

# STEF



**SCIEN-  
TI-FRICTION**

special yellow journalism issue

# 6

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SEPTEMBER 1976



# 9/16 SCIENTIFRICTION SIX *Mike Glyer*

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All right you cockamamies, here's the address! Now when you don't write a letter of comment on this issue you'll have to use some other cop-out.

Other embarrassing stuff -- I'm badly trailing Bill Bowers not only in the obvious aspects of graphic presentation -- but this is the fifth consecutive issue of STFR published without a change in editorial policy. (Yes, ~~yes, yes, yes~~ ~~that damn fanzine will~~ ~~isn't~~ ~~getting more than a dozen logs an issue~~) Before I repeat that distribution policy just let me say: I think any fanzine editor is perfectly entitled to conduct his zine's operations in any idiosyncratic way he likes. So whatever follows, it isn't that I think you're unjustified, even if our mutual policies make it impossible to trade. Or, in other words, when our whims collide.

SCIENTIFRICTION is response-oriented. It does not sell subscriptions, though I'll supply a sample copy to anyone for a dollar. After that the recipient, like all others, must do something (write a loc, contribute art, articles, reviews, or trade his fmz) to get on my mailing list. Those on my mailing list must do things to stay there, though there is less immediacy. So far, a loc every other time, or a regular fmz trade, has sufficed to keep most recipients on the list. The size of your tradezine is what largely determines your 'grace period' on my mailing list, except for a few cases who on the whole probably haven't had to worry about trades since 1964. If you ain't one of them, worry. Please?

Great Day In The Morning, Chauncey

Paula Marmor - Cover  
Jeff Schalles - 2, 17  
Linda Miller - 7  
Joe Pearson - 9  
Carl Bennett - 11, 13, 14, 15  
Ray Capella - 19, 32  
Harry Bell - 21, 24  
Bill Rotsler - 25  
Randy Bathurst - 28

(2) rePREHENSIBLE: Mike Glyer  
Wherein the editor performs surgery on the body politic, keeps on truckin' and plugs PRE 15

(11) GROWING UP IS LEARNING HOW TO SCREAM CIVILLY: by Carl Bennett  
The versatile Portland bookdealer sings, dances, and drawls for us...

(17) BEYOND THE SHIFT KEY: Dave Locke. Dave's sercon twin brother sneaks out of the closet.

(24) THE FANIVORE: Notice how all the ancient department titles are sneaking into this zine? Who ever said a leopard couldn't change his spots must have been an undercover agent for zipatone.

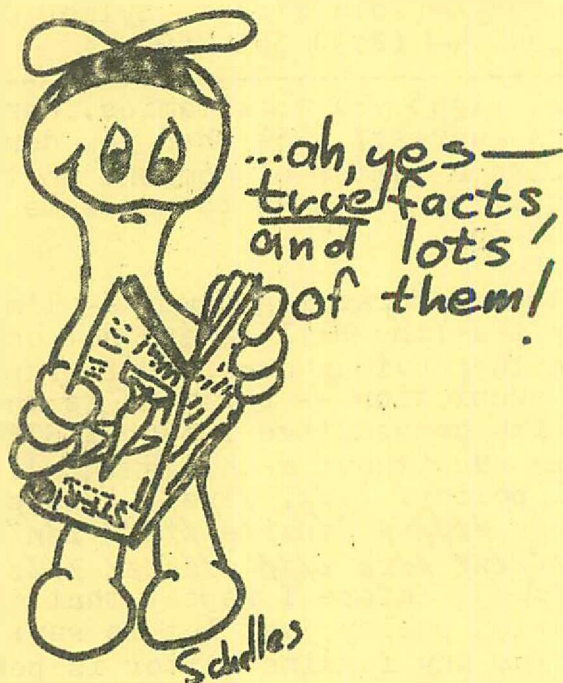
(10,16,23) STAN BURNS MINIREVIEWS

ARTISTS OF THE WORLD UNITE!  
Having a reliable source of electrostencils at a reasonable price makes all the difference. And if it makes a difference, I even slip-sheeted some of the art-bearing pages (you didn't think they made fanzines by hand anymore, did you ...) My file is running low. Dare I say it is verging on emptiness? Please save me (and your place on the mailing list...) with a time-ly illustrated contribution.

# MIKE GLYER -- REPREENHENSIBLE

## 1. Double-Entry Bookbleeping

The organization of certain British fanzines fascinates me -- especially a zine like INFERNO where the tone is off-the-wall, yet there remains a rational structure ("Who says you have to be illegible to be crazy?") I thought I'd borrow the system used there for notifying readers who must respond to the issue or face being dropped from the mailing list. Whether you're dropped or not, at least this will warn you that I think you owe me a loc or tradezine pretty soon.



So many people will be getting their copies at MAC that I'd either have to premark them and struggle to find each person's individual copy as I encountered them, or forego pruning the mailing list, unless I changed to this system. So here goes: if your name is underlined, be warned. If your name doesn't appear at all and you somehow get an issue, you're not on my mailing list until I hear from you.

Simon Agree, Ken Amos, Poul Anderson, Don Ayres; Steven Beatty, Mike Bailey, Brummer, BCSFA, Eric Batard, Rick Bartucci, Bill Bowers, Randy Bathurst, Brian Earl Brown, Mike Bishop, Harry Bell, Carl Bennett, Stan Burns, Frank Balazs, Sheryl Birkhead, Charlie & Dena Brown, Ned Brooks, Eric Betcliffe, John Bangsund, Gray Boak, Robert Bloch, Terril Bohman, Cliff & Susan Biggers; Ray Capella, Perry Chapdelaine, Brett Cox, Cy Chauvin, Tony Cvetko, Richard Coad, Buck Coulson, Ed Connor, Ed Cox, Ed Cagle, Grant Canfield, Terry Carr; Andrew Darlington, Don D'Amassa, Frank Denton, Larry Downes, Hal Davis; George Flynn, Jackie Franke, Moshe Feder, Dave Feldman; Gil Gaier, Dan Goodman, Mike Glicksohn, D. Gary Grady, Stuart Gilson, Dick Geis, Bruce Gillespie, Robert Gustaveson; Lynne Holdom, Chris Hulse, Patrick Hayden; Barry Hunter; Ben Indick; Robert Jackson, Terry Jeeves; A&J Katz, Marty Klug, Sam Konkin3, Jerry Kaufman, Don Keller, Leroy Kettle; Dave Locke, Langford, Sam Long, H&L Luttrell, Eric Larsen, Eric Lindsay, Wayne Macdonald, McGarry, Jeff May, Linda Miller, Craig Miller, Steve Miller, Markstein, Mayo, GRR Martin, Meara, Marmor, Moffatt, Barry MacKay, Jim McLeod, Maule, Nagey, L. Niven, J. Offutt, Piper, Patten, Pearson, Pavlac, Foole, A. Porter, Pardoe, Pelz, REQUIEM, Rockow, Reichardt, Rowe, Roberts, Rotsler, Shoemaker, Stoelting, Siolari, Schalles, Sainsbury, Salomon, Sandercock, Simmons, Sirois, Sawicki, Shull, Schirm, J. Sanders, J. Smith, Schweitzer, Skel&Cas, Strelkov, M. Stevens, Silverberg, Skene, J. Singer, Townley, Tackett, D. Thompson, H. Thompson, Trask, Vayne, Webber, White, Whitaker, Warner, Warren, Wolfe, Wood, Waller, Zeldes

2. Anyone who has ever seen the movie BEAU GESTE, the story of Foreign

Legionnaires besieged at Fort Zinderneuf, will understand what I mean in saying that except for the competition to become one, a conchairman's lot seems much the same as a legionnaire lookout -- as soon as you climb the watchtower those fellows from the desert start sniping at you. For it was shortly after the July 4th weekend when my Westercon bid defeated the competition from Phoenix that I started to hear secondhand reports of some ruthless libel Bruce Arthurs was spreading around about me.

Fans who are not interested in feud material will not have read Bruce Arthurs editorial in GODLESS, nor his TAPSZINE, nor his AZAPA zine, and need do no more than skip ahead to a more pleasant portion of my editorial. Fans who have copies of any or all of these publications would do well to get them out for reference.

The GODLESS editorial was first revealed to me in a telephone conversation with a fan in Columbus, Ohio who received his copy two weeks before mine finally arrived. Though Arthurs tells me he "forgot to bring" the Southern-California-bound copies of GODLESS to Westercon, I consider his deceit to be characterized by the way he failed to mail my copy until a full week after Westercon ended -- it has a July 13 postmark. One can understand Arthur's move: the kind of boor who writes poison pen editorials isn't the sort who provides copies to the victims in circumstances where he risks meeting them personally.

Nor did Arthurs ever provide me with a copy of his June 29th TAPSZINE, consisting of the GODLESS editorial preceded by a page of remarks like:

...the actions of Craig Miller and Mike Glyer have been unforgivable, particularly Mike's use of his position as Westercon PR publisher to sabotage our advertising efforts. I will never trust Mike Glyer on anything again in my life; hell, I'll take George Senda's word above his! And, if by chance LA should win the Worldcon bid, and if by chance Mike Glyer should be placed in charge of tabulating the Hugo nominations, I wouldn't be a bit surprised to see SCIENTIFRICTION getting a place on the ballot, that's how I feel about Mike Glyer right now!

Ultimately I tracked down a copy of the TAPSZINE Arthurs had, for some reason, sent to Craig Miller (but not me?)

What follows is not a defense. That would assume I have done something which requires defending. As one can tell from Arthurs' TAPSZINE, the man's aim is not the presentation of a case but wholesale character assassination. What follows will illustrate what I object to most: Arthurs' frequent distortion of any event he takes offense at to something easier to support a disagreement with.

(1) Arthurs says: "...would it be unfair of me to point out that the Bonaventure, the LA hotel, is still under construction? One workman's strike, or financial troubles among the backers, and the '78 Worldcon might end up being held in a half-completed building." The Los Angeles Bonaventure has customers booked in time for the Rose Bowl, this coming January 1, 1977. That is four months away. No builder strikes are rumored, much less in the offing. Consider also that Labor Day, 1978,

is two years away, twenty months after the hotel's scheduled opening. Now draw your own conclusions.

(2) Indicative of Arthurs' tactics is the following misrepresentation of Craig Miller's aphorism in SFinctor, which originally read:

A Worldcon is not 'like putting on a 200 person con, only bigger'.

The way Arthurs' dealt with this aphorism was to erupt:

Did you catch the sneaky he pulled in that paragraph? Notice how he put quote marks around the latter part of that one sentence? Notice how it looks like he's actually quoting some specific person there? Who's he quoting, though?...Nobody could make such a dumb statement and be serious about it, and Craig Miller is fully aware of this.

As anyone with a passing familiarity with the English language is aware, single quotes do not represent a statement taken verbatim, but are placed around a word or phrase to emphasize that word or phrase. This whole business of sources for a quotation results from Arthurs' calculating distortion of what was published in SFinctor.

On the other hand, in a note dated July 10 Bruce Arthurs informed Craig Miller:

Shortly after mailing it /GODLESS/ out, I received a card from VardeBob revealing the fact that the "quote" I complained about actually was said, by Rick Gellman at Minicon....

So a phrase only meant to characterize the attitude of some Phoenix Worldcon bidders seems to have been quite an accurate reflection, for as you know, Rick Gellman has been the Phoenix bid's Eastern agent.

(3) I wrote all promotional material for the LA Westercon bid in question here. Not, as Arthurs says, Craig Miller. However it is much easier for Arthurs to go his way if he claims Miller did -- though he couldn't possibly know. Arthurs again has distorted for effect.

(4) One reads in GODLESS: "Unfortunately, due to an eleventh-hour notification from Glyer that the ad deadline for the PR was nearly upon us (we finally received information on what the ad deadlines would be two weeks before that deadline, and only one week after Glyer had been personally asked at Leprecon 2 if he had any vague idea of when the deadline would be and had replied negatively), Tim had no opportunity to show his ad to the rest of the Phx committee --" Evidently Arthurs never knew the first thing about his bid's publications, nor troubled to find out anything about them. Shortly after Leprecon (date: March 12-14) Tim Kyger sent me a half-page ad for the Progress Report. This was an extremely sloppy ad, full of inanities, almost neglecting to promote the Phoenix in '78 bid. Being interested in putting out an attractive PR 4, and seeing no reason for the Phoenix bid to commit suicide with stupid ads, I asked for a replacement. In a letter dated April 3 I informed the committee, "This is the ugliest ad I ever saw...If you want to send me something better looking (or not, as you wish) let me have it by April 25." In the same letter I informed them that the ad

deadline for the Westercon Program Book would be May 15. In no way has Arthurs reflected the real timing of events, and in no way did I give them an "eleventh hour notification." If their committee failed to pick up its mail or communicate between members, too bad. I refuse to be bumrapped because that committee couldn't get together a decent-looking half-page ad with three weeks' notification.

So having asked for a replacement I got a second stupid, sloppily executed ad -- the SMUST ad. I'm virtually certain the main source of Arthurs' pain is that it was possible to effectively dismiss that ad in a mere half a line. In that same PR I ran a twenty-line text ad for my bid, whose first sentence was "If you're disinterested in Smutz and Putz, and will cast your vote for the 1978 Westercon site based on the committee's experience, its plans for operating the convention, and the prospective program, consider MIKE GLYER, ED FINKELSTEIN and CRAIG MILLER's bid...." I went on to elaborate the qualities of our bid, having done no more than make an ironic reference to the opposition.

What would have been sabotage is if I had run the original ad and kept my mouth shut.

(5) Arthurs says "When Curt Stubbs of the Phoenix committee, a mild-mannered, pacifistic person, read that last line /Even our opposition has sought his advice./ steam came out of his ears. Curt Stubbs is the member of the Phoenix Committee who 'sought advice' from Craig Miller. Only not in the way Craig Miller /sic/ implies. The implication of the ad is that we've sought Craig Miller's advice on hotels. Absolutely untrue! We don't need Craig Miller's advice...."

Curt Stubbs seems to value Craig Miller's advice even if Bruce Arthurs lacks the sense to. I cannot explain why steam shot out of Stubbs' ears -- perhaps it was the humidity? For indeed Stubbs discussed hotel contract issues on the phone with Miller, and requested a copy of the standard hotel contract used by LA cons in relations with their hotels.

Then in a letter last January Curt Stubbs told Craig Miller: "Now, with some LA people getting up a /Westercon/ bid against us, we feel we need some kind of ally. That's what this letter is, a request for whatever aid you can give us... Can you give us any advice about how best to prepare our bid? Other than a definitive commitment with the hotel, what else should we have ready for this July? Should we have tentative programming? Should we spend vast amounts of money on parties? on fliers? on advertisements? We would appreciate any kind of help you can give us, about organizing our bid, our committee, and our bid presentation. SASE enclosed for your convenience."

That's how little Curt Stubbs values Craig Miller's advice.

(6) In referring to my Westercon ad announcing "...we will have a policy of complete financial disclosure. CONVENTION PROFITS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED BY A VOTE OF THE ATTENDEES, if profits there be," one finds Arthurs plumbing the depths of paranoia:

... Now, when they say that "we" will have complete financial disclosure, this implies that somebody else won't.

Does it indeed? Arthurs infers something quite distant from my mind

when I authored the ad, continuing as he did:

Who, by implication, is that somebody else? Why, the Phoenix Westercon bidding committee, that's who! They're implying that we're a bunch of crooks! And if we object, why, they'll just say that they didn't mean us at all, nosirree.

Arthurs' illogic speaks for itself.

(7) In case it has slipped Arthurs' mind, the controversy in 1972 was not whether the profits went into LASFS -- they assuredly did -- but from the action of two committeepeople in reimbursing themselves for expenses incurred while flying to Heidelberg to present the LA worldcon bid in 1970.

Inasmuch as the Pacificon 3 committee has announced that its profits will be divided by a vote of the membership (imitating my Westercon plan to what degree I do not know) -- anybody with an opinion about where the money should or should not go has the chance to attend and vote. Anyone who fails to do so forfeits his right to complain.

(8) Contrary to Arthurs' claim, at Westercon the Phoenix crew avoided anti-LA advertising about like sailors are known to avoid women. Half the Phoenix fliers dumped on LA one way or another -- including one exceptionally stupid one which blamed LA for the 1968 Westercon -- which was in fact Baycon, in 1968 when the Worldcon and Westercon were combined in San Francisco. Not that I minded the anti-LA tone -- anybody who insults the town where he must get votes for his conbid can expect to drive voters into the opposition camp at a high rate.

After reading Arthurs libels in TAPS one fan dropped me a note which in part said, "Bruce has, to be quite frank, a pretty low opinion of your scruples..." Perhaps the reason Arthurs takes such a strong interest in my scruples (which I keep in lucite at a constant temperature of 68 degrees...) is that he demonstrably has none of his own.

Given his alleged opinion, where was Arthurs during Westercon? That weekend as money was collected and voting memberships turned in, Ed Finkelstein and I took charge and responsibility for the cash, the records, and the ballots. At no time did anyone on the Phoenix committee offer to share the responsibility, nor did anyone on that committee question our ability and trustworthiness. I say Arthurs' action -- or inaction -- in completely trusting us with the lifeblood of the Phoenix Westercon bid speaks louder than any words he could possibly utter.

Before closing I wish to remark on two other Arthurs' quotes. First, after Arthurs was made aware of all the facts of this editorial, what was his reaction? An apology? A correction? No, he invented a couple pages of more charges (which will doubtless grace the next GODLESS) and circulated them through AZAPA with the remark: "My original editorial in GODLESS was, and -- I feel -- still is, fairly accurate and fair..." Right about now Arthurs sounds like the Black Knight in MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL.

All Arthurs' rhetoric boils down to the same level with that of Joe McCarthy's ever-diminishing list of card-carrying communists -- doesn't

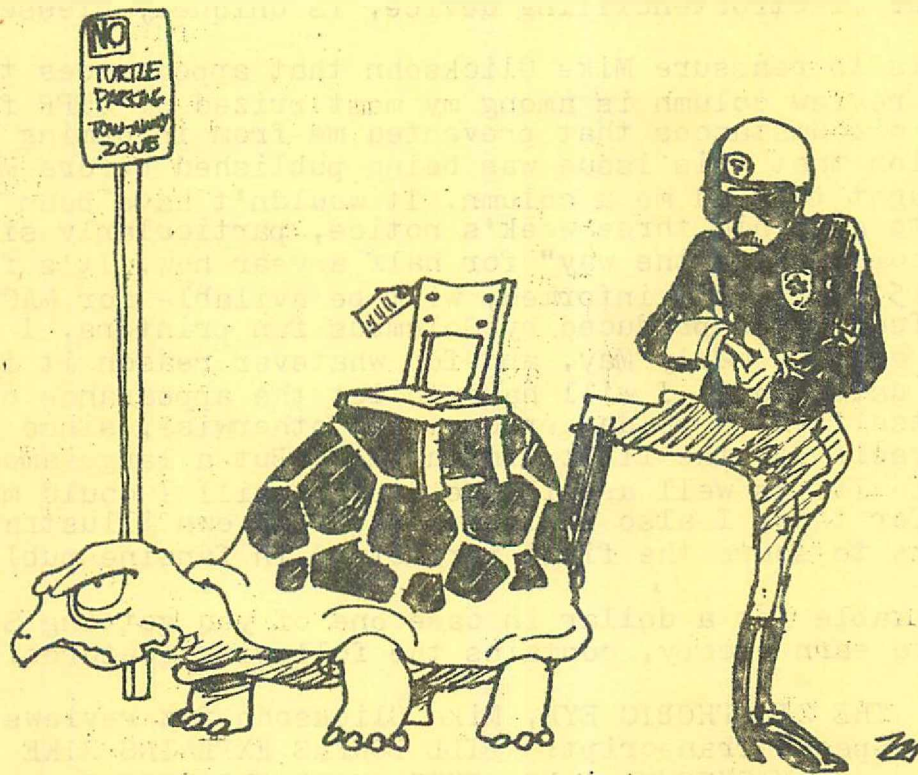
matter if it's true, just keep repeating yourself. "Accurate and fair"? In GODLESS, portraying me as a fallen angel, Arthurs says "Mike is a likeable guy and I've always enjoyed his fanzines...." However in the July AZAPA he declared to the members that if I did Pacificon 3's publications they would be shit (his word) simply because I would be doing them. From this I do not conclude that Arthurs has been accurate and fair. I conclude that Bruce Arthurs is, among other things, a hypocrite.

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The reason I have written at such length is not entirely from concern. Friends might have a lower opinion of me if I didn't -- as one said in a note, "...I felt that what Arthurs had written was the product of sour grapes and paranoia." Much of it was to offer my experience with Arthurs to other fans that they might draw their conclusions about what kind of ethics and behavior Arthurs stands for. Because I regard my time as too valuable to me to be wasted fending off the effects of someone else's paranoia. Whatever follows, I have said what I intend to say, and if anyone else has more to say, all I ask is that you consider the source.



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### 3. No Baum In Gilead

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"Yaz, Charley Horse, this is Zinc Lumberjack, five days out of the Emerald City, and I've got the hammer down. Come in?"

I switched the mike alive, "Breaker, this is the Raven Maniac, how 'bout the Smokey situation out your way?"

"No Smokey's inbound, rockin' chair. I'll be your front door--"

"Breaker for Smokey. You boys keep right on those double nickels or I'll -- redeep redeep..."

"Breaker for Wizard White. I just turned Smokey into a frog comin' up the Yellow Brick Road. Let's shape up this convoy!"

"Auntie Em! I'll Auntie Em you, you ungrateful little..."

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### 4. Sitting In The Draft On Stencil

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Pages 8 through 10 here violate Glycer's First Law of Fanzining: always write your bloody editorial before you try to publish the fanzine, because afterwards all your energies will be devoted to publishing and you'll end up blathering like you're doing right here....

I obeyed that rule for the past few issues of SCIENTIFRICTION and almost forgot what it was like to hack out an editorial. The first seven pages are, of course, not drafted on stencil, but I doubt that anyone will find them as pleasant as they find this dithering, much less enjoy it as well as they would a well-prepared but light editorial.

Still I might take care of a little housekeeping while I'm at it. Number one on the list is to thank Jackie Franke for producing the electrostencils utilized here and in PREHENSILE 15. Jackie, now boss of her very own Gestetner electrostencilling device, is uniquely blessed among fans.

Number two is to reassure Mike Glicksohn that appearances to the contrary his fanzine review column is among my most prized of STFR features, and it was only circumstances that prevented me from informing him in a timely fashion that this issue was being published before MAC and he therefore ought to send me a column. It wouldn't have been particularly fair of me to give him three week's notice, particularly since I've had one of his columns "on the way" for half a year now. It's featured in PREHENSILE 15 which, I'm informed, will be available for MAC. PRE 15 is a mostly-offset issue produced by Columbus fan printers. I sent the copy for it back east in early May, and for whatever reason it failed to be produced until now. I will have to let the appearance of PRE 15 speak for itself: it'd be dangerous to do otherwise, since I'll be seeing the repro myself for the first time at MAC. But a large amount of good art went into it, as well as all the design skill I could muster. Then to make up for that, I also included one of my own illustrations. Far be it from me to score the first perfect 10 in fanzine publishing....

PRE 15, available for a dollar in case one of you getting STFR has somehow failed to earn a copy, contains the following features:

THE ZINEPHOBIC EYE, Mike Glicksohn fmz reviews

Speech Transcript: "BILL BOWERS EXPLAINS MIKE

GLICKSOHN...AND OTHER SHORT SUBJECTS,"

Bowers' Confusion GoH speech w/intro by Glicksohn

CAPN RO'S GALLEY: Chicken/Glycer Rapport, and

by Joe Pearson



Hunting The Elusive SMOF, a cooking and  
commentary column by Ro Nagey  
MIDAMONSTERCON: A SEMIORIGINAL HORRORSHOW by  
the CSU Terran League

It also includes art by Jim Shull, Ray Capella, Al Sirois, Linda Miller, Stuart Gilson, Joe Pearson, Marc Schirmeister, Mike Glycer, Bruce Townley and Grant Canfield. And probably a couple others by the time I get it finished. The cover is a spectacular space scene by Taral Wayne Macdonald.

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DOORWAYS IN THE SAND by Roger Zelazny  
Harper & Row 1976 \$8.95                      Reviewed by Stan Burns

I don't think I have enjoyed a Zelazny novel as much as I did this one since ISLE OF THE DEAD. It is difficult for me to pin down why; I think it is because Zelazny wrote the novel just for fun, and on that simple level he succeeds admirably. The carefree use of language in this novel, for instance, would not have worked nearly as well in the AMBER novels -- it is light, and witty, drawing from the usage found most often in modern suspense novels, and fits perfectly with the theme.

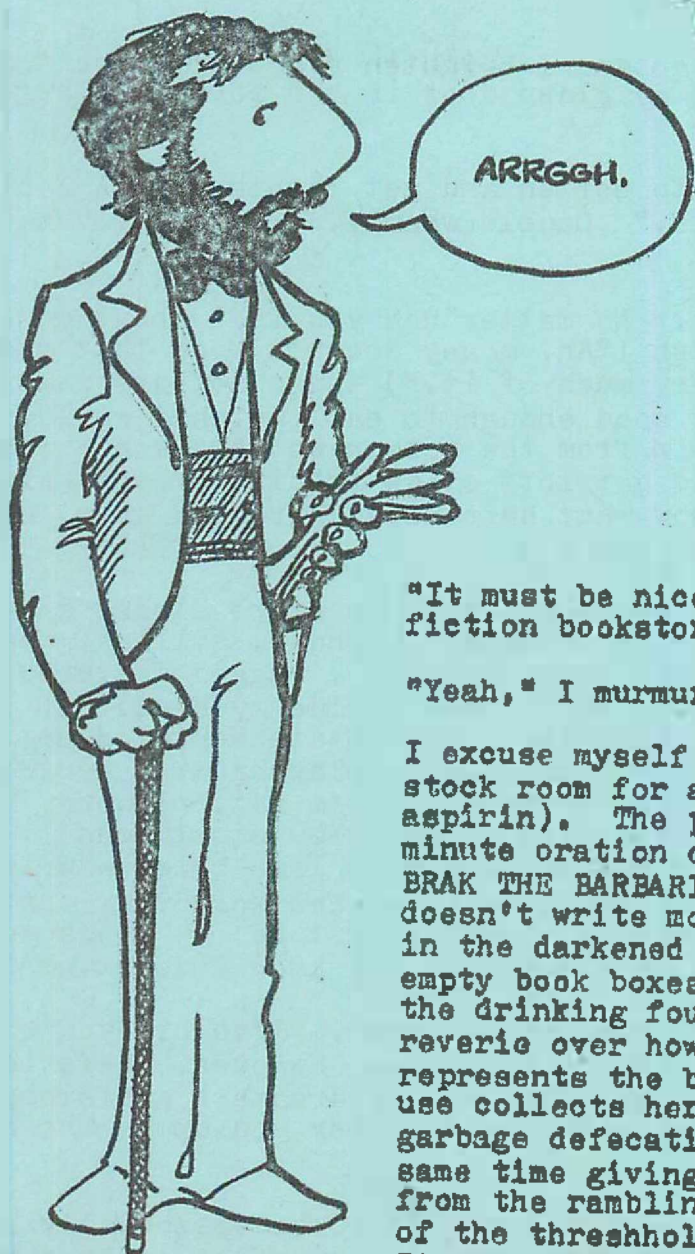
Fred Cassidy, the hero, is also a step above those seen recently in Zelazny novels. He is quite likeable -- neither a snob nor a schmuck, but rather an interesting and amusing eccentric. Cassidy is a university student, and has been for years, in order to keep up his income from a trust fund set up in his Uncle's will that provides him with money only so long as he studies, but does not graduate. A long line of 'advisors' have attempted to force him to graduate but none have succeeded. This idyllic situation is abruptly threatened when one of his Professors attacks him while ransacking his room, looking for a lost "star-stone", an alien artifact given to the Earth government in trade for human artwork, which has mysteriously disappeared. The situation becomes more complex as different groups bring pressure upon him, all assuming he has the stone in his possession, or knows where it is.

The search for the stone leads him on all sorts of adventures, and allows Zelazny to introduce some of the funniest characters he has worked with for some time. I do have a few gripes with the novel. Zelazny tends to start chapters with the action taking place after the action that ended the previous chapter, and then later referring back to the lost time period in a flashback. Heinlein used this device to start STARSHIP TROOPERS, for example, but he only used it once. Zelazny uses it too often, and it takes away some of the suspense that the novel would otherwise have generated. The solution at the end comes too far in from left field, and in the mystery aspect cheats the reader at the game of figuring out what is really going on. A little more preparation, a few more clues dropped earlier in the novel, would easily remedy this. Still, these are minor complaints, and didn't seriously affect my enjoyment of the novel. Recommended.

# GROWING UP IS LEARNING HOW TO SCREAM CIVILLY

a column

by Carl Bennett



"It must be nice working in a science fiction bookstore."

"Yeah," I murmur, "nice."

I excuse myself and tromp on back into the stock room for a drink of water (and a few aspirin). The person continues his thirty minute oration on how great John Jakes' BRAK THE BARBARIAN books were, and why he doesn't write more of them. Trudging about in the darkened stock room, I kick at a few empty book boxes which block my passage to the drinking fountain, and lapse into minor reverie over how much the dark, warm room represents the bowels of the building (refuse collects here until Tuesday when the garbage defecation takes place), and at the same time giving a nearly prenatal security from the rambling burn-out on the other side of the threshold. God, how I hate aspirin. It goes down like pieces of chalk. Out there now, the rambler has changed subject matter and is now talking about books by Gardner P.

Fox, which should be good for another twenty minutes with the fellow.

Closing the door (on which is a sign that reads: "These are PRIVATE parts") behind me, I nod and yeah yeah a few times to get me past the human obstacle and over to my desk chair. I leaf through papers, fanzines, books, or whatever there is on my desk and yeah yeah hoping the guy has a seizure and can't go on. That probably sounds dreadful, but, honest to God, it's one of the few things that makes bookstore-sitting (the advanced form of baby sitting) unbearable at times. What is going on here is, I disagree with this person's conception of what-is-a-good-book so strongly that I could argue for two hours attempting to explain why Drek the Barbarian is only so much crap, but I daren't because I personally don't want the guy around for two hours. If he could argue intelligently I wouldn't mind, but he can't. This person (thank God there really aren't that many of them) is hardly capable of initiating basic motor functions, much less carrying on conversation.

Well, finally, the guy makes to go and I brighten right up as he trundles out (leaving his calling card on my glass door in the form of a huge, greasy handprint). Gone.

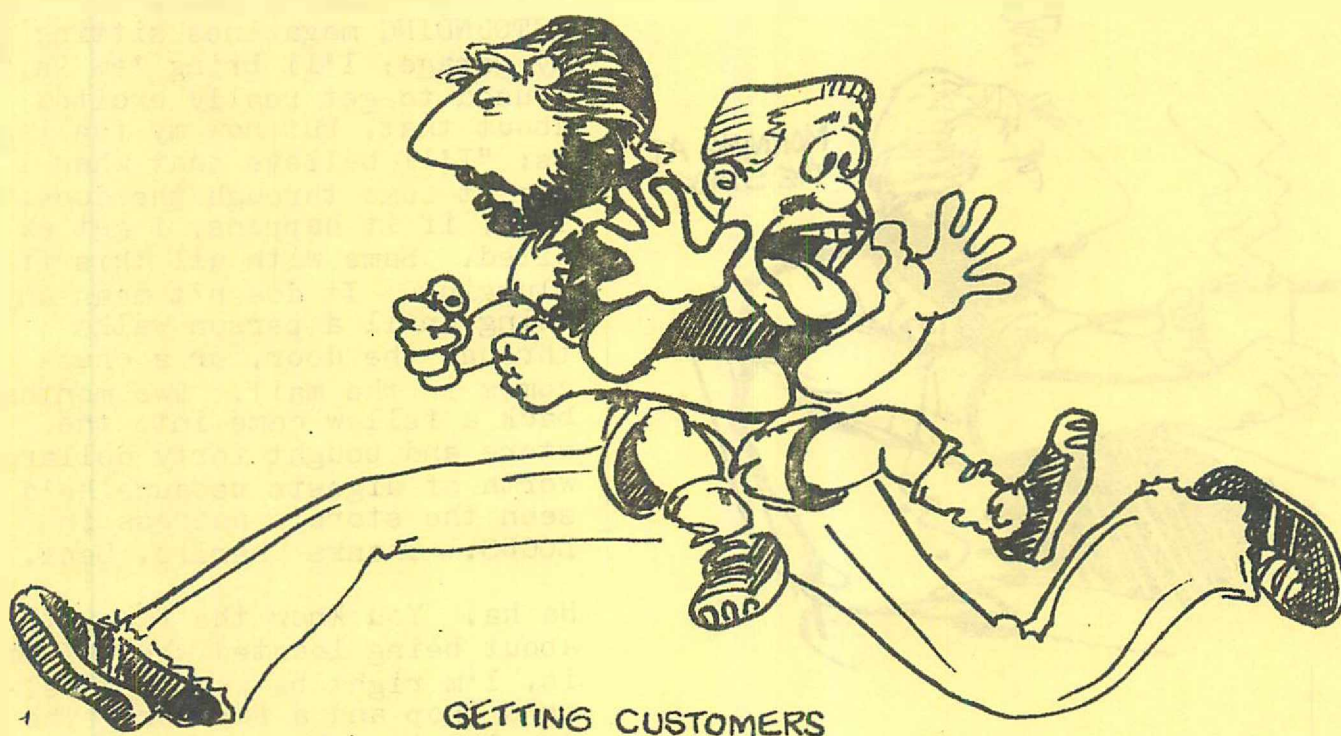
The rock between my ears begins to soften and get lighter until I pick up the file marked: "Unpaid Bills." Double whammy. I currently have \$1,775.00 in unpaid bills.

Money makes or breaks a business. No matter how you feel about money when you get into a small business ("Ah, money doesn't mean that much to me. Hell, I can live without very much of it.") those dollars coming through the door eventually look good enough to eat (which I would, were they not so valuable). Take a tip from the person who knows now (the key word there is "now"), you gots to get lots o' de foldin' green. Elsewise, you just haven't... You know what happens. There's a great huge "No Go" sign hanging on your business plans.

I'm rather proud of myself. You can come into the store almost any day and I'll probably be quite refreshed looking, friendly, smiling, whatever. You'll find not the slightest worry on my handsome, rugged features (a little positive PR there); but it's there back inside my head. If I tended toward traumatic lapses, I'd be in the Oregon State Mental Hospital where they shot ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST, playing with my toes among some of the film cast extras. I don't, so I'm not. I worry about it very occasionally; not during business hours. You simply can't. Strangely enough, running a bookstore is very much like being a writer or an actor. The more of yourself you give them, the more your customers appreciate it. So you can't be moping around the store because people just don't like that kind of atmosphere. I know I don't.

Ah, but despair is not the secret name of the game. I've hit you with what makes operating a small business a headache. However, there is another side to it all. It's the side all you daydreamers envision. I threw all the problems in there, perhaps, to sober you up to the serious side of things.

True, when you love science fiction and you love books (especially science fiction books) being in the situation I find myself, it is the true fulfillment of a dream. Two things make up the dream for me: a) running a science fiction and fantasy bookstore, and b) not having to work for someone else. Doing this is what makes me want to jump up and down



shouting, "Hoot hoot hootie!"

I located the store very near the main core of Downtown Portland, on a street with a large amount of street traffic. I won't tell you right out how much I pay rent for this location, but the rate is \$4.50/sq. ft. (talk to someone who knows real estate about this). It's a rather large amount of money, but I've gambled a bit locating where I am. Across the street is a retail redevelopment project, a shopping alley, which may bring a great number of buyers up this direction from the main retail core. Trouble is, it's just now getting open. Those of you who read about the store before know that soon the city of Portland is going to tear down the block that contains my store and build a multi-story parking lot. The question is, will enough people find and start patronizing THE ILLUSTRATED STORE before it has to move to another location? If they do start patronizing this store, then relocation will not be as rough as most relocations are.

I can't do much advertising at all because most of the money taken in goes to pay off the most overdue bills. I am, however, getting some free advertising through a local movie house in exchange for a promotion of LOGAN'S RUN (embarassing as that is). But, free is free, nonetheless.

I might mention that the store's name is getting around in magazines. I want to thank those responsible, here publicly, especially Andy Porter who mentioned THE ILLUSTRATED STORE in his editorial to the Summer 1976 ALGOL. Gee, thanks. The store was also listed in a recent PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY for their special science fiction issue (which contains a good science article by Alfred Bester, if you can get hold of it.)

All this is goody-goody, but I've tended to develop an attitude toward



business possibilities like: "I've got twenty years of ASTOUNDING magazines sitting in my garage; I'll bring 'em in." I used to get really excited about that, but now my feeling is: "I'll believe that when I see it come through the door." Then, if it happens, I get excited. Same with all this free plugging. It doesn't mean anything until a person walks through the door, or a check comes in the mail. Two months back a fellow came into the store and bought forty dollars worth of digests because he'd seen the store's address in LOCUS. Thanks Charlie, Dena.

Ha ha. You know the funny thing about being located where I am is, I'm right between a Jeweler's shop and a Furrier. The Jeweler is a Mr. Klein, and

quite well-to-do, thank you. The Furrier is a Mr. Hamilton who is a member of the Oregon Consulate Corps, and whose Cadillac never seems to get a parking ticket. I'm sitting here between these money men, and I can't even afford to stay in my own apartment. Now, that's funny.

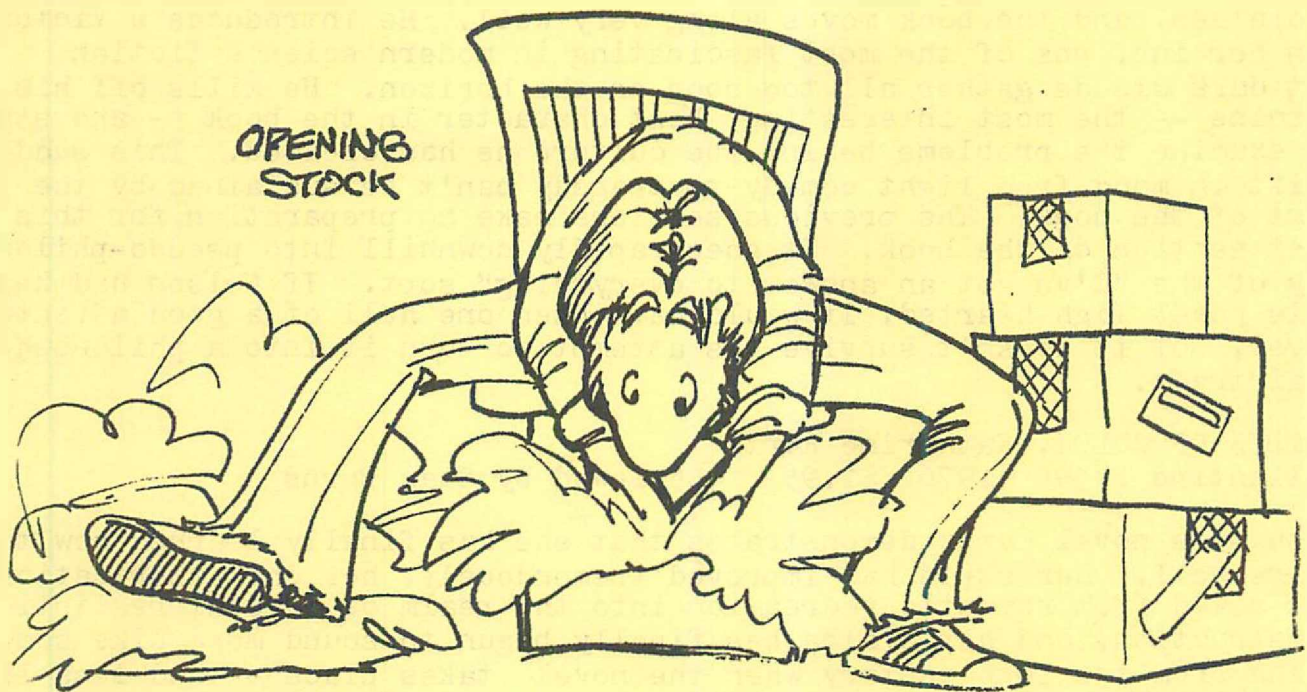
I might warn you bookstore daydreamers about one more thing. I, myself, have been a reader most of my life. Collecting books, if not a totally foreign thing, seemed a bit unnecessary, because of the sizes and costs of any truly good collections. I always looked for cheaper editions of books, a buy here or there. I never appreciated large price tags on books that were in ratty condition and were only three years old. Well, collecting and selling collectible items is an odd thing. I'm sure you have seen an edition of a book that you'd like to own (let's say you just want to read it), and you open the book, when suddenly (with a flush of dread) you see it costs twenty-five dollars. Don't drop the book or fling it against the wall (or your friendly bookseller). There's a reason for it. It's probably true that the bookseller got that book for about eight or nine dollars, but don't get mad. If that is a rare book (there are truly very few "rare" books), it's best to try and keep that copy in the best shape possible because it's really hard to say how many copies of that edition have



Screaming Civilly

survived. If a heavy price tag discourages a "reader" from buying that book, that's good. Most "readers" will read that book then chuck it into a corner, or a basement, or wherever. A "collector", however, will buy that book if he or she really wants it, and will go to extra lengths to make sure that edition stays intact and in good shape. For instance, I hope collectors are the only people buying James Blish's DR. MIRABILIS, which saw only one printing in hardback. That's a rather expensive edition (when you can find it), so I imagine they are the only ones buying. The point is, I feel guilty sometimes for being partly responsible for hiking the prices on books (especially when I get them for a pittance), but I also want to see these books survive. I'll tell you, one of the saddest sights I've seen since opening the store was when someone brought in a box of ASTOUNDINGS which had gotten very wet and dried until the pages stuck together and the cover colors ran. After that the worms had eaten them. Sadly, I rummaged through what there was and bought a few for myself to read, but they were in no shape to sell. See, through negligence there are one fewer set of those ASTOUNDINGS to be found.

Sigh.



I must say, despite everything, the store is doing better than could have been realistically expected a few months ago, and that it won't be long before the store starts seeing a net gain. That means more books; and more books means more satisfied readers. And more satisfied readers means I'm happy. Believe me, there's something special about getting a book for someone who's been looking for it for a few years. Nothing like producing a book someone read back in 1953 when all they gave you was a title and a possible author. It should be obvious that I'm not in this business to make money. I just want a living and those books.

Yeah, I've got to admit that it's a damned headache (and the other book-sellers in town think I'm going to go down the tube because I didn't

know exactly what I was getting into), but it's all worth the while when you love and know the business you're in. I may not know all the tricks to running a successful business, pessimists out there, but I've got enthusiasm and I learn damned fast.

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THEN BEGGARS COULD RIDE, R.F. NELSON  
Laser Book #32 1976 95¢ Review by Stan Burns

Until the last thirty-odd pages this is an excellent action/adventure novel. In the future, because of energy shortages, the Earth has been divided up into enclaves -- small societies that duplicate some period of Earth's history. Newton McClintock lives in one such enclave, that duplicates the US during the twenties. But for reasons he cannot understand he becomes depressed and despondent. He wants to live in the 'real' world, so he takes off on an odyssey of discovery to find a place for himself. From there the book turns into a travelog, giving views of various societies -- Rome after the time of Christ, the London of Sherlock Holmes, the land of Oz. Nelson has fun playing with the varied societies, and the book moves along very well. He introduces a Victorian heroine, one of the most fascinating in modern science fiction. But dark clouds gather all too soon on the horizon. He kills off his heroine -- the most interesting, best character in the book -- and starts to examine the problems behind the culture he has created. This sudden shift in mood from light comedy to tragedy can't be sustained by the rest of the book. The previous sections make no preparation for this last section of the book. It goes rapidly downhill into pseudo-philosophy of the "I've got an answer to everything" sort. If Nelson had kept this novel lighthearted, it would have been one hell of a good adventure novel, but it doesn't survive his attempt to turn it into a philosophical tract.

CAMBER OF CULDI, Katherine Kurtz  
Ballantine 24590 1976 \$1.95 Reviewed by Stan Burns

With this novel Kurtz demonstrates that she has finally learned how to write well. Her style has improved tremendously, her characterization has moved from romantic recreation into the realm of careful realistic construction, and her dialog has finally begun to sound more like something from the 10th century when the novel takes place -- and less like something happening in a corporation boardroom. The plot, however, is extremely corny. The last words of a dying man alert Camber, (known as saint of the Deryni in Kurtz' previous novels) to the existence of a living Haldane heir, and brings about a revolution against the present tyrannical monarch. Cliches of that kind abound in the novel -- Kurtz sometimes seems to be writing a 30s movie, complete with dramatic close-ups of the last lines of dying players. She manages, however, to handle the cliches with enough skill so that the fast-paced novel distracts you from recognizing them for what they are until after you've finished reading. It may not be the best she is capable of doing, but it is a damn good read. Recommended.

# BEYOND THE SHIFT KEY DAVE LOCKE

1. A CLAPTRAP OF CRITICS Behind me, here in my den, I have a special wastebasket that I store fanzines in. Try not to read too much symbolism into that.

The waste basket gets dumped every other month or so, and it gets dumped onto whoever is in the market for some free fanzines. Sorry, no sorting allowed. Take them all and go. They're worth every penny.

For some reason, a significant quantity of the zines presently stashed in the wastebasket have more than a few words on the subject of the science fiction review and the science fiction critique. This is probably because I receive too many of the wrong kinds of fanzines.



The more I read on the subject, the more I am inclined to put forth my own viewpoint. This is because I haven't yet seen my viewpoint expressed. There may be a reason for that, but I'm used to it...

My viewpoint is that the science fiction critique has no value except as a means of entertaining the reader, and that anyone who likes to be entertained by critiques is welcome to them.

Doubtless I will be accused of taking an anti-intellectual stand. I like to view things in perspective, and the critique has been blown out of perspective. To my mind it is a useful vehicle for advancing personal opinion.

Literary criticism is personal opinion.

Even in the higher mundane literary circles critics are always at odds with each other, and this effectively shoots down the assumption that there are valid means for judging literary quality. At the very least, this vast difference of opinion between critics, even among those who possess the more impressive credentials, shows that they don't have any such yardsticks.

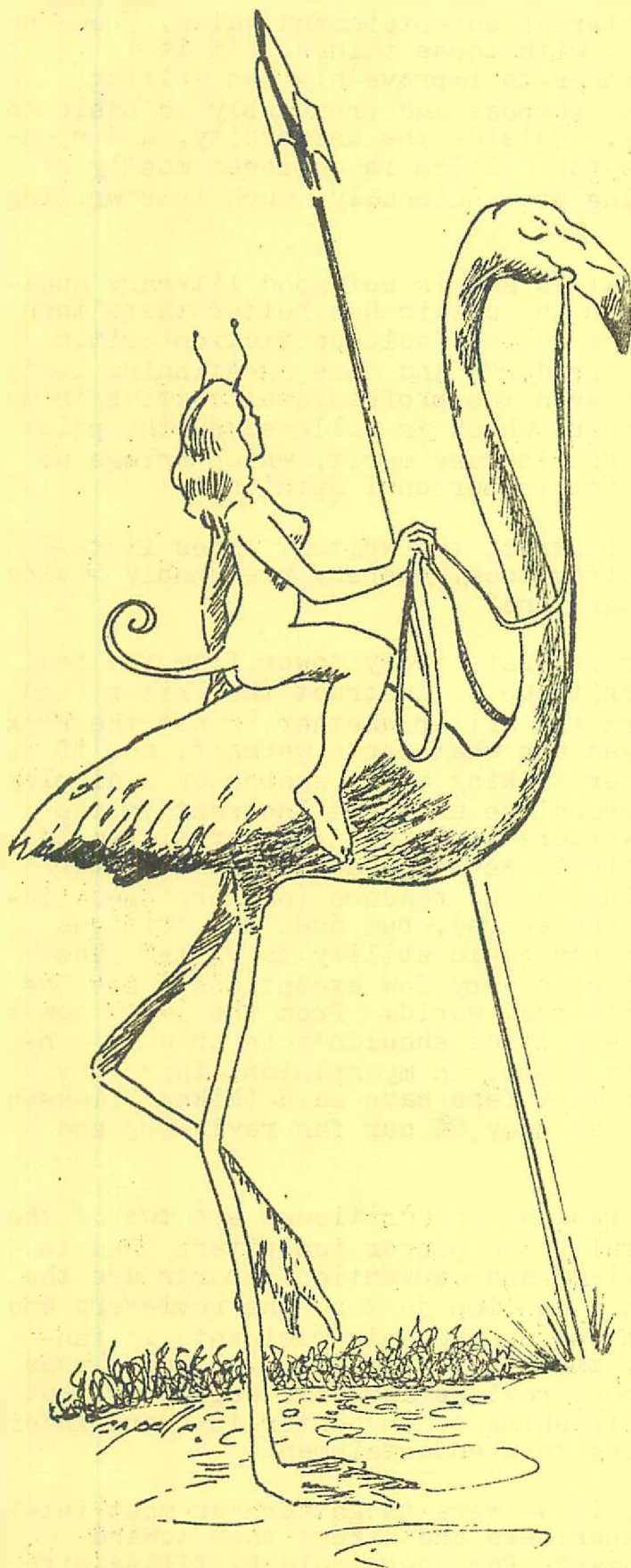
And if they don't, who does? What is the measure of a literary classic? Is it longevity, even under the circumstance that the educational facilities perpetuate the classics ("Read this, Johnnie: it's a classic.")?

I'm not going to discuss those questions, as that would be a diversion. My purpose in posing them was to show you that we are dealing with an area of personal opinion. Just as political theory is personal opinion, as are religious credos, philosophies of life, and Dear Abby's columns, so is literary merit a thing which can only be defined in terms of personal opinion. In the field of writing there are roses and there are weeds, but a rose to you is a weed to somebody else. If you see someone clutching twelve copies of ZARKON: THE VOLCANO OGRE, lowering their olfactory protuberance to breathe deeply of the aroma which comes wafting up from these tomes, and they tell you that they are holding a bouquet of roses, don't be alarmed. It is, after all, a matter of personal opinion. Besides, somebody must like those things.

Let's get down to the purpose of the sf review and the sf critique. It seems to be a commonly-held belief that a review is directed at people who have not as yet read the work being discussed, and a critique is aimed at those who have already read the book.

The sf review generally describes what the book is about, and usually presents the reviewer's opinion on the overall quality. A buying-guide approach, you might say.

The review therefore presents three things which might be of use to you. First it informs you that the book is on the market, and second it might tell enough about the content to let you make an educated decision on whether or not the book would be of interest to you. The reviewer's personal opinions are less valuable. Ideally you can lay your tastes alongside theirs and find some kind of key to align the two perspectives, thereby improving your chances of determining in advance whether or not you will like the work in question. But it takes a lot of time before you can use the reviewer's opinions to your advantage; you have to get



to know the reviewer's tastes before you can find any kind of an interface, and it isn't all that easy.

The perfect reviewer, for you, is one who either shares your reading likes and dislikes, or is the direct opposite. In the field of motion pictures I find Judith Crist's reviews quite valuable. They're poorly written, snobbish, and dull, but they're valuable to the extent that if she likes a movie it will probably put me to sleep, and if she pans it then I'll probably be well entertained. For me, these are useful reviews. More often, however, a reviewer's tastes will hit and miss when compared to your own. It's difficult to find a correlation, and to do so usually requires more attention than one is willing to devote to the task.

But the purpose of a review is pretty straightforward. The review is a buying guide, and if the reviewer can entertain you at the same time, so much the better.

The purpose of the sf critique is much more nebulous. Literary criticism is clouded in a time-honored mystique and the air in there sometimes smells like a drive through downtown Akron.

One might well ask what possible interest you could find in listening to someone discussing the nature of a book which you have already read. And what is the purpose of it? If the literary critique presumes no purpose other than entertainment, then I wish it well. And those who like that sort of thing may hug it to their bosoms, for all I care. If, however, the fanzine-published science fiction critique is being elevated above the level of mere entertainment,

my response is to say horsepuppy, bulldinkle, and blow it out your ass. Some say that our little efforts at writing the sf critique are aimed at the readers. If we set aside the matter of entertainment value, I see no reason for the readers to get involved with these things. If it is thought that criticism helps the beginner to improve his own writing skills, then criticism has an academic purpose and presumably is basic to any literary pursuits in a university. Outside the university, and specifically here in fandom, the audience for critics is composed mostly of people who have no intention of writing professionally, much less writing science fiction.

If the reader is to be educated in what is and is not good literary quality, does that not presume that Joe Fan the critic has better taste than the reader? Do we acknowledge that the average science fiction critic has better taste than the average fan reader? And this questioning leads us full-circle back to the point that even the professional critics in munda are always at odds with each other, which is followed by the point that there are no yardsticks to measure literary merit, which brings us back to deducing that literary criticism is personal opinion.

Is the purpose of the sf critique to instruct the writer? Does it tell them how they could have written a better book, thereby presumably giving them some insight for improving the next one?

With this area of doubt let's try and separate ivory tower from the real world. If it is the purpose of the critique to instruct the writer (and by this we don't mean merely to inform the writer whether or not the book was enjoyed, or what parts were enjoyed and what parts weren't; and if we are saying only that, then we're either talking about egoboo or a display of personal opinion, and nothing so grandiose as seems inherent in the words 'literary criticism'), do the writers feel that this criticism is valuable to their wordsmithing abilities? Reviews can tell the writer whether or not his theme is interesting to the readers (or more specifically to those of his readers who are reviewers), but does the critique result in any improvement of the writer's basic ability to write? The writers can speak for themselves, but with very few exceptions I see the answer as being "no." But then, that's real world. From the ivory tower standpoint, this doesn't mean that the critics shouldn't be able to contribute to an author's growth; it only means, in my opinion, that they don't. And they don't because, as so many fans have said (Mikes Glicksohn and Glycer being the most recent two), so many of our fan reviewers and critics are not good writers.

Without respect toward quality, book reviews and critiques are two of the easier types of fanwriting, and naturally the poorer fanwriters tend to congregate at that level (fanzine reviews and convention reports are the other two areas of crudwriting, which I mention just so the reviewers and the critics won't think I single them out as the sole residents in fandom's low-rent district). As always, there are exceptions. I have read interesting fanzine review columns, book reviews and book critiques, but they're few and far between. It's refreshing to encounter the rare interesting ones, but even those are no more than entertainment.

But, getting back to the ivory tower, if we were to gather our most intelligent, well-read, and interesting fanwriters and direct them toward writing sf critiques, what would we have? Fanzines would be filled with ~~the most utterly worthless~~ a lot of well-written sf critiques, and those who

like to read such things would be infinitely entertained. Would we accomplish anything deeper than that? Would these critics be in agreement on what is and is not good sf writing? If you disagree with Joe Fan the critic on his evaluation of a book, does that mean you're a shit-head because you're not a critic and he is? If you happen to agree with Joe's evaluation, does that mean, universally speaking, that you both have good taste, and perhaps that you should immediately fold your fanzine (STUPENDOUS BEANY STORIES) and start a new one (INTREPID PROMULGATION) devoted to sercon endeavors?

No.

It would just be a lot of interesting, or not so interesting, expression of personal opinion.

I'll grant one point to the sf critique, and then I'll yank it back. The reader may possibly gain some literary insight by reading a variety of critical analyses and then rubbing these divergent opinions against his or her own. Life is a long series of taking ideas and viewpoints, holding them up to the light and shaking them to see if they rattle, and then asking yourself "is this for me?" It is, however, a "make yourself think" type of situation. Any serious or nonserious material has the potential to do that. In any form, exposure to other people's opinions can make you think. The literary critique cannot lay special claim to such a result. It is a common property shared by any medium where personal opinion is expressed.

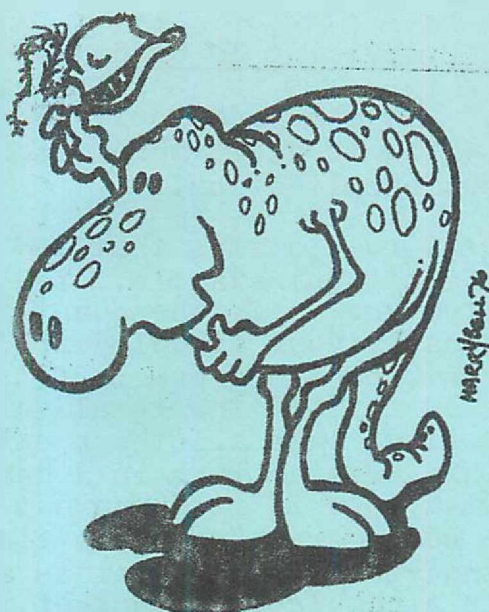
I don't mean to shoot down the literary critique. Once in awhile I even like to read one or two of them, especially on those occasions when my house burns down and the only thing in my mailbox is a copy of SF COMMENTARY.

It has been my purpose here, however, to shoot down the pedestal of shit upon which the literary critique is mounted. Whether you think I succeeded or failed depends, of course, on whether or not you agreed with me before you started reading this article.

As Vonnegut says, so it goes.

2. STIRRING UP STURGEON Once upon a time Theodore Sturgeon coined what has become a well-known bromide: 90% of everything is crud. This created many complications, not the least of which is the inability of you and me, and Tom, Dick and Harry, to reach any consensus as to which items compose the worthwhile 10%.

For some time now I have been wondering when someone would rise up and challenge this old bromide. Just recently, however, I found that I could stop waiting. I decided to do it myself. There are three things wrong with Sturgeon's Law, as I see it. But let's correct them one at a time.



80% Of Everything Is Crud Not 90%. 80%. There is a fairly old management tool which is called "distribution by value." It's a good tool. Sometimes it goes under the name of the 80/20 rule, which is a bit more descriptive of its principle and less tied to its usual application.

The 80/20 rule states that 20% of your units are 80% of your worth. Let's try a fictitious example. You're the manager of a supermarket. List each item you sell, the quantity you move off the shelf in any given period (usually your fiscal year), the unit sales value of the item (or your cost, or the gross profit; doesn't matter), and then calculate an extension to find the total sales value of that product for the given time period. Take all those extensions, for each of the products that you sell, and arrange them in a descending sequence starting with your hottest item (and if it turns out to be the taco sauce I apologize for the pun). Add everything up to find your total sales volume, and then figure each individual sales item as a percentage of that volume. Add a column to keep a cumulative count of the percentages (when you reach the last item your count will be 100% unless your math isn't any better than mine). Finally make out one last column to show a running percentage of the items to the total number of items (if you sell only 100 items, for example, the running percentage for the first 15 will be fifteen percent.)

Find that point where you have listed the top 20% of your items and then run your finger across to find out what their contribution is to your total sales dollars. You'll find it to be 80%. 20% of your items represent 80% of your sales.

In one company I worked at, we did this every year. It never worked out to exactly 80/20, but the farthest afield it got was something like 78.2225/20.125. Not too far off.

The values of such a tool are pretty obvious. You might want to take a close look at some of the items on the bottom of your list and think about dropping them. Mainly, however, you will use the distribution by value report to implement the Pareto principle, which tells you to concentrate the bulk of your attention on the vital factors, because that's what counts, Charlie.

80% Of Most Everything Is Crud The second thing wrong with Sturgeon's Law is that he didn't cover his ass.

Just a short couple of moons ago some fan wrote: "Applying the rule to itself, 90% of Sturgeon's Law is crud." I'm not sure what he was trying to prove with that. Perhaps in some obscure way he was trying to tell us that every rule has 101 common exceptions. Or, then again, perhaps he was actively demonstrating that it is overly generous to apply Sturgeon's law in the area of fanwriting.

In any case, always cover your ass. It is not true that 80%, let alone 90%, of everything is crud. Most everything, maybe, but not everything.

It used to be said that the only things unavoidable in this country were death and taxes. When was the last time you heard that taxes were unavoidable?

And Larry Niven says that somewhere in the mid-2300s we'll have booster-spice. I look forward to it, but something tells me that I would be

## 20% of Most Everything Is Superior

Look at it as a frame of mind. If you say that 80% of most everything is crud, you are pessimistically steeping the world in shit. I would prefer to look at the flip side, where we find that 20% of most everything is superior, and optimistically see that one out of five items has extra merit. This way we view everything of lesser merit as being common, as opposed to viewing it as crud.

It's always better to look for the roses than to look for the weeds.

Now, if we could only agree on which are the roses and which are the weeds.

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DEALER by F. Paul Wilson  
Doubleday 1976 \$5.95

Novel: average writing, cardboard characters, average style. In the space opera range, and reminds me a great deal of Christopher Anvil's stories. Basically a time killer. Steven Dalt is the Healer, the one who can lay his hands on those possessed (sic) by the Horrors, and bring them back. He does this because he is possessed (again sic) by a symbiote that makes him immortal (and once again sic). Turns out the Horrors are caused by this God/woman (shades of womlib) that controls an alien race far across the galaxy. I could go on, but.... Look, people, you've read this before innumerable times. Only for completists.

SPACE ODYSSEYS: A NEW LOOK AT YESTERDAY'S FUTURES, ed. Brian W. Aldiss  
Doubleday 1976 \$7.95

Aldiss describes this book in his introduction as a "work of archeology among the geological layers of past fiction." He has collected stories dating from 1937 to 1974 that deserve to be given a second look, and in so doing has created what has to be one of the best introductions to the field that one can give a nonreader of sf. If you are acquainted with the stories in this collection, you might wait for the paperback and buy it for a reference work. If you're not acquainted with these stories -- run out and buy a copy! The stories run across a spectrum from corny pulp to modern masterpieces, and graphically show how the field's quality has advanced over the years. The stories include: "The Sentinel" by Arthur C. Clarke, "Galactic Patrol (excerpt)" by E.E. Smith, "The Lake of the Gone Forever" by Leigh Brackett, "Reason" by Isaac Asimov, "Time is the Traitor" by Alfred Bester, "The Empress of Mars" by Ross Rocklynne, "The Unfinished" by Frank Belknap Long, "I'm Going To Get You" by F.M. Busby, "Strange Exodus" by Robert Abernathy, "Satr Ship" by Poul Anderson, "And I Awoke and Found Me Here On The Cold Hill's Side" by James Tiptree Jr. Recommended.

DAVE PIPER  
7 Cranley Drive  
Ruislip, Middx UK

Big, fat, meaty  
and sloppy.  
No, not you Mike  
(although I dun-  
no, I guess

you could be!) this...this thing  
'ere...this, er fanzine with the di-  
abolical bloody title what I refuse  
to even think about let alone type  
and speak aloud. Whadda mean(?)...  
you don't speak the words when you  
type 'em? Jeeze, you yankees are  
funny people ainch! ((I figure if  
I just speak slow and loud and keep  
repeating myself you'll understand,  
even though we don't speak the same  
language...))

Awright, awright. Scientifriktion  
(took me 25 seconds to type that)  
No 5 thwacked its way thru me letter-  
box, for which many thanks.

Er, on the envelope you wrote 'loc?'  
Now do you mean:

- a) I wrote you a letter but you  
can't remember where you put it?
- b) You think I wrote you a letter bu'  
you can't remember for sure?
- c) I did write you a letter, you  
got it, but you couldn't decide  
whether it was a real for honest  
loc?
- d) You think I wrote you a letter,  
but you're sure you never received  
it?
- e) You don't know whether I wrote  
you a letter and you're interested  
in me writing you a further letter  
telling you whether I wrote you a  
letter or not?
- f) You got a letter from a 'Dave  
Piper' but you're not sure whether  
the 'Dave Piper' you got it from is  
the 'Dave Piper' you sent the issue  
to and you'd like to know whether  
I wrote to you before?
- g) I didn't write you a letter and  
you know that I didn't write you  
a letter which you know you didn't  
get because I didn't write...you...  
bubblebubblebubble

You know, I don't feel too well...

Scientifriktion Six

FANIVORE

Pacificon 3 in '78  
London in '79  
Terminus in  
23,309!



Dave Piper

MICHAEL BISHOP  
May 20, 1976  
Pine Mtn., GA

Wrote Don  
Keller to tell  
him that my  
comments about  
his intellect-

ual (as opposed to emotional) excitement about "The Samurai and the Willows" were intended humorously rather than admonishly, a fact which, I admit, may not have been at all clear from context. My sense of humor is Southern Gothic. Don's meaning was indeed clear from the context of his review, and I'm sorry I made him crabwalk through the kudzu to explain what really didn't need explaining. Is that clear?

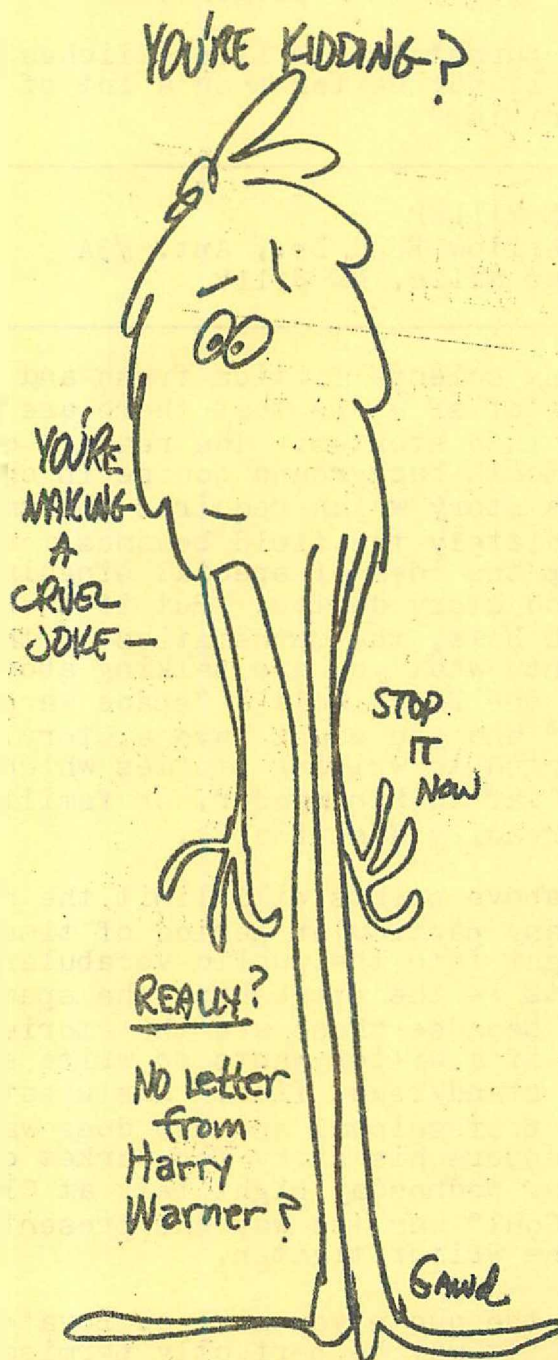
Enjoyed most of STFR 5, by the way. Thanks, too, for sending along pages 5 and 6 of Jon Singer's loc, even though his signature is illegible and you didn't see fit to print the part flattering to me. Liked "The Editor As Ideologue" and the incomprehensible "Through the Looking Glass," even though (I seem to have a fondness for this grammatical construction) I am positive that Barry Malzberg has never edited, in any universe, a magazine called MUNDANE.

Would say more, but I'm in the painful process of learning when to quit. Please thank Stan Burns for counting the number of pages in Arthur C. Clarke's "The Star" for me. That's something I've been meaning to do for several months now.

BRIAN EARL BROWN  
55521 Elder Rd.  
Mishawaka IN 46544

As one who  
almost never  
gets around  
to locating  
fanzines, I

take some comfort in the revelation that Mr. Glicksohn could spend a whole weekend without writing more than two locs. That makes my usual slow production rate seem normal. Of course that was probably the weekend that Mike attended three cons, taught a remedial course in elementary mathematics for politicians and was deathly sick with the flu...



I automatically recoil from George R. R. Martin's call that all books be reviewed in great length. For one thing I've come to believe that reviews are not written for the author's benefit. Has the two volumes of THE ISSUE AT HAND improved the field? Reviews are written by and large for other readers who speak a different language from the writer. A language where "slow-paced" or "lousy characterization" do mean an awful lot. I suppose that this position comes in reaction to those authors who've written to fanzines with their flats of how a review should be handled. My reaction was "Fuck the writers!" It is a little too close to an Us/Them antagonism, but I know that I can't teach, say George RR Martin, one thing about his craft, so why try? What I can do is explain why I like or dislike his stuff. And I try to explain it in terms better than 'good' or 'lousy,' but I feel right in using them if need be. ((Reviewer makee pidgin?))

Stan Burns' "Ten Million Cliches From Earth" shows that he can write as well if not better than a lot of our current SF writers. So why isn't he writing?

---

STEVE MILLER  
119 Willow Bend Dr., Apt. #3A  
Owings Mills, MD 21117

"Actually," you say, "the limitations are not in the genre but in its audience..." Good point, especially when trying to deal with a book like Bova's. The problem of

making science fiction fresh and new forever -- the ideas of the literature of sf -- is that there are a limited number of ideas that can be made into stories. The reader, due to a reasonable unwillingness to do a 5-month background course in chemistry, will not read or will not finish a story which requires an immense knowledge of some esoteric field. Immediately the field becomes more limited. The reader has to be able to grasp the idea of special singularities somehow -- so the black hole is a good story device. But if there were no other way of describing the black hole, the mathematics of the singularity required to let the reader know what you are talking about would limit the audience immensely. Call the Black Hole a "space warp into another continuum" or "space gate" and you might have a story. Effectively, then, the writer is restricted to writing stories which may be written with a vocabulary familiar to his reader, or familiar enough that the new words/concepts are readily assimilable.

The above points will limit the number of saleable stories possible during any particular period of time. Ideas come into vogue, new ideas are brought into the public vocabulary, old ideas fade away or become constants -- the spaceship, the spacesuit, time travel, etc. I say saleable because those are the stories which the public will eventually see. Now, if a writer wants to write stories about concepts no one else can understand/read, fine. Masturbation has its place. So the writer who is a professional and who does want to see a particular story in print precensors his story for market conditions, as Ursula LeGuin mentioned in her Wednesday Night talk at Clarion West in 1973 -- the "Censor in Our Soul" was the way she presented it, I think. Thus, the limitations on the writer tighten.

Now: the quote you give of Bova's statement is fun. I'm glad you found it. "It may be perfectly permissible to tread the same ground again and again in westerns or detective stories, but in science fiction, where

you have the whole universe...the audience demands freshness and originality in all the stories." Oh yeah?

If freshness and originality are demanded, why the tremendous success of so many of the series. Yes, Doc Smith comes to mind, as do Norton's Witch World and perhaps DUNE and sons, Saberhagen's Berserkers, etc. Once the ideas of the place and universe of a story are laid down and understood, the reader is able to enjoy a bit more. Hence Hal Clement's detailed stories work because as the place (universe) becomes familiar the action can go on to its end. Gadget or gimmick stories which rely on a single scientific or conceptual peg will not work in a series (Ross Rocklynne's mirror comes to mind), but the resetting of old plots in new locales happens constantly -- because there are a limited number of plots people want to read. At Clarion (when I was there, anyway) one of the big points was this: it's all been done before. Now, do it better, do it a bit differently, put it someplace else -- fine. If you waste your time trying to come up with a new plot or storyline you'll never write anything.

We also talked about the ten stories every writer writes -- things like standing on the beach being sensitive, the first love story, the first lay story, etc. Some of these stories reach print, most don't. After those stories are out of your system as a writer then you buckle down and find ways to put saleable stories into your own words. You note, however, that the limitations strike again. Not only are there a limited number of stories people can read, there is also a limited number of stories they want to read.

I think that science fiction readers may not be much brighter than other readers; they are perhaps more curious and more consistently willing to think about alternate worlds/situations/universes -- be they scientific or unscientific. Professional sf writers then suffer under the limitations of finding alternate worlds etc. that will be acceptable to (a) themselves (b) the editors (c) the readers.....

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JEFF SCHALLES  
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I'm not really here, so I guess that means I'm not really writing this loc, which I probably wouldn't be doing anyway except that I'm partially laid up at the moment

after a 120 mile tangle with the Appalachian Trail which would still be going on if it hadn't rained nine days out of twelve leaving me with wet feet and a blister on my left heel that seems to go through to the bone. Bah, humbug to the brave hero slogging his way through miles of jungle to win the jewels from the evil dragon. It's a real drag to be wet constantly with no choice but to keep going. Though on the other hand the scenery was nice, when I could see it.

But, oh yeah. STFR is a serious fanzine, no place for personal ramblings (no matter how philosophical the direction, I think) about blistered feet and I really didn't mind reading it at all. I've read nearly the entire pile of fmz that showed up the six weeks while I was away (I also worked for a couple of weeks as a Geological Field Assistant in South Carolina at the site of the Savanna River Nuclear Plant, which was pretty funny, and will probably be written up if I ever regain the use of my typewriter) and I find STFR and MOTA the only ones worth writing to, which I'm not actually, but anyway,

If I may comment on your Ribs (so to speak) we get ours at a place down on the banks of the Mononghela River at the Rib Shack, which used to be somebody's garage and now has a sawdust floor and an open pit fire in one corner. It's ancestors have been around that area for probably a century (since somebody invented ribs, I guess) and it is open only Thursday and Sunday nights. Sunday's crowd is predominantly Black, while Thursday is bohemian night. They have three sauces, normal, hot, and Bat Man. Bat Man requires the drinking of an entire beer between mouthfuls and leaves your sanitary habits the following day to happen to somebody else, but I love it and have been going there since high school madness. They don't have a sanitation rating (probably not even a license, I've never seen one) which is one prime reason for taking the Bat Man sauce. No microorganism could survive after being doused in that.




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MIKE GLICKSOHN  
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The arrival of a new STFR is always an exciting event around here as you are one of only three faneds to regularly print my stuff and provide me with much-needed fixes of

egoboo. ((We'll fix that)) So naturally I thumb eagerly through each newly arrived issue to see how my latest column has come off when actually put into print. And what do I find in STFR #5? Do I find the column whose carbon twin graces the desk beside this very typewriter? No, I do not! I find a few pages about eating, then some book reviews. Then a few letters, and a few more book reviews! Then a pseudo editorial that's actually a book review! Then a letter or two to separate out the BOOK reviews!! Followed by a real fannish type article that serves as a lead-in to some BOOK reviews!!!! After which there's a column of (how did you guess?) B\*O\*O\*K reviews!!! And the issue ends up with a few pages of fan type stuff in the midst of which appears a goddam bloody fucking B\*O\*O\*K R\*E\*V\*I\*E\*W!!!!!! ((Will the doctor please come to the office...)) And not a fanzine review in sight. Except in the carbons on my desk, that is. What have you to say for yourself, oh fifth columnist for the American Association of Book Publishers???

I'm really glad you've collared Locke as a columnist. We see far too little of Dave's considerable writing skill and with the apparent demise of AWRY there's only the semi-annual SHAMBLES to look forward to. So a regular column by one of the top humorists in the whole of fandom should be a real addition to STFR and all those stuffy book reviews. ((Har, har! Tee hee! Snarf giggle \*gisp\* ook ook slobber drool! I just know you'll love Dave's column this time!))

Actually, that smaller typeface would certainly have been big enough for a man of Dave's physical stature. I'm not saying he's short, mind you, but I bet he had to move his head up and down to read his name in those large letters.

Hey, that George Martin knows whereof he writes! Listen to him! (The man won a Hugo, after all.) More space for in-depth reviews...of fanzines'

Good on you, George; that's one glass of carrot juice I owe you.

I've the definite feeling that the lure of the LASFS and the call of California has turned your brain to corn meal mush, Michael my friend. The pure and simple fact of the matter is that the LASFS attempt to buy up blocks of memberships in MAC was profiteering. I gather that your rationale is that you're not too hep on MAC and therefore anything goes. To use your own term in reply to Gary Grady: bullshit. LASFS was ripping off fans, and by ripping off the worldcon (which I admit I happen to support) it was ripping off fandom. Now you're right that the club was saving certain fans money. At the expense of the worldcon! To you that seems justified, but to me it doesn't. I'm not saying you're obliged to agree with Jackie Franke, but let's be honest and admit what our motives are. You're supporting a ripoff because you don't like the convention that's being hit; anything less honest than that is pure hype. You've every right not to like the way the MAC committee has structured their con; but let's be up front about it at least.

(("At the expense of the worldcon!"

You make it sound like stealing out of the poor box at the altar. "Now you're right that the club was saving certain fans money." Precisely. I would suggest this: MAC, which already has more members than any previous worldcon, set its rates high so it would deter late-joiners. By this device MAC also predetermined how much money it would make. If MAC has budgeted sensibly it will do well. Meanwhile LASFS has provided for neos and the like who would otherwise have been shut out by the escalating fees. My opinion of certain committee actions has hardly turned me against the worldcon -- I hope for the sake of the institution that MAC at least breaks even. However, there are reports that the committee is relying on the sale of several hundred \$50 memberships to make it. One hopes this is not true, because if it is then MAC has dug itself into a hole too deep to escape from.))

I'm pretty damn sure that if Dave Locke wrote a column so bad his cat wouldn't shit on it then he wouldn't mail it out either, so the possible response of a renownedly unperceptive fannish audience would be entirely academic. Far more likely to happen is that Dave would write an article that his cat would shit on, and did, and Dave mailed it out anyway, and the public wouldn't like it. In which case Dave would probably do what the rest of us do: having already reread the piece five times and found it acceptable, he'd accept the approbation of his cat and let the fact that fandom also shat on it affect him not at all. ...It seems a shame that Dave didn't recognize his own unique contributions to fandom and present himself with a couple of LAADIs: at the very least he's got "Shortest Fan With Most Scrofulous Scrotum" in the bag, while "Shortest Fan with Hernia" should be a cinch for Dave.

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On SF being the hardest thing to write -- I would go along with that, but only partially. For instance, to be able to write a good time travel story, you must have all the skills needed to write good historical novels -- PLUS those needed to write sf. (And if your characters include some from our own time, you also need to be able to write good contemporary fiction.) There's a shortage of timetravel tales on that level, for some reason...

Another source for advice on writing SF: Dean Koontz's WRITING POPULAR FICTION, which treats sf as one among about four pulp genres at which a beginning writer can work before he gets into REAL writing.

So Stan Burns agrees with Don's (presumably Keller?) feeling that SF writers should try to write "literature?" I would have to disagree strongly, on the grounds that results over the centuries have been poor.

Mark Twain didn't try to write literature; Dickens didn't; they were both writing popular fiction. It just happened to last, long enough to become standard works to be considered in courses on Literature. Lewis Carroll wrote children's stories. Cervantes wrote a parody of a literary form common in his day (and is credited with killing it off) -- mostly to make some money but probably also for the fun of it. The book lasted. Shakespeare wrote for the popular theater of his day.

I suppose there are works written with the intention of writing Literature that have lasted as long or longer. But just now I can't think of any.

"I'm not sure Huxley started the whole thing with his BRAVE NEW WORLD," Don Ayres sez. He didn't. It seems to have started with WE by Zamiatin -- a book to which BRAVE NEW WORLD is so heavily indebted that THE COLLECTED ESSAYS, JOURNALISM AND LETTERS OF GEORGE ORWELL (think I've got the title correct) has an interesting passage in which Orwell flat-out calls it plagiarism. (I looked it up after John Boardman offhandedly referred to 1984 as having been plagiarized from WE...again, there is a heavy debt; one which Orwell acknowledged.) Ayn Rand's ANTHEM also seems to be directly indebted to WE.

Another source, I suspect, is E.M. Forster's "The Machine Stops."

Of course, controlled states in fiction go back a good deal farther. Almost all utopias are controlled states -- it's only fairly recently that they've been shown in fiction as a Bad Thing. Lewis Mumford has pointed out that most utopias sound like the army. He traces it back to memories of the earliest cities, if you're interested.

Aids to beginning SF writers -- try the Paris Review WRITERS AT WORK series. Three volumes so far, of interviews collected from those run in the Paris Review. Heavy concentration on writing techniques and related matters. There are also such incidental goodies as William Burrough's explanation of why LSD is far more dangerous than heroin.

Reading books on writing is an excellent pasttime for the beginning writer. He can delude himself into thinking that he's learning something which will help him write -- and meanwhile, he can of course postpone actually sitting down at the typer and turning something out.

For inspiration, I can recommend Larry Niven's TALES OF KNOWN SPACE. It contains Niven's first story which is so poor that anyone reading it is likely to feel that he can at least equal it. If anything that poor sold then we too have a chance. And it also shows what Niven has risen from. ((One other goodie to read while one avoids writing is THE CRAFT OF SCIENCE FICTION, the essay collection edited by Bretnor and recently released from Harper & Row.))

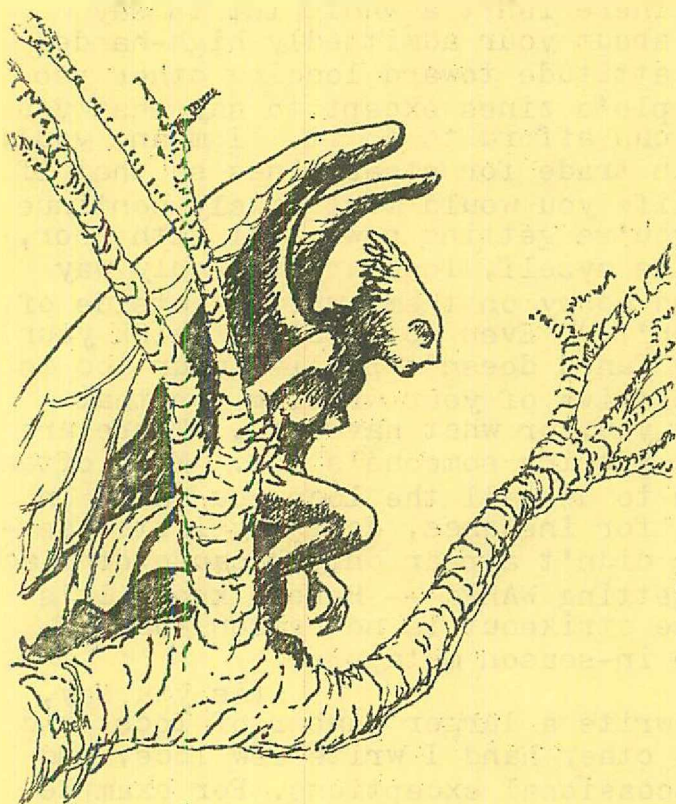
BRETT COX  
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There isn't a whole lot to say about your admittedly high-handed attitude toward locating other people's zines except to say that you can afford to do it. I mean, you've

got two different fanzines to offer in trade for other zines so that if you never write another loc in your life you would most likely continue to receive the same number of zines you're getting now. But with poor, struggling, nonpubbing letterhacks like myself, locs are the only way to get zines (unless you want to spend money on them, which, outside of a few special cases like KARASS, I don't.) Even so, I still think your policy is a bit hard. Just because a faned doesn't publish your loc is no reason to think that he's unappreciative of your writing, or that he'd just as soon not have heard from you, or what have you. There are any number of reasons for a faned not pubbing someone's loc. More often than not there just isn't enough room to use all the locs you want. In the last issue of KOSMIC CITY KAPERS, for instance, Jeff May listed several people, including me, whose locs didn't appear only because of 'lack of space.' Admittedly it's a bitch getting WAHFD -- Herbie knows it's happened to me often enough -- but one strikeout is no reason to head for the showers, if you'll pardon the in-season metaphor.

((As you say, you have to loc to get fanzines. You write a larger number of locs, and you feel forced to write them. On the other hand I write few locs, and only the ones I want to write, with occasional exceptions. For example I wrote two or three locs to TITLE this year to stay on Brazier's mailing list -- however Brazier seems about a year behind in his publishing, and when after three issues passed without a single excerpt of mine in the dozens of things quoted, I decided I just didn't want to bother anymore. Similarly, Gil Gaier is always after me to loc his fanzine -- and anyone as enthusiastic about getting a letter from me is hard to resist. But again it was a forced loc, and Gaier keeps trying to convince me that it was pretty bad. Shitty, I think, was Gil's adjective. However the rest of my locs are written when my button's been pushed -- they stem from definite ideas, and are -- at least in my opinion -- every bit as well-written as a portion of my editorial. So as good or as bad as you think those are, you can draw your conclusions about the publishability of my locs. By that token I tend to be disappointed if they're unprinted, especially if it happens to be the case that the recipient publishes a large lettercol, which several do. In that case I figure I've done my best and if it's not suitable to the editor in question I'm better off turning my energies elsewhere.))((However fanzine trading is not all it is cracked up to be by locwriters... I've already published 150 pages of material this year, not counting this issue or PRE 15, yet it's not been "enough" to get me both KARASS and GRANFALLOON in uninterrupted trade. One does wonder, you know.))

I'm sorry I missed Don Keller's article on Michael Bishop, since Bishop is one of the finest sf authors around today and one of my personal favorites as well. I'm not sure that "The Samurai and the Willows" is his best story, but it is, so far, the only really excellent work of short fiction I've read so far this year, and a certain candidate for all the awards in '77. I must disagree with Don D'Amassa's evaluation of "Blooded on Arachne" as "excellent," though -- I found it downright boring. Bishop does many things well and several things brilliantly, but old-fashioned adventure evidently isn't one of them. ((I must disagree



-- I thought it was one of the best stories of last year. Why didn't it appeal to you?))

Since Dave Locke evidently doesn't give a damn what the readers think of his writing, I won't comment on his column. Not that he cares, of course....

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GEORGE FLYNN  
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No, no, you've got it all wrong about LASFS catching up to NESFA. Why, NESFA has nothing near the wealth of fannish tradition that LASFS has (not to mention the fact that we hardly even think about a clubhouse). You see, the little unpleasantness last year was merely a feeble attempt to catch up to where LASFS was in the forties. (I say "feeble" since it took several people to inadequately fill the role of Laney; I don't know the history well

enough to figure out who I correspond to.) Much as we appreciate the compliment, I'm afraid LASFS has forgotten more about feuds than NESFA has ever learned.

While I'm on the subject of comparing NESFA and LASFS, let me go on to your remarks to Roy Tackett. In NESFA the rhetoric tends to be in terms of "benefit to sf" rather than "benefit of fandom," but at least we don't have any funds earmarked for the purpose ((nor does LASFS)) -- or more precisely, in theory that's the purpose of everything we do. In both cases, I suppose, the tendency is to assume that the things we get enthusiastic over will also be appreciated by others, but people (and especially fans) are too diverse for this to work. --Fascinating your remark that "the rank and file of the club has no interest in genzines." That's exactly what I and a couple of the other zinefans in the area have been saying for years about NESFA (or rather Boston fandom generally, both factions being primarily into apazines). But still PROPER BOSKONIAN has managed to keep coming out steadily with at least an issue a year; Dick Harter recently remarked that "NESFA's benign indifference is probably more supportive than most club zines" (sic). As you may have heard, Sheila D'Amassa has just taken over PB and I expect will get it out more frequently. ((You call one issue a year living? How many years before that Heicon report will be concluded?))

While I respect Stan Burns as a reviewer, it does make me uneasy to see so many judgements on books he couldn't finish.

Michael Shoemaker is overly censorious of differing opinions: "utter contempt," mindless reverence," "abysmal ignorance," etc.

D. GARY GRADY  
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As you can tell by looking above,  
I have a new address. The Navy has  
finally decided that I am good for  
more than floating around on a des-  
troyer, so I will, for my last year

in this outfit, be writing news items on individual Navy men and women  
for various civilian media.

For some reason I seem to bring out the venom in you. Contrary to what  
you say, I did NOT make a big thing (your phrase was "such a point" actu-  
ally) of the George Warren thing. I suggest you count the words in my  
remarks and your replies and decide who is making "such a point." ((Well,  
if you'd told me "Up yours" I could say "Yours too" and be done. But in  
a more complex situation, a more complex answer is needed.))

To reiterate, my view is that not only is George entitled to his opinion  
(a view you seem to concur on), but is entitled to have it displayed, ad-  
mired, and commended by anyone who sees fit to do so, be it Dick Geis or  
Mortimer Snerd. Again, as I have said, my own opinion is closer to  
yours than his, but that is not at issue. All I did was suggest, non-  
critically, that you exercise a little more tact. ((What, and ruin my  
image? Did you see John Shirley's letter in SFR -- I wouldn't want to  
spoil all my wonderful nastiness with a thing like tactfulness.))((But  
I guess I'd better say that I've never been upset with you -- or isn't  
that what you're concerned about? I just thought we were arguing, not  
mudslinging. Well, maybe just a little bit....))

CY CHAUVIN: "Entertainment values  
in sf should be defended against

QUOTATION WALTZ

those who sacrifice story for flashy  
effects of prose style." Some people find "flashy effects of prose style"  
entertaining, so it's not a case of defending "entertainment values"  
against "prose style" when they can be one in the same. // By the way, we  
finally figured out why you came to ConFusion: it wasn't to save postage  
but to repossess Ann Arbor, which was ceded to LASFS in the Great Staple  
War (1957-8). That's why Ro Nagey left for Cleveland right after the con.  
To be honest, some Detroit fans wished you had repossessed it a lot ear-  
lier. We now have this nice blank gray spot on the map west of Detroit,  
and are taking suggestions as to what sort of fannish project could occu-  
py the area.

BEN INDICK: Good to see that characteristically sane and hard-hitting  
note from Torne Bushly. His terse note barely indicates his generosity  
as a fine and lovable human being. Recently, Old Torn meant to send me,  
with a letter, a fine cigar. Unfortunately, he included only the cigar  
band. I expostulated, mildly, stating I preferred the entire cigar. He  
came right through, sending me a Bering aluminum sleeve -- with about 1"  
of well-smoked butt inside. I loved every millimeter of it. One of the  
pleasures of apazine publishing is to include Bruceley illos to confound  
a disbelieving public. To think Jackie Franke, a good lady, could be one  
of them!

DON D'AMMASSA: I have to agree almost entirely with George R.R. Martin's  
remarks about the 50 word review. These have limited, if any, usefulness.  
I also object to book reviews by reviewers who admit they didn't finish

the book, a sin of which Stan Burns is all too frequently guilty. Speaking of Stan Burns, I find his remarks in his review of HERITAGE OF HASTUR very unfair. He objects to the use of modern slang in a novel of the far future. Well, isn't the whole point supposed to be that they aren't even speaking English? "Oh damn" might actually be pronounced, "Stann burnns" in that future. Modern day idiom is perfectly acceptable in a novel which we all realize is set in the far future. It is less acceptable in a novel set, say, in 1984.

((I'd tend to disagree for the reason that idiomatic slang has cultural roots that will have long since died in the far future -- damnation being one of the concepts they'll probably have thrown over. How would Cordwainer Smith read if he used modern slang instead of reaching into all kinds of places to invent new language to follow his outlandish future culture? Whether or not these future people speak English, one assumes they'll have concepts unique to their culture that will produce its own set of slang that would have to be reproduced in the prose of stfwriters by some creative device -- not the hackish device of reproducing modern slang.))

TARAL WAYNE MACDONALD: "If it's in the story for the sake of exotic detail, or simply because you enjoyed writing that paragraph, take it out." Now wait just a minute! This might be a sure-fire way to tighten up a crap story into something publishable, but to restrict good writers by a silly rule like that would ruin a great many books. How many passages in HUCKLEBERRY FINN are simply there to evoke a mood, often with nothing to do with the exigencies of the plot at that moment? What would GORMENGHAST be like if Peake had simply sketched in a description of that lovely rambling wreck? Who would read Vance without the lovely descriptive settings? Exotic detail often has a very valid purpose in good writing. Tolkien would turn in his grave....

ROBERT WHITAKER: Stan Burns created his own cliches for his book reviews in "Ten Million Cliches From Earth" and proceeded to bore me to death with them in his reviews. It is fine he knows about such things, but he shouldn't echo himself.

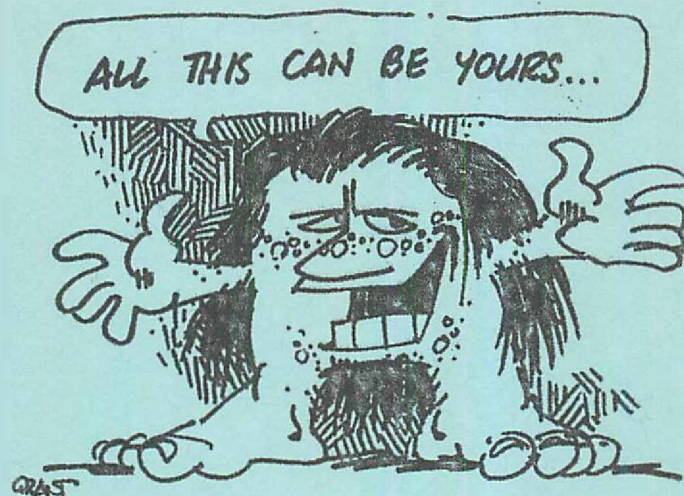
STEVE SIMMONS: Stan remains one of my favorite reviewers, and I hope that you'll keep up with the minireviews. True, they don't allow that much time to get to the books, but I use them as guides for my light reading, not as a source of intellectual insight. However, I hope that you can occasionally get Stan to go into the same depth that he once did with TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE all them many moons ago. When he gets down to fine analysis he can do a damn fine job.

KURT ERICHSEN (on STFR 4): I understand that Jim Shall earns his paper and ink by being a draftsman. And looking at his Fan Funnies strips I can believe it! Both strips were really beautifully drawn, but he must be getting to the point where he really enjoys spending hours drawing hexagons, judging by the wallpaper. Oh yeah, the strips were amusing, too.

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WAIFS OF THE WAHFLIST....Your friendly neighborhood fugghead complained last issue about failing to get WAHFD and promptly forgot to WAHF half the people who wrote to him....Jim Fuerstenberg, Sandi Lopez, Alan Sandercock, George Fergus, Al Sirois, Ronald Salmonson, Diana Sainsbury, Perry Chapdelaine, Steven Sawicki, Taral Wayne Macdonald, Jodie Offutt, Laurine White, Andrew Darlington, Harry Bell, and Gil Gaier by phone.

# TERMINUSCON



## IN 23,309

SUPPORTERS OF TERMINUSCON: ...Robert Silverberg has agreed to be our toastmaster...William Tuning announces: "I plan to live that long"... Bill Rotsler will lead his annual Philip K. Dick Impersonation...

TERMINUSCON: Here are some important reasons why you should vote for Terminus as the site of the Worldcon in 23,309 rather than our prestigious but unfortunate rivals from Transtor.

1. Transtor, widely-known hub of the Galactic Empire, is located at the core of the galaxy. Reliable reports from a former Nakamura Line pilot indicate that the galactic core is exploding. It makes no sense to go anywhere near it at this time.

2. With the currently available Slower-Than-light transportation, even if you left yesterday for Transtor, you'd arrive 10,000 years after the end of the convention -- merely at the tail end of the Dead Dog party. Terminus, on the other hand, is only 20,000 lightyears away, which would permit you to leave 1,000 years from now and still arrive in time.

Unlike our opposition, our worldcon's attending memberships start at a mere \$25,000 and decline by \$1 each year until they reach an at-the-door rate of \$3,667. The Transtor Committee is already charging \$3 for a membership, and ups its price every year. Terminus offers Special Supporting Charter Memberships at a modest \$1.50.

Without trying to encourage in the least bit any of the hard feelings which seem to plague rival convention bids, we gently suggest that the average worldcon goer would find little to attract him to the capital of a fallen empire which by then shall probably have been blasted by the core explosion to little more than a mote in God's eye.

Make checks payable to Elst Weinstein, c/o 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar CA 91342 USA, Terra, Second Star on the Left and straight on 'til Evening

