

I DON'T KNOW... DO YOU
THINK IT'S AN IMPROVEMENT
OR...??



FOCAL POINT, Volume 2, Number 20, a fanzine of news, views, and reviews, is edited by Arnie Katz (59 Livingston St., Apt. 6B, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201) and rich brown (410 61st St., Apt. D4, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11220). Invaluable Help: Joyce Fisher. Published bi-weekly, it is available for news, all-for-all trades (both editors, please), or 6/\$1. Illustrations by Ross Chamberlain, Jay Kinney, and Steve Stiles. Support the Shaw Fund! December 21, 1970.

MINNEAPOLIS WITHDRAWS BID Minneapolis has withdrawn from the bidding for the 1973 Worldcon, according to Jim Young, chairman of the Minneapolis in '73 Bidding Committee.

The bidding group gave as its reason the fact that many Minneapolis fans, most of whom are about to graduate, are drifting out of the area. A decline in enthusiasm about fandom in general and the bid in particular among Minn.Stf. members was also cited.

Minneapolis was generally acknowledged to be in the lead during the early stages of the bidding in a two-city race with Dallas. In the past year, however, many observers felt that the Minneapolis bid had gone flat, due to virtual silence from the Minneapolis Committee.

There is still a two-city race for the 1973 convention, since Toronto entered the bidding several months back.

EGOBOO POLL BALLOTS DISTRIBUTED The 1971 Egoboo Poll, conducted by FOCAL POINT to choose the most worthy writers, artists, and editors in fandom for the year 1970, is being circulated with this issue of FP. The results will be published in complete form, hopefully with annotations and other appropriate material as part of the first gala FOCAL POINT anniversary in April.

In order to help response, we've decided to "pay" everyone who sends in a ballot. Every voter will receive two free issues of FOCAL POINT just for participating.

Those who are such completist collectors that they want their ballots returned can be accommodated in lieu of the two free issues, if you'll just let us know when you send in your ballot.

Other fans are encouraged to copy and distribute the ballot. The two free issues applies equally to every ballot received, regardless of what fanzine sent it out.

Deadline for voting is March 1, but don't put it off until then. Send your completed ballots to Arnie Katz, 59 Livingston St., Apt. 6B, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201.

STEELE SAVAGE DEAD Steele Savage, science fiction illustrator, died of a heart attack on Saturday, December 5.

An artist for many long-ago stf pulps, Savage had gained considerable attention in the last year as the cover artist for the Ace series of Heinlein reprints. He also drew

the covers for Ballantine's series of Brunner reissues.

Savage left behind at least two uncompleted works. Ace has sketches for another Heinlein cover, while Lancer is reputed to have a half-finished Savage painting.

ELLISON "SURPRISE" GOH AT MONDO CON The Mondo Con, scheduled for New York's Statler Hilton Hotel, January 22-24, has announced that Harlan Ellison, author, anthologist, and active ex-fan, will be the surprise Guest of Honor.

Harlan, who severed all connections with fandom in September, 1969, following the St. Louiscon, is no stranger to east coast regionals, having attended both the Lunacon and Pghlange in 1970. He was also Guest of Honor at the Pghlange.

Memberships in the Mondo Con are still \$2.50, with a \$1 increase set for January 1. Send payment and requests for further information to: Gail Burnick, P. O. Box 74, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230.

DEADBONE POSTPONED UNTIL MARCH Bantam Books has postponed publication of Vaughn Bode's book Deadbone until March 1971. The company had Deadbone scheduled for the same month as Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex. Since they want to give their full attention to promoting Dr. Rubin's surefire best seller, Deadbone has been delayed.

SECOND FMZ MARKETS LIST SCHEDULED Gary Labowitz informs us that a second fanzine market report will be published in February. The list, which contains the requirements for art and written material for many current fanzines sent by cooperative editors to Gary. Rather superfluous for an experienced fanzine contributor, of course, but it might come in handy for those anxious to become active in fanzine fandom. The list is available for a sase. from: Gary Labowitz, 1100 Betzwood Dr., Norristown, Pa.



ACE The Traveler in Black, an Ace Special by John Brunner, heads the January list which also features the first soft cover edition of Robert Heinlein's Red Planet. Other science fiction for the month includes The Days of Glory (Brian Stableford), The Battle of Forever (van Vogt), No Time For Heroes b/w Alice's World (Lundwall), and The Monster Man (Burroughs). Also of interest to many fans is The Sexual Power of Marijuana by Barbara Lewis.

PAPERBACK LIBRARY The Proxy Intelligence and Other Mind Benders A.E. van Vogt is the selection for January. The book is an anthology of six van Vogt stories never before published in paperback.

LA Los Angeles Fandom is taking advantage of a California law allowing that state's drivers to buy personalized license plates for a surcharge of \$25. Lee and Barry Gold got their order for FIAWOL in first. FIJAGH, anyone? Don Fitch won the Big Hearts Award, and Harlan Ellison won the Forry Award, both tendered by the LASFS :: Ray Bradbury won the Count Dracula Society Literary Award for 1971. The club, an association of horror film fans, also voted Special Awards to Tom and Terri Pinckard, Merian C. Cooper, and Ray Harryhausen. :: APA L held a special disty for the benefit of the Bob Shaw Fund. Extra copies of each contribution were required and the extras are being sold off for \$2 each by Fred Patten, 11863 West Jefferson Blvd., Apt. 1, Culver City, Calif. 90230 A. E. van Vogt gave his views on the 21st century at a gathering of the Pinckard Sci-Fi Salon :: Fritz Lang, creator of the film "Metropolis", celebrated his 80th birthday December 5. The event received considerable play in L.A. newspapers. :: USC drama students produced a 4½ hour long stage presentation based on Bradbury's "The Martian Chronicles". :: Forry Ackerman lectured at the Riverside Public Library on the subject, "The 13 Ghoulden Years of Gothic Films".

NY Christmas vacation is the signal for a bit of musical chairs in New York fandom. Jay Kinney will be returning to Naperville, Ill., to visit friends and relatives. Chris Couch is on a similar visit to St. Louis. :: To balance things a little, John Berry has arrived in the city for a visit with his friends and relations. :: The East Village Other had a full-page review singing the praises of the Kinney-Griffith comic book, YOUNG LUST, complete with sample reprinted panels. :: Arnie and Joyce bought a brand new Gestetner lightscope. Well, we think that's news.

SaM AT A LOSS FOR WORDS Sam Moskowitz, as famed for his thundering voice as his encyclopedic knowledge of the minutiae of the literary history of science fiction, completely lost his voice.

Employees at QUICK FROZEN FOODS were astounded when the man who laughs at dead microphones showed up with a sheepish grin and a note pinned to his jacket saying he couldn't speak.

His voice is beginning to return, and SaM is expected to regain the full power of his voice in a few more days.

A FAANISH CHRISTMAS Mike Glicksohn loves India Pale Ale. Some fans like pot, some like pepsi. Mike likes India Pale Ale.

India Pale Ale, unfortunately, is not available in Toronto. Mike looks forward to stateside conventions not for the programs or parties, but for the opportunity to down his favorite brew.

Andy Porter wrote to P. Ballantine, brewers of India Pale Ale, inquiring about the availability of the stuff. They replied that they were heartened that Mr. Porter's northern friend was so fond of their product, but regretted that they had no Canadian outlet.

Filled with a little Christmas cheer -- perhaps even in the form of a tankard or two of India Pale Ale itself -- the company informed Andy that they were sending him a case of India Pale Ale to share with Mike Glicksohn.

And there it will sit, in Andy's Brooklyn apartment, until Mike comes to the Lunacon in April.

Waiting.

BOSH FUND NEWS

\$625.00 is the new total in the Bob Shaw Fund account, up from last issue's \$447.00. Of the rise, \$100 was contributed to the Fund by Robert Whitaker in exchange for a collection of Willis zines, TED, WAW Discovers America and The Incomplete Burbee donated by Richard Bergeron. You can do YOUR part by sending your contribution to rich brown at 410 - 61st St., Apt. D4, Brooklyn, NY 11220.

SPECIAL BOSH FANZINES The following fanzines are those which have been published or will be published to benefit the Bob Shaw Fund. Fanzines marked with an asterisk have already been published and will be sent to you as soon as your money is received.

* MICROCOSM #14, 50¢, Dave Burton (5422 Kenyon Dr., Indianapolis, Ind.) Material by the Irish John Berry, Calvin Demmon, Greg Shaw, Lee Lavell, Earl Evers and Arnie Katz.

* FOCAL POINT 12.5, \$1, rich brown (410-61st St. Apt. D4, Bklyn, NY 11220). Material by Burbee, Boggs, BoSh, Dewey, Demmon, White, Katz, Stiles and rich & Colleen Brown.

THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, \$1, Arnie Katz, Apt. 6-B, 59 Livingston St., Bklyn, NY 11220. Written by Bob Shaw and Walt Willis and long out of print. With superb illos by Ross Chamberlain.

INNUENDO, \$2, Terry Carr, 35 Pierrepont St., Bklyn, NY 11201. A revival of one of the two or three top fanzines of all time.

METANOIA #9, 50¢, Greg & Suzy Shaw (64 Taylor Dr., Fairfax, Calif. 94930). Always a fine fanzine this one promises to be as "stellar" as the editors can make it.

BEABOHEMA #13, \$1, Frank Lunney, Box 551, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa. A Hugo contender going fannish -- and doing well at it.

INFINITUM #5, 50¢, Dave Lewton, 735 E. Kessler Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind. 46220. Material on hand from Jim & Lee Lavell, Arnie Katz, Leon Taylor and Lewton himself.

NOPE #12, 50¢, Jay Kinney, 215 Willoughby Ave., Apt. 1212, Bklyn, NY 11205. To feature a comic strip by Steve Stiles, art by Crumb and Deitch and articles by Ted White and Arnie Katz.

TRANSLATIONS #2, \$1, John-Henri Holmberg, c/o Thomas Mellgren, Nedre Slottsgatten 16, 752 20 Uppsala, Sweden. Guaranteed to be at least 100pp which will feature the best of Scandanavian fandom.

SPECIAL BOSH FUND OFFERS 20 FREE fanzines from recent years will be sent to anyone who donates \$1 or more to the Fund. When sending your contribution to rich brown, merely indicate that you want the free fmz and he'll pass your name along to Terry Carr, who's

making the offer.:: LIFETIME SUBS TO SFR are being sold to benefit the BoSh Fund by Dick Geis (Box 3116, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403) for \$30. Send your checks or moneyorders, made out to rich brown, to Dick Geis so he can mark you a lifetime subscriber.:: BACK ISSUES of FOCAL POINT are being sold 5/\$1, to benefit the Fund. Issues available are Vol.2, Nos. 3, 5 and 7-19(exclusive of 12.5). Issues 16 and 17 were larger sized issues and count as two issues. Send your \$\$ to rich brown, specifying the issues you want.

BOSH FUND AUCTIONS All bids for the auctions listed below, both old and new, should be sent to Colleen Brown (same address as rich brown). Send no money, unless specified, just a bid on the items you want. We are asking that bids be submitted in increments of at least 50¢ on items under \$10 and \$1 on items over that.

CLOSED AUCTIONS Thanks go to Robert Whitaker and Chester Lee for their prompt payment of auction items.:: Lenny Kaye will receive his MOJO-NAVIGATOR R&S NEWS when he sends us \$8.50.:: Terry Carr owes the Shaw Fund \$5 for a copy of LIGHTHOUSE #12, donated by Dick Bergeron.:: DIMENSIONS 14, 15, ELLISON WONDERLAND 1-3, CRYSTAL BALLING SCIENCE-FANTASY BULLETIN and VECTOR goes to Rick Pohlman for his bid of \$30. The fanzines will be sent upon receipt of money.:: THE SCIENCE FICTION FAN has been sold to Dick Bergeron for his bid of \$5.:: WHY IS A FAN? is mine (Colleen Brown) for my bid of \$3 and as soon as I make a check out to rich.

AUCTIONS STILL ON The following items are still receiving bids. The asterisked items have not received bids since last issue and will be closed out if further bids have not been received by December 29.

* STAR TREK CONCORDANCE and six film clips from Star Trek, donated by John & Bjo Trimble. Current high bidder is David Stever at \$12 for the two.

A complete file of SLANT, donated by BoSh. Arnie Katz acting as John Bangsund's agent has bid \$60 on the set.

SPACESHIP 21, donated by Lee Hoffman. Top bidder is Joseph Pate at \$3.50.

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST VIII, a 182pp selection from the pages of SPACEWAY. Current high bidder is Robert Whitaker at \$7.

FUTURIA FANTASIA #1, donated by Lee Hoffman. Robert Whitaker has bid \$40.

Three copies of THE GOON GOES WEST, donated by Buz and Elinor Busby. The top three bids are from Chester Lee(\$6), Robert Whitaker(\$6) and Barry Gillam(\$5.50).

QUANDRY #13 (the QUANNISH), donated by Dick Bergeron. Missing page 40, "A Dream," by Dave English. John Berry has bid \$7.50 for the issue.

DC: FORD'S TAFF REPORT, published in two volumes and donated by Lynn Hickman. Five copies are up for bids and we have bids from Joseph Pate, (\$4.50), John Leavitt(\$4), Chester Lee(\$4), Richard Bergeron(\$3) and Arnie Katz(\$3).

HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT: A TENTATIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY, published by F.T. Laney and Bill Evans in 1943, donated by Dick Ellington. Current top bid is Chester Lee at \$3.

PANIC BUTTON #6-15, donated by Dick Ellington. A single copy of this semi-pro humor fanzine was just sold for \$6.50. Robert Whitaker has bid \$25 for this set.

WILD HAIR #3, donated by Richard Bergeron; published in 1949 by Burbee, Condra, R. Graham, Laney, Rotsler, Stibbard and Widner. Contains Burb's classic "I Was The Captain Of A Spaceship." rich brown has bid \$5 for the issue.

A COMPLETE set of LIGHTHOUSE (#1-15), more than 700pp of fine fannish material edited by Terry Carr and Pete Graham, donated by Richard Bergeron -- in mint condition. Besides fabulous editorial columns by Carr and Graham, there were regular columns by Walt Willis, Bill Rotsler, George Metzger and Gary Deindorfer. Packed with fannish classics and major works by, besides those mentioned, Alva Rogers, Philip K. Dick, Pat Lupoff, Trina & Art Castillo, Sylvia White, Jack Gaughan, Hannes Bok, Harlan Ellison, Tom Disch, Greg Benford, Charles Burbee, Carl Brandon, Ray Nelson, Richard Bergeron, Walter Breen, Carol Carr, Dick Lupoff, Sam Delany, Fritz Leiber, Joanna Russ and Alex Panshin, among others. Robert Whitaker is high bidder, having offered \$40 for the set.

NEW AUCTIONS The following items are being put out for bids for the first time with this issue. The same general "rules" apply to new auctions as to old auctions, save that you need not go over the "minimum" bid.

TWO ORIGINAL Rotsler-Kirk collaborations, full page. Both of high fanzine quality, donated by the artists. Neither have been published. Come on, you fanzine editors. Minimum bid: \$1.

THREE pen & ink illustrations by Vincent Di Fate, donated by the artist. One appeared in ANALOG (Aug. '70) and is entitled "Meet a Crazy Lady Week" Ravenshaw #2, W. MacFarlane. Another, for the same story, was unpublished, and the third was shown at Eastercon 22. \$2 minimum bid.

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND #2, edited by Forry Ackerman and donated by same. For those who've never seen a copy, FMF has photos of monster movies, articles about monster movies, and outrageous puns. This one even has a letter from Robert Bloch. Minimum bid: \$1. (Fair condition)

THE BOATS OF THE "GLEN CARRIG", book, 252pp, by William Hope Hodgson, donated by Forry Ackerman. Second edition (1920), poor spine. Minimum bid: \$2.

UNKNOWN, March, 1939, Vol. 1, No. 1, donated by Forry Ackerman. In excellent condition for its age; only minor rips along spine. Besides its value for being the first issue of an old and excellent fantasy magazine, this is also a value for containing Eric Frank Russell's "Sinister Barrier." The issue also has stories by Mona Farnsworth, Frank Belknap Long, H.L. Gold, Manly Wellman, A.B.L. Madfadyen, Jr., and Robert Moore Williams. rich brown has entered a bid of \$10 for the issue although admitting it would be a steal at twice the price.

THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION, an almost complete set, donated by Andy Main. The set is complete for the better part of eight years, from the first issue in Fall, 1949, through March, 1958. 1959 is complete but the set has only eight issues between the beginning of 1960 and May, 1963. Between the May, 1963 and December, 1963 issues, only the September issue is missing. 1964 is missing the November issue. 1965 and 1966 are complete. 1967 is missing the September and October issues. 1968 is complete. Minimum bid on this set is \$50.

A BOOK OF WEIRD TALES #1, donated by Forry Ackerman. A British publication, not dated, in excellent condition. Material by Victor Rosseau, Forry Ackerman, S.W. Wright, L. Major Reynolds, Clark Ashton Smith, Marion Z. Bradley and Jack Bechdolt. Minimum bid: \$1.

MIRACLE SCIENCE & FANTASY STORIES #2, June-July, 1931, donated by Forry Ackerman. Missing spine and back cover, otherwise in good shape. Elliott Dold, Victor Rousseau and John Miller Gregory were the names in the issue. Minimum bid: \$2.

THE ARKHAM SAMPLER, Winter, 1949, donated by Forry Ackerman. In excellent condition. Considered rare. This was the All Science Fiction issue. It includes stories by Ray Bradbury and A.E. Van Vogt and poems by Clark Ashton Smith and August Derleth, an article by Sam Moskowitz, reprints by Jules Verne, Peter Viereck, Regis Messac, and a symposium on the basic science fiction library contributed to by Forry Ackerman, Everett Bleiler, David H. Keller, Sam Merwin, Jr., P. Schuler Miller, A. Langley Searles, Theodore Sturgeon, A.E. Van Vogt and Donald Wandrei. Minimum bid: \$3.

FEN CRITTUR COMICAL BOOKS, donated by Richard Bergeron, a Pogo takeoff written by Walt Willis and Bob Shaw in 1952. Illustrations by BoSh, assisted by Vincent Clarke, with additional material by Vinç, Chuck Harris, and James White. rich brown has bid \$1 for this.

QUANDRY #14, edited by Lee Hoffman and donated by her. This issue was the "Nola-Quandry" issue of sixth fandom's focal point fanzine, includes Lee's Nolacon report, plus humor and artwork around the same theme by Robert Bloch, Jack Speer, Shelby Vick, Bob Tucker and Lee Hoffman. rich brown has bid \$2 for the issue.

WARHOON #15, edited by Dick Bergeron and contributed by the editor. This issue has the editor on a variety of subjects, Virginia Blish on "La Dolce Vita," Redd Boggs on the Good Life, James Blish on Who Killed Science Fiction, Walt Willis on Irish Politics, Robert A.W. Lowndes on the value of reader response to science fiction, Brian Aldiss on the same subject as Lowndes, Nancy Rapp's takeoff on Bill Rotsler's Tattooed Dragon series, "The Tattered Dragon in a Strange Land," 21pp of letters, mostly from pros, and Bergeron's SAPS mailing comments. Minimum bid: \$2.

FANCIFUL TALES, Vol. 1, No. 1, Fall, 1936, edited by Don Wollheim, donated by Forry Ackerman. This rare old printed fanzine contains material by H.P. Lovecraft, Donald A. Wollheim, Duane Rimel, Robert E. Howard, Forry Ackerman, David H. Keller, M.D., August Derleth, William Sykora and Kenneth Pritchard. Minimum bid: \$5.

((More new auction items follow John D. Berry's piece in this issue.))



We took a three-week vacation in Europe after the Heicon, traveling with Sid Coleman through Germany, Switzerland, Lichtenstein ("I throw this one in for lagniappe," Sid said), Austria, Italy and France. You know all those tales they tell about the weird diseases you can pick up in foreign countries? Yes, well, I came down with a weird disease in the middle of a sumptuous repast at a three-star restaurant by Lake Annecy, France. There I was, surrounded by rack of lamb, ecrevisse, splendid pate and unbelievable artichoke, and my appetite deserted me. My breath came short and I had difficulty swallowing. Carol felt my forehead: "You've got a temperature," she said. I stared glumly at the goodies before me, picked at this and that, felt awful and felt worse for feeling awful. Even the wild strawberries in cream that we had for dessert didn't revive me.

Later, back at the hotel, we called in the local docteur. He spoke no English; none of us spoke much French. But I pointed, and grimaced, and radiated temperature at him. My throat hurt, but only on one side; when I swallowed, my ear hurt. I chided myself for drinking the water, wondered if we'd have to call in a specialiste, brooded on what sort of epitaph I might get in French. Maybe I could get them to bury me next to Jules Verne, at Amiens.

Abruptly le docteur smiled and said, "Ah!" (a neat turnabout, I thought), and began to explain in rapid French. I caught one word in five, mostly indefinite articles...until the fateful word came: "Tonsilitis," he said.

Tonsilitis? I'd come all the way to an expensive resort in France to get tonsilitis? I'd missed a gourmand meal because of tonsilitis? I was going to be laid up there for two extra days with tonsilitis? Ridiculous. But he smiled, and shrugged, and nodded gallically. Tonsilitis it was.

Well, that's the kind of misfortune that can happen to us world-travelers who live recklessly, for the moment, devil-may-care. Tonsilitis. It certainly is a wonder&%\$#&#&#&#&#&#&

Avram Davidson, bless him, continues to send me gassy reports on his conversations with his son Frodo Ethan, such as the following:

AVRAM: This egg-slicer used to work better before someone whose name I won't mention fooled around with it.

FRODO: Give me a name.

AVRAM: Well... Frodo.

FRODO (indulgently): No, no...Frodo was always very good about that. Someone probably tried to slice a rock with it.

I wrote back to Avram and told him that despite his enormous and impeccable talents for fantasye writing, in the final balance he might best be remembered as his son's Boswell. Which led me to

this sample from the Life of Frodo Ethan:

"Awaking at 8 in the morning, I called on young Frodo. 'Sir it is time to rise.' Frodo: 'No sir, you are wrong. I believe well bred hobbits do not emerge from their chambers before nine at the earliest. Perhaps ten.' I began leafing through the Trilogy, while young Frodo slept on."

Avram hasn't answered yet. When he does, he'll probably send me a ten-page Dialogue on the philosophy of orders of reality in different brands of ice cream, written in the mode of Plato.

Did I ever tell you about the time I met Jesus Christ? It was in the Village, while I was puzzling out how to change a flat on the Renault, which I'd had then for maybe two months; the spare tire was bolted underneath the trunk in front, and I couldn't figure how to get at it to get it out. While I was kneeling in the gutter looking things over I noticed two sandal-clad feet (clean) right next to me. I did a classic pan upward, taking in his immaculate white robe, long blond hair and serene expression: he had the whole trip going. "Maybe I can help," he suggested, in a voice that made Mike McInerny sound raucous. So he consulted the operator's manual and translated for me how to unbolt and swing out the spare from underneath, and I ended up handing him the bolts as he put the fresh tire on. Quiet and gentle he was, and spake hardly a word. When we were finished both Carol and I thought of offering him a little money in thanks, but we knew that would be a no-no, so Carol asked tentatively if we could give him a lift anywhere; but he just smiled his smile and said no, and went off down the street beatifically.

Jesus Christ in the Village, wow. Well, if he did come back, where would you expect to find him...Atlantic City?

Sid Coleman was visiting us one weekend early this year when Damon and Kate Knight came for an evening's visit. It happened that Damon and Kate left before midnight, with the result that we, and Sid in particular as I recall, sat and fretted intermittently for hours afterward about what bores we must've been to drive them away so early. It turned out later that they really did have to leave when they did, and a subsequent weekend visit to the Anchorage produced much more satisfying late-night conversations, but Sid will no doubt appreciate the following true story more than most anyway.

We were invited over to the Dillons' for dinner last weekend, and arrived to the pervading scent of a beautiful leg of lamb. The conversation over dinner had that magical brilliance that only a touch of madness can confer. We heard the latest stories about Leo's family and the people who lived in the neighborhood, and we countered with scandalous tales about you, probably. Outrageous fantasies were conjured -- including a deaf and dumb man who became a Freudian analyst so that no one would notice -- and ridiculous ploys were detailed.

"You know," said Leo, "I've been looking forward to tonight all week long. Next week's Thanksgiving, but the hell with that -- this is the celebration I knew I'd enjoy most." "Yeah," said Diane, "he even told the kid we weren't going to celebrate Thanksgiving at all this year. He said we'd get a great big turkey and cook it with lots of stuffing and cranberry sauce and all, and then send all of it to the poor people in Africa and we'd just eat baby food and beans." "Right," said Leo; "tonight is when we enjoy ourselves!" Then he fell asleep.

So did Diane.

Leo's head hung over the back of his chair; he snored softly. Diane had slumped forward on the table, her head in her arms. "I get so sleepy after dinner," she murmured.

Leo snapped upright, blinking. "Boy, I really feel so groovy tonight; it's so good to --" And he fell back, snoring.

Carol and I looked at each other, and at them: they didn't move a muscle. Carol shrugged; I shrugged. We got up, put on our coats, left a note and tiptoed out. We were home by 11:30; Carol watched a Bette Davis movie on television, and I read some terrible science fiction magazines in my faithful search for good stories to reprint in World's Best SF.

The next afternoon Leo called. "Hey, we really feel lousy about last night. What happened, we wanted to be sure everything was clear and free and we wouldn't have anything nagging at us the least bit, so we stayed up all night the night before getting out a couple of jobs. Neither of us had slept since two nights before."

Naturally we forgave them, especially when Leo invited us over again for this weekend. Naturally we believed them; we know it's common practice with them to stay up all night to finish a job at the deadline and many's the time I've picked up the cover for one of the SF Specials at their place at 8:00 in the morning, on the way to work. And naturally, as Sid Coleman will understand, somewhere inside we were convinced that all that was irrelevant, that if only someone with a sparkling personality like, say, Jean Bogert had been there they'd have been up talking animatedly till dawn. I mean, having somebody fall asleep talking to you is a bit traumatic.

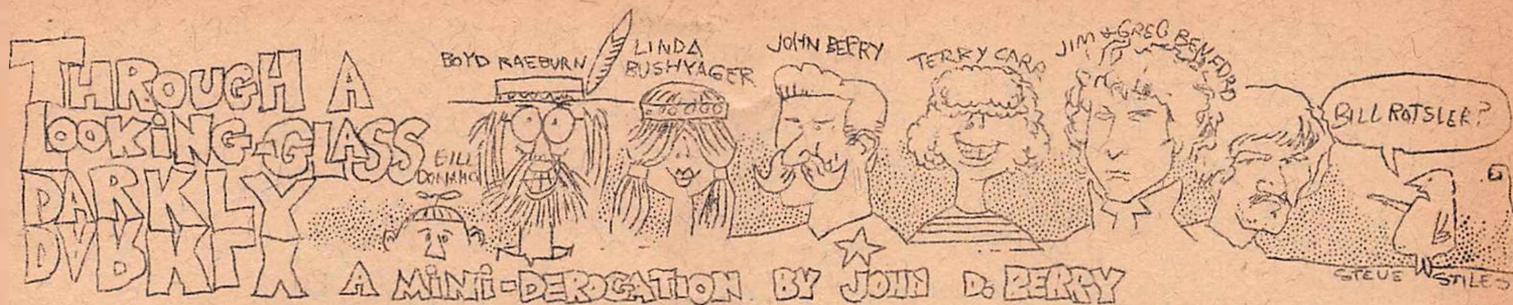
Well, that's water under the bridge; new challenges constantly arise. Monday Leo called again, to cancel out for this weekend. "Have you ever had chicken pox?" he asked us. Carol said yes; I couldn't remember. "Well, don't give up hope; if you haven't had it before you may get it yet, because I just came down with it. The kid had it all last week. I must've been already contagious when you were over here Saturday night."

So now I have fourteen more days to wait to find out if I'm going to come down with chicken pox. In a way I'll be disappointed if I don't -- after all, how many 33-year-olds have the chance to get both tonsillitis and chicken pox the same year?

I find all the arguing that's been going on lately about who's a fan and who's a pro to be pretty odd, if you want to know. When Bob Bloch was appearing in as many fanzines as Harry Warner I didn't hear anyone trying to disbar him from the fan polls just because he'd been selling fiction since the days of Lovecraft and Farnsworth Wright. Bjo, Cynthia Goldstone and most of the artists who place high in the fan artist category each year make money selling their paintings and such; Arthur Thomson was staff artist for Nebula Science Fiction fifteen years ago; etc. Who's a pro and who's a fan?

One recent criterion was suggested by poor beleaguered Linda Bushyager, who said anyone who makes a living at science fiction is a pro but if he only supplements his income by selling stuff he can still be a fan. That seems a bit silly; most science fiction writers including the big names have nine-to-five jobs and write at night, so presumably they could qualify as fans, while Bob Silverberg, an active member of two apas, would by the same definition get tossed out of the closed-door fan parties.

In these days when SFWA looks more like the N3F than the N3F does, the line of demarcation between fan and pro seems as tenuous as it is unimportant. Let's argue instead about how many pinheads can dance on the head of a Hugo.



A fan party somewhere in the Bay Area. Fans talking & drinking & smoking & falling down. The usual degenerate Berkeley Experience.

Linda Bushyager: Terry Carr? What does he know about fandom today? Except for a few SFR letters and GoH at Marcon, where was Carr? He's certainly more of a pro than a fan, and as a fan he is fairly inactive.

Boyd Raeburn: I wonder what Linda would think if she saw the reams of material Terry puts through Lilapa.

John Berry: Lilapa is just a tiny cliquish group of trufannish snobs!

Greg Benford: What makes you say that?

Berry: I felt someone ought to say it, and I'm the only one here who's not a member of Lilapa.

Jim Benford: How do you know you're not a member of Lilapa?

Berry: Huh? Why, if I were a member, I'd know it, wouldn't I?

Terry Carr: But Lilapa is a Secret Apa, and its proceedings are Private.

GBenford: If we voted you a member, do you think we'd tell you?

Berry: Well...er...wouldn't you?

Raeburn: What makes you think you have the right to know of Highly Secret decisions like that?

Bill Donaho: Besides, once we've voted you into our secure little group, we feel free to speak candidly about you, and you wouldn't want us to say things like that where you could hear them, would you?

Bill Rotsler: In the meeting we held about you last night, John, we decided to let you make all the deadly serious criticism of modern fandom, while the rest of us take all the witty lines.

Berry: Why that's...that's....

Raeburn: Don't thank us. It was nothing.

Donaho: Now you can speak freely, John.

JBenford: You can probably get a license to drive prose with reckless abandon through the crowded intersections of fandom.

GBenford: You can be a Focal Point of Fandom in your own time.

Berry: I'd rather be a focal point on somebody else's time.

GBenford: Time is but a convention of the imagination. Don't you want to free your mind?

Berry: The conventions I've already attended are bizarre enough for me. You could lose your mind at one of them, if you don't keep it tightly tethered.

GBenford: John is holding his mind in reserve in case something really big comes up.

JBenford: Here, pass it.

GBenford: As the ancient Chinese often say, "Time is out of joint."

Berry: I've always wondered how you finish one of these derogations.

JBenford: Not with a bang but a reefer.

--John D. Berry, 1970

M O R E N E W A U C T I O N S

UNKNOWN WORLDS, June, August, October, 1943, sewn together, donated by Robert Whitaker. In very good condition, with only defects being small areas chipped on June cover and one small area on the October cover. Classic fantasy magazines. Minimum bid: \$3.50.

"THRU THE DRAGON GLASS" by A. Merritt, 24pp. Donated by Forry Ackerman. Published by the ARRA printers in 1917, excellently done, in mint condition. Minimum bid: \$4.

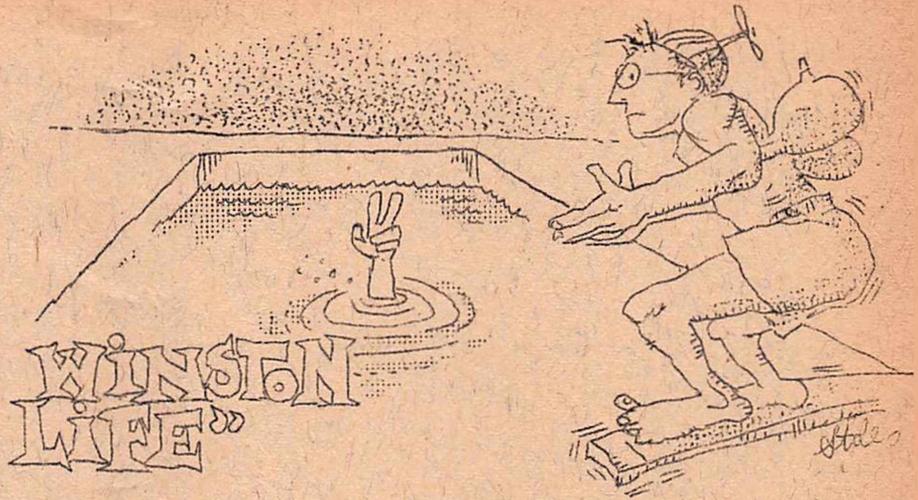
NEKROMANTIKON No. 1, edited by Manly Banister and donated by Dick Ellington. The famous printed and mimeographed fan-fiction fanzine of the early 50s. This one features editor Bannister's "Cry Wolf!" This copy bound in a manuscript folder. Minimum bid: \$2.

FANTASY MAGAZINE, June, 1936, donated by Forry Ackerman. In excellent condition. The focal point fanzine of its time; printed. Contains material by editor(s) Julius Schwartz, Forry Ackerman, Ray Palmer, as well as Milton Keletsky and Walter Gillings. A hard-to-get item. Minimum bid on this is \$4.

((Even more auction items follow Bob Shaw's piece in this issue))

BOB TUSH

"HOW I SAVED
CHURCHILLS
BY BOB SHAW"



Ted White's piece in a recent FOCAL POINT stirred some pleasant memories -- we were pretty lucky in our first encounter with pizza (since then I've had lots of the crummy commercial variety which I'm sure are made by spraying tomato ketchup through a stencil onto circular slabs of dough) and it was a very enjoyable afternoon.*

He touched another nostalgic chord with his references to the old PLANET STORIES (what an inept title, by the way, for an SF magazine! Even Domberg & Son was a 'planet' story) and all those stories about the nature of time. All you had to do to write a time story in those days was think of an analogy -- "Time is like a piece of string" -- then forget about time itself, which is too difficult to think about anyway, and go to work on the analogy -- "What would happen if somebody tied the string in a knot? / a circle? / unravelled it? / chopped it up? / set fire to it? / braided it?" (Even James White has done this -- "Time is like a wire fence in which the strands can go their own ways for most of the time, but they all meet up together again at the fence posts." He used that ridiculous notion in a story fifteen years ago but still hasn't got the idea out of his system because I hear him quietly pushing it at me in our plot conferences.)

A pretty common thing to happen to string-time was for it to get tied in a circle -- a catastrophe which the author neatly represented by having the last paragraph of his story the same as the first paragraph. As well as being artistically pleasing, this literary practice is commercially sound, as anybody who has tried living on SF word rates will testify, and I'm not knocking it -- having used the same paragraph five times over in one of my own books.

As I said, it is difficult to think about time. Mathematicians and physicists handle it by labelling it "the fourth dimension" which, of course, is just as unworthy a trick as comparing it to a piece of string. We all know that time is not simply another dimension at right angles to the familiar three -- and the fact that the math which treats it as such will happily accommodate fifth, sixth and seventh dimensions shows that this stylised concept has no bearing on reality. We are now getting close

*The article Bob's referring to appeared in FOCAL POINT 12.5, available © \$1 per copy from rich brown, and a fine way to support the Shaw Fund.

to one of the most interesting things about time, which is that although it is by its very nature unknowable, it is also the one thing in our experience upon which most people have absolutely fixed ideas. These ideas are familiar to all of us: Time is a linear progression. The present is a point moving along a straight line, from past to future. Our consciousness is strictly confined to the point representing the present.

These conceptions of time are pretty universal -- and they are fixed. The easiest way to get yourself regarded as a crank is to suggest to even the most imaginative company that e.g. the past, present and future might co-exist. J.W. Dunne (who, incidentally, used to work for the same aircraft company that James White and I work for) has been relegated to the philosophical slums for proposing multi-layered time. The reason, in part anyway, for this is that most thinkers today are atheists. Once they have taken the plunge and thrown out any hope of an afterlife they become jealous of their integrity and treat with great suspicion any concept which looks as though it might try to smuggle the afterlife in again by the back door. And this, of course, is what non-linear time seems to do. Dunne constructed a theory of personal immortality using nothing more than a ruler and setsquare.

The thing which triggered off Dunne's interest in time was his experience of precognitive dreams, which don't fit into linear time; and it was the same type of dream which sparked off my interest in Dunne. My first one occurred shortly after I was married, while living at 170 Upper Newtownards Road. In it I was walking along the street and found a hatpin with an oddly grooved design on the head. The dream fixed itself in my memory because the hatpin was so vividly detailed as to seem like a real object, and I thought about it several times during the following morning, which was a Saturday. Near lunchtime Sadie discovered we had no onions and asked me to go up to the corner shop to get some. I did so -- and on the way back found the hatpin. More than a little excited, I took the pin to Walt and told him what had happened. He considered for a moment then said:

"Did you tell anybody about the dream or make a written note of it before you found the pin?"

"No," I said. "Does it matter?"

"Rather a lot. The absence of third-party corroboration is typical in these cases, and proves that things didn't happen the way you remember them." He went on to give me the orthodox explanation, which is that one half of the brain sometimes received information a fraction of a second later than the other, creating a mental impression that a new event was already familiar. I was 23 at the time and greedily absorbing knowledge from the mature Willis intellect, but this was something I couldn't swallow. It seemed preposterous to me then and, years later, I still see that explanation as an example of how far the established thinkers will go to squash the concept of non-linear time. The evidence of senses and memory is good enough for things like trying a man for capital murder or producing a nuclear bomb, but when senses and memory indicate a complexity in time -- why, what you know to have happened didn't really happen at all.

Dunne, himself, advocated keeping a notebook beside one's bed and

jotting down details of dreams every morning for the sole purpose of providing hard evidence. This approach was too methodical and tiresome for me -- I dream a lot and often in such detail that I can transcribe bits of them straight into SF stories. (The muck spider sequence in Night Walk is a good example.) Accounts of other people's dreams are pretty boring too, but I began telling friends bits of selected dreams that I thought might come true. Unfortunately, although I had many more similarly precognitive dreams, I never managed to alert anybody to an event before it happened, and gradually I stopped trying.

Then there came one sequence when I was working in Calgary in which, for about a week, without fail, I had a brief dream on some subject and on walking into the office next morning found the other draftsmen were discussing the same thing in the pre-work bull session. They were a pretty sceptical lot so I didn't mention what was going on, but got considerable satisfaction from it -- until the night I dreamt that Sir Winston Churchill had died. The dream was very vivid and as it had come at the end of a long run of 'successes' I reckoned that the time had come for me to make my reputation as a seer. I told Sadie about it first thing in the morning, hurried in to the office and -- before anybody could speak -- announced my dream in a loud voice.

It was a little disappointing to learn there had been no news flash from England about the great man's health having suddenly deteriorated, but I still had in hand the two days which Dunne allowed for a precognitive dream to come true, so I waited. As it turned out, Churchill held on for another eight years -- but I have a sneaky suspicion that if I had kept my mouth shut he would have been a goner that very night.

Nowadays when anybody asks me about precognitive dreams I tell them gloomily about my one documented success. Shortly after the Churchill episode, I dreamt I needed a haircut, and when I woke up in the morning, sure enough, I needed a haircut.

--Bob Shaw, 1970

& MORE AUCTIONS

WARHOON #17, edited by Dick Bergeron, contributed by the editor. This issue has the editor on Pablo Picasso, Walter Breen's Chicon II report, Charles Wells on the art and craft of music and writing, John Baxter on the sf scene as seen from down under, James Blish on criticism and some inside stuff on the writing of "A Case of Conscience," 22pp of letter column (mostly pros) and Dick's SAPS comments. Minimum bid: \$2.

THE WHITE SYBIL by Clark Ashton Smith b/w MEN OF AVALON by David H. Keller, donated by Forry Ackerman. Printed. Published by Fantasy Publications, publishers of MARVEL TALES. Not dated but probably late 30s to early 40s. Rare. Minimum bid: \$4.

SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY #4, edited and donated by Lee Hoffman. Hilarious material by the editor, Bob Silverberg, Bob Tucker, Harlan Ellison, Dean Grennell, Robert Bloch, Ted White, Cindy Heap (Van Arnam) and Steve Stiles. The oldest regularly published fanzine in fandom; the next issue, #5, is due out in November, 1971. rich brown has bid \$3 for the issue.

LATE NEWS

VIRGIL FINLAY IN HOSPITAL Virgil Finlay, noted sf illustrator is in a Plainview Long Island hospital with an extremely serious liver ailment. He has already received blood transfusions in the amount of three pints.

He was also hospitalized last year. At that time Finlay was operated on for cancer of the lymph gland. The operation was, at the time, pronounced successful, and it is believed there is no connection between that illness and his current difficulties.

ACKERMANNEWS A full page in color on Forry Ackerman is scheduled to appear in the first issue of the New Year in Newsweek. :: Some recent sales for Ackerman clients include "Mission: Manstop", collection by Kris Neville, to Leisure paperbacks; "M 33 in Andromeda", collection by A. E. van Vogt, to Paperback Library; "The Invincible" by Stanislaw Lem, translation assignment for Wendayne Ackerman; "Final Blackout" and "Death's Deputy" by L. Ron Hubbard to Leisure Books; "Alien Minds" and "Minds Across Space" by E. Everett Evans to Pyramid Books; "Last Call for the Stars" by Charles Nuetzel, a 70,000 word original to American hardcover publisher; to Walker & Co., Hugo Gernsback's final novel, "The Ultimate World".

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FOCAL POINT
Arnie Katz
59 Livingston St.
Apt. 6B
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201



FIRST CLASS MAIL

Mike Ward trade
Box 41
Menlo Park, Calif. 94025