

Issued 5-9-75

PROFANITY-9



April 1975

IncuNebulous Publication 1084

Cover by Bernie Zuber
Interior illos by Dian Crayne, Jack
Harness, and Gail Barton

Published by Bruce Pelz
15931 Kalisher St.
Granada Hills
CA 91344

Available for Trade, Contribution,
or Comment; sample 25¢

* * * * *

CONTENTS: Progress Report I of the Committee For the NecronomiCon - Meade Frierson III
Tower Trivia: Feb. 1-Mar. 13, 1975 - Diarhytoric by the editor
Blessings and Curses - letters

* * * * *

SWEARING IN

(Editorial)

BOUND AND DETERMINED I got into the Library Business fairly early, working as a page/student assistant in the University of Florida Library during my Freshman year there, and one of the things that impressed me was the rows and rows of bound journals. Not only were they attractive to look at, they were a good way to keep all the issues of a volume together, and to protect them to some degree from wear and tear. So as early as 1955 I started sending volumes of SF magazines out to be bound, starting with the early issues of Galaxy and F&SF. When I started to collect fanzines to any great extent, I decided to bind them, too.

The first titles that I acquired in bindable numbers were YANDRO and CRY OF THE NAMELESS, which were both frequent and substantial. When I got active in the APAs I had the mailings bound complete, and when an important Special Publication came out, I sometimes had that bound -- like A SENSE OF FAPA, or FANCYCLOPEDIA II.

When I moved to California, I tried to find a local bindery that would do the job, but the results were quite unsatisfactory, and I went back to shipping the volumes to Florida when I wanted them bound. Unfortunately, I ran into money problems, and the schedule of binding zines fell off to nothing for quite some time.

Even so, as of March 1975 I have 181 volumes of bound fanzines, with another half-dozen volumes currently out to the bindery. The titles range from extremely valuable reference sources (FANAC; AXE; SFT) down to veritable crudzines (ESOTERIC). There's even a volume from outside the SF fanzine milieu: Milt Grady's PECTATOR is a National APA zine, but one of the best, and well worth the expense of binding. I acquired it along with a mass of other MundAPA zines, during a two-year membership in NAPA in the early 60's. Of the



"When the hand is not up to expectation, Sir, a different four letter word is more customary."

There are certain problems that the fanzine-binding collector has, which the non-binder doesn't have. One is trying to determine whether your run of a defunct zine is actually complete so it can be bound. Right now I'm holding a collection of CHANTICLEER which is supposed to be complete, but I've found a reference to an issue included in the PACIFICON COMBOZINE (which I don't have), which may or may not be the same as one of the regular issues.

Then there's the question of the continuing fanzine, which looks like it will go on forever -- until you decide to bind it leaving one or two issues to go into a future volume, at which time the thing folds. Or the other case, where some nut decides to revive a zine long dead, puts out one or two more issues, and then kills it again. You, of course, bound the thing when it died the first time, and now have the one or two issues kicking around loose. (This doesn't even count the smartass friend of yours who waits until you bind his defunct zine, when publishes a 1-sheeter extra issue just to screw you up. Dick Lupoff tried this with XERO, running a 1-sheet XERC #11 through APA F. He miscalculated, though -- I hadn't bound XERO yet, and I got copies of the 1-sheeter and included one when I did bind.)

[illegible]

AN ARTICLED CLERK I SOON BECAME... In case someone among the readership is in the mood to write something for this relatively frequent thing, I am especially interested in: conventions (both reports from attendees and articles on the running of same from the Committee viewpoint); and fanzines. Between the two they make up most of the history of fandom.

NecronomiCon 1990

Progress Report No 1 by Meade Frierson

To judge by recent Star Trek, comics and science fiction conventions, Necro '90, the Providence, R.I., convention in 1990 to celebrate the 100th birthday of fantasy writer H.P. Lovecraft, may assume cyclopean proportions. The spectre of fans scattered around a chain of motels ringing Providence in oddly Druidic fashion is too bizarre for even this kind of a con committee to contemplate. Therefore, solutions are being sought to ~~exactly~~ restrict the minionships in the NecronomiCon.

One generally accepted proposal is to restrict film programming so as to eliminate the interest of those fans under the age of reason. Consequently, we will not be showing those favorites of the younger set such as the animated series "Adventures of the Hardly-Boys in R'lyeh," or even the occasionally revived "Star Trek" episodes which have involved the Cthulhu Mythos: "Mission to Shaggai," "Beyond the Farthest Seal of R'lyeh," or even the ever-popular "Kadath's in the Cold, Cold Waste."

Details have been firmed up somewhat regarding the buying and selling which is part of every convention, but these plans too will have a bearing on the number of attendees. In the Ponape Traders Pavillion fans will purchase plastic imitation gold filigree ornaments and use these as money. (It is to be remembered that the famous Equicon Robbery of a year or so back grossed more than the famous British Train Robbery.) Money will be preserved under maximum Pinkerton security at the Obed Marsh Bank maintained in the hotel for registered minions only.

To restrict the size of the con, these steps have been recommended with respect to the Pavillion: (1) no comics may be sold except Chamber of Darkness 9 and other issues containing adaptations of Mythos stories; (2) no monster/horror magazines can be offered except those on the list approved as directly relating to the CM; and (3) most important in "turning off" curiosity seekers and fringe fans, no browsing will be permitted. Arkham House and other volumes will be represented on the dealers' tables by photographs of their covers (which may not be retouched to eliminate nicks or tears), and, upon purchase, a con-approved chit will be given entitling the bearer to have that volume removed from the special con deposit in the locked stacks at Brown University, after the convention is concluded.

A special problem at this convention, and one not faced by most other conventions, will be the witchcraft devotees. Your ever-diligent con committee has made special arrangements with the bomb squad of the local police: anyone proposing to sell charms and potions at the convention must turn over the wares for detailed testing in a spot remote from the city. To this end as well, a number of laboratory animals have been purchased. In this way it is hoped that transmutations and other unfortunate occurrences which might spoil the celebration for someone can be avoided.

Studies have concluded that many fringe fans are attracted to conventions as thrill seekers, to view the more outré paintings expected to be on display. (Many artists have been reported as already at work on entries for the special R.U. Pickman look-alike contest -- our sympathies to those who have already been committed at this early stage.) Borrowing a mouldy leaf from the arcane volume of Sleazycons, viewers will be restricted by the following mechanism: a one-person (or -thing)cubicle is to be constructed, with a porthole through which the occupant can see an enormous wheel turning (tantalizingly just out of reach), on which all original art will be mounted. If he does not voluntarily leave after one minute, a trapdoor voids the chamber. (Art Show judges will be allowed two minutes.) Only the bravest will endure the long lines, and publicity of this fact should curb attendance.

A minority report has been offered suggesting that the minionship application forms

actually be an entrance examination on which prospects must demonstrate the depths of their knowledge of, and devotion to, the subject matter of this gala celebration. Mythos trivia would be asked, together with (perhaps -- the report is disquieteningly vague on this point) minor bloodletting as a show of eldritch faith. The committee would judge these applications, rejecting those with too low a score, and turning over the perfect papers to that secret subcommittee of HUAC formed in 1928 and charged with investigation of the possible submersive activities of the more batrachian among us. (The secret is that unanswerable questions will be trickily inveigled into the exam.)

The masquerade will provide a challenging and unusual problem to the committee. Under supervision of a committee member, all contestants must costume themselves from the skin out. Only in this fashion can the committee be assured that it is only a costume! The femlib members of the committee have outlawed certain costumes for females -- swamp revellers, cavorters beneath the Black Stone, Margaret Brundage covers; you get the idea. Other subject have been ruled out as part of the attempt to contain the convention's size. (This was not the libbers' sole purpose, but the beady-eyed among us will be less inclined to seek out this event.) There will be NO (1) members of the Jermy family, using "Planet of the Apes" costumes; (2) members of the Enterprise crew, even though claiming a Mythos connection because of the above-mentioned shows; or (3) Howard characters. Even though REH and HPL may have overlapped in some areas, careful research has disclosed no barbarian swashbuckling among the writings of HPL.

No at-the-Gate minionships will be sold, of course, it being necessary to reserve your Silver Key to the con far, far in advance. Furthermore, only the prevailing U.S. specie will be accepted in payment. (Hard to believe, but several applications have come in the form of crudely-scrawled notes from the backwoods of New England, enclosing unusual trinkets and jewelry. These were politely but firmly refused.)

The final suggestion to be adopted was that only scholarly discourses by eminent lights in the field of macabre fantasy will comprise the panel discussions, thus diminishing the Cult of the Personality which brings so many to clutter the aisles and speakers' platforms seeking autographs or to touch the hem of a garment. Nevertheless, major writers will be in attendance as well as survivors of HPL's coterie, although these good folk have graciously consented to appear incognito, to obviate the appearance of autograph (and other, more ominous) hounds.

A grand and successful con is planned. If all goes well, the event may well lead to a groundswell of support for Ponape in '00.

-- Ralph Wollstonecraft Hedge
for the Committee



TOWER TRIVIA

1975

1 FEB: Back in 1968, Dave Hulan invited various fans to a wine-and-cheese party in late January. But on the day of the party, we got word that Ron Ellik had been killed in a car accident in Wisconsin, so Dave called off the party and postponed it for three weeks. Three weeks later, Lee Jacobs died of a heart attack. The party was held anyway, as it appeared that another postponement might bring us more bad news. Beginning the next year, I started an early-February Memorial Wine and Cheese Party, as an annual open party. Attendees bring a bottle of wine (or whatever they prefer to drink) and some cheese, and cross-sample with the other attendees. The host (and, as of this seventh annual party, hostess) provide various munchables as well as their own wine and cheese. It generally works quite well as a party, besides giving some of us who knew Ron and Lee a focus for remembering.

Saturday morning Elayne and I drove to the Northridge shopping mall, which has two excellent sources of cheese: Hickory Farms and The Cheese Shop. As usual, we wandered around the mall for some time, windowshopping first -- I managed to escape from two bookstores with only a \$1.00 remaindered Creasey novel -- then bought our cheese and left. Since we'd had most of Friday to clean house, things were under control fairly early, and I retreated to the Fan Room to sort and file more zines during the afternoon. For the wines, we picked a couple from our December tour of the Santa Clara-San Jose area off the rack and put them in the fridge, a large part of which had been cleared out to make room for the party stuff to come in. We had dinner early, and I set up the Memorial Glasses on the bookcase mantel. [Ron, who was a generally teetotal Root Beer Freak up to 1965, came back from LonCon II and a European tour as a Wine Snob, especially regarding white wines. Lee was mostly a Beer Fan, and favored a Mexican beer called Mexicali, which was frequently referred to -- even by Lee -- as "Palomino Pony Piss." The Memorial Party has always had a glass of white wine and a Pilsner-style glass of Mexicali.] This year I added the best of the 1968 APA L tributes

Craig Miller showed up first, bringing, in addition to his cheese and drink, four boxes of fanzines I'd agreed to buy from him -- the lowgrades of his accumulation. Happily, everyone has a different idea of what a Highgrade fanzine is. There were, for example, at least four issues of SF REVIEW in the boxes I got. We tossed the boxes into the Fan Room as the rest of the mob started to arrive.

Some of the contributions to the party were funny. Elliot Weinstein brought his homebrew, vintage 1971, plus two tenths of Buon Vino "red table wine." The homebrew wasn't bad at all; no one would touch the other. The other homebrew -- Marc Schirmeister's orange wine, bought by Harness at a LASFS auction the previous Thursday and contributed in addition to a standard brand wine -- was tasted by several adventurous types and generally "Yech!"ed at. Two people brought sparkling cider, which was quite drinkable. In addition to one of the ciders, the Warrens also brought a bottle of "Mascara red table wine," which Bill said would certainly be the cheapest wine contributed. So I told him about Weinstein's Buon Vino tenths.

As the party got rolling, I brought out a bottle of Bolla rosé and asked if anyone would like to try it. There were two takers: Frank Gasperik, who'll drink almost anything, and Barry Gold, who had commented on seeing that this year's wines, like last year's, were mostly sweet wines, "In that case, I'm going to stop bringing good wines." On questioning, Barry equated good wines for a wine and cheese party with dry whites only, or maybe dry reds; certainly not sweet wines. I objected to the equation, as tastes obviously differ. Barry pronounced the Bolla "rather good," so I didn't bother mentioning that it was left from last year's Memorial Party, when Mike Glycer brought it and it came in dead last in popularity, even losing to a bottle of Ripple. Elayne has been using it for cooking every once in a while. As I say, tastes differ. Most of this crew likes sweet wines.

Only two of the mob got noticeably loaded at the party, and neither of them was obnoxious, so our pre-party threat to throw obnoxious drunks over the back fence to the German Shepherd wasn't acted upon. Gail Kimberly had arrived with the announced

intention of getting loaded, and proceeded to do so; Frank Gasperik just found his way there gradually, as usual. The two spent a fair amount of the time talking to/at each other. [Don Fitch: "Frank reminds me of myself when I was in high school!" At 32, Frank is 13 years closer to high school than Don, but... .]

The card table was set up in the Library, and before too long it was taken over by an introductory lesson in Oh Hell. After the instruction game they wanted to play for real, but at $\frac{1}{2}$ a point instead of $1\frac{1}{2}$ -- a cautionary move on Ed Green's part after we soaked him \$5 in two games at Ron Bounds's party a few weeks ago. So we played a 5-handed game, and when the dust had cleared Ed had lost $14\frac{1}{2}$, Ed Finkelstein had lost $2\frac{1}{2}$, and Mike Farkash was heavy loser at $85\frac{1}{2}$. Harness won a penny and I took the rest, at which point we made room for the poker players. I went back to playing host for a while (and catching up on the new arrivals of wine and cheese).

The cheeses ranged from the prosaic to the exotic (and one or two putrid). My favorites were the Boursin spice cheese -- a spread surrounded by black pepper -- and the red wine cheddar. I didn't do too much wine sampling, sticking mostly to the ones I already knew -- and not too much of those. The diet took enough of a beating, what with the cheese and the wine I did drink. (Some sort of amends were made by cutting out dairy and fat shares for a week after the party.)

The poker game was fairly low-key; no one lost or won very much. (I sat in for a couple hours and quit \$5. up.) A few diehards were still playing at 3:00 a.m., when the rest of the party had dwindled to less than a half-dozen (including hosts), so we threw everyone out before we -- and/or they -- collapsed on the floor. I disposed of the ritual drinks (ritually, of course), and we let the rest of the mess go until Sunday. It seems to have been one of the better parties in the series.

Elayne	Bargetto loganberry	Jolli Noix almond
Bruce	Novitiate muscat frontignan	Kefalotyrie; K. Christian IX
Jack Harness	Merrydown gooseberry; Chateau Schirmeister L'Orange	Bonfino
Craig Miller	[Seven-Up]	Boursin garlic
Elliot Weinstein	Buon Vino red; Chateau Weinstein Blanc	Tillamook sharp
Terry Welden		Cheese burrito; bleu cheese drsng
Bill Welden	[Coke].	Gardenia string; Kraft c.b. mild
Mike Farkash	Annie Green Springs Plum Hollow	garlic & herb Monterey jack
Bill Beall & Diane Finkelstein	San Antonio pinot chardonnay; San Antonio cherry	parenica (Hungarian); Bon Jolli
Ed Green	Jacques Bonnet cold duck	
Ed Finkelstein	Martinelli's sparkling cider	Kaukauna Club cheeseball
Frank Gasperik & Gail Selinger	Krug beaujolais	Land O'Lakes bleu; red wine cheddar
Barry & Lee Gold	Acampo Village chablis; Parducci French colomba	Cheshire; Wensleydale
Dan Goodman	Italian Swiss Col. str. sherry	gjetöst; mozzarella
Bill & Bevy Warren	Martinelli cider; Mascara red	Reedsport sharp
Fred Patten	[Dr. Pepper; Cragmont bl.cherry]	Gardenia string
Glenn Mitchell & Neeters Gross	Cherry Kijafa	Leyden spice
Len & June Moffatt	Paul Masson Brut; D&H Liebfraumilch	garlic & herb monterey jack; cheese rolls
Gail Kimberléy	José Gomez sangria	muenster
Larry & Fuzzy Pink Niven	Guasti cream; Zeller-Friedrich-Burglay-Felsen mosel	Boursin spice; Boel brie
Tom Locke	Inglenook Sylvaner-Riesling	string
Tom Digby	[creme de banana liqueur]	string
Chuck & Dian Crayne	Akadama red	Liederkrantz; Camembert; Bonbel

TOWER TRIVIA - 1975, p. 11

Don Fitch	Inglenook chenin blanc chablis	
Jerry & Nancy Kidd	Brookside Vin Blanc (Cask 7)	Boursin spice
Jim Hollander	San Martin Gran Pomo	hickory-smoked
Drew Sanders	[root beer; Dr. Pepper]	[boiled ham]
Harrison & Tatiana	Opici cabernet sauvignon	
Rose		

FEB. 2: LASFS Board of Directors held its regular bimonthly meeting, and, this being the first meeting of 1975, elected corporate officers. Milt Stevens, Fred Patten, and Dan Alderson were returned without opposition to their posts as Chairman, Secretary, and Vice-Chairman. As I had made loud noises about not wanting to be Corporation Treasurer again, Craig Miller and Fuzzy Pink were nominated, Fuzzy making it clear she would take the job, but wasn't all that enthusiastic about it. I'd been talking to various Board members and non-Board members about the problem, discovering that, of the ten other Directors, no one really wanted the job except maybe Craig, and there were doubts about letting him have it. If Fuzzy was elected, she could farm out the weekly Money Gouge, probably to me. Then Barry Gold nominated me anyway, to give me a chance to officially decline. I considered the problem, took into consideration the fact that the LASFS was still under IRS audit, and the auditor was working with me as an officer of the Treasury, and I changed my mind and didn't decline. I did, however, vote for Fuzzy Pink. The vote went 7-2-2. Guess who's still Corporation Treasurer.

The Board also voted to recommend spending all sorts of money to make improvements in the clubhouse -- lights for the back area, repair of the back steps, etc. Also to be recommended to the club: purchase of a block of 25 memberships in MidAmericon at the current \$6 price, to be held until after January 1976 and then sold to members at \$15 (as compared to the official price at that time, which will be \$25); consideration of a Fanquet -- the annual Fan Banquet honoring a member or members who made first sales in the SF field during the previous year -- and of the apparent only honoree, Dian Crayne; and the levelling and paving of the plateau area behind the clubhouse, preparatory to erecting a temporary structure. (The idea is to put up a 10'x12' Sears metal shed or something similar, to serve as storage and possibly as APA L collating area, and take some of the pressure off the clubhouse itself during meetings.)

One of the Directors complained that card games were being held in the clubhouse -- specifically, bridge games after the meetings and Oh Hell at the Open House -- which were being played for money (though scoring was kept only on paper, so no money was visibly exchanged) in violation of the rule against the practice. The Board reaffirmed the rule, though agreeing that such games would be permissible if not played for money. The question of how one could tell the difference when scores were on paper brought the suggestion that the players could be asked. It was not mentioned what would be done if the answer was "none of your business" or even silence. The three card-playing fanatics among the Directorate were somewhat nonvocal during this discussion.

After the meeting, the Moffatts, Fred Patten, and Milt Stevens and I returned to the Tower for a turkey dinner. (Fred's company had supplied the turkey -- they give all their employees a gift certificate for either a turkey or a ham around Xmas, and since Fred doesn't cook, he gives his away, with the understanding that he gets to help eat whichever is chosen, eventually.) The rest of the evening passed in LASFS and con fangab.

FEB. 3: Louis Binda, the IRS auditor, came to the UCLA Engineering Library to finish his audit of the LASFS. It took him about another 4 or 5 hours, some of which were spent reading the Minutes for the year under audit, 1973. I had some trepidation about this part of the proceedings, as the first half of 1973 was recorded by Jack Harness, one of the LASFS's most notorious humorists, and the latter half of the year, though it was recorded by Lee Gold, who is considerably less flakey than Harness, is available as recorded Minutes only in the published version -- THE MENACE OF THE LASFS -- since Lee transcribed her notes onto stencil and then threw them out. THE MENACE is profusely illustrated by...Jack Harness. Oo-ook! But all passed without incident, and after several suggestions for improving the Treasury bookkeeping, the auditor left,

assuring me as he went that his report would be "No change." LASFS Inc. is still an exempt C-3 Corporation. (Which means donations are tax-deductible.) He did recommend that, if another auditor were to appear some year, we emphasize our literary aspects and hammer on them as much as possible, so that we don't look like a social organization. LASFS, a social organization? Heaven forbid! (Anti-social, maybe, but... .)

The mail produced an envelope full of DON-O-SAURS [#34 through #39] from Don C. Thompson, in answer to the request and check I sent off last month, and there went the evening! I read through the lot of them, then did something I haven't done for ten years or so: wrote a letter of comment. Elayne later complained that she didn't mind midnight typing, even when she's trying to get to sleep, as long as it's fairly constant. But this business of a long silence followed by TYPITTY-TYPITTY-TYPE for a minute or two, then another silence, followed by more of the TYPITTY-TYPE routine was a bit too much. Maybe when I finally get the garage fixed up... . [7498 Canosa Ct., Westminster, CO 80030; 25¢, 12/\$2.50, or exchange]

4 FEB: Karen Anderson sends along a clipping from the Action Line column of a Bay Area newspaper, regarding Freelandia, and asking if it is the same outfit that fouled up the Discon charter flight. It is indeed, and anyone who paid them anything should be interested:

"The Consumer Protection Unit of the state Department of Justice has filed suit against Freelandia, and Diana W. Cohan, deputy attorney general, says the complaint asks for an injunction, civil penalties and restitution for consumers who lost money in their dealings with the company. ... WRITE her in the Attorney General's Office at 350 McAllister St., Room 6000, San Francisco 94102. ... include the amounts they paid, the dates the payments were made, and their membership number."

Also received: a flyer on Balticon 9, March 28-30 at the Baltimore Hilton Inn. Hal Clement is GOH, but other than that the program doesn't look like much. More info from Dave Phillips, 915 Arran Rd., Baltimore, MD 21239.

And: a severely truncated copy of FANTASY ROTATER 331 from Flieg Hollander. I'll have to shoot two of the people ahead of me on the roster to get to where they have to send me complete copies of the zines! (I can even think of two excellent candidates for disposal, both of them immediately ahead of me.) This is a CULTzine, in case you hadn't realized it, and can therefore be ignored by everyone except Cultists, Completists, and other such idiots.

5 FEB: Ruth Berman's NO #16 turned up, one of the few fanzines I have continued to receive through the long drought of general fandom activity on my part. (I think Ruth considers my fanzine collection a sort of fannish National Library -- an idea I'd be glad to foster). Thish, Ruth reviews Jack Dann's Wandering Stars, with a some side comments on other religion/SF melds; John Berry continues his travelog, hitting Venice and Ancona on his 1971 trip with his wife; Joe Christopher reports on the Mythcon V (MabinogiCON), alternating straight prose with skaldic verseform chapters; and Ruth discourses on Chess in/and SF. All are well-written, with the palm probably to John Berry. [irregular; 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis, MN 55417; 35¢ (3/\$1) or trade, comment, etc.]

6 FEB: The program for LASFS was on fan art shows, and since I was there during the beginning and middle-life of the things I brought a projector and some art slides for Bjo and John Trimble to use in their presentation, then retreated. Spent some time in the kitchen/green room talking fan politics with Dr. Pournelle. He and I do not usually agree on very much in the fan-politics line, but an exchange of information can be helpful to both on occasion. I gathered that DisCon II hasn't even repaid Program Participants their membership fees as yet, and, though I haven't seen a financial report -- even a preliminary one -- I'm sure they made enough to do that. Perhaps they're waiting until the mail ballots for the 1977 site selection are out, so the refund will be fresh in people's minds? Or is that only a sneaky Pelz-type stunt? Jerry made some comment about leaving and coming back in time for the bridge game after the meeting, so I passed on the Board's deliberations (?), which he categorized

-- correctly, as far as I can see -- as "officiousness." (No game was held, as the regular fourth didn't show up.)

Under regular business, LASFS passed the motion to buy a block of 25 Worldcon memberships -- but only after the rate schedule, as reported in KARASS, is confirmed by an official convention PR. One such PR is due out this month, so we shouldn't have too long to wait. Jerry Pournelle suggested we might well consider the purchase of sufficient value to General Fandom -- supporting the Worldcon in the early stages and thus helping them plan and finance their programs, besides making it cheaper for the newcomers of early 1976 to get memberships -- that we could apply the \$150 against the \$3,000 we obligated ourselves to invest over a period of time for General Fandom interests. (The obligation was adopted when LASFS accepted the \$3,000 from LACon, after the con's plans for a published Proceedings fell through.)

Fanzine received: SFINCTOR 4 (Craig Miller, Elliot Weinstein, Glenn Mitchell, and Milt Stevens's money). A page of fanzinerreviews, a page of address changes and convention listings, and a page of colophon and self-blurbing. Oh yes -- and a page of news. (8/81 - 9115 Beverlywood St., Los Angeles, CA 90034.)

7 FEB: Fanzine received: DEVONIAN OSCILLATOR (Cultzine, George Senda). Trying to save his place on the Cult roster, George cites the problems he's had, being arrested several times last year -- with references back to the 1972 burglary he pulled in L.A. and the 1973 difficulty with a bookstore in San Francisco -- and then complains that Cultists and others "intend to keep the albatross of [his] past forever chained around [his] heck" and "will not give [him] the chance to go 'straight'." Ook-ook!

9 FEB: LASFS Open House featured discussion of art shows in general and the Aussiecon show in particular, conducted by the Trimble, who have been asked to handle the U.S. end of setting up the latter. There appear to be insurmountable problems to having a standard Worldcon Art Show in Melbourne. For one thing, anything brought into the country for sale is subject to import duty on entry. For another, the general attitude of the artists -- at least the Big Name ones whose work forms the core of a Worldcon Art Show -- is that they can't afford to have their art tied up for several months, either for exhibit only (which might bypass the customs duty) or even for sale at the Aussiecon, where American fans would likely pick the art up for a much lower price than they would pay at a North American Worldcon. (The attitude is based on results of their sending art to the Heicon in 1970.) Trimble were asking if anyone had any ideas or suggestions of what might be done, since the Australians have made it clear they would like to have the Worldcon in all fact rather than just a big National con with the Hugos and the Worldcon name added, and the Art Show is a big part of a Worldcon. No such suggestions were forthcoming, beyond one which rather begged the question: an art show which presents the Australian artists, who are not generally known to North American fans. (One U.S. fan artist wondered aloud why, with such an all-out push for the Aussiecon bid, no Australian artists entered the North American art shows during the past several years. I reminded Bjo, who had transmitted the question, that Dmitri Razuvaev had entered a couple shows a few years ago, but I admitted I didn't know of any others.) A supplemental suggestion was that fan artists in Commonwealth countries might not have as much shipment problems as the U.S. does -- or as much customs duty problem either -- and could therefore participate in the Aussiecon show on their own, and that any U.S. artists going to Melbourne might bring in some of their work with them for exhibit. (That would limit the tie-up to a couple weeks instead of the couple months needed to ship to Los Angeles and transship.)

After a dinner break -- I went home and ate, and Elayne and I then went back to the clubhouse -- it turned into Film Night, with a few short features and then "Citizen Kane." Elayne and I had not seen "Kane" before, and were quite glad to be able to see the uncut version for free. (We almost didn't get to see the third reel, as the projector's exciter-lamp burned out, but after a couple rescue attempts failed, Bob Greenberg turned up a replacement lamp and, some time after midnight, the last reel went through.) As a Castle Nut -- and a San Simeon enthusiast in particular -- I was

delighted with the scenes of "Xanadu." I'll have to go back and find that parody Mike Glycer ran through APA L a year or so ago, and reread it.

10 FEB: Fanzines received: INSTANT MESSAGE 165 (NESFA Newsletter). NESFA seems to be much more serious about its bylaws and officers than LASFS. This issue has a 4-page discussion of getting rid of the inoperative office of Editor (of the NESFA zine PROPER BOSKONIAN), since it appears NESFA isn't interested in having a zine. LASFS made its Editor post appointive to begin with -- makes it a lot easier to replace (or merely dispose of) a nonperforming Editor. And every once in a while we get someone who thinks he/she would like to revive SHAGGY, so we let them have the Editor post for a while until they are obvious in their inactivity, when we vacate the post again and wait for the next idiot. (The last one, two years ago, asked for -- and got -- a \$5 budget. I think he had a hectographed, 10-copy, 4-page zine in mind. We got our \$5 back last year from him.)

AUSSIECON FLYER 2 (Grace & Don Lundry). Available to those going on the Aussiecon group flight, or available for \$1. The flight will be from 9 to 29 August or thereabouts, flying Los Angeles-Melbourne. Cost is presently \$837., which includes \$130. worth of land arrangements (hotel for the con, probably banquet, other hotels during the trip). The FLYER gives information about the trip, those signed up for it, and about Australia. (18 Karen Dr., Cherry Hill, NJ 08003) (\$50 deposit needed to reserve a place on the flight. A second flight, leaving 26 July or 2 August and returning right after the con on 16 August is possible if enough deposits are sent for it.)

APA NESFA 56. The monthly NESFA combozine. Noteworthy: Ed Meyer's rules for the game of "Galactic Trader," which looks confusing, but is probably playable. Joe Ross's writeup of the Massachusetts gubernatorial changing-of-the-guard. Jim Hudson's report on the Orlando bidsite for the '77 Worldcon.

13 FEB: The LASFS program was in two parts. First, Jerry Pournelle previewed one of his Galaxy columns -- a "What If?" article, based on postulated economical space travel. Part 2 was a fairly long auction, disposing of several boxes of old junk that was donated a couple years ago and didn't get sold at the various junksales we held. It should take only one more such auction to get rid of all the old crud. (The auction brought in over \$40.00, so the time was well spent.)

After the meeting, a card game started up in the main meeting room. In fact, two card games started -- the usual bridge game, and a game of Oh Hell. I wasn't in either of them, but stayed around to see what happened. Fred Patten came up and asked me somewhat hesitantly whether this wasn't the sort of thing that had been complained about at the Board meeting. When I assured him that it was, indeed, he asked if something shouldn't be done about it, and I told him he wouldn't get any help from me, as I was in favor of card games. He mumbled off, and before too long I was asked to attend an impromptu Board meeting outside. Seven of the 11 Directors were present, lacking two card-players, the Chairman, and Don Fitch. (Had there been one fewer, I could have broken the quorum by leaving.) The discussion concerned itself with whether the games as played violated rules passed by the club against gambling on the premises -- or "playing cards for money" or whatever the wording had been back in August or September of 1973 when we bought the clubhouse. If so, was the rule viable -- and/or enforceable -- and if not, should a rule be made against such games. The primary complainant was Bill Warren, whose contention was that cardgames tend to displace or interfere with other functions -- even if the other function is simply Standing-Around-and-Talking. We disposed of the idea that games scored on paper and settled for money later were legality difficulties for the club, and the consensus was that: (1) the discussion should not be considered an Official meeting of the Board; (2) if the card games did not interfere with other functions, they should probably be allowed to run; (3) if they did interfere, they should be ousted; (4) we had no agreement on how to decide whether functions were being interfered with; and (5) the whole situation should be brought up to the club itself next week. It was a bit amusing to discover that the bridge game had the entire clubhouse to itself -- everyone else, including

the Oh Hell players, was outside listening to the Board members. (By that time, the "everyone else" was only seven or eight people.)

14 FEB.: The Nivens held an open party for Valentine's Day -- the first open party in the past several years, since they held one around Xmas and were burglarized fairly soon thereafter of items an ordinary burglar wouldn't have known about. It is bad news to attend a Niven Party while on a diet, but I did the best I could, and didn't cheat too much. (Just enough to make it enjoyable. Burp.)

Conversation was the main staple of the evening, though there were a couple small games of Oh Hell in a side room and a Mah Jong game in the livingroom. The only one who got noticeably drunk was Frank Gasperik, who seems to be trying out for the post of Club Sot, which is more or less vacant now that Dik-the-Drunk Daniels isn't very active anymore.

At one point in the later part of the evening, Jerry Pournelle brought up the NASFiC, saying he wished Chuck Crayne and I had not had the falling-out, since he considered we worked well together on conventions, each being effective in different areas. (Jerry had brought this up at a "kitchen conversation" at LASFS a week or so ago, pointing out that the effectiveness of Chuck and me working together was more than the sum of our effectivenesses working apart. I told him about Gilbert & Sullivan disagreeing about Gilbert's "magic lozenge" plot, and what happened with their separate works on "Haddon Hall" and "The Mountebanks." He thought about it and said the point was well taken.) He went into detail about what could be done, if absolutely necessary, to ensure a NASFiC that was, if not a Great Success, at least not a Roaring Disaster, then asked if there was any possibility, from my point of view, of my working with Crayne on the NASFiC if Chuck were agreeable. I told him that was an exceedingly loaded question that gave me no choice but to say 'yes,' but there would have to be various conditions and safeguards. I would also have to clear it with Milt Stevens, who had put in the bid at Toronto that lost to Chuck's bid because 40+ SFWAns had been persuaded to vote for Chuck. Milt wandered by a bit later, and Jerry asked him if there would be any objections to working with Crayne if conditions could be worked out. Milt said he thought it was too late to do much, if it hadn't already been done. Jerry's point was that it was to everyone's advantage to have the con come off well, and therefore a commonality of effort would be appropriate. My point is that I object to doing the work and having someone who isn't doing the work take the credit -- especially in this case, where a spoiler bid finds itself having to produce what it supposedly set out to win.

No poker game ever got started, but a Brag game finally did, running for an hour or two before the party closed up completely. I lost a whole \$.85 at Brag -- and after losing \$.09 at Oh Hell, too! Horrors!! (The Oh Hell losses had been considerably more than that after the first game -- beginners in the game louse up one's planning -- but I was the big winner at the second and last game.)

The party was a delight, and I hope the results from the host-and-hostess's viewpoint were worthwhile. Cause then they may do it again... .

By the time we got home, we gave the cats their breakfast and crashed, obliterating Saturday morning and part of the afternoon.

16 FEB.: Barry & Lee Gold moved their usual Fourth Sunday Party to the third Sunday, in order to avoid conflicting with a special program scheduled for the 23rd, and I made plans to use the party to advance the Subject Guide to APA L project. The idea was that three of us would compile a list of items which we thought likely to be looked up for one reason or another, then we'd sit down with a fourth indexer, merge the lists, and have a temporary index. This would be published in APA L, and anyone else interested would have a chance to contribute additions and corrections by a deadline, after which the index would be final. We would take one 3- or 2-month period of APA L at a time, and if we could run a half year per Fourth Sunday Party, we could do the index for APA L 1-500 in a little under 2 years. Barry Gold had done his indexing of L1-11 (1964) at the January 4th Sunday Party, and Drew Sanders and I did ours in the weeks following. I also did a list for L12-19 (Jan-Feb '65), and Drew was working

on finishing his index of that period by the Party. So then Barry could do his during the party, and we could sit down, merge the lists for the two periods, and be on our way. Right? Hah! I got to the party by 2:30; Drew hadn't arrived by 5:30, so I called him and discovered he didn't know he was needed early -- he'd be there in an hour. Elayne and I went to dinner, and got back to find Drew arrived and playing Brag. I gave the three lists of L1-11 to Dan Goodman for merging, as the Golds were going out to dinner with Moffatts and Ed Green. (Drew hadn't finished his index to L12-19, so we could only work on L1-11 anyway.) We played first Brag, then Oh Hell until the Golds and others returned. By the time the Hell game was over, Goodman, Golds and others were in the middle of playing Dungeons and Dragons, which goes on forever. Dan hadn't been able to merge the lists, but had made his own. I gave up, took the APA L's -- we were using my bound volumes, since they are super-complete and easier to handle than a bunch of loose APA L distributions -- and went home, leaving the D&D group still playing, around 11:30. Barry commented that it looked like the only way to work the index was to have a party specifically to work on it. (I later compared the four lists, found mine was the most extensive, and decided maybe I could try being the only Stage 1 indexer. Publication of the temporary index in APA L would provide opportunity for anyone interested in being a Stage 2 indexer to participate.)

18 Feb.: Fanzines received: LOCUS 169 (Charlie Brown). It's late, and it's all pro news, but then maybe there isn't much fan news worth printing. In any case, if one needs information on the SF professional scene, one needs LOCUS. (Though I wonder why anyone needs the LOCUS Award Poll, seeing that the Hugo balloting gets downgraded more and more each year.)

INSTANT MESSAGE 166. (NESFA Newsletter). NESFA voted its Hugo Nomination ballot, and the results are recorded herein. Gee, they're about as chauvinistic as LASFS -- all sorts of local nominations in the fan categories. They're not quite as good as the year LASFS nominated Famous Monsters of Filmland as Best Magazine, but...

AUSSIECON FLYER 3 (Lundrys). The Group Flight is planning to leave L.A. Airport at 9:15 p.m. on Aug. 9, and arrive in Sydney Monday, Aug. 11, at 10:30a.m. (Nice way to celebrate a birthday!) Over 35 people have sent deposits for the flight, according to the listings. Roll on August!

19 Feb.: Bob Hollander and I finally broke the jinx against our bridge game on Wednesday nights. In a 15-table game at the Wild Whist, we came in third N-S, for 33 fractional master points. With a 175½ on a 156 average, we were 3 points out of 1st and ½ point out of second. I hate to sound greedy, but it we'd got even an average on either of the last two boards we played... Still, it's better than we've done yet...

20 Feb.: LASFS had a flurry of New Business. In reasonably short order, the club approved motions to: expend money on lighting for the back area and a sign spotlight in front; expend money to get the back area stairs rebuilt; establish a policy that members' children who are brought to meetings have to become members themselves at the age of 13. Then came the awaited Cause Celebré: no fewer than three motions regarding card-playing in the clubhouse. The main motion set various restrictions as to where, when, and how; probably such restrictions could be endured. It was then moved to table the whole set of motions until people had a chance to think about them. The motion to table was passed, and the status remains quo. Tempest in a pisspot.

The program was the voting of LASFS's Hugo ballot. Chauvenism was held to a minimum, but most of the nominating was done by apathy in the Pro categories. If anyone remembered a story he wanted to nominate, it generally got onto the ballot, since there were very few who could remember any. At most, one nominee would be eliminated in any Pro category. The fan categories were better filled.

Fred Patten passed around his advance copy of Kayceecon's PR 2, which verified the report that memberships would go up to \$50 at the door. It also revealed that the LASFS isn't the only one thinking about reserving a block of memberships. The Church of All Worlds (St. Louis) has a block of ten already listed. The LASFS block of 25 will be ordered forthwith.

The bridge game began around 10:30, to no visible opposition.

For the record, the LASFS Hugo nominations were:

NOVEL: The Dispossessed (LeGuin); Fire Time (Anderson); Inverted World (Priest); Mote in God's Eye (Niven-Pournelle); Total Eclipse (Brunner)

NOVELLA: Riding the Torch (Spinrad); Song for Lya (Martin)

NOVELET: Extreme Prejudice (Pournelle); High Justice (Pournelle); Hole Man (Niven); Witch and the Well (Eisenstein)

SHORT STORY: Kind of Murder (Niven); Schwartz Between the Galaxies (Silverberg); Whirligig of Time (Vinge)

DRAMA: Phantom of the Paradise; Young Frankenstein; Zardoz

ARTIST: Freas; Schoenherr; Sternbach

EDITOR: Baen; Bova; Silverberg

FANZINE: Algol; Alien Critic; Prehensile

Fan WRITER: Milt Stevens; Don C. Thompson; Harry Warner

Fan ARTIST: Bill Rotsler; Mark Schirmer; James Shull

CONTRIBUTION TO THE FIELD: Ackerman; LASFS; Wollheim

CAMPBELL AWARD: deliberately left blank

GANDALF AWARD: Poul Anderson; L. Sprague DeCamp; Fritz Leiber

22 FEB.: Spent the afternoon sorting the entries into last year's Equicon Song Contest.

Ejo turned them over to me at the Open House a couple weeks ago and wanted to know which ones scanned right, so she could decide which would appear in the Souvenir Book. Some of them Elayne had to deal with, as I didn't know the originals to which they were set, and a few we had to give up on entirely. Of the ones we could judge, there were some horrible turkeys -- some whose authors thought that changing one or two words in a song makes a parody, others whose idea of the rhyme scheme were erratic at best, and so forth. There were also quite a few that scanned correctly, or at least could be made to do so with a little judicious editing, and two outstanding ones: Ruth Berman took "Journey to Babel" and retold it in verseform parody ("Villikins and His Dinah," AKA "Sweet Betsy From Pike"), and two trelfans I'd never heard of did a second-stage parody -- of "Kinnison's Band" by Poul Anderson, who'd parodied "MacNamara's Band" -- that was absolutely delightful!

The Social Scene was somewhat overcrowded Saturday night. Nivens had invited all the cardplayers up to The Ranch near Porterville for the weekend, but few of them went, mostly because of short funds and other commitments, apparently. Jack Harness called around inviting people to a card party at his place if they weren't going to The Ranch, and in passing the word of Jack's party I discovered there was an Invitational Party at Warrens' Saturday night also. And The Petards, a semi-organization of established older fans (mostly), half which are generally inactive otherwise, was meeting at Al Lewis's for their monthly meeting. Elayne and I had an invitation to the Petard meeting, so we went there first, stayed for a couple hours talking to people. Discovered that Jay Konigsberg -- June Moffatt's youngest, by her first husband, Eph -- had eloped earlier in the day. The last time Jay ran off to do something silly, it was to join the army, an association terminated by the latter in less than a year. One wonders. We left after a couple hours, when the meeting was into its Sercon Phase, discussing the Topic For the Night: The Next 25 years. The Petards are only Sercon at some of their meetings -- at others, no Topic is set up, or it is set up and politely ignored during the evening. One of the places that the meeting always has a Sercon Phase is the Lewises," so attendees go prepared to discuss.

We went by Trimblehaus on the way to Harness's, dropping off the annotated Song Contest entries on the front porch of the totally dark house. We got to Jack's to find Jack, Phil Castora, and Bob Hollander finishing up a game of Hearts, with Bob about to leave for work. Elayne retreated into reading, playing with the cats, and drowsing, while the three cardplayers switched to Oh Hell. After a couple games we left, and the party broke up. I think LASFS may need better coordination in its weekend social events. Perhaps we should elect a recording secretary, a corresponding one, and a social one.

25 Feb.: Publishers Weekly for Feb. 10, 1975, has an interview with Harlan Ellison which is amusing in a few places. Especially amusing: "'But I've long ago ceased to write anything even remotely resembling science fiction, if indeed I ever really did write it.'" That's the first time Harlan has agreed with his critics in years. I wonder if this means that voters for Nebulas and Hugos should consider him disqualified? And perhaps the closing of the article bears quoting: "'But I will tell you one true thing about science fiction writers -- they are good writers, at least some of them are. The trouble is that they have somehow been gulled into thinking that they are writing for an audience, that fandom is an audience. That's no audience. It's like talking to your armpit.'" Which is why Harlan Ellison, who is not interested in talking to his armpit, is not a science fiction writer." Tsk-tsk. Perhaps the next time we find Harlan at a Convention, up on the platform, talking to his armpit, we ought to inquire how he could stoop so low... .

27 FEB.: Barry Gold's departure for Boskone put me back at the Old Stand: LASFS Procedural Treasurer. What with the usual duties of that post, and the conducting of a full-scale auction -- for which I'd spent several hours in the afternoon, listing the material to be auctioned -- and passing out the latest DE PROFUNDIS (the LASFS newsletter, which Barry edits) and the just-published WESTERCON 28 PR 3 (which I would have had to distribute anyway), I didn't get much chance to talk to people or notice if anything unofficial happened that might have been interesting.

The item of interest I did notice was the ballot for the first Fanzine Activity Achievement Awards. I mentally ignored Tom Digby's announcement of the existence of the ballot -- and of the Awards themselves, for that matter -- as I remembered the last Fan Awards, which bombed rather badly in the '60's. But I picked up a ballot with my copy of APA L, and read through it. It may work, if it doesn't hang up on the necessity to cite credentials when voting. There are six categories: Best Single Issue of a Fanzine; Best Fan Editor; Best Fan Writer; Best Fan Artist (Humorous); Best Fan Artist (Non-Humorous); Best LoC Writer. In order to vote, you must cite published credentials as a fanzine publisher, fan writer, fan artist, and/or LoC writer. The more credentials you can cite, the more categories you can vote in. (It also costs \$1 for operating expenses, and a stamped envelope for the final ballot.) This is the nominating ballot, with a deadline for nominations of 19 April. (Copies from, among others, Moshe Feder, 142-34 Booth Memorial Ave., Flushing, NY 11355.) I can at least contribute and see what happens.

Craig Miller, acting as agent for Elliot Weinstein, was distributing/selling copies of THE FILLOSTRATED FAN DICTIONARY, over 170 pages, in 2 volumes. Elliot started the dictionary in August, and finished it up in December, to beat the deadline of his having to leave for medical school in Guadalajara. He put months of time and effort -- as well as a large amount of money -- into the job, getting definitions from all kinds of fan sources. If he'd ignored his deadline and put another month of editing into the thing -- editing by someone other than himself, that is -- it would be a First Class reference work. As it is, it may still be a Second Class reference work. One can ignore typos, even when they turn YANDRO into YANDRON, but the number of items with insufficient information or wrong information, plus the number of totally useless (i.e., simply not in use in fandom, even locally) ones is too large for a really definitive fan dictionary. However, until someone issues a better one -- or Elliot issues an edited one -- this will have to do. (\$1.75 from Elliot Weinstein, 7001 Park Manor Ave., North Hollywood, CA 91605.)

1 MAR.: Since Tuesday (4 March) will be my daughter Cecy's ninth birthday, and we wouldn't be able to get over to see her then, we mounted an expedition on this reasonably fine Saturday to far-off east Los Angeles, where Cecy lives with her maternal grandparents. We gave her her birthday present and talked with her and the Girards for a while. (Since I seldom know quite what to get Cecy, I started copying an idea my father used on my birthday presents, \$1 per year, with the embellishment of giving silver dollars. In spite of our making it clear they were for whatever Cecy wanted to do with them, they will probably go into her bank account, since all cash gifts seem to

go there -- Cecy's got a bigger savings account than I do! (Her \$103 to my \$100.)

Since it wasn't very far out of the way, we headed for Pasadena to see if we could locate Tom Gilbert, who appeared on the local fan scene around 1964 and disappeared a few years later, taking with him the sizable fanzine collection he amassed while active. I've been considering for a couple years whether the collection, at least, might be retrievable -- for the LASFS Library if not for myself. The house at Tom's old address on E. Howard still looked the same as when I visited him ten years ago, but there was no sign of life, and no one answered repeated knocks at the door. There was no doorbell, and Gilberts never had had a phone. A question to a neighbor brought a statement that the people who'd been there for ten years or more were still there -- "the old woman and her two sons." That sounded right, so I decided to try some other time when they might be home.

We then went grocery shopping, and got home with barely enough time to get some dinner before the card players started arriving for the scheduled card game at the Tower. We had announced the game at LASFS, telling them that the game played would depend on who showed up. We wound up with 9 cardplayers, total: five poker players and four Brag players (one of whom was limited to playing for non-money.) So the poker game started off in the library, leaving the Brag-garts the dining area table. Bill Welden was the first casualty of the poker game, and he retreated to the Brag game, leaving his five bucks behind. Jack Harness was the next to give up, and finally Mike Farkash and I broke Lance Burton and the game folded. The rest joined the Brag mob, and, after Marti Lands was escorted home, they switched to playing for money. I don't care very much for Brag, so I retreated to the fan room while the others pushed pennies and nickels back and forth. (Penny-ante Brag is a very inexpensive game -- at least the way most of the LASFSians play it. In Liverpool, that's another story.) Eventually I joined the game out of boredom, and we played to a fairly early conclusion, with the players leaving by ones and twos. All in all a pleasant evening. Profitable, too, as the two poker winners split \$17 -- \$14 to \$3, favor the Elephant. Even won a bit at the Brag game.

4 MAR.: As the Wild Whist was not having its usual Tuesday night game, Drew and I went to the North Hollywood Bridge Club, which we usually avoid because of the extreme quantity of cigarette smoke in the room. I'm convinced that the competition at the Wild Whist is rougher, since we seldom fail to place in the upper 40 pct. -- the group that gets some rating points, at least -- at North Hollywood, while we seldom manage to place at the Whist. Our record continued: fourth of 11; .19MP.

5 MAR.: Two in a row: Bob Hollander and I managed to come in 5th out of 13, just high enough to collect a few fractionals. Since we managed to give away several boards, our placement must be credited partly to one of our opponents, Mr. Barry Workman (another LASFSian). Mr. Workman, playing with a pick-up partner, became sufficiently incensed with him during the first board against us that he deliberately overbid the second board into a slam that went down several tricks. All gifts gratefully accepted. is our motto.

Received: FANTASIAE 23 (III:2), Feb. '75. Mostly book reviews and letters. Don Keller's lead article on The Man Who Was Thursday is too short and shallow, making one wonder if a promised lead article didn't get in by deadline. Better: Margaret Esmonde reviewing Susan Cooper's Greenwitch. Ian Slater continues his survey of "Fantasy in the Penguin Classics" with part 6. (12 issues: \$4., which includes membership in The Fantasy Assn. Box 24560, Los Angeles, CA 90024).

6 MAR.: LASFS had no program scheduled, so there was lots of time to stand around and talk with people. I buttonholed several of the convention committee types and inquired what they thought of the idea of rescuing the NASFiC if Chuck Crayne should prove interested in having it rescued. The response was not very optimistic. Two of the most active ones thought it was too late already, and another said he would hate to see the NASFiC bomb, but he certainly didn't have any time to work on it -- and he suggested I might well re-read Chuck's comments in APA L right after he won the bid at

Torcon, before I agreed to help with it. I also talked with Jerry Pournelle, who had reported by phone, earlier in the week, that the Crayne was agreeable to asking me on to the committee in whatever capacity, though he almost certainly wouldn't agree to a statement in print that it was a rescue. I had told him when he phoned that I needed to talk to people, as I certainly couldn't do things by myself. So, after the LASFS meeting, I told him what others' reactions had been. I also mentioned that I needed to call the Marriott Hotel and see just what sort of a guarantee Chuck had given the hotel to hold the con there, as I have no intention of making myself financially liable for any agreements he might have made. Jerry assured me he wasn't going to make himself liable financially either, and suggested that I become, instead of a co-chairman, one of three vice-chairmen (together with himself and John Trimble), who could, voting together, outvote the chairman. I told him I still needed to think about it and get some more information.

7 MAR.: A phone call to the Marriott Hotel Sales Dept., plus a little persistence, elucidated the fact that there is no guarantee by the NASFiC to meet a specific number of sleeping rooms in order to get the con facilities free. This came as a bit of a surprise to the Sales Manager, Woody King, with whom I had worked during Equicon '74, since his predecessor had drawn up the agreement and Woody had assumed there was a guarantee. After all, they had blocked virtually the whole hotel for that weekend for NASFiC... He inquired as to how the convention was progressing, and I passed on what information I had -- including the report that someone who joined at the end of February was only member 127.

To celebrate Elayne's 21st birthday, the Prestigious International Gourmand Society's Los Angeles contingent went out to a Fancy Expensive Restaurant. Fuzzy Pink had sent out invitations to all the local PIGS, and when the replies were in we had two Patrons, four members, and six guests for the dinner at Chantal's in Brentwood. The party assembled at the Nivens', with some of the more distant being held up in rain-stalled traffic on the freeways, then drove to Chantal's in only 3 cars. (The party included Elayne and me, the Nivens, Len and June Moffatt, Harrison and Tatiana Rose, Alex Bratmon and his girlfriend Candy, Milt Stevens, and Craig Miller.) We took over the small private room of the restaurant, and ate our way through several a la carte courses. I can recommend the veal Normande, as well as the grenadines Bercy that Elayne had. In general, the appetisers, soups, entrees and desserts were approved, with the only complaints being about the vegetables accompanying the entrees. These appeared to be a medium-size semi-bouncing potato, some carrots broiled in glue, and zucchini in mung-sauce. The PIGS, however, merely ignored the problems and ate everything else in sight. We also disposed of several carafes of the house wine, which was quite palatable. (We looked at the wine list, but the only recognizable wines were astronomically priced.) By the time we finished, it cost between \$13 and \$20 per person, including tax and tip. For once I was almost glad to have been on a diet -- though I was tempted to have dessert anyway, when the others started munching away on strawberries Grand Marnier and dishes of a sort of Napoleon in fudge sauce. After escaping from Chantal's, we returned to the Nivens' to watch "The Outfit" on the Z Channel (local cable TV). Now I can stop searching the newspaper for a showing of the thing as a double feature with something else worth seeing.

8 MAR.: How the LASFS Became a Frankenstein's Monster: Today being the monthly Open House at LASFS, Bill Warren came up with a special feature. The Mel Brooks studio loaned a print of "Young Frankenstein," and Bill set it up for showing at 2:00 and again at 8:00. He also got some short features, including a survey of the scenes from the early Frankenstein movies that YF imitates, assembled by Don Glut. I went over in the afternoon while Elayne was busy studying, taking with me the early APA L's so anyone interested in checking them against my suggested subject index could do so. I got there just as the opening credits began on YF, and couldn't get into the back area of the clubhouse unobtrusively, so I sat through the first reel, then retreated. As I expected, no one was interested in checking APA L's. I worked on a listing of my own fanzines until the film was over, then managed to scare up a game of Oh Hell until it was time to head back for the Tower for dinner.

After dinner, both of us went back to the clubhouse for the evening showing. The afternoon showing had filled the clubhouse to about the size of a regular LASFS meeting; the evening one packed them in like sardines. Apparently word had gone out around Pierce College, and various and sundry friends, acquaintances, and downright strangers managed to find their way to the clubhouse. I sat out the first reel, then saw the rest of the film, which is a very funny, very excellent production. If it gets on the Hugo ballot, I may well vote for it. It is very true to the old Frankenstein films, with a huge number of side-references and even slapstick thrown in. As someone else remarked, I'd love to see the outtakes! The showing of YF was followed by an excellent print of "The Day the Earth Stood Still," which is still probably my favorite SF film. All in all, a very successful Open House. Possibly too successful, since it was so very crowded at the evening showing. Noises were being made about having the next film show be for members -- and maybe one guest each -- only.

Received: NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPT. 9 (Denis Quane, Nov. '74). Loren MacGregor's "Reply to a Chauvenist" rebuts Poul Anderson's article in Vertex (6/74), which was itself an answer to Joanna Russ (F&SF 2/74). I have read neither of the pro-mag articles, but "Reply" was of sufficient interest that I'm going to have to back and read them. Now if the June issue came out before I gave up on Vertex... Eric Mayer ("Does Science Fiction Have a Future?") bewails the lack of science-oriented imaginative fiction, and winds up postulating that the new discoveries, such as black holes, may yet reawaken such imagination. I'd love to have him listen to Jerry Pournelle taking apart the science in stories that seem quite well-grounded scientifically, to the average reader (e.g., "Nix Olympicus.") There is a fair-size, favorable review of Mote (DQ dislikes engineers with Scot accents; I accept them, pouring a libation of Duggan's Dew of Kirkantilloch), and the lettercol mostly discusses Roger Ellwood. (30¢ or the usual: Box CC, East Texas Sta., Commerce, TX 75428.)

SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL 161/162 (Don Miller for Washington SF Assn.; Oct. '74). Listing and brief reviews of books, fanzines. Wonder where they got a separate copy of my FAPazine. (25¢, 10/\$2; 12315 Judson Rd, Wheaton, MD 20906.)

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW 12. (Geis, Feb. '75) Geis, you Bibliographer's Nightmare, if you're going to change your title back to SFR, how about going back to the old numbering, too? My bindery hates me as it is, and if I send them a volume with three titles -- REG/TAC/SFR -- they may decide they have quite enough business without my paltry few volumes a year. Mumblegrumble. Anyway: Richard Delap's article on Harlan Ellison as a human being is quite readable and eminently believable, but probably quite useless as far as helping anyone else to relate to Harlan; since anyone who has had or will have the situation and circumstances right for relating to Harlan "off-stage" does not need the article, and those who don't have such things right won't be able to use it. [+] John Boardman's Memorial to Dave Mason is well worth reprinting, though there seems to be more than a bit of the usual nil nisi bonum to it, since I remember various stories of Mason in New York fandom that don't get a mention. [+] Dick Lupoff's report of how his unfavorable review was rejected by ALGOL & LOCUS, because the reviewee (J.O. Jeppson: The Second Experiment) was Mrs. Isaac Asimov, is fascinating reading, and will probably provide excellent material for the next lettercol. Self-censorship, I agree, is a dangerous thing. [+] I have no objection to the text of Barry Malzberg's criticism of Tuck's Encyclopedia of SF & Fsy, but the title ("Tuckered Out, Or, Kicking a Cripple") is objectionable on the grounds that it implies a criticism of Tucker, not Tuck. Something like "Tucked Under" would have been better. The criticism, that the work is badly flawed, is valid. One should remember that the line "A thing worth doing is worth doing badly" is not appropriate if it is possible to do the same thing well. [+] [+] [+] [+] (\$1.25, 4/\$4: Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211)

MIDAMERICON PR 2. Articles on Worldcon masquerades, the jungle of Worldcon constitutions and their amendments, and the history of the Worldcon. The latter, by Fred Pat-ten, is planned for eventual book publication, and is quite definitive. Verification that membership fees will be \$50 after 1 August 1976 (\$6 to 1 May '75; \$10 to 1 Sept.; \$15 to 1/1/76; \$20 to 1 May; \$25 to 1 Aug.) (Box 221, Kansas City, MO 64141)

DYNATRON 61 (Roy Tackett, Jan. 1975). Andrew Darlington on Franz Kafka; Bill Wolfenbarger on Weird Tales' 25th anniversary issue (1948). I'd rather read Tackett. [+] In going through my collection looking for bindable volumes, I discovered I have a collection of the first 25 or so issues of DYNATRON, solid. So I pulled them and put them on the binding stack. Then I collated them for completeness... . Somehow I get the impression that I didn't always read the issues too carefully when they first came in -- there are four issues missing a page or more out of the two dozen or so. So I wait and see if I can replace them one of these days. Anyone have copies of DYNATRON 2, 20, 21, or 26 they'd be willing to sell or trade? (.47 yuan or the usual: 915 Green Valley Rd. NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107.)

9 MAR.: How the Snake and the Elephant Went Questing and Found Only God: Elayne, who has final exams coming up and needed Sunday for studying, inquired politely as to whether there might not be a bridge tournament somewhere I wanted to go to. There was, so I suggested to Drew Saturday night that he come over around 10:00. I should've known better. He called around 11:30, and came over around noon, by which time it was too late to hit the first session of the tournament in Glendale. Besides, he wanted to go out to San Gabriel to the tire dealer who's sold him the new set of radials in December, since he'd got a flat in one and needed to invoke the guarantee. Were they open on Sunday? They'd put the things on on a Sunday; they were a "4-Day Tire Store," open Thursday through Sunday. OK, so we took off for the other side of the LArea.

The place was closed, of course. They are now open Wednesday through Saturday, according to the recorded message Drew got when he phoned. Strike one. But since we were on that side of town, and it was a Sunday, not a Saturday, we could try finding Tom Gilbert again: so we went to north Pasadena and E. Howard St. Someone was home; I could hear them moving around inside. But five minutes of knocking and waiting finally convinced me they weren't going to answer, so I gave up. Strike two (on a foul ball.)

After a couple pit stops (to mix sports metaphors), at Drew's parents' home and at a MacDonald's (Drew had lunch; my diet schedule ruled out my eating between brunch and dinner), we headed for the Silverlake area. Several years ago, Walt Liebscher gave me a set of his fanzine CHANTICLEER in return for my having another set bound for him. I finally got around to getting the bound volume done last summer, and have been trying to get it to Walt at various times since. The last efforts had been made by Drew when he was going into downtown L.A. a couple times a week, but he could never catch Walt home. (I don't trust the U.S. Postal Disservice with an irreplaceable volume.) As the volume was still in Drew's car, we decided to try again. No luck; the mail had been taken in, but no one was home. Maybe Walt was at the Second Sunday Jazz meeting? If so, would Elmer Perdue know where it was being held? We could go see him and ask. But wouldn't Elmer himself be at the meeting? Well, we have lots of time before the evening bridge session, we might as well try. So we therefore did wend our way to Echo Park Ave. and over the roller-coaster track that is known as Baxter St. to the house of God. (Appropriately enough, it is being swallowed up by a jungle.)

God, strangely enough, was home. He'd decided not to go to the jazz meeting. But Walt Liebscher didn't attend such meetings anyway. Last Elmer had heard, when Walt got out of the hospital he was being taken care of by Mari Beth used-to-be-Wheeler. Now Colvin, if my memory serves me right, I said. Elmer did not have the address. We wandered around the moldering museum that Elmer calls home, looking again at some of the many treasures stashed away in nooks, crannies, and cardboard boxes. He gave us each a copy of a book still wrapped in its brown paper presentation wrapper: the 1925 report on the feasibility of a rapid transit system for L.A. Elmer has about a dozen copies, rescued when City Hall was going to throw them out. I said I'd give mine to the UCLA Library if they didn't have it. And we got instructions on how to get to the site of the monthly auctions of the estates of the dead, where Elmer picks up all sorts of strange stuff for small amounts. It sounds like a fun thing to do... .

Another fast-food place and a liquor store got me an early dinner in Glendale, not far from the bridge sectional. I ate in the car, and Drew read the latest issue of the Bridge News, which mentioned that today was supposed to be the last day of the Fox Bridge Club. The new owner, who'd rescued the club from its stagnation as the Kingsley

Bridge Club not more than a year or so ago, was having to give up. Hey, why not play the Fox instead of the tournament, since we've never played there when it was the Fox? Drew left the choice to me, and I opted for the Fox. Maybe they'd have an imprinted pencil I could add to my collection of bridge club pencils. Back to the Wilshire area for the scheduled 7 p.m. game.

The parking lot was deserted when we got there around 6:10, so we settled down to wait for someone to open the place up. ... By quarter of seven we got the idea that the Fox may have closed earlier than scheduled. We said the hell with it and went to the Wild Whist, which starts its Sunday night game at 7:30.

I don't think I need to mention what kind of a game we had.

10 MAR.: Received: DON-O-SAUR 40 (Don C. Thompson, Feb. 1975). This issue, as last, Don writes of personal history and recollections. And I quite agree with the lettercol inhabitants who applaud the opportunity to learn more of him in this way. I suspect hordes of fans will sieze upon Don's comment, set off by Rick Sneary's listing several duplicate-name fans, that he doesn't know about the two John Berrys of fandom. (In case they don't, Don, and you are actually interested... .) (35¢ or the usual: 7498 Canosa Ct., Westminster, CO 80030)

11 MAR.: Received: TRIODE 20 (Eric Bentcliffe and Terry Jeeves, Oct. '74). Michael Moorcock submits a lovely Sword-and-Sorcery travesty, "The Stone Thing," doing in the Doom-Laden-Hero writings most delightfully -- as is obviously his right! He is abetted by several full-page illustrations by Jim Cawthorn (as "J. Allen Fraz-enkel"), in which I keep finding new items to snicker at every time I look at them. Archie Mercer comments on postal rates and the mailing of fanzines with "The Last Post," and Eric describes the formation of the BSFA in 1958. Don Allen's article -- "The Fan Who Was Once and Again" -- got somewhat confusing to me, as it seems to start out at the 1974 Tynescon and winds up talking about the 1954 SuperManCon, with not much delineation between what is/was happening when. Eric also provides a dictionary of FanSpeak, Liverpool Group style, all of which definitely belongs in Elliot Weinstein's FILLOSTRATED FAN DICTIONARY. Nowhere else, of course... . It's very good to see TRIODE back in circulation again!! (3/\$2.50 or the usual. Eric Bentcliffe, 17 Riverside Crescent, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire CW4 7NR, England.)

Getting either good or lucky, Drew Sanders and I managed a 3rd-place in the bridge game at the Whist. Much better than I thought we'd done.

12 MAR.: Two in a row: Bob Hollander and I managed to sneak onto the bottom of the list of winners at the Wild Whist. 7th out of 17, for .14 Master Points. It was one of those games where all you had to do to place in the points was to break average. We were 3 points over average, and 8th place was dead average.

13 MAR.: At LASFS, Fred Patten came up with the APA L wherein Chuck Crayne let it be known in no uncertain terms that I was the one member of the opposing NASFiC bid that he wouldn't be able to work with on the con. My elephantine memory had played me false: it wasn't a zine done in the flush of Victory right after Torcon when the bid was won, but one done after DisCon reports had mentioned various people being unhappy with the lack of information and/or action from NASFiC: APA L 490, 10/3/74. On re-reading Chuck's comments, I think Jerry Pournelle probably ought to look elsewhere for help in rescuing the NASFiC. Not that I've actually heard any request for help from Chuck yet... .

* * * - oOo - * * *

AT THIS POINT, we will close off the Trivia for this issue. The weekend of the 14th-16th was spent at LepreCon in Phoenix, and will be written up for this or next issue, depending on time. It being a relatively short trip, I probably won't have to first-draft it through APA L before running it here.

I have not really decided on a definite schedule for ProFANity on this second go-around, but it will probably be something between semi-quarterly and bimonthly. Six to nine weeks ought to be enough to get an issue out. For a while at least.

BLESSINGS & CURSES

(Letters)

DONN BRAZIER

Feb. 26

(rcd. 2/28/75)

Thank you for sending PROFANITY #8, which arrived yesterday and handily sufficed to take care of my post-supper reading and finishing a can of beer I started before supper and then forgot about as I went in to see how my new batch of wine was doing.

I'm writing this at work because I'm lying low, making myself as inconspicuous as possible. What happened was that after my usual sojourn in the john, on company time of course, I discovered that my zipper had come completely undone. I fooled around with a safety pin, cussing my glasses which kept falling off as I stooped around the tie that kept blocking my vision as I tried to focus eyes on my zipper, close-up. I thought about taking my pants off and doing the safety-pin closing job right, but then I wondered how I could slither into the pants with the front all pinned up. The pins just made the gap worse, so I found an old sweater that could be buttoned down over the vital area. I took out the pins, fearing a sudden malfunction and acupuncture of the left nut. I am now hors de combat.

....
Being only conversant with bridge on a that's-the-way-it-goes level, I found the numerous paragraphs of game accounts very suspiciously like a secret cypher. If I had time I would attack those paragraphs to see if that's what they really were.

Probably you sent me a copy of your zine because 1)you remarked about finding some issues of EMBER or 2)you found some TITLES in the boxes which Mike Glyer gave you. It was rather nice to read about EMBER, because I had forgotten what year or years they came out. You dated them at 1946-47 which would have put them in the years immediately following my return from WWII in the far Pacific. I started work at the Milwaukee Public Museum in April of 1946 -- was discharged from the AirForce in January, 1946. As I recall, EMBER was a kind of weekly newszine, dittoed. Some time during that same period I put out one issue of T////////, a genzine which stirred up no interest. Somewhere about 1949-50 I gafiated, only to resume fanac in 1969 following the St.Louiscon. You remarked that it jolted you when you discovered I had been around that long. First, I didn't know you had ever heard of me, especially enough to be 'jolted.' Second, my first fanac period started in 1935 -- corrie, pro-letterhack, and contribbng to Claire Beck's SF CRITIC. I didn't do much else except put out some issues of FRONTIER, later taken over by Phil Schumann & Paul Klingbiel -- everything ending with issue 7 and the war. Oh yeah, Paul and I went to Chicon in 1939 or 40. So I've been around longer than the years 1946-47 would indicate.

I'm no longer an avid reader of SF, though I read this and that. Generally I'll start something, and give it up after a paragraph or several pages if it doesn't appeal to me. There's so darn much now as compared to the years 1934-1945 when I read everything. There's a certain kind of SF/fantasy I like, and I'm darned if I can explain what type it is. It is not spaceships and galactic conquest, it is not murky non-SF 'New Wave,' it is not Sword & Sorcery. Generally, I find that I like the stories of Bradbury's Martian Chronicles, Frederic Brown, a lot of Richard Matheson, Charles Beaumont, Robert Bloch, Robert Sheckley, Nelson S. Bond. I like a light touch, some amazing happenings or a puzzling mystery sticking pretty close to the science or pseudoscience gimmickry area. Can you define my genre?

Your bridge hobby is similar to my jazz hobby -- listening, analyzing, collecting, back-and-forth recording on my sound equipment, i.e. reel-to-reel, 8-track, player, and cassette. By multiple speed reductions back and forth (and speed accelerations) I often get effects that are better than the original. In one case I found that speeding up a Count Basie number (Katy-Do) gave me almost a duplicate of a Charlie Barnet number of earlier vintage (whose name I've momentarily forgotten). Reducing some Ellington numbers to approximately three seconds was more interesting than musically satis-

fyng, and gave me an idea for a short story.

1455 Fawnvalley Dr., St. Louis, MO 63131

[illegible]

[rcd. 1 Mar.]

Ch. ECHOES was the work of Sheryl Birkhead, as you probably know by now. By the way,

you mention in your Discon report various financial classes of fen; being able to drive or fly or somesuch. Do you know how many fen actually could fly their own airplanes to the con if they had them? That is to say, how many fans do you know have pilot's licenses? I'm the only one I'm sure of. I almost rented an Aero Club aircraft to fly to DC, but in the end, I took Eastern's flight out of Melbourne as being cheaper and faster.

Wineries in Arkansas do boggle the mind, don't they? One usually thinks of white-lightning stills in the Ozarks rather than grapes. On the other hand, with the price of sugar what it is, tis likely cheaper to grow grapes and make wine than make illicit booze.

Box 4946, Patrick AFB, FL 32925

[Library jobs are about as scarce out here as other jobs. They get about 50 applicants for every opening, professional or nonprofessional. (E) Elayne, who ~~is~~ studying the Russian language, says her name in Russian would be Элена, not Елена. And I'm afraid I don't speak Esperanto, just German -- and not very good German at that. (E) Afraid I don't remember the Atkins story you cite -- though I do remember one he did for VICTORIAN DIGEST that showed quite another view of LA fandom. (The VD, Official Organ of the Blackguards Ingroup of LASFS during the late 60's, specialized in iron.) If I remember correctly, Lon's story was partially designed to drive Arnie Katz crazy trying to identify the almost-recognizable characters and thereby figure out who was sleeping with whom or what. (E) Yes I support Orlando in '77, and Britain in '79, for that matter. Oh, and between the two there's this West Coast bid I think I might be in favor of -- some guy named Moffatt has got up a weird concon in an equally weird place called Lost Angles or something like that... (E) Other fans with pilot licenses: Tom Locke (L.A.); Jay Freeman (Berkeley); Gene Kujawa (South Bend). (E) Considering where this year's Worldcon is, you would probably increase the clarity of your remark about taking the Eastern flight by adding a parenthetical "(Florida)" after the word "Melbourne," unless you want people to think you went to DC from Australia. ...BEP]

|||||

DON D'AMMASSA

March 3

[rcd. 3/7]

Way back in 1965 I was, so far as I could tell, the only person in Rhode Island who read SF, and I'd never even heard the word "fandom." Then I went off to Michigan State University where I ran into Rich Mann, who lived down the hall from me, who had just become OE of APA45. As he was talking me into joining and becoming a "fan," he explained that APA45 had two purposes: to provide a training ground for people new to fandom, and to keep "Bruce Pelz from becoming OE of everything." So in the awestruck days of my early fanhood, you achieved a level of demigodhood shared with such legendary figures as "Len Moffatt," "Dick Eney," "Ron Ellik," and the most fearful of them all, the entity who had foretold the imminent death of APA45, "Fred Patten."

Of course, none of the last happened, and ten years later I find myself OE of APA45, and Rich Mann - so far as I know - hasn't participated in Fandom since 1967. If all of this makes you feel terribly old, let me tell you about Mike Gorra. Gorra is 18 years old, and is currently singlehandedly creating First Fandom Nostalgia Fandom. At last year's Boskone, Mike and I met for the first time and he asked me how long I had been in fandom. I recollected as how it had been ten years, almost, though I still feel like a neo (some would say I still am a neo, perhaps correctly). A look of utter awe came across his features, and he said softly: "God, the stories you must be able to tell." I withered into a feeble old man in his very presence. So where does that put you?

Things have changed, of course. Rhode Island now has, of all things, a sizable SF club. RISFA, in fact, sponsored the MCP award given at the Ranquet to John Norman, which you mentioned, has OE's of two APAs among its members, makes up a sizable subgroup within

CY CHAUVIN

4 March

(rcd. 1 Apr.)

You might be interested in knowing that the article by Jack Harness on the formation of APA-L in the last PREHENSILE inspired me and some other people in Detroit to form a local APA at the sf club here. It seems a great idea, and I'm surprised one hasn't been formed here earlier.

I also enjoyed your description of what generally happens at LASFS meetings. The organization is run quite differently than the W3F; I mean, you actually have (planned) programs! And business meetings! (Well, we have those too, but not regularly...) A lot of the difference, I suppose, is caused by the fact that the W3F is a student organization at Wayne State University, and a fair number of the people involved see one another there practically every day. Meetings are therefore more like parties-- everyone gets a chance to get together, and see those who come only once a week, or even less regularly.

Your DisCon report is interesting, particularly the section where you make a sort of statistic comparison of the three '76 bids; after looking over the chart, I agree that New Orleans tends to look best. One factor that you didn't mention was weather: a lot of people told me that they wouldn't vote for New Orleans because the weather would be unbearable. (I don't agree with that, because it tends to be unbearable everywhere in the USA on Labor Day.) I'm not sure why you consider KC's letting everyone know who would be guest of honor as unethical; wouldn't that be one of the attractions of the con, one of the reasons why people would want to go to it? I think it is incredible that Bradbury has never been guest of honor at a worldcon, though; he'd certainly be a great choice.

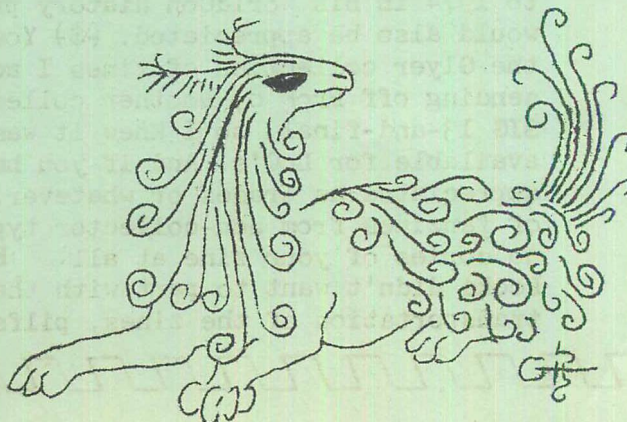
Strange, I felt very little urge to buy much in the hucksters' room at DisCon, and absolutely no urge to buy any of the paintings in the art room. (I'm just not interested enough in art to buy something to hang on my walls; they're full already, anyway.)

17829 Peters, Roseville, MI 48066

(The comparison chart ignored the question of weather for the very reason you suggest: it would be about the same anywhere. (\$) It is considered bad form, at the very least, to let information about your guest(s) of honor out before you win. For one thing, it makes your GoH look like a bum if you lose, since it then appears people would rather go somewhere that is honoring someone else. For another, you're supposed to be honoring your GoH, not using him or her to garner votes. And thirdly, if you do lose, having kept your GoH secret makes it easier for some other bid to ask him or her to be their guest. Assuming he or she has been picked by your bid because you believe he/she deserves the honor, you should be quite eager for for just such an occurrence if you do lose. (\$) Besides the pros I suggested in my report as overdue for a WorldCon GoH-ship -- Jack Williamson, Don Wollheim, Larry Niven, Ray Bradbury, and Harlan Ellison -- there are others: Kelly Freas, C.L. Moore, Gordon Dickson, John Brunner, Andre Norton... ..BEP)

AND AMONG THE POSTCARD SET... we also heard
from Ruth Ber-
man, Frank Denton, Denis Quane, and George
Scithers.

THE PAT TERRY AWARD, for humor in SF, was
presented by the Aus-
tralians at Noreascon in 1971, and I don't
know if it has been presented since, but if
it can be revived for this year, I nominate
Gene Wolfe's "The Rubber Bend" (Universe 5).





7 FOR '77 ORLANDO

VOTE ORLANDO FOR THE 1977 WORLDCON

AN EXPERIENCED COMMITTEE

We have worked on a multitude of conventions, including Noreascon, Torcon, Baycon, Boskone, Lunacon, Midwescon, Pulpcon, and Akon.

WITH THE DIVERSE INTERESTS OF FANDOM ITSELF

Con fans and fanzine fans, club fans, movie fans, Art Show and auction fans, costume fans, Anachronists and Georgette Heyer fans, hucksters, filksingers, even program fans! And, of course, party fans. No matter what your special interests, we have someone who wants it to go well.

DON LUNDY, Chairman
SUFORD LEWIS
ELI COHEN
RUSTY HEVELIN
BRUCE NEWROCK
ELLIOT SHORTER
JOANN WOOD

THE BEST CONVENTION FACILITIES, STAFF, AND PRICES AVAILABLE IN THE EASTERN REGION:

The Sheraton Towers in Orlando is part of the Court of Flags resort area. It is brand new, modern, and built especially for conventions:

- 23,712 square feet of space for the Art Show and hucksters
- 15,158 square feet in the main ballroom for major program items
- Plus another 8,000 square feet that can be flexibly divided into as many as 12 function rooms -- more than adequate for hospitality rooms and seminars.

ALL FUNCTION SPACE ON ONE LEVEL FOR EASY ACCESS

This Sheraton hotel has: Two double beds in every room. A 24 hour restaurant on the premises. A liquor store in the hotel open till 2 a.m. Built-in facilities for closed circuit television. Ice and soda machines on every floor; candy and cigarettes on alternate floors. 700 sleeping rooms are already blocked for us, with another 824 available in the resort complex under the same management. There are plenty of varied restaurants inside the hotel and throughout the resort area. AND THE PRICES ARE LOW!

The Sheraton Towers is part of a chain that fans have successfully worked with before. Sheraton knows SF conventions are good business. They know us. They want us. And, they're willing to go out of their way to get our business and to keep it. SO LET'S ENJOY SOME OF THAT FAMOUS SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY.

VOTE ORLANDO IN '77

THE COMMITTEE

DONALD LUNDY, Chairman -- Don has been a reader/collector since 1950, but was only drawn into active fandom in the 60's. In 1970 he organized the Heicon flight; doubtless his notoriously weak memory is responsible for his current involvement in the Aussiecon flight. He has worked on numerous cons and chaired the 1972 Lunacon with Ted Sturgeon as Guest of Honor. His other hobbies include restoring player pianos and raising redheads.

SUSAN LEWIS -- Suford has been reading and collecting SF since the tender age of nine. By 1961 she had joined LASFS and attended her first con. Midway through college she joined MITSFS and was soon contributing to Twilight Zine, Stroon, and TAPA. In '67 she was a founding member of NESFA, which she served as Clerk, Vice President, and President. Suford was on the Noreascon Committee and in 1973 was chairman of Boskone X. She is also a costume fan, a founding patroness of Georgette Heyer fandom and a contributor to APA:NESFA.

ELI COHEN -- Cut his teeth on The Spaceship Under the Apple Tree and The Magic Ball From Mars, which did little for the books, but turned Eli into a fanatic Science Fiction reader. In 1967, he discovered fandom in the form of Nycon III, and two years later started publishing AKOS. He was a founding member of the Columbia Univ. SF group, running the club as its Grand Marshall from 1969 to 1973. He met Don Lundy in 1970 through the Heicon flight, and wound up as treasurer of Don's Lunacon; a definite example of the hazards of air travel. Currently, he publishes KRATOPHANY, which LOCUS # 163 called "Canada's leading fannish fanzine."

RUSTY HEVELIN -- attended Denvention in 1941 and plunged right into the wide world of fanac: co-editor of Fantascience Digest with Bob Madle, editor of NEBULA - The Fantasy Fan Record, president of the PSFS, traveling giant and director of the NFFF. He's been a minac member of FAPA three times, cliff hanging 12 years the last time (1958 - 1970). Rusty has one of the major collections of SF magazines, other pulps, and fanzines of the 1940's. Since 1965 he has zeroed in on attending conventions, but joined SAPS last October. In both 1973 and 1974 he was co-ordinator of Pulpcon.

BRUCE NEWROCK -- first got involved in fandom when he helped found an SF club at CCNY in 1961: he served as Treasurer and Student Council representative for it. In 1967, he attended Nycon III, and has been a confirmed fan ever since. Bruce was co-founder of BRUNSSFA, first King of the Eastern Kingdom, worked on the 1972 Lunacon and many cons since. Aside from fanac, he also enjoys model railroading and photography.

ELLIOT SHORTER -- is one of fandom's natural wonders and resources. He's always there to help out at every con with whatever needs doing. Even a partial list of his activities is overwhelming: TAFF delegate to Heicon, Vice-President of ESFA, Seneschal of the Eastern Kingdom, perennial worldcon trouble shooter, masquerade judge, Westercon art auctioneer, huckster, filksinger ... the list is endless. Why, there was even one Boskone when he was Isaac Asimov!

JOANNE WOOD -- first joined fandom with the Cincinnati Fantasy Group, and helped put on the 1966 Midwescon. In her travels she has joined the Little Men and NESFA, helped to found PENSFA, worked on the Baycon. Joanne wrote her Master's thesis on Science Fiction Fandom as a Social Movement, and is now completing her Doctorate. She can usually be found at the Advent table in the hucksters room with her husband, Advent partner Ed Wood.