

Bobolings comes from the Remington of Bob Pavlat, 5709 Goucher Drive, College Park, Md 20740. For Fapa and a couple of others.

Chicon IV unexpectedly (and probably temporarily) has caused a change in my reading habits. For the last dozen years or so my SF reading has remained relatively constant. About four to six new novels a year. One or possibly two collections of shorter works, either of particular authors or "best of" the year or, rarely, stories of a particular type or on a particular theme. Add to those maybe two or three older books re-read, and that would cover a year in SF (and fantasy) for me. During 1973-1975 I did buy Analog and F&SF, but that was a short-lived experiment which proved to me, at least at that time, that those magazines weren't printing what I wanted to read.

A number of factors merged together this year to convince me that something had to be done to correct my appalling lack of knowledge of the professionals in the current world of SF. I doubt if I can recall them all, but certainly one factor was that our two youngsters were flying from here to Chicago with Somtow Sucharitkul, whom we've known for some months but of whose writing I knew nothing except that he'd won the Campbell award for best new SF writer for 1980. Two other Washington-area fans that I've known for years are now professionals-- Dave Bischoff and Alexis Gilliland--and at the time of Chicon I'd read nothing by either. (Chalker also qualifies, but I am familiar with his novels.) Marta Randall was Chicon toastmaster; I'd never even heard of her. Ed Bryant and Jo Clayton turned out to be nice people to talk to at the con; I'd read nothing by Ed (not too surprising since I read mainly novels and he writes mostly shorter works, but I should at least have known he was an author), and while I'd bought one book by Jo I'd never gotten around to reading it. Yet another factor was added at the Hugo awards ceremony, where not only did Gilliland win the best new author award, but Cherryh won the Hugo for Best Novel and Varley for Best Short. Needless to say, I'd then read nothing by either author.

Since roughly 1964 I've known that I can't keep up with the faces in the fan scene. Up until Chicon IV, however, I'd felt (without really thinking about it) that I was keeping moderately abreast of important SF authors. Obviously, I was wrong. This matters to me primarily because I still like SF and I'm obviously missing some good SF if I'm not reading some of the writings by award-winning authors. The Hugos don't always go to the best (any more than the Nebulas do), but they usually do go to at least the very good. At the Chicon Huckster room I started picking up 1982 Hugo Nominee items and prior year Hugo winners or other items by authors who had won a Hugo. We've been home from the con for some six weeks now, and there are now three stacks of books that didn't exist before we left here for Chicon: books I've read or sampled that are to go to file; books I've read that someone else in the family wants to read (or at least that I think they should--all four of us actually do read both SF and fantasy); books not yet read even though picked up on this quest for the best (or, if not the best, something presumably good that had previously missed my attention.)

I don't plan to review each book. But I would like to give some impressions.

Alexis A. Gilliland, The Revolution From Rosinante and Long Shot for Rosinante, Ballantine, 1981. These are sound and satisfying first novels which capture well Gilliland's particular way of looking at things. Alexis may well one day sit down and write for us a SEVEN DAYS IN MAY or a DAY OF THE JACKAL--for his turn of mind is well suited to such plots--but until then I'll be pleased to read more SF by him. Not great SF, but good reading.

Gene Wolfe, The Shadow of the Torturer, 1980, and The Claw of the Conciliator, 1981, Pocket Books. These are volumes 1 and 2 in the Book of the New Sun. I wanted to read the second because it was a Hugo nominee this year, and the first because it was the first of the series. They are fantasy, not SF. Despite high praise for these novels from others whose opinions I respect (particularly Budrys), I found the stories overlong, overwritten, and generally boring. Wolfe can write--that's evident from these novels and the two shorter works of his that I'm familiar with ("The Death of Dr. Island," "The Fifth Head of Cerberus")--but in my opinion Writing for Craftsmanship hamstrings these two novels.

G. J. Cherryh, Downbelow Station, 1981, and Merchanter's Luck, 1982, DAW Books. Downbelow Station won the Hugo this year. I've read four of the five nominees and Downbelow is the best of those four in my opinion. Merchanter's Luck is a space opera sequel, quite good of its type but completely different in scope and intent.

Somtow Sucharitkul, Light on the Sound, Pocket Books, 1982. I did not get very far into this book being thrown, perhaps, by too many neologisms, too many poetic twists of phrase, too much Science is Magic. I would not want to render a verdict on the book except to say that it's not for me.

Joan D. Vinge, The Snow Queen, Dell, 1980. This was last year's Hugo winner. I'd started this book once before but had set it aside, thinking I knew where the plot was going. Following Chicon I started it again, ignoring my preconceptions. It's a marvelous, stunning, gripping work of art. It has every possibility of being the first of a trilogy; I hope it is.

A. Bertram Chandler, The Road to the Rim and The Hard Way Up, Ace Double, 1978. (Chandler was GOH at Chicon IV). Chandler believes that his navy background gives him a better appreciation for the probable realities of life in space than others without that background. This may be true, but accurate ho-hum stories aren't quite what I'm looking for.

Julian May, The Many-Colored Land, Houghton Mifflin, 1981. A worthy Hugo-contender, a bit episodic but worth reading. I don't recall how many books are planned in the series, but the quality of this one makes me plan to read the rest.

George R. R. Martin and Lisa Tuttle, Windhaven, Pocket Books, 1981. A charming, well-realized story. Far more character development than is usual in SF. Good fun too.

Clifford D. Simak, Project Pope, Del Rey, 1981. Typically Simak in a way, but the denouement lacked strength and the story consequently lacked purpose.

That seems to add up to some twelve novels I've read since Chicon in this attempt to see what I've been missing. It's not all that I've read, for I've not included Volume I (1926) of The Gernsback Awards, or the re-reading of Simak's Way Station, or Tucker's Resurrection Days, or goodly chunks of Twentieth Century Science Fiction Writers (or maybe the last word is "Authors"--our copy's out and I don't recall) or a few shorter works. Not much reading, perhaps, for Don D'Amassa, but unusual for me.

It was worthwhile. Vinge and Cherryh are good authors, and I'd not known this before. The Martin/Tuttle collaboration was good, and while I'd appreciated Martin before it appears that I also should keep an eye out for anything by Tuttle. Gilliland is a good read. I can continue to ignore Chandler (I'd read him, of course, long ago, but it was necessary to affirm that my memory played me no tricks, and that his writing was nothing much). Julian May is, of course, the other pleasing find.

There were five novels nominated (or, to be more exact, on the final ballot) for best novel of 1981. The one I missed, and still haven't found, is Little, Big, by John Crowley. Porter's SF Chronicle for November gives a full Hugo Voting tabulation which, if I'm reading it right, indicates that Little, Big ran last in the balloting and, when eliminated under Australian vote, its votes shifted primarily to The Claw of the Conciliator. I'm no longer quite as anxious to find the book, but I do have some questions about genre and style that will cause me to read the book once I find it.

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Comments on Fapa mailing 180, August 1982:

Officialdom's THE FANTASY AMATEUR. Thiel probably could miscount 47 for 68. You've done a good job, Ed. Some of the candidates for office may wonder how they filed for the office they did. It was like this: Seth Goldberg didn't really want to be OE, but he was the only person who filed who indicated any willingness at all to assume that office and so he filled that slot on the ballot. Chauvenet was willing to undertake any job but that of OE, but he filed for President and said he'd run for the other slots if nobody else did, which didn't turn out to be the case. The other candidates filed only for the offices for which they were indicated on the ballot. For your general information, this will be the Pavlat's last year as ST, for this incarnation (unless Peggy Rae decides to run--which seems unlikely. We run jointly, but I do the ST work except, sometimes, counting activity credit. Maybe I ought to leave the option open for another term. The pain in the ass part of the ST job is typing the roster, and if, as we're considering, we get a word processor, we might go one more term. Don't count on it.)

Eney's TARGET:FAPA, for May. Loved the bacover illo. ** Only unobligated funds go back to the Treasury at the end of the Fiscal Year (unless, of course, your department has found some new way to screw up the system--nothing personal, I know you aren't in the fiscal end of things.) If you didn't obligate funds for the Air Force transportation fees, then of course there was a problem--of State's making! (Yes, I consult for a fee.)

Hlavaty's DISINFORMATION. Your limited linkages to the mailing you review are a severe test of memory. However, the people you're specifically addressing your remarks to can probably follow, and I accept the urge toward brevity. -- Good meeting you.

Bosky's WORDS IN THE TREES. No check marks, and I know better than setting out to comment on such a fanzine. But I probably should have marked for mention the fear you cited that you might find items overlooked on Browne. Nothing specific--and yet evocative of many a disturbed dream or waking dream when I was in college. I think it's called being conscientious.

Silverberg's SNICKERSNED. Yes, I had noticed a recent short-story of yours somewhere recently--somewhat to my surprise since I, at least, was still living in your retirement years. Can't trust these fellows with annual fanzines. ** Love your involvement with technology. I'd not confess as readily as you do to my ignorance of electronics (mainly because I've tried to learn), but I think you cope better than I. What I mainly wanted to comment on was your copier--you know, the one where, when it needs repairs, you phone the company and they send some attractive young woman who briskly fixes the copier, asks you for an autograph, and flings her luscious body at you.

Our dead dog dinner party at Chicon consisted of ten people, two of whom were Jerry Pournelle and Missy Pavlat. You need no introduction to either, but for those who do, two points are significant. First, Jerry is never at a loss for words. Second, Missy is 16, she's been going to cons since she was two months old, and her exposure has been such that she considers that pros are fans who make part of their living by writing.

One of the minor flaps at Chicon IV was the night Jerry Pournelle decided to drop in on the open Chicon Con Suite party without his name badge. Jerry was telling us his version of the story at our dinner, mentioning his return to the hotel late in the evening. He chanced to pass by the party room, paused, and considered the fact that this was the party for fans at the con who didn't know anyplace else to party. He decided on the spot to drop in. "After all," said Jerry, "my name is known, and some of the fans there might want to meet a pro."

"Mr. Pournelle," said Missy, "I've been wondering. Why would anyone want to meet a pro?" This question caught Pournelle completely off guard and utterly stopped the flow of his story. He opened his mouth, obviously planning to speak, but no words came. He tried again, not used to being wordless, but with better luck. After that you could see him actually hunker down and think about how to answer that question. He gave it a good two minutes of thought and finally answered "I don't know, Missy, but believe me, they do."

Later, returning to the hotel, Peggy Rae says that Jerry said to her: "You know, Missy is either the last of the true innocents or she's missing out on her chance to be the world's greatest actress." I think sit-down comic might be nearer the truth, but whatever she is she's good company, even if she doesn't repair copiers or collect autographs, or fling....

Lillian's VAINOMOINEN. DSC sounds like fun. Depending on timing might be able to fit that in next year. ** Worldcons are probably the least mature of all cons. ** Fapa's longest ever waiting list was, according to my count, 64 persons. Maximum wait was, if I recall, a tad over four years. Spicer's the only person who's been in continuously since the first mailing.

Ortlieb's MUTTERINGS FROM THE TEAPOT. The only reason I know for not having more frequent mailings is the work it would pile onto the OE. While the OE job isn't all that hard, most fans evidently don't want to give up the four weekends a year that the job demands. ** Seven or eight poisonous snakes in South Australia? There are only four in the USA and Canada combined, and the rattler is the only one that's common out of the south.

Arthur's' UNDULANT FEVER. Your An Interview with Terry Carr was one of the best I've ever seen with anyone. The questions were apt. And Carr's answers sounded like Carr.

Hills' THE BOMBED BUDGIE JOURNAL. That's about the lightest weight paper that I've ever seen used successfully for two-sided printing.

Moffatts' MOONSHINE. The first issue of Moonshine came out in 1942. ** Horizons and Phantasy Press are older, but what else? ** Partial Recall was always interesting, but I think it's getting better.

Brown's STICKY QUARTERS. My favorite cat, Gandy, was so far as I know primarily a Russian Blue. If he was typical of the breed, it's a nice breed. ** Kittens do stop biting--your Zaphod should have stopped chewing on your fingers by the time you read this. ** No, fannish legend does not raise fans in stature when they become pros. Or, if it does, I've not noticed it. White and Carr and Silverberg and Ellison and Lupoff were all significant fans. They were not the "truly great fan writers of the 50s and 60s" however--excepting Carr. White was noted for controversy. Carr for writing and editing. Silverberg, probably the least fannishly famed of the five, I think was primarily noted as an astute reviewer. Ellison and Lupoff were noted in print for their editorial abilities. Fandom's greatest writers in that period were English. As to current fans moving on to become professionals, the list is endless, though it's not the fanzine fans who are making the transition. Among moderately recent crossovers into the professional you'd have to include Chalker, Sucharitul, Gilliland, Bischoff, Vardeman, Phyllis Eisenstein, Sandra Miesel, FM Busby, Elinor Busby--and there are a few Big Names in that lineup. Except for the Futurians, the conversion rate of fan to pro was never high. I don't think that it's significantly, if any, lower now than it has commonly been.

Brown's FAPAMENTARY. Agree with you on the Aussie in 83 bid. To date, they seem to have no competition for '85, and even if there were some I think the Aussies would have an excellent chance. Cons (the Worldcon) is voted to an oversea site about once every 5 to 6 years (1957, 65, 70, 75, 79), '83 was too close on the heels of '79, and the Baltimore bid looked pretty good. ** Re reforestation, the tree(s) planted (make that type of trees planted) depends on purpose, location, and knowledge of the parties responsible for the reforestation. In a bare area, you may have to start with a tree which can stand full sunlight as a seedling--and many hardwoods cannot. A lumbering company may replant with white pine because that's what they want, and the tree is highly productive in the right location, reaching maturity in 35 years or so. ** I wonder howcome your electrostencils result in fuzzy printing.

Cantor's THE LIME JELLO GAZETTE. Nice meeting you at Chicon. ** No comment hooks that I tied on to, sorry. But, as one smoker to another--cool it, you're boring everyone on that subject.

Warner's HORIZONS. Agree re minimal content egoboo poll. Back to the postcard. And no, I won't analyze poll participation by mailing size even though the data is at hand. You can't get cause/effect by that analysis, so it's not worth doing. Further, assuming big mailings are associated with good poll participation (which was not the case in the first few years of the poll), so what? What action can you take to re-establish this presumed big-mailing "Cause"? ** Was it you or Chauvenet who had the big falling out with Youd some decades back?

Goldberg's HAWAII. I don't know that cons have killed fanzine fandom because I'm not sure that fanzine fandom is dead. However, there's no question that part of the current decline of fanzine fandom is caused by the con-a-week phenomenon in the US. How does this correlate with experience in other countries? The UK has had many ups and downs in fanzine activity, and from what I've seen that doesn't seem to relate to con frequency.

Chauvenet's DETOURS. Well, here's one other fanzine that antedates Moonshine. Yhos is, of course, a fourth. I don't know if that's now a complete list, but it seems mind-croggling that maybe the five longest-lived fanzines exist in Fapa. ** Your Chalker Summer sounds almost like my own reading spree. I've not yet read Chalker's Diamond stories, but they sound like worthwhile additions to my reading list--after I've reduced the stack of purchased (or borrowed (I did find LITTLE, BIG at the library last night)) but not read books to reasonable size. ** Do you realize how many oversea trip reports were in this mailing of Fapa? Foyster's. Yours. Widner's. Peterson's. That's four, assuming I've counted all that there are. And how many people from the US went to the first London Worldcon. No, it was more than four, maybe about 40, for fandom's big annual do, while now four fapa hop aboard their local ornithopter for any reason at all. I'm happy, at least, that the ease of travel hasn't killed off the fanzine publishing proclivities of you four. ** You aren't the only deaf fan. Chuch Harris is, to the best of my knowledge, totally deaf. He was primarily active in the '50's, but I believe I've seen a couple of items by him in the last two or three years. Jay (Jack C.) Haldeman and Dave Langford are severely impaired. ((Aside to Brown--add both Joe and Jay Haldeman to your fan-into-pro list)). ** "...contact with a lively and interesting mind. THAT is what FAPA is really all about...." FAPA, fanzine fandom, and even fandom at large. ** Well, I once reviewed IVANHOE for a college course based on the Famous Comics version of the tale. Got a good grade on the paper, but almost collapsed when the instructor happened to join me in a walk between buildings on the campus and started talking about parts of IVANHOE that hadn't been in the Famous Comics abridgement. (And that confession is the only one I have to make of my college days, or perhaps any others have been lost in the mists of time.) ** You, with many other members, state a reservation about Dick. I share it. ** To close on a more positive note, if you aren't familiar with Cordwainer Smith, lose no time, go thou forth and find and read his stories. Any of them. All of them. (Well, "No, No, Not Rogov" is not one of his best). Evans and Cox and I discovered him at the same time--through "Scanners Live in Vain" in the old Fantasy Book. The man leaves an impression, and his writing should be exactly your cup of tea. (For whatever it's worth, at Discon I (1963), if Leinster had declined our invitation to be GOH, Cordwainer Smith was very high on the list of choices. He might even have been first, but we presumed that he would outlive Leinster and really wanted to honor that man. Chances are quite strong that Smith would have declined, and I couldn't be happier with the decision we made. Leinster showed up for Disclaves for many subsequent years, and I think we provided for that grand old man a touch with fandom that he'd never before had.) He'd never attended a con before, and due to his location in Virginia and a somewhat reclusive nature had also never before had much contact with other pros.) But, back to Smith--I just remembered something. You have read at least one thing by him: "The Lady Who Sailed the Soul." In your last incarnation in Fapa you derided the idea of powering a spaceship by solar wind wings, which was the power-source of the Soul. I rebutted, at length, in a subsequent Bobolings. Now, let me go look those items up in the files.

Somewhat bleary eyed, I confess to failure. No rebuttal in Bobolings--either it never saw print or I wrote it as a letter. Nor can I find your comment, though that's none too surprising since it might be buried almost anyplace in the many pages you published in the 1960-1967 time frame. Oh well. You did comment at one point that you disliked a Smith story about sick sheep (I recall the story but not the title and I'm not about to search for more obscurities.) A rather odd coincidence was that you printed a Ron Ellick review of two Dick books that you had recommended to him, including MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE. His sentiments were as negative as those expressed by others in this mailing.

Roberts' GUFF. Beautiful. Tantalizing. I'm at this moment not tempted to say anything further, but you've caught my attention. Welcome!

Bellis' SHOTGUN. Loved your quote from White on Thiel. I'm not sure how long Thiel has been around, but it's well over three years. He joined the waiting list in 1979, and he'd been around for some time before that. ** I like mailing comments, including yours (how would we have gotten the admittedly ephemeral Thiel comments otherwise?). In Fapa, MCs serve the same function as LOCs in the genzine world. And if the Fapa member wants to do only MCs, rather than articles or nattering or whatever--well, that qualifies as "the usual."

Stone's PAST, PRESENT & FUTURE. Beck's THE SCIENCE FICTION CRITIC I 4 had an extra two pages. One was simply a plug for subscriptions, the other announced a contest for best review of a current SF work, with the prize to be a bound copy of SHE. Since Beck planned to print the winner, it seems to be a way of encouraging good criticism and getting worthwhile material to print. I don't know how well the idea worked since I have only two copies of SFCritic. The other one is not one that you have, so a Xerox copy is being sent. ** I always enjoy PP&F.

Speer's SYNAPSE. Glad you finally have a way of going and staying legible. The price is right--you pay \$2.50 per 70 double sided pages; I couldn't get the same here for less than \$7.50. ** British CIA equivalent? Think that's MI 5 or 6, and/or the Special Branch (of Scotland Yard).

Calkins' THE RAMBLING FAP. You remain the Fapan who can best make a dull subject interesting reading. No comment hooks on first pass, but one of the most enjoyed items in the mailing. ** Amador County is famed in the wine world for its Zinfandel--is that what you're planning for your grape area or do you have specific plans?

Widner's YHOS. Missing at this moment. Missy was reading it, and I don't know where she put it. Further comments will be found on the next page.

Peterson's EL KRAKEN. Welcome. No comment hooks, but can't resist pointing out that the proper spelling is Australia, and the proper term, to the best of my knowledge, is chop sticks. Glad you enjoyed your trip.

Cox's ESDACYOS. Or, for Widner's benefit, E*D*C*O**S*A*Y*S. Since my retirement, I'm chief cook and bottle washer around here. I'm a good cook, but my Peggy Rae, like your Anne, still makes better spaghetti sauce than I. Mine is improving, thanks to some hints passed on by my wife. Chop and drain the tomatoes before adding--save the juice and add some only if the sauce is too thick. Use a bit of

oregano. Don't be too afraid of the pepper shaker. Among my own findings are that plum tomatoes are the best (they have a slightly lower water content), and a couple of drops of tabasco (or other hot pepper extract) adds interest. ** There is a lot of fantasy and sword and sorcery on the stands, but all is not lost, as I tried to demonstrate on the first couple of pages of this issue. Some of the fantasy is good. I liked the McKillip trilogy, THE RIDDLE MASTER OF HED, HEIR OF SEA AND FIRE, and HARPIST IN THE WIND, with the first book in my opinion being the best. Coulson evidently preferred the second book, but the exploration of the mystery was more interesting than its resolution, and the exploration occurs primarily in the first book. Peggy Rae normally doesn't like fantasy, but she enjoyed Elizabeth Lynn's Chronicles of Tornor series (WATCHTOWER, THE DANCERS OR ARUN, and THE NORTHERN GIRL). I read and enjoyed one of the three, but so far haven't explored the other two. ** I vaguely recall one Shaverite fanzine, but that was a long time ago. ** Enjoyed.

YHOS has been returned to me by Missy, together with the request that I leave some room for her. ** Top notch trip report, comparable only to such classics as Trip of the FooFoo Special, Jr, done by some clown or other in Fapa a few years back. He called it Cruise of the..., but I'm sure you recall that little detail. Your illos pointed up your incidents nicely, and I laughed aloud in more spots here than in all the rest of the mailing combined. A super job. ** Good layout. ** Gary Larson now appears in the Washington Post. For the most part --I can't make a sentence out of that. I don't like him most of the time. ** I seem to be down to having met only 35 or so Fapans. A west coast con would soon correct that, but that probably won't happen before '84, if then. ** Blue Nun is not to be had at a "fair" price. The wine's about a \$2.75 value (in our area) the other \$2.25 or more of the price is for advertising. But I don't want to dwell on wines this issue, and will instead let Missy have her space.

Layout/format: Roberts, Widner. MCs: Widner, Chauvenet, Lillian.
Articles: Widner. Nattering: Calkins.

(I'm sorry for the typo's, but I'm really not too skilled)
Being a second year Russian student I found the account of your visit to Russia very interesting. I was, however, rather surprised that you didn't mention St. Basil's cathedral in your account--the fact that St. Basil's was on the cover added to that surprise. I'm quite sure that you know of the tale attached to St. Basil's--how Ivan the Terrible had the architect's eyes gouged out after the construction was completed. Nice guy, that Ivan. When you mentioned that you must have been shown only selected Metro stops, a discussion we had only 2 days ago in class came to mind. All Metro stations in the Soviet Union are magnificent, with tons of marble, beautiful paintings, and even chandeliers at many stops. The Soviets put on a show like no one else is silly enough to. By the way, did you manage to see the largest escalator (I believe it's the largest in the world)? I understand it takes 2½ minutes to reach the top. XE I'm really glad that you enjoyed your trip to the U.S.S.R. even after your run in with the bag-check man. (Anti-Soviet propoganda-me? Hey- I may, be a fan, but that doesn't mean I'm necessarily crazy. What's a fan, you ask? Uh...) MISSY PAVLAT

Там и Дюма Ханданам скажут мое у них хорошо каникулы в
Русская. И у нас большое читател-сье в Советский Союз.
Всегда рады!
Мисси Павлат