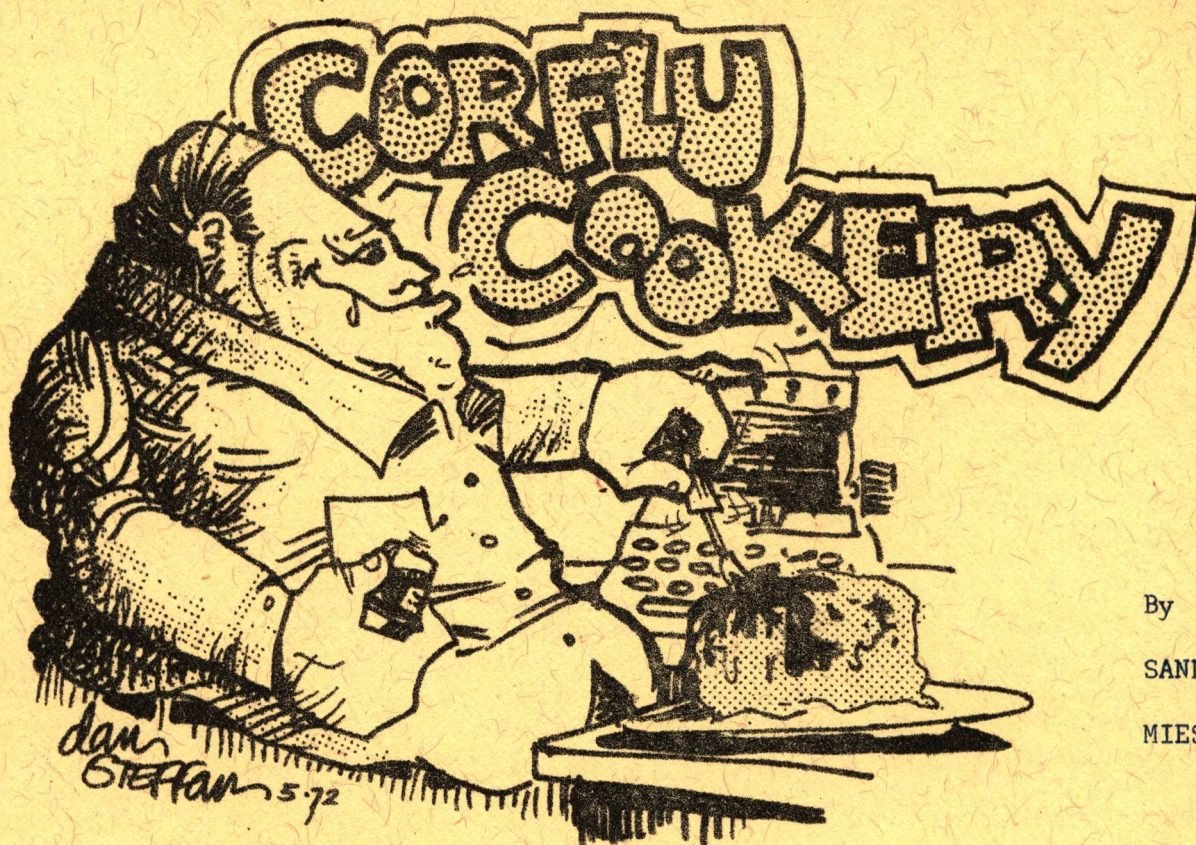
Similar instances are present in the shorter peices. Nearly all of his female characters are exaggeratedly weak and docile. Even the more aggressive women turn to men in every crisis. And naturally women are sex objects. Examples: "She could never be sophisticated. She is just...very lovely" (Sixth Sense); "It was going to be one of her bad days...A man never knew where he was" (Whatever Happened to the McGowans?); women confront new situations "...with stiff backed mistrust" (Hold My Hand, My Love); "You women are all the same, sex-mad" and "All women think the same" and "Just like a woman. You can't believe men can exist without you" and "You believe what you want to, like all women" (The Mind Prison); "Why the hell use a girl like that?" (Susanna, Susanna!); "Work, traditionally, was done by women..." (The Manya).

There are more examples than one would think possible. The girl named Cockade in the ice age stories is aggressive, but ruthless, petulant, hypocritical, and ultimately she turns to men to solve all of her problems. The rest of the survivors feel that she should be ashamed of her childlessness, describing her as a "barren virago." In "The Mind Prison" there is a favorably depicted aggressive female, but Coney's story eventually reveals that the abnormal society in the total environment has reversed the normal roles of men and women, hence, she is abnormal. Even then he cannot resist having her break down and resort to male help to resolve the situation. Coney's distrust of competent women is verbalized by a character in "Hold My Hand, My Love" -- "I was still finding it difficult to work with an older woman whose position...was superior to mine."

Coney's prejudices are not confined to women. MIRROR IMAGE abounds with stereotypes and slogans. "You Latin types are too emotionl;" (p. 51), "...cult of have-nots" (p. 12), "It is another fact (sic) that a psychiatrist's patients never really get better" (p. 50). In "Susanna, Susanna!" one character is referred to as a "dago." Aliens are generally lumped in derogatory classifications unless, as in "Beneath Still Waters," Coney wants to invoke their specific Goodness as a plot element.

Essentially, Coney is a more than competent writer who is somewhat sloppy about his background detail. But his prejudices constitute a serious defect, not because he is not entitled to his opinions, but because his blanket classification of women into a general stereotype detracts from the realism of his story. SF, by its nature, has plenty of unreal situations to absorb without introducing others.





By
SANDRA
MIESEL

When John and I became engaged nine years ago I knew almost nothing about cooking. Oh, I could bake an acceptable cake from a mix or scramble an egg if I concentrated mightily but traumatic memories of high school Home Ec still paralyzed my performance. John showed even less potential. Then as now, heating a can of Campbell's soup was his supreme culinary achievement. But the specters of impending deficiency diseases were banished when my mother took me in hand and unveiled the mysteries of Red Gravy, mainstay of Creole cookery. I will reveal them to you in turn, anon.

At the same time a helpful classmate lent me her kitchen to practice cooking. In return I let Marge use the shower in my dorm room occasionally. Her apartment building shared a communal bathtub and she resented the intrusions of grade-school voyeurs. The main dish at my first meal over there was an ad hoc casserole of egg noodles sprinkled with basil and oregano, layered with drained canned tomatoes and Bulgarian goat's milk cheese. Feta cheese, available at Near Eastern or Italian groceries, is a marvelous ingredient. Crumble bits into a tossed green salad or melt some into spaghetti sauce. This casserole was baked at 350 degrees for half an hour in a laboratory evaporating dish. Why Marge had turned a standard piece of scientific equipment into a quaint cooking utensil is a tale in itself.

Evaporating dishes are round, shallow bowls normally made of white porcelain. The commonest size chemists use is about four inches in diameter but the biochemistry department decided to discard its surplus macro-scale ones. (When I say macro, I mean macro -- up to 16 inches across.) Marge spied these amidst the stockroom trash and asked permission to take them home. Several other girls augmented our hope chests in the same way.

My largest one has proven indispensable for paella -- it substitutes nicely for a \$20 paellero. I usually wait until the guests have finished this Spanish treat before explaining the original biochemical use of the serving dish: boiling down horse urine.

Early passages through the Valley of the Shadow of the Skillet were also aided by Rombauer and Becker's JOY OF COOKING, one of the most helpful basic cookbooks available. This was a wedding gift from a bachelor friend who enjoyed cooking. Kitchen expertise is an admirable accomplishment in a man -- gentlemen readers will find it a sure route to their ladies' esteem. My own grandfather was an excellent cook. He had to be. My grandmother's skill extended only to neat housekeeping. Grandpa always cooked the main meal on Sundays and special occasions. My most vivid memory of him is watching him chop great mounds of onions with the nonchalant deftness of Julia Child. No Sabatier blade his, but rather a keen, wooden-handled paring knife found years before in a gunny sack on the banks of the Mississippi. I was past twenty before I was permitted to touch that knife. Grandpa was long dead; decades of sharpening had worn the blade to a mere sliver. But it was oddly thrilling just the same.

NOTE: The following recipes yield four servings but can easily be expanded by adding more meat or starch. But if you must double, double the spices cautiously by tasting before adding the full amount. Use only one bay leaf in a double quantity. Where meat is an ingredient, either brown it, set aside, pour off excess fat and make the gravy in the same skillet or use two skillets.

BASIC RED GRAVY

- 1 medium onion, chopped (Red, yellow, and white onions differ in strength. Use what you prefer.)
- 1 clove garlic, finely minced
- 1 green pepper, de-ribbed, seeded, and chopped
- 1 8 oz. can of tomato sauce (plain, not with cheese, mushrooms, etc.)
- 1 6 oz. can tomato paste
- 3 tbsp. all-purpose cooking oil (not olive or peanut)
- 1 bay leaf (leave whole so it can be removed before serving)
- 1/4 tsp. ground allspice
- 1/2 tsp. ground thyme
- 1 tbsp. fresh parsley, chopped (optional)
- salt and pepper to taste

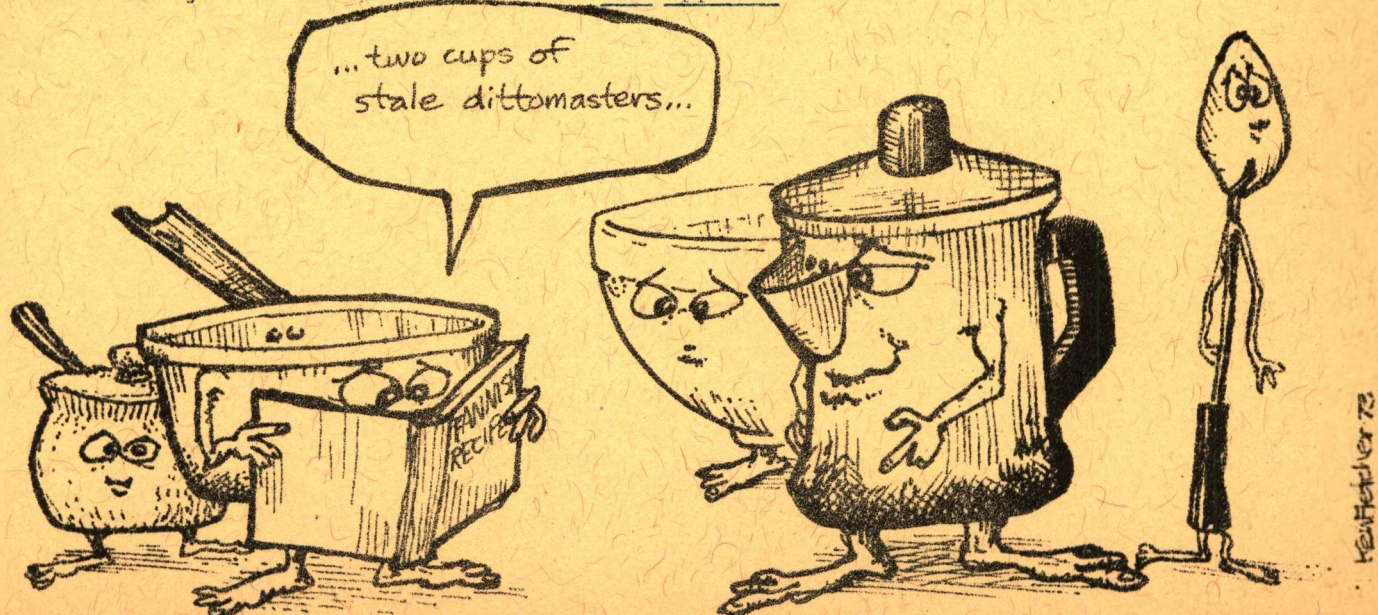
Heat the oil in a frying pan but do not let it smoke. Saute the onion, garlic, and green pepper until the former are transparent. This takes about 5 minutes, keep stirring so they won't burn. Add the tomato sauce and paste, blend, and dilute with about one sauce-can full of water. Mix in the spices, cover and simmer gently for about half an hour, stirring and adding a bit more water if necessary. Remove the bay leaf and add the parsley just before serving.

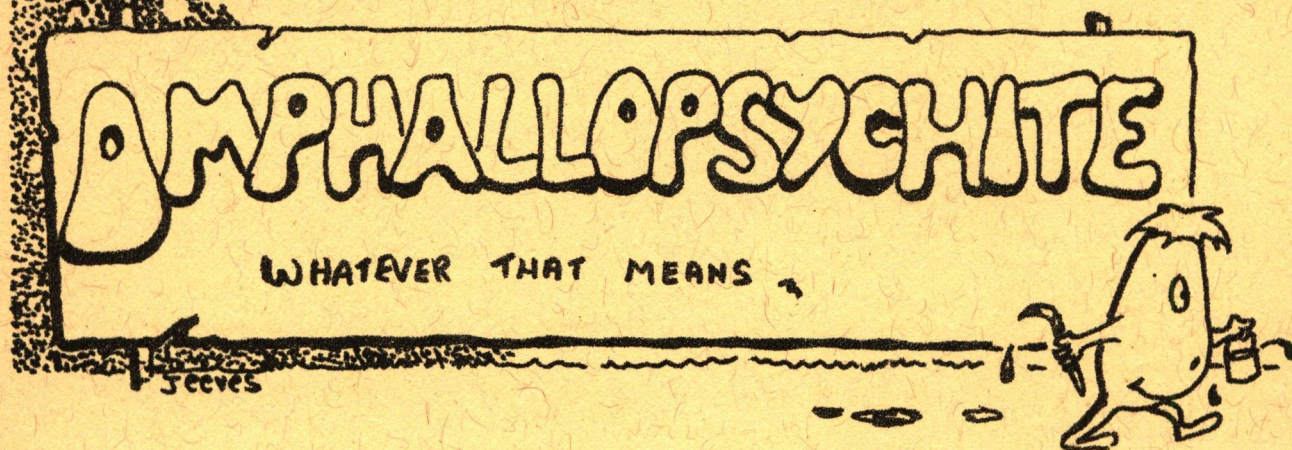
This gravy can be served as is on rice, pasta, potatoes, or breadstuffs. Learn to cook rice and pasta properly. (Package directions are always helpful.) They should be done but firm. Long and short grain rice differ in texture and cooking characteristics. Personally, I prefer the long grain. Red Gravy can be cooked with meat in the following ways:

1. Saute two diced carrots and two chopped celery stalks along with the onions, simmer with a Swiss steak or thick roundsteak (browned ahead of time) for 2 hours, serve with rice and the Creole dish daube results.

2. After completing the basic gravy as above, add 10 oz. 1 lb. peeled fresh or frozen shrimp and cook for 5 min. more, serve on rice. Shrimp are expensive but the smaller ones are cheaper than the larger. Rinse carefully in a collander before cooking to check that they are well-cleaned. Rubbing the hands with lemon juice removes shrimp odor.
3. Simmer meatballs in the gravy at least half an hour and serve with pasta. Use your favorite meatball recipe or the following: 1 lb ground beef; 1 tsp. salt; 1/2 tsp. black pepper; 1/4 tsp. ground allspice; 1 small onion, finely chopped; two slices firm-textured white bread, soaked in water then squeezed dry; and 1 beaten egg. Mix lightly, shape into balls, dust with flour before browning in oil. NOTE: Ground beef comes in different grades variously labeled "ground beef," "ground chuck," "ground round" or "lean ground beef," "extra-lean ground beef," "super-lean ground beef." The middle grade is the best buy. Never, never buy meat labeled "hamburger!" This is a gristly, fat-filled mess.
4. Reheat diced leftover pot roast in the gravy for Creole Hash. Serve with mashed or riced potatoes.
5. Dust 1 lb. stew beef with flour, brown, simmer in the gravy augmented with two diced carrots, two chopped celery stalks, two extra quartered onions for 2 hours. Add fresh or frozen peas and if desired, a handful of sliced stuffed olives a few minutes before serving on separately boiled quartered potatoes or crusty bread. NOTE: A much better-tasting dish will result if one cuts up a chuck roast into one inch squares for stewing instead of buying the miserable scraps supermarkets sell as boneless stew meat.
7. Simmer 1 1/2-2 lbs. browned pork chops in gravy until tender. NOTE: "sliced quarter of pork loin" is the most economical way to buy the chops, but they take longer to cook than center-cut ones.
8. Brown a cut-up fryer or equivalent chicken parts and simmer in gravy 1 hr. Serve with dumplings. These are conveniently made from biscuit mix. Remove chicken and keep warm in the oven while dumplings are cooking in gravy. This approximates my grandfather's specialty, except that he used a cut-up stewing hen.

Anyone seriously interested in Creole cuisine and the culture which prepares it is directed to Time-Life's Foods of the World volume AMERICAN COOKING: CREOLE AND ACADIAN by Peter S. Feibleman. This is authentic, engagingly written, and covers both homestyle and restaurant food. Bon appetit!





John and Bjo Trimble, 696 So. Bronson Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 9005

My, you certainly go off half-cocked, don't you? And less than half prepared.

Using a thin veil of "idealism" to cast aspersions on people who have worked their tails off to put on good cons (not to mention art shows) is more than a little nauseating. Your little blast certainly went a long way toward ruining our day.

Frankly, a little research, and a few letters, would have saved you a number of pages in your fanzine. With regard to the Art Show, for instance: the show lost a great deal of money for more than half of the 14 years that it has existed. After the large losses stopped, it began to just barely pay for all the pre- and post-con expenses. VERY recently, it has got to the point that it pays all of our expenses. Those expenses include such things as buying all of our helpers, judges, etc. meals in return for their help (buying Jack Chalker all the beer he wants, which is the pay he's asked for auctioning for us), standing the freight for the art which is "bought," for which we pay the artists, and for which we are never paid, and like that.

Most of the artists who continue to exhibit in the Art Shows seem to feel that any money we may get is worth it for their not having to babysit their art, go through the hassle of running their own display, etc. We've never made any secret of the workings of the art show, financially or otherwise. Used to publish a financial report too, but there was so little feedback that we stopped (and got less feedback from that!) I can see, tho, if we're going to have a lot of crap from the carping set, that we'd better go back to it...to keep the twerps off our backs. Tho, if anyone has the courtesy to ask us about the show set-up, we'd be happy (and always have) to fill them in.

It's more than a little ironic that your fanzine arrived in the same mail with LACON's Final Report, with a financial report. Frankly, if they'd skimmed off all the loot you seem to think they did, you'd think that they'd have given more than a measly \$50 to their own local fan club, wouldn't you?

It makes it kinda hard to come up with an immediate financial report for a con when you have to wait months for a final bill from the hotel (the International Hotel

is sloooowwww), wait forever to get paid for the ads you ran in the Program Booklet and PRs, not to mention the dozens of other little things that drag on forever and prevent you from having a clear picture of what you cleared or lost.

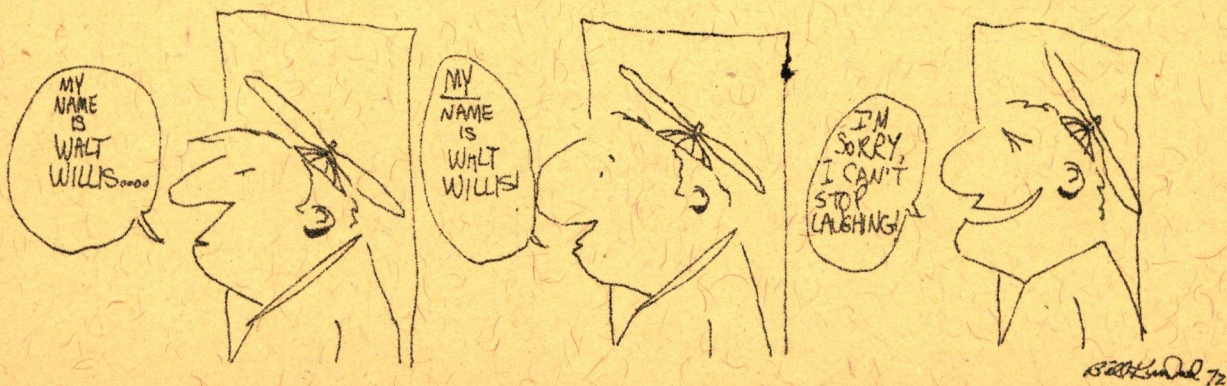
There are a dozen or so other things in here that you're about 90 degrees out of phase about, but I don't think its worth my while to spend any more time on this.

One point, tho: About the ISL (Institute for Specialized Literature); this is a duly incorporated, non-profit organization, dedicated to collecting and preserving fanzines, etc. While it advertised in most con program booklets for years, it stopped recently because there was no more space, and very little money left. Thanks to such donations as that made by LACon, perhaps more space can be found, and more ads done (Bjo would be happy to donate her paste-up and layout time, as she has done in the past). But, of course, it is located on the West Coast, and that makes it a Bad Thing for east coast fans...

Really, try doing a little research, maybe a little back beyond when you came into fandom, to find out some FACTS before you shoot your mouth/typer off next time, huh?

(The problem here seems to be communication again. I never once said that the LA committee skimmed off profits, merely that some went to LASFS. I'm sorry too that the LACon's Final Report arrived after my editorial was written and Granny was in the mail, or I would have praised them for putting out a financial report. No other recent Worldcon has done this. More than \$50 did go to LASFS, however, if you consider the combined book exhibit and space war games profits of \$870.69 and \$476.32, respectively. These were run by LASFS members, but no mention was made at the con or in the program book that these were being run by LASFS with profits going to LASFS. Many people assumed these were part of the Worldcon and money would go to the Worldcon. Lack of communication again.)

The Institute for Specialized Literature seems to be a very worthy organization, now that several people have written me about it. The problem here is communication. People on the West Coast may know about the ISL, but East Coast fans (and Midwest and European, and Canadian and Australian fans for that matter) didn't. In 6 years of heavy fanac I hadn't heard about it, it wasn't listed in the Fancyclopedia II, and people I asked didn't know what it was. So I questioned it. I'm glad to find out I was wrong and that it is a worthy organization. It sounds like a great place to donate fanzines to too. I hope someone who is involved will write me and let me know details of what the Institute consists of, where it is, and what fans can do to help (donate money, time, space, fanzines, etc.). If more were known about ISL I'm sure it would be much more valuable. I think Rick Sneary is the treasurer and Ed Cox has the collection itself (info from Len Moffatt). I'd appreciate their addresses and any other info on ISL.-LeB)



Lester del Rey, 160 West End Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10023

Frankly, I wasn't aware of the situation on the Worldcon Art Show. That stinks, in my opinion. I don't think it's fair to the artists, to those who buy the art, nor to the con--and hence to the members of the con. Okay, maybe the con can't be responsible for the art show (though smaller cons manage, somehow), but they are still responsible for some of the costs--the room they use isn't free, but is figured into the price the hotel quotes the con. And if the con (that is actually, the members who pay for it) has to bear any part of the cost and responsibility, I can't see why anyone should draw all the potential profit.

I also object to cons making money for a few of those who put them on. If we're going pro about cons, then let us hire ourselves someone who will undertake the full time job of running our worldcons. If not, then let's give the cons to those who are willing to put them on because they want to do it. And if there is a profit, I'd like to see it first set aside to build up a reserve--to be handed from con to con --up to \$10,000 before the money goes for other things. That way, early expenses are no problem. Of course, in such a setup, a full financial report, CPA treated, should be mailed to every member. And if we can't find real fans who want the cons in the proper area rotation, then to hell with rotation! *(Another reason for having a CPA-certified financial report is the Internal Revenue. With the size of cons we may soon have to face the problem of arranging for non-profit incorporation of every major convention and filing of an income tax return.-LeB)*

The following is from a letter I wrote to Lunacon when I heard they were to pay Harlan Ellison a fee for appearing as GoH, over and above his actual expenses in attending the con:

I must most strongly protest against this setting of a horrible precedent! I feel that it will seriously damage all future cons, both big and little; and it will certainly make my appearance at all cons where I might be asked to speak almost impossible.

1. If one professional is to be paid, then all should be offered a fair and normal speaking fee. A professional is not one who demands all the traffic will bear; but he cannot be one who lets himself be grossly underpaid in any part of his professional activities. To offer payment to some writers but not to others is to offer a professional insult to the latter.
2. This precedent will probably make it impossible for some writers to speak at all. For instance, I am represented by a speaking agent, with whom I have a contract to handle all my speeches. He also handles Isaac Asimov. Like some other agents, he has been made aware that speeches given at SF meetings are not paid for; and that since our reputations were built from this field, we writers therefore owe such gatherings special consideration. However, the minute he discovers a writer has been paid for appearing at such a meeting, he will--necessarily and rightly--be forced to demand that we charge our normal minimum fee, at least. In my case, that is \$500 plus all expenses. Asimov gets much more, of course. And such engagements must be contracted for in advance, with all terms in writing. The favored status of SF cons will come to an abrupt end, despite the past efforts of a number of pros to achieve it.
3. Spontaneous speeches will be impossible. I've often been asked to fill in or discuss something that comes up during the con or to join a panel. With paid speeches, all I can do is suggest you call my agent. Sorry, too bad, forget it!

4. Even were speakers to be paid, the Guest being Honored still should not be paid, all tradition is against it. His fee is the honor being given him. (As colleges often obtain high-priced speakers without pay in return for the honor of a degree.) By all means--in this cockeyed field, at least--pay all necessary expenses. But not one cent more!

5. The smaller cons are going to be killed. It takes a large con to pay for even one major speaker. The new and lesser cons wouldn't have a chance. They'd wind up with no pro speakers. And some of the best cons may well emerge from those which have to start small. I can remember when the Lunacon couldn't afford to pay for my membership when they asked me to speak--and I believe they lost money for several years. Funny, I go to the Lunacons pretty often (and it hasn't always been convenient) because of the good feeling from those early cons as well as the later ones. Lots of other good cons may start--but not if they have to pay for speakers.

6. I don't want to see pros being evaluated as to their financial worth as speakers. Some of the pros I like to hear are lousy speakers, and wouldn't be worth nearly as much to a con as others that really have little to say to me. And I don't want to see more rivalry develop in the field. Nor do I want to see cons have to get mixed up with the weighing of speakers and hassling over how they can get the most for what they can afford. "Asimov is out--he'd cost at least \$1500, and we can't get that. We can get X for \$100--but most of our audience don't know his work; Y is better known, but he didn't draw much last time, and he costs \$250. Maybe, if Z will make three speeches for \$500, he's our best choice. But will he draw a 100 extra attendees?" Etc. And when it comes to getting 4 or 5 speakers--ye gods! No.

7. Outside speakers will no longer address us for free, if we pay our own pros. The scientists and others who have spoken to our groups have done much to enrich many cons, but they really aren't well enough known to justify much payment. The ones that are, are simply going to cost too much. So we cut off all outside material that's worth having.

8. Personal objections: I object to the division between fans and pros implicit in the proposal for fees to pros. I'm a fan--that is, I go to conventions as a fan, which I've been for far longer than I've been a pro. I have met few pros who don't have as much fun--at least--at the cons as do even the veriest neofans. Part of that fun, incidentally, is listening to other pros sound off on the platform, or sounding off there myself, without having to work at a speech the way I'd feel I had to when being paid for one. Part of the fun is in being on panels with others--fan or pro--and getting their reactions; a thing which wouldn't be easy to set up if the pros were paid.

The pros have all the best of it, anyhow. They can write off much of the expense of attending on their income tax returns. They can and do use the cons as places to meet editors and fellow writers for business affairs; a lot of book contracts begin there. They are also furthering their reputations and sales, directly and indirectly, by appearing at cons. And finally, in the case of cons held in New York, they can use the con as an excuse to come to New York where a little more money will give them a week of seeing editors, publishers, etc.

The fans don't have those advantages. But they come with no hope of making money out of it. And they come in part, at least, because they expect to hear and see their favorite pros. So, if the pro can't afford to come without being paid, then how about the fan? Doesn't he deserve something in the nature of a reward for his trip?

9. And finally: my feeling is that anyone who doesn't love the field and the fan activity within it enough to participate voluntarily should damned well stay away from such fan activities as the cons. There are plenty of men worthy of being honored to be found, and ones who will come for the love they bear the field. It seems to me that those who still love science fiction enough to give of themselves are far more worthy of being honored than those who do not love it that much.

10. My feelings on all this are so strong that I can only sum them up by saying: Unless I know that a science fiction convention is not paying any professional writer for his appearance--beyond the true and directly related costs of his appearance--I shall avoid having anything to do with that convention. I shall not make even a token appearance where I have any reason to believe that the guest of honor or any other speaker is being paid directly or being given indirect extras for his appearance.

Mike Glyer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, Calif. 91342

However inspiring it may be to see many people in fandom wailing and gnashing their teeth over professionalism in fms, cons, and the rest, the fact that so many fans are charging around being self-righteous might hint to you that it was time for a different tone - if you felt it was absolutely necessary to cover the same old ground again. The petulant whine, screaming phony idealism, alternating with cogent references to justice and fairness that are more intended to slander others than remind your audience of what is right, is simply unbelievable. Your article was out of date when you published it.

LACON has published a financial statement. It is hardly intelligent for you to editorialize on rumors when a phone call to Bruce Pelz or Fred Patten might have cured some of your ignorance about Worldcon finances. The budget for fan charities is \$50 to LASFS Building Fund, \$100 to TAFF, and \$50 to the Institute for Specialized Literature. The ISL came out of the old Fantasy Foundation. Among its officers are Harry Warner and Roy Tackett.

"Is a charity few people in fandom have heard about a legitimate fan charity?" That's about the same as saying, "Is a charity that Linda Bushyager hasn't heard of legitimate" and about as sensible.

You, like too many others, are willing to play fast and loose with other people's reputations, willing to smear them on the strength of any rumor or suspicion. This is disgusting. But what can one expect from fans who allow their prejudices to be catered to by White and Ellison, and who assume factual statements from fans like Milt Stevens must be lies in self defense -- when indeed the lies are perpetrated by White and Ellison for their own benefit? (I get the feeling you read only part of my editorial, or maybe someone else's. Much of what I said concerned Worldcons in general, not LACON. Nor did I say anything about Milt Stevens. The only mention I made of L.A.con was in questioning their refusal to pass on funds to succeeding conventions.-LeB)

LACON put \$250.00 into the Worldcon Emergency Fund, published a financial report, and will publish a proceedings. If Toronto needed money, it's their own fault for mismanagement. Why should the LACON committee do something for the concon that has done its best to screw the Western Zone out of the NASFic in '75 (particularly when those bidding for such a con are members of the LACONCOM) by eliminating the NASFic from the Worldcon rules in a unilateral move? Doesn't it seem contradictory to slap in the face with one hand and put your other hand for money?

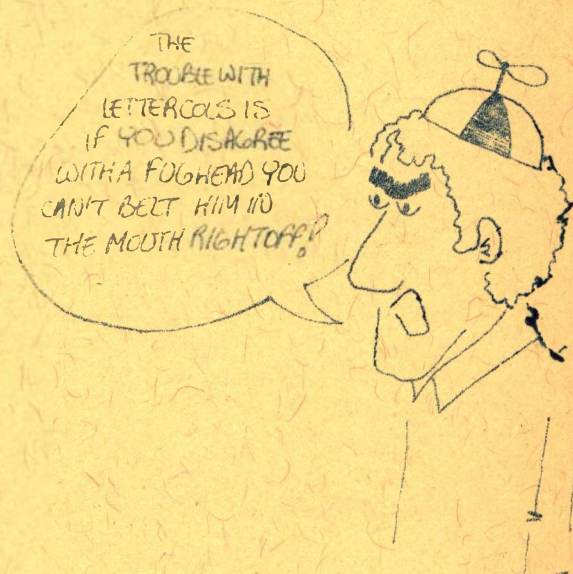
(I agree that what the Torcon Committee did (illegally rewriting the WSFS constitution) was totally wrong. If they felt the Nasfic regulation did not belong in the WSFS rules they should have taken it up at the business meeting. But since when do two wrongs make a right? -LeB)

Your motions to correct nonexistent abuses of the Worldcon do not look too practical. First you "idealistically" desire fans to kill themselves to put on a free Worldcon, and on top of that you want them to do the impossible -- put out a financial statement by March of the following year. LACON members, working steadily all the time on the accounting, didn't get theirs out until June of the following year. Which isn't so bad, considering when the last time was that any concon put out a financial report. Also, the motion to give 50% of the Worldcon profits over \$500 to fan charities is irrational. Does it mean you can give all the profit under \$500 to unrecognized fan charities? *(You are right, poor wording here, which is why I asked for people's opinions. I meant that all profits under \$500 would be passed on to the next Worldcon -LeB)*

LACON didn't even know it had broken even until the middle of the first day of the con. That's a little late to plan freebies. I admit that it would have worked if preplanned events were set up as contingencies so that as certain membership levels over the breakeven point were attained, free parties, or free events would come into being. But you can't think of everything. Besides, LACON preferred to publish a Proceedings and a Financial Report with the excess money.

By the way, LASFS didn't sponsor LACON, which would have been corporately hazardous.

I found the Trimble talk quite interesting. I wonder if it is true. A lot of things believed on the East Coast about the Trimbles are bullshit. *(I gather that even a few West Coast fans didn't realize that profits realized from the Art Show do go to the Trimbles. -LeB)*



Robert Bloch, Los Angeles, Calif.

Having some experience with the pros and cons (if you'll excuse the expression) I find myself in basic agreement with your views. I also agree with your remarks about the GoH. In 1948 I was GoH at the Worldcon in Toronto. As I recall, I paid for everything - room, meals, transportation, even my own banquet ticket. But in those far off days, cons were attended by around 200, and there was no profit. Last year, in contrast, I was GoH at a regional con in Dallas. My wife and I had transportation, a suite, banquet tickets, and much courtesy from the committee. But attendance was 1200, and I assume a profit was made. I do know that as one of the only three pros in attendance, I worked like a dog during my stay -- gave speeches, panelized, did TV and press, tape-interviews, made myself available to fans, cooperated completely. I do not feel I was "paid," but I do feel that had I been required to to all this and foot the expenses, I wouldn't have been "honored" to any extent. The same certainly holds true for Worldcons today.

While there may be some pros who feel that they can ad-lib four-letter words for a "speech," I know most of us spend considerable time in preparation, and time is a writer's sole stock in trade. I generally allow about a week of work for GoH or Toastmaster stints - and glad to do so. But it's heartening to see responsible fan like yourselves who can establish a distinction between honor and "honorarium."

Milton Stevens, 9849 Tabor St. #3, Los Angeles, Calif. 90034

Certainly those vile fanzine profiteers shouldn't be allowed to compete for the fanzine Hugo. No fanzine which charges more than 50¢ an issue should be allowed to compete. Hm, that sort of includes you. If you're going to gerrymander your competition out of the Hugo category, why shouldn't us economy class fanzine editors gerrymander you out of the category. Your price is way up there with those other money grubbers. If you're not making a profit, it would seem to indicate a lack of ability rather than lack of intent. Why should you be awarded a Hugo for incompetence? Of course, I note that you don't claim that you aren't making a profit from Gf. Considering your avid curiosity about finances, it's somewhat surprising that you don't give us a detailed account of your own financial status. Don't you think people have the right to know? (I knew someone would say I wanted the Hugo for myself. That must be why I wrote my editorial. And the reason I suggested that everyone vote for Energumen last year and for Nerg or SF Commentary this year was so everyone would realize how dumb I was, feel sorry for me, and vote for me. Sure, Milt. As for Granny's finances, an average issue has lost about \$100. For example, issue 17 cost \$200 for supplies (32 reams of paper, 10 tubes of ink, 6 1/2 reams of white paper for the folio, 3 quires of stencils, lithoing, etc.) & \$50 for postage. Income for that issue was around \$110. Issue 16 also cost around \$250 and had an income of \$62.00. Issue 15 cost \$208 and had an income of \$153. Issue 14 cost \$182 with an income of \$83. And so on. I don't consider the cost of the mimeo or typer as Granny's expenses, for I use them for other fanac and in the case of the typewriter, for regular correspondence. I also spend some money calling contributors, but these calls are also social, and I wouldn't consider them part of the cost. When I have collating parties I do spend some money on refreshments, but how can I consider that a cost when I'm having fun visiting my friends too? And when they are doing me a big favor by helping with the fanzine. We don't file an income tax return for Granfalloon or deduct our convention-going, phone, mimeo, mimeo room, and so on as business expenses. We don't accept paid ads for the fanzine either. But if you think that charging 75¢ for an issue that costs 75¢ to produce is highway robbery, and that Granny is profiteering, that's your prerogative. LeB)

So you think con committees should put on conventions just because they love fandom. Do you often fall in love with groups of 2000 or more people? Maybe you develop mad affections for entire Army divisions and small European countries. I think you'll find that most convention committees aren't that expansive. Underlying your writings seems to be the feeling that convention committees owe you something above and beyond providing a product at a stated price. If you don't like the price, your wisest course is not to pay it. If you don't like the quality of the product, you will make every effort to blacken the committee's reputation and drive them out of fandom, because that's the trufannish way. But the convention committee is certainly not converted into a national resource just because it's agreed to stage a convention.

With LACon, we calculated that anything which would be a deductible business expense in the normal course of business would be a reimbursable item. This agrees with my personal thinking that I don't owe anyone in fandom a bloody thing. If I care to donate my time toward running a convention, it's for my own personal amusement and no other purpose. I don't contract to give anything other than my time. Anyone who

doesn't like it is welcome to hang it in their ear. Even at that, there are people who don't believe our financial report. OK, we made \$250,000 on LACon and spent it all on riotous living. If that makes you jealous, go stage your own damn convention. *(Its unfortunate you feel a convention is a commercial property made by the con committee and bought by the attendees. I've always felt SF conventions were an integral part of fandom and that fandom was something different and special from the outside world. I like fandom because it is free from the commercialism that the mundane world is filled with. I like fandom because the people are friendly - everyone puts aside the conventions of society and talks to one another. If fandom becomes no different from the mundane world, I'll go back to reading my SF books in lonely silence. And if you do buy a registration to a convention for a stated price and don't like the product, what do you do? Contact the Better Business Bureau? If a con committee states before a convention that the convention is to be run as a business venture and does so, I can't complain. But some conventions seem to be run as such without letting the convention attendees know. Before one buys a product, one is entitled to know whether it is from a non-profit organization or a commercial business. I wonder whether the reimbursable items were listed as income on tax returns (I'm thinking here of Bruce Pelz's and Fred Patten's trips to Heicon). If so, will the IRS possibly investigate the SF con as a whole? If not, would they be guilty of tax evasion? Finally, Milt, I realize that you have some legitimate reasons to be angry at all the flack the LACON committee has received. But I don't think an angry statement or wild remarks like your last will do anything but further aggravate the situation.*

Len Moffatt, Box 4456, Downey, Calif. 90241

There was no reason for Elliot to receive TAFF money from the LACon in January or March, as he was longer American TAFF administrator by then. June and I were and are. TAFF received \$100 (as listed in the LACon's Final Report). We were surprised (but of course pleased on TAFF's behalf) to receive the money as soon as we did. This is because we understand that the Noreascon set aside money for TAFF but did not turn it over and stated it would not turn it over until the Recent TAFF winners wrote and published trip reports. We thought LACon had adopted the same policy. We are currently working on such a report (THE MOFFATT HOUSE ABROAD), so we can only assume that the LACon Committee have faith that we will actually write and publish a report, so didn't wait until we had done it. The money is now safely in a local savings account that we set up for TAFF. And hopefully, TAFF will get more money from the Noreascon as well as from Torcon and other Worldcons to come -- once our report (and perhaps others) appears. (Eddie Jones is illustrating his, which is why it is taking so long.) *(My apologies to the Moffatt's, TAFF, and especially LACON. I'm very glad to hear that TAFF now has the money and I hope that Noreascon will pay over its reserved TAFF funds once the Moffatt's report appears.-LeB)*

People who work on concons are either nuts or love the field (fandom and SF both) so much that they can't do otherwise. Probably a combination of both. I feel they should be reimbursed for their out-of-pocket expenses. I've worked with and on a number of committees over the years and none of them were out to make a profit, or to line their own pockets. Most of them--fortunately for them and therefore for fandom (because if fandom didn't have these nuts there wouldn't be any conventions)--hoped and maybe even prayed that the convention would make money so they wouldn't have to pay the bills from their own pockets or by passing the hat. And in so hoping they tried to plan things so the income would balance the outgo. Since people now join the Worldcons two years in advance and the money collected in that manner should be enough to get any responsible concom started, the need for pass-on funds is kaput. So any extra money after all the bills are paid can be used for other goodies for the benefit of fandom.

LASFS was not the sponsoring body of or for LACon. However, the LACon committee was made up of people who are members of LASFS. Each Worldcon committee is an independent entity. It can, if it wishes, do as it damn well pleases with the con, with the monies, etc. And it is usually guided by what will be best for fandom in general. If a Worldcon committee decided to donate money to the Salvation Army, or some political party, it could do so. Obviously the average Worldcon Committee won't do this because they know that they'll get even more than the usual bitches from fans all over.

So they give to TAFF and the Emergency Fund. (Incidentally, the fact the the Emergency Fund hasn't been needed yet doesn't mean that it will never be needed. I can remember times when we could have used such a fund to help some broke kid get back home or reimburse someone for loss of property that may have been the fault of the concom. The only thing that could be done then was to pass the hat, or have the concom people donate the money out of their own pockets.) *(True. But as Tony Lewis suggests, the prudent Worldcon Committee would be wise to purchase insurance which is available for a few hundred dollars. The present Emergency Fund now contains around \$500, which seems to me to be sufficient for any broke kid wishing to get home or other type of emergency not covered by insurance. By the way, Joe Hensley is no longer in charge of the Fund. Instead, each year the Fund will be passed on to the Worldcon Committee for them to administer and use for emergencies. Presumably the Haldemans now have the fund for use in 1974.-LeB)*

The Institute for Specialized Literature was set up sometime ago to preserve collections of SF and fantasy. Various well-known fans have worked on it, such as Al Lewis, Ed Cox, and Rick Sneary. It hasn't made a lot of noise because it needs more workers as well as money. It also needs donations of actual collections. So often a fan with a good collection of books, mags, fanzines, etc. dies and his or her mundane family dispose of the collection by giving it away, dumping it, or whatever. One of the ideas behind ISL is to have fans with good collections will their collections to ISL, to build a triplicate library. The best items would be stored and kept in good shape and remain untouched until some future time. The second and third copies of the preserved items would be available to fans by visiting the ISL or by mail. The main use of the library would be for serious research, but if there were enough spare "reading copies" of an item, it could be used for a lending library for any fan who wanted to borrow them. This is a long-range plan, not a fly-by-night club.

I might add that the LASFS Building Fund is not only of benefit to local fans but to fans all over the world. LASFS has always been known for its hospitality and generosity when it comes to visiting fans -- ask the TAFF winners and other visitors who have been hosted by the club. Members of LASFS are all over fandom (death does not realease you, etc.). If a Worldcon is going to donate money to an SF club, it could hardly have picked a better one.

Don Blyly, 2020 W. Manor Parkway, Peoria, Ill. 61604 (may have moved)

I think that you will find many people in agreement with the general spirit of your editorial, if not all of the specifics. If you lump things together, you'd stick all the magazines put out by a publisher employing an editor and other personnel to select and prepare stories by said authors for public consumption as prozines and the rest as fanzines. If you split things into categories you'd erect at least three and possibly more categories: prozine, semi-prozine, and fanzine. One immediate advantage I can see in the semi-prozine is the opportunity it would give developing writers; I would expect the writers who do send

material to fanzines would be the same ones who now send material to fanzines and new writers. *(By this criterion, ALGOL and THE ALIEN CRITIC are prozines, since each is now paying contributors, or at least some contributors. Some all-fiction zines such as MOONBROTH are also paying contributors.-LeB)*

The problem is whether or not the semi-prozines should be in the same classification as the conventional fanzine. When in doubt, I've always felt the best policy has been to throw everything out in the open...what did you pay for, how much, how much did you make.... But you have already pointed out that the biggest problem in recent years is that most voters simply don't know enough about the nominations, especially in the fannish categories where I suspect that only a couple of the nominees have come to the attention of the voters in many cases. Why doesn't the Worldcon committee print the same notice at the bottom of their nominee list that you did -- that individuals are requested not to vote in categories where they have not seen the work of most of the nominees (4/5 at least). This should be a standard request on the Hugo ballot. *(This seems like a perfectly reasonable idea to me, and Mike Glicksohn proposed such an idea at the Torcon business meeting. Unfortunately it was voted down because some people felt such an admonishment might be construed by some voters as a message telling them what to vote for or that they couldn't vote unless they were familiar with all nominees. This seems overly cautious to me. I hope someone will propose this motion again next year, and that in any case, the Washington and Australian committees will print such a notice on their ballots. There is no reason why they couldn't and I think it would help to give more just results.-LeB)*

Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md. 21740

I very much enjoyed the 17th Granfalloon, especially your editorial which coincides in many ways with how I feel about commercialism in fandom. You might have gone even further, though, and lamented about the people who seem to be in apas solely to accumulate the mailings for resale, the hucksters who buy up quantities of special fan productions that seem apt to sell out so they can charge big prices for them when they are out of print, and the collectors who refuse to make their holdings available to people with scholarly intentions. I even got annoyed with one pro who commented I'd wasted three story ideas in a single paragraph. I think that's the wrong attitude: I consider a loc wasted if the readers dislike it, but I hate to think that anyone reads my locs solely with the thought of whether money could be made from them.

I should be able to tell you something about the Institute for Specialized Literature because I'm a director of it. Or think I am, although I haven't heard anything about it for quite a while and maybe I've been replaced. But it has never gotten out of the semi-inactive status. It has some holdings in the form of a collection or two, some good ideas, and now it seems to have some money. Rick Sneary has been the main force behind it. I also differ with you on another matter -- I think the Worldcon emergency fund is vital, something that should grow much more rapidly than it has. Legal costs could be very high if a committee found itself involved in litigation - just to determine who is eligible to be sued. There is also no way to postpone a worldcon for two weeks if a committee treasurer vanishes with the funds on the eve of the con or if a hotel had a disastrous fire in the middle of August. *(But the treasurer would take the emergency fund too...-LeB)*

I feel that fandom is growing so fast that some fanzines are bound to show at least a slight profit, because there are so many potential purchasers for a publication that caters to the great masses of fringe fans. I was quite upset some years ago over the Erbdom Hugo - I considered that less a fanzine than SFR or Locus because of



the huckstering commercialism involved. My own impulse would be to consider a fanzine a fanzine unless it's professional enough to pay a salary to the editor and to pay for contributions, or unless it stresses advertising so heavily that this is obviously its main raison d'etre.

The artwork is beautiful throughout. Rotsler's productivity grows more unbelievable all the time. This is the second big multi-page Rotsler section I've seen in fanzines in the past 10 days and every other issue of a fanzine arriving in the past three months seems to have at least three Rotsler sketches. The front cover was striking. I liked particularly the believable anatomy of the girl, approximately what you'd expect if fighting was as much her trade as the hilts indicate, an occupation that wouldn't create either bulging muscles or gobs of fat. The Connie Faddis items have a remarkable sense of frozen motion.

Don D'Amassa's essay should have been written several years ago, when it might have been more useful in calming down the Old/New Waves nonsense before it boiled up so badly. But I do find it odd that he should call a SF novel borderline merely because it was written by a mainstream author. Shouldn't the content of a story like THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN determine its classification, rather than the past creativity of its author?

"Mind Daughter" is quite close to being a very good story. I think it needs something that would give the reader more sympathy with either the old man or the child: more background about their past or a clearer view of their motivation while the events described in the story are going on. Jeff Smith's little story is too good to have been rejected by a fanzine. But it might be more effective if it had ended even sooner. The hero shouldn't have gone through all those thoughts and planning in his final instant of life, and the 7 paragraphs which follow his death could easily be cut 50% without losing anything relevant.

I'm happy to find Richard Delap reviewing things again at such length and with such different opinion of many of the items reviewed. But he succeeded in choosing books I haven't read, so I can't compare reactions.

K. W. Ozanne, 42 Meek's Crescent, Faulconbridge, NSW, Australia 2776

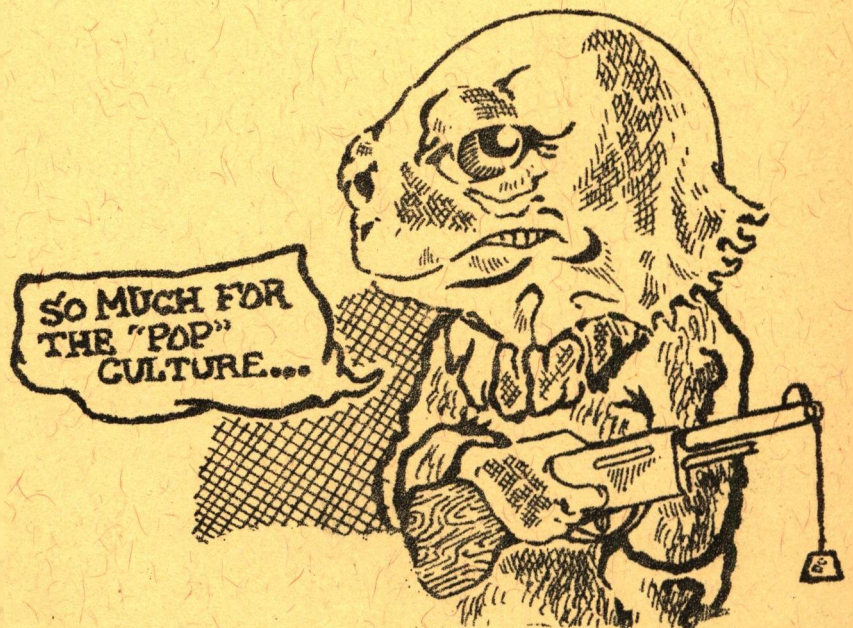
I'd appreciate it if you and your readers would send me their answers to the following questionnaire.

1. Name
2. Address (may be withheld if desired)
3. Age (may be withheld if desired)
4. Year you started reading SF
5. Year you entered fandom
6. Fannish activities
7. Fannish claims to fame (if any)
8. Name as many BNFs as you can (at least 10)
9. Which prozines do you read?
10. How many fanzines do you get?
11. Are you willing to reply to casual correspondence? YES NO/MAYBE
12. Are you willing to fill out a more detailed questionnaire? YES/NO
13. Add anything else you wish known.

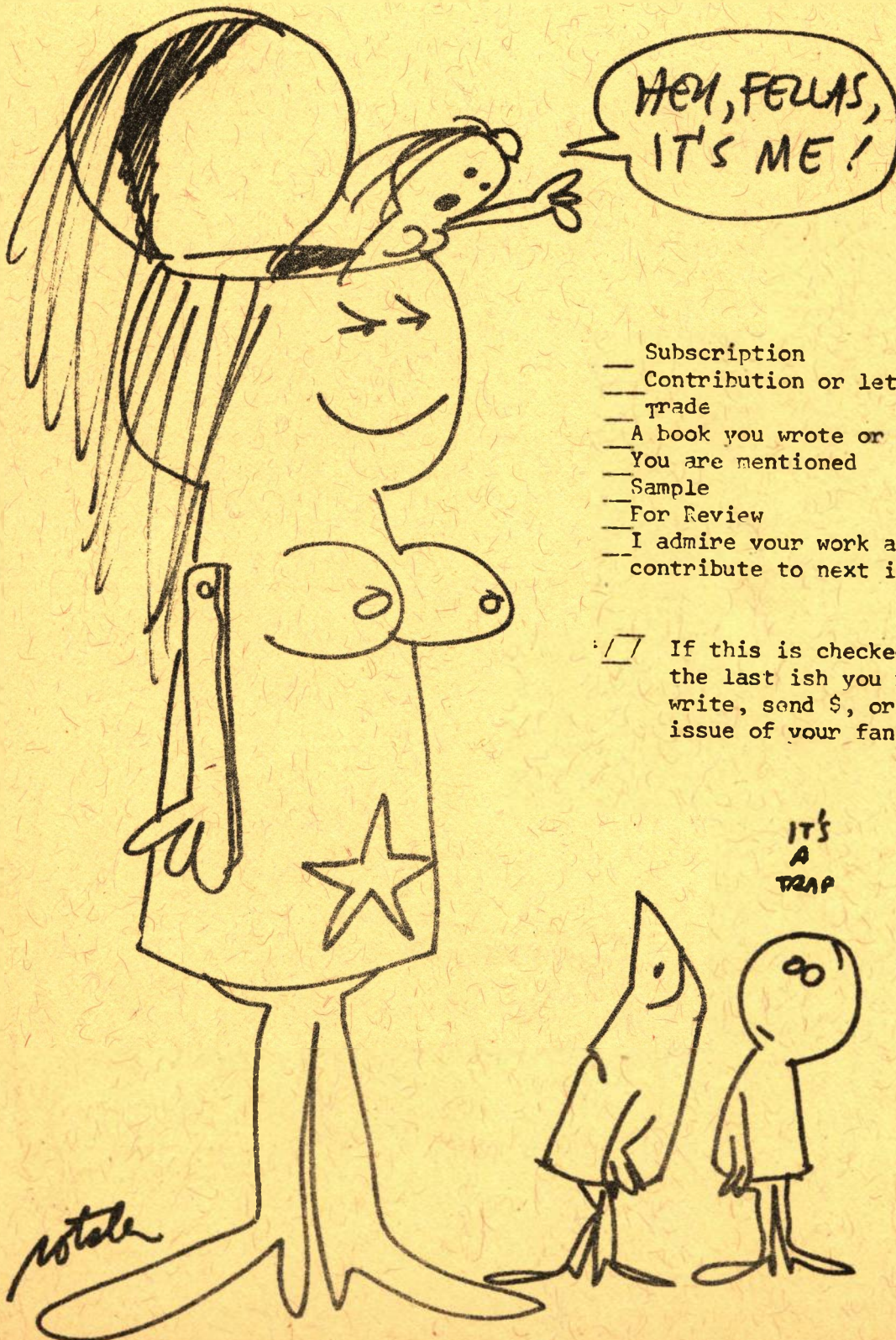
Results of this questionnaire will be used to compile an interim "Who's Who in Fandom." It is hoped to include all actifen - but if you don't reply you won't be included. Faneds are asked to repeat this questionnaire in their fanzines. Please, nobody respond more than once. And no hoaxes, folkses. Deadline is 12-31-73.

We also heard from John J. Alderson, Craig Miller, Dick Geis, Frank Balazz, Jerry Kaufman, George Fergus, Norm Hochberg, Mike Glicksohn, Fred Lerner, John Prenis, Mae Strelkov, John Carl, Eric Mayer, Alan Sandercock, Bruce D. Arthurs, Jay Kinney, Sheryl Birkhead, Gerard E. Giannattasio, Andy Porter, Mike Gorra, Leigh Edmonds, Shayne M'Cormack, Paul Anderson, Eric Lindsay, Jeff May, Moshe Feder, Dan Goodman, Richard Brandt, Don D'Ammassa, Roger D. Sween, and Bill Kaiser.

Unfortunately you can see from this list that a truly complete lettercol would be longer than the whole mag. Forgive me for not printing all the excellent letters, but I do appreciate them. Thanks, Linda



And so ends another issue of Granfalloon. We've run off about half the pages. Hope you like the blue ink. It is not as readable as the black, but is pretty. And besides, I have about 15 tubes of that darn blue ink to use up! This will probably be stuck in the mail for awhile with the Xmas rush and the energy crisis. Have a great 1974!



- ☐ Subscription
- ☐ Contribution or letter
- ☐ Trade
- ☐ A book you wrote or publish is reviewed
- ☐ You are mentioned
- ☐ Sample
- ☐ For Review
- ☐ I admire your work and hope you'll contribute to next issue

☐ If this is checked, this will be the last ish you receive, so write, send \$, or put out another issue of your fanzine

IT'S
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