



In crossing the Atlantic, Moorcock's Eternal Champion Cycle was chronologically turned backwards and inside out. The success enjoyed by Moorcock's Jerry Cornelius novels seemed to make the difference, appearing within the last few years on these shores, after previous efforts to bring out his work only resulted in butchered texts by Lancer paperbacks. Now DAW, Dell, the Science Fiction Book Club, Harcor, Berkeley/Putnam are all cashing in on his newfound popularity. Part of a tidal wave of sword and sorcery, characterized by Zelazny in *HAND OF OBERON* as "philosophical romance, shot through with elements of horror and morbidity," Moorcock's novels enjoy the advantage of being a kind of series. They all reflect some aspect of his multiverse, and most explicitly contain one or more incarnations of The Eternal Champion. But by bit the pieces of a cycle Moorcock began over twenty years ago are now tumbling into American print alongside sequels less than three years old.

THE SPEED OF DARK 13

THE SILVER WARRIORS (Dell; \$1.50; 220pp) is the first over here to feature Erekoze, introduced to us in *THE QUEST FOR TANELORN* as the only incarnation of the Champion doomed to remember all his lives, including Elric, Hawkmoon, Corum, John Daker, and let's not get carried away listing them all. This novel directly follows *THE ETERNAL CHAMPION*, now available in hardback from Harper, and called by Moorcock the key to all the rest of his fiction. Parts of it were started in 1955, whereas *THE SILVER WARRIORS* has a 1973 copyright.

Unfortunately, standing by itself, bereft of the cycle, *THE SILVER WARRIORS* isn't much. Although the entire idea of the cycle is to let Moorcock sell the same plot over and over, there are portions like his Elric short stories (known in British paperbacks as *STORMBRINGER* and *THE STEALER OF SOULS*, incompletely reprinted in America by DAW under half a dozen titles) that were written when they represented the best Moorcock could do. Therefore they show more care in writing, fresher and more imaginative backgrounds, and actual character development. Once Moorcock had totally mastered the form, however, his formula took over and his best writing went into different projects.

Illo by Stu Shiffman

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1978 FAAn Award Nominees

BEST SINGLE ISSUE:

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FANTHOLOGY '76
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The best thing about the book is its Frazetta cover -- so popular it has already been witnessed decorating the side of a van in Southern California. Four polar bears somehow pulling a chariot without wearing a harness are a flash of white, and Erekoze, the cold warrior with his bloody sword, towers above them. It is only appropriate that the leading fantasy cover artist should illustrate the work of the most influential commercial fantasy writer. Moorcock's Law and Chaos dichotomy has been borrowed many times by other writers. Unfortunately, and characteristic of THE SILVER WARRIORS' lack of any meaning deeper than the story line, the rivalry of Law and Chaos, the role of the Black Sword, the meaning of the multiverse, and the reason that the Eternal Champion appears when and where he does, are all unexplained even though they are integral to the story's background. In most ways this book will be best appreciated by someone who knows very little of the Moorcock cycle, and only seeks a little hack and slash entertainment. There will be no expectations to be disappointed, and so no reason not to like the adequately written yarn.

3. Ali Baba and His Size 40 Thieves

"I'm a salesman for Midnight Auto" and the five-finger-discount were legendary wordplays at alma mater, San ~~Judas~~ Fernando High. America loves a winner, and will not tolerate a loser, to borrow Patton's phrase, which explains why my contemporaries Anthony Davis and Bobby Chacon (a boxer) became nationwide names and the low-riders, hubcap thieves and pocket pharmacists became familiar mainly to the police. While the thieves who are caught are passed through our judicial system and admonished to do better next time (time served in jail? what's that?) the arrested ones don't always have a sharp memory of where they acquired merchandise the police caught them with.

As a result, a police auction is held every few months to dispose of unclaimed property. I had been interested in attending one ever since I was on a guided tour of the downtown police headquarters property room -- a treasure trove for the middle class in taste. Recently a report in the newspaper gave advance warning of the time and goods for sale at LAPD's Van Nuys division, so I decided to go. Maybe one of the typewriters mentioned would be worth getting. So on a rainy day in March I walked to the bus (walked to the bus, did you hear that New York?) and rode in to see what was up.

First to go in these auctions are the bikes, primarily to pacify the families and kids mobbing the building. So many had gathered out back of the loading dock, where the auctioneer stood protected from the elements by an overhang, that latecomers were forced to stand hopelessly beyond the range of the auctioneer to identify their bids. One hundred bikes were involved that day. One at a time station personnel wheeled bikes up on a display stand, then down a ramp to the table where cash was taken and licenses sold. The personnel happened to be two good-looking black women and three guys in their forties with white hair who looked like they spent a lot of time listening to Country and Western or tying fishing lures. There were also two uniformed officers packing sidearms. They served to discourage covetousness whenever someone in the crowd

flashed a roll of bills -- which everyone but me had the foresight to bring. No checks were accepted, cash on the barrelhead only. Perhaps such precautions were needed, but they would need more nerve than I had to write a rubber check on Jack Webb.

Besides, it's crackers to slip a rozzer the dropsy in snide.

Although reduced to a spectator I figured I could find an excuse to write off my bus fare if I wrote it all up for SoD. Auctions generate quite a mob enthusiasm -- bargains are erased in the heat of bidding. The man at the mike, describing some of the shoddiest bikes, badly damaged when stolen, could hardly finish his caveat before the crowd shouted absurd bids at him. From time to time he would simply yell "Sold!" to some six-year-old's bid of a dollar to keep the prices on junk bikes from running through the roof. A few 10-speed bikes came up for sale and brought 70-80 dollar high bids. One such bike had cut spokes where the chain lock had been removed, yet it still went for over \$50. Admittedly a new, imported racing bike is quite an expensive item, but most of the gear shifting bikes appeared to get 75% of their original cost.

It required two-and-a-half-hours to dispose of the bikes. If I expected the crowd to thin out then, I was wrong. Everyone stayed in place to see the "more mature" merchandise.

Like a black and white cowhide tympani with a tear in the bottom? A sombrero and guitar ("The hat goes -- Cy stays.")? Three cartons of bolt cutters -- Oklahoma passkeys? And a carton of miscellaneous eyeglasses that could have been Fred Sanfords?

Another (unsuccessful) thief evidently had specialized in stealing size 40 suits -- three of those came up. There were endless tennis rackets and hedge clippers, tape decks and cassettes, tool boxes and cartons of assorted sports equipment. One water ski?

There was fierce bidding on a 2½ ton jack and a power wrench between two or three people who had a use for such things. Each was willing to spend a couple hundred dollars. There must have been an impressive amount of cash on hand -- 26 assorted pieces of silver service received widespread bidding up to the \$350 final mark. There was so much competition that the next item, a tool box, brought \$85.

Those nearest to the auctioneer had the most enthusiasm -- some in the back contented themselves with remarks about the intelligence of bidders like the women who paid \$37 for a clock radio that retailed for \$39.

Regrettably another 45 minutes passed without a single typewriter coming up, so, my legs turning to blocks of stone, I tromped out of the crowd and headed for the bus stop during a break in the rain.

"I accuse some class of people (eg. fans, radio hams, whatever) of being turkeys. And then a week later, I sit back and observe the responses. Some people make jokes, others say, in effect, "Pardon me, sir, but I think you're mistaken," and others say "Gobble, gobble, gobble." Greg Chalfin, Apa L 671

HOGU NOMINATIONS

1978 HOGU NOMINATIONS BALLOT -- VOTE EARLY -- VOTE OFTEN

Hogu Chabsnerg, the founder of sinus friction, first lent his name to this award several years ago. Actually he didn't lend it, so much as have it permanently borrowed. Come right down to it, we're holding his name in captive until certain non-negotiable demands of ours our met.

As the one who sits at the right hand of fraud, I can only say that Elst wants the Hogus brought back to their former respectability at the high point of the Ranquet movement (I think the high point was 9' 2", when I stood on a three-foot-tall decorative pool in Yonge St. Mall declaiming the results to Torcon attendees.) You can help by voting as often as you can. Copy this ballot, get everyone you know to fill out a copy, and roll them in to me at 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar CA 91342 prior to June 25. Then I'll run off the final Hogu Ballot and distribute it -- the awards (usually presented in the form of a scorched block of wood, to represent that the rocket has just taken off) will be distributed at the Iguanacon Ranquet, which probably won't be, but ought to be held in Ellison's tent. Categories are explained on the reverse side.

THE DE ROACH AWARD FOR
PUTRIDITY IN EVERYDAY LIFE

THE ARISTOTLE AWARD FOR PUTRIDITY

BEST DRESSED CONVENTION CHAIRMAN

BEST FEUD

MOST LIKELY TO JOIN THE WEREWOLVES OF LONDON

FANDOM'S BIGGEST TURKEY (CLASS I: FROM INDIANA)

(CLASS II: EVERYWHERE ELSE)

BEST HOAX AWARD BESIDES THE HOGUS

BEST TYPEFACE

BEST RELIGIOUS HOAX

BEST PROFESSIONAL HOAX

BEST FAN HOAX _____

WORST FANZINE TITLE _____

MOST BORING CON GOH _____

BEST DEAD WRITER _____

MOST PUTRID LINE FROM STAR WARS _____

BEST BLOC VOTE _____

CLOSEST ENCOUNTER OF THE FOURTH KIND _____

WINNER OF THE SPECIAL BAGELBASH AWARD _____

FREE FOR ALL _____

Explanation of the categories:

THE DE ROACH AWARD (for putridity in everyday life) was inspired by Edward De Loach, an LA governmental worker who marked his retirement by taking his office workers to McDonalds for his farewell dinner. THE ARISTOTLE AWARD FOR PUTRIDITY commemorates Aristotle O. Nessus, inventor of putridity and the originator of the phrase "ook ook slobber drool." It is for signal contributions to the furtherance of putridity. Many categories are self explanatory. Others which are not: MOST LIKELY TO JOIN THE WEREWOLVES OF LONDON should reflect "I saw Len Chaney dancing with the Queen" and "His hair was perfect." The FANDOM'S BIGGEST TURKEY category has been divided geographically to give fans outside Indiana a chance. THE SPECIAL BAGELBASH AWARD really doesn't seem to mean anything -- if it did, Elst would have said so, right? FREE FOR ALL is free for all, except you have to send me the money.

The Hogus are a peer group award. If you feel unqualified to nominate in any category, peer over another voter's shoulder and copy what he wrote. Ballot stuffing is encouraged. So stuff it. Verbatim reproduction of the ballot is encouraged, and would make a pleasant change to find a Hogu voter who can type.

(c) Ozzie Whiffletree Space:1999

DON D'AMMASSA: Massoglia regaled us with his version of a college sf club meeting where everyone sat down to read for the afternoon -- how you plowed through half a dozen novels, he through four or five, and the rest piddled through one. Guess I would have been one of the piddlers, but I do get a certain amount of reading accomplished through persistent reading at lunch, before going to bed, on the rare occasions I take a bus. By dint of reading a few minutes here and there I've just about caught up with the Hugo nominated novels...for 1977. Oh, so that's why MAN PLUS didn't win the Hugo...Makes you wonder how the same writer produced GATEWAY. //Once upon a time Laumer's PLAGUE OF DEMONS was my most frequently reread book -- three times in two years. That put it in the same league with CRYPTOZOIC!, DOUBLE STAR, CITIZEN OF THE GALAXY, STARSHIP TROOPERS, THE MOON IS A HARSH MISSTRESS, BILL THE GALACTIC HERO, AGENT OF THE TERRAN EMPIRE, THE LENSMAN SERIES, WAY STATION, UP THE LINE and STRANGERS TO PARADISE. About six years later the books that have claimed a second or third reading are HIGH CRUSADE, the AMBER series, LORD OF LIGHT, TRAVELER IN BLACK, STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, NOVA, with WAY STATION, THE MOON IS A HARSH MISSTRESS and STRANGERS TO PARADISE still getting another look. I didn't start out to name this shelf full of titles, but just started to realize how much of my reading time got tied up in repeat-reading. That was the original purpose of my tiny collection -- to obtain copies of books I'd be likely to want another look at. The heap today may be as many as 500 titles, with part of it consisting of review copies kep because gee-I-really-ought-to-read-this-sometime. Someday I may even finish RIDERS OF THE PURPLE WAGE; it bothers me that there is an award-winning story that I find so incomprehensibly unreadable. But I know I'll find something to like in another run through NOVA.

ALYSON ABRAMOWITZ: "Hopefully that's enough to suffice..." But there is assuredly more of interest in your life than the list of publications you've been involved with. Fess up, now... //When you simplify the debate on sexual freedom to "the right to perform sexually as we please..." you sideswipe a practical question. It's all very simple to proclaim that two (or more?) consenting adults can do with each other as they please. But that is not a truth in vacuo and dissociated from other questions. Consider, not the framework of rights established in the Consitution to which assorted minorities and causes appeal, but the particle-by-particle make-up of the society which perpetuates it. I submit that the basic survival of the system depends on (enough) people producing something, and people who actually raise kids (otherwise you wind up with all these case studies of violent characters whose childhood consisted of beatings and wandering the street). There are a myriad others feeding off these people -- as welfare recipients, or students, or in noneconomic ways. But starting at the taxpayer level, one result of the assumed right "to perform sexually as we please" is the large amount of public support for illegitimate children. While this support resulted from a tradition of charity, and a cultural idea that all children ought to be protected, somehow, by whatever crude bureaucratic means available, for certain young women

it has become a conscious means of escaping personal responsibility. Girls more or less deliberately get pregnant so they can sign up for welfare and get out of a family situation they don't like, even if it means creating another broken family. So anybody who pays taxes has no alternative but to condone their irresponsibility. How many people who dramatically call for tolerance know what they are tolerating, and how many are living out Gary Wills' description of 60s social consciousness "I will tolerate you as long as I can't see you"? To take just one context, would you be just as carefree in proclaiming sexual freedom if you lived in a project full of unwed mothers and their kids? It is one thing to tolerate homosexuals, in the sense of ignoring a sexual act between men, and quite another to have across-the-board anti-discrimination laws which effectively require people to support a style of life they regard inimical to their values. If a private institution cannot question a sexual practice it considers immoral, you are not merely erasing discrimination, you are requiring it to give support. Don't read my statement as a stand against the rights of homosexuals. Actually I don't regard homosexuals as a group, because there has been such diversity in the homosexuals I've met -- in the case of fans, most scatter across the spectrum of interests, intelligence and self-discipline. But there are others who are drastically bent out of shape. In a very subjective sense, I want to see reasonable people protected from discrimination, without establishing a legal device whereby unreasonable people can appeal to inflict themselves on schools, publically-funded jobs, or private institutions. I would also consider that homosexuality is a choice -- so is the celibacy of priests (or anyone else who deliberately practices it). Nobody chooses his race, and in a sense those born into a given religion have not made a choice, nobody can avoid aging, nobody deliberately becomes physically handicapped -- and these are all conditions which legally cannot be discriminated against. Should these protections be extended to conditions which are a product of choice?