

Profanity

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SWEARING IN

(Editorial)

PUNCH, BROTHERS, PUNCH WITH CARE

I am impressed with the efforts Roger Sween is making with fanzine listings in his FAN PUBLISHING RECORD, and I do not at all agree with Mike Glicksohn that FPR isn't useful. Its utility will increase as a factor of its continuity, of course, but it needs only a year's continuity to make it quite useful as a compendium of fanzine fandom's output during that year. (I assume an annual index.)

In the meantime, it has sparked a new development in my own bibliographic approach to fanzines and fanzine collecting. I have now begun to checklist my own collection again, this time, going issue by issue through the general file (which excludes the APAs qua APAs -- APazines in the general file are there because I have separate copies of them). And I am extracting the vital (to a collector) information and transferring it to IBM cards by using the equipment available at UCLA. The cards can then be run immediately to a printout on the 407 printer, and eventually the entire collection may be able to be placed on computer tape for machine-manipulation in adding to and correcting the file. Several of the local fans are computer nuts with intent to own their own computers, and it shouldn't be too hard to get them to allow me to cowbird my fanzine file on their equipment. I may even get sufficiently ambitious to get my own terminal and rent some time from one of the companies around here.

In any case, putting the collection on machine-readable cards is a first step. It is rather a long step, as my collection is quite large. It has taken me almost 700 cards to get through with AP... . When I finish the general file I'll tackle the APAs, which will increase the file by at least half, possibly more. And there are still some 40 boxes of fanzines unsorted in the garage. (I considered waiting until they were sorted to begin the keypunching project, but decided that might mean waiting until The King Comes Back and The Third Egg Hatches, and... .)

The information fields are these:

- Column 1 : card number (most issues need only one card each, but...)
- 2-36: zine title and number (whole number, volume-&-number, etc.)
- 37-50: editor's last name
- 51-63: editor's first name
- 64-67: date -- two-letter abbreviation for month or season, plus year
- 68 : symbol for general size
- 69 : symbol for general form of reproduction
- 70-71: number of printed pages
- 72-73: number of blank pages included as an integral part of zine
- 74-80: APA(s) in which it was included

Some of the information is supplied -- i.e., it is not on the fanzine itself. But I am limiting such supplied information to issue #, editor, and date. APA information simply isn't important enough to rake up. And if the information isn't availa-

1ANYTHING THING, THE	5	BALAZS AND	FRANK	AP73SM39	1
2ANYTHING THING, THE	5	SCHNECK	MATTHEW	AP73SM39	1
1AONIA	1	PAVLAT	BOB	AP51SM	6 OSAPA
1APA ?	2 (T.C.+)	HOLLANDER	BOB	MR71SM	1 1APA? 2
1APA V	FLYER	MILLER	CRAIG	FE71SM	1 1
1APAMALOS	1	EATLEY	STU	67SM	1 1APAL120
1APAMALOS	3 (ALSO: 4)	BAILEY	STU	67SM	1 1APAL122
1APATHY SUPPL.	(ALSC: ACCENDA)	CLARKE	JOY K.	SM	2 2CMPA 23
1APE	1	HAYDOCK	RCN	60SM15	1NAPA 6
1APE	2	HAYDOCK	RON	DE60SD12	2NAPA 7
1APE	3 V2N1	HAYDOCK	RCN	JA61SD23	1NAPA
1APE CUBED	3	HARNESS	JACK	SD	8 8
1APERCU		JANKE	CURTIS C.	64SC10	0FAPA
1APES OF RAPP, THE				SM	4 0
1APCCRYPTA	1	JANKE	CURTIS C.	AU60SM	8 0FAPA 92
1APCCRYPTA	2	JANKE	CURTIS D.	NO60SM	9 1FAPA 93
1APCCRYPTA	3	JANKE	CURTIS C.	AU61SM13	1FAPA 96
1APCCRYPTA	4	JANKE	CURTIS D.	AU62SM10	0FAPA100
1APCLLO	3	HENSLEY AND	JCE	JA44SM10	2
2APCLLO	3	INNMAN	LIONEL	JA44SM10	2
2APCLLO	4	HENSLEY	JCE	44SM17	3
2APCLLO	5 V2N1	GRANT AND	DUN	AU46SM15	1
2APCLLO	5 V2N1	HENSLEY	JOE	AU46SM15	1
1APOLLO PLAY	2	SCHAFFER	RAY	SE57SM18	2CMPA 13
1APGLOGIA		EVANS	EVERETT	MR42SM	2 0FAPA
1APOLOGY OF SORTS, AN		LEWIS	AL	FE65SM	2 0
1APORRHETA	1	S.P.31 SANDERSON	H. P. 'SANDY'	JY58SM27	1
1APORRHETA	2	SANDERSON	H. P.	AU58SM30	2
1APORRHETA	3 (B/W NO. 4)	S.P.35 SANDERSON	H. P.	SE58SM26	2
1APORRHETA	4 (B/W NO. 3)	S.P.35 SANDERSON	H. P.	SE58SM22	2
1APORRHETA	5	H.P.S.39 SANDERSON	H. P.	NO58SM38	2
1APORRHETA	6	F.P.S.40 SANDERSON	H. P.	DE58SM43	1
1APORRHETA	7	H.P.S.41 SANDERSON	H. P.	JA59SM42	2
1APORRHETA	8	H.P.S.42 SANDERSON	H. P.	FE59SM36	2
1APORRHETA	9	H.P.S.45 SANDERSON	H. P.	MR59SM38	2
1APORRHETA	10	H.P.S.46 SANDERSON	H. P.	AP59SM34	2
1APORRHETA	11	F.P.S.48 SANDERSON	H. P.	MY59SM50	2
1APORRHETA	12	H.P.S.49 SANDERSON	H. P.	JY59SM50	2
1APORRHETA	13	F.P.S.50 SANDERSON	H. P.	SE59SM50	2
1APORRHETA	14	H.P.S.52 SANDERSON	H. P.	DE59SM48	2
1APORRHETA	15	F.P.S.54 SANDERSON	H. P.	JA60SM50	2
1APORRHETA	16	SANDERSON	H. P.	MR60SM50	2
1APORRHETA	17	SANDERSON	H. P.	MY60SM52	0
1APORRHETA		THOMSON	ARTHUR	DE58SM14	14
2APORRHETA	SUPPL. 1: FAN CALEN-				
1APORRHETA	SUPPL. 1: DAR 1959				
1APORRHETA	SUPPL. 3: EX-INCHMERY	CLARKE	A. VINCENT	JY60SM14	0
2APORRHETA	SUPPL. 3: FAN DIARY				

A Jergen's Lotion Salesman On Molokai; or, The Great Lepre-Con Caper

I don't care what Doreen Webbert says, I did not go to LepreCon in Phoenix in order to save postage on my SAPSzine. It's true that I did take the copies with me and deliver them to her in person, even though the mailing was still a month away, but... .

Part of the problem is that I start getting Convention Fever in the spring. The East Coast zines and Midwest Zines start coming out with announcements for, and then reports of, all sorts of regional and local cons. The more affluent of the West Coast types -- Class 5 and those of Class 4 who won't be going to Worldcon -- fly back for Boskone, then come back and talk about it. California doesn't have local cons. And the only regional is Westercon, which isn't until July. Besides, I'm on the Committee for that. So I start wanting to go to a convention early in the year. Usually, all I get to do is sit around and want, but this year it was different.

Towards the end of 1974 I started noting flyers for a local con in Phoenix in March: LepreCon. Phoenix isn't far from L.A. -- if I managed to drive there overnight back in Nov. 1971 for a bridge tournament, I certainly ought to be able to do so for a con. Besides, all sorts of other L.A. types were talking about going, so we ought to be able to share expenses and driving. Right. Uh-huh.

Elayne's schedule for the Winter Quarter turned up a final exam on the Monday after the con; maybe I wouldn't go after all. Craig Miller was driving to the con with Dan Alderson, as the latter would be paying the expenses, and there was lots of room in Craig's car; maybe I would go. Alderson decided he couldn't afford the trip. Elayne got her final changed to Wednesday. Craig didn't think he could afford it. We offered to split room expenses as well as trip expenses. And so, with plans to leave Friday morning, we went into the final week before the con.

On Thursday around 2:30, I was eating lunch in the student union at UCLA when Elayne charged in: "Craig isn't going; he can't afford it. He was going to tell us tonight at LASFS." My lunch hadn't been very appetising to begin with, but... . Seems she had run into Craig outside the union, playing in what is usually known as The Jewish Poker Game. (This time it was the Jewish Brag Game; Craig doesn't play poker.)

The Ox, our Ford Van, was having problems, and we had been planning to leave it at the repair shop over the weekend while we were in Phoenix. We had no idea what was the matter, but there was this grinding noise every once in a while, and it probably should be looked after, rather than just taking it on a 900-mile trip and assuming it would survive. We took the rest of the day off and headed for the Ford shop nearest us.

It was diagnosed as an alternator bearing gone bad, and we said we'd bring it in first thing Friday morning. The job should take 2-2½ hours said Steve the Customer Representative, and there wasn't time to do it before they closed Thursday. Fine.

An attempt to pick up either another ride or another rider at LASFS failed utterly. All the ones who'd been talking about going to LepreCon -- except the Nivens, who were driving their Porsche (Larry was GoH) -- had been only talking.

Friday morning at 7:30 I had the Ox at the shop. Friday afternoon at 5:00 I finally got the thing back. As for the time in between, you don't want to hear about it and I don't want to remember it. Sufficient to say that they re-replaced the water pump they'd replaced in January, and since they had the alternator torn down anyway I let them replace one of the bearings which looked like it was likely to go fairly soon. We had definitely changed our mind about leaving Friday, as there seemed little point in arriving after midnight, just to get socked with another night's hotel bill.

We left L.A. around midnight, and got to Phoenix about quarter after eight Saturday morning. The trip was fairly short, fairly simple, and quite uneventful. So all you enemies of travel minutia can relax.

After spending some time figuring out which of the three Quality Inns of Phoenix was the right one -- Tim Kyger's flyers were omnipresent but not entirely complete with necessary information -- we checked in, registered for the con, and went exploring.

The huxter room was mostly occupied by comic dealers, though the Society for Creative Anachronism had a table, and SF was represented by two L.A. dealers, Bill Crawford and Henry Hasse. The former, wearing a nametag that proclaimed him to be Clark Ashton Smith, introduced me to the latter, whose nametag identified him as H.P. Lovecraft. I had heard and read of Henry Hasse, but never met him, and we talked a while about old fanzines and old LASFSians. Then Elayne and I went to look at the art show.

The art show was in two of the sleeping rooms, one being devoted to paintings and such, and the other to 3-dimensional artwork. In the first room we ran into Gail Barton of Denver, who promptly gifted me with a copy of the latest addition to the Denver crew's folksong repertoire, SON OF DASFLK FILK ROCK. I got even by sticking her with a copy of PROFANITY. Elayne and I looked through the paintings, not finding any we especially wanted to bid on, and wandered over to the other art room.

The 3-D stuff was somewhat horrendous, and I wasn't very surprised when I found out, later in the con, that the person in charge of the art show had got her college art class to participate. There was a huge throne-like affair with all sorts of electronic paraphrenalia attached, as a time machine; for instance.

The committee room was across the hall from the 3-D art room, and it was relatively empty, so we took over one of their tables while Gail did an illo for my fan art shirt. About that time, the Nivens wandered by, and various committee members ran around in the traditional manner, trying to find a missing panelist. (Evangeline Walton, for whom they were looking, had been there when we came in, but since everyone had gone elsewhere, she had decided to go look for the program. A couple minutes after she left, the committee started looking for her. S.O.P.)

I talked with Hilde Brown of the committee, in between her work toward the Supermembership Dinner scheduled for that evening. The Supermembership dinners were given for a very small number of early con-supporters, who paid \$10 for a special dinner with the Guest of Honor. The dinner was home-cooked in one of the motel's kitchenettes, and served on special china and crystal with all sorts of flourishes. Each dinner accomodated 6 or 7 people besides the Nivens, and there was one Supermembership dinner each day of the con. They seem to have been quite a success, and the committee is planning to continue the ideanext year.

For the non-Supermembership types, there was a buffet luncheon Saturday at noon. We hadn't planned to attend it, but I suddenly found myself being pressed into service as Toastmaster, since luncheon time was upon them and their scheduled Toastmaster, David Gerrold, hadn't yet arrived. It is a role I hadn't played before, but inasmuch as one might as well start somewhere, I took the job. We took the luncheon tix reserved for The David and joined the mob. Afterward, I made the announcements the committee requested -- including a Roscoeite toast! -- and later introduced Larry for his G&H speech. Gerrold didn't show during the entire con. One of us owes the other a favor, though I'm not sure which.

Niven spoke on black holes and a few other such esoteric subjects, and promptly lost at least 2/3 of the audience. Not literally, of course, as they all stayed and listened. The other third actually asked questions. In all, it went over well. (Elayne accused Fuzzy Pink of writing Larry's speech, since she had understood what he was talking about, but Fuzzy denied it.)

Among the mob in the restaurant was Doreen Webbert, whom I hadn't seen since 1966 -- 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ years and 1 wife ago -- when Dian and I, with a 6-months-old Cecy, stopped by the

Webberts' home in Seattle on the way to Tricon. After Larry's speech, Doreen and I sat and talked for a couple hours in the hotel lobby, while Elayne, not caring much for such scintillating subjects of conversation as SAPS or the Tampa Public Library, wandered off to help move stuff for the auction. (SAPS was discussed because Doreen and Jim Webbert were Official Editor four years ago when I dropped out, and are still in the post now that I'm rejoining. And I had brought my SAPS-zine with me... . Tampa Public Library (Florida, of course) was where I met Doreen in the first place, and introduced her to fandom. She now insists that she can put the blame for everything that has happened to her since 1959 on me because I did introduce her to fandom. Sheesh, talk about Domino Theories... .)

Around five Jim Webbert, who had been to a business conference during the day, showed up, somewhat under the influence of several Black Russians. Doreen had invited Elayne and me to their home for dinner, so we piled into the old Econoline van they've had for at least ten years and, Doreen driving, trundled northward a few miles to Webberthaus. (The van had seen good service during the 1965 Westercon in Long Beach, where the batch of fans who had rattled around in the back of the front-seats-only vehicle had dubbed it The Orgywagon. More poetry than truth, unfortunately, but... .)

We met the kids (and the cat), had dinner, watched a TV newscast which included a bit on the Leprecon, and got the tour of the house. We then drove back to the motel for the autograph party scheduled at 7:00.

The party was being held in a fairly small room, and it was packed when we got to it, so we decided to take the opportunity to go next door to the small market and lay in supplies for breakfast and lunch Sunday. Our motel room had a kitchennette, and while there was a lockable door between the bedroom and the kitchennette, the door was wide open, and we decided we might as well take advantage of the fact. (Use of the kitchennetes was supposed to be available only at an additional fee.)

Back at the autograph party, which was fast breaking up, I bought a copy of The Song of Rhiannon, and got Evangeline Walton to autograph it before things closed down completely.

It was then 9:00, and the earliest party scheduled was to begin at 9:30, so we decided we could spend the half hour cathing up on some rest. Mistake. I woke up at 1:30, poked Elayne, and suggested we give up and go to bed. The Friday Fussing and lack of sleep had caught up with us.

Breakfast Sunday morning wasn't exactly "roughing it," but there were some substitutions made for some common utilities. We had bought some plastic forks the night before, but paper plates weren't available. So we tried serving our scrambled eggs on heavy paper towels instead. After a fashion, it worked. Then, since the con was closing up in the early afternoon, we decided to check out and find a cheaper motel after the Dead Dog Party -- which was being held at one of the committee member's apartment. All sorts of places can beat a \$21.50 motel rate.

After checking out we re-met various people and explained quite a few times why we had disappeared Saturday night. The huxters were closing up, and I picked up a few bargains from the last-minute sales of huxters who didn't want to cart all their unsold stuff back again. Then, by 12:30, everything began to die, and we headed for the local shopping malls.

It should be explained that both Elayne and I are Shopping Mall Freaks. We enjoy rambling through these aggregates of assorted shops, looking for odd items that might just be a bargain, or that we don't find in our area, or just seeing what a particular mall may offer. Elayne had spent some time quizzing Phoenix fans about the location of their Malls, so we set out to spend Sunday afternoon Mall-Shopping until it was time for the Dead Dog Party.

Metro Center is the largest Mall in Phoenix, about the size of 2 or 3 city blocks

altogether, with glass elevators at either end to take you from the one level to the other. It had bookshops and other such dangerous places. Reminding me of my diet, which was suffering quite enough this weekend, Elayne wouldn't let me into the pastry shop; apparently, however, we need some such excuse to keep her out of such places.

By the time we got down with Metro Center, it was almost 4:30. We made a fast try for Chris-Town Mall, but got sidetracked by a record store. Twenty minutes and \$25 later, everything else had closed, so we zipped through, looking in the windows. And Elayne hatched an Idea. How about an organization to rate Shopping Malls? I twirled various acronymic possibilities about, and came up with S.P.A.S.M. -- the Society for the Promotion and Appreciation of Shopping Malls.

That set off a discussion of various points on which to rate Malls: sufficient number of bookstores, record stores, fabric stores; presence of at least one pet store, cheese shop, ... ; decor; amount of danger to the wallet (if you can get out without spending \$10, it's not dangerous enough, if you can't get out under \$30, it may be too dangerous); extra points for such things as including cats in the pet shop. Elayne also envisioned various states having their own branches of SPASM, and when we got to the Dead Dog Party at Paula Ann Anthony's she talked up the idea. She wound up with two state representatives -- Tim Kyger for Arizona and Gail Barton for Colorado. Both could reel off the names and locations of Shopping Malls in their area with no hesitation whatever. Gail, who has been trying to talk me into coming to MileHiCon in Denver for several years, started off, "Oh, you'll have to come to MileHiCon, then --we've got Malls... ." and proceeded to list a stack of them. I won't say it was effective, but we are considering going to Denver in October... .

Most of the Dead Dog Party was spent in the back bedroom, discussing convention mechanics, from the bidding to the production. It was mostly a case of the newly-convention-oriented Phoenix and Tucson fans asking questions and Jim Webbert and I answering them as best we could. Phoenix decided last year that they wanted to bid for a Westercon, on so little information about the mechanics of the bid that they were trying to bid for the 1976 con -- which had already been decided last July. They are now bidding for 1978, the next time the Westercon will be in the Southern Zone, with the apparent support of Albuquerque, whose inhabitants had reacted with something akin to relief that they would no longer be expected to bid in order to get a non-California Westercon in the Southern Zone. We discussed dealing with hotels when you have an established con to offer -- quite a different thing that dealing with them on an experimental local con -- and the talk went on into the small hours. I have no idea how much of the advice they will find useful, but apparently one of the advisors was useful enough -- I hear they've got Jim on the committee now (and Doreen, of course). Two committees, actually -- next year's LepreCon and the 1978 Westercon bidding committee. Serves them both/all right!

When the party started thinning out, we went out and found an American 6 Motel to get some sleep. It appears that all sorts of chains have sprung up in imitation of the Motel 6 chain, which started out years ago offering a room for \$6 no matter how many people you had. These days, Motel 6 has singles for \$6.95, doubles for \$8.95 (1 bed) or \$10.95 (2 beds) and 3 or 4-person rooms for \$12.95. It's still a reasonably good deal. The imitations have a few singles at \$6.95, and others at higher prices, with multiple-person rooms even higher. The rather surly old coot at the American 6 informed me that their \$6.95 rooms were all taken -- I think he just barely stopped himself from saying "both of them" -- but he could let me have one for \$10. I said that was fine, and didn't bother telling him there were two of us.

Monday morning we spent exploring the other Malls we'd been told about at the party. The first two were only Shopping Plazas -- not really of interest to the Shopping Mall Enthusiast. They weren't even very good Plazas. A Doubleday Bookstore with a number of books I wanted saved one, and the other was rescued from total uselessness by an attractive -- if somewhat gaudy -- huge metal sculpture: a Phoenix.

The last exploration was made at Thomas Mall, which was definitely S.P.A.S.M.- approved. Bookstores, fabric stores, even a pet store -- though no cats. The cheese store -- Swiss Colony -- hit us for about \$9 worth of strange cheeses such as Steppe Cheese (Russian, imported via Norway), and we picked up another stack of records of old musicals. (Elayne is an Old Musical freak, and they were cheaper than in L.A.)

Most of the purchases at various malls -- as well as our stay at the con motel -- were put on charge, as we hadn't exactly budgeted for a convention in the middle of March. But we may have won the game I refer to as Charge Card Roulette. Every once in a while the store loses your charge slip, and you never get charged for the item you bought. All the rest of the bills we charged in Phoenix have cleared now except for the \$9 worth of cheese... .

By 2:00 p.m., we gave up, had lunch and ~~traveled~~ drove back to L.A. It was a fun trip and con, and we're generally planning to do it again next year. Assuming we survive a few other cons between now and then.

(My thanks to Elayne, who wrote her con report for APA L right after we got back. I let mine go too long, and needed hers to timebind the trip schedule so I could have something to hang my own impressions and comments on. Next time I may just run her report.)

IN THE EARLY 60's, Rich Brown, a fan of Don Marquis -- especially of his archy and mehitabel -- invented a fannish version of archy called ichabod.

ICHABODINGS

5

rich
brown

listen to me that
fellow who was in to see
you the other day bulling you
about your stuff
is no true friend you got
so proud of yourself on
account of what he
said you gave him a
complete backfile of
your fmz and
autographed them for him i thought
he was a fakefan so
i hopped into the cuff
of his trousers and
went out with him
he sold those fmz for
twenty cents at a second
hand place and
treated himself to a
drink on the river front
he cursed because if
you had not written your name
in the zines he might
have got a quarter for
them he said you are an
easy mark

(Originally published
in SPELEOBEM 13,
October 1961; SAPS 57)

ichy

15 MAR.: Fanzine received: SON OF DASFOLK FILK ROCK (Gail Barton, et al). There are, apparently, a half dozen Denver-area fans who sit around and think up parodies to just about any song around. That is, I think there's a half-dozen -- it may be everyone in Denver fandom does it, or it may be that all of these things were written by Doris Beetem under pseudonyms. In any case, these parodies range from the clever to the ghodawful. The subjects are heavily Lovecraftian -- including a 9-page "Wilbur Whately, Superstar" -- but there's Tolkien stuff and even some "Star Trek" material. 26 pages of parodies altogether. (75¢; 31 Rangeview Dr., Lakewood, CO 80215.) ...wish some people believed more in (1) scan-sion; (2) colophons for fanzines... .

17 MAR.: Fanzines received: STARLING 30 (Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell). Hank reports on an illustrated lecture by Bob Clampett. Sandra Miesel narrates the ~~heroic~~ Heroineic efforts of Prof. Dr. Ms. Susan Wood in combatting an insectoid infestation; the plot seems a bit...er...moth-eaten... . Joe Sanders critiques seven volumes of the Hyperion Press "Classics of SF" series, and series editor SaMosk bristles and nitpicks in reply. Point: while it is true that there is a reprint industry that offsets Out-of-Print books that are difficult to obtain, and that the costs of volumes from this industry are indeed larger than those of the Hyperion Press series, there is an aspect SaM is ignoring. The books reprinted by the general industry are those for which there has been a definite request, and, in the special case of volumes reprinted by such firms as Johnson or Kraus and included in their catalogs as available, sufficient requests to indicate a generally wide-spread need. This is not the case with Hyperion, which is trying to market a series of reprints to scholars and libraries by convincing them they should need the books. In this case I feel, with Sanders, that more thorough research should be expected, and more exacting notes and explanations should be necessary.

Leigh Couch's article, on her growing up around an interest in the Big Bands of the 30's and 40's is a damned good one; I don't care much for band music, but the article was excellent just from a people-viewing standpoint. And Lesleigh adds Part 6 to the series of "Great American Comics" -- "Sugar and Spike"?? Oh, well... (525 W. Main, Madison, WI 53703; 50¢, 5/\$2.00; or The Usual.)

DIEHARD 6 (Tony Cvetko). Loren MacGregor has an article, supposedly on why fans should put up with non-SF books labelled as SF, and their reverse-images, but there seems to be little point to the argument, or to the article. D. Gary Grady wastes 6 pages parodying Time Enough For Love. Mae Strelkov writes of Latin American history, especially its Church-centered Conquest, and of Latin American mythology. Juxtaposed with this is an article by Richard Shaver, "Hideosities," relating how the mind-rule developed by the ancients is now working through TV and the other media. I find myself wondering about the use of editorial layout prerogatives as commentary. Don D'Amassa surveys the works of Kornbluth, identifying three main theses; Reed Andrus tells of his adventures with a Lovecraftian bumper sticker. And the lettercolumn discusses (mostly) the World Government pitch made by D. Gary Grady in DIEHARD 5. (Strange that no one, in commenting on Ben Indick's "Last & First Fen" in #5, mentioned that the title had also been used for a well-known tapera by the Liverpool Group at the 1955 Cytricon. Cf. FANCY II, p.160.) (29415 Parkwood Dr., Wickliffe, OH 44092; 60¢, 4/\$2, or The Usual.)

THE TATTOOED DRAGON AND THE QUEEN OF MARS (Bill Rotsler). A new -- 1975 -- compendium of Rotsler cartoons, which struck me as being better than the last several. (Box 3126, Los Angeles, CA 90028; I've no idea of the availability, but you might ask if \$1 will work... .)

22 MAR.: This being the Saturday nearest the Vernal Equinox -- and thus the Zodiacal New Year -- we threw the annual Zodiac Party. It's the only invitational

party we throw all year; the others are open to almost anyone who hears about them. The idea is to try to get a male and a female from each Zodiac sign. So far we've not managed a complete set in the six years the party has been going -- you'd think a group as big as the LASFS could provide a big enough selection for such a party, but even when augmented by some of my co-workers at UCLA, it never works right. Things happen like finding that the only female Capricorn around is married to a Leo -- and so is the only female Aquarius. This year, as last, we cheated, declared a female Gemini to be an Honorary Taurus, and declared the Host and Hostess outside the consideration of Invited Signs (otherwise, no female Pisces or male Leo would ever get invited to the party). Even that didn't work -- one couple sent regrets a couple days before the party, and another just didn't show. Oh, well, those in attendance enjoyed it. Elayne made a cake and decorated it with the Zodiac signs, and we got out the various Zodiac party stuff I accumulated back in 1970 when the astrology fad was in full swing -- glasses, ice bucket, etc. There's no particular reason for throwing such a party -- except, perhaps, to finally get the Complete Set of Invitees -- and I keep thinking maybe I'll give it up next year. Maybe... .

24 MAR.: Fanzines received: TITLE 37 (Donn Brazier). A scattershot of anything that comes the editor's way. Ben Indick: the word you want for "once every five years" is "lustrumly." It was the publishing schedule of Lee Hoffman's SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY. "Irk & Counter" seems to revolve around the sending of sample fanzine copies, set off by Paul Walker's objection to receiving same. I don't see the problem; if one doesn't want the things, he can use the Round File. If he doesn't want to respond, he can do what he likes with the zines, and it won't be too long before they stop coming. I used to use the Why-You-Are-Getting-This sort of checklist, but I no longer see the point of wasting the space that way. (I can waste it to better ends... .) I figure most fans are smart enough to figure out that they are receiving a copy of my zine because (1) I owe them; (2) I want something from them; or (3) there is something therein I think they might want to see. If they can't figure it out, they can wait a while and see if issues stop coming, then figure it out. (1455 Fawnvalley Dr., St. Louis, MO 63131; The Usual)

KARASS 12 (Linda Bushyager). More fan news than available elsewhere. This issue reprints the DisCon II Financial Report from the DisCon II Progress Report 5. (1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, PA 19076; 4/\$1 or The Usual)

28 MAR.: Fanzine received: SOUTHERN FANDOM CONFEDERATION BULLETIN 13 (Meade Frierson for the Southern Fandom Confederation) An updating of the news, conventions, zines, and fans in The South, supplementing the SOUTHERN FANDOM HANDBOOK (Jan. 74) and Bulletin 12. (Box 9032 Birmingham, AL 35213; dues in the SFC are \$1 per convention year -- Sept.-Aug.)

29 MAR.: Elmer Perdue has reported in FAPA his attendance at the monthly "Auctions of the Estates of the Dead" by the County of Los Angeles. He has described the various strange things he has found (and frequently purchased), and the bargains that can sometimes be obtained. When Drew and I visited Elmer a few weeks ago (TT, Mar. 9; PROF 9) he showed off his latest acquisitions and again suggested I should go to one of the things. He even gave me instructions on how to get there. So on this fine Saturday morning Drew awoke long enough to drive to the Tower and climb into the back of the Ox, where he promptly went to sleep again, and Elayne and I did mount the bucket seats and trundle off to the hinterlands of SE Los Angeles in time to arrive for the 9:30 opening. I paid my \$20 for a bidder's registration (refundable if one buys less than \$20 worth) and we went to look over the material. There was furniture -- everything from broken-down chairs to fantastic Art Deco/pseudo-Chinese sideboards. There was a tremendous array of tools, power- and otherwise; artwork; boxes of clothes; misc. kitchenware; jewelry and coins; and books. The auction started with the furniture, and even the crud was bringing high prices from the 170/ bidders. The tools were worse -- I know I could get new stuff for what they were paying for the old. Then came the misc. household stuff, and the auctioneer would do

something like auction a set of 24 pieces of sterling by calling for bids per item, and the fools were bidding \$6 and \$7 each. We were waiting to see what a box of comics we'd discovered would go for. They were all fairly common late- and maybe mid-60's stuff, National Comics almost entirely, and there were only about in the box. Around 2:30 the comics finally went on the block. When the bidding went over \$70 we headed, somewhat amazedly, for the door. I cashed my bidding ticket in for the full \$20 and we escaped. Maybe we'll try it again some time and see if it is always that bad, or if we just hit an odd one.

We dropped Drew back at his car, then Elayne and I went on to her parents' for dinner. I brought with me a hook rug I've been working on since last April ('74), though it had been put aside in August and ignored for seven months. Inevitably, the after-dinner activities at the Yampolskys' consist of reading, watching a movie on TV, handicraft work, or some combination of these. This time it was no different: Elayne, her mother, and I worked on handicrafts of various kinds, while her father read, and we paid some/little/no (depending on the individual) attention to the TV film. I did pause to consider the rather odd situation -- there was I, generally an agnostic, sitting on the floor working on a rug, in the middle of a Jewish household, all of whom were more or less watching "The Greatest Story Ever Told," on the night before Easter Sunday.

The rug, by the way, is a 6'x3' thing, with the pattern of the Queen of Hearts. It's only the third piece of such craftwork I've attempted, and when it's finished it is destined for the game room, whenever that can be made to exist in the garage. Back toward the end of 1973, I decided to take up some simple needlework, beginning with a foot-square pillow in only two colors. There were two reasons for making the attempt: (1) I was on jury duty for a couple months, and running through several books a day waiting to be called for a case or dismissed for the day, and it was cheaper than buying that many books all at one time; (2) I needed some sort of self-defense at work. During coffee break at the Engineering Library, the technical processes staff would gather in the staff room, and all of a sudden I'd be surrounded by macramé, knitting, crocheting -- all over the place. I took up the needlework just to stay even. (Between the first small pillow, which was a Zodiac design given as a Xmas present along with another that Elayne did, and the rug, I did a larger pillow, with four playing cards juxtaposed. It's is still waiting for Elayne to have the time to put the backing on it and make it into a pillow.)

30 MAR.: Drew Sanders and I took the Ox down to Orange County, and, together with Ron Bounds, helped Bobbi Armbruster move up to civilization. (No quibbles from the San Francisco contingent, please.) We managed almost everything in one load, using the Ox, Bobbi's station wagon, and Ron's car; at this point Bobbi doesn't have as much stuff owning her as a lot of people -- especially fans -- do.

Elayne and I went to see "Murder On the Orient Express" and "The Producers" in the evening. I assume most film-going people know the latter is a very funny flick; I don't get to the movies very often, and hadn't seen it before. It's a very funny flick. But we went mainly for the Christie, which was excellent! I could wish that Finney was a bit more understandable -- his Belgian accent tended to garble some of the words -- but even so I'd gladly see him do Poirot in any of the other novels Dame Agatha did!

And it started me wondering just how many Christie stories were made into films. Besides this version of Murder in the Calais Coach, there were three Miss Marple films with Margaret Rutherford ("Murder at the Gallop" from After the Funeral; "Murder, She Said"; and "Murder Most Foul"), "Witness for the Prosecution" (1956), and two versions of Ten Little Indians ("And Then There Were None") with a third version coming up. According to a recent article, there are supposed to be a total of 14 Christie stories filmed. Anyone have more information on these or the other 8? I wonder how many of them are available for sale, or even rental? The annual Anthony Boucher Memorial Mysterycon might consider a relatively complete retrospective of them one of these years... .

TOWER TRIVIA - 1975, p.27

4 APR.: Back in 1948, Walt Daugherty started a series of annual Fan Banquets -- Fanquets -- honoring LASFS members who'd broken into the professional SF field during the previous year. The series is still going, and there is usually at least one local member eligible. (The rules were tightened a bit a few years ago, so that the member must be an Active Member at the time hiser work appears.) This year's honoree was Dian Girard Crayne, whose first story, "Eat, Drink, and Be Merry," was published in Jerry Pournelle's anthology 2020 Vision. Jerry was asked to be Guest Speaker, and both he and Dian spoke on aspects of professional writing vis-a-vis fandom. I agree with Jerry's hopes that Dian will do more writing for publication; I especially want her to try selling her delightfully free-wheeling fantasies. (Several were written for APA L and one for FAPA, in the mid- and late 60's. Two of these were reprinted in PROPER BOSKONIAN, and I asked for -- and received -- rights to reprint the others. Next issue, maybe, if I can get an illustrator.) There were more than 40 at the Fanquet, and everyone broke into discussion groups after it was over. The FAPA Group decided to run Dan Goodman for OE next year, unaware of the fact that Dan was about to get himself dropped. Dan, who was present, was also unaware of that fact, and had even agreed to run. Tsk.

5 APR.: Sandy Cohen generally throws good parties. At least, the Open Parties are well supplied with food, and his Fancy Expensive Apartment is equipped for cards, bumper pool, almost any kind of drinks, and satisfaction of Ailurophilia. I understand his Other Parties are also well thought-of. This particular Saturday night party, however, ran into a problem for Elayne and me when some of the attendees thought they were at an Other Party. Elayne is extremely allergic to various aromatics, including some flowers, most perfumes, and almost all smokes. And especially grass smoke. So when some clown, taking up the middle of the bar area, waved a joint under her nose, she came close to getting sick all over Sandy's livingroom. I got mad, the clown got indignant (claiming he'd only been passing the joint to another toker nearby), and both Elayne and I retreated to the den for a game of Oh Hell (with the windows wide open). For some reason we got home early.

6 APR.: The LASFS Board Meeting wasn't very exciting, or even controversial. Most of the business had to do with improvements to the clubhouse -- outdoor lights for the back and front yards (approved); new bookcases for the Library, giving us floor-to-ceiling shelving as well as wall-to-wall (to be donated by Walt Daugherty); leveling & paving the back yard (being studied); intercom system (passed to membership for approval); window-darkening drapes (under study). It was also decided to put the celebration emphasis this year on the 2000th Meeting (Dec.) instead of the 41st anniversary.

8 APR.: FANZINE RECEIVED: QWERTYUIOP 8 (Sam Long; 3/75) Sam natters on quite readably about books, beavers, suggestions for an amusement park Fanland, saints and holidays. I don't know about Fannish Saints in other areas, Sam, but LASFS has 10 Patron Saints already and prospects for several more before the end of the year. And I think you're wrong about Independence Day being relegated to a Monday to produce a Long Weekend -- it's still officially the 4th of July, as far as I can find out. Sam's Discon II Report [NB: FRED PATTEN] includes some professional notes on what colors skies can be, even on alien planets, which should go into the notes of some SF authors -- those who notice the sky at all. This is to be the final issue of QWERTYUIOP, which will be succeeded by a similar zine titled GUNPUTTY (which in termn seems to be related to Ganesha?) Ok. (Box 4946, Patrick AFB, FL 32925. Available for The Usual.) SM;36; 0

9 APR.: FANZINE RECEIVED: WILD FENNEL 10 (P. W. Frames; 2/75) Some very funny bits: editor Pauline Palmer on strange occurrences in a home garden; Cagle on elbows; Glee Knight on miso. edibles; Donn Brazier on hot spots in a bed. I am not much for fanzine fiction, but "Ballinger's World" (Clifford Blair) is well-written [one nit to pick: the word for 'undisturbed' is 'unfazed,' not 'unphased.'], and "Shoot-Out in Cold Comfort" is excellent, leaving me wishing to read all of Roger McCain's "A Territorial Lad." (105 Grand Ave., Bellingham, WA 98225; 50¢ or The Usual; semiannual or thereabouts.) SL;40; 0

10 Apr.: FANZINES RECEIVED: NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPT. 10 (Denis Quane, 3/75).

The editor restates the raison d'etre of NOTES: to discuss science fiction from a non-writer's point of view; Jerry Pournelle discusses Roger Ellwood; and Paul Walker continues Loren McGregor's discussion of sexual stereotypes (in and out of SF). Nancy Wallace surveys the Narnia Chronicles quite understatedly (e.g., a comment that Aslan provides a parallel to Christ). I liked the Narnia Chronicles -- which I have read 5/7 of -- but I consider that Lewis's Christianity was laid on with a trowel in The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe; I remember a review that inquired "Who needs a lion named Jesus H. Aslan?" (Box CC, East Texas Sta., Commerce, TX 75428; 30¢ or The Usual.) s;m;42;2

MYTHOLOGIES 4 (Don D'Ammassa; 3-4/75). The editorial and articles treat of Von Dan-
iken and other present-day myths such as religion. A large subject-
arranged lettercol treats of maturity; bias; sex roles; education; and even science
fiction. There is also a Public Service announcement regarding dognappers; a heavy-
handed bit by John Kusske on the attitudes feminists sometimes seem to have about
males' views of women; and an article equating African drought with the prolifera-
tion of clothes dryers. The latter reads like it should have been written by Tom
Digby, much as that statement makes me sound chauvenistic. My main interest was in
Don's own article on how to almost not graduate from college, plus the excellent
Dalzell cover...and the lettercol. (19 Angell Dr., E. Providence, RI 02914; availa-
ble for The Usual only.) s;m;51;1

APA L 517. Somewhat notable: Marc Schirmeister's cover (a gang of minirobots lugging
a huge dinosaur-thing past a marker that says "Cat Food Foundry"); Alan
Frisbie's reprinting of a Lovecraftian computer story from Computer Decisions; and
Fred Patten's commerce with the Hutt River Province, a self-proclaimed Principality
inside Australia.

12 APR.: Received: RANDOM 8 (Mike Gorra; 4/75). The editor, intent on confessing
his various depravities, reveals he is not only a fake-
fan, but a dog-lover who hates cats. Needless to say, I didn't bother reading the
rest of his editorial, where he talked about Boskone. I did read BoSh's TyneCon re-
port, and TCarr's footnoted reprint of one of his 1959 fanfiction pieces. I like
the idea of "Fanhistory By Footnote" very much. (199 Great Neck Rd., Waterford,
CT 06385; available for The Usual). s;m;20;0

14 APR.: Received: FAN PUBLISHING RECORD 2 (Roger Sween, 2/75) Listing of contents
of fanzines received during February,
with index by editor and title. Bibliographically useful to the fanzine collector,
fanhistory-nut, and such like. (319 Elm St., Kalamazoo, MI 49007; trade 1/1 or 50¢,
10/\$3.00). h;o;l2;0

SPANISH INQUISITION 4 (Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Tompkins; n.d.) Peter Roberts on
dreams; John Curlovich on David Gerrold's anthology Emphasis
and a couple other books; Laura Haney on the works of Suzette Haden Elgin; Ginjer
Buchanan on the lack of "well-rounded heroines" in series TV of the 50's and early
60's; and Mike Gorra on his efforts at booze-acquiring while underage. Well-devel-
oped lettercol, too. (Note to Harry Warner and anyone else who gives a damn: the
extras of the Piser Index went, as far as I know, to Ted White. The stencils went
to Ray Fisher and thence to me. But there are errors as well as incomplete informa-
tion in the Index, since I know that Ron Ellick (among others) sent in several pages
of corrections shortly after the thing came out in the late 50's. I doubt I'll ever
reprint from the stencils, as I have better hopes of doing a new Index via computer.)
(622 W. 114th St., 52A, New York, NY 10025; 35¢, 3/\$1, or The Usual.) s;m;44;2

15 APR.: Received: WARK 3 (Rosemary Pardoe; n.d.) This is a fanzine about fanzines,
and I am especially delighted to get a copy. Articles in
this issue are a history of a Horror fiction zine (SHADOW, 1968-74); a history of
BALTHUS, a comic zine (?); and a brief history of Terry Jeeves's publications. Also

several in-depth fanzine reviews. One suggestion: in history articles (and, for that matter, in fanzines specializing in history articles) the inclusion of dates is a necessity. The SHADOW article and Terry's article are both dated adequately, but the BALTHUS article and WARK itself are lacking dates. (I also hope you can get more from Terry about his publishing than just the bare-bones intro he's done this time.) (24 Othello Close, Hartford, Huntington, PE18 7SU, UK; 25p (abt. \$.65) or The Usual) h;o;20;0

CHECKPOINT 61 (Darroll Pardoe; 4/2/75) British news; fanzine reviews. (address as for Rosemary, above; 12/\$3. or Trades or news.) h;o;4;0

I occasionally have a problem deciding whether or not to include certain fanzines I receive in the Trivia column. I generally exclude those for which I have to subscribe, or which I receive as a member of an APA, unless there is something published therein that I think others will want to read/know. I will probably also exclude any zine that isn't generally available, since inclusion might result in someone trying to get a copy, and it would be unfair to them if they couldn't get it, and unfair to the editor if they tried to. It should be understood that limited circulation personal zines, for instance, are safe from publicity but quite well appreciated.

FANTASIAE 24 v.3n.3 (Ian Slater for the Fantasy Assn.; 3/75) News, business of the Assn., letters, reviews, and the final installment of Ian's survey of "Fantasy in the Penguin Classics." (Box 24560, Los Angeles, CA 90024; available with membership in the Fantasy Assn.: \$6./year). s;o;10;0

16 APR.: Received: CUTWORLDS 23 (Bill Bowers; 1-3/75). Inside the beautiful Fabian cover, Patrick McGuire treats of the 1951 issue of Collier's which hypothesized an American-won WW III in 1952-55; RAWLowndes writes of the early Gernsbackian magazines; and Joe De Bolt furnishes a long article on the career of John Brunner (about 1/3 of a treatise, "An Introduction to John Brunner and His Works," to appear in the De Bolt-edited volume The Happening Worlds of John Brunner: Critical Explorations in Science Fiction -- Kennikat Press, Port Washington, NY -- in late 1975). The 12-page Brunner article makes good reading if one doesn't bog down in a morass of titles (and their abbreviations) and dates -- good enough reading that I'll try to get the book when it comes out. There is also a hilarious set of excerpts from Grant Canfield's regrettably defunct perszine: "Dirt & Smut From WASTE PAPER"; suitably illustrated, of course. (Box 2521, North Canton, OH 44720; \$4 for 4 issues, or contributions, arranged trades, or printed Locs.) s;o;36;0

17 APR.: Received: KYBEN 11 (Jeff & Ann Smith; 3/75) Book reviews, the Fanzine Activity Achievement Awards; and a short editorial (on the apparently Impossible Situation departing writer Gerry Conway left Spider-Man in -- whassamatter, Jeff, you figure the comics people weren't up on such new ideas as cloning?) Also lots of letters on all sorts of subjects...like mystery novels. I am a series-character mystery reader, myself, with one or two exceptions such as Dick Francis and Donald Westlake. Recent acquisitions have been the McBain 87th Precinct books, which I originally found too dull, but seem to have worked my way into an appreciation of, and the new pb series by Ralph Denis, on Jim Hardman. And regarding the film of "The Laughing Policeman," my main regret about the way it was handled is that it may make it impossible for any of the other Martin Beck books to be done correctly -- using Stockholm for the setting and following the text reasonably; I have no objection to Matthau as Beck -- by anyone else, and that would be a great shame. I wonder if anyone has managed to slog through the Dennis Wheatley Duke de Richleau books? I managed to finish The Golden Spaniard, but won't buy another.

The other main subject in the letters seems to be collectors and their collections. I have minor collections of SF paperbacks (about 36 linear feet), mystery pbs (28'), and their respective hardback relations (SF: 64'; M: 13'), but my major collection is fanzines. I figure if I need to refer to a book and I don't have it, Fred Patten probably does. (1339 Weldon Ave., Baltimore, MD 21211; 35¢, 3/\$1, or The Usual). s;m;25;1

APA L 518: Of note: Fred Patten publishes the Westercon 27 (1974) final report -- a financial statement, plus brief rundown of statistics and highlights. He also provides a photocopy from p.392 of the American Library Directory, which lists the Miskatonic University Library in Arkham (Director: Howard Phillips; Librarian: Robert Block; Curator of Rare Books: Robert E. Howard.) I wonder who put that in?

18 A : Received: T-NEGATIVE 26 & 27 (Ruth Berman; 3/75, 4/75) Star Trek articles, fiction -- a rather well-done "Sleep Not, Dream Not" by Connie Faddis in #26 -- verse, letters, etc. The amount of time taken to research the numbers of the Federation starships for Greg Jein's article seems to me an appalling waste, but different strokes, etc. I daresay completism in fanzine collecting might seem a waste to ST fans. (Ruth: would you happen to have an extra copy of T-N 8, or even of its pp.23-24? I discovered they were left out of my copy when I was preparing to bind #1-18.) (5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis, MN 55417; 50¢, 5/\$2, or, I assume, The Usual.) s;o;l8;0 and s;o;l7;l

19 APR.: As it had been some time since we'd been to Dizzyland, Elayne and I took advantage of the availability of Company Night tickets from Hughes Aircraft Co. (via a friend of Elayne's mother) to go again. There was one newly opened attraction -- America Sings (taking the place of the Carousel of Progress), which we enjoyed even though some of the songs aren't distinct enough to catch all the words. We managed to hit most all our favorite items during the five hours. (Company Nights are when companies or organizations rent D'land for an evening and resell the tickets to their employees and friends, all attractions being included in a 1-price ticket (usually about \$4.) with admission.) We managed the Haunted Mansion, still far and away my favorite of all, twice. It's nice to go about once a year -- more often only if conducting a visiting outlander.

22 APR.: Received: Fantasy Rotator 335 (Dian Crayne). This is the Cult official publication, available mostly to the members and waitinglisters of the 13-member APA. But it does have the following information from Chuck Crayne on NASFiC:

"NASFiC has at this time about 200 attending members representing Canada, England, and 24 of the 48 continental United States. Over 50% of these members are from outside California. (Ohio at 11 heads the list, edging out NY with 10). All of the usual authors who show up at West Coast Worldcons are planning to be here barring the usual last minute difficulties. The hotel contract has been nailed down IN WRITING for almost two years. The absolute worst that could happen now - if I gafiated totally within the next 24 hours - would be that several hundred fans would show up at the Mariott hotel on Labor day weekend and proceed to have a great time. If you recall the San Diego Westercon, you know what I mean.

"Actually, anyone who has been following the fan press will know that attendance is the last problem I am worrying about. Yesterday's one day seminar (primarily for high schoolers) drew 1000. The Count Dracula Society annual dinner attracted 600. Next year's Worldcon is worried about holding membership to six thousand. I have not arranged facilities for that many. If NASFiC goes much over 2000 attending, we will have problems.. I feel that by not wasting money on publicity, there will be more to spend at the convention. I committed during the bidding that this convention would return a greater percentage of membership fees to the attendees in the form of services than any recent Worldcon. So spread this word to your friends: I want the real fans here; I want them to get the chance to join the convention. But anyone who is not interested enough to join in advance has no gripe coming about not being kept informed about what is happening. The one concern I do have is about the LASFS. In all the LA conventions in which I have been involved, the committee has donated large sums to the LASFS building fund as a reward for the participation of LASFS members in physically running the convention - setting up the art show, running errands, etc. I publically defended this practice when other members of the LACon committee were apologizing for it. But this time around, there seems to be a great lack of volunteer help. Perhaps this is my fault, perhaps not. But if I have to get such help from Kelly Girl or similar agencies instead of volunteer help, the LASFS building fund will be out a couple of thousand dollars, and the convention will be no better off because it will have had to shell out the money anyway. Me, I'd rather see it go to the LASFS."

23 APR.: Elayne is a "Gone With the Wind" fanatic, and she'll go to see it every time it is re-released. (Around her, the film is referred to as "The National Monument.") So when UCLA included it on their film program, it was a foregone conclusion that that night I should go play bridge or something, because Elayne was certainly going to go to a \$1 showing of The National Monument. So I left her the Ox and Drew Sanders picked me up to go play the North Hollywood club. The Wild Whist is closer to UCLA, but we've been playing there most of the time and doing badly. At North Hollywood we seldom fail to get at least a few rating points, so I have to hit there once every couple months just to prove we're not completely hopeless at the game. It worked fine. In a 15-table game, playing N-S (the stronger competition), we managed a very good 181 on a 146 average, for an easy 2nd place. (1st was a monstrous 198½.) That may last me through another month or so of getting tromped at the Whist.

24 APR.: There are distinct disadvantages to having one's own mimeo out of order (and unrepairable, in the case of my own). When you have to depend on someone else to run your stencils, there is a bad timing problem, even when your printer can run the stencils the same day he gets them. The most acute difficulty is getting a last-minute zine done for a weekly APA like APA L, and this week I got zapped. (I realize it's my own fault for not getting the stencil/s done earlier, but... .) I made an attempt to get a zine done Wednesday evening before the bridge game, but by the time we left for the club I'd managed my colophon and nothing more. Thursday morning at work I managed to bat out a page of APA L Abstracts -- part of my on-going project to index APA L from the beginning; I'm up to L-9 now -- and took the Gestetner stencil down to the UCLA student union Printing & Duplicating Dept. Could they do it by 5:00? They could. I went to lunch. When I got back to work there was a message from P&D: they can't run Gestencils, they discovered. It was now too late to use my lunch hour to run it down to Barry Gold, so I said The Hell With It and held it over for next week. I can still get a copy of APA L just by being there.

The LASFS meeting was smaller than usual, and, there being no program, considerably shorter. Jack Harness read Chuck Crayne's State-of-the-NASFiC comments from Dian's Cultzine aloud to the meeting, getting of reaction of "If he wants our help, why doesn't he come to meetings once in a while?" from the older members, and one of "What's the NASFiC?" from the newer ones. (Neither of the Craynes have been to a LASFS meeting since around December 1973, though Dian has been active in APA L for the past nine or ten months, and Chuck had a couple L-zines right after DisCon.) An attempt to question the only NASFiC Committeeman who does attend meetings, Treasurer Dan Alderson, brought the information that (1) he didn't know anything about any program items [there's really no reason why a Treasurer would have to know about program]; (2) 200 members "seems about right" for present membership; (3) there is "a couple hundred dollars" in the treasury, but he could check the records for more accurate information, of course. I showed Chuck's comments to Jerry Pournelle when he arrived, commenting that there was apparently no need to worry about the NASFiC.

The card freaks started a game of Oh Hell, 4-handed, and a waiting-list of three others gradually assembled. The second game was six-handed, and somewhat bloody. Even somewhat sloshed, Jerry plays cards well. Why, it took me until about four hands from the end of the game to pass his score, and then he almost won as much as I did... I quit at midnight, leaving the rest to continue the fray, and Drew to collect my \$3.91 for me at the end. (There were change-making problems.)

FANZINES RECEIVED: NOCTURNE 4, from Harry Morris (500 Wellesley, S.E., Albuquerque, NM 87106). Published for the Esoteric Order of Dagon, but apparently available for the usual. Sandwiched between two versions of an excellent Helmut Wenske cover are EOD mailing comments and a record of the editor's mailbox-arrivals from July 22 through Oct. 19, 1974. Anyone at all interested in the Lovecraftian weird/horror field can use this as a checklist of publications, as everything in that genre must either originate or pass through Harry Morris's mailbox. I am not all that into the field myself, but if I get to the financial point of collecting all the

private press fantasy books, then I will have to get into the field, and this looks like a good Doorway. Meantime, I am somewhat fascinated by the presence in HLP Fandom of one of General Fandom's bête noires from 15-20 years ago, George Wetzel. (Though I did know he was a HPL fan before the various difficulties vis-a-vis FAPA broke out. I have some of his material in Sam Johnson's old UNDERTAKINGS.)

PEARLS 8 (Fantasy Rotator 334): Cultzine, not generally available. As usual, the Cult blathers on about nothing special. Best items are Dian Crayne's review of "Pink Flamingos" and the combination of Jack Harness's Cultoons and editor Ted Johnstone's running text that turn the zine into a Dungeons & Dragons trip.

THE LENS 32 (Dan Goodman, 953 S. Berendo E3, LA, CA 90006, Owner & Operator). Copy probably available for show of interest. THE LENS is supposed to be an "in-print sf-writing workshop," in which the members/contributors publish their story ideas, notes, prototypes, and criticisms. After 32 issues, it hasn't done very much, as far as I can see. This issue, which I hope is atypical, consists of a cover, two pages of Official Information, four pages of story-idea notes from Goodman, and five pages of Dungeons & Dragons overrun from APA L, by Harness. The Goodman stuff is interesting, as story ideas and notes; it will be more interesting to see if Dan -- or anyone else -- can use them to actually write a decent story. THE LENS is semi-monthly, and can apparently use new blood in the way of members/participants.

APA L 519: Dick Eney reprints, by request, the "Basic Stfantasy Library" from FANCYCLOPEDIA II. Alan Frisbie sends through live (i.e., not yet expired) lottery tickets in the Ohio State Lottery, and promises to tell us the winning numbers next week. Fred Patten writes on "The Fanzine As a Message To Posterity," which article I may just reprint in this furlong stanzine. The rest of the 32 pages is As Usual.

25 APR: It would appear that this year's Westercon -- to be held in Oakland, July 3-6, at the Leamington Hotel -- will be one of the larger regional cons. I spent the evening logging in the new memberships received at the Westercon P.O. Box during the past week, and with more than two months to go registration is already at 360+. (The con is being run from Los Angeles, held in Oakland, and has one of the Co-Chairmen living in Boulder, Colorado. If you want to know how this came about, I'll tell you, but I see no point in telling you the complicated story unless you ask.) Anyway, Memberships are arriving from as far away as Boston & New York, so it will be a con with a wide base of attendance. A couple of the more surprising names: Alfred Bester, and Ted Dikty. The latter lives in Oregon, but I've never seen him or heard of him at a Westercon before. Even as Treasurer of the con, I'm looking forward to being able to enjoy it. (We will not immediately comment on my looking forward to the finances of the thing, as we'll need another couple hundred members before I'll feel secure in that department.)

26 APR.: California has only one real science fiction convention, the Westercon, which it theoretically shares with other West Coast states and provinces. There has been occasional talk of setting up local conventions, but of the two attempts in recent years, one was a disaster and one a successful one-shot. (The former, PresiCon in 1971, was largely my fault; the latter, SFCon '70, is to the credit of Jerry Jacks and Sampo Productions. SFCon '71 was a Westercon, and the name as well as the con then disappeared.) In any case, Barry Gold and I got talking about trying again for a proprietary con, to be held in the winter, with minimal programming. Part of the idea was borrowed from NESFA's Wintercon, but we did want a bit more programming. Then Fred Patten and Milt Stevens suggested a Special Celebration to mark LASFS's 2000th Meeting this coming December, and I talked them into a combination of the two ideas. There was one regrettable difficulty with attempting to imitate Wintercon: there are no hotels in the So. Calif. area with indoor -- or even covered, semi-indoor -- swimming pools. We'd have to make do with a heated pool, and take our chances with the weather.

So, having received the local Convention Bureau's brochure on available hotels with meeting room facilities, which is subdivided by area, I decided to check out the ones in the San Fernando Valley Saturday afternoon. There were only three possibilities.

Blessings & Curses

(Letters)

JACKIE FRANKE

10 April

[rcd. 4/14]

Though I admit to distaste for pitching the ones that come my way, I have trouble fathoming the mind of someone who actually collects fanzines. Prozines, hardbacks, paperbacks; yes. But fanzines? The mountains of crud you must wade through!?! Staggers the mind. I suppose it will never be possible for someone who's merely an accumulator to ever appreciate the enduring urge to possess that grips most completists. At least I can't. I don't know whether to cheer you on, or extend my sympathy for a quick recovery (though I fear it's far too late for that).

Now your fascination with conventions is easier to comprehend. Again, it's not a passion of mine -- I'd much rather attend a con and leave all the shit work to the others --, but I can see the pleasures to be gained from all the politicking and laying of dark nefarious plans and plots. Especially when set against worthy adversaries, smofing can be one heck of a game to play.

As an aside, why is it that many of those who do so well at the con game are better-than-average bridge players? Does the table offer a training ground for the mind, or perhaps just an opportunity for talking over your hands? But then, perhaps that situation doesn't hold as true in California as it does in the Midwest.

Maybe it's because I hold your views regarding the futility of arguments being engaged in in the pages of fanzines, but I'm one of those who wearied of the donnybrook carrying on in the past several issues of OW. I enjoyed the debate portion for awhile, but the discussion, if it ever could have been referred to so politely, bogged down boringly at least two issues ago. I do still read the various comments, but my interest in them has long since lagged.

The editrix of ECHOES was/is Sheryl Birkhead. I didn't receive a copy of her zine, but I did receive several letters typed on the back of the extra cover sheets she had on hand. Sheryl is such a shy, retiring sort of person, I'm rather surprised that she mustered enough nerve to even initial her material. It's one continuous, hard-fought battle between her friends and herself in trying to get her to be a bit more outgoing. It's a battle that she's winning so far. And I see little hope that wiser heads will prevail against her supreme inferiority complex.

Yours is the second comment I've read about Cora Burbee's behavior at the January Pe-tard meet. Don't you male fen have any empathy whatsoever? Have a little pity for the D.O.L. of fandom; ours is a sad and lonely path. No need for such terrible press.

Very pleased to see a DisCon report. There've been too few of those around, far less than Torcon produced, and I heard many complaints about the low number made after that Worldcon. A symptom of the unweildy size Worldcons have reached?

At first I groaned at the detail you included regarding your trip to the coast. Not another How-I-Got-There piece! But no, you managed to fit in enough interesting side trips and tours to make that usually dreary padding that con reporters add to their recollections scan well indeed. I liked the addition of comments regarding good and mediocre restaurants encountered en route, and your rating of motels. Do you think some fan group will ever take on as a Project the fanmishly-oriented rating of motels and eateries throughout the country? Would seem to be far more useful to the travelling fan than an AAA guide, or similar listing. If a LASFS meeting becomes moribund, you could toss the suggestion in for effect, and then sit back and listen to the howls -- sweet music.

Naturally enough, your DisCon was not mine. There must be at least 3800 to 4000 differ-

ent versions of that gigantic melée, and your use of the term "kaleidoscope" was most appropriate. A more perfect word couldn't have been chosen.

I had mixed feelings regarding the Bonestell Hugo. It would seem to me, if I were the recipient of an award "given" by a handful of committee members rather than "voted" on by a larger number (despite the fact that not all that many vote for Hugos in the first place, relative to SF readers or the Worldcon membership at large), I'd feel as if it had been demeaned, and not a "real" Hugo. But, since hearing of Bonestell's cavalier treatment of the award, I can only take comfort in that very fact...it wasn't a Hugo in actuality; not really. (If Chesley were a fan, my reaction might have been different; sticking the statuette atop one's toilet is a mildly fannish act, but for one who's not a fan, it's insulting!)

I heartily agree with your costume ball comments (although I'm puzzled why you omitted any mention of the Resnicks' beautiful costumes that won so deservedly...) and have confidence that some of the preventable hassles will be taken care of by Joni and crew in K.C.

I'd heard that your Master of Ritual costume was a repeat, which some people offered as explanation of why you hadn't won first place in Individual Presentation (a vacuous argument, since the Queen of Air and Darkness was a repeat as well, and it won), but not having seen it before, I far preferred it to the Merlin (or whatever it was) that took the top position. Very well done; every word was audible, and we sat quite near the rear of the room, though in the center section. I also felt that poor judgement was used in awarding a prize of any sort to the Oz skit. Lapidus is in an apa with me, but I still felt his bit stunk to high heaven: too long -- Lapidus claims it only ran 6½ minutes; I claim his watch rusted-- too derivative and unoriginal, too boring, too everything...zzzzzzz....

I heard that Anne Passovoy and Juanita Coulson had also been asked to help entertain during the judging. They encountered the same problem, no one brought guitars. The singer in the Nurse costume, by the way, was Vera Johnson, who's noted for her singing at British conventions.

As you've no doubt noted in the MidAmeriCon PR2, Joni and committee have reduced the time allotted for presentations to one minute. I favored two, but being a lowly wardrobe mistress (aka patcher and pinner) I had no vote and would've been yelled down in any case. Chuck Holst, a Mpls. shutterbug, is rigging up the photographers' section, and should do a creditable job. He's been enlisting opinions from all the camera bugs he encounters at the various cons in this region, and is in contact with others by mail, I believe. Mucho work is being done in all areas of planning for the masquerade, and we're all hoping it will be a smoother and improved version over DC's. A lot will depend on just what is found out about facilities at the Muehlbach when everyone descends on it for BYOBcon this July.

STRICT prejudging has been definitely slated, and mention has been made about having the belly-dancers and such-like entertain during the final judging.

William Dixon turned in some lovely work for Windycon as well as DisCon. His only problem is that he packs his paintings while still wet! We almost ruined one in peeling off the wrappings in Chicago last October. He shows a definite feel for astronomical art though, and should Go Far in the field if he continues showing such talent. Only wish I had the scratch to have bought one of his paintings!

As it is, I guess I'd place as a Stage 2 in your listing of con-going fen, but leaning toward Stage 3. Real Soon Now -- as soon as a wealthy Aunt dies or something. I laughed aloud (something I don't do often) when reading your categories. Touché. Is Niven still speaking to you?

Box 51-A RR2, Beecher, IL 60401

[Someone has to collect fanzines -- how else will Redd Boggs be able to get a copy of an article somebody wrote in 1946 about the possibilities of space travel, or about Astonishing Stories, or some such, so he can prove an obscure point no

Indeed, if you have some old enough, into the '40s, Joe Kennedy's TTTT and VAMPIRE, and others whose names I forget, you'll even find an occasional thing or loc from me, probably with my military rank. A long time ago... .

Your LA fandom (recently brought very much to life by Mike Glycer's splendid reprint-zine) is an interesting thing! Very lively and apparently fun. Lately, the Minnesota area and even the Southwest seem to be very lively as well. I imagine NY has something similar, but I am unaware of it, and might well not have the spare time. Which would be my loss, I guess.

Anyway, I did enjoy reading your active diary; obviously, you are in Fandom for the same reasons I am, altho your house offers more space for piling up cartons of mimeo immortalia. I have a nice collection of sf/fantasy, but alas, my kids (20 and 17) and my wife are uninterested in the genre. My son, the older, refuses to allow me to dispose of any of it -- I do not know why, except maybe he simply likes the walls of books. On rare occasions he reads some of it, but the fanac aspect could be sanskrit to him. My wife is a teacher and artist, and, while she reads and comments on my fiction (for my zines), she is otherwise not with it, and would as soon go to a con as to a dentist. As a matter of fact, the amount of time you devote to fan-socializing seems rather large, and I wonder how you manage time for fan-writing, pubbing and indexing! Maybe Elayne helps.

I hadn't intended to read your Discon report (there are so many of them...) but you hooked me, and I'm reading and typing. Imagine DRIVING all the way. Of course, you did a modicum of sightseeing, so that helped relieve some of the tedium attendant on such a long haul. I don't know that Sam Davis and an American Parthenon are all-star stuff, but each to his own. Haw, imagine -- Indian artifacts in the Parthenon! Can't they make stuffed grape leaves in Nashville?

I guess Californians are used to Big Sights and Natural Wonders. I would have detoured to Mammoth Caverns rather than these things. If they have a major con in Maine I can suggest many beautiful places in New England and Upper New York State for you. We also have a beautiful but sadly polluted -- rather stinking with detergent bubbles -- 70-ft. waterfall in nearby Paterson NJ.

I see you did get to Luray. Haven't been there myself; smacks of heavy tourism exploitation, but I presume it's nice. Yes, you indicate it is.

Your Barquentine sounds like you could have made a few bucks by tying a cup to your crutch! It is hard to do a Groan character, I guess; they are not as recognizable as, shall we say, Oz folks or Superman. And, to capture the mixture of subtlety and outrageous characterization of Peake, one must be as brilliant as he was. I hope you made it. By the way, Ted's parody is wonderful, and, quite by coincidence, a new book by Peake's widow has appeared, with over 100 illustrations, and a zapping fifteen bucks. I'm tempted to get it, but must first find out how much is new. I doted on the trilogy. (I wrote a lot about it to Frank Denton, but he never used it and ASHWING seems to be quiescent.) Meanwhile, don't complain about Oz imitators. I am an Ozzian, and at our annual Munchkin con in NJ we often have such horrors as a cast of five-year-olds doing the ENTIRE movie script verbatim, a consummation devoutly to be dreaded. (On the other hand, my son and his friends did a sparkling half hour of well-staged, minimally-propped songs from the actual Baum plays of 1905-12, which, to true believers, gave much insight. They were urged to repeat it at other cons, but no one was ready to subsidize the trips...Cute old songs.)

Wineries are EVERYWHERE, as you learned. We have some nice ones in nearby NY State (not the famous Taylor wines, which are further North.) Yes, free samples.

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428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck, NJ 07666

[If you only save a very few fanzines, what do you do with the rest? As a founding member of Collectors Organized to Maniacally Prevent Loss or Escape of Trivial Items Such as Magazines, I hope they go to someplace other than the trashcan.

extensive from the first fanzines in the 1930's up until he dropped out of fanzine fandom in the mid-50's. Yours is extensive from the time you entered fandom in the late 50's. But browsing at random through two rooms full of fanzines to find the WorldCon writeups could take years. If people can send in lists of the fanzines they know to contain WorldCon material (not just the con reports, but also articles on the need for changes in Hugo or site selection rules, and other related topics), so I'll know what fanzines to look for, it'll be extremely helpful. If there are any titles that neither you nor Forry have, then I'll see about borrowing copies elsewhere. I'm also in need of photos to illustrate the history, particularly photos of WorldCons before 1960.

Incidentally, I'm compiling my own bibliography of WorldCon material in fanzines, prozines, and newspapers. It already runs to over 30 pages of entries. It's not in much order so far; when I come across a new item, I add it to a list on that particular WorldCon. So far I've got at least a half-page of entries on each WorldCon. On some with particularly controversial aspects that generated a lot of fanzine debate, like the WSFS blowup or the Breen Exclusion Act, the list of entries runs over two pages already. Eventually I'll put these in chronological order. If anybody wants to see my bibliography of any particular WorldCon, I'll be glad to send them a photocopy of what I've got so far. I'd like to see this grow into the definitive annotated bibliography on the World Science Fiction Convention. I don't know what'll ultimately happen to it. I suggested to the MidAmeriCon gang that it'd be a nice inclusion for the expanded book version of the history, but Tom Reamy objects that it'll probably run at least 40 pages even in microelite type by the time I'm through, and that the average fan isn't going to want to pay what they'd have to charge to print 40 extra pages of scholarly notes. I have to concede he's probably right. We've already got enough suggestions for things to put into this history to add up to a \$30 or \$40 coffee-table edition if we tried to squeeze them all in. Lots of photos (at least some in color); complete lists of all Hugo winners and nominees, and all other awards presented at WorldCons; financial statements; transcripts of each Guest of Honor's address; particularly funny cartoons from fanzine con reports... .

Your list of who brought what to the Wine & Cheese Party prompts me to report something I've observed through attending numerous fan parties for over a decade, for the benefit of hosts stocking potables for us teetotalers. Of all the soft drinks provided, the berry-flavored drinks always run out first. The colas are second, unless (as often happens) there's a disproportionate percentage of Coke, Pepsi, or RC to begin with. Orange is third, and last to go are the lemon-lime, the citric acid drinks (7-Up, Fresca, etc.) and ginger ale. I don't list root beer because it's too seldom provided for me to have been able to make any estimates as to its relative popularity. The sugar-free/diet soda pops are always less popular than the regular kind. So hosts planning on stocking some soft drinks for fannish parties might do well to add more grape/cherry/strawberry than they might otherwise think there'd be a demand for. I'm prejudiced, of course -- black cherry is my favorite.

If Uncle Elmer has any more extra copies of that 1925 feasibility report on rapid transit in L.A., I'd very much like a copy. 1925... that's a couple years too early to include any photo of the impressive Los Angeles Subway Terminal. (The terminal building and a half-mile of unfinished tunnel being as far as they went with the project.) I'm also interested in local historical stuff. One of my prizes is most of a semi-confidential document, scrounged from a wastecan, comprising the police reports on the '67 Century City riot and the '70 Yippie invasion of Disneyland operations.

So you stole Sam Long's con report title and he'll have to call it "DISCONTinuity" now? Do you want to tell him, or shall I? ## Long's Russian sentence is barely comprehensible to me. The only Russian I know is "Ya ne znal," which I learned from a Belgian comic book (in French) about a fighting young genealogist (who was pictured reading a copy of Galaxie in his spare time) who was chasing a crook who spent the whole comic trying to find out what "Ya ne znal" meant. (He thought it was a clue to a buried Czarist treasure.) Everybody he asked told him "I don't know... ."

Gee, did I fortell the imminent death of APA 45? I don't remember that at all, though I do vaguely recollect thinking around the mid-'60s that there were too many new APAs being formed, and that neos would do better to coordinate a bit more instead of each trying to start his own APA. How many of those APAs of the '60's are still with us?

11863 W. Jefferson Blvd., #1, Culver City, CA 90230

[I have quibbles on your soft drink theories, but no proof as yet. Perhaps the next few parties can be experimental tests... . (£) It'a bit late to tell Sam that Ron Bounds has been using DISCONTINUITY as an APA L fanzine title since he got out here the end of last year. Besides, who sees APA L outside of the somewhat limited LASFS area? There may be all of three or four people who are also into genzine fandom, but no more. (£) TAPS and APA 45 are still around. APA: NESFA is technically an APA of the '60s, too. ...BEP]

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DAN GOODMAN

[rcd. 4/24]

On Worldcon rules -- I'd like to see them boiled down to something like this:

1. So-and-so is being given the WorldCon two years from now, to do with as he damn pleases with it. He can get whoever he wants to help him, but he out-votes everyone else put together, and until and unless he formally hands over his position he is wholly responsible.
2. The person who owns the WorldCon cannot do anything to mess up the property rights of those who will have the next couple of WorldCons.
3. Anyone who wants to cancel his membership and so informs the owner of that WorldCon, will get his money back.
4. The attendees of the WorldCon will be given full opportunity to vote censure of the WorldCon's owner.
5. Anyone who wants any other rule added to these must explain in full how his pet rules can be enforced, and put up a bond which shall be forfeited if any WorldCon owner gets away with violating the spirit or letter of said pet rules. This bond shall be twenty percent of the proposer's pre-tax income.

On the LASFS cardplaying hassle -- might have been better if you had seen fit to do something about it. For example: I happen to enjoy smoking pot (though I prefer eating peanut butter, honey, and marijuana sandwiches). I'm now beginning to see less and less reason to avoid offending those attendees who may happen to disapprove. And while I used to consider it good policy to discourage such activities by others at meetings, now, I definitely see no reason to. And it's fairly obvious that if I were to light up a joint in the kitchen, it would take club officialdom forever to do anything about it.

On the NASFiC -- it's not to my advantage to have the con go off well. If it flops, then there'll be other con-runners who will run scared for a while, and realize that actual work has to be put in.

Raking up an old discussion: I felt at the time, and said so (though more quietly than I usually say such things -- I thought it likely that this time the people involved did know what they were doing) that the losing NASFiC Bid made a major mistake by holding back on advertising. Hanging back till it was learned what arrangement could be made presumably seemed like a good idea at the time, but I think a good "We intend to put on a NASFiC, if we have to do it over Millard's dead body" campaign would likely have won if started early enough.

On WorldCon bid comparisons, I guess I'm interested in a whole other set of criteria. The first thing I want to know about is the people. If there are any who I know, how much can I trust them, and how good a job do they usually do on fan projects? (This isn't always helpful -- concom personnel can change drastically, as can the makeup of the concom. And it seems to be general policy not to kick deadwood off the committee,

even if a whole different set of people are running things, it's supposed to reassure people to see the same old names. Myself, I would rather see a few shakeups -- it shows that someone has the sense to lop off deadwood.) If I don't know the people, I try to find out something about them. That can be a bitch. The fanbiographical blurbs on the campaign literature are pretty damned useless.

After the people, I concentrate on the city. I may never get outside the conhotel, but there've been a couple of cons in the Bay Area where I wound up staying away from the con after a while because the concom's incompetence was getting on my nerves. And I figure that sooner or later a con is simply going to collapse around me.

Not that it matters much. In most years, WorldCon voting doesn't take much thought -- there's one contender so much less incompetent than the others that there's really only one choice.

953 S. Berendo, Los Angeles, CA 90006

[How would you go about enforcing your own set of WorldCon rules? For instance, #2, #3, and #4 seem eminently ignorable. (£) You may have missed the point of my sidelining myself in the cardplaying hassle. As I was in favor of the rule being changed or tacitly ignored, I was perfectly willing to let others push the question to a confrontation. If you wish to see the rule on grass at the club changed, it would then be reasonable for you to let others push it to a similar confrontation, if you figure the probable results to be harmless. It seems wise to point out, however, that an anti-cardplaying type who gets sufficiently disgruntled to call the cops against a card game will do in only himself, since the games allowed are pencil-and-paper-score types, without the slightest illegality involved. (£) I see nothing wrong with casting a site vote on the basis of what one knows about the bidding group, though there are a couple problems. The expert in one fan project may be a complete dud at putting on a WorldCon. For that matter, the guy who ran a good local or regional con may falter with a WorldCon because of the logistics. I think one needs more than just the one criterion. ...BEP]

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JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON

[rcd. 4/25]

If I was wealthy, maybe I'd try binding sets of fanzines. It's a beautiful idea, but much too costly for this poorly-kept mistress of a married man. That ending note there about publishing lotsa con reports if people send them didn't what you call Thrill Me. Con reports are so dull and alike, bleah. Howsoever, since I'm going to go to Westercon 28, maybe I'll send you a con report one of these days. Mine of course won't be as dull as the average, because a couple malefen have been writing claiming they intend to cure me of lesbianism while I'm there, and if they so much as lay a finger on me, I'm gonna TELL. I'll be meeting a couple lesbopen too, but that I won't tell.

NecronomiCon could be weird all right. I've met more non-fan Lovecraft freaks who claim to be witches and warlocks lately. They actually believe HPL wrote The Truth and The Way. A lot of innocent members of fandom might find themselves overwhelmed by weirdos, worse weirdos, I mean. Of course, by 1990 the undeserved fame HPL has achieved may have All Blown Over, and no such con will take place. Or it'll be a small, invisible affair like the Oz-cons. Or Cthulhu will have risen from the sea by then, and we ALL better go.

I got my food stamps today, bought a passle of groceries, stocked in some extras for company, as next week the guy who keeps me in this pumpkin shell will be staying here while his wife is gone visiting her parents out of state. It ain't called sneaking around, though, cuz she knows all about me. In fact, I used to be her lover until she got tired of me and traded me in for an older, more experienced woman. I can still start bawling if I recall too hard what it was like when we all three lived together;

it was so neat, and now it's miserable waiting around here for just him to call. If you've never been squashed between one guy and one girl, you shan't be able to relate to any of this. Ménages à trois are lovely while they last. I hope this other woman I'm seeing, the psychology teacher, comes over some time next week, too, and ther'll be a threesome bash on my bed again, but it won't be the same as when it was a threesome family. *Sigh* as they say.

Luv is a penny splintered sting.

Box 89517, Zenith, WA 98188

[Well, that's better than it being a money-spender's fling...BEP]

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HARRY WARNER, JR.

April 18, 1975

[rcd. 4/25]

I should have thanked you weeks ago for sending the first issue of the resurrected PROFANITY. I suspect that I'm in a small minority of those who received this issue after having been on your mailing list for some of the first issues. There can't be too many people in that category from the group for whom you seem to have destined a lot of copies of this eighth issue, the people who are publishing general circulation fanzines nowadays.

I'm glad to see someone has the energy to sort fanzines. That is the trouble with my accumulation. There must be several tons of fanzines in the attic, and only a couple hundred pounds of them are sorted out by title or publisher. A couple of times, fans have offered to get together expeditions equipped with enough spare days and energy to stage an all-out clean-up, sort-out, and file-away party on the attic for me. One such party even made an exploratory trip to the attic, and didn't say another word about the idea after they took a good look around. I doubt if it could be done there, without stretching the job over months, because of lack of room to spread things out. Anyway, I don't dare get things in order yet, because currently some of the boxes of fanzines have been leafed through for fan history notes, and others haven't, and if I got everything into order I wouldn't be able to remember which publications I still needed to go through for future fan history writing.

Your internal Revenue visitor seems not to have created any misery. But I keep thinking that, eventually, fandom might suffer some difficult times, with the distinction between fanzines and prozines getting blurred, so much huckstering going on, World-Cons serving as deductible items for pros, and so on. There was a flap some years back when the IRS tried to force newspaper book reviewers to list as income the value of books they received as review copies. That was straightened out, but suppose the revenueers decide that books received for review by amateur publications really must be counted as value received? Or if every fanzine publisher who sells even a few copies of a mostly-giveaway publication is required to revise his federal tax returns for the past few years by including all sums received in each year? Or suppose sales tax authorities in some states raised a ruckus over residents who sold their fanzines at a con in the same state without collecting and submitting sales tax?

Your conreport was pleasant to read, except when the trip portions made me realize how totally unable I would be to undergo the rigors of such a fannish journey nowadays. But I don't think I would fit into any of the categories for congoers that you propose. For instance, I amways get myself a good room, and I refuse offers to cut expenses by sharing a room with someone else. But I never eat in the hotel, and I've managed on some occasions to find even cheaper sources of food than the fans who brag about their feats in this respect. I never save money by driving to the con, using instead plane or bus, but I rarely spend a penny at the art show or during auctions or at hucksters' tables. I am a strange combination of spendthrift and miser.

You duplicated quite closely my reactions to the need for action about the masquerade. A couple of matters I failed to include in my FAPA conreport might be worth thinking

BEN INDICK

5-10

[rcd. 5/15]

One think strikes me, and you bring it up by mentioning the absence of invitations (or acceptances?) to Ray Bradbury as a GoH at a Con. From my slight acquaintance with RB, I rather think he would be glad to be a GoH, and certainly a very engaging one. I am also utterly unable to understand why his name isn't mentioned for such awards as the Gandalf, Grand Master of Fantasy, etc. I am not going to quibble about whether he is a fantasiste or a science-fictioneer; he is certainly the preeminent stylist in the field, with decades of brilliant accomplishments, and one of the most widely-read fantasy writers to people outside the field. I have no complaint about giving a Gandalf to Fritz Leiber, who richly merits it, and have a qualified admiration for deCamp, and admit others have enjoyed Poul Anderson, but RB is at least as qualified.

428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck, NJ 07666

[As far as I know, no invitation has been offered to Bradbury to be GoH at a Worldcon. He has, of course, been GoH at other cons, including Westercon. I suspect the problem is that non-West Coast people forget about him when it comes time to ask a GoH, and West Coast types -- at least in my area -- prefer to have a GoH from some other part of the country. (This is partly to avoid the semblance and partly to give things a more national base.) On the other hand, if I have to listen to one more speech of his that drags Moby Dick into it somewhere, I shall stage an open revolt...BEP]

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MICHAEL SHOEMAKER

June 3, 1975

[rcd. 6/7]

LASFS is a marvel: the energy for APA-L, and apparent fact that some discussion of SF actually takes place. WSFA has been declining since around 1971 into more of a social club than a sociable SF club. I often wonder whether the majority of the members read any SF. It wasn't always like this. Before 1971 or so I can remember some very stimulating, casual SF discussion, but most of the people involved in that then have left. It has gotten so bad that we (Don Miller, Bob Madle, myself and others) are organizing a new, more serious SF club in the DC area. This is an offshoot of the "oldtimers" meetings we occasionally had at Madle's house.

When I went to Luray Caverns about 9 years ago, I think the entrance fee was \$1.25. As a matter of fact the Massanutten Mountains are named for exactly the reason you presume, although there's more there than meets the eye from afar. They don't have too much good rock-climbing, but the scenery is beautiful, as I recall from the time I spent on PATC work crews helping to clear the 200-mile Big Blue Trail.

There were actually 55 real people and about 20 hoaxes in attendance at the Ranquet.

2123 N. Early St., Alexandria, VA 22302

[In order to preserve LASFS's reputation, I must assure you that discussion of SF is strictly minimal, and that most of the members are much more interested in (1) Dungeons-and-Dragons; (2) card games; (3) gossip and other such social activities. When none of these are available, we discuss SF. (£) You are just the person I need: Can you possibly winkle Madle's TAFF Report out of him and get it to me so that the LASFS can collect it and publish it in one volume? Bob promised we could do so when I talked to him at Discon, but an inquiry early this year has gone unanswered, and I don't know whether the P.O. ate the letter, or what. We especially need the part that was not published in Lynn Hickman's zine. All profits on the sale of the report will go to TAFF, of course. (£) I give up: my abbreviation dictionaries don't have any listing for "PATC" that sounds reasonable. What was it? (£) And were you one of the 55 or one of the 20? ...BEP]

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WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Sam Long, Tim Marion, Eric Lindsay, John Carl, Steve Beatty, and Roy Tackett.

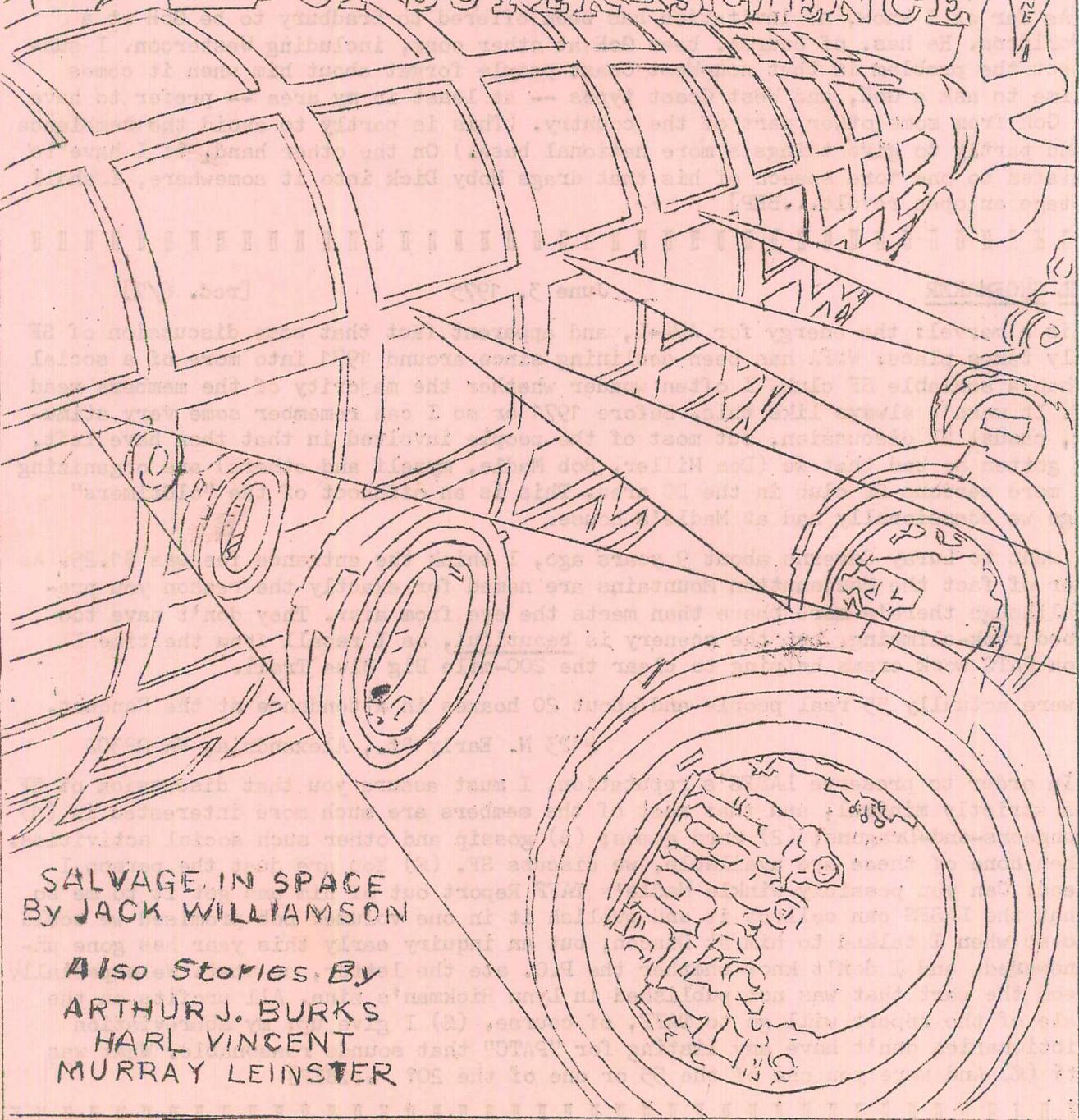
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