

NO I DIDN'T.

IT'S GETTING DARK...  
WHAT A PERFECT  
TIME FOR NIGHT!



IF YOU ASK ME,  
THIS IS ALL  
IMPOSSIBLE.



MON DIEU!  
I AM NOT  
DRAWN BY  
FRANK R.  
PAUL! I'M  
DRAWN BY  
PAUL R.  
FRANK!



LAKE CAL-  
HOON IS A  
SUMMER  
HECTOGRAPH.



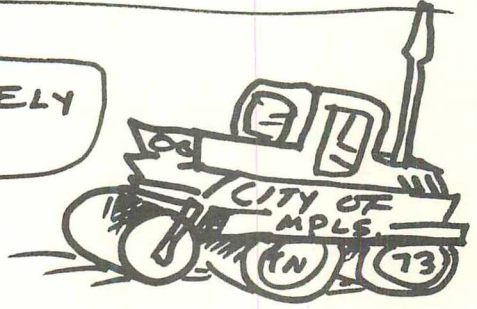
my 70

YOU MEAN  
THAT THE  
NEW ANALOG  
HAS A STORY  
BY HAR-  
LAN  
ELWSON?



OOH. WHAT A LOVELY  
MIMEO...

MILTON FRUNDP  
ATE THE ENTIRE  
JEWEL BOY IN  
FOREST PARK?



BHM  
B+6L1



H.P.L.



THIS SCRIBBLING DONE AT THE  
MINN-BTF MEETING OF 5 AUGUST, 1970. my 70



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# ILLUMINATING THE ILLUMINATI

or

THE BAVARIANS WILL GET YOU IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT  
by John Boardman

From time to time some conspiracy-monger will inform you, by word of mouth or in the pages of a sensationalist journal, that a vast, ancient, immeasurably sinister conspiracy is behind everything that he finds wrong with the world. This makes good fantasy fiction as Sax Rohmer, Edgar Rice Burroughs, and numerous other pulp writers discovered. What could better magnify the prowess of the hero, and provide numerous action-packed sequels, than to have him foil the schemes of such a conspiracy to destroy All That We Hold Dear?

Unfortunately, too many people seem inclined to apply this view of the world to real life, and so we have had foisted upon us myths about subversive, conspiratorial Jesuits, Freemasons, Jews, Communists or Orientals. Sometimes, indeed, the self-appointed Warning Voice will tie several of these groups together attribute to the Conspiracy an existence of hundreds or thousands of years into the past, and claim that they are all mere arms of a hidden group acting behind the scenes of world history.

This conspiracy-behind-the-conspiracies must, of course, be given a name. Some people, particularly in the John Birch Society, just call it "the Insiders" or "the Kingmakers." This not only remains slyly vague, but also keeps them from getting accused of bigotry against any of the more popular groups on whom such conspiracies have been fathered. However, this vagueness is sometimes a disadvantage; people like to have specific groups to hate. And so the conspiracy of the "Illuminati" is being whispered abroad.

At one time there really was such a group as the Illuminati. It was founded about 400 years ago in the mountains of Afghanistan, where it was called the "Roshaniya," the "Illuminated Ones." Their founder was a certain Bayazid Ansari, who was descended from an early follower of Muhammad. He claimed to be privy to a secret inner doctrine limited to the descendants of the prophet's first converts.

The Roshaniya thus showed the usual attributes of a secret religious society, including the claim that their order lives by an arcane doctrine limited to a small number of initiates. Like the Gnostics, the Assassins, or the Freemasons the Roshaniya took in men of all nations and religions, and were organized in a hierarchy of sharply defined ranks. The Roshaniya ranks were eight, from the lowly Seekers up to the three highest grades of Prince, Priest, and King.



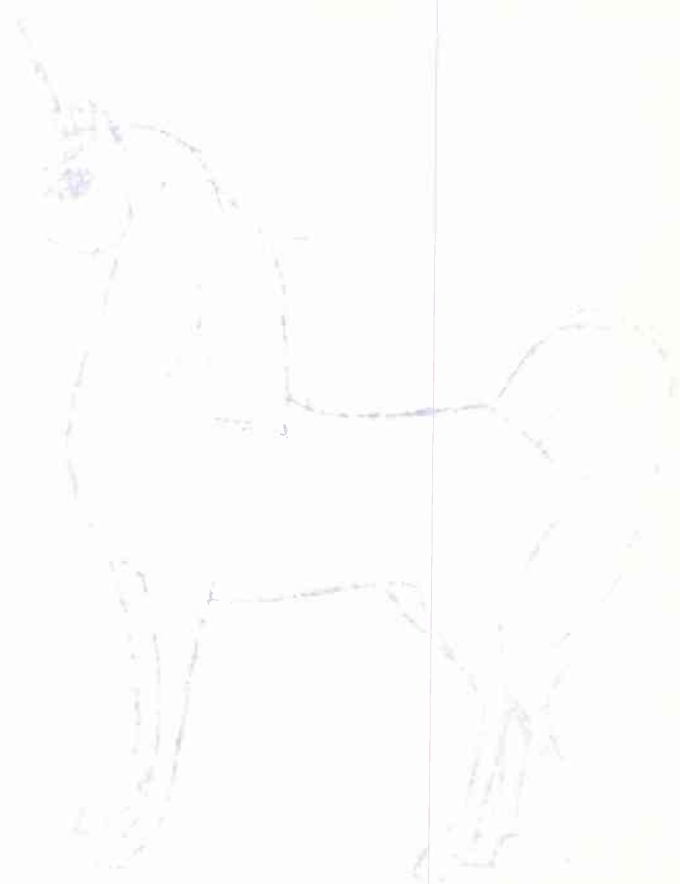
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Bayazid's Roshaniya apparently drew on the Sufi brotherhoods and on the Assassins for their doctrines and organization. (Though the Assassins' mountain fortress in Syria was wiped out by the Mongols in the 13th Century, the Sufis still exist and are proselytizing now in America.) Surprisingly for a body with Muslim roots, women were given equal place with men in the Roshaniya, and people of other backgrounds were admitted without converting to Islam. Their headquarters were a luxurious castle secluded in the Afghan mountains.

Despite persecution by the Mogul rulers of India, the Roshaniya thrived for many years, and eventually announced their intention of conquering India and Persia. In the next two generations the kingship of the order remained with Bayazid's descendants. But in the time of his grandson a schism occurred, and now the Roshaniya survives only as a secret religious cult of negligible influence.

But offshoots of the Roshaniya seem to have got to Europe, of all places. From the "Mystery" cults of ancient Greece to Lenin's "revolutionary vanguard," people have joined together to create for themselves little groups that can enjoy their own moral superiority and comprehension of the Real Nature of the Universe. Such were the order of "Alumbrados" condemned by the Spanish Inquisition in 1632, and a similar group that appeared in France in 1654. But the most influential of the European Illuminati was a group founded in 1776 in Bavaria by a Jewish Freemason named Adam Weishaupt.

Nowadays we think of the Freemasons as a group of stuffy upper- and middle-class men who run to business men and generals professionally and to Anglo-Saxon Protestants ethnically. But in the 18th century they were an active brotherhood of liberal intellectuals, working for the transformation of Europe's autocracies into liberal, constitutional monarchies or republics. Most of them, particularly in the English speaking world, believed that this transformation could be brought about



without war or social upheaval; in fact, most of the leaders of the American Revolution, and a sizeable number of the British officers who fought them, were Freemasons. But the more repressive monarchies of continental Europe produced a greater reaction from the Freemasons there. In a process that we have seen only too frequently in our own time, the repression of a non-violent, evolutionary movement turned many of its adherents into violent revolutionaries.

Such was the case with Weishaupt. The Freemasons were in his day almost the only social or political group which would accept a Jew on a basis of equality, but they proved too moderate for him. So he and some kindred spirits founded the Illuminati as a secret order to "liberate society from tyranny." For them, as for most Illuminati and Freemasons in the Catholic monarchies, "tyranny" meant not only the local king but also the church whose rule he upheld. The church in its turn attacked and still attacks the Freemasons, both as agents of social change and as a secret society which might seduce her communicants.

To this day no one has been able to find out how the Illuminati got from the Afghan mountains to the anti-monarchial and anti clerical undergrounds of Bavaria and France. But the connection is evidenced by several common elements. The European Illuminati used the same calendar as the Afghan Roshaniya, and celebrated the same New Year's day. Weishaupt's group regarded Muhammad as an early Illuminati initiate. Most convincingly, the Illuminati had the same eight degrees of membership as the Roshaniya, culminating in Prince, Priest, and King. This last and highest order seems rather inconsistent with the anti-monarchial views of the Illuminati. Weishaupt and his confederates got around this little problem by instructing candidates for the degree of "King" that all men are capable of equal advancement, and that therefore no king is needed at the head of a state.

There is an amateurish flavor about all the plots of the Bavarian Illuminati. Although they made an elaborate, if childish simple, secret code, and discussed such inventions as a strongbox which would explode if tampered with, they probably did nothing but talk about their revolutionary ideals. Still, this was enough to attract the attentions of the government, and in 1786 the Bavarian Illuminati were exposed and destroyed by a series of police raids.

Later, French Illuminati were also raided. This made it an "International Conspiracy," that prize bogeyman of the bigot. Lurid reports of this conspiracy came out, some of which connected it with that old occultist favorite, the allegedly immortal Count St. Germain. Some of the tales resemble the

ancient "ritual murder" accusation against the Jews.

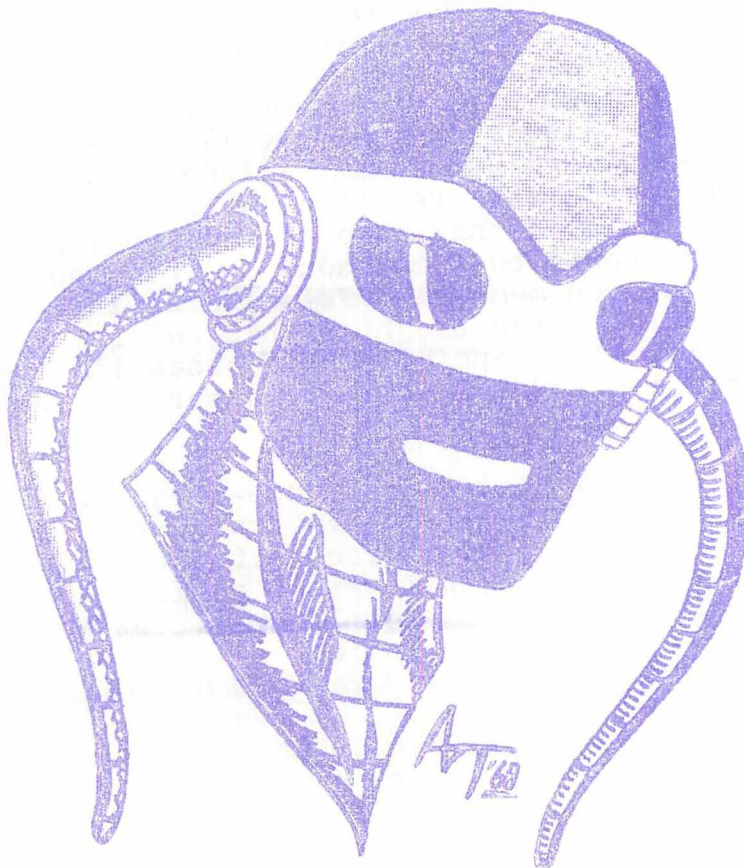
There is no evidence that the Illuminati survived these raids. However, the fear of them did. When, shortly afterwards, the French Revolution broke out, voices were not lacking to blame it as the fruition of a terrible Illuminati plot against monarchy and all organized government and society. The controversy spilled over into orthodox Freemasonry, and caused a schism between the Grand Lodges of the English-speaking countries and the Grand Orients of France which continues to this day. In 1798 a Scottish Freemason visited Europe and found that French branches of his order had diverged in their views from his own. He wrote a lurid book entitled Proofs of a Conspiracy, which claims that the Illuminati ran not only continental Freemasonry but also the French Republican government. These horrid disclosures were confirmed to the Masons of Great Britain when Napoleon I patronized the Grand Orients; most of the high officers of his court (and that of his nephew, Napoleon III) were Freemasons, and members of the Bonaparte family have been Grand Masters.

Even after the fall of Napoleon I, the tales of a secret revolutionary conspiracy did not diminish in the repeating. Since Weishaupt and several of his fellow-Illuminati were Jews, anti-Semites took up the cry. Such early French Socialists as Proudhon and St. Simon were Freemasons, and so defenders of the established order also connected the Illuminati and Freemasonry with Socialism and Communism. (Indeed, when the United States established diplomatic relations with Spain in 1950, Caudillo Franco stipulated that none of the American diplomats sent to his country could be Freemasons -- this though President Truman was a 33rd-degree member!) Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, was taught by his father to beware the plots of the Illuminati -- and after his assassination in 1914, some people blamed it, and the subsequent war, on these subversives.

Usually "Illuminati" has been a code-word for "Jews" in the literature of anti-Semites who want to convey the impression of a sinister international conspiracy without being labeled as bigots. In 1920 Winston Churchill wrote an article which traced a conspiracy of "International Jews" from Weishaupt through Marx to the Russian Revolution, which he blamed on the Illuminati. (Illustrated Sunday Herald, 8 February 1920.) Indeed, the myth is still with us. The White Citizens' Council's fortnightly newspaper The Councilor speaks darkly of "Bavarians" when it refers to Jews, particularly Jews of German ancestry. A publishing house in Texas has reprinted Proofs of a Conspiracy, which is advertised in the John Birch Society's monthly American Opinion. And the Birchers themselves have taken to blaming all the ills of the world on "Insiders" who are further identified as "Illuminati."



From time to time the myth of the Illuminati breaks out from the little self-reinforcing group of bigots among whom it circulates. The most recent and widely read such break-out was a letter to, of all places, Playboy in February 1969. A reader said that a friend had been telling him about the sinister pervasive Illuminati -- how, for example, they were really the villains fought by James Bond, and how they had murdered Ian Fleming for exposing them. Playboy, probably slightly baffled at this unfamiliar topic, sent around a few inquiries and informed Worried Reader that there was nothing to it. But a few New Leftists and practical jokers in Berkeley took it up, and shortly afterwards there appeared in the underground press what purported to be an elaborate table of organization for the Illuminati. Obviously, the sort of people who believe in an Illuminati conspiracy will believe this, and so the myth now has a new lease on life.





"Errand-ry" words John P. Allen; music - Len Bailes

There was a mer-ry pass-en-ger, a mess en-ger, a ma-ri-ner; he

built a gild-ed gon-do-le to wan-der in and had in her a load of

yel-low o-ran-ges and por-ridge for his pro-ven-der; he per-fumed

her with mar-jo-ram and car-do-men and la-ven-der.



Andrew Lang's Custom and Myth. revised edition 1907  
by Ruth Berman

Once upon a time, when I was a freshman, I undertook to do a "research paper" on the development of the myths of the goddess Diana. I was surprised to find an entry in the card catalog for Andrew Lang -- known to me then only as the editor of the red blue, etc. Fairy Books. (I don't think I even knew then about his own original, and charming fantasies, the two Chronicles of Fantouclia, and The Gold of Fairnilee.) I didn't understand much of what I read then, but I gathered that Lang was involved in what seemed to be a heated argument as to whether mythology was basically a corruption of language or a corruption of totemism. Not being sure what either meant, it's no wonder that I couldn't follow the argument.

This year I'm taking a seminar on Victorian literature, and the professor gave us a list of books on mythology by various Victorian authors and asked us each to read and report on one. I promptly volunteered for the Lang, and reported as follows:

Andrew Lang's mythological studies reflect various ideas of how myths should be interpreted, although Lang himself believed that one of them was of primary importance. The book's Preface is entirely an account of one dispute between Lang and a philological scholar, Robert Brown, Jr. (no relation to the actor, I hope), as to the interpretation of Homer's reference to Apollo Smintheus, Mouse-Apollo. The dispute is, at it happens, an amusing but undignified squabble. It leaves me inclined to distrust both men's fairness. Lang says that Brown's method of displaying his arguments is one of "urbane facetiousness" (p. vii) coupled with inaccurate paraphrase. He proves his description to be true by quoting Brown at length. Lang's rebuttal, however, is carried on in the same manner: "The triumphs which are naturally, but prematurely, intoxicate the simple spirit of Mr. Brown depend on the alleged or implied circumstance that I was unaware of the idea that Apollo was connected with the Mouse as an enemy of mice." Actually, although Brown does imply that Lang had been unaware of the rival theory, the "triumphs" depend more on the fact that Lang had built up a case for a hateristic interpretation of Apollo Smintheus as the remaining trace of a mouse-worship cult out of admittedly slight evidence, and that Lang thought the more obvious interpretation less likely than they do on Lang's implied ignorance of the more rational theory.

Within the essays which make up the body of the book, however, Lang, dealing with more important scholars (chiefly Max Müller), treats them with respect and, so far as I can tell, fairness. Lang quotes Müller as saying, "There are only two systems possible in which the irrational element in mythology can be accounted for. One school takes the irrational as a matter of fact.... This was the theory of Euhemeros.... According to another school, the irrational element in mythology is inevitable, and due to the influence of language on thought, so that many of the legends of gods and heroes may be rendered intelligible if only we can discover the original meaning of their proper names. The followers of this school try to show that Daphne, the laurel tree, was an old name for the dawn, and that Phoibos was one of the many names of the sun, who pursued the dawn till she vanished before his rays" (quoted in "Hottentot Mythology." pp. 197-198).



Lang suggests a "third system of mythical interpretation. The method, in this third case, is to see whether the irrational features and elements of civilized Greek myth occur also in the myths of savages who speak languages quite unlike those from whose diseases Mr. Müller derives the corruption of religion. If the same features recur, are they as much in harmony with the mental habits of savages, such as Bushmen and Hottentots, as they are out of accord with the mental habits of civilized Greeks? If this question can be answered in the affirmative, then it may be provisionally assumed that the irrational elements of savage myth are the legacy of savage modes of thought, and have survived in the religion of Greece from a time when the ancestors of the Greeks were savages.... It has been observed that, among most savage races, metamorphoses like that of Daphne not only exist in mythology, but are believed to occur very frequently in actual life.... Therefore the mythologists whose case we are stating do not say 'Something like the events narrated in these stories once occurred,' nor 'A disease of language caused the belief in such events,' but 'These stories were invented when men were capable of believing in their occurrence as a not unusual sort of incident'" ("Hottentot Mythology." pp. 199-201).

Earlier, Lang describes what he takes those "savage modes of thought" to be: "savage peoples believe in a kind of equality and intercommunion among all things animate and inanimate. Stones



are supposed in the Pacific Islands to be male and female and to propagate their species. Animals are believed to have human intelligence and speech, if they choose to exercise the gift. Stars are on just the same footing and their movements are explained by the same ready system of "verbal anthropomorphism" ("Star Myths," p. 136).

It is worth noting that the collections of fairy tales Lang collected grew out of his belief that myths should be studied in the same way as the myths appearing in the myths of many peoples.

Lang then postulates that myths are anthropomorphic descriptions of events who are visualized as men not (as in Müller's theory) because the story tellers have forgotten the literal significance of "figurative descriptions, but because the original events are actually assumed that everything around them had the same sort of thought and feeling, as they themselves did.

The next question, then, is why stories should be told about anthropomorphic beings in the first place. Lang does not deal directly with that question, except to suggest that such stories are made up later in an attempt to explain certain beliefs which have lost meaning (especially -- since he believes that totemism, the worship of and sense of kinship with a particular type of animal -- the kind where a story about the tribe's descent "from, say, Europa and the bull, explains to the tribe their own bull-worship). However, a more general conclusion seems to be implied by his remarks elsewhere. In "Totemism and the Infinite" he attacks Müller's theory that religion grows out of the awe inspired by the grandeur of nature and that the myths are a poetic attempt at describing that grandeur (a view which, it occurs to me, makes primitive religions like a batch of Wordsworths). Müller, in his philological interpretations of myths, tries to find evidence indicating that each "person" is a figurative representation of the most obvious natural phenomena -- usually the sky or the sun or some other heavenly body. As Lang points out, this kind of interpretation can lend itself to the support of too many theories: "very little has, if we can discover or conjecture it, a meaning. It may mean -- be it 'large' or 'small,' 'loud' or 'bright,' 'hot' or 'cold,' 'swift' or 'slow' -- is always capable of being interpreted as an epithet of the sun, or the cloud, or of both" ("Totemism and the Infinite," p. 31).

Lang suggests, rather, that "the germs of the religious sense which are developed, not so much by the vision of the infinite as by the idea of Power. Early religions, in fact, are not disinterested" ("Totemism and the Infinite," p. 31). The two theories overlap, in that phenomena which suggest

Müller's "infinite" will also be taken to be powerful, but Lang wishes to show that the worship of fetiches (objects of power -- usually not at all awesome in appearance), found in so many religions, is more probably the source, not the corruption of a worship of a more distant and abstract divinity. Presumably, then, Lang thinks that myths are made about the powers that be in order to define their workings and to be able to manipulate them. Again he describes the purpose of myth-making in terms that suggest a picture of primitive man as proto-scientist attempting to understand and thereby control his world: "The myths, like the arrow-heads, resemble each other because they were originally framed to meet the same needs out of the same material. In the case of the arrow-heads, the need was for something hard, heavy, and sharp -- the material was flint. In the case of the myths, the need was to explain certain phenomena -- the material (so to speak) was an early state of the human mind, to which all objects seemed equally endowed with human personality" ("The Method of Folklore," pp. 24-25).

Both Müller and Lang see myths as depictions of the outside world in human terms which, if thought of as applying literally to humans, are impossible and, what is more, unthinkable. Lang quotes Müller as saying, "What makes mythology mythological, in the true sense of the word, is what is utterly unintelligible, absurd, strange, or meaningless," and Lang adds, "Man's attention would never have been surprised into the perpetual study and questioning of mythology if it had been intelligible and dignified, and if its report had been in accordance with the reason of civilized and cultivated races. What mythologists wish to discover is the origin of the countless disgusting, amazing, and incongruous legends which occur in the myths of all known peoples" ("Hottentot Mythology," p. 197). Elsewhere Lang quotes Socrates' rejection of a literal belief in the possibility that a god would castrate his own father. Lang adds, "Socrates was anxious to be pious, and to respect the most ancient traditions of the gods. Yet at the very outset of sacred history he was met by tales of gods who mutilated and bound their own parents. Not only were such tales hateful to him, but they were of positively evil example" ("The Myth of Cronus," p. 48). Lang, clearly, shares Socrates' disapproval of such myths.

Lang's answer is to interpret Cronus' impiety as a way of describing the separation of Heaven and Earth and to point out parallel stories in other myths in which the god who separated Heaven and Earth was in fact abhorred for his impiety. Lang avoids the question of why the separation of Heaven and Earth should be thought of as a castration of Heaven in the first place.

Lang's mythological studies seem to prepare the way for the acceptance of the application of Freudian theories of

personality to interpretation of myth, although Lang himself shows no sign of being familiar with the psychological explanation (which comes immediately to the mind of a present-day student with the usual smattering of knowledge of Freud's theories) of a god who kills his father. Lang's proof that the individual story-  
 -life, without reference to the meanings of the names of the local gods attached to the stories, are ubiquitous, and his insistence that the mythopoeic state be thought of as genuinely anthropomorphic, not a corruption of figurative versions of abstract concepts, seem in retrospect to lead naturally to a theory of myth in which myth is seen as the expression of human desires, although Lang himself does not follow his theories in that direction.

Lang rather takes the direction of explaining away such incongruities as his system will allow him to. For example, he sees the stories of animal brides or animal grooms as growing out of the belief that animals are people and serving the function of giving the tellers a pseudo-historical explanation of the tribe's totemistic identification with the animal -- without questioning what elements of human nature would be seen most strongly in the beast. He admits the limits of his theory where it cannot explain away an incongruity, as in the Cronus myth, or in the case of the ubiquity of the Jason myth. Lang can find no phenomena in nature which would result in the story of the hero who steals away the magician's (or giant's or ogre's) daughter, with her help. He reluctantly suggests the possibility of cultural diffusion to explain its spread, although normally his theory assumes that all mythologies will by nature come up with the same stories, or with similar ones.





## TORONTO FANFAIR REPORT

by Anthony Tollin

My parents wanted to go to Canada for a vacation at the same time that I wanted to go to the Toronto Fanfair 2. This combination worked out well. We arrived Wednesday night, August 19, and discovered the King Edward Sheraton had messed up our reservation, and we were given a \$32.00 suite for the price of our \$19.00 room. Nice.

### THURSDAY, AUGUST 20

Bright and early the next morning, I caught a subway to Markham Street and visited George Henderson and his fascinating Memory Lane Bookstore. George is a collector who has set up a shop dealing in comics, pulps, Big Little books, sf. and movie prints and posters. Decorating both interior and exterior walls are posters and Sunday comic pages. George publishes a group of Memory Lane fanzines, including Captain George's Whizbang (35¢ a copy) and Captain George Presents (\$3.00 per 10-issue set; four sets available; Memory Lane Publications, 594 Markham Street, Toronto Ontario Canada). Whizbang is devoted to articles on movies, pulps, and other nostalgic subjects, while the other is devoted to reprints of comic strips and books, ancient ads, and sf art (Finley, Bok, Cartier, and Frazetta).

Captain George and I saw on the shop's front steps watching a movie that was being filmed on the street and talking about trivia, Disney's fantastic Fantasia, and the deceased Star Trek (George knew Bill Shatner when Shatner was beginning his acting career in Toronto).

I rejoined my parents that afternoon for a tour of Toronto, primarily observing the traffic jams; Toronto has the highest per capita number of cars in the world.

We ended the day by going to see Hair (actually, the day probably would have ended anyway). Seeing Hair is a nice way to prepare for a science fiction convention. The Toronto cast is considered by many authorities to be the best (not excepting the New York company), and by the end of the performance I was in the mood to get up on the stage and dance with the audience and the cast, but was stopped by the balcony railing.

### FRIDAY, AUGUST 21

I awoke around 10:30 and prepared a makeshift "Minneapolis for Worldcon 1973" button. Ruth Berman was not to arrive with the official buttons and posters until late that night, and I

wanted something to identify myself as an sf fan. As at so many cons, the registration desk was not opening until late afternoon, and the attendees were subjected to several hours of trial-and-error introductions.

Before I left our rooms for the lobby, my mother suggested I fold up my cot "in case you want to have any fans up later."

I entered the lobby around noon and began a search for other fans. I noticed a young couple necking and decided they might easily be fans. "Are you here for the sf convention?" I asked.

"The what?"

Oh, well. They looked like fans.

More cautiously, I neared a small group gathered outside a restaurant and overheard them conversing in fannish. I joined the group and found myself conversing with Bea Mahaffey, the charming former editor of Other Worlds and Charlie Brown, editor of the news-zine Locus.

Fans were beginning to group together, and it became a bit easier to recognize them. I ran into Ann McCaffrey several times. Later that afternoon I noticed Andy Porter and her at the hotel desk and went over to join them. They were with a man signing the register. He turned when I joined the group, displaying the well-known face of Isaac Asimov. I gave Isaac a few messages from Cliff Simak and expressed Cliff's regrets at not being able to be in attendance. I told them of the party in our suite and invited them to come up later. Then I left to go out and get the pop.

After a while I found myself in the company of half a dozen Detroit fans. They weren't doing anything, and I invited them up to our suite. We decided to have a party, and I told them to spread the word to come up to my suite around 2:00. Things were beginning to liven up. Fans would come up to me and ask if Jim Young or Ken Fletcher were going to be in Toronto. I replied that they weren't coming up, and that Ruth and I would be the only Minneapolis people at the con. Someone mentioned that Jim Young was one of the two people who really persuaded him to favor the Minneapolis bid.

"Who was the other?" I asked.

"Tom Reamy," he said.

I returned to the suite with a few dozen cans of pop, a box of town house crackers, and a package of paper cups. A pleasant little gathering soon congregated, and a couple dozen of us began talking about the Worldcon bid, sf, Star Trek, etc. I passed around some issues of Ruth's T-Negative, and Devra Langsam began hawking her trekzine, Spockanalia (#5, the one with Kirk and Spock making out on the frontcover). The pop gave out after two hours, and the party was adjourned until 5:45.

The registration desk opened around 5:00, and I went down to register during the party recess. Decorating the center of the lounge was Isaac Asimov, an attractive girl in each arm. "When a girl's been kissed by me," he said, "she's ready to be screwed by Harlan."

I obtained a piece of chalk from the janitor and scrawled a party-announcement on a blackboard in the registration area. Then Mike Wood, an honorary Minneapolis people, and I returned to the suite and began preparations for the second party of the day. The pop was running low, and Mike went out to replenish the supply. Fans were beginning to drift in.

I noticed a newcomer sitting by the door and walked over and started a conversation. He asked if any of the official activities had begun, and I said that they hadn't, but that Isaac and Ann had arrived and were probably in the second floor lounge.

"I'm Brian McCaffrey," he said. "Isaac drove me up."

Open mouth; insert foot.

More people were drifting in, and the room became quite crowded. I suggested some of them drift into the other room, but few did. Mike and I decided to practice what we preached and exited the main room. Crowded conditions forced newcomers to follow our example, and the population in the two rooms eventually equalized -- both too damn crowded.

Around 7:30 my parents stopped in between tours and noticed that I had some company -- 35 in one room and 25 in the other.

I reminded my mother that she had suggested I fold up my cot and have some people up. I don't think that this assemblage was exactly what she had in mind, though.

The crowd began thinning when Forbidden Planet began, and by 10:30 only a few latecomers remained. I talked with Art Hayes, head of the N3F's welcomittee for a while, and finally locked the room and went down to watch the movies.



A hysterical little cartoon was played, reputedly made by the National Film-board of Mars. It concerned a television satellite's views of Earth, mistakenly assuming automobiles to be the dominant life form, with humans as parasitic pets. The audience howled at a sequence where the Earthlings' advanced form of asexual reproduction was demonstrated, from junkyard to crushing devices to factory. A 40's movie serial, Copperhead vs. the Mysterious Dr. Satan was shown. It was actually a sequel to the Captain America serial, but, in order to avoid paying royalties on the Captain, the producers had brought in a new hero to oppose the old villain, Dr. Satan.

The film-room closed down for the night after Dr. Satan, and I went into the registration area and found Ruth, who'd just arrived, and picked up the bid material.

#### SATURDAY AUGUST 22

I went down to the Huckster room, where I succeeded in disposing of some early Captain Future pulps and replacing them with a 1932 Shadow.

The opening address was to begin at 10:45, but was delayed to 11:00, at which time the "Opening Address" began. The address burdened the audience with endless dull jokes and dragged on a half hour longer than it was supposed to, oblivious to the audience's yawns.

Finally, 45 minutes behind schedule, the Professional panel began. The panel consisted of Judy Merrill as moderator, Joanna Russ as theater expert, Ted Cogswell, Alexei Panshin, and a new author whose name I've forgotten who was chosen the group's expert in science fiction. Judy Merrill explained that the panel had broken the central question, "Can science fiction survive the future?" down into a series of sub-questions: Can science survive the future? Can drugs? rock music? sex? (They realized fiction wouldn't.)

Ted Cogswell, chosen for his limited experience as the group's expert on the military and sex, made a plea for selective breeding: "There's too much disorganized balling going on!" he said in a military manner. "If the human race is to survive, there must be organized balling near radioactive deposits."

When someone in the audience asked what about the many genetic monsters that would be born, Cogswell replied, "Well... somebody's got to read the stuff we write."

One girl, a physics major, commented that their class had discovered that drunk rats can safely absorb 50% more radiation than sober ones.

At 1:30 the Asimov-McCaffrey discussion began. Isaac remarked that Ann's name has the same rhythmic and melodic structure as "San Francisco," and proceeded to belt out, "Ann McCaffrey, open your Golden Gate." Ann's head disappeared under the tablecloth. Isaac went on to talk of an attempted seduction of Bea Mahaffey which gave birth to a story about Martians on Mount Everest (well, why not?). In the story Isaac had claimed that Martians were here looking after our interests. (At the time he didn't realize how much our interests needed looking after.) It included the prediction that Everest would never be sealed.

Three months before the story's publication, Edmund Hillary climbed Mount Everest. That, said Isaac, shows him to be the greatest science fiction author of all time, for only he was able to predict Mount Everest's unattainability three months after it had been attained.

Ann eventually came out from under the table, and they closed the discussion with a duet, which turned into a solo on the last note. Isaac's breath gave out, but Ann held onto it coloraturishly, and Isaac stepped back and watched until she finished her cadenza.

That evening we had to leave to go on to the resort where my parents had a reservation. That meant, unfortunately, that I missed the last day of the convention.

#### SUNDAY, AND OTHER MATTERS: afterword by Ruth Berman

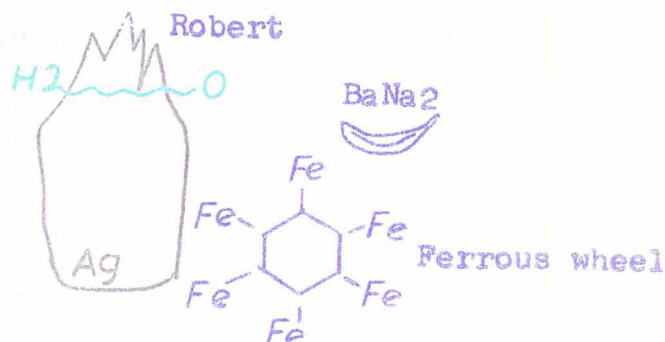
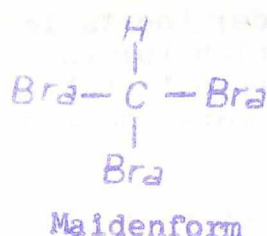
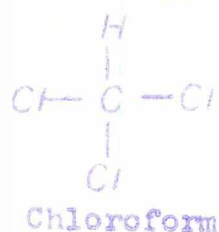
One program item that Anthony Tollin missed was Jay Kay Klein's slide show, "The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody," which followed the Asimov-McCaffrey duet. The slide show featured Isaac Asimov and included the celebrated "crucifixion" shot of the Good Doctor.

Running throughout the con were the exhibits -- the movies (already mentioned), a roomful of Captain George's material, the Huckster displays, and the artshow. The artshow was too crowded to be easy to view (combination of a small room and a lot of material), but it had many fine items, notably two large displays by Derek Carter and Alicia Austin. I bid on a Fafhrd and Mouser drawing of Alicia's "Swords and Deviltry," illustrating "Ill Met in Lankmar," by lost it to another fan. I was also much taken with her "Centaur of Attention," a

mythical landscape with (of course) a centaur in the middle; George Barr's "The Frog Prince"; a banner Maureen Wilson did in semi-abstract style showing the dragons of Perth fighting the threads (she gave it to Ann McCaffrey); an oil of a neercan in space (I forget the artist); and a couple of Kelly Freas paintings (such as one of an alien woman with alien pins in her mouth pinning up a dress on a model, titled "Haute Couture").

Sunday, I somehow missed most of the programming. I'd waited till too late to buy a banquet ticket, and I only caught a few minutes of the Ann McCaffrey/Joanna Russ/Alex Gilliland pro/fan panel.

The blackboard had been cleared of announcements so that the names of the Hugo winners could be put up on it when the call came through from Heicon. But the hours went by, and no call arrived, and an assortment of chemically-minded graffiti appeared instead:



Eventually a group of us who were Forsyte Saga addicts deserted the Heicon watch and went up to the Wilsons' room to go see Fleur preparing to sue Marjorie Ferrars for libel, Michael making his debut in Parliament, and poor Francis making an ass of himself with his so-called Georgia accent. Afterwards we started to watch Mission: Impossible, but I started writing a parody of it, and we turned off the tv in favor of finishing the parody and general nattering.

We broke up about 2:00 in the morning, and Maureen Wilson and I wandered back down into the registration area. A list of Hugo winners had put in an appearance at last: Ursula LeGuin's Left Hand of Darkness for novel, Fritz Leiber's "Ship of Shadows" for novella, Samuel Delaney's "Time Considered as a Helix of Semi-precious Stones" for short story, the Apollo moon landing for drama, F&SF for prozine, Freas for pro artist, Bob Tucker for fan writer, Science Fiction Review for fanzine, and Tim Kirk for fan artist. Also a First Fandom award for Virgil Finlay, a Big Heart award for East German fan Bill Huesler, and the Trieste Film Festival Gold Rocket Medal for Mario Bosnyak.



# No & YES: LETTERS

Len Bailes

I wish you'd gotten the chording right on "With Only Two Moons Listening." You left off the chords for two lines, and one of them was the transition from the B-flat major middle section back to the G minor part.

((Mea culpa. It should be:

Bb Eb Bb Eb Bb D7 Gm Eb D7  
three-cornered hat and britches of tweed. Where are you go-ing ))

Dave Hulan

I remember when Len first unloaded himself of the music to "With Only Two Moons Listening" -- as I recall I was one of the first half-dozen or so to see it. It seems like centuries ago, although I suppose it was really about three years, more or less. Why is it that some things seem so much more remote than others? The first things that happened to me in LA seem incredibly farther removed than my Army days that preceded them -- or, for that matter, my high school days. I suppose that it's some sort of category-sorting in my head; my LA days fall into one category and anything that happened in LA more than a year or so ago seems very ancient, while my earlier life falls back into a different category and things don't seem comparably far back until I get back to about the time I moved to Kentucky between the 7th and 8th grades.

But to gress (or whatever the word is that's the opposite of digress), I remember telling Len at the time that it's a nice-sounding tune but I didn't think it fit the words -- that is, that the mood of the tune didn't match the apparent mood of the words.

I think I may as well stay home on the Grail-quest. I didn't quite make xxvi points, but near enough. As a matter of fact, I may make it; possibly I've just forgotten about that dream of the queen of Faerie. So who wants an old Grail anyhow? I'd rather.... (be foul-minded).

Harry Warner

You might like to know that last night, when I read the fifth issue of No, my house was struck by lightning. But I had

sufficient presence of mind in this crisis to realize that you could have coped with your own emergency simply by changing the us to I in the title. That would have changed both the language and the case, but your title would have meant the same in Italian as it did in French, and drunk fans would not imagine when they saw double that you were issuing a No No, and there would be no danger of having your fanzine turned into a ceremonial drama by the Tokyo fan club, who could very easily mistake it for a translated No drama.

"With Only Two Moons Listening" looks very good both as a piece of music and as a beautiful example of musical penmanship. I assume that it's done freehand. Allowing for the lack of contrast inevitable in the dittoing, it's closer to traditionally engraved music than a lot of published scores being issued today. The song looks as if it should be quite effective in performance with that unusual flattened D bobbing up at key moments.

Maybe "Planet of the Monkeyshines" isn't so late a review after all. The sequel to the film has just played in Hagerstown, without benefit of my presence, so I can't be sure of its quality. But it's disappointing to find Hollywood following the old, unhappy course of action that it used before science fiction became a respectable subject for films. Now that this type of fiction has some prestige, Hollywood still belabors with sequels anything that has good boxoffice results, ignoring the enormous possibilities that exist in entirely different stuff that has never been translated onto the screen. Maybe the Planet of the Apes sequel will draw well. But its very existence will harm the general health of science fiction on film, because so many people will instantly imagine that we're still in the era when every other science fiction film was another sequel to King Kong or a thinly disguised variant thereon, if it wasn't a new story about the Frankenstein monster.

I like the back cover tremendously. It capitalizes on exactly the things that ditto can do -- approximate the texture of a woodcut, for instance, and allow sudden splashes of violently contrasting color to go in exactly the right places without imperfect registration to worry about. The front cover seems spoiled to some extent by the angle at which the head is placed. It's a good, strong face and its placing on the page causes it to resemble a little one of those portraits of a real person that the photographer has printed crookedly just to be different from the orthodox exact vertical placement.

4 5 1 15

2 3 4 5





Ted Cogswell



Isaac Asimov



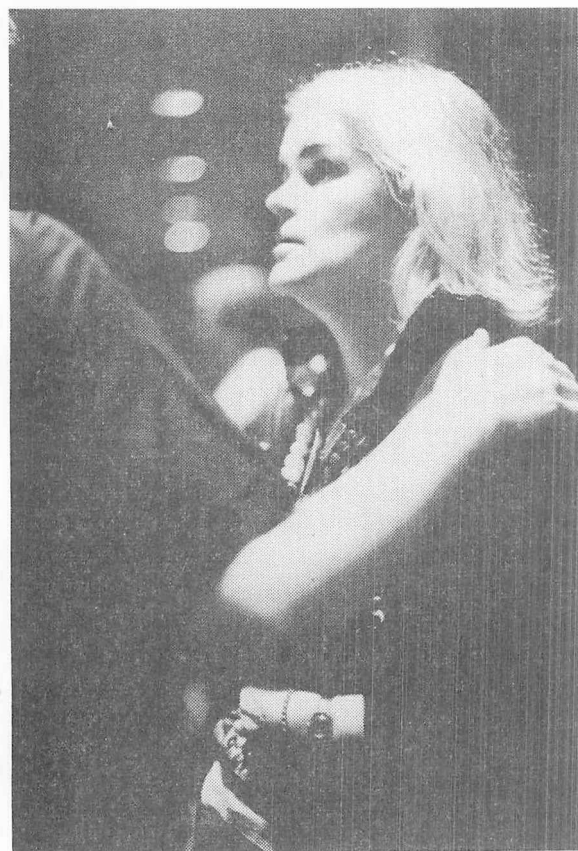
Joanna  
Russ

Ann  
McCaffrey

Alex  
Gilliland



Alex Panshin



Ann McCaffrey