

Profanity

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Swearing In Editorial

... AND THE DAYS DWINDLE DOWN... This is a Where-Did-The-Time-Go issue, intended to reassure some people that I am still alive and relatively active, and to galvanize myself into reassigning priorities on some of my time so that I get issues out more frequently.

It isn't that I spend less time on fanac than I did during the first months of 1975. All spare hours at work and most of several nights a week are still devoted to it. But one of those nights is LASFS, which is still fanac, but of debatable value to non-Los Angeles Fandom. (For that matter, if someone would like to debate its value to Los Angeles Fandom, I'll be delighted to publish said debate.) The rest of the time is devoted to The Project. The Monster Bibliography. The Fanzine Listing.

That thing I mentioned last issue, wherein I keypunch my collection of fanzines and Bill Welden runs a printout for me on borrowed computer time, has become a monster. As of December 1st I have finished the A-D zines, and have begun the E file. The list so far uses over 4,000 cards and runs better than 60 pages of printout. The coding and keypunching takes up my lunch hour spare time plus another couple hours between 5:00 and 7:30 the night I play bridge, and several more hours at home (I can make out the coding sheets anywhere that I can take fanzines; keypunching is more limited.) I have had to re-format the Bibliography, eliminating the APA information and substituting an identification number which makes it easier -- much -- to deal with multiple editors, extremely long titles and other problems requiring more than one card. (It has been, I am sure, a very long time since anyone cursed Lee Hoffman, but when a bibliographer runs into a title like CHATTAHOOCHEE, OKEFENOCHEE, AND OGEE-CHEE OCCASIONAL GAZETTE COMBINED WITH THE WASSAW AND OSSABAW BACKWATER JOURNAL AND TANGENT, the time for cursing it at hand.)

There is also the problem I tend to call Xeno's Paradox: as you work on zines in the || file (where || is any letter of the alphabet after A), new titles accumulate in the A-(||-1) files so that you have to list all of them before you can actually be finished with the || file. New issues in files I haven't yet tackled get filed in the six cartons on the floor of the fan room, to be eventually integrated with the main file in the filing cabinet drawers.

Now all this is a lot of work, but I really like it! I roar through the next letter file as fast as possible so I can get a new printout. Then, of course, I drag it to parties, conventions, LASFS meetings, etc. and brag about it to whoever I can corner. [Having cornered Frank Denton at MileHiCon, he went home and sent me a set of ROGUE RAVEN for the file -- Frank, thank you very much! That's a reaction I was not quite allowing myself to hope for, and RR is a very welcome addition. (I read the latest ones before filing them, too.)]

Back in 1965-66 I bought up Alan J. Lewis's Fanzine Foundation -- a huge collection he had amassed by buying up various fans' collections -- in the hope of some

day having the definitive collection of fanzines, and being able to make it available, via xerox, to anyone who wanted to research fanpublished material. I have, in the ensuing nine years, been able to help several people with just such references -- Redd Boggs in particular writes every once in a while for some odd item he needs for an article. But the collection is too big to handle additions by the simple method of alphabetizing them and going through the drawers to see if I already have them, and the editor/publisher set of 3x5 cards I was using is quite inadequate to the task. So the keypunched listing is necessary for access to the collection, and I hope I can maintain interest long enough to complete it. (Additions after that will be relatively simple; it's the basic collection that is going to be a monster to handle.)

The collection is inclusive; I am a genuine Completist, and accept even the various fringe area zines: comicszines, monsterzines, STrekzines, and even mysteryzines if they're by double-fandom types like the Moffatts or Ethel Lindsay. Only once in my entire collecting life have I thrown away a fanzine that I didn't have another copy of (and then I threw away two editions of the thing, but that's another story...). I have no idea if this putative Definitive Collection of fanzines will be worth the effort. I also don't want to give the impression that I'll run screaming after every neozine or whatever that comes off the duplicator. That way lies both madness and two unfortunate reactions from others. First, you get the clown who decides he'll publish an issue with three copies, burn two of them and keep the other in his own files so Nyah, Nyah, You Can't Get a Complete Collection. And then one gets a rather odd reputation...there's a Rotsler cartoon on the cover of one of Laney's FAN-DANGOS that shows Laney riding on Ackerman's shoulders, holding a fanzine in front of Forry like the old carrot-on-a-stick routine, and the caption says "I must have it for The Foundation!" (Meaning the Fantasy Foundation of the mid-40's.) So I shall try to maintain, if not a low profile, at least a middle-height one -- pushy, maybe, but not shovy.

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RE: PRIZE(s) The Hugo nominating ballots should be out in a month or so, and I am going to try spreading sedition. Year after year, the fans who see a large number of fanzines get to make their choices for the Fan Hugos from a huge selection of zines, writers, and artists. The result is that they scatter their nominations over 40-50 entries. And year after year the fringe types who see only a few high-circulation zines nominate the few they know of in each category, and swamp the nominations so that the lower-circulation stuff gets left out. So I have a suggestion: how about the "fanzine fans" if such a group can be said to exist, bloc-voting on the nomination ballot and maybe crowding out the perennial high-circ. zines? There are three nominating places in each Fan Hugo category, and, if I may suggest, perhaps we could nominate OUTWORLDS, ASHWING, and GEGENSCHNEIN for Best Zine, Don Thompson, Dave Locke, and Cy Chauvin for Best Writer; and Grant Canfield, Jay Kinney, and Dan Steffans for Best Artist. Then, if they get on the ballot, and we vote for them in the first three places -- in whatever order you please individually -- it just might get the Hugos back down out of the rarified air for a change.

And speaking of Hugo voting, you will have to be a member of the MidAmeriCon to nominate, as well as to elect. The MAC committee are going strictly by the book, and under the rules passed at DisCon II, one has to be a "member of the Society" to nominate, and a "member" is defined as one who has paid a membership fee to the current convention. George Scithers, you goofed when you set up this one -- but then, so did everyone else who voted for the new set of rules, and also those of us who didn't go to the business session and vote at least this part down. One more thing for the business session at MAC (Or KaceyCon).

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CALIFORNIA ATTRACTIONS: California Dysgenic Institute. Located at the corner of Arlington and Potrero in El Cerrito, this institute is open to the public from 8 AM to 4PM every day except Monday. Dysgenic equipment exhibited in the main building is of especial note. 25¢ charge for admission to the library.

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29 MAY: The day started out in reasonably good order. I stayed home from work to let in the plumbers who would install a new vanity (or Pullman) sink in one of the bathrooms. Elayne and I had gone out last night and bought the vanity, plus a new faucet to go into it, and I uncrated the former and un-plasticized the latter, setting them out handy for the plumbers to get at. Every few minutes of their time saved might save me an hour's charges. Then I sat around working on the LASFS Patron Saint signs. LASFS has a system in which donors to the Building Fund get certificates when their donations reach \$20 (Associate Friend of LASFS), \$50 (Supporting Friend), and \$150 (Patron Friend -- which also gets you lifetime rights to regular LASFS publications, and your name on an engraved plaque of Patron Friends). When they reach \$500, you get an individual plaque and a meeting-of-the-year in your honor as a Patron Saint of LASFS. We have a large signboard which declared that Meeting ____ is officially St. ____'s Day, and I, as Corporation Treasurer, get to keep track of the Patron Saint Days, making sure the signboard goes up, with the right name and the number of the meeting. We have 10 Patron Saints so far, and I'd finished only a few of the name-signs. One of the unfinished ones would be needed for the evening LASFS meeting, so I decided to finish the lot. I got through #7, using 2" peel-off letters, and discovered I needed two more apostrophes and one more complete name. As Elayne had taken the car, I resurrected my 10-speed bicycle from the garage to ride the half-mile or so to the store which carries the letters. The bike lives in the back of the garage, since it is infrequently used, and is hemmed in by all sorts of junk, such as the printing press bought from Jack Harness nearly ten years ago and currently in bad need of refurbishing. The press may be mad at me; as I wheeled the bike past the thing, it bit me on the leg.

I got to the store and back, finished the name-signs and went to do some yardwork. I hate yardwork, but... . A couple weekends ago I managed to cut down most of the dead fronds from the two palm trees in the front yard, and cram them into the trashcans. But with the sawtooth-edged stalks making them stick up a couple feet out of the cans, the trashmen wouldn't take them, so I started cutting off the stalks, cramming the fronds themselves into the cans with enough compression that the lid could be put on, and the trashmen duly carted the stuff away. The stalks went into disposable cardboard boxes. There was still one very full can of un-ddstalked fronds, so I started taking the things out and cutting off the stalks. Hidden in the middle of the can was a cut-off stalk that hadn't got into the cardboard box; as I went after a nearby frond, it bit my hand.

The plumbers -- 2 of them -- arrived at 10 to 12 and set to work efficiently. By quarter to 1 the vanity was installed, and they turned the water back on. The new faucet was a lemon: it leaked through a seam. *&!!#?*!! They removed it, put in one of their own, and charged me for two hours labor. Another bite -- in the wallet. (When Drew Sanders dropped by to leave some stuff for me to take to LASFS, I got him to drive me to the place that sold me the faucet, and they did give me a refund without any difficulty.)

I carted the old sink out to the garage, to get it out of the way until we find someplace to dispose of it. As I left the garage I noticed a pile of scraped-off putty on a shelf near the door. It looked like the stuff I'd used to put in some new windows several months ago, so I looked at the nearby windows in the library. Sure as hell, one of them was broken, though both pieces were still in place, and all the putty had been scraped off. I removed the glass and scraped out the putty between the glass and the frame. Then, when Drew drove me to the hardware store, I picked up one new window and three window screens -- two for the library, which didn't have them, and one to replace a broken one on a window of the fan room. I put the screens on, leaving the window for some time when I'm a bit more composed. The window apparently hadn't been used for entry, but why save the scraped-off putty and stash it in the

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garage? The only idea I've come up with is that a neighbor kid broke the window with a ball, was trying to get it fixed without telling anyone...but it would still seem more reasonable to take the old putty away with him and get rid of it...??

At LASFS, Len Moffatt announced the death of his step-son Jay Konigsberg's recently acquired wife Vivian. All in all, not a very good day.

Fanzines were the only bright spots: SHAMBLES 1 (Ed Cagle and Dave Locke). If this isn't the funniest fanzine to come out this year, I haven't seen the zine that is. Dean Grennell's column and Tucker's review are amusing enough, but the co-editors are absolutely repulsively funny! Locke writes humor as well as he talks it (cf. Tower Trivia for 1/25/75, in PROF 8), and though I've never met Cagle, he is obviously as insane as Locke, and as good or better in writing. (6 10¢ stamps or the usual; Locke: 819 Edie Dr., Duarte, CA 91010)

AUSSIECON PR 4. If you haven't joined Aussiecon yet, you're probably not interested in doing so, but just in case you decide to want a set of the publications and a vote in the Hugo selections and in the 1977 Worldcon site selection, you should send \$4 for a supporting membership to Fred Patten, 11863 W. Jefferson Blvd., Apt. 1, Culver City, CA 90230. Deadlines for Hugo ballots and site selection ballots are 15 and 17 July, respectively. (One could, I suppose, send the votes in when he sends in his Aussiecon membership. In this case, enclose an additional \$3 for the 1977 con supporting membership in order to validate the ballot.)

DELAP'S F&SF REVIEW 2 (Fred Patten & Richard Delap) Designed to inform libraries of the sfantasy books being published, this issue features reviews by the editor (RD) and publisher (FP), plus Alex Eisenstein, Cy Chauvin, Joe Sanders, Alan Brennert, Kent Bromley, and James K. Burk. (monthly; 9/yr for individuals, \$12/yr. for libraries. \$1 single issues. 11863 W. Jefferson Blvd., #1, Culver City, CA 90230)

JDM BIBLIOPHILE 20 (Len & June Moffatt). This Tenth Anniversary Issue of the repository for any and all information about John D. MacDonald and his writing features a letter-article from JDM on "The 'Aging' of Travis McGee," a long article by Dean Grennell about the McGee series, and a brief report on the fifth Anthony Boucher Memorial Mystery in Convention (Bouchercon). The Grennell article is excellent; if one is a mystery fan at all -- let alone a McGee or JDM fan -- he'll be delighted. Dean cross-references the series with several other series at points, besides using non-McGee JDM citations. Lovely job. (Box 4456, Downey, CA 90241; 50¢ or a published letter.)

APA L 524: not very readable to me these days, though some of the incessant babble about "Dungeons & Dragons" has ceased, and Lee Gold's impending publication of a D&Dzine may remove most of the rest. Lee is also compiling lists of topics to be included in a putative FANCYCLOPEDIA III that weren't present in FANCYCLOPEDIA II (plus, of course, a list of topics that need to be updated). If you have suggestions, or want to make your own such lists and add them to hers, her address is 2471 Oak St., Santa Monica, CA 90405. And anyone insane enough to want to contribute to a weekly APA can get details from Fred Patten (address given above.)

SFINCTOR 6 (Craig Miller). There's quite enough fan news in SFINCTOR to make it worth subscribing to, but Craig needs to improve the layout to make it more readable and more definite. And since there are three editors listed on the masthead -- even though only Craig does any of the editorial writing -- it would be a very good idea to sign editorially written items so that the reader will know who is giving out the opinions. (Nonstop paragraphing is useful for adding White Space, but when it adds an amount equal to that given between articles, the result is more confusion. Try regular paragraphing in each article, underlining headings of articles.) (9115 Beverlywood St., Los Angeles, CA 90034; 8/\$1.50.)

SCIENCE FICTION CLUB ADDRESS LIST 1 (Fred Patten, 5/75) To be published semi-annually as a directory of both interstate and local clubs. Fred did this one himself, then turned the project over to the LASFS (while agreeing to continue as compiler/editor). Available for 10 and a SASE from LASFS, 11360 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, CA 91604.

I also received a notice of the first Reunion of the Friends of Darkover, to be held at Westercon. I assume this is also the first notice of the formation of the Friends of Darkover. I've been an enthusiastic booster of MZB's Darkover stories, and I'm delighted to see more interest in the stories and their world. I merely hope the formation of a group doesn't lead to something like the SAC or Mythopathic Society. In the meantime, I'm going to the Reunion. [Heavens, what is Westercon coming to -- program items even the Committee wants to see!!] Other things being planned are, apparently, a Darkover Concordance (in progress from Walter Breen), and a folio of costume guidelines (50¢ for xerography and postage to Diana Paxson, c/o Blackstone Literary Agency, Box 742, Berkeley, CA 94701.) Another Reunion is planned for MidAmericon; further information from Diana Paxson or MZB, c/o Blackstone Literary etc.

30 MAY: Received: EGG 9 (Peter Roberts, 2/75) Eric Bentcliffe, after reviewing a few fanzines ("in width"), tees off on the Fanzine Activity Achievement Awards on the grounds that (1) they are alleging themselves to be for "the Best" rather than something like "Most Enjoyable" or "Most Popular"; and (2) the definition of "fannish fanzine" is tied to sciencefiction. I think his objections are inconsequential. "Best" is always a value judgement made by the user of the term, and as far as I can see it equates with "most enjoyable" when it is applied to a hobby-connected item. "Most Popular" on the other hand, would be a different value judgement: I might well consider Fanzine Z as "Most Popular" because it has a circulation of 3,000, but I'd never vote for it as "Best" because I can't stand to read the damn thing. As for the definition of fannish fanzine, I daresay it could be improved, but I have no suggestions myself for how one would go about restructuring it to include "true" fanzines and exclude such stuff as Trekzines, comiczines and the ilk. (I am assuming, perhaps wrongly, that such was the intent of the definers.) It may be that Urk has a better definition. Or it may be that he just doesn't like the idea of the new awards. I hold no brief for them, particularly, but I'm willing to see how they turn out before castigating them. (If, after two or three tries, they look like Ingroup Backpatting, I'll be quite glad to add few derogatory remarks to the flow.)

Peter Roberts talks of Organized Fandom, comparing the recently-deceased BSFA with the notorious Cosmic Circle, and reprinting an early CC flyer in the process. I quite agree with his thesis that a fan organization should limit its projects to those it can handle without killing itself off, and to those which can be passed on to newcomers who succeed the original wheels of the organization. But it doesn't entirely follow that an organization must stay low-key. There are fan organizations that accomplish quite elaborate projects and still continue to exist afterwards. The best current example is the NESFA, though it may be a bit extreme in its devotion to Projects (and its extremeness may yet have negative effects.) And I'm not quite sure what harm it is to try for higher goals with an organization, unless, perhaps, it means that the crash takes longer then before a new organization can be built. (6 Westbourne Park Villas, London W2, England; The Usual only.)

BAILEY NEWSLETTER 20: THE LONG GOODBYE (Mike Bailey; 5/75) The title of this is one I have supplied. Mike does not use a main title, just a number and a subtitle which changes each issue. This is a bibliographic nuisance, and I'm not at all sure why he does it, but... . This issue features pt.1 of an article by Phil Dick, "The Evolution of a Vital Love." It's depressed writing, even if not depressing, but it reads well. (s;m;13;1) (Box 48563 Sta. Bentall, Vancouver 9, B.C., CANADA; 6/\$1.00)

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 "Of course Beverly doesn't like people talking about sex in public -- she believes it should be kept on the street corners!"

31 MAY: Since the Engineering & Mathematical Sciences Library of UCLA (EMS), where I work, got a new boss in early April, after almost two years of a temporary boss, it seemed appropriate that he should have a welcoming party. And, as most of the staff are apartment dwellers, it seemed reasonable to offer The Tower as site for the party. So we did. It took a while to find a Saturday when almost all of the staff were in town instead of off somewhere on vacation or a business trip, but we finally got together on the 31st.

Since the new boss is Coordinator for the Chemistry Library, the Physics Library, and the Geology-Geophysics Library in addition to EMS, the invitees were the 30 staff members of all four libraries, plus the Library administration. We estimated the attendance of the Administration at 50 pct., and the branch libraries staff at 2/3 or so, and bought party supplies on that basis. (Financing came from a staff fund in part, and from the ex-temporary Coordinator, who was quite relieved to be able to step down to being only the head of EMS). The party was set for 2:00 p.m. and, just to make sure the day wouldn't be a total loss no matter what happened, we also set up a party for local fans beginning at 7:30 p.m. The library crew were told they were welcome to stay as long as they wished, but they'd be invaded by SF fans at 7:30. (Several of the staff have been to fan parties previously at The Tower.)

It was after 3:00 by the time anyone showed up, but that's fairly standard. One early arrival was the University Librarian herself, Page Ackerman, who made a few remarks about eventually giving my collection to UCLA -- an idea she's suggested before, though this is the first time she'd seen my collection -- and wound up borrowing one of my mystery books. Every time another group arrived, we gave them the Tour of the Tower, occasionally losing one or more of them in the library for a while. The smokers soon congregated on the patio -- smoking isn't allowed inside The Tower -- and the eating and drinking contingent wandered between the livingroom and kitchen. We cracked several bottles of the strange wines we'd collected, and Page took down the directions for getting to several of the wineries in the Santa Cruz area, where she'll be vacationing in July.

Apparently it was a success. Several of the Administration types were sufficiently enthusiastic that I told them they'd get invited to the next big open party, in August, and they were quite vociferous about wanting to come. One of the Assistant University Librarians took down the Moffatt address to ask about John D. MacDonald publications, and wound up discussing movies with Elayne and Craig Miller, who arrived early in order to bring a sack of lemons for lemonade. (Three deliveries of lemons were set up with people who have lemon trees, and the lemonade was disappearing as fast as Elayne could make the stuff.) One of the staff members went swimming, but it was a bit too cool for the rest of them/us.

Precisely at 7:35, every last one of the library crew left. A few fans had turned up by then, but it was another hour or so before the Second Stage got rolling. The fan party was fairly standard. Card games in the library, discussions all over the rest of the house. A Mah-Jongg game got started in one of the other rooms. Nivens brought the third and final batch of lemons, and signaled the change of card games from Oh Hell to poker. (I won at both, and was therefore in quite a cheerful frame of mind.)

The cats got thoroughly spoiled and overfed, of course.

Received: AMOR 6 (Susan Wood; 5/75) I'm not sure whether I received this as a trade for PROFANITY, or because it is a postmailing to FAPA. I rather hope it is the former, as I enjoyed the hell out of it -- Susan's marvelous transmittal of her sense of Change, in finishing up in Regina and moving to the University of B.C. and her well-delineated views of places, people, and things around her; David Emerson's You-Can't-Go-Home-Again view of the Village in the non-60's; and David Miller's RCMP recruit training activities. And you know how dull FAPA postmailings usually are... (Dept. of English, Univ. of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C. V6T 1W5, Canada; available for The Usual). s;m;29;1

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7 JULY: Received: FAN PUBLISHING RECORD 4 (Roger Sween, 5/75). Publishing and contents information on 52 fanzine issues received by RS in May. I'm rather curious as to how FPR will be listed in FPR... (10/\$3.00, or trade 1 for 1: Box 408, Platteville, WI 53818) h;o;12;0

RESULTS OF THE VOTING FOR THE 1975 FAAn AWARDS (The Ad Hoc Committee For New Fan Awards; 6/75). If you care about the Awards, you already know the results. I'm sure those who are against them will point out that 2/3 of the awards (4 of 6) went to members of the Committee, but it ought to be noted that it is a large and very active committee, in general. I'm more bothered by the fact that two of the 16 on the committee didn't vote, and only four/five LASFSians/LAreans did vote (including me). s;m;2;0 (Bibliographic info is zilch.)

DUFFUND NEWSLETTER 7 (Lesleigh & Hank Luttrell; 6/75) Reports Rusty Hevelin's winning DUFF, plus statistics on voting, funds, and voters. Rusty will take over the American Administrator position in September, and all DUFF business should be sent to him at 6594 Germantown Pike, Miamisburg, OH 45342. I hope that DUFF continues to be a success -- after all, AUSSIECON shouldn't gaffiate all the fans down there, and Fandom can certainly support two fan funds. (525 W. Main St., Madison, WI 53703). s;m;2;0

STARLING 31 (Luttrells; n.d.) Hank talks about videotaping cons, about which I may have a more informed view when I see what Greg Chalfin got from his four miles of tape of the Westercon. The rest of the issue is given over to Mystery books, which I was delighted to see, as I have almost an equal interest in both SF and Mystery. (I read series mysteries almost exclusively.) Grant Canfield gives an excellent survey of the "Parker" books by Richard Stark (Donald Westlake), and includes a chronological listing of the 16 books for those of us who've been getting confused by publishers erratic dating and changes. Michael Jackson compares three series which use a black-and-white team: "Hardman"; "The Headhunters"; and "Razoni and Jackson." The article reads a bit too much like a college treatise, but as I seem to agree with his views on the Hardman series I may get around to reading the others, too. Susan Wood criticizes Janet Hitchman's biog of Dorothy Sayers, Such a Strange Lady, and I think I'll take Susan's advice: re-read Sayers, ignore Hitchman. And Joe Sanders reviews Hammond Innes's Golden Soak, De Camp's biog of Lovecraft, and then replies to a Moskowitz objection to his previous review of the Hyperion Press reprints. I don't know Innes's works, which are non-series; I doubt I'll spend \$10 on a HPL biog; but the reply to SaM is a Thing of Beauty! (50¢, 5/\$2: 525 W. Main, Madison, WI 53703. Also available for The Usual, of course.) s;m;38;2

8 JULY: I took an extra day vacation to get settled in again -- or at least make a start at the process. This stack of boxes goes in the garage until the next huxtering opportunity; that stack finds its way into the fan room or library eventually; and the rest go back to LASFS. After making sure the contents of each box are for unmixed destinations, of course.

While the opportunity was at hand, we headed downtown to the Australian Consulate to pick up visas for Aussiecon and our previously ordered Austrailpasses. (The local branch of Thomas Cook is in the same building.) One more step on the way. While the visas were being typed up, I wandered around amusing myself by trying to guess which cities were in the large framed -- but unlabeled -- photographs on the walls. Two of them were obviously Sydney -- the Auditorium was quite prominent -- and another probably Canberra, from its geometrical layout. I considered asking the clerk, but decided I'd either feel like a fool or like a smartass, depending on whether I'd been right or wrong, and I didn't need either feeling. Amused curiosity is a lot better.

Around 8:00 we went over to the LASFS clubhouse, where two of the films borrowed for the Westercon were to be shown a last time before their return to Paramount on Wednesday. There were a dozen or so people there, and while the real film freaks sat and watched "Young Frankenstein," the rest of us sat in the green room/kitchen and

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talked conventions and Fanpolitik. When the second film came on -- "Phantom of the Paradise" -- I joined the viewers, rather surprising some of those who know my usual disinterest in seeing a film more than once if that. I'll be rather disappointed if "Phantom" doesn't take the Hugo for Best Drama (though I'll not have too many complaints if it is beaten by "Young Frankenstein," which is almost as good.)

RECEIVED: WYKNOT 2 (Ken Josenhans; 7/75) The editor talks of labor and economics, with reference to a couple SF pictures of these in the future. I think I missed the point to the essay, but the writing is facile enough. I found the filler items the most interesting. A Unitarian Church Service in honor of Tolkien? How did it come about? A longer description and more information would have been well received -- by me, anyway -- though I suspect the editor had no more. (The squib was headed "News Flash.") As for the note on the title page of an ex-Library copy of Languages of Pao, to the effect that Vance is a Kuttner pseudo, that error was done several decades ago by the Wilson Library Co., in one of their indexes. It spread throughout the Library world, and has still survived in public libraries where the Wilson Library system is still used. Vance, of course, is still alive, while HK died in 1958. The Wilson Co. itself has corrected their records, apparently, as their Cumulative Book Index (which every library has) now lists "Vance, John Holbrook, 1916-." (35¢ or The Usual: 7602 Vicar Place, New Carrollton, MD 20784) s;m;22;0

AY CHINGAR! 2 (or #3) (Larry Downes; 5/75) The repro makes me feel nostalgic: it looks very much like the first stuff I did when I got access to a litho back in '58! Oh, well, I managed to outlive it... . The contents of this, however, are probably better than what I was turning out. Probably. Cy Chauvin makes me feel even more antiquated than usual by reminiscing about how he got interested in SF, then got into fandom, in the far-forgotten days of 1964-70. Don D'Amassa's Trufan Evaluation Form gave me a score of 25 on a scale of -50 to 50, and indicates I "have the makings of a Trufan." (I thought I had them, anyway, but can't remember where I packed them away... .) Jeff May's "Role of the Roll," reprinted from his SAPSzine, would delight Putrid Ed Buchman, so I may show him the thing. (75¢ or The Usual: 21960 Avon, Oak Park, MI 48237) s;o;49;3 [counting the errata pages]

10 JULY: Rather an expensive day. We had arranged for the installation of a gadget called a Pool Sweep, after a salesman came out and described its operation, installation, and cost. It would keep the pool clean constantly instead of only once a week when the pool service man made his call, and it would cost less per month than the pool service. Fine. So Elayne calls me at work to say that the installation won't work: we don't have the right electrical setup around the pool. I expounded briefly on the origins, habits, and probable destination of the salesman who hadn't told us about special electrical requirements, then told Elayne to call the company and get back the deposit. And call a new pool service man. (We'd let the old one go at the end of June, but we'd been rather planning to do that anyway, as his work wasn't very good.) A few hours later she called again: the refund had to go through their main office and would take a while [I included the salesman's company, associates, and relatives in my estimates of obscenenesses]; and the new pool man was there. So? So the trouble was the pool filter, and he recommended a new one because it would cost more to get new parts for the old one. I'd been afraid that was going to happen before too long... . Oh, well, maybe we can put off getting the fence replaced by a wall this autumn. The pool guy is certainly efficient -- he got a new filter -- a 5½' monster of pipes and such -- and put it in the same day. I found myself talking about the cost of putting in a heater... .

The LASFS program was a critique of Westercon, which is the usual term for a gripe session. At the risk of increasing my blood pressure, I sat in on the program, just in case any reasonable ideas came up. Mostly, it was complaints that the hotel was too small -- a fact we'd actually figured out for ourselves. Bernie Zuber complained that the panel he'd got up on William Morris had been treated as a Second-Class Program Item. The Committee explained that the panel hadn't been taped because the tape system was set up to tape only the programs in the two main rooms; it refrained from mention-

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ing that Bernie had presented the panel to the Committee as a fait accompli, rather than as a suggestion for consideration, and that the primary purpose seemed to be to promote Bernie's Pre-Raphaelite society. Frank Gasperik complained that there was only one good party, but inasmuch as the one he was citing was the committee-thrown Dead Dog Party, I'm not sure what he thought we could do about the situation. (Besides, others began mentioning various parties, and Frank kept having to say "Yeah, well, that was a good party, too.")

The comments weren't all negative. David Gerrold may have been biased, as he was GoH, but after he listed a bunch of things that had been right with the convention, John Brunner said he'd enjoyed it too: "Take what David just said and translate it into English, and that's what I think." And, somewhat unexpectedly, Jerry Pournelle was waxing quite effusively complimentary about the con.

I find, somewhat to my distress, that I'm letting the bitches and complainers get to me these days, provoking a reaction of "Who needs it?" towards being on con committees. It is certainly true that there are as many people -- or more, even -- who let the concom know they enjoyed the con, but somehow the bitches and complainers make more of an impression.

Being on a concom is supposed to be something one does because it is enjoyable. In this area, at least, there is another reason: if the competent won't do it, the incompetent will, and the resulting convention will be less pleasant for everyone. (And apparently complaints don't bother the incompetent.)

One also gets a bit tired of the theoreticians -- those who tell you what ought to be done, then look the other way when you ask for help with doing it. Greg Chalfin proposed the establishment of an Ombudsman position on the concom, with someone available all during the con to sort out and deal with attendees problems. He, of course, was not available for the job. (Sandy Cohen was; we'll see whether he is more able to work with a concom than he was four years ago.) Fred Patten, who insists on a serious program for LA-2000, the minicon LASFS is planning for December to celebrate its two-thousandth meeting, went to precisely one program item at Westercon, where there was double-programming for three days. And though he reported other people's comments on most everything else at Westercon, he reported not one word on those 20 or so program items. Sandy Cohen complained that the committee hadn't provided anything for people to do if they didn't want to attend the program. He implied it may have been the concom's fault that BART wasn't running on weekends so one could go see San Francisco. I remain unsure why people who don't like the program at a con, and don't know enough others fans so that they can enjoy themselves fangabbing, go to a con at all.

Even so, there is this 1976 Westercon I'm Chairman for... . I asked Bobbi Armbruster (who, along with Ron Bounds, is in charge of Programs for W'Con 29) if she'd been taking notes. She said yes, but she was going to ask the pros and other program people what they'd like to do (or what they'd like to see others do) on the program. Fine idea.

A small poker game followed the LASFS meeting, at my place. Drew Sanders went home early since (a) he had to take an exam in his job-training class on Friday, and (b) he was winning \$13 or so. An hour or so later the game broke up with Niven off a munificent \$1.80, me up all but a nickel of what he was out, and the two fish out \$6-\$7 each. That'll teach Larry to deal me a pat 9-high straight in Jacks-Back, then clean me with a pat jack-high straight he'd dealt himself!

11 JULY: I'm not much of a film freak, and I'm slow to learn what's worth seeing -- but

I do learn. Having discovered Mel Brooks does funny flicks that are to my taste, I've been catching up on the ones of his I missed. This time it was "Blazing Saddles," which is a prizewinner for outré and referential humor. It was playing with "Mandingo," which is in Elayne's collection of what she calls "trashy novels," and which we wanted to see just to see what they'd done with the story. (They stuck to the book fairly well for setting and basic plot, but changed one character completely -- Mem -- and screwed the ending from hell to breakfast. Oh, well... .) I wonder what Mel Brooks will do next year... .

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12 JULY: Joe Minne, LASFSian and poker player (and inventor of worse poker games than those of Jack Harness), selected the post-Westercon Saturday for his wedding, to which he invited Elayne and me. So, after getting up at a totally unreasonable time for a Saturday morning, we made ready and headed for Mission Viejo, deep in Orange County's Birchland where few fan -- except Dean Grennell, who actually decided to live there -- ever go. It was a Catholic ceremony, very formal and very long. I complained that it was just like a Minne Wedding to have a Maxi Ceremony; Elayne hit me as surreptitiously as possible. The only other fans there were the Nivens, and after the ceremony we waited in the parking lot until all the Official Photographs had been taken, then drove to the reception at the home of the bride's parents. There we spent several rather pleasant hours packing away champagne (or, in Elayne's case, punch) and buffet sandwiches. While none of the four of us are any better mixers in a Mundane milieu than most fans, I discovered I had a natural opening for conversation with some of Joe's relatives, since I got mistaken for a member of the family twice. (Joe is not as heavy as I am, but the facial shape, plus color and amount of hair and beard, plus hornrim glasses, does give something of a resemblance.) His maternal relations are Hungarian, and I talked for quite a while with his aunt Magda about the places she'd visited -- Greece, Austria, Bohemia...in 1940. Eventually, having scarfed down some wedding cake -- quite against my diet, but I hadn't quite got back on it since Westercon anyway -- we left. I let Elayne drive... .

The LASFS Open House was all but deserted. Most people were attending a special showing of "Jaws," and the ones who had been there in the afternoon had gone to dinner by the time we arrived, leaving Dan Goodman to hold down the fort. When the dinner crew eventually returned -- Craig Miller, Milt Srevens, and the Golds -- we talked conventions for a while, then Elayne and I headed for the Tower and our own dinner. An hour or so later, Craig and Milt, having closed up the Open House, came out to get some Westercon materials, and the four of us killed the rest of the evening with con-gab and Fanpolitik. We got as far in our tentative plans as 1984... .

13 JULY: I'm a traditionalist when it comes to anniversaries, so on this First Anniversary I gave Elayne paper: a book, two tickets to a show at the Music Center, and a chunk of green folding stuff. We then went to the Los Cerritos Mall -- to which we've been trying to get for several months, on the recommendations of June Moffatt -- to see if there might be some worthwhile opportunity to get rid of the chunk of green folding stuff. It turned out the chunk was (a) too small, and (b) the property of the wrong person. Elayne spent hardly anything; I blew \$650.00 on an organ. Talk about making one an offer he can't refuse... . Maybe that wall can be done next year. (Actually, I'd been planning to get an organ sometime next year, but there was this used-but-guaranteed Conn organ -- yes, yes, I know it was a Conn Job -- with just the right voices, and without all the crud they put on new organs, and at about half of what I expected to pay for a new one not as good.) We rated the Los Cerritos Mall Excellent -- its pet shop even had cats -- but Very Dangerous to the Wallet.

We went to dinner at The Odyssey, which overlooks the San Inferno Valley -- if the smog clears, one can see all the way to Sherman Oaks (or Oaks...). The food was excellent and the price semi-reasonable. We got out for about \$33, including a bottle of zinfandel (1971 Pedroncelli), tax, tip, and the rest. Might be an interesting place to hold a LASFS Fanquet, if we didn't try to run on the cheap just so a few more might consider attending.

The after-dinner entertainment -- to an audience of one -- was held at The Tower, and consisted of an Elephant moving the entire contents of the fan-room around to make room for the organ. Boxes, a foot-locker, six filing cabinets, and a 10-foot-long bookcase got shifted, eventually, and I even rediscovered two electric outlets that had long been hidden from use. Must have worked off at least some of dinner... .

14 JULY: The tickets I'd given Elayne were for "Odyssey," playing at the Ahmanson Theater downtown in the Music Center, with Yul Brynner. Very good show, though I'm not sure how many of the songs are viable out of context. One definitely is: "I

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Never Imagined 'Good-By'" Joan Diener is occasionally un-understandable in parts of her songs, but that's mostly because of the orchestra location and acoustics of the Ahmanson could be better. She and Brynner was both quite good, and the guy who sang Telemachus was excellent.

RECEIVED: KARASS 15 (Linda Bushyager: 6/75) Convention and other fan news, and a long lettercol about the WorldCon size problem. The solutions presented are such that one person's solution fits only himerself, of course, but there are certainly a lot of ideas a concom could choose from. Perhaps the next slate of bidders should be asked, along with the questions about the hotel, committee, and site, what policy they will adopt regarding limitations of membership. (4/\$1, 1:1 trades, or contributions: 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, PA 19076). s;m;18;0

NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT 12 (Denis Quane: 7/75). D. Gary Grady provides an update on interstellar radio communication attempts. Joe Christopher writes up the formal opening of the Texas A&M University Library SF collection. The editor surveys the Hugo ballot entries prior to voting, and he and Paul Walker write reviews. (Box CC, East Texas Sta., Commerce, TX 75428: 30¢ or The Usual). s;m;24;0

15 JULY: Very little got done. (They delivered the organ, and... .) If you think I'm going to admit to watching the Idiot Box, just because it had "Dr. Who," followed by "The Rivals of Sherlock Holmes," you're quite mad. Besides, I'd never even heard of Baroness Orczy's Patricia Burdon.

16 JULY: After a three-week hiatus, we went back to playing bridge again. We no sooner got our names up on the roster at the Wild Whist than some odd character walked up and inquired if I were Bruce Pelz. When I warily admitted it, he offered greetings from Bowling Green, and introduced himself as Dave Feldman, who has been viewing the Fandom milieu through reading Glycer's fanzine collection. (He also says he's been written into some Glycer fiction or articles -- did I miss something in PRE-HENSILE, Mike, or did you farm out the stuff elsewhere?) He claims no interest in SF, but would like to bring the class he'll be teaching to a con so they can observe the social workings. Windycon should be warned... .

As for the bridge game, we should take a 3-week break more often: we clobbered the other 9 E-W pairs -- including Dave and Phil Feldman -- to take our first win at the Whist. The nearest contender was 14½ points away (though our 135½ -- on a 108 average -- would only have been 3rd overall, since a couple N-S pairs had monster games.)

17 JULY: The LASFS program was the voting of the club's ballots for Hugos and for the 1977 site selection. As these are all automatic-runoff ballots, it took quite a long time -- we voted for a first place in a category, then for a second place, etc. before going to the next category. Chauvinism determined the winners of several categories, of course, but the LASFS has done worse -- there was the year they sent in a nomination ballot with Famous Monsters of Filmland as Best Professional Magazine.

Alan Frisbie is returned from a several-years exile to the east and midwest Cambridges; the Golds are 95 pct. certain of being shipped to Japan for 4 months at the expense of Systems Development Corp., for which Barry works; and Dan Alderson happily announced that NASFiC was coming alive -- they will be publishing a Progress Report, even. Fred Patten brought in three weeks' worth of newly-issued comics and such from Wonder*World, and several people found themselves buying \$10-\$35 worth of the things just to keep up their collections. (I got off cheap: \$13.)

The after-meeting poker game at The Tower went on until 4a.m., and to use the old line: I broke even, and boy, did I need it!

RECEIVED: ETERNITY ROAD 2 (Larry Carmody: 2/75) Mostly reviews (primarily of books, but including a concert by Hawkwind). The offset repro works fine, but the editor needs to learn a bit more about layout and paste-up, so that individual items don't seem to run into each other or have gaps in the wrong places. (4/\$1 or The Usual: 40 Shortridge Dr., Mineola, NY 11501) s;o;10;0

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3 OCT.: The LASFS held its 41st Anniversary dinner at the Royal Swede Smorgasbord in Santa Monica, with Guest Speaker Kris Neville as recipient of the 10th annual Forry Award for service to Science Fiction. (Previous winners, in case anyone is interested, were -- in order -- Ray Bradbury, Fritz Leiber, Poul Anderson, Larry Niven, Harlan Ellison, Theodore Sturgeon, A.E. Van Vogt, C.L. Moore, Robert Bloch.)

With the celebration of the club's 2000th meeting coming up in December -- a small weekend con, "L A 2000" -- there was some agitation at the summer meetings of the Board of Directors to drop the Anniversary dinner routine and have the Awards given at L A 2000 instead. It was pointed out that dinner events inevitably draw only small crowds at LASFS anyway, and with the con in the offing, the attendees were likely to be even fewer. But as it is the prerogative of the membership instead of the Board, it was brought up to a meeting, which promptly voted to have a dinner anyway, but hold it at the ultra-inexpensive Royal Swede instead of a restaurant that would cost \$8 - \$10 each. The Royal Swede would give us the private room and dinner for \$3.75, and tickets were set at \$4.50 to pay for guests and maybe a bit over for the Building Fund.

The whole deal was set up before the group left for Aussiecon, and by the first meeting in September they had sold a whole 4 tickets. Two weeks later, the number had jumped to 6 sold and 3 reserved. As I had voted with the majority, and against the factions that wanted either (1) a small dinner at a Fancy Expensive Restaurant, or (2) no dinner at all, I felt I was entitled to get annoyed with the clucks who vote for a function they aren't going to attend. So, after getting the ticket prices reduced to \$4.00, I harangued the meeting for a while, advising them that unless the number of tickets sold and reserved totalled at least 20 by the end of the Sept. 25 meeting, we'd kidnap the dinner and take it -- and the Nevilles -- to a Fancy Expensive Restaurant, and let it be the final dinner any of us would go to the trouble to arrange.

That weekend an issue of the club newszine, DE PROFUNDIS got published, announcing the dinner to those who aren't regular attendees at meetings. By the end of the meeting on the 25th, the ticket number was 31 and rising. By the time of the dinner, we had 60 paid attendees (thanks in a large part to Forry Ackerman, who bought 13 for his family and friends.) The LASFS has one of the worst cases of 11th-Hour Disease I've ever seen.

The food at the Royal Swede is decent enough, and there is, of course, lots of it. After even the third-helping types had settled down, the awards were presented. Everyone knew Kris was the Forry Award recipient, but the presentation of the Evans-Freehafer Award -- donated by Walt Daugherty and given for service to LASFS, with selection by the three previous winners -- may have surprised a number of people when it went to Tom Digby. The selection committee were Milt Stevens, Bill Warren, and, by proxy vote from Japan, Lee Gold. Tom's ~~incessant~~ continuous offers of help with such things as clubhouse repairs, electronic equipment lending, and party-holding were cited by Bill Warren in the presentation. I might have voted for someone else if I were on the selection committee, but I quite agree Digby is qualified as a winner of the Award.

Kris's speech began humorously, but quickly turned serious, as he used the Bicentennial as a springboard to advocacy of a new Revolution -- this one an Economic Revolution. He drew some heckling from Sam Konkin and our other Libertarians, but the speech was generally received quietly. I doubt many knew what he was talking about; I'm not at all sure I did, myself.

The formalities over, I took advantage of the opportunity to talk to Horace Gold, one of the Forry-invited attendees, about the 1976 Westercon, at which he is Guest of Honor. As things are still in the formative stages, there wasn't too much to be said, but I found out (1) he'd been to a total of two SF conventions, and wasn't entirely sure which ones (I was: Westercon 1969 in Santa Monica, and LACon); (2) he had no special ideas of things he would like to see on the program (which question I always ask GoH's at cons I chair); (3) he was willing to speak at the banquet or its substitute; and (4) he didn't want to be "H.L. Gold," but "Horace L. Gold" henceforth. Fine with me. At which point we packed up and went home.

Science Fiction in Berkeley

Kingdom of Imagination

By Paul Danish

The world's most speculative bull session ended in Berkeley yesterday as some 1500 science fiction fans concluded their annual convention with a salute to the pageantry of the Middle Ages.

The convention, which has drawn writers and fans from as far away as Japan, closed with a medieval tournament on the lawn of the Claremont Hotel.

Other high points included the presentation of the "Hugos," science fiction's academy awards; a masquerade ball; a fashion show of the future; movies; light shows, and a healthy dose of speculation on the shape of things to come.

POPULATION

Speculation, which ran the gamut from nuclear Armageddon to cybernated utopian bliss, included:

- The destruction of civilization by an unchecked population explosion.
- The final defeat of the establishment by hundreds of millions of people quietly dropping out of the system.
- The development of drugs which will allow a man to feel any emotion he desires.
- An analysis of the Vietnam war as a form of ritual combat.
- The development of techniques which will permit men to replace damaged parts of their bodies by growing new ones as do salamanders.
- The replacement of public schools by home teaching machines and televised instruction.
- The return of the steam engine as the major automotive power plant.

Fans and authors alike ap-

peared unconcerned if various speculations contradicted each other.

"We don't say that science fiction is telling you what the future is going to be," said Ted White, an East coast author. "It tells what a future might be."

"It's not the function of science fiction to predict, but to project," he said.

White, who has authored some ten science fiction books, termed the genre "a phenomenon of the 20th Century, the industrial age and the Yankee tinkerer."

MYTHOLOGY

Another author, Harry Harrison of Imperial Beach, termed science fiction "the mythology of the machine age."

He attributed its lasting appeal to the fact "that the world exists; that we live in a world dominated by science."

"Although there is a lot of garbage produced in science fiction," he said, "it does contact aspects of reality more often than a lot of modern writing."

Poul Anderson, who has written some 30 novels and 200 short stories, tended to agree.

"It's more important to the next generation what the background radiation will be than what the state of its souls will be," he said.

PESSIMIST

Anderson, who lives in Orinda, said he is pessimistic about the future.

He said he fears the world of the not-too-distant future might be one of "a few islands of civilization in an ocean of barbarism."

Such a situation, he indicated, is more apt to be the product of unchecked population growth than nuclear war.

At the time, Anderson suggested that technological developments might lead to a break-up of the huge institutions which have become the bench-mark of the 20th Century.

Advances in cybernetics and nuclear power, he said might make it possible for the average man to produce the necessities of life in his basement.

SHIFT

If such a "diffusion of the means of production" were to take place, he said, "we might find big business and big government discovering they don't have many customers left."

Anderson said science fiction, like many scientists, has shifted its emphasis from gadgets in themselves to "the human-social effects of the gadget."

He said that recently he asked a scientist at one of the nation's leading "think-tanks if it might be possible to develop an electronic or chemical booster for the hu-

man brain, a concept he thought might be laughed off.

He said he was told "the man down the hall is working on that," and that the organization was far more concerned with the question of who should get to use such a device than with its development.

"They concluded it would be most useful to society to give it to the morons," he said.

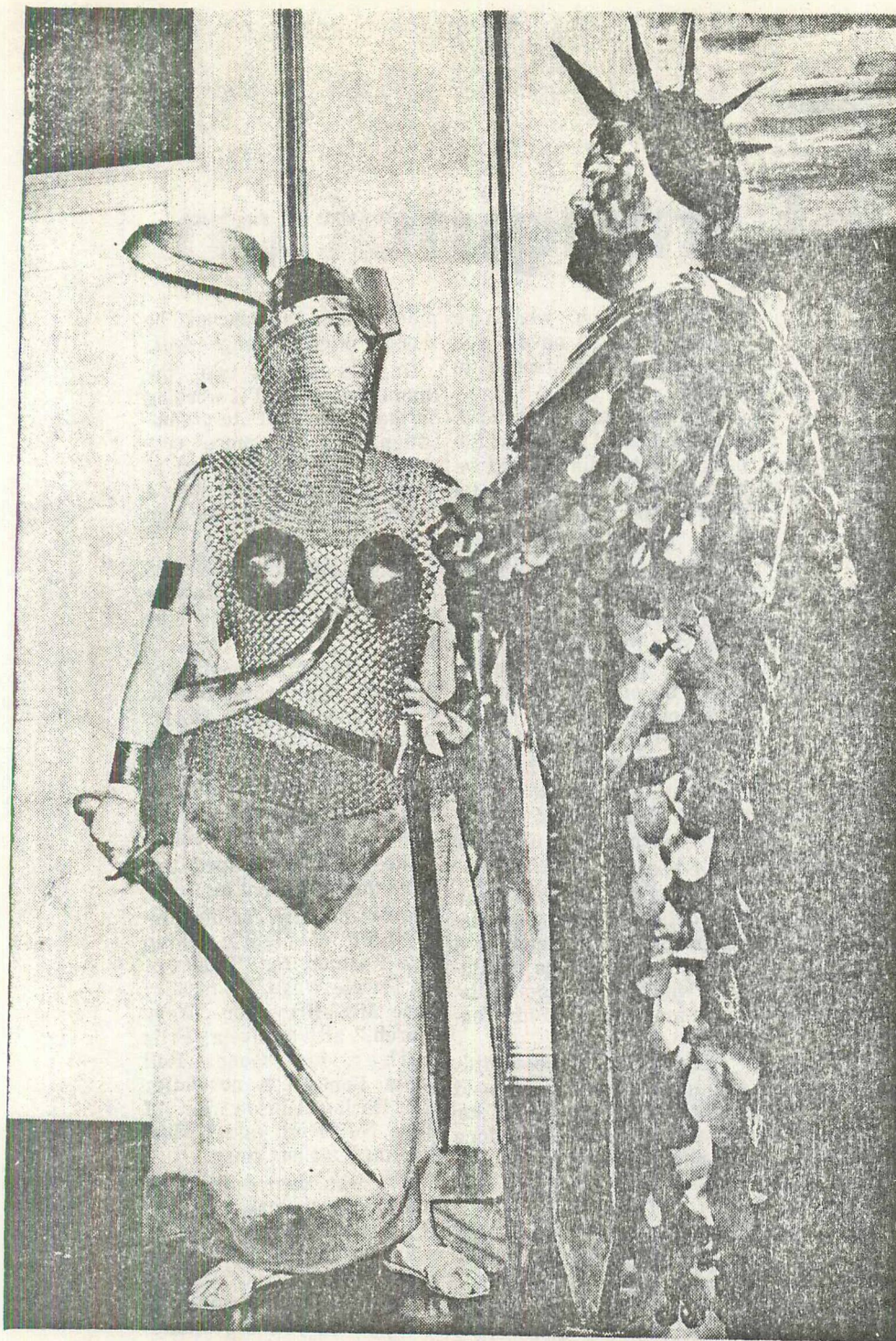
The "Hugos," named after the late Hugo Gernsback, who founded *Amazing Stories* magazine in 1920 and is generally considered the father of modern science fiction, are awarded annually to denote excellence in the field.

The space-ship-shaped trophies this year went to:

Roger Zelazny, for his novel "Lord of Light"; Philip Jose Farmer, for "Riders of the Purple Wage," a novela; Anne McCaffrey, for "Weyr Search," also a novela; Fritz Leiber, for "Gonna Roll Them Bones," a novelette; and Harlan Ellison, for "I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream," a short story.

"If" was named the best magazine, and Ellison's "City on the Edge of Forever" won the best drama award.

Artist Jack Gaughan was cited as the year's outstanding illustrator.



FAR-OUT FASHIONS AT SCIENCE FICTION MASQUERADE BALL
Janet Bigglestone is Bodacia, Bruce Pelz is trooper in "The Dragon Masters"

Science Fiction Convention Abounds in Unconventional

No science fiction writer could top the far-out scene at the Claremont Hotel this week-end — and Great Zot knows there are plenty of writers there.

The action is the 26th World Science Fiction Convention—the biggest one since the thing began back in 1939. There are more than 1,600 unconventional conventioners on hand

It's an audio-visual concatenation that looks like a cross between a Haight-Ashbury love-in and a film clip from "Star Trek."

In fact, part of the program featured some film clips from "Star Trek."

The fans have come from across the country, even from across the ocean, to mingle, talk, hear their favorite writers, talk, buy science fiction memorabilia, transact fan business, and party.

No other field honors its fans the way science fiction does. They are given as much recognition as the writers—introduced from the floor, called on to speak, and as the final tribute, one is chosen "Fan of the Year."

The fans come in all ages—take, for instance, Benjamin Rolfe of Palo Alto, age 8 - going - into - the - fourth - grade, and any number in their 60s. They are professional people, blue-collar workers, and students.

A typical fan is Alan Rachlin of The Bronx, N.Y. An assistant tax assessor for the city, he planned his vacation to take in the World Con.

"I recognize an equal number of fans and writers," he noted happily.

Although the traditional Masquerade Ball isn't scheduled until tonight—a highlight of the conclave—many of the conventioners seemed to be ready a day early.

There was a sort of psychedelic Friar Tuck in fluorescent magenta satin robes, a man wearing a black eye-patch—in the middle of his forehead, a shapely girl wearing black tights and a hip-length pink sweater, one fellow in sandals and a black opera cloak.

Beards, beads, bangles and peace symbols abounded.

A favorite gathering spot was the book room, where thousands of back issues of now-defunct magazines bearing such names as "Fantastic Adventures" and "Amazing Stories" moved briskly. So did drawings, paintings and prints of other-worldly scenes, jewelry, buttons with funny slogans and fanzines, the science fiction magazines published by fans.

Fans are great collectors of anything to do with science fiction and snatched all the items offered at the first session of the daily auction.

The convention continues through Monday.

By GAIL RUSS

THE CIRCULAR FILE

FANZINE REVIEWS

AY, CHINGAR! 3 (Larry Downes, 21960 Avon, Oak Park, MI 48237. Available for The Usual, or \$1/issue. DE75 S O 42 2)

The editorial touches on the Sapiro-Miesel-Elwood fracas, which Larry views from an attitude of outrage that Fandom is being picked on by a Dirty Pro -- or at least Taken Advantage Of. It might profit anyone taking such an attitude to check the copyright law regarding revised writings and consider whether someone has a right to redo a work and submit it professionally without mentioning that it may have been published in an earlier form by an unprofessional publication.

The two bits of fiction...hmm...make that '6 $\frac{1}{4}$ ' of fiction, as they're not worth two bits...can be ignored. I'm not sure that Dave Romm's "Actual Proceedings of the Westercon Ranquet" can be ignored, but I'll work on it. Maybe Romm does deserve the Hogu for supreme putridity in everyday life, to have written this thing. Or maybe Downes does, for publishing it.

"Stomp the Shadowman," David Gerrold's GoH speech from the 1975 Westercon is reprinted, and I'm glad to see it, as I was unable to hear it presented. The main thrust is that those who become known in and by fandom -- pro or fan -- acquire an Image that is at best a shadow of their real self, and at worst a negation of that self. David urges the elimination of such schattenganger, asking that people stop feeding them -- by telling stories about them, passing rumors based on their attitudes or actions, or addressing the real person as if he were the shadow -- and let them die out. Larry Downes, in "Paying Your Dues" seconds the motion, objecting to the Image foisted on himself.

I think the idea is a good one -- provided the real person actually wants to escape his schattenganger. Some don't -- they send forth the shadowman to front for them, and hide behind him all the way. This is usually an early stage of the social development of a person, and it is followed by the stage where the person still employs the shadowman to take the brunt of encounters, but can sit back with a few people and deny the shadowman's reality: "Oh, that's not really me, it's just a facade I use..." Unfortunately, when the third stage is reached -- the one when the person actually does want to get rid of the shadow, he can't do it. People won't let him, because they're too used to the shadow. So he must put up with the thing's existence for a while, the meantime letting his real self become known as widely as possible. This, Larry, is "paying your dues" -- you have, I think, misinterpreted the phrase. It means putting up with something you may not care for any more because it is expected of you. If the circle of people who have met the real person gets wide enough, the shadowman will eventually wither away for lack of support, but trying to fight him only calls more attention to him, and prolongs his life.

Ben Indick's offhand comment that "in 30 years, there is a possibility that somewhere a copy of AY, CHINGAR! will exist" brings an editorial reaction of "What a ghastly thought!" Ye Ed ought to have a look at some of the zines from the 30's and 40's that still exist in some collections. I.C. is a model of perfection compared to some of them.

Repro this time is greatly improved (though I don't know if I got a faulty back cover or not -- it's a sort of very light image of an illo, run on the inside back cover, with the outside blank. I'll have to wait until someone else around here gives up his copy of the issue, and compare the two.

BEP 012275

DILEMMA 10 (Jackie Franke, Box 51-A, RR 2, Beecher, IL 60401. Available for The Usual and/or 20¢. DE75 S M 36 0) Another delightful FemLib S-F cover (illustrating He (a Gripping Tale of a Lost Civilization and an Immortal Love, by Riding Haggard)) leads off this issue of an enjoyable personalzine.

The editorial has the first mention I've seen in print of the difficulties the '77 Worldcon committee is having (their hotel, the Sheraton Towers in Orlando, has filed for bankruptcy and is operating under the reorganization option). Jackie muses as to what will happen if the SunCon contract cannot be renegotiated to keep the '77 con in Orlando, as the Worldcon rules make selection of a replacement site the responsibility of the previous five Worldcon Chairmen, should a selected site be unavailable for any reason. Well, sort of. That's the rules as of TorCon II: "the five most recent committee chairmen willing to serve" get to do a new selection. But the rules passed at DisCon (under which SunCon was selected, have dropped that section, replacing it with one that gives the other extant WorldCon Committee the duty of determining what to do if one of the two elected Committees "should become unable to perform its duties." Says nothing about site-changing, so apparently the elected Committee is empowered to change the site itself, if need be. As long as the elected Committee itself is still functioning, no transfer of power is required. But I think the KaCeyCon might well look to amending the rules to provide election of a ConCom, not a site, as the two aren't really interchangeable, though they are treated as such by the DisCon II rules.

Jodie Offutt's column is enjoyably light reading. Sam Long's verse parody is a bit too much a copy of the original -- some of the lines just don't fit right, Sam! Jackie's fanzine reviews are competent and informative. Denny Lien's rewritten Barsom titles (Feminist; Marxist; Porno; etc) are funny. (If you want to be consistent, Denny, the Feminist #3 is Warlady, and both #5 and #7 are -woman instead of -person. So is #9.) Doug Rice's WorldCon Guide cartoons are also funny -- took me a second look to spot the ears on the movie-watchers. And Jackie's con reports (Windycon 2, ICon, ChambanaCon 5) make me wish I'd been able to attend at least 2 of them. ConCom people shouldn't try to report on their own cons -- they see too much of the unlovely workings of the things.

Stven Carlberg, who objects to the criticism that Christians pay little heed to the teachings of Christ, ought to look up 'Christian' in the dictionary -- The Devil's Dictionary, by Bierce, to be specific. This problem has been acknowledged for quite some time.

Besides religion, the lettercol discusses the purpose(s) of publishing a fanzine. Our old friend "Communication" seems to be winning, which is all to the good. But Communication lives on a 2-way street -- and some of us need to get busy and shovel off the detritus on our side. Especially me.

012276

THANGORODRIM 26 (Patrick Hayden, 206 St. George St. #910, Toronto, Ontario M5R 2N6, Canada. Available for The Usual or 25¢. 75 S M 8 0) Fanzine listings with brief notes and letters, plus editorial comments. The fanzine notes are useful to mailing-list assemblers, even if sometimes dismaying to large-scale collectors. (If everyone starts demanding LoCs instead of trades and such, a completist will have to hire a LoC-writer at no less than half-time just to keep up.) I am also amused at the idea of LE VIOL being a successful fanzine if you look at it from the right viewpoint; I'd never considered the possibility that the editor might be searching for the Ultimate Crudzine. That enlarges my appreciation of several zines and their editors... .

Darroll Pardoe, if you're still OMPA Treasurer and it folds -- which I certainly hope it doesn't -- without the membership declaring a use for leftover funds, I suggest they could be donated to TAFF. Patrick, it might be useful to append addresses to LoCs, in case someone wants to communicate directly with one of the writers. (I'd like to comment to Brad Parks on his choice of title for his new zine, PROFANE...)

012276

DON-O-SAUR 44 (Don C. Thompson, 7498 Canosa Ct., Westminster, CO 80030. Available for The Usual or 35¢, 6/\$2, 12/\$3.50. FE76 S C 32 0)

I have said elsewhere that Don (C.) Thompson deserves the Hugo for Best Fan Writer. This issue of DON-O-SAUR -- as others before it -- is more supporting evidence for the statement. It isn't Didactic writing, or Controversial, or Clever! writing -- it's Expository, where the Exposition is of a Person. It shows Who, What, and Where (and sometimes When) Don Thompson is. And it makes the reader -- or at least this reader care to know the things it shows.

Subjects this time include a history of the DASFA Xmas Party; musical tastes; friends and love. I've read all of them. I reiterate my opinion of who deserves the Best Writer Hugo. And I sit here with this horrid feeling of inadequate ability to communicate, engendered by the fact that when I get a chance to actually talk to Don Thompson, all I can talk about is fanzines and conventions and such...

The letters discuss death in general and in specific; the sex-and-sin concept; and facets of Don's Aussiecon report from #43. Of the first I have nothing to say -- I'm a thanatophobe and have found no way to dispose of the problem. Of the second, I can only say that I've never equated the two parts -- mostly because I don't really believe in the latter part.

Theconrep: someone has compared Don's exposition on walking cities in the night to Bradbury's "The Pedestrian," but I would not agree with the comparison. The "eerie" feeling Don describes is not one of menace -- not if it's akin to the feeling I've got myself when walking L.A. at night. It's more like that Pauline Palmer mentions: that any moment you will look around and find you've switched worlds or dimensions.

Harry Warner wonders whether I can "think dispassionately of the people who went on that charter flight" since they seem to be "doing their best to sabotage (my) fanzine binding practice." Truthfully, I can't think of them dispassionately, Harry, but not for that reason: I feel too close to a lot of them. (There are only two I would have wished ejected over the Pacific, though there are others I don't yet know well enough to say whether I'd like to know them better.) As for the fanzine binding problems, I can bind in envelopes with the zines they contain if I consider it advisable, and the 20-year span between issues of LE ZOMBIE would be a problem only if I'd already bound the file, which I haven't.

Moshe Feder talks about the FAAn Awards, which is nice because it's the only thing I've heard about the prospective second year of the awards. Isn't someone going to circulate ballots for nomination, or are they only available on request to you with a SASE, Moshe?

#####

PHOSPHENE 3 (Gil Gaier, 1016 Beech Ave., Torrance, CA 90501. Available for The Usual or 3/\$1.00.) JA76 s 0 32 0

This issue features mostly reviews and conversations. The former are relatively informative: primarily Don Keller on the DeCamp S F Handbook, but also Gil and the pseudonymous-sounding Bear Idman on fanzines. The conversations are more interesting to me: they are between Gil and the readers, and include a kaleidoscope of personality-snippets that help one put together the person behind them.

There are also poems by Gil. I never feel competent to criticize poetry -- one either sees the images the poet wordpaints, or one doesn't. But I'd suggest a few suggestions, mostly from the view of a verssmith: (1) use of definite meter and rhyme scheme ("Perspective") requires almost finicky attention to accuracy, and sometimes leads to an unfortunate tendency to substitute almost-right words that fit the scheme for the completely-right ones that don't fit. (2) illustrations can ruin an poem's image -- if "Farwell Desdemona" is serious, the comic-book caricatured pseudo-Conan in the illustration wrecks it.

#####

SCIENTIFRICTION 4 (Mike Glycer, 14974 Osceola St, Sylmar, CA 91342. Sample copy
25¢; otherwise, The Usual.) JA76 S M 90 4

Of first interest (to me, of course -- why do you ask?) is Dave Rowe's Menagerie Scoreboard of who belongs to which British ingroup -- Gannets, Kittens, Rats, Turkeys... . Now, Glycer, get someone to write up a similar set of name origins!

Someone should tell Larry Downes that SMOFFing is not a function of fanzine fans. (Or, since he claims the definition comes from Leah Zeldes Library of Hyperfanac, someone should tell Leah.) SMOFFing is any discussion among convention fans that other fans wouldn't understand. Fanzine fans are permitted to join in only if they are also convention fans (and not merely convention attendees).

I like the lovely typo of people on the KaCeyCon Committee believing "wholeheartedly" in the need for a hardcover program book. Or maybe it wasn't a typo... .

Beyond the letters, there is "Sear Roebuck & Co. Follies of 1908" -- cartoons using pictures of items from that year's catalog -- of which the successfully funny ones are those which both show what the item was to begin with and illustrate the use to which it seems the item might well be put.

Joe Sanders writes again on "Stf In Academe," pointing out that fans have to tell librarians what to buy in the SF field so that those with limited budgets (i.e., almost all of them) can get a collection representative of what is good SF. I'd be interested in his opinion of whether such review media as DELAP'S F & SF REVIEW can serve this purpose. After all, that's why SF&SFR was started.

Yes, some people do read page liners, Glycer. I do. I don't claim to understand all of them, but I read them. Then again, I don't claim to understand other things in this issue, either -- Inouye's fiction, Townley's article, one of the two Shall cartoon pages, or why you liked about half a dozen illos enough to run them. I can, of course, pass over the first three, and the last is none of my business.

Amusing that Paul Walker has "suffered a surfeit of seriousness in s f" -- isn't he the guy who did/does those ultra-serious interview bits for Connor et al?

Reviews are of little or no use to me except perhaps as entertainment in their own right (which generally means I am not interested in either the Quicky Review or the Scholarly Treatise, but read one or two medium-size reviews of a particular reviewer until I can decide whether hiser writing is likely to be entertaining enough to read others). And discussions of reviewing and/or reviews are of even less interest. Result: a fairly large amount of SCIENTIFRITION 4 is lost on me -- especially the lettercol. Maybe you ought to go to more cons... .

#

INFERNO 10 (Skel & Cas Skelton, 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire
SK2 5NW, UK) DE75 I M 46 2 (Available for The Usual only.)

As I haven't yet discovered how to transcribe various fits of laughter ranging from chuckles to snickers -- and chocolatecomer remarks are hereby barred -- I shall just note my definite appreciation of the humor and of INFERNO in general, and give you the list of west-bound TAFF winners you request:

'55: Ken Bulmer	'66: Tom Schlück	Until Moffatts published their
'58: Ron Bennett	'69: Eddie Jones	report (from their 1973 TAFF
'60: Eric Bentcliffe	'71: Mario Bosnyak	trip), the east-bound TAFF win-
'62: Ethel Lindsay	'74: Pete Weston	ners were the worst non-report
'64: ATom		writers, with no reports since
		1961, but it's now the west-

bound that are the longest-string culprits, with no reports since ATOM. Has anything been said definitely as to whether there will be a Weston TAFF Report?

#

DEVLIN'S REVIEWED, or,
the BUCK STOPPED HERE
BY MILT STEVENS (WITH additions
by BEP)

I met a man who went to Oregon for a kick;
He chuckled when I did not understand.
Then he showed off some Geiszines, lithoed and slick --
He said they were the best in all the land.

CHO:

And I said No, no, no, no, I don't read 'em no more --
I am tired of putting up with a bore.
No thank you please, they're just a vile disease,
And such an awful clutter on the floor.

I know a man who spent some time in Hagerstown's scenes;
He chuckled when I did not understand.
He kept a file of Warner's FAPA-type zines --
He said they were the best in all the land.

A girl I know wears homemade pointy ears, rather crude --
She chuckled when I did not understand.
All of her zines showed Mr. Spock in the nude --
She said they were the best in all the land.

There is a man who sees each S F movie in town;
He chuckled when I did not understand.
He does reviewzines putting all of them down --
He **says** they are the best in all the land.

The kid next door knows everything on comics by heart;
He chuckled when I did not understand.
He does a monthly mag with all his own art --
He says it is the best in all the land.

The local club is raucous, weird, and good for a laugh --
They chuckled when I did not understand.
Their weekly APA weighed five pounds and a half --
They said it was the best in all the land.

CHO:

And I said, No, no, no, no, I don't read 'em no more --
I am tired of putting up with a bore.
No thank you please, they're just a vile disease,
And such an awful clutter on the floor.

[tune: "The No-No Song" (Hoyt Axton)]

BLESSINGS

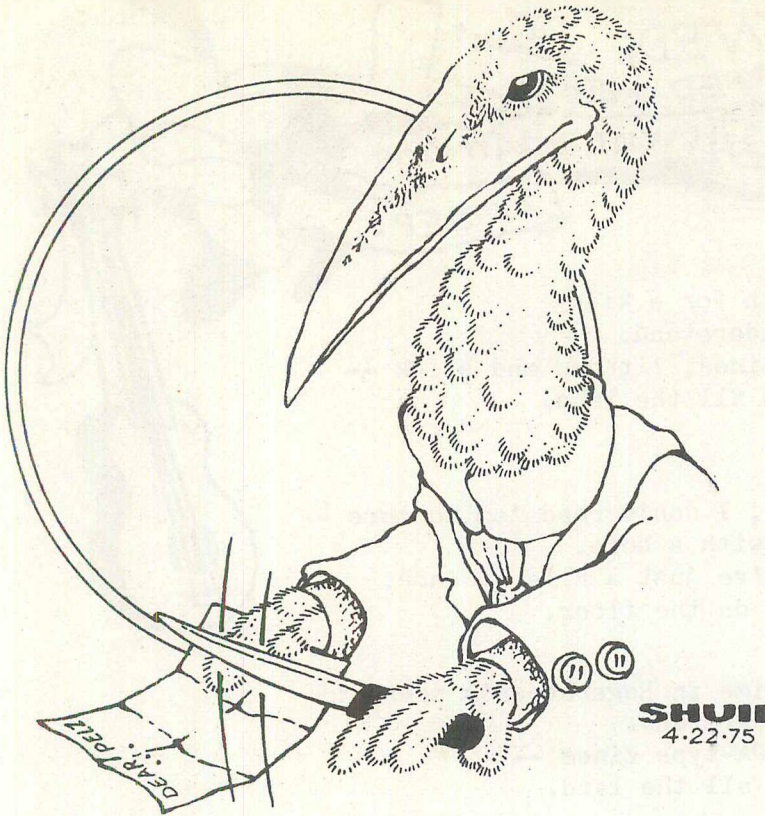
AND

CURSES

ALAN BOSTICK

9 July 1975

Your title for your LepreCon report seems obscure to me. It baffled me to search for a connection between the island of Molokai in the Hawaiian Islands and a con in Arizona. Then it came to me that you were referring to the leper colony on Molokai way back when. I would be surprised if many of your readers understand the joke. I personally don't associate Molokai with leper colonies; my three year stint in a boarding school in Hawaii left me with the impression of Molokai as a place where the finest quality marijuana in the U.S.A. can be grown, although here on the mainland everybody seems to be ignorant of this source of the weed. [I gather there is no longer a leper colony on Molokai? Tsk. Basing a gag on outdated information has got to be a faux pas of relatively high order...BEP] ...7656 Dumosa Ave., Yucca Valley, CA 92284



SAM LONG

9 July 1975

I knew it was only a matter of time before computers hit the fanzine scene. But take care of your card decks...when I was in college, a friend of mine slipped some cards into another fellow's deck such that the computer printed out FUCK YOU five hundred times, right in the middle of the program, And I'm sure even PROFANITY would not like such a thing to happen to it.

Your Leprecon report was interesting, altho I was of course somewhat lost, since I've never been to a Leprecon before -- nor even to a gathering of Jewish elves: a leprecohen. Still, it wounded like a right good time. SPASM would not be very impressed by the shopping malls around this area. Only one has a bookshop and/or a cheese shop, and neither one of them is all that great.

I remember that "Last & First Fen" tapera. I listened to it at Eric Bentcliffe's house after Easter. Highly fannish...but I suppose if we were to do something like that nowadays we'd have to use video tape. The mind boggles a bit, but it's perfectly feasible.

Don D'Amassa might be interested to know that there is a bird called Harlan's Hawk (Buteo harlani), found in the Great Plains. It preys on rabbits and chipmunks, says my bird book.

[Since the fanzine listing is straight line-printing right now, there's no way someone could interfere with a program and make the listing print out 500 FUCK YOU's. What I'm worrying about is when I get to the zines in the APA mailings, and the listing begins yelling "NO TIME" almost 500 times (in Russian), and "RADIOACTIVE RADISHES" more than 500 times (in Spanish). That's the problem with APA L zines... . (£) Not even the con committee had been to a LepreCon before, so you started even with every-

BLESSINGS AND CURSES - p.2

one else. Now, of course, we're one ahead of you... . (\$) I like the idea of doing a Video-Tapera along the lines of "Last & First Fen." One of the LASFS crew -- Greg Chalfin -- has a videotaping outfit, and took an incredible lot of footage of Westercon, though I have yet to see any of the results. Maybe he might be amenable to filming such a project...BEP/ ...Box 4696, Patrick AFB, FL 32925

* * * * *

PAULINE PALMER

9 July 1975

Mall subfandom, arise and conquer! Imagine: regional SPASM organizations with club zines carrying local mall ratings, mall trip reports, mall reviews/critiques, and perhaps even faanish Mhall of Fame awards!

(Speaking of SPASM, acronyms are fun, and I recently came across one that was new to me and I found quite amusing: did you know there was an organization for arbitrators, mediators and fact-finders in labor relations and other fields? It's called the Society for Professionals in Dispute Resolution, otherwise pronounced SPIDR...)

Gad, what an awful thought. that berry-flavored drinks might be the most popular. Clearly Fred Patten has come to the wrong conclusion, obviously while under the influence of *gag* Black Cherry. As for root beer, which is not my favorite -- colas are the drink of the ghods -- we have an annual wine, cheese and home-baked bread tasting party, and home-made Hires root beer has been our all-time soft drink winner.

/SPASM -- the Society for the Promotion and Appreciation of Shopping Malls (for those who didn't get #10 or are too lazy to check back -- will get under way as soon as its originator, Elayne, manages to stay home long enough from her shop-tours and get the forms & stationery done. Schirm has finished the heading, even. ...BEP/ ...2510 48th, Bellingham, WA 98225

* * * * *

DON D'AMMASSA

17 July 1975

I'm not overly fond of Dennis Wheatley either. The Duke de Richleau appears in at least one of the supernatural novels, and I've read that, but I've so far avoided reading the historical novels, spy novels, and whatever. I have copies of them though, and suspect that sooner or later I'll have to sit down and read them.

Out of curiosity, I sat down and did a rough calculation of the linear feet of books I own. 12,000 at an average of slightly under one inch comes to approximately 1000 feet. Not that they're all on shelves yet. No matter how fast I build/buy shelves, I'm always about six months behind. On the other hand, I only have about 25 feet of fanzines. ... 19 Angell Dr., E. Providence, RI 02914

/What bothers me is that I can't seem to gain on the unread stack of books. I tear through at least half a dozen a week, but I seem to buy at least that many and usually more. And right at the front, where it has been sitting for more than two years now, is Farmer's Other Log of Phileas Fogg, which is half-read and likely to remain so for another two years. I can finish Lin Carter anthologies, John Norman novels, ~~Bruce Townley fanzines~~, and even Kirby Carr mysteries, but I can't bring myself to pick that Farmer book up again...BEP/

* * * * *

TIM C. MARION

17 July 1975

I agree with Glicksohn - S een's FPR is virtually useless. Such things as Sween's thing, Keith Walker's FANZINE FANATIQUE and Ethel Lindsay's fanzines, where everyone tries to come out with The definitive fanzine about fanzines, gives me nightmares about a fandom where everyone is publishing a fanzine that reviews all the other fanzines. Can you see what I mean? Not that I think it is all that possible, but it's

BLESSINGS AND CURSES - p.3

just that so many people seem to be coming out with indexes of fanzines. Sween tries in many ways to organize fandom. And perhaps there is some usefulness in such an aim, but fandom is just too much fun as it is...unorganized. Anarchy for all!

I agree with Fred Patten that too many neos are starting their own apas rather than coordinating a bit more, but I think that applies much more these days than in the mid-60's. The following apas from the 60's are still in existence, to answer Fred's question: APA 45, APA-L, CAPA-alpha, and possibly ValAPA. There probably are several more, but I don't have information on them. I think the 60's needed the apa boom, but the 70's do not (yeah, I should talk, even though all four apas I'm in started in the 70's, and one of them I even founded).

I was talking with a friend recently about why so many people want to start new apas rather than joining those already in existence whose memberships are not quite full, and the general conclusion we came to was that an apa represents an in-group, even if the membership is generally open. Therefore, rather than feeling as if the neo should barge in on this in-group, he instead sets out to start his own in-group. The result: too many unhealthy apas, allowing for the amount of apa members to be divided out among all the apas.

...614 72nd St., Newport News, VA 23605

/I think you have to look at the fanzine-fanzines individually, from the point of view of what each editor is trying to do. Roger Sween is trying to make available an actual index of fanzine contents, by author and title, so that one can look up just where that article by Fred Grumph -- the one on Amateurism in SFWA -- was published. It would be better if a subject approach were also available, but the author and title approach takes such a hell of a long time in the first place, and doing a subject approach would take twice as long. Ethel Lindsay's HAVERINGS, presently reduced to a column in SCOTTISHE, her genzine, is mostly just a record of receipt plus acknowledgement. It can be used by other fans for adding possible trades to their mailing lists. Keith Walker has the same sort of mailing-list approach, but his articles attack the 'how-to' side of fanzine publishing. And Rosemary Pardoe's WARK features fanzine history material. None of these are particularly stepping on the others' intentions, and I don't really see that they constitute a majority trend or anything. (If you want to see a majority trend, try counting the book review zines!)...BEP/

* * * * *

DAVID GINSBURG

19 July 1975

I see from the American Library Assn. program that you led the discussion group on SF collection development. I'm sorry I had to pass that meeting up in order to attend the one on Popular Music. I was the only "fan" amongst all the other professional librarians, and I must admit that in general I was disappointed in their lack of knowledge of the field they were collecting in. There was one woman from Calif. State Univ. at Northridge who is doing very good work in jazz, and Richard Partlow (who led the discussion) from LA Public is doing a good job of collecting rock ephemera, such as promo biographies and proofs of album cover art. But aside from that, the others apparently don't know much about popular music. They were all ignorant of rock fanzines. But, I'm glad to say, that when I brought the matter up, they were very interested. I'm going to prepare a list of rock fanzines for Partlow.

I'm doing a project for my class ("Library and Information Service Policy") on analyzing library collection policies regarding material of a "popular nature, namely SF and popular music. The problem is, where are researchers (of today, and especially of tomorrow, when a field such as rock music is more acceptable in the academic world) going to find their materials? I know there are libraries that collect SF fanzines (e.g., Toronto Public). But aside from the obvious fanzines (e.g., EXTRAPOLATION, LUNA, RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, etc.), I don't find anything else listed in New Serials Titles. If a library's holdings are not listed, they are just as inaccessible as if

... 1733A Francisco, Berkeley, CA 94703

UCLA has a reasonable collection of SF, having purchased a large collection of it ten years or so ago from one Jack Nitka of the East Coast. (His secondary collection, I understand, but \$5K worth at that. The collection is housed in the restricted Special Collections Dept., but at least it is now available -- it took them until about two years ago to get it uncrated and checklisted against Bleiler. They will collect fanzines if given to them, but there is really no one in Special Collections that knows anything about fanzines, so they have to be told all about any such gifts. The Library does subscribe to SFR, and displays it in the Periodicals Room. If there were some way I could get transferred to Special Collections, I could probably build a collection for them without difficulty. (Back in 1962-4, Steve Schultheis was appointed "Honorary Curator of the Science Fiction Collection," and spent two half-days per week working on the collection, travelling down from the Univ. of Calif. at Santa Barbara on the intercampus bus. He sent out requests for fanzines, and did receive some, so there is a base for a collection, but the administration was and is not interested enough to fund a specialty curator since those days. And there's no way they're going to pay someone who is at the top of the Associate Librarian scale -- me -- to do such things. Pity.

...BEP7

JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON

As you probably know, I didn't make Westercon, so you luck out on the first well-written con report that almost was. I went into the hospital a couple weeks prior to the convention, and had broken up with that married guy who was supposed to foot the travelling expenses anyway. I won't detail the downward ride in regard to my adventures into heterosexuality -- suffice to say from now on I stick to dyke-ism. Although that hurts too, Just broke up with a fantastic, tall, beautiful amazon goddess after only two weeks of passion. I'm really down right now. You hear stories about

how lesbian relationships "last" but I'm not seeing much of it. The problem is this: in hetero relationships, most women have one lover, a guy, and lots of girl friends who are straight, so there's no pressure to compare with gay women, whose friends and lover are the same sex, and everybody is out to mess up everybody's monogamous intentions. A butchy "friend" named Carla took my amazon goddess away. I could kill her. Ah, but tonight the psychology teacher I used to date is coming over, probably to strike up a renewal, plus I've met this really sweet lady who has a brown belt in judo. So the pain will pass, and come again, and pass. Life is an alternating stack of bummers and happinesses.

I do miss getting my rent paid, though. (Although that wasn't the only reason I was sleeping with a guy for once. I did it cuz it was the only way I could keep in contact, even indirectly, with his wife, whom I still do pine for.) Right now, I'm so broke I can't even leave the house; no gas in the vee-dub. Blew my last quarter last night on a pool table -- but I got four games out of it, and was hoping to run the table all night, but alas someone who really knew how to play finally challenged me and wiped me out on that fourth game.

Quick editorial: A band of straight freak-oes is going around attacking, raping and/or beating lesbian women in Seattle. Descriptions of the men and their yellow van indicate positively that these assaults are by a regular group, but Seattle police insist they lack the manpower to put an agent on this problem. Yet twelve plainclothed beer-guzzling undercover cops recently busted three lesbian women for nude sunbathing (nude straights on the same beach were not harassed.) Why, in a very liberal Northwest, does it take four agents per lesbian to make arrests on victimless crimes, when they are too undermanned to find one agent to stop rapes and beatings? I am now volunteer on a special assault and molestation hotline for sexual minorities, and we're gathering information (we believe we have the Yellow Van's licence number) to bring this to court without the police helping. I'll also be at the trial of the three women arrested for exposing their boobs.

We have a mayor and city council and several representatives who support sexual minorities and our causes. But this state reflects too much the redneck attitude of Senator Jackson despite the efforts of smaller and local officials. Jackson was involved (probably unfairly) in a homosexual scandal, and has overreacted ever since with borderline persecution and indifference. If he's ever elected President, there'll be four or eight years of puritanical backward hell for anyone who wants to try anything but a hetero missionary position.

...Box 89517, Zenith, WA 98188
DEN INDIAN

BEN INDICK

25 July

...LUSTRUM...??? Is that a true word? It not only represents Lee Hoffman's pubbing schedule, but my love-making schedule. (Damn, "X" stuff again...what AM I coming to? Drat, getting in deeper. Double drat...I'm quitting right here.)

Only an hour from my northern NJ home are the Brotherhood Wineries, N.Y. They offer a tour (very brief) and free samples. They make some loot charging for parking if one comes after noon, but it's worth it. Their wines are not widely known, and they also make loot selling on the premises. They are not really in the league with NY's Taylor wines. Taylor is in the Finger Lakes region, one of NY State's loveliest areas. ...428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck, NJ 07666

11-420 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck, NJ 07666

The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language lists "lustrum" as "a period of five years," so it seems reasonable to argue the existence of "lustrum-ly" by analogy with "yearly" and "monthly." ## My thanks for the winery info, which I shall hope to utilize next time I get in the NJ area (where I have various relatives)...BEP/

$\frac{7}{17}$ #

KEN JOSEPHANS

3 August

It's kind of nice for the neofaned (me) to realize that someone out there is actually saving my works, crudzines thought they might be. (Geis, I believe, wrote that he was using fanzines for fuel.) About how many fanzine collectors are there? I will certainly keep you in mind if I ever have to cut the size of my collection.

A slightly morbid thought: have you provided for your fanzine collection in your will? Bob Tucker's mention of Harold Piser and his ill-fated fanzine index came to mind when I read about your indexing efforts. Too often what may be a valuable collection is simple wastepaper to non-fans.

Why doesn't California have regional conventions? Doesn't make sense to me here on the east coast, since there are certainly enough fans. Nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ of my mailing list (after removing my local friends) lives in CA.

I loved Marc Schirmeister's cover. Has he done any cartooning or comics work?

... 7602 Vicar Pl., New Carrollton, MD 20784

[It's difficult to say how many fanzine collectors there are, if you mean Completists. Besides myself, there is Ron Graham of Sydney, who buys up zines by the boxload at most any opportunity, and has a fantastic well-ordered library. I'm sure Forry Ackerman will take any and all fanzines for his collection, but he doesn't have the time to make much of an effort to round them up. Kevin Dillon and Doug Nicholson are other Australian collectors who might lay claim to Completism. Maybe we should start a Society... ## The problem of what to do with a fanzine collection in one's will is complicated: just who in the hell can be counted on to preserve and continue the collection? A University Library? Ha! A well-established fan club? Ha! again. Best bet is probably some other Completist -- and, as I mentioned, they're not too numerous... ## The loss of the Piser bibliography is a very sore point with me, by the way. When I met him in 1966, Piser mentioned that he had made arrangements to see that the bibliography materials would go to me if anything happened to him. Apparently those arrangements were a bit less than foolproof -- or mundaneproof, anyway.

Califans are mostly centered in the San Francisco and Los Angeles metro areas, with a few other enclaves such as Sacramento and San Diego. I can not speak at all for the other areas (and maybe shouldn't try to speak for L.A.), but in the LArea the lack of regional cons has been due to: (1) frequent control of the Westercon; (2) diverting of energies that would go to put on such cons into running LASFS, or other strictly local activities, or -- occasionally -- putting our fanzines; and (3) some factionization: the Trek and Film Fans have Equicon/Filmcon each year, the Comics Fans have the San Diego Comicon in July, and the Medievalists have had MedievalCon. The Mythopoeic Soc. puts on Mythcon, too (which was combined with Westercon in 1972, to hardly anyone's satisfaction.) There was also an abortive attempt to start regionals in 1970/71 with SFCon '70 in San Francisco, and PresiCon in L.A.. The former was a success, but an attempt to continue it with a film-centered con was a financial flop. The latter, aimed for the February Presidents' Day weekend, was simply a flop. (It was my fault for a good deal, since I didn't get out publicity on it; I was Co-Chair of the thing.) ## We are now trying again in the LArea. "L.A. 2000" in December 1975, based on the 2000th meeting of the LASFS, was a modest success, and an attempt will be made to have another LASFSCon this October, and then yet another in February 1977, with different committees, but both LASFS-sponsored.

As far as I know, Schirm hasn't done any professional cartooning or comics work...BEP/

The Things One Hears At Petard Meetings:

"I understand the Polacks are getting into Organized Crime -- we found two men in the alley with their heads tied together and a bullet through both of their hands."
(MS)

PETER ROBERTS

11 Aug. 1975

I daresay you've already received several letters calling you a fool, loon, or rather silly person for your attempt at computer-cataloging the Pelz Fanzine Collection. If that's the case, let me spring to your defence (Ok, Ok, "let me stagger to your defence.") It's a fine idea and I wish the project every success. Personally, I'd go to great lengths to avoid using a computer; but that's merely an atavistic antipathy inherited from some long-forgotten Luddite ancestor -- combined with some current horrors from the traumatic experience of "computerizing" the British Library catalogue (yes, yes - another fannish librarian).

Anyway, I've been toying with a couple of ideas recently: 1) that I should become a fanzine collector, and 2) that I should catalogue, index, or at least list the fanzines I already possess. The first idea needs a little explanation: I already have quite a few fanzines around the place (some here in London, others, unfortunately, stored away in Devon); but I've always fondly looked upon them as a 'library' rather than a 'collection.' The difference? Well, I've only kept fanzines which I've liked or wanted for reference - others I've sold off or given away. Lately I've felt that old collecting urge, however, and I now wish I'd kept them all. One of the reasons for this is the second idea, namely the indexing of the fanzines. I've also discovered that it's impossible to say definitely that you'll never want to refer to such-and-such a fanzine again.

A computer would help, I must admit, though the first requirement is simple energy. Perhaps when I finally find a decent place to live and get all my possessions together... For the moment, I just sit around thinking about it. By the way, do you intend to make your catalogue available in some form? It's certain to be of interest and undoubtedly of use to many other fanzine freaks. I'm trying to find a copy of the Fanzine Index at present - I wish I'd bought the Piser reprint when it appeared, but, alas, I was only a neofan then. Now, burdened by the fannish years, I grow blind and irritated whilst sorting through an unholy mess of FIDOs and other antiquities. Heigh ho.

Incidentally, if you ever sort out any duplicates, I have a bunch of fanzines I'd always prefer to exchange rather than sell: various odds and ends from about 1938 onwards. I keep meaning to circulate a list - Real Soon Now...

Regarding the possible rescue of OMPA, I doubt whether it's feasible at this late stage. The APA fell to such an abysmal low a couple of years ago that few people want to be associated with it. When the ROMPA idea was going around, I suggested that the potential members of the new APA should all join OMPA en masse; at that stage the elder group had less than a dozen members. Such an influx would have amounted to a much-needed takeover - with new blood, revised (sensibly revised) rules, and new officers, OMPA might have been resurrected. But the idea only attracted a few supporters and so ROMPA went ahead (with little success, unfortunately). The reason for rejecting the Roberts takeover plan was simply that many UK faneds wanted no connexion with OMPA. How are the mighty fallen &c...

I saw an interview with a bloke on TV recently who had a phobia about leaves. The poor bugger got scared stiff in summertime. It was all quite genuine, part of a programme on medical research. The interview itself was on the edge of the absurd, however - even the victim was grinning when he recounted a particularly unpleasant incident with a rhubarb leaf. Personally, I'm petrified of heights; I was made to climb the Avon Gorge (about 250 ft.) at school - I don't remember much about it, except that I was lucky to survive. It was a damn silly thing to make anyone do. I'd had to be rescued by a master on an earlier climb after I'd become paralyzed with fear - quite literally, I was just clinging on and couldn't move a muscle. So much for facing a phobia: it's pretty well impossible if you react physically - dizziness, for example - in a potentially dangerous situation.

... 6 Westbourne Park Villas, London W2

CREATH THORNE

15 August 1975

I've been taking book-binding lessons, and thus was interested in your editorial on bound fanzines. I suppose you've found the only practical way to handle things if you're dealing with large numbers of fanzines -- it would take literally thousands of hours to hand-bind 181 volumes of fmz. On the other hand, if one is dealing with a smaller number of fanzines (say, all the fanzines that have come from one's own personal press) one can do things in hand-binding that the commercial bindery can't. I'm going to bind my own fanzines (they make about a two-inch stack). I'll let you know how things turn out if you're interested.

-- 806 E. 58th St., Chicago IL 60637

[I'm interested. I've also changed binderys since doing the editorial in PROF 9. Last year, having taken a long series of lessons in binding from an expert, Chuck and Dian Crayne started their pwn bindery as a sort of hobby business, and offered to bind fanzines for \$5 a volume. As the most recent shipment from my bindery in Florida was screwed up several ways, I switched to the much more convenient -- and at least equally inexpensive if not better priced -- Crayne Bindery. They've done two volumes of fanzines and one of comics for me so far -- as one is finished, I trade another for it. And there is another possible source of binding in the not-too-distant future: in January, Elayne started taking binding lessons through the UCLA Extension Division, together with Alan Frisbie (a local con & club fan). It's a course you can continue to take as many times as you're willing to pay \$60 for 12 sessions, and she's signed up for a second go-around. She's got ideas of getting the necessary equipment...]

HARRY WARNER

23 Sept.

Your computerized fanzine collection index is astonishing. I should think that it has an excellent chance to start a computer behaving like a real entity, like the one in The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress, because of all the nostalgia inherent in the titles and editors' names. The only possible way I can see for improving this involves your size code, which must be hard to remember and doesn't cover all possible cases. Maybe you could have done it numerically, representing each format by the number of square inches represented in the page size, enabling its extension to any newly invented format. I seem to remember Pierre Versins publishing fanzines about ten years ago in a format you haven't covered, for instance. Of course, there is no way you'll ever get a system to cover every situation. Mae Strelkov alone could send an indexer into a ten-year tizzy, for her habit of custom-collating some issues so individual recipients would receive parts of it they would particularly like.

I've never thrown away a fanzine. I haven't even sold one since the last issue of SPACEWAYS was published in 1942 (and just the other day, I got a letter from a neo-fan asking how he can subscribe to it). The closest I ever came to heresy was the time I threw out a couple of Ken Slater's catalogs. I realized within hours that I shouldn't have done it, and eventually my remorse became so severe that I stopped placing orders with him, feeling I'd wronged him too severely to expect him to continue serving me.

In case you didn't get a reply from Michael Showmaker or anyone else to your query, I'm pretty sure that PATC is mostly Appalachian Trail Club. The Appalachian Trail, which runs from Maine through Georgia, has lots of volunteer organizations working to keep it from being exploited in the wrong way, to prevent nature from making things too hard for hikers, and so forth.

The only phobia I've ever bothered to try to fight is my fear of heights. I've made enough progress over the years to be comfortable in any situation I'm likely to encounter. When I was a boy, I would get giddy if I stood for any length of time at the top of a flight of stairs, and I didn't dare get close to windows above the

second or third floor of a building. Now I can even go up exterior stairways without any worse reaction than a moist palm.

... 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, MD 21740

[The Size indicator in the Fanzine Bibliography -- I've stopped calling it an Index, as it makes no claim to treat of the contents of fanzines -- is probably quite unimportant (as is the Repro indicator). The only use I can think of is to give someone an idea of what sort of shape/size he's looking for. Certain sizes are too small overall to be filed with the main batch, others may be small enough in one dimension to file with the $\frac{1}{2}$ -size stuff, but too big in another -- such as the Versins zines (FFM, F&SF), which are approximately $4\frac{1}{4} \times 11$ -- Standard halved vertically. My list uses a 'G' indicator. ## As for Mae Strelkov's zines, I am filing the lot under 'TONG,' and will worry about problems when I get that far.]

I've only thrown away one fanzine -- and then I threw away two editions of it. But that's another story, and there's no real point in telling it to put down the editrix.]

JEFF MAY

6 November 1975

To my knowledge, KC did not plan to leak the name of its GoH at Discon. Frankly, many of us felt we had won already and didn't need to leak a Big Name to win. I have not heard anyone admit to leaking the word, but I wouldn't swear that it couldn't happen. The word might have gotten out because somebody couldn't keep his mouth shut, but I don't think it was deliberate.

The objections to inviting Heinlein as GoH that were mentioned in PROF all came up during the meeting of the bidding committee at which it was decided to ask him. The reasons we chose him, as I recall, were 3: first, his writing was liked by members of the committee. Second, he has close ties to KC. Third, he had said, so we heard, that a KC worldcon was the only future worldcon he would ever want to attend. We could think of no writer who would be more appropriate as GoH for a Kansas City worldcon.

Do you collect fanzines and index them incidental to the collecting, or do you collect the zines so you can index them? I am vain enough to want to see at least some of my efforts listed in a fanzine index if such is ever compiled for the 1970's. If you would like to get them for your indexing I am willing to look around and see what is available from my files. Also, do you want data on zines which are unavailable? Two of mine are so completely gone that I have 1 copy of each. I can send such info as medium of repro, page count, blank pages, etc. if it is useful to you.

...Box 68, Liberty, MO 64068

[For the most part, I collect fanzines and index them incidental to collecting, but as a completist it is difficult to separate the two drives -- both lead to a desire to get every possible fanzine. Yes, thank you, I'd appreciate copies of any of your zines. (I have KCK 2-6 and BACKSIDE 1 that I know of.) As yet I am not collecting data on zines other than those in my collection, since the work involved in checklisting just my collecting is formidable enough that I fear to tackle the other angle at the same time -- that just might be the straw that broke the elephant's back and killed the project. Later, thanks.]

ALSO HEARD FROM:

Denny Bowden; Leigh Edmonds; Al Fitzpatrick; Eric Lindsay; Dennis Lien; and Cheryl Cline

SWEARING OFF

T.O.C. & LAST WORDS

Cover - Linda Miller

Swearing In -- editorial matter

Tower Trivia -- as should be obvious from the miniscule number of pages, the Fandiary dropped dead around the first of June, evaded two attempts to revive it in July and October. All the I-Told-You-So types can now Do Their Thing.

Fandom In the News Media -- the first two pages of reprints from various newspaper (etc.) articles on fandom. Contributions accepted, though I have enough for several more pages myself. For the Historians among us.

The Zircular Vile - another attempt to keep up with incoming fanzines, even if I don't have time to do them in Diary format or write locs on each.

Devlin's Reviewed, or the Buck Stopped Here -- by Milt Stevens (with some additions by the editor). This is a Genuine YANDRO Reject; Milt sent it to Buck first. Illo by Jim Shull.

Blessings and Curses -- letters. Illo by Jim Shull.

Swearing Off -- illo by Bill Rotsler.

Next time: a con report or two -- at least MileHiCon 7, maybe even Aussiecon. And I turned up some oddities, like the speech of a LASFS Fanquet honoree putting down the LASFS rather heavily; and a couple of reviews in rhyme by the late Charles R. Tanner.

CALIFORNIA ATTRACTIONS:

Mission Santa Theresia.

Mission Santa Theresia Reina de Las Putas, was founded in 1764 and is located near Tijuana on the American side of the border. A sect of nuns still living there is of special interest. Admission, 50¢ adults, 25¢ children. Open from 10 AM to 5 PM.

(Fillers from Out of the Way Attractions, by Gerard J. Dean, NAC, 1962)

