

LASFS TRADING CARD #1

ROY LAVENDER

1976 activity: conventions; meetings of The Petards

Previously active in Midwest Fandom. Co-editor: THE COMMIT-TEEMAN (1950-51)

LASFS TRADING CARD #2

BILL WARREN

1976 activity: LASFS (Director); conventions; APA L

Film addict; has more information films than almost any 3 other people can use. Briefly active in SAPS in early 70's.

LASFS TRADING CARD #3

DAVE LOCKE

1976 activity: meetings of The Petards; editor: AWRY; co-editor: SHAMBLES; FAPA; STOBCLER

Iconoclastic humorist. Previously co-editor: PELF, and editor of several titles he hopes everyone else forgot.

LASFS TRADING CARD #4

STAN WOOLSTON

1976 activity: meetings of The Petards; NFFF

President of NFFF for many years. Previously active in FAPA, N'APA. Letterpressman.

LASFS TRADING CARD #5

DIAN CRAYNE

1976 activity: FAPA; the Cult; SAPS; NivenCons

Previously active in L.A. convention fandom, SFPA, APA L. Artist.

LASFS TRADING CARD #6

JOHN FOYSTER

1976 activity: conventions; FAPA; ANZAPA; SAPS; co-editor: BOY'S OWN FANZINE

Previously editor: SATURA/GRYPHON (among others). ConCom member of various Australian cons. Spendthrift. Collector.

LASFS TRADING CARD #7

DEAN A. GRENNELL

1976 activity: meetings of The Petards; FAPA; columnist

Previously comprised Wisconsin Fandom, editing GRUE. Punster. (And Gunster.)

LASFS TRADING CARD #8

DON FITCH

1976 activity: meetings of The Petards; LASFS (Director); FAPA; SAPS

Originally a Japonophile, now an AmerIndophile. Previously active in APA L, the Cult, TAPS. Accumulator.

LASFS TRADING CARD #9

MILT STEVENS

1976 activity: LASFS (Chairman of the Board); meetings of The Petards; FAPA; APA L; conventions (concoms, bidding groups)

Previously editor: PASSING PARADE and co-editor: PREHENSILE. Cynic.

LASFS TRADING CARD #10

LEN MOFFATT

1976 activity: LASFS (Director); FAPA; meetings of The Petards; conventions (concoms, bidding groups); co-editor: JDM BIBLIOPHILE

Previously editor: SCIENCE FICTION PARADE (1957-58)

LASFS TRADING CARD #11

AL LEWIS

1976 activity: meetings of The Petards

Previously active in LASFS (Uninc.), NFFF, SAPS, N'APA. Editor: SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES (1959-62)

LASFS TRADING CARD #12

LARRY SHAW

1976 activity: meetings of The Petards; Boucher-cons (concom)

Previously active in NY fandom (Grand Old Man of Futurians). Editor: NEBULA (early 40's); co-editor: AXE (1961-63). Previously active FAPA.

June 1976

IncuNebulous Publication 1123.

Published by Bruce Pelz
at 15931 Kalisher St.
in Granada Hills
California 91344

Available for trade, contribution, or comment; sample copy 25¢. Subscriptions refused (and subscription funds impounded). Vosh rikki dosh...

Swearing In EDITORIAL

AND THE SEASONS, THEY GO 'ROUND AND 'ROUND... I have discoursed before on the why of my publishing, but it might be useful to mention a few things about the what. I am fairly certain most readers regard this zine as, at best, a potpourri of unrelated gunk.

There are things I publish because I want to share them with others. To a degree, everything in the zine comes under that heading, but there are some things that I would probably drag out and thrust under the noses of visitors and maybe even casual acquaintances because I think they'd like them. (A good for-instance: Linda's cartoons, which have already delighted some of my coworkers at UCLA.) These are the ones I have in mind for this category.

Then there are things I want to be able to find, myself, and so put them where I know I can find them. Things like the reproduced media articles. I hope others will have some interest in them, but they're published mostly for historical access.

The TOWER TRIVIA section -- which is back again, and I'll see how long I can keep it up this time -- is an exercise in Time-Binding...tying down events and ideas to a particular time. Again, I expect it is mostly for my own use, though I hope it

The letters are published to widen the base of my -- and your -- viewpoints on various subjects, and perhaps to provide some additional information that we will be interested in.

And I expect some things are published as a form of exhibitionism -- "see what I have/can do/am." But then, I also suspect that most personalzines are published as forms of exhibitionism.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY continues inexorably onward. As of 18 June it has reached INST, and is temporarily bogged down with the NESFA newsletter, INSTANT MESSAGE, which has far too many flyers circulated with it that don't appear anywhere else. (If they were generally circulated, I'd ignore their presence with IM and just do them as individual items, but this way they have to be cross-referenced to the IM with which they circulated.)

THE HUGO NOMINEES are announced, and if we didn't get rid of the Giant Circulation zines in the nomination phase (which we didn't), I doubt we'll be able to keep them from taking the awards again. But I suppose we might as well try -- if Big MAC ever gets the Ballots out. If you can be touted...

BEST FANZINE: OUTWORLDS, DONOSAUR, NO AWARD

BEST FAN WRITER: Thompson, Wood, D'Amassa, No Award

BEST FAN ARTIST: Canfield, Foglio, Kirk, Rotsler, Shull

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media

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The Zircular Vile -- a few brief fanzine reviews by, as usual, Ye Editor

* * * * *

NEXT TIME: another con report or two -- Midwestcon, maybe even Westercon. (Would someo
someone like to review SF EXPO-that-wou d-have-been? Or should we wait
and see whether it comes off this December as now planned?)
Has anyone else read enough Ruth Rendell to be able to critique her books
as a body of work?

Ought to be able to get #13 out by Big MAC, but I've learned not to promise
anything about publication dates... .

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

CALIFORNIA ATTRACTIONS: Institute of Scatology

Located at 6295 Lorca Drive in San Diego. Endowed in 1910, this school
conducts regular classes in blivet construction. Museum open from 10:00
to 3:00 p.m., grounds open from 10:00 to 4:30 p.m. Scatological paintings
in main hall of particular interest. Inquire at gate for special show
times and brochures.

P.O. Box 5384 Mission Hills CA 91345

Tower Trivia

29 May: One insanity easily breeds another, and today was apparently quite a breeding ground. I spent the first few hours getting a CB radio installed in the Ox. As I am myself entirely incompetent in matters mechanical and electrical, I had it done by a local CB shop -- a little hole-in-the-wall place that has to specialize in service to stay alive, since the discount stores can easily undersell them. I had bought the CB rig itself on sale from The Treasury, a discount branch of J.C. Penney's, a week ago, but I bought the antenna and slide-mount -- a 2-piece arrangement that allows you to take the rig out of the car when there's danger of ripoff -- from the hole-in-the-wall. The whole deal must have run about \$200 including the \$30 installation charge. The rig is a Midland 13-882C, which is supposed to be a fairly good one according to the Consumer Reports survey of the things -- at least as far as the middle-price range goes. If one gets into the \$400 range you can get a lot better, but I'm not that interested... yet.

I sent in for my class D license the first week in May, but I don't expect it to arrive until mid-June or later, so I can't legally transmit as yet. But I can listen to the other idiots. I can also investigate a rumor that it's legal to transmit on a temporary call sign -- K plus your initials plus your zip code -- as long as you have sent for the license. It sounds somewhat phony to me, but it would be useful. (I could look through the FCC code data and see what it says, but as I also ordered that at the same time I ordered the license -- May 6 -- it won't be here for several weeks either. I've ordered stuff from the U.S. Superintendent of Documents professionally, and they take 6 weeks to three months.)

At any rate, I now have an antenna sticking through the roof of the van and a new toy that mostly makes squawking noises at me. I expect it will be of more use -- and even more interest -- on a cross-country drive, such as the one to Big MAC. By that time the fool license -- you may capitalize both words if you choose -- ought to be here, and the Elephant will be on the air. Hmmm... wonder if I ought to use "Dumbo" for a handle? It's a reasonable suggestion for an elephant on the air.

When I got home from having the rig installed, Elayne chivvied me into driving over to the animal shelter to look at kittens. Two of our cats -- the white ones, Flopsy and Mopsy, disappeared over the last several months. We'd checked both the animal shelters in the San Inverno Valley, but no luck. (Actually, we only checked after the second disappeared, about two months after the first, to verify our idea that someone may have picked them up. Mopsy wasn't in the shelters when we checked about four days after the disappearance, and they always keep animals a week, so we assume our idea is indeed verified. The other possibility is that they got hit by cars far away from here so we wouldn't find out about it, but in that case there's nothing to be done, so we generally refused to worry about it.) So, after a reasonable amount of time waiting to see if the wandered might return, we went looking for replacements.

We looked over the collection of felines available for adoption/purchase, limiting ourselves to males that acted relatively lively. There were about four possibilities, which we narrowed down to two. On the other hand, quite outside the self-imposed guidelines, there was an absolutely beautiful Persian cat -- seven or eight years old, female, very quiet. We considered a long time, but finally took two of the kittens -- a beige one, in hopes it would be what the Nivens had been wanting, and a tiger-stripe black & white. Nivens had let it be known that they wanted a beige kitten if we found one -- why, I disremember right now, but we made sure to look, anyway. This one looked a little orangey to me, but if they did take it we could come back and get another kitten -- or maybe even Big Floofy the Persian. Elayne went through the paperwork rigamarole -- and the expense -- and we trundled home with two new kittens.

The shelters seem to make it very difficult to adopt animals, in spite of all their advertising in promotion of the idea. The actual price is reasonable enough: kittens are \$2.12 including tax. But you also have to pay a spaying or neutering

fee in advance, then bring the kitten back in six months for the operation. In addition, the clinic only operates during the week in the afternoon, so those who can't get off work have definite problems. Elayne picked out the name of a vet in our area who is willing to accept vouchers from the shelter, and only costs \$2 more than the shelter's clinic, and paid in the \$12.50 fee plus the \$2.12 price for each of the beasts, getting a certificate good for a free examination by the vet, and a voucher for the neutering operation. I wonder how a little kid who just wants a pet kitten is going to get one when he has to shell out \$12.50 or more? I suppose he would have to give up and find one of the neighborhood cats' kittens. (That wouldn't be very difficult around our neighborhood, nor in most of the Valley, I guess.)

We took the beasts home, after a quick stop by a market for kitten food. The reaction of our remaining resident cat, Ruffy, was as expected. He headed for the bushes as soon as he was let out of the house -- which he made quite clear was what he required immediately. The beige kitten had hissed at him; the tiger-stripe just wanted to investigate this large fluffy black beast. And it was such a short time ago that Ruffy was the small kitten... .

As the evening rolled around we headed for the monthly meeting of The Petards, at the home of Roy and Deedee Lavender in Long Beach. The invitation, in the form of a note from Deedee accompanying the meeting notice, had come as a surprise, as we are not members of The Petards, and had heard from the grapevine that Lavenders were one of the two reasons why we weren't. (The Petards is invitational, with a blackball rule. As recently as February there was a move to invite us -- another move, I should say -- which went aground somewhere.) In any case, it was a very pleasant surprise, and we were pleased to accept.

The Petard meetings are the only chances we get to see some of the LArea fans who aren't active in LASFS: Grennells, Lavenders, Hulans, Dave Locke, Bratmons. Cy Condra, Roy Squires, and the Coxes weren't there for this meeting, and I've probably forgotten others we don't see very often. Most of the conversation when we arrived was -- as is usual at Petard meetings -- in the kitchen. The only problem is that it blocks the way to the refrigerator and ice chests for drinks. Or drinks, depending. Tonight it was for drinks. Eventually, as more people arrived, things spread out through the kitchen, dining area, and living room.

The dining area became the focus for the Fan Politics Discussion, revolving around Big MAC, the Glycer-vs.-Phoenix Westercon bidding, and the Moffatt-vs.-Phoenix Worldcon bidding. It went on, intermittently, for hours, and was the last conversation going when the meeting broke up.

In the meantime, Elayne had been talking to Jean Grennell about our kitten acquisition, and discovered that the Grennell cats -- combination Manx-Siamese-Himalayan, and the most beautiful things I've seen in the Cat Dept. -- had recent kittens. Hmmm... if the Nivens did take the beige kitten, we would still need a new kitten... .

And Dave Hulan, Dictator of STOBCLER, was talking about having vacancies in the APA's roster. I'd been invited to rejoin the reconstituted APA last year, but felt I had far too many irons in the fannish fire, so didn't do so. Dave asked again. I still have too many irons in the fannish fire, but... . A couple pages every two months I can probably manage. We'll see. I'd been a late-invitation to the original STOBCLER back in 1967 when Dave and Ed Cox were co-dictators of the thing, and I ran three issues of RIDER'S SHRINE (originally an IPSC zine) through before the APA went kaput. Never a one to let titles lapse completely, I shall haul the thing out and try it again.

All sorts of Petards took the opportunity to join Westercon at the meeting, thus saving \$1 on the fee (which goes up on June 1) and the postage. As Elayne is the Membership Committeeman, it made things simple. And there will be a lot more of the Petards at this Westercon than at any other in the memory of Fan -- I mean, when did DAG -- let alone Jean and Bill Grennell -- come to a Westercon?

And it may be that the Petard Membership is moving a bit more toward active LASFSians. Of the two new members -- well, three, actually -- two are Lon and Kathy Atkins, who aren't active, but one is Mike Glycer, who definitely is. Mutatur mutandur.

TOWER TRIVIA - 5/30/76

30 May - Today was the first EdCon of the year, starting about 3:00 p.m. EdCons are parties thrown by Ed Finkelstein when his parents go away for a weekend in the warm months, and they feature swimming, card games, music, and general fangab. Ed stocks a reasonable amount of drinks and some munchables, and from there the attendees buy the refills. The swimming usually gets around to nude-swimming once the party gets rolling. (I hate the term "skinnydipping", possibly because it would be impossible for me to indulge in such a thing. With me it would be, to borrow Bill Warren's term, fattydipping.) And the evenings sometimes include films.

Elayne and I arrived around 4:00, and the party was already rolling. Several swimmers were in the pool, comfortably -- if unaesthetically -- floundering around nude. (It could have been much worse, but most of the really gross types like me refrained from joining the scene.) Marc Schirmeister walked out to the pool deck, turned around and walked back in saying "There are things man was not meant to see!"

The attendees were mostly the younger active LASFSians. (The ghoddam teenagers will please not snicker when I include myself in such a grouping. Or at least not snicker quite so loud.) Matthew Tepper had been paroled from San Francisco for the holiday weekend and was there, and Richard Delap came by with Fred Patten. We disposed of most of the edibles within range; the almost-brawl over the large bag of peanut M&M's was somewhat awe-inspiring. The stereo played a motley collection of stuff from moog-music (we offered to re-sell it for a quarter) to "Phantom of the Paradise" (which was encored). A cartoonists' war broke out between Schirm and John Braziman, but almost all the results were ghodawful and best forgotten. And eventually the poker game got started.

EdFink stuck the six of us in a back bedroom -- as far away from the rest of the party as possible, and provided a small table and a couple boxes of poker chips. I had brought the deck, of course. Things were a little slow, but by the time we had to leave around 8:00 I had someone's \$2 bill as well as my own buy-in. It isn't wages, but it's a lot better than losing.

Most of the mob out front was watching a film Bill Warren had brought to show, and Fred Patten, who had wanted to go back to the Tower with us and borrow a book to use for a DELAP'S REVIEW photo, decided he'd rather watch the rest of the film.

We went by the Tower, picked up the beige kitten, and headed for the Nivens' to watch their cable-TV -- "Royal Flash" was on the Z-Channel, and it's one of the few we've had on our list of films to see. The Nivens were kind enough to allow themselves to badgered into letting us come over and watch it (along with Drew Sanders and Kathy Bushman).

The beige kitten was a success, and Larry repaid the shelter fees to Elayne. Fuzzy Pink took the kitten around the house to show it where things were -- especially the litterbox. (They have only one cat at present -- Foundling, which turned up during Westercon back in 1972.) The rest of us settled to watch the end of EQ and then "Royal Flash." Fuzzy and the kitten joined us a bit later, and the kitten spent the next hour and a half exploring the living room.

"Royal Flash" was fun -- both Elayne and I have read the books, and enjoyed them greatly. The references are delightful, especially in this particular volume with all the Anthony Hope bits. And movie kept very well to the book, which I appreciated. I'd be delighted to see more of the Flashman books filmed, too.

31 May - Elayne went in to work, as advance time for a day she'll need off around Westercon, and I slept in. Drew was supposed to come get me for a bridge game, but by the time he arrived it was too late for the afternoon session. So I got rid of various household chores, and even did some yardwork -- a chore I hate. We've been trying to generally defoliate the back yard completely except for the palm trees and Elayne's strawberry plants, but we have very stubborn weeds. (And where the yucca tree was cut down and allegedly dug up last year when we had the new wall put up, we now have about five new shoots which are threatening to become yucca trees.) Yucca-yeck!) I'm gradually working my way back, foot by foot, pulling

TOWER TRIVIA - 5/31/76

up whatever I can get hold of, then saturating the rest with some gunk that is supposed to be death to all plant life. We'll see. I poured some of the concentrated gunk on the yucca shoots, just in case it works. After one trashcan full, I quit, and Drew and I went out shopping for a while.

I finally got around to using our pool after dinner. First time for either of us this year. (A couple of the more hardy types had gone in the 22nd, when we threw a party, but I'd chickened out.) With a diet scheduled to start tomorrow, I tried a few laps to see how badly out of shape I was. ... very! A four-lap trial set me huffing and puffing for about five minutes to recover. (Though I did manage a five-lap run afterwards with much less effort.) I already knew I needed the diet, but if I'd needed convincing...

1 June - I may survive the diet. It's the Atkins thing -- low carbohydrate -- and it allows as much protein as wanted. I went to work with several hard-boiled eggs, several frankfurters, and a couple of pastrami sandwiches (made with Fake Bread -- things made of hot air and egg whites). I didn't really starve. I guess...

I didn't even break the thing at the bridge club at night, though as always the club had out various cookies and crackers and stuff. The Elephant had nothing but one diet cola, and felt disgustingly virtuous when he got home. We won't mention how we did at bridge...

3 June - For the past six or seven months I've been involved, at work, in a program called the Management Review & Analysis Program (MRAP), a thing that has been initiated at quite a few university libraries to see just what may be wrong or going wrong, and try to make corrections. It's a very complicated deal, with a core group called a Design Team, who have been working for better than a year and a half so far, chivvyng the thing along, and five Task Forces, which began working last year. Three of the Task Forces -- Policy & Planning; Budget & Management Information Services; Personnel & Staff Development -- have finished their surveys and turned in their reports. The other two -- Communication; Organization -- were deliberately begun month later than the others, and are only now getting down to the nitty-gritty of their recommendations and reports. I've read two of the first three reports, and found them very broad in their recommendations. If there were any specific things recommended that certain people should do, such things were rather benign. I haven't read the Personnel one yet, but I understand it too is generally benign (though quite specific). I am also sure the Communications report will be -- if not benign, at least not malign. Which leaves Organization Task Force, which has the job of recommending ways that the units of the Library system can fit better and work together better. There are possible job-dislocation threats involved in such recommendations -- even if only change is recommended and not dissolution of a unit. Want to guess which Task Force the Elephant is on? ... uh-huh... (well, where else would you expect to find a Power-Freak?)

The OTF has located about 16 problem areas, and has started splitting into sub-committees to deal with each one. (The Task Force has 8 members, including 2 of the Design Team). Today was our first meeting since assigning any sub-committees, and if it is any indication, there are very stormy times ahead.

One of the easiest -- seemingly -- problems was dealt with in a half-hour's work by a sub-committee (after, of course, all the past several months of discussion as to why it is a problem, what were the possibilites of dealing with it, which of these did we prefer, why, etc.) The group spend about an hour and a half tearing the draft of the report apart and revising it. Voices were raised several times (including mine, of course), and at least one of the sub-committee offered to quit and let the rest of them do things themselves. Things eventually got compromised out, but it bodes ill for the problems that don't look easy... (And I must remember to warn E ayne to expect a Grumpy Elephant on days the Task Force has

TOWER TRIVIA - 6/3/76

its meetings.

LASFS held preliminary nominations for Procedural Director tonight -- the one who will get to run the weekly meeting for the next six months. Three good candidates wound up being nominated -- Ed Buchman, Allan Rothstein, and Mike Glycer -- but Buchman wasn't present at the time, and indicated later that he'll probably withdraw next week when nominations are re-opened and elections held. Rothstein and Glycer took to playing Alphonse & Gaston ("I'll withdraw if you want the job" -- "No, I'll withdraw if you want it").

The newslines's most interesting bit was about the phonecalls from Kansas City -- to Moffatts, Craig Miller, and Dave Locke -- commenting on the screwups going on in the Big MAC Committee. And offering Miller's newszine SFINCTOR an inside story on same. The flak LASFS/L.A. fandom has been getting from Kellerville just because we have been critical of some of their practices has had a few interesting results. One is the uniting of various LASFS factions behind the L.A. in '78 bid. Another is the gradually increasing feeling that if we have the Name we perhaps might as well have the Game. If Kellerville tries hard enough to convince people that L.A. is out to sabotage Big MAC, it may wind up convincing the wrong people. Like, us. First maybe we'll wait for the SFINCTOR article...

We passed a long-awaited milestone with this meeting: the pile of crud donated to the Building Fund for auction has disappeared from the front corner of the room! The Pile has been for over a year an eyesore that got larger or stayed the same, but never got smaller. But with a moratorium on donations in April, and several large auctions in May, tonight's auction did away with the last of it! I even managed to have time to auction a box of duplicate Library magazines -- one of several in another Pile that has been living in the Blue Room for most of a year. It's Next...

4 June - When we got back from work around 7:45 there was a Glycer ensconced on the front porch. He'd been asked to come to the weekly poker game early so we could get to work on the fourth (and last) Westercon Progress Report. It had to be collated and stapled (2 sheets, already folded), the envelopes stamped with the return address and labelled (we get the address labels computer-run), and the PR put in the envelope. Elayne left for her weekly lessons in Use of Knitting Machine (her new expensive toy, as the organ last year was mine), and, together with Stan Burns, Mike and I did some preliminary work on the PRs while I also tried to get some dinner. It makes it easier to get a fast dinner while sticking to the Atkins Diet when there is a freezer full of half-a-cow. Part of it can be thrown on the broiler while one goes back to work on other stuff.

The poker game quickly had seven of the usual players -- Mike, Stan, the Nivens, Mike Farkash, and Marty Massoglia. I dropped out when my \$4-up went to dead even, and went out to help Elayne finish up the PR. Stan also gave us a hand before he left, and we got almost all of it done. I then went back to the game for the last hour or so before it broke up. Finished up \$1-up. (We also discovered, in setting up the PR work, that there were three cards stuck in some loose papers on the table. They're from the deck I took to EdCon... I knew those characters weren't playing with a full deck figuratively, but I didn't know it was so literally. I guess people don't miss 5's, 6's, and 9's.

6 June - I got up almost early enough to bat out a 2-page zine for STOBCLER (which 2 pages are also present in this run of Trivia) before leaving for a noon meeting of the Westercon Committee. I needed about 20 minutes more, as that was how late we were for the meeting.

With only about a month to go before the con, I seem to vacillate between feeling that everything is going remarkably smoothly thanks to continued effort on the part of the Committee members, and feeling that the Committee Chairman is doing so bloody little that it'll be a disaster. That I am Committee Chairman doesn't help,

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either. The problems brought up at the meeting were relatively simple and easily dealt with, and we wrapped things up by the time the LASFS Directors began arriving for the 2:00 meeting of the Board. (As four of the 11 Directors are on the Westercon Committee, it is generally convenient to hold Westercon meetings a couple hours before scheduled Board meetings.)

The Board discussion centered on the planned expansion of the LASFS Clubhouse to accomodate the hoard of people that we have been getting at meetings. (The place we have is rated for 49 in the main meeting room and 80 total; we have been getting 90 or so total, and 60 in the main room at one time.) The club and the Board have already agreed to build on a second storey to the building, beginning halfway back and extending five feet out onto the plateau in back. The present stage is having plans drawn up -- they'll be ready in another week -- approving them, then having the contractors file for a zoning variance to get out of the requirement to have some huge number of parking spaces set aside for members' use. If that goes through, we go borrowing about \$12,000 to add to the Building Fund's present \$5,000/ to finance the thing. Bill Warren brought up the idea that we might as well go a few thousand further in debt and have the second storey extend all the way to the front of the building. (The greatest expense would be the shoring up of the main front wall, which is now not strong enough to support a second storey.) A straw vote of those in favor of the larger Upper Room (pace, all you Bible scholar types) indicated four against, three in favor. So I voted in favor to tie the thing. Then Fred Patten realized it was only a straw vote, so he voted in favor -- and Craig Miller voted against to tie it again. The Chairman -- Milt Stevens -- staunchly refused to break the tie, though he was vocally doubtful that we could support an additional \$4,000 in loans. (We're planning to borrow from members, at 8% for amounts under \$1,000 and 10% for amounts of \$1,000 and more (in increments of \$100). So we stand to assume payments of \$1200 a year in interest for the smaller project, and \$1600 a year in interest for the larger.) Nothing was decided; we'll wait and see the plans for the smaller project and decide next month if we want them to draw up an additional plan.

A fast game of Oh Hell put a whole 50¢ in Jack Harness's pocket, and a measly 24¢ in mine, at the expense of Ron Bounds (mostly) and Mike Glycer. Elayne having returned from ~~buying~~ ~~not~~ making some purchases at Super Yarn Mart -- to feed her new knitting machine toy -- we split for home, leaving the others to go to dinner and then to try to invent Trivia Questions for the Westercon.

7 June - Tonight was the 13th hour for finishing up the Westercon Program Book.

Mike Glycer, who is in charge of publications, had finished everything but getting the cover and some interior art from Jim Shull, and had brought the pasteups to the meeting yesterday. Jim was to bring the interiors over during the meetings, and deliver the cover tonight to Mike. On the plea that Jim was doing and had done a lot of artwork for Westercon, and after fighting off objections that it wasn't a good precedent since there were others who had done artwork for us, etc., we agreed to thank Jim with a free membership (as well as the already-typed listing in a "Thank You Dept." in the Program Book). Contingent on the art being delivered, of course. Mike would bring the cover to me/us, and Elayne would get it to Craig Tuesday to take to the printer. At 9:00 -- p.m. -- Mike called to say he was coming over with the cover. It's by Joe Pearson. Jim needed a 14th hour...or maybe a 15th...

Mike also brought over his proffering for Trivia questions -- fandom- and Award-oriented ones. I made one addition, one objection (on the grounds of total obscurity), and a correction or two. But they brought up a question: Does anyone know when and by whom the SMOF bit was started? My elephantine memory seems to think it was at Discon I, 1963, and that Chalker had something to do with it, but my elephantine memory may have a mouse up its trunk...

TOWER TRIVIA - 6/8/76

8 June - While Elayne went to her last bookbinding class of the quarter, I hitched a ride back to The Tower to watch "Fuzz" on the Tube. I hadn't been a McBain nut when the film first came out, and had given it a miss, but I am such a nut now. It was a reasonable interpretation of the book, and I wouldn't mind seeing the same gang do other 87th Precinct mysteries.

Elayne got back late, having been enveigled into a Scrabble game when she stopped at Craig Miller's to transfer some Westercon material. (She'd called to let me know she'd be late.) She arrived more depressed than any Scrabble results could reasonably account for, and I soon discovered we have a couple more local candidates for the Captain Bligh Appreciation Club. (Members of the club are those Put Off by their First Mate -- i.e., divorced). The male half of a couple that got married three months after we did was in the Scrabble game, and had rather Dumped Core about their split, which had come to a head over the weekend. Elayne worries about permanence, and I am in no position to assure anyone of permanence -- not even myself. I am, after all, a member of the Capt. Bligh Appreciation Club myself. So It Goes... .

10 June - LASFS held elections with damn little change in officership resulting. Mike Glycer took the Procedural Director post (Rothstein withdrew, but several other nominees entered the lists.) All other incumbents were re-elected. Only Tom Digby, Junior Committeeman, ran into any real challenge. The J.C. job being that of Official Greeter (and Vice-Vice-Chairman), the club tends to elect attractive girls if any are willing to accept the job. A newcomer, Susan Fox, who joined a month or so ago through her Dungeons-&-Dragons interests, almost unseated Digby, who has held the post for several terms now. ~~Well get him next time!!!~~

12 June - As Jim Hollander and Stasia Spade are scheduled to get married towards the end of July, the female-types got together to throw Stash a shower at our place -- a Tower Shower, if you will. Or even if you won't. They planned it deliberately for the same day as the LASFS Open House (the second Saturday of every month) so that the attached males could be palmed off on some other function. Elayne threw me out around noon, and I did various errands for a few hours before getting to the Clubhouse around 3:00.

It looked like a Committee Meeting was going on around the front table, but I managed to take over enough room to get the list of LASFS Building Fund Donors brought up to date. (I've been keeping the list ever since I got elected L SFS Procedural Treasurer in 1969 and Corporation Treasurer in 1970. I still have the latter post, which deals with Fund Raising, and it was decided that the Donor List goes with that position.) It's a lot easier to handle since I put the thing on punch cards last month, and can update first the printout, then the cards, then resort the list by the new totals for each donor, and then run a new list. Amazing what automation can do!

As soon as I had finished the up-date, the Hell game started. It was followed by another of the same, and by the time that was over people wanted to go to dinner. The arrival of June Moffatt to pick up Len indicated the shower was over. (Len mostly paid for the Hell game -- he kept mixing it up with Pinochle, which he is much more used to playing.) Sticking to the damned diet, I avoided the dinner-groups, and went to run some stencils on the LASFS mimeo.

Two problems arose: almost everyone was leaving, but one of the Social Retards was staying. And the mimeo had enough ink for only three of my four stencils. As long as I could keep the mimeo running, the S.R. couldn't bother me too much, but with the ink exhausted -- and the keeper of the Supply Closet key out to dinner -- that escape was no longer open. So I took advantage of Drew Sanders's timely arrival, delayed his departure until I'd run stencil 3, and left with him for a couple hours until the dinner crew should return. There is this problem with Open Houses... .

We got back about 9:00, and I found another Hell game in process, in the small back room. The front room had movies going, but nothing I especially wanted to see, so I got the ink, ran stencil 4, and gave up for the night.

There were still some Shower foodstuffs left over when I got back. (Stash is on the same diet I am, and the shower had been largely dietetic... .)

TOWER TRIVIA - 6/13/76

13 June - I have mentioned being a terrible mechanic and an unwilling yardman. I am also a generally incompetent handiman around the house. But there are a few things I discovered I can do, and as we discovered lately that several of these things did need doing, we beetled over to the local Monkey Wards to get the hardware and other crap necessary to the doing. First, a new porch light fixture -- the outside of the old one was almost dead of rust by the time its inside parts died of plastic fatigue. A new latchset for one of the bathrooms, which has been missing the latch itself ever since I bought the place. A couple of high-speed drill bits to try to drill out a broken-off bolt and fix the now-loose railing to the pool ladder. That took care of the necessities -- and Elayne diligently kept me from adding various non-necessities just because they looked interesting and might prove useful some day. I may still go back and get the 180-pound safe. Schools are almost out, and the local sneak-thieves will have all the more time to think up ways to get in trouble...

We then hied ourselves off to the movies for the first time in several months. "The Magic Flute" was playing with "The Blue Bird," both of which we'd been wanting to see. I would have preferred "The Magic Flute" in German instead of in Swedish with English subtitles, but that's a minor creeb. Both films were very enjoyable to us -- proving again that we have to be our own critics. (Local critics downgraded "The Blue Bird.")

14 June - If a couple is going to come down with The Plague, they might as well do so together, I guess. Elayne started feeling unwell last night, and continued to do so today, so we exchanged our show tickets for next week and just went home after work. Good thing: I don't know if it was something I ate or something I didn't eat -- I frequently have doubts about diets -- but I got hit by some kind of bug that included diarrhea among its attractions, and flaked out for the evening.

15 June - Too sick to work but not too sick to party... well, that's the way it had to work, anyway. We both stayed home with our respective Plagues, but we had volunteered the Tower for a party in honor of A. Bertram Chandler, who was to be in the LArea for Tuesday and Wednesday only, staying with a friend. Fred Patten, who was the L.A. contact, phoned in the morning to say that tonight would be preferable to Wednesday night, so the party was duly set up via phone. The word had been passed by Joe Billings, Capt. Chandler's local friend, that he wanted to see fans while in L.A., having been only able to find "a bunch of stuffy pros" in the BArea. We attempted to touch bases all around LA fandom with invitations, but included mostly the active fans. We made a point to try reaching all those who'd been to Aussiecon, but it is often difficult getting hold of people when you don't know their work phones (or, in a few cases, their unlisted home phones.)

The party got started around 8. Only four or five of the fans got here before the GoH, who had been picked up in Hollywood along with Joe Billings, and brought to the party via the Clubhouse, which he'd expressed a desire to see. Various invitees brought contributions to the party, which Fred had set up as a "cocktail party" because "he (Billings) wouldn't understand the usual fan party." As I figured, the liquor was ignored in favor of the beer and soft drinks. We finally got rid of the several six-packs of beer we've had in the patio fridge since February's Petard meeting. (The poker players had made gradual inroads on some, but there were still too many left to have a hope of being rid of them any time soon.) The two remaining bottles of Foster's that John Foyster had provided for that February meeting went to Capt. Chandler and to Jerry Pournelle....

I talked with Capt. Chandler about our reactions to Australia, and listened to several delightful stories about Australian politicians -- I don't know if their politics are that much better than ours, but they're certainly more entertaining. Jerry talked to him about SF EXPO, which was trying to get hold of Capt. Chandler to find out where to send his plane fare. Others talked to him about stories -- his, theirs, and others. (We had only a few pros: Pournelle, Niven, Dian Crayne, both Goldins.)

The party apparently went well. People started to leave around 11:00, and by the

TOWER TRIVIA - 6/15/76

time I crashed around 1:00, Elayne only had to chivvy a few people into leaving.

16 June - Elayne took the kitten, now definitely named Samos since it seems to have an inexhaustible supply of lung power and an inability to refrain from using said lung power, to an early-morning vet appointment (final shots), and by the time she got back I'd decided I could, indeed, stagger in to work.

The mail brought the certificate for two free passes on PSA to San Francisco and back that I'd won in early May. Now if we can just think of some reason for going to the BArea before the end of December... . As for how they were won, it's all Robert Heinlein's fault. Allow me a TRIVIA flashback....

3 May - Most days, my lunch "hour" is taken up with keypunching for the Bibliography, but I had to go to the bank which didn't leave enough time to make keypunching worthwhile. So I stopped off at the Student Union to see if there was much of a line for the UCLA Blood Drive, which was finishing up tomorrow. I'd been vacillating between attitudes toward the Blood Brothers Party Heinlein is throwing at KaCeyCon: I'd never been a blood donor, and there were certain to be hordes of neofans and the like jamming the BBP, so it might not be worth making a big effort to get an invitation; but it's something I should probably do anyway, BBP or no, and with the UCLA drive so convenient... . So I went in and signed up around 2:10 and waited about 15 minutes to get called. My blood pressure turned out to be a little high, but not high enough to bar me as a donor, so down I went on the trestle-table for the 15-20 minutes it takes to donate a pint of blood. I remembered quite well the results of my trying to get up too fast after some minor surgery a few years ago -- they had to pick me up off the floor, having been too slow to catch me on the way down -- so I sat up very slowly...and then lay down again when I started to feel dizzy. The particular station I'd chosen -- there are three or four throughout UCLA for the Drive -- closes at 2:30, and they just finish up with whomever is "in process." When I managed to sit up, they still didn't trust my judgement, and had a pair of Orderly-types walk me over to a couch to rest a while longer. I wound up being the last to leave, and spent the last ten minutes or so talking to the Red Cross nurse in charge, telling her about the BBP and such. (She turned out to be an S F reader... .) They gave me the usual tickets good for various free McDonald's stuff, and I duly dropped an entry card into the box for the Raffle. And about 3:05 I shuffled back to work. A donor card would be sent to me eventually, I was told.

8 May - I trundled back to work after lunch, and my assistant told me someone had called from ASUCLA (Associated Students of...) that I'd won two tickets to San Francisco. As it is not Michael's way to put me on, I didn't consider doubting him. Just laughed uproariously for a while.

9 May - The Daily Bruin has a short squib about the various winners of the Raffle for the Blood Drive (together with a ludicrous photo of Chancellor Chuck (Charles Young) drawing the winning cards). And it says right there... .

So I sat back to wait for the passes, and several ineffective attempts were made to get them from PSA and to me. (I'd hoped to let Elayne and her mother use them around mid-May, but Elayne changed her mind about wanting to go to San Francisco anyway). Anyway, I now have the passes, and need only an excuse to use them before 17 Dec. See what publicspiritedness ~~and a dollop of that little trick~~ gets you?

17 June - LASFS definitely had its moments tonight. Over 30 members signed up for the blood donation drive, either promising to go to the Red Cross and donate on their own, or participate in a LASFS shuttle deal in mid-July. There is consideration being given to having a Bloodmobile sent to the Westercon.

Jerry Pournelle announced that SF EXPO was kaput. They place the blame on the

TOWER TRIVIA - 6/17/76

Hilton Hotel and the Democratic Party. EXPO is promising to pay all the Pros who are out of pocket on their behalf, including Capt. Chandler, and they are still planning to hold an EXPO (or EXPOs) in the future. As the Democratic Convention isn't until July, I have some doubts about the story that the Democrats had sewed up all the medium-size hotel facilities (100-150 person size) for the last weekend in June -- even if all the wardheeler and flack contingents got to town several weeks early, it would seem they'd need only suites and sleeping rooms, not function space -- but I'll wait and see what other information comes from the East.

19 June - Westercon Committee met at noon at The Tower. Oddly enough, everything seems to be fairly well under control. Except maybe the membership, which is over 500 already and threatens to go into the astronomical numbers we had last year. (This year, though, the hotel is big enough to handle 1400 or more.)

The rest of the day -- from 3:00 on -- was spent at a NivenCon. It featured computer games, swimming (and sauna), poker, and a film: "Gone With The Wind." (The film was run twice on the Z Channel during the evening.) The computer game was mostly a Nivenized version of "King," and the various people who tried it kept getting deposed within four or five of the 8-year term -- until Fuzzy Pink told them the secret. Craig Miller then ran three successful terms consecutively before quitting.

The diet took a beating as it usually does at a NivenCon, but less of a one than usual, as most of the food was sandwich-makings, which I can eat if I avoid the bread. If Fuzzy just hadn't made cookies, too... .

The early poker game was basically a cheap-table one, with the High Stakes crew not present. By the time I quit to wander around a while, I had \$10 of someone else's money. When a second table opened up -- the first one having been taken over by the High Stakes players -- I got into another game and dropped \$5 back into circulation.

The last few hours of the con I spent in the sauna and pool, until about 3:00 I decided that there was no particular use for 250 pounds of broiled elephant (which would be the result of about ten more minutes of sauna). I collected the Spryngbok, who had already retreated into a darkened room to rest her eyes, and we made our farewells. There will be another NivenCon next Sunday, for "Rollerball" and "The Drowning Pool." But it conflicts with Midwestcon... . damndamndamn...

21 June - The Engineering Library is in a total mess. It's being painted -- completely -- for the first time in 20 years or so, and they're starting with the processing areas, where I work. Bookstacks are detached from walls, desks and all the other furniture are in the middle of the room and you can't get where you need to get in order to do your work. Most of the catakog section is retreating to other libraries; my assistant took vacation this week; and I sit in the midst of the mess and wonder if I should even try to get anything done.

Eventually I get out for lunch and thence to an MRAP meeting, in a different library. It isn't much better; as a definite schism shows up in the Task Force members' attitudes toward a basic problem, and better than half of our 2-hour meeting is spent arguing. There are days... .

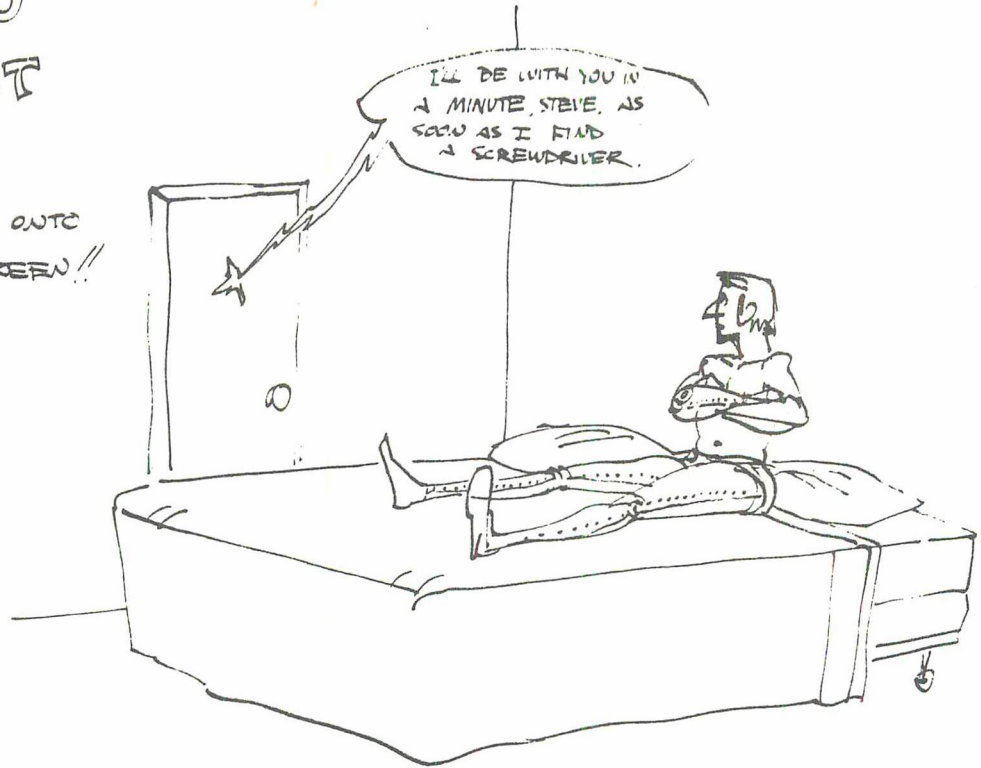
The show we postponed from last Monday is "Boy Meets Boy," a musical takeoff on 1930's-style musicals which is playing in a small Hollywood theater. It's been going for about 8 weeks so far here in L.A., and the New York production is apparently still going well into its second year. They're planning to open another company in San Francisco in July, too. Anyway, it is an absolutely delightful job, even with the second-string leads. It was good enough that Elayne decided to buy the album -- and just for the hell of it, we got a couple of the T-shirts, too. I have no idea what anyone will think of our showing up in the things, but... . If you're in an area where the show is playing, go see it -- it's well worth the effort, time and money. Elayne's even considering dragging a bunch of other LASFSians to the show so she can see it again -- probably while I'm gone to Rivercon in July, since I seldom see a show twice.

LINDA MILLER COMMENTS ON TELEVISION'S "Bionic This-'N'-That"

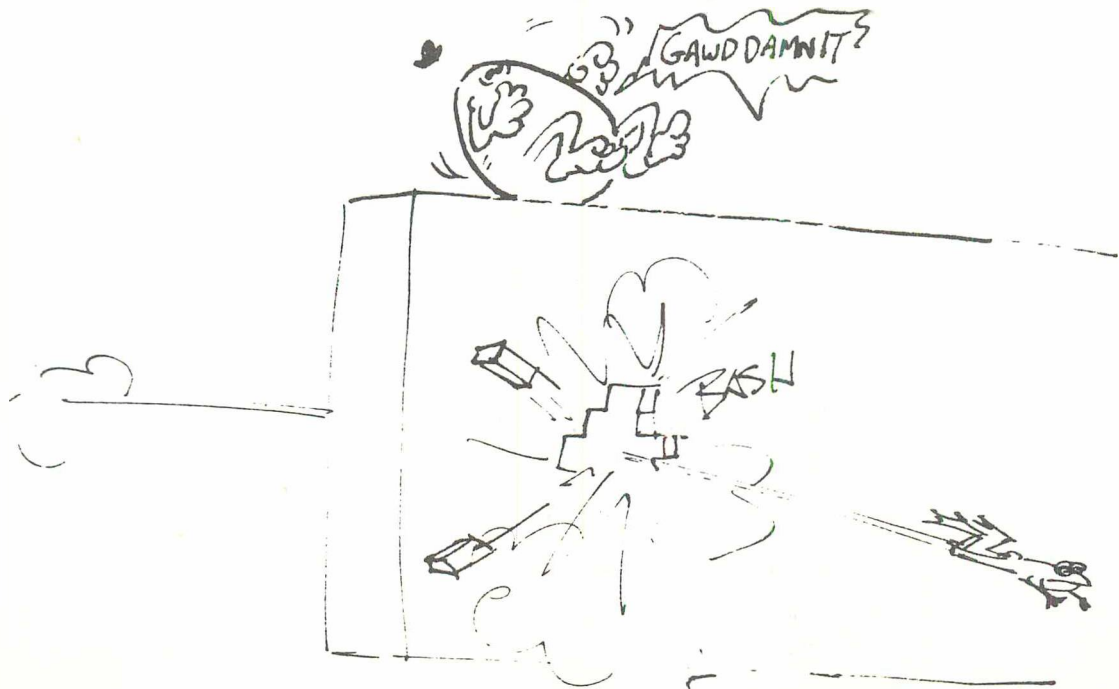
NOW....

Bionic
Lust

EXPLODES ONTO
THE SCREEN!!



RATED (X)



FURTHER ADVENTURES
OF THE BIONIC TOAD.

ALLAN ROTHSTEIN:

"B I G M A C"

(to the tune of "Big John")

From the very first PR we knew it would smell;
What the rules they made up meant, no one could tell.
They made us so angry that we started to yell

"Big MAC
Big Bad MAC
Big Stupid MAC
The Ultimate Worldcon? Go to hell!"

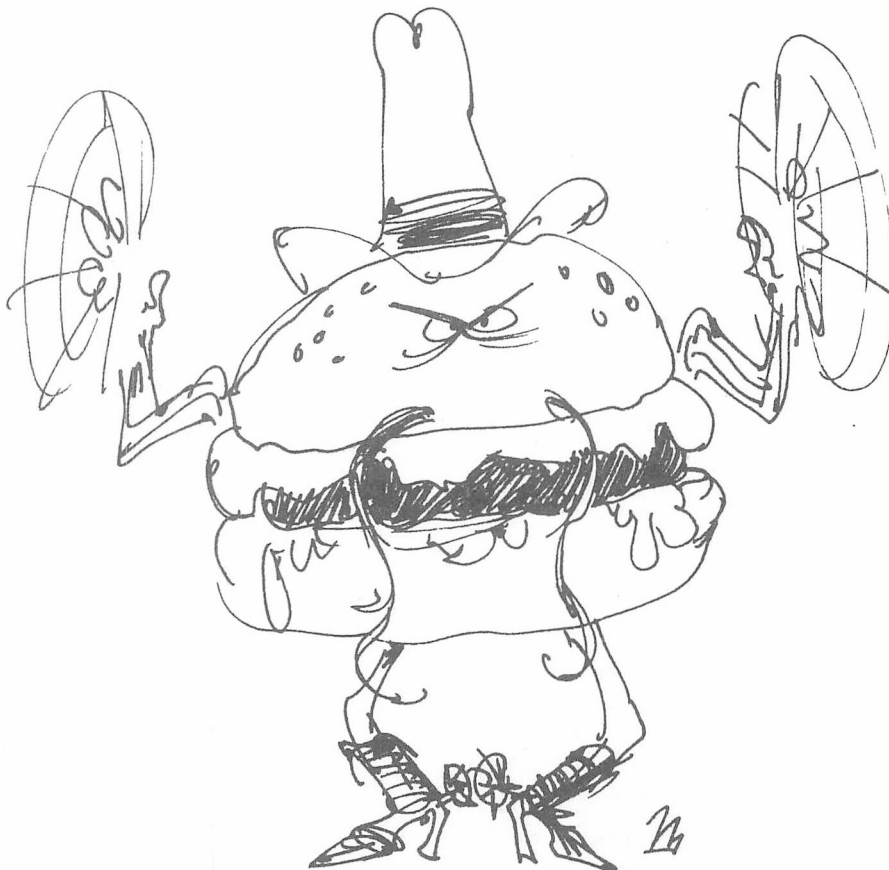
Reading each update rules-change was what we all dreaded,
And no one knew in which hotel he'd be bedded --
But we all knew for sure the concom was fuggheaded!

Big MAC
Big Bad MAC
Big Stupid MAC
The Ultimate Worldcon? Forget it!

Well, we voted for KC; we've ourselves left to thank.
(Though just one fan admits it, and that's Jackie Franke.)
Things were going so bad even Craig Miller drank!

Big MAC
Big Bad MAC
Big Stupid MAC
The Ultimate Worldcon? How it stank!

[Dear Ken (and others):
I'm sure you'll take this in the spirit it was intended. It is,
after all, just another part of The Game you yourself mentioned...
Bruce]



MileHiCon...

...A HALF-MILE TRACK

It was mostly Gail Barton's fault, but she certainly was willing to accept the responsibility, if not the blame. She had been heckling me to attend a MileHiCon for several years, and after Elayne and I got married she extended the heckling to include both of us. At LepreCon I she extolled the virtues of Cinderella City, Denver's large shopping mall, remarking that any real shopping mall freak would have to visit Denver just to see it, and the visit might as well be done while there was a con in Denver, mightn't it?

So, since convention fever still raged less than two months after the Aussiecon trip, we made arrangements to go to Denver. All told, there were five LAreans at MileHiCon. I've no idea how Louis Gray got there, or when -- he was staying with his brother-in-law locally -- and Milt Stevens took the leisurely arranged day plane there and back, staying at the hotel Friday to Monday. But the Cheapskate Contingent, consisting of Elayne and me plus Alan Frisbie, took the Insomnia Special at 12:45 a.m. Friday and got to the Denver Airport around four in the morning local time.

Gail met us at the airport, and rescued us from trying to decide how to waste three or four hours before our hotel rooms would be ready. She carted us off to her home in Lakewood, where we met the dog, several cats, and her grandmother, before crashing for several hours. When we got up around 9:30 we destroyed a large amount of scrambled eggs and lompiks of toast, then piled into the station wagon again to be chauffeured to Cinderella City.

It should be noted in passing that we had landed at the airport in the middle of a snowstorm, but it had stopped by 9:30, and the very light, fluffy white stuff was beginning to melt. Elayne and I had read the weather report Thursday, and dressed appropriately; right after breakfasts, the Spryngbok was out gleefully tromping about in the snow. As people got ready to leave, we had a minor -- and rather ineffectual -- snowball fight. One day one or the other of us may grow up. (At which time the other will probably have grounds for divorce.)

Cinderella City -- which the locals call "Cin City" -- has three levels of shops. The top level is occupied at present only by the upper floors of the large department stores such as Penney's, and there are four main malls, two on each of the other two levels, plus a central court on the center level. (To get from one lower-level mall to the other you have to go through the parking lot or go up to the next level and down again.) It is indeed an excellent mall, having four bookstores, a fabric store, several fast food places, two pet shops -- both of which had kittens, and one of which had ferrets! -- and something we hadn't run into before: a spice shop selling bulk spices at very low rates. Gail walked around with us for about an hour, then went to take a job-related exam. By the time she came back for us we'd spent about $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours in the place, and had almost seen all of it. Under the rule of \$30., Cinderella City rates as Very Dangerous, according to SPASM. (If you can't get out of a shopping mall without spending \$30 or more, it's Dangerous. We spent over \$50.00).

After one more trip to Gail's, to load the station wagon with artwork, program books, and other con-bound material, and a side-trip to pick up Dee Beetem (Doris-the-Younger), we finally headed for the Sheraton Airport Inn and the convention.

Check-in was easy, for us, but a couple others were having difficulties because they didn't have one of the major credit cards or two acceptable identification cards to facilitate check acceptance. I was again reminded -- by one of the cardless proclaiming "I don't believe in credit cards!" -- the beating systems is easier than bucking them. In the Credit Card System, for instance, using a CC and paying it off every month keeps you out of the hands of the 'cent-per-centers,' but still gives

you the credit you need to back up your checks and eliminate carrying wads of cash.

Most of the fans' rooms had been blocked into the ground-level floor of the hotel, and we had reserved a room in the block, partly for easy access to the function rooms -- the main meeting hall was on the same floor, and the huxtre and art show rooms on the one above -- and partly for easy access to the indoor swimming pool. Well, at least one of the purposes turned out to be useful. The pool, though indoors, and therefore warmer than if it had been outside, wasn't warm enough to be attractive to us. Next year, if we go to a MileHiCon at the same place and time, I'll check for cheaper rooms instead of those with easy access to attractions that aren't sufficiently attractive.

We took care of the important matters: registered, found the coke machine, and checked the restaurant prices (and then located the nearest reasonable restaurant). At which point we went to dinner -- at the Ramada Inn coffee shop about 50 yards up the street. After translating a few things from the Coloradan to the Californian (e.g., a "Western chiliburger" is as close as one will get to a "chili size"), we ate fairly well for relatively cheap. (NB: that particular coffee shop's Western chili-burger is UNrecommended.)

The evening's program was the standard cash bar "Meet the Authors" party. I'm still not sure which authors they had besides the GoH, Joanna Russ. Even the Standard Attraction of MileHiCons, Ed Bryant, was out of town -- in Los Angeles, house-sitting for Harlan. But I bought a drink to help contribute to the con's guarantee on the bar, and spent the time talking to Frank Denton, Don Thompson, Chuck Hanson (whom I hadn't seen for six years) and Emile Greenleaf (whom I hadn't seen for 15 years!) I gleefully showed off the Fanzine Bibliography to anyone I could buttonhole who would know a fanzine from an APA mailing.

One of the favorite subjects of conversation was MidAmeriCon/KaCeyCon. Bill Fesselmeyer of the ConCom was there, along with a few K.C. Huxters, and he was getting cornered every once in a while by fans trying to find out what was going on with the WorldCon. He brought them/us up to date as best he could... .

The bar closed around midnight, the barman departing with the booze and most of the other paraphrenalia, but leaving a few cans of soft drinks/mixers around for 15 minutes or so while he put the rest of the stuff away. There were even fewer cans around when he came back... . The party broke up around 1:00.

We got up too late Saturday for the Special Effects and Harryhausen Films, so the first thing on the agenda was lunch. We again went to the Ramada Inn, taking with us the newly-arrived, recently-become-local, Painfully Amplified Uncomfortably Loud Aggravation -- The PAULA. Lieberman, that is. She seemed to be improved -- less loud, less aggravating. Later events indicated that the amplification system must take a while to warm up.

The main event of the afternoon was the Trivia Bowl, an item which had proven its worth at previous MileHiCons. Teams of four signed up and were faced off against each other in the style of the College Bowl. The con had a good system of lights-and-buzzers, and the Trivia Bowl was well attended. Most of the questions were very good -- except for the NASA stuff someone slipped in, like "When was Volkhoz 4 put into orbit?" They were still going by 6:00, at which time about 30 of us left for a pre-arranged Chinese dinner, and they had managed to come up with two finalist teams: NIX OLYMPICUS, composed of Denverites, and PHOENIX, composed of Phoenix fans ~~and Paula~~ ~~and Paula~~. The playoff was held over until later that night, after the masquerade.

The Dinner Mob invaded a family-style Chinese restaurant and took over almost all of it. The food was quite inexpensive, and while it was no House of Roy, it was quite edible. (Some of the fussier types didn't like the sweet-and-sour; I did.) Friz, Elayne, The PAULA, and I finished off whatever we got our hands on, at our table, and left as soon as we could so Elayne and I could get ready for the masquerade. If

Judith Brownlee wants to set up another dinner next time we're at a MileHiCon, we'll be glad to be part of the group.

It was only a couple days before we left for the con that Elayne suggested we might take a costume or two to the masquerade. So, after considering what we had -- there wasn't time to do up anything new -- we opted for the Gorice and Sriva outfits Dian made in 1965. They had been seen twice, one Westercon masquerade for competition in 1965, and the PresiCon for demonstration in 1971. In addition, the Gorice had gone to Heicon (and MythCon I) for competition in 1970. Since they hadn't been seen anywhere in the U.S. outside of California, and it had been five years since the last competition, we took them along. We rushed getting ready, and got to the staging area about ten minutes after the scheduled deadline. We were, of course, relatively early. En route to the staging area, one of the SCA suggested I borrow his sword for the costume, and I did so with thanks, since we hadn't brought one with us.

It was a small masquerade, but it had several very good costumes. There was a very young (but very accurate) Green Lantern, an excellent Oscar (Have Spacesuit, Will Travel), a girl with pet ferrets as familiars, several very fancy medieval-style costumes. They wound up giving three awards" Most Authentic to the Oscar; Best Group and Best Presentation to "Tim the Enchanter and the Demon Bunny Rabbit" ("Monty Python & the Holy Grail"; the former was a very accurate costume of the Enchanter from the film, and the latter a hairy-chested, full-bearded guy in a Playboy Club bunny outfit, with Halloween-style false teeth); and Best of Show to the Gorice and Sriva. I'll have to let Dian know her costumes still have a perfect record in competition. Wonder where we can take them in 1980... .?

After the masquerade, the playoff between NIX OLYMPICUS and PHOENIX in the Trivia Bowl was held. It was won by the latter, mostly on the strength of a tremendous amount of odd information residing in the head of one Tim Kyger. And, with an eye to the 1976 Westercon, I hatched an idea: if we converted the Trivia Bowl to the "Jeopardy" format, used teams of 4, and asked Kyger to get up a Champion team... .

After the Trivia Bowl finale, everyone dispersed to various parties. I started out in the con suite, where the discussions were SCA in one corner, and women's lib (featuring GoH Russ) in another. I am not greatly interested in either subject, but I sat listening with 1 ear and $\frac{1}{4}$ -attention to each. Before too long, however, The PAULA arrived from a late swim, and proceeded to drown out the volume of the SCA discussion and the sense of the lib discussion. I left. (The PAULA, scrunched into a low-cut 1-piece bathing suit, is almost eligible for the K-Award (awarded to wearers of sexy outfits who shouldn't). Even so, it was reported that when the outfit -- and its contents -- drew a whistle, she got mad and almost slugged the guy.)

The Phoenix crew was throwing a party, so I went there next. Spent a while talking with Milt Stevens and the Elder Goddess. Most of the Denverites have discovered Fandom in the last four or five years, and in a number of instances they just swallowed it whole without asking what it was made of. (E.g., they hold "Dead Dog Parties" after every club meeting, on the theory that the name refers to parties held after a fannish get-together. For anyone else who thinks so: the name comes from the phrase "to stay until the last dog is dead, and then stay for the funeral," and indicates a party for those super-diehards who remain at conventions not only until the last minute, but even later.) A copy of the monthly local APA, D'APA, was distributed during the evening to regular members and a few others who got there fast enough to ask for a copy. It was D'APA 49, listing 18 members, and containing 21 pages from 9 of those listed. (I'm assuming I got a complete copy, but there is no ToC by which to prove it.) It was a nice party, with the nominal host, Curt Stubbs, mostly letting it run itself. Eventually, The PAULA found her way there, and dropped into the middle of the fangab. In a few minutes I left again.

Across the hall, the Kansas City faction was having a filksing, using a couple copies of a book which seems to have collected most of the dirty songs in the world,

and a guitar accompanist. The guitarist was apparently limited to one or two keys, but that was all right, because the singers were of a quality that would fit in very well with the often-suggested Group of the Andersons, Al Lewis, Dian ... In any case, they were enjoying themselves, and I listened and joined in a little for a while. The party broke up twice -- once when the majority of the singers left to see what was going on elsewhere, and, after they reassembled, again after a newcomer, whose range didn't fit the keys the guitarist could play, took the thing over. I had left by the time the party broke up for the second time -- guess who the newcomer was?

There was also a Hallway Party, and Pinball Machine Party (mostly such pinball addicts as Frisbie, trying to beat the game more than they already had). I wandered about for a while, then finally gave up, collected the Spryngbok, and crashed.

The banquet brunch was at 11:00 Sunday morning, and was well attended. Of the 240 or so members, about 150 had bought banquet tickets. The food was reasonably good, but they started running out of things before the last of the line had been through even the first time, and it was fairly lean pickings for the second-timers. Fan GoH Bob Vardeman's speech was very amusing, using tape-recorded footnotes as asides to the audience. I frankly have no memory of what GoH Joanna Russ talked about, other than that it was didactic. I was probably still somewhat asleep then, and can absorb entertainment better than I can instruction.

The Auction followed the brunch, and included both the art from the art show and anything else donated or put up on percentage. Ed Bryant, who had been picked up at the airport during the brunch by Ted Peak, the Chairman, so that he could be MC for the after-brunch speakers, was also the auctioneer. He did quite well, but it would help him a lot if the concomm made up a list of auction material before the auction starts. It makes record-keeping faster and more easily accurate. It would also be a good idea to have someone assisting the auctioneer by bringing things up to him -- or, better yet, two auctioneers and two assistants, to keep things moving.

Elayne and I had brought a couple paintings we had around and didn't particularly want to have framed, and put them up on consignment. One of them started a battle between The PAULA and Lois Newman, which Lois won at \$80. It paid for the Healey that Elayne bought at the auction, and the T-K Graphics booklets I bought in the huxter room -- from Lois.

We checked out of the hotel by deadline time, stashed our stuff in Milt's room (since he was staying until Monday), and wandered around during the early evening SCA Court. There appears to be better than a 60% overlap between the Denver SCA and the DASFA, so most of the locals were in the Court, and the parties began late.

There were two parties, one in the con suite, which was open, and one thrown by the Dentons, which was closed -- it was harboring a fugitive. (At one point, Anna Jo Denton wandered down to the con suite, only to have the fugitive's Nemesis walk past in the direction of the closed party. A fast phone call got the door shut just in time.) We spent time in both parties, ending up at the Dentons' until we had to catch the hotel shuttle to the airport for our early morning flight.

In sum, it was a small, enjoyable convention. Some of the sideline things need a bit more planning and organization -- art show, auction, masquerade. If we can afford it, we'll go again next October. (Especially since there are other shopping malls in the area, besides Cinderella City, which we haven't yet seen... .

* * * * *

CALIFORNIA ATTRACTIONS: Cockroach Races

Held as an annual event in Simi, California, these races are entering their 29th season. Prizes are awarded to the fastest, biggest, and friendliest roaches. Climaxing the events is the Roach Breeding Sales at which owners may purchase bloodline studs for their stock. Held in late August.

Science Fiction Editors, Writers Pitch In to Launch Higbee's New SF Department

by Don and Maggie Thompson

The Higbee Company of Cleveland, Ohio, noted for its interest in books and its energetic marketing of them, launched its new science fiction department on March 13 by importing top writers and editors to discuss science fiction and publicize Higbee's decision to emphasize it.

Claudette Price, buyer for all Higbee book departments (there are eight stores in the Cleveland area and a new one will open in August), has been watching the trend towards paperbacks in general, and had noted the particular strength of science fiction. With Higbee's stocking more and more paperbacks and going after young readers, setting up an SF department was inevitable. The decision to start one up was made in early January; plans for the special March symposium to inaugurate it followed soon after. "It all happened very quickly," she says. "In January I realized that science fiction was one of the fastest-growing areas of paperback sales and decided to have a science fiction symposium. I called Judy-Lynn del Rey at Ballantine and she put me in touch with Frederik Pohl at Bantam and they brought some of their writers and we were rolling."

The symposium was scheduled to be held in Higbee's 10th-floor auditorium in its main store, used for store promotions and also made available to civic and cultural groups. March 13 was the only time in a period of several months when the auditorium would be available, leaving only a short time span for planning and promoting the symposium. Ballantine arranged to send not only Ms. del Rey, science fiction editor since 1973, but also her husband, Lester del Rey, who is both a top science fiction writer and the editor of Ballantine's fantasy line, and writers Anne McCaffrey and Joe Haldeman. Bantam sent editor Pohl and best-selling Bantam science fiction writer Samuel R. Delany. In addition, Random House, Ballantine's parent, sent sales representative Chuck Taliano.

Promotion was limited. Mention was made in two newspaper ads, one of



Frederik Pohl, Claudette Price and Judy-Lynn del Rey enjoying a light moment at the luncheon for Higbee's salespeople

which was a two-page spread listing all the events coming up at Higbee's during March with the science fiction symposium buried somewhere in the middle, the other a two-column display ad specifically created for the forum. In a fortuitous accident, the *Cleveland Press* had independently decided to make its March 12 issue of *Showtime*, its weekly entertainment tabloid, a science fiction issue, with a cover, some articles and several book reviews on the genre. When the *Press* learned of the Higbee symposium, a bold-type insert two paragraphs long was prominently boxed in the feature article.

This limited promotion brought in more than 300 people, mostly young, largely composed of college students and nearly all eager book buyers.

Prior to the afternoon forum, the science fiction editors and authors and Lynn Chalfant of the George R. Klein News Co., which distributes paperbacks and magazines in the Cleveland area, met over lunch with heads of book departments in Higbee's various stores to discuss how to sell science fiction.

Ms. del Rey, who worked as an editor of *Galaxy Science Fiction* before Ballantine, noted that Ballantine plans to release 50 science fiction books during 1976, half of them reprints from the company's backlist. She assured the

salespeople that, while they might not know much about science fiction, the readers certainly do, and the average reader buys \$10 to \$14 worth of science fiction books a month.

"A science fiction fan cannot buy just one book if there is a full and up-to-date display," she said. "He buys three to five. Set up your store to attract buyers; if the fan knows that you carry all publishers and display them, he will be in every month because he knows when the new books come in. You have to let colleges, universities and schools know where your headquarters for science fiction is."

"Science fiction books are not like books by Arthur Hailey and Jacqueline Susann that sell millions of copies in six months and then disappear. Writers like Arthur C. Clarke, a superstar in science fiction, sell millions of copies, too, but over a period of years—and they keep on selling!"

Lester del Rey added: "A publisher does not bring out new editions just to clear out a book he hasn't been able to get rid of—he brings it out again because he thinks it will sell. 'Doc' Smith—Edward E. Smith—wrote 'Skylark of Space' in 1919 and it is still selling because, although it is crudely written, it is full of ideas." Del Rey himself still gets royalty checks for "Marooned on Mars," a 1951 SF Juvenile.

In agreement, Frederik Pohl added, "If you maintain a stock of science fiction novels people want to read they will sell to each new SF audience that comes along. Also, you get repeat buyers for the same books, people who buy new editions even though they have the old, particularly if you reissue a series in a uniform format. Bantam has taken over some other publishers' books. We reissued Ursula Le Guin's Earthsea trilogy ['A Wizard of Earthsea,' 'The Tombs of Atuan,' 'The Farthest Shore'] last year, and we have already made more money than the original publisher."

Pohl also said that much successful science fiction is not recognized as science fiction, even by its publishers. "When I came to Bantam as their science fiction editor, they were upset because their science fiction line wasn't doing too well. I asked about their Star Trek books because I was sure they were doing well. They looked surprised and said that they were doing very well but they didn't consider them science fiction, they had a separate Star Trek category. So I asked about Ray Bradbury's books and they looked surprised again and said that they were doing very well too but they didn't consider them science fiction; they had a separate Ray Bradbury category."

"So I bought some novels by Samuel Delany—'Dhalgren' and 'Triton'—and they have done very well. And now they're talking of creating a category for those. But, if people come in for Star Trek or Bradbury and find it with other science fiction, they will buy other science fiction, too."

Taliano agreed with the specialists. "Barring juveniles, science fiction is the best-selling and most active category in hardcovers, too. I find that those stores I can convince to stock more really sell more," he said. "Science fiction has a following that is almost a fraternity. When some science fiction reader likes a book he gets right on the phone and calls all his friends and the book sells by word-of-mouth."

A problem repeatedly stressed by the panelists is the difficulty of convincing store owners that science fiction will sell. Joe Haldeman, author of Ballantine's "The Forever War," said he tried to persuade a dealer to stock his book. "He kept saying it was on order; meanwhile, the other store in town ordered, sold, reordered and resold some 3000 copies. When I got a call from Judy-Lynn that the book was one of Ballantine's top sellers for the month, I mentioned it to the reluctant bookseller, who looked surprised and immediately went to the phone and ordered it. By this time, however, everyone in town who wanted a copy had already bought one from the other dealer, so he didn't do that well with it."

Science fiction readers tend to be om-

nivorous readers, Pohl said. "I write science fiction because of the audience. I have written many types of books, books on Democratic Party politics, histories of the Roman Empire. But if I want to talk about Democratic Party politics to an audience interested in the Roman Empire, they don't want to hear it. But science fiction readers are interested in everything."

Anne McCaffrey says science fiction readers pick up all her books, including romances published by Dell which are not even remotely science fiction. "They also bring me several different editions of the same book to sign—two Ballantine editions, British editions, hardcovers and paperbacks."

Judy-Lynn del Rey pointed out that science fiction readers hunt down everything they can find by writers they like. "When we added Anne to our list a few years ago her books sold fairly well. Then she started writing about flying dragons—'Dragonquest,' 'Dragonflight,' etc.—and those somehow spoke to the reading public and they sold. So we reissued her old books as being by the Dragon Lady and they sell. We reissued Larry Niven's books with new drawings of his aliens inside the covers and the fans rushed out and bought the new editions even though they already had the books, just to get the pictures of Larry's aliens."

Put an SF fan in charge

Delany recommended that booksellers should look among their staff to see if there is a science fiction fan lurking there. "I saw a store in New York with 20 feet of science fiction—four 5-foot shelves—and they didn't lose money. But nearby there was a drugstore with one paperback rack of science fiction; and the drugstore was run by a science fiction reader who stocked his rack with good science fiction. After six months, you couldn't squeeze into his store on the day he got new books. If you have someone in your store who likes science fiction and knows science fiction, put him in charge of science fiction."

Pohl and the del Reys recommended that booksellers who are not familiar with science fiction put their faith in publishers who have a good track record at selling it.

As for fantasy, Lester del Rey called that a tricky field. "Its readers are even more loyal than science fiction readers, but not all fantasy is saleable. About all you can do as a bookseller is watch what certain companies are doing—if their line makes money, as Ballantine has done with Tolkien, you can assume they know what they are doing. Treat fantasy as science fiction and put it in the same area; there is not much point in separate shelves, because the readers overlap."

Before, during and after the forum, crowds pressed around the book display tables, most of them accumulating stacks of books. The word-of-mouth mentioned by Taliano was evident: someone would speak enthusiastically about one of Anne McCaffrey's books and others would take the recommendation and buy—not one book, as a sample, but a copy of every available McCaffrey book. She had four or five books on display (an accurate count is difficult because all copies went fast) and several people bought all her titles at \$1.50 each, solely on the recommendation of a fellow fan.

About 30% of the audience was composed of young women, many of whom seemed to be particular fans of Anne McCaffrey, who happened to be on her annual U.S. tour just in time to coincide with the Higbee promotion; she emigrated to Ireland some years ago. Every time she mentioned the title of one of her books, it was greeted with applause. Science fiction is no longer exclusively the province of male writers, obviously. "I write science fiction because no one told me women weren't supposed to write science fiction," Ms. McCaffrey said. "I got so fed up with that silly little twit who stood in a corner while the hero fought the bug-eyed monster and saved the spaceship that I wrote a book with a woman saving the spaceship."

When the crowd had cleared away and the last autograph had been signed, Claudette Price walked among her salespeople and the depleted displays, smiling and shaking her head in admitted amazement. "The sales happened so fast, we can't keep up with the figures," she said. "I did run a salescheck and found out that of all the buyers, only one person bought only a single book—all the others were multiple-book buyers."

By Tuesday, she had a clearer picture and the picture was rosy. "We did very well: we sold \$3500 worth of books—almost all paperbacks, only about five hardcovers," she said.

Despite the overcoated, bookbag-carrying throng which swirled around the display tables, there was no shoplifting at all. "I really liked the crowd of young people," said Price. "We had no security problems."

She admitted to one mistake, that of underestimating the demand. "We sold completely out of every book by two of the authors, Joe Haldeman and Anne McCaffrey. In our innocence, not really knowing science fiction, we did not have enough stock on hand of them. We sold lots of books by authors who weren't present, too."

How successful was the science fiction symposium? "The store management was really impressed," Price said. "They want to make it an annual event."

BLESSINGS & CURSES

BEN INDICK

6 April 1976

PROF. always inspires guilt in me, because I STILL do not save my fanzines. (You get the same ones, plus 1000 more, so I do not send them along.)

Since I last wrote you, I have been mildly involved in actifandom, which I hadn't really bothered with for a long time. I went to the Providence Fantasy Con (and wrote it up for Frank Denton) and I have been at two extremely friendly Fanoclast meetings in Brooklyn (Moshe Feder, Lisa Eisenberg). I wish I could get to more, but it is not easy; I work late hours, must be up the next a.m. (Sat.) and am too pooped. I can understand your pleasure in these meetings. Indeed, I am planning an Indickon, to be held at my house, and there to show David C. Smith's film adaptation of an HPL story; I shall try to have a nice, if small, gathering. My wife has even agreed to make some vic-tuals (but she is not involved in fandom in any way.)

Har har, that Yul Brynner "Odyssey" bombed right out in the Big Apple. You Angelenos buy anything!! (duck, Ben!)
##

I just received a cute CyChauvin zine from Downes (as did you) which is half on the level and half like the currently popular rage of Celebrity Roasts (getting to be a bore too).

The last mailing of my favorite APA, E.O.D., had 825 pages!! (Partly because one entry, a reprint of a classic of Lovecraft collecting by George Wetzell, had 225 pgs. alone.) A superb mailing, and I challenge even hallowed old FAPA to match it for size and quality. (The latter is my safety point -- quality being a thing in the mind of the beholder -- but it WAS good. I've never seen a FAPA mailing. Why don't you do an article on a typical one, showing how many contributors, high and low points, etc. Why is it so highly regarded? How does it differ from the plethora of dull APAs around?)

One of the happier thoughts in life is that Fandom has only ONE Jessica. One can tolerate all this stuff from her, often quite funny, certainly unusual -- but imagine a roomful of JAS's. The abdominal section boggles.

-- 428 Sagamore, Teaneck, NJ 07666

[Please do not equate the taste of Angelenos in general with that I evince. I have no idea what sort of critical -- or box office -- success "Odyssey" had here, and no desire to find out. I liked it, and I liked one of the songs very much. More than that matters little to me, I fear. [/] Celebrity Roasts, if done well, can be quite amusing, and possibly have a salutary effect on the subject. Much depends on the attitudes of those conducting the Roast. I gather the Roast of Hank Reinhardt at Half-a-Con went over quite well, but I don't think proliferation of the idea to various other cons would be a good idea. It would be bound to result in one or more bad jobs -- wrong subject, poor taste in handling, or just ineptness in handling -- and cause a lot of bad feeling between the subjects and concoms -- or between the subjects and fandom in general, even. ...And while on the subject of harsh jokes and bad feelings, I'd like to give some credit to Ted White for taking the Pie Hits at Balticon (I think) and continuing pretty much in stride. I've always considered the Pie Hit stuff to be funny (as long as it was done in a non-dangerous fashion), but this was the first to actually impinge on the fan milieu (unless you count the one that got Shatner at the STrekon -- an excellent example of Wrong Subject), and it causes me to wonder how many others would be able to take the Hit and keep going. [/] FAPA's claim to greatness includes a 40-year longevity and a list of members and contributions that betters Sturgeon's Law over its span. More than that I cannot say for it at present, when it is in a definite slump. (E.O.D.

does lose the size contest, however: FAPA 100 was over 1200 pages, including the 389-page SENSE OF FAPA that Eney produced, and the 185-page REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST VIII from Bill Evans.) // I've not yet met Jessica. I admit that I read material she writes because it gives me a fuller view of a strangeness. But I think I object to the idea of singling Jessica out as the subject of a happy thought that there is only one such person. I would probably object to singling anyone out as a subject for such a thought, as long as I had time to reflect on the probably high number of people who would gladly be happy there is only one of ME!! I will gladly admit that there are people I can easily do without, but in such cases even one is too many. And they are people whose irritation factor is higher than their interest/attraction factor for the majority of the interactions we have. Jessica certainly does not fall into that category for me -- but then, most personalzine editors have a distinct tendency to like seeing what makes other people tick. // Good luck with Indickon -- and be sure to write it up for us somewhere! ...BEP/

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HARRY WARNER, JR.

4 April

The best news in the issue was that about H. L. Gold. I assume that this means that he has recovered from the problems that kept him in a hotel room so much of the time when he was active as editor.

Bloc voting seems to have been successful at least once before in the fan Hugo categories, because ERB-DOM received a Hugo that one year and never figured seriously in competition since, even though it has continued to exist year after year. But I don't know how you could ever get enough fans to agree on the items to be bloc voted, without a special interest group like the Burroughs Bibliophiles doing it. On another Worldcon matter, I have doubts about the advisability of selecting a con-committee rather than a site. There was the Norwescon episode when the entire worldcon committee, except one member, resigned or just stopped being active. It could happen again; if the worldcon organization member chooses the committee two years in advance, how can replacements be made in the event of big defection?

I doubt if the problem of how to bequeath fanzines will be bothersome much longer. All the signs point to fanzines becoming the next big thing for collecting. Prices are rising not only on the most-wanted items but also on even obscure fanzines if they're old enough. In a few more years, fanzine collecting should become as well known in the general population as any of the other once obscure fields like Coca-Cola or Avon product collecting. Fanzines are already mentioned as collectibles in one of Jim Harmon's books, for instance. There's no danger today of anyone throwing out a stack of old comics magazines found in the attic of a newly deceased person, and after a few more issues of FUTURIA FANTASIA have sold for \$100 apiece, word should have circulated thoroughly about the worth of fanzines, too. I don't know if I should be counted among the all-out fanzine collectors. I have an imposing collection of them, but it grows without any help from me, in that I don't try to obtain fanzines which aren't available for locs and it's been perhaps ten years since I last purchased any used fanzines (a couple of stacks of old SAPS and OMPA mailings).

Molokai was still housing lepers at least twenty years ago, when Richard Joseph did the text for a picture section in one of the Doubleday Best-in-Books series. But he notes that "the new sulfa drugs" were making great progress in the treatment of leprosy. "With only about 350 patients in the model colony on the isolated peninsula, the whole island of Molokai nevertheless has unfortunately suffered in its tourist business," his text says. Conceivably it has closed up shop by now, although such an event should have created a lot of publicity which we probably would remember. Not long ago I was reading in a set of Robert Louis Stevenson's writings his side of a controversy which he got into over Molokai. It sounds exactly the way the

typical fan writes when he gets involved in a feud.

I believe this is the first time I've figured in a filksong since Les Gerber wrote one about me back in the early 1960's. I have it on tape somewhere, in his own performance. All I remember about it is his embarrassment because he inserted a deliberate inaccuracy. He included a reference to my drinking thousands of beers in fandom, because he couldn't think of anything else that would rhyme with 'years.'

Tim Marion writing on the in-group aspect of APAs comes close to some of the things I put into an article on APAs for GRANFALLOON. I consider this the main reason for the decline of the big quarterly APAs with the longest history: they're unspecialized, draw new members at random, and end up with a roster of people with few common interests.

-- 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown MD 21740

The new Worldcon bylaws, enacted in 1974, provide that the surviving convention committee, of the two which are in existence at any one time, shall determine what to do when the other one becomes "unable to perform its duties." A mail poll of the Society is instructed if there is time, a decision by the Committee if there is not. And it makes much more sense to empower a ConCom rather than a site, considering the possibilities of Hotel difficulties. I will admit that a ConCom could suddenly declare they were having Hotel Difficulties and move the con to Upper Nowhere, but they can do that anyway, with nothing to deter them but public opinion. (Members have only two recourses: refuse to attend and demand refund of membership fee (while realizing they have no legal way to enforce its return), and resolve to fight any attempt by the offending committee to get another convention.) // If you're right about the coming Boom in fanzine-selling, I have a possible Instant Retirement here. I doubt the advisability of counting on it, though... . . .BEP

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ED CAGLE

7 April

Thanks for PROFANITY. I don't get much profanity in the mail. I get a lot of obscenity, from Locke in the form of letters, and from companies such as "Illuminated Genitalia, Inc." in the form of dirty pictures, but not much profanity. It is, I find, refreshing.

Thanks also for your favorable review of SHAMBLES 1. To receive proof that at least one reader regarded Dave's and my efforts to be amusing as successful is gratifying, at least to me. Dave, who handles the requests for copies, and who has none of 1 or 2, may find the honor a dubious one, but hopefully he will handle any requests generated by your praise in a manner that will once more piss Linda Bushyager off mightily. One must make the best of these situations.

Regarding your stated problems with various flora that resides in your yard, in particular your palms, I suggest you attack the sunsabitches with a two-by-four and relieve the burden of periodic care. A paranoid palm is much less trouble.

You mentioned Christians paying little attention to the teachings of Christ ... Good point, I guess, but I heard a definition of "the white man's religion" from an old Cherokee that puts a different slant on the matter. He wondered how a god could profess love for everyone and yet be mainly a vindictive sort. He said, "My religion is pretty vague, all right, but I think it's better than basing it on that mean sonofabitch the white people pray to." There is a certain contradiction to the whole schtick. And when it concerns some of the hardshell Baptists in this part of the country it is a definite contradiction. The underlying philosophy seems to be: "Love thy neighbor or get your house burned down." I guess units of organized religion are much like any other social order, as shitty as whoever is in charge at any one time.

Book-binding: Fanzines of less than 15 pages can be bound with an ordinary sew-

Your Cherokee is eminently reasonable in his comments on God-the-Old-Man. I was just talking about God-the-Kid. The Devil's Dictionary, to which I referred last issue, has this definition of "Christian": "One who believes that the New Testament is a divinely inspired book admirably suited to the spiritual needs of his neighbor. One who follows the teachings of Christ in so far as they are not inconsistent with a life of sin." It then appends a poem which concludes:

'What! I a Christian? No, indeed! I'm Christ.'

#

I just checked, and all my fanzines are here so I don't know how you could have been reading 'em anyway.

/Sorry about that, you're obviously quite correct. Notice: I hereby retract any inference that I could have possibly read any of Bruce Townley's fanzines! BEP/

#

One fanzine nobody has in their collection is SAND-ZIN, by Jim Kennedy, D. Roberts, and Joe Scheffer. Their car broke down in the desert while heading towards the '75 Westercon, and they spent their time while waiting for assistance by drawing a fanzine in the sand. Actually went two issues, with fake Rotsler drawings and even faan fiction ("D, Joe and Lord Jim stuck in the desert. The end.").

That photo of you in the Dragon Master costume brings to mind a thot: I wonder if anyone has ever tried to do up a chess set based on the various types of ragons and Men in that story? I'm taking a sculpture class next fall; might try it myself.

And I suppose a group of convention aficionados gathered to discuss bidding strategy would be a SMOF-filled room?

APA-45 is barely still in existence, a pale shadow of its former self, and the last mailing had the first serious proposal to fold the APA.

/If you get an actual set of Dragons and Men, I'd certainly like to see it -- that story's still one of my favorites...BEP/

#

Linda Miller's cover art is ace number one fan illustrating. Was the Princess trying to pawn herself off as a virgin? Is that why the unicorn is so pissed off?

Personally, I have a great love for snakes. I succeeded in mating a pair of red rat snakes (elaphe) and hatched the eggs and raised the babies. They were all very tame. My daughter, Stephanie, was playing with eight-foot indigo snakes when she was one year old. I don't keep them anymore though -- no time to take proper care of captive reptiles.

I have moved into the city of Seattle -- a far different atmosphere from the one-store-town of Zenith where I still get my mail. I like the city; never thought I would. I'm living with a beautiful lesbian and am working hard to make sure this relationship works.

--- Box 89517, Zenith, WA 98188

JACKIE FRANKE

30 April 1976

I coggle at your cataloging of zines--a mammoth task like that simply can't be completely conceived in its entirety by someone not face-to-face with your collection, but I can get a glimmer of an idea of what you must be going through by your description of it. Agreed: once you index anything--or put it into any sort of order--"keeping up" is simple in comparison. My daughter and I sat down one night and alphabetized my fanzines--well, most of them anyway-- and while it ended up taking two days of work, maintaining it has been a cinch. I'm not enough of a nut to index everything--ghod forbid that day should ever come--but at least I can lay my hands on a zine. Most of the time. The filing has to be a bitch of a job for someone with tons of fanzines, though. My humble accumulation only takes up 14 feet or so, with another 3-4 feet unarranged in a file box in my bedroom (old zines, in the main, from Tucker, that I hesitate to merge with "my" zines in the dining room. Have you considered the massive attacks of Guilt Complex you're giving to us ~~144~~ more nonchalant-type fen? You Organized Types are a pain-giving lot!

Perhaps you may have inadvertantly stumbled across yet another Test to Divine Which Generation One Belongs To in your reference to Molokai. I understood what you meant by it, though Alan didn't. I'll be 36 next month--wonder what age group he belongs to? If one was that interested in establishing another's generational status, he/she could mutter ominously: "Leprecon; Molokai: what's the connection?" and judge by the reply, if any. Most likely the response would be a puzzled look and a glance at the questioner's glass to see what was that strange-looking fluid... I had no idea the leper colony was no longer in existence, since I watched a "Tomorrow" show (or somesuch program) being broadcast from Hawaii one evening, and it featured interviews with some of the present inhabitants. I gather that it is being slowly phased out, but too many of the residents are middle-aged-to-elderly, and have no other place to call home, so they remain there still, though many of the buildings are shuttered and crumbling to ruin.

-- Box 51-A, RR 2, Beecher, IL 60401

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KEN JOSEPHANS

21 May 1976

Fanzines can be educational -- now I know what "dysgenic" means!

Seth McEvoy has donated his fanzine collection to the MSU Library. He is now in the process of indexing it, and it will be available to the public by the end of June. It's not a spectacular collection -- Seth says it has something like 1500 zines -- but Seth says it has the advantages of being both indexed and available to the public. I can see myself flunking fall term -- I'll spend all my time in the Special Collections section leafing through the entire batch.

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

[I think the time may be about right to try getting the heading "Fanzines" or something similar into the directory of subject collections in libraries. (For the almost appalling number of librarians in the audience, I mean Ash's next edition of Subject Collections.) There are enough libraries that do have collections of fanzines these days that it ought to be acceptable...BEP]

#

THE We-Also-Heard-From SECTION is occupied entirely by Eric Lindsay this time. All LoCsmiths are appreciated...

* * * * *

"My girl-friend Annie -- the one Mack Trucks say 'Sir' to..." Schirm in a back-of-the-room conversation (completely demolishing the front-of-the-room game of Oh Hell... for several minutes, anyway...)

* * * * *

THE ZIRCULAR VILE

FANZINE REVIEWS

AMOR 9 (Susan Wood, Dept. of English, Univ. of B.C., Vancouver, B.C. V6T 1W5, Canada; available for The Usual. FE76SM10 0).

This is a very personal personalzine, and please, Susan, keep it that way! It exudes a contagious enthusiasm and happiness from pages describing thoughts, actions, and feelings of a Person. There is little comment I can give that will add to it; if you are interested in Persons, try to get on the mailing list. Once there, try to stay there. So shall I go and do likewise... .

BRICK 'N BOARD JOURNAL 1 (Cheryl Cline & Lynn Kuehl, 4185 Pickwick Dr., Concord, CA 94521; available for The Usual. MR76 S D 25 1)

The biggest hunk of BNB 1 (that's their abbreviation, and the smartass librarians among you can go snicker elsewhere) is devoted to reviews. There are reviews of recent magazines, of books (both new and newly reprinted), and a long review of The Female Man from a feminist's viewpoint. The reviews are generally competent, but I, at least, have had reviewzines up to here, and maybe even higher. I have never yet seen a review that could convince me I ought to read -- or avoid reading -- a particular item, and I found the most interesting bits of writing among Lynn's reviews were when he takes off commenting on the Arsen Darnay contribution to Galaxy Forum -- but then, I am more of a people-fan than an S F-fan when it comes to appreciating fanzines.

It will come as no surprise, therefore, that I preferred reading about how the editors got into this fanzine game through the influence of Art Widner, and what they hope to get out of it. Though the list of what they hope to get out of it reads somewhat like it was written to convince a superior that the editors are Right-Thinking People -- I've seen the same sort of stuff done in answer to "Why Do You Want To Become a _____" or "...take a course in _____" or "work for _____ Co."

Art Widner's "Notes Toward a Schematic Definition of Science Fiction" may provide a modicum of controversy. He has three circles: SF, Allegory, and Fantasy (in order of ascending size), and suggested the relative location of various authors or sub-genres. To contribute my own mite: I wouldn't have put Bradbury midway between SF and Allegory (in the intersection) but outside Fantasy -- put him in the triple-overlap, at the very edge of SF.

(If the editors have a copy of LETTERCOL around that they could spare a completist bibliographer... .)

FANHISTORICA 1 (JoeD Siclari,, P.O. Box 1343 Radio City Station, New York, NY 10019; available for The Usual, or old fanzines, or 50¢. MY76 s m 41 1)

Specializing entirely on the history of fandom, FANHISTORICA is a reprintzine that is attempting to bring together the important writings on this area of the microcosm. Lee Hoffman details the history of QUANDRY; Speer and Silverberg write of Numbered Fandoms; Ginjer Buchanan reports on the 1968 BAYCON; Warner looks at AH! SWEET IDIOCY! All are good selections. The editor requests other suggestions for reprint material. (I ought to have someone go through my collection right behind my indexing -- I can't pay attention to both bibliographic information and contents.)

Regarding reprinting ASI, though, I should think Richard Eney should be queried first, as he stated in his FTL & ASI that both it and ASI would be kept in print. If he does have it in print, that would save reprinting. (Phone 703-765-8132.)

Meantime, congratulations on the engagement to Karina, JoeD!

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